

THE

# Youth's

## INSTRUCTOR

W. M. C.  
JUL 24 '59  
TAKOMA PARK, D. C.

A remembered hymn from childhood  
stimulates a writer to a

### Greenland Interlude

AUGUST 4, 1959

[Bible Lesson for August 15]





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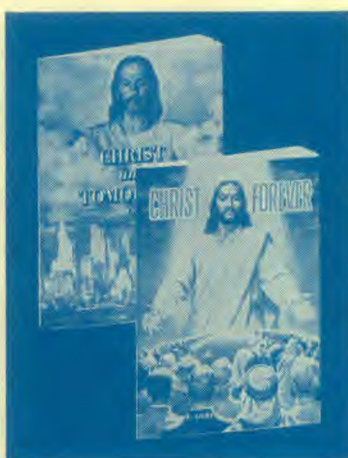
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*Thousands of people discard Seventh-day Adventism as legalism. Who is going to correct that false impression?*

set the

record

straight

by WINSTON C. DUNLOP

I STOOD on the fringe of a small group of people who were listening to an enthusiastic young man as he pleaded with them to accept Jesus as their friend and Saviour. This was vacation time; this was Sunday afternoon; this was the big city—and there were sights to see, places to go, things to do.

Slowly I edged my way back through the crowd that had formed behind me. Slowly my thoughts turned from the challenge of the gospel to the challenge of the busy streets and the crowded footpaths. As I reached the outskirts of the crowd I felt a hand fall on my shoulder.

I turned, somewhat startled, to meet the earnest gaze of a fatherly old Christian, and to meet the searching question, "Are you planning to spend eternity with the Lord Jesus?"

Should I confidently reply, "Yes! Praise the Lord"? Would that be boastful? Would that be presumptuous? Perhaps I could pretend I hadn't heard or didn't understand his question, and ignore him. Or would that be denying Jesus as Peter denied Him?

"Oh, I am a Seventh-day Adventist," I said. Yes, that was the answer. That smashed the ball back into his court. Gaining a little courage, I added, "We keep Saturday as the Sabbath. It is the seventh day, you know."

His gaze intensified as he fumbled in his inside coat pocket and withdrew a small tract. Forcing the crumpled paper into my hand, he almost exploded with fervor, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

This experience troubled me for years. Didn't I go to church regularly—on the seventh day, too? Didn't I pay my tithe and offerings? Didn't I study my Sabbath school lesson? Hadn't I studied doctrines at college?

Thousands of people today discard Seventh-day Adventism as legalism, as a dogma of salvation by works, as a Christless cult. And I stand convicted of the grave crime of giving that earnest old gentleman that impression of Seventh-day Adventism as I haltingly attempted to answer his pertinent question.

A young man said to me not many



# 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 reach the young the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus, and thereby help them to a correct understanding of the Holy Scriptures." Whether 1852 or 1959, our objectives continue to be the same.

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

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

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

Photo credits: Cover, Harvey Hansen; p. 3, P. O. Cumings; p. 5, courtesy of Betty G. Davenport; p. 9, Lew Merriam; pp. 12, 13, courtesy of Madge Haines Morrill; H. Christensen from Dancolor; p. 14, A. F. Tarr; p. 19, J. Byron Logan; p. 20, courtesy of D. K. Smith.

VOLUME 107, NUMBER 31 AUGUST 4, 1959

months ago: "I can't remember the last time Christ was preached in our church." With an unusual sequence of rallies, campaigns, and sundry doctrinal issues, this statement was an unfortunate but accurate comment. This situation, when and where it does exist, is a real cause of criticism by those seeking to bring Seventh-day Adventism into disrepute.

We can all do our part to remedy this situation. You can preach Christ from the pulpit at every opportunity. You can make Christ the center of the rally day and appeal services. You must find Christ in your Sabbath school lesson and present Him to your class. You must find

## "Alakpach Tata"

by A. H. FIELD

WHILE I was getting a haircut just before I went to South America as a missionary, the barber had ridiculed the fact that I was going. "Why bother those people down there?" he asked. "They are happy in their mode of living. Leave them alone. What are you going to tell them about God anyway? Did you ever see Him? Have you ever reached out and felt Him?"

A short time later I was way up "on the roof of the world" in the Inca Mission, working for the Indian people. An old chief, Rodecindo Condori, had been through many difficulties for the gospel's sake, and now his family was sick. He needed help. There was no better place to go than to "Alakpach Tata (Heavenly Father)."

After he told us of his troubles we knelt in prayer. I prayed, my wife followed, then the interpreter asked God's help, and finally the chief poured out his heart to the Lord. As we prayed I thought of the barber. I was certain that Condori knew his heavenly Father, and at that very moment he had "reached out and felt" God.

When Condori was converted, he was, for a highland Indian, well off financially, and he gave a large portion of land for the mission. On this land was an old chapel where he and his family had worshipped the virgin Mary. This, of course, was abandoned.

A church school was started, and a teacher came who was more zealous than tactful. When he discovered that the images were still in the old chapel he threw them out and broke them. Unfortunately, it was against the law in that country to break an image. Because the chapel had belonged to Condori, and be-

Christ in your Missionary Volunteer program and lift Him up before your society. Christ must be the supreme motivating influence in your life. "To live is Christ."

Of course, there is a place for Christian service, for purification of the life. Because of our great love for the Saviour and our appreciation of His glorious sacrifice, we will determine that our lives shall become like His, we will observe the sacredness of His Sabbath, we will give our tithe and offerings to spread the story of His salvation, we will commune with Him. We will do these things *because Jesus has given to us His salvation*, not to earn our own salvation.

cause he had repudiated the religion of the state, he was summoned to court for the breaking of the idols.

After bitter persecution he was released from jail, only to be the object of hate by the civilian population. It came to the point that he could not even go to town for fear that he might be killed. The trials of Job seemed to have settled down upon him. A daughter came down with tuberculosis and died. Then his wife and a son also succumbed to the disease.

Through all this the old Indian "reached out and felt" God many times. "Alakpach Tata" was no trite phrase with him. They were words of love and he repeated them frequently during those days of turmoil.

When all his family was gone except one son in the army, and when he no longer dared to go to town because of threats against his life, the poor, lonely old man headed far away from the only place he had ever known as home. From near the border of Bolivia he walked day after day until he came to the southern shores of Lake Titicaca. There he found other Adventists who were cordial to him, but he knew that he must do something to earn his own livelihood.

Although he couldn't read a word, he obtained storybooks for children and sold them. The majority of the people were as illiterate as Condori and almost as poor, and his sales were few. But somehow he eked out an existence. Every Sabbath day found him in his place at church, and he was always happy.

As it was with Jesus so it was with him. He could have well said, "Foxes have holes and the birds of the air have their nests, but I have nowhere to lay my head." Wherever he went he carried a message of cheer, and he never forgot his heavenly Father.

Years have passed since I saw or heard of old chief Condori. I am sure that he now rests awaiting the great day of Christ's return. However, I still see him bowed beside our kitchen chair as his soul reached out to God, and I can see him in my mind's eye as he sees his Saviour at the resurrection and can hear him exclaim, "Alakpach Tata."

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



**CANOE** The canoe with its cargo on the cover was pictured at the inlet to Whitefish Lake near Three Lakes, Wisconsin. Harvey Hansen took a second award with this picture in the second YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR Photo Mart.

**CHARMS** Beginning with this issue, Joe Engelkemier probes into some of the traits of Jesus' character. This week he generalizes about the One most charming. Other weeks he will consider these traits: courage, self-control, gentleness and kindness, purity, humility, beauty, patience, and kingliness. The concluding installment asks, "What do you think of Christ?"

**CHARMS** In Book One of *Selected Messages* Ellen G. White comments: "The treasures of wisdom and knowledge are opened to all men, and were thousands of the most gifted men to devote their whole time to setting forth Jesus always before us, studying how they might portray His matchless charms, they would never exhaust the subject" (Page 403).



**HOMEMAKER** A far greater number of INSTRUCTOR authors do their writing in the fragments of time left over from full-time jobs than most readers realize. Sometimes that job is homemaker, as it is for Betty Garvin Davenport.

When she wrote to acknowledge her first acceptance from THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR in October, 1952, she said, "To say that I was delighted when I received your letter is putting it mildly. I have enjoyed writing for some time, and that is the first I have ever sent in to any publication. I never even thought of being paid and am using the money to begin a mission project."

**HOMEMAKER** Since that 1952 date the INSTRUCTOR has used more than forty articles and poems with Mrs. Davenport's by-line. She is a registered nurse, and lives with her doctor husband and their children in Long Beach, California. She has been active in Sabbath school and summer camp work. Three great truths were imbedded into her character on three different occasions. Upon her first time at junior camp, homesickness led her to beg to go home. Her parents visited her and said, "You wanted to come to camp. If you leave now, you won't be here to receive your Friend pin. You don't want to

To page 20

## Common or Uncommon?

A few weeks before the high schools closed last spring in Montgomery County, Maryland, teen-agers gave an interesting demonstration. According to a Washington *Evening Star* report, nearly 7,000 of them approved a code of behavior that included these five points:

There should be no dating on a night preceding a school day; dancing should be only at properly chaperoned places; a show of affection in public, beyond holding hands, is in poor taste; "lights out" has no place at a well-arranged party; a car should be used only to provide transportation, not for joy riding or "parking."

The "parent-youth code" was part of a questionnaire that had been sent to 21,000 parents and students. Only 34 per cent of the parents returned the completed form, but 79 per cent of the students cooperated.

It is a definite sign of maturity when a youth agrees to curb his freedoms and his natural preferences for personal liberty in favor of the greater good for the greater number. Some might belittle this expression of purpose by 7,000 teen-agers to elevate their pattern of behavior, but we cannot deny their capacity to recognize what would be to their future benefit if put into practice. And this is laudable. Whoever he is who would lift his conduct above the level of the cheap and commonplace deserves our praise.

Presumably, most teen-agers would subscribe to a set of standards if they thought their contemporaries were doing the same. But doing good just because others are doing good does not make one a Christian.

The motivations of Lot's married daughters were the motivations of their companions about them. They perished in the flames with those whose standards they were willing to follow as their own. But the son of Jacob did not adopt the moral code of the society into which he had been sold. Joseph saw that yielding to temptation would be sin greater than against Potiphar alone. It would be sin against God.

The compulsion to do right has conquering force when it comes from inner conviction and not from outward conformity. The latter is the common variety. The former is the uncommon kind, on which the glory of God will shine.

*Walter C. Goudall*

## COMING NEXT WEEK

- "I'D HAVE LEFT . . . LONG AGO"—the surprisingly candid conversation of a "good church member" whose religion turns out to be nothing more than conformity to social pressure. Though Author Colleen Tench lets the reader supply his own ending, it is not likely to be a very optimistic one.
- "CLOUD CHOPPERS"—a report on the flight-training program at Arizona's Thunderbird Academy, written by Flight Instructor Charles B. Harris, who has a conviction that the airplane has an important part in the future work of the remnant church.
- "TO LOSE IS TO GAIN"—the downs and ups of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Kirk, beginning with an open-house party in their new home in Johannesburg, South Africa. It was not a wild party—as parties go in a big city—but there was plenty of food and drink. The story is related by Virgil Robinson.



# MARY SMITH

## REMEMBERED

by VELVA B. HOLT

I AM rather shy about the next service," the timid woman seated beside me whispered. "You see, I haven't ever taken part in the ordinances before, and I don't know exactly what to do." She paused, then said slowly, "Maybe—you—could help me."

I was a visitor in the church that Sabbath morning and must admit that these words left me feeling somewhat embarrassed.

The woman's deeply set blue eyes were accented by her leathery tan complexion. Her simply combed, faded blonde hair matched the plainness of the thin print dress she wore. I sized her up as a hard-working woman, one perhaps who had led an exceptionally rough life. If looks had told the whole story, I would have judged her to be much older than she actually was.

"Yes," I said, almost hesitantly, "I'll be glad to," and introduced myself.

As she told me her name and that she had just become an Adventist I noticed small beads of perspiration growing larger on her coarse and porous brow. The unusually hot October day had set many makeshift fans in motion, but I knew those beads were not entirely a product of the California heat. She was obviously nervous.

Our names meant nothing to each other, and I shall refer to her simply as Mary Smith.

To show friendliness I ventured a

question as the organ played an interlude between Sabbath school and church.

"How long have you been a baptized member, Mrs. Smith?"

"Oh, just a few weeks," she said quietly, "but I was brought up an Adventist, you might say. I wasn't a good one, and never did join the church, and I got clear away from everything when I was very young. So I feel quite strange here in this large church. People don't seem very friendly, either."

Because she appeared so bewildered and lonely, I became genuinely interested in this rather frail little person.

"What do you think was the greatest influence in your life that led you away from the church?"

Without hesitation she said, "Oh, I can say definitely that it dates back to when I left an Adventist school to attend high school. From then on I went from bad to worse and then, you might say, completely to the dogs."

"I'm not proud of it, but there just isn't anything I didn't do. One thing led to another, and I finally married outside the church. That marriage didn't hold, so I tried again, and that was just as bad. I drank to drown my sorrow, but that didn't work either, and I was unhappier than ever."

"Many long and terrible years went by before I began to find my way back. It wasn't an easy road. Even my parents aren't Christians any more. I never had

any children, and now I'm alone. Well—not all alone, because Jesus is a real friend."

"I'll always regret the day I left a Christian school. I wish I could tell all young people just what public schools can do to ruin their life."

"Being a Christian," she exclaimed, "is the only true happiness in this world. And I know!"

Time was passing rapidly, and the moment was nearing for the ministers to come onto the rostrum. But there was so much I wanted to know about Mrs. Smith. I hoped there would be time for the answer to just one more question I was about to ask.

"Which one of our schools did you attend?" I hastened to query.

She quickly named the school, apparently searching my face for a trace of recognition, but I was deep in thought. The school she had named was *my* school too! I was sure I had never met her. Perhaps she had been there before me.

Suddenly she broke the silence.

"Oh, I remember you now! You were a senior that year, and I was a freshman. It was the only year I attended an academy. I thought you looked familiar, and you really haven't changed much—but look at me!"

She dropped her head and lowered her eyes, as if looking at her tobacco-stained fingers. "I guess I bear the marks of the life I've lived, don't I?"

Then it flashed into my mind who Mrs. Smith really was, and I did know her. She had been an attractive girl with a complexion as beautiful and transparent as soap bubbles. And blonde hair that fell in perfect natural waves. One of the best-dressed girls in school. She had been popular, too, even if not always with the right kind.

I remembered that she wouldn't bother to speak to those who weren't well-dressed or pretty enough for her crowd. And I had always felt uncomfortable around her. A snob she would be called today.

But now—what a change! I would never have dreamed she was the same person.

As the choir began singing "The Lord Is in His Holy Temple" our attention was turned to the ministers who were coming in, and we joined in the attitude of prayer, with bowed head.

Yes, I took part with Mrs. Smith that day, and she thanked me over and over at the close of the service for helping in this, her first, experience of foot-washing. Then we parted, perhaps never to meet again on this earth. But I felt I had much for which to thank her too.

That was one ordinance of humility I shall never forget. Schoolmates, after twenty-five years, taking part together in this sacred service—one a sinner come home, the other a minister's wife who had just learned a lesson in real humility.



*This week begins  
a series of articles that  
reveal Jesus Christ  
as a man with a magnificent  
personality.*



RALPH BALEN, GOLDFMAN, ARTIST

## THE MAN OF

matchless charms

by JOE ENGELKEMIER

**W**HILE attending college my attention was attracted to one girl in particular. She directed traffic in the cafeteria. After a few weeks I found myself watching her more and more. She was somewhat reserved, with a quiet smile, and very neatly dressed.

Finally I managed enough courage to ask her to accompany me to a Saturday night program. In her quiet way she was the most charming person I had ever dated, for she knew and reflected her Saviour. Through the following months our friendship deepened, and we decided to go through life together. We have been married for nine years now, and she has been a continuing inspiration.

Think of your friends, young people. Which ones do you like to be with the most? Aren't they the ones who best reflect the personality of Jesus?

I especially remember one of my Bible teachers, because of the pleasure I found in his friendship. In the spring I helped him spade his garden. One evening before I returned to the dormitory he served me a glass of milk and a piece of pie. I have never forgotten how delicious that pie tasted, probably because I so greatly admired the giver. There was nothing artificial about his personality. He simply reflected Jesus.

What is there about our Lord that makes Him so attractive? Why is it that our most worth-while friends are those who are like Him? We would do well to seek the answer by a frequent study of His personality. Indeed, "by daily contemplating His matchless charms, we must grow more and more into His glorious image."<sup>1</sup>

When Jesus walked among men His presence was inspiring. No one feared Him except those determined to do evil. "The poorest and humblest were not afraid to approach Him. Even little children were attracted to Him. They loved to climb upon His knees, and gaze into the pensive face, benignant with love."<sup>2</sup>

Can't you picture Jesus seated upon some green hillside, talking to the crowds



while children play around Him? A little child—perhaps a freckle-faced little boy, or a shy little girl with blue eyes and curly hair—picks a flower and hands it to Him. He takes it and gives the youngster a gentle hug.

"Though now He has ascended to the presence of God, and shares the throne of the universe, Jesus has lost none of His compassionate nature."<sup>3</sup> He is still the same. His love is still more broad than the measure of a man's mind. His heart is still most wonderfully kind.

His love can be illustrated but never really understood. On a clear day glance up at the boundless blue sky. Man can scarcely touch its edges, much less explore its depths. The same is true of the love of God. Then gaze up at the stars on a clear, moonless night. Think of their vastness, and remember that you could sooner measure the depths of space than you could measure the love of God.

Hum to yourself the song, "The Love of God." Stand on the shore of a far-reaching ocean and imagine that every wave is ink. Travel through the grain-fields of the Great Plains and imagine that every stalk is a pen. Go to Mount Palomar and contemplate known space stretching out two billion light years, then think of all space as writing paper. In your imagination gather together all the people who have ever lived and make each one a secretary. Put them to work writing the story of the love of God—and the passing ages would only demonstrate the impossibility of their task.

You cannot comprehend that treasure. You can only faintly discern that before you is a vast, wonderful something, a love whose height and depth you will seek to fathom throughout eternity.

**I**N THE days of the Civil War a father of several children was drafted. A young man volunteered to go in his place—a perfectly ethical and legal arrangement at that time. In one of the bloody battles the substitute was killed. He was buried in an Army cemetery.

Years later, the man whose place he had taken visited the grave. He stood with bared head. Under his feet was the green grass, and flowers were blooming upon the graves. Birds were singing in the trees, the blue sky stretched tenderly overhead, and white clouds were drifting slowly by. To him life was meaningful, real. Under the sod beneath his feet was one who had died in his place. No wonder he wept.

The young man had not been married. Now he would never know the gentle touch of a wife, the love of children. He had scarcely begun life's journey. He had scarcely tasted its joys. The morning sunrise might splash color on the clouds that wreathed the hills to the east, but unaware of the beauty of life, he would sleep on. He had given his life that another might enjoy such treasures a while longer.

Even this story cannot picture Christ dying for us.

The amazing thing about Christ's mission to this earth is that He came at a fearful risk to Himself. He was invading the land of the enemy. He had to come as a babe, grow up, fight a dangerous foe, and finally die alone in an alien land.

The battle fought in Gethsemane was fierce and bitter. Christ feared that sin was so terrible that He could never again be one with the Father. His courageous spirit shuddered at the thought.

In our imagination we need to go often to Gethsemane. We need to see Him prostrate on the ground. We need to hear His prayers full of heartache.

Watch and listen as the destiny of the human race hangs in the balance. The night is cold, and the darkness feels oppressive, but forget that. Watch the suffering One who prays beneath the olive tree. The Ruler of all creation lies there. The Creator of uncounted millions of un-fallen galaxies risks His throne and His life to save a few sinful rebels. He hesitates. But the doom of the human race comes up before Him. He sees you, me, all others.

He makes His decision. He will do it.

He will save men regardless of the cost. Having made the decision, He falls dying. The struggle was so intense that except for the angel that came to strengthen Him, He would not have lived to die on Calvary.

Then came arrest, trial, scourgings, abuse.\*

His was a terrible death. The wounds of the spikes through the tender flesh became inflamed and produced a fever, which in turn caused an intolerable thirst. Still worse was the fact that the victim was in a position that did not permit movement. Every attempt to relieve the muscles only served to tear the wounds and cause sharper pain. Yet the mental anguish of the Saviour was such that He scarcely felt the physical pain. He was bearing the burden of the sins of the whole world.

Can a human mind comprehend the burden upon His weary and suffering heart? Never.

But think of it this way: No doubt your sins are sometimes a heavy problem to you. Suppose that in addition to your own you had to carry the sins of all the people living in your block. Then increase the burden to include all the sins of every person in your city. Next load on the sins of those living in your State. Then add those of the whole country. After that, pour onto your heart the sins of the rest of the world. Finally, add those of all who have ever lived since the time of Adam. This was the burden placed upon the heart of Christ.

When we see the beauty of His kingdom we will understand a little better the struggle He endured. As He suffered alone, He must have thought again of the kingdom He had left behind. Perhaps—for a moment—He seemed to be once again superintending the affairs of vast heavenly systems. Perhaps He thought again of the thrill of speaking a world into existence, of forming mountains and prairies and flowers and intelligent beings. Perhaps He heard again the far-off strains of a Creation hymn. He may have thought again of the majestic sweep of island universes ceaselessly moving about the throne He had left behind. And in the darkness shrouding that rocky hill outside Jerusalem, He knew He was risking it all.

How could He do it? Because He thought of you. Of me. For us He gave Himself.

The plan of this series of articles is to contemplate the personality of Christ and get to know Him better, that we may grow more and more into His glorious image.

*Next week: The charm of His courage.*

## AS SABBATH NEARS

by OLIVE C. LEARY

The scent of cornfields seems more clean,  
And each stalk looks a taller green.  
The flowers face the lowering sun,  
And bird calls vouch that day is done;  
No moving leaf disturbs the air,  
And flower fragrance breathes a prayer.

<sup>1</sup> *Messages to Young People*, p. 104.

<sup>2</sup> *Steps to Christ*, p. 12.

<sup>3</sup> *The Desire of Ages*, p. 480.

\* Read the closing chapters of *The Desire of Ages*, by Ellen G. White, visualizing yourself as an eyewitness of the events described.





*Pediatric nursing offers a challenging career in making sad young hearts happy.*

## Innocent casualties of battle

by **LOIS M. PARKER**

**I**'M NOT hungry."

The little heap under the sheet would not turn toward the nurse as she placed the supper tray on his table.

"Better eat just a little, Johnny. It's a long time until breakfast. You needn't eat much."

With a hopeless motion of his hand the six-year-old pushed himself into a sitting position.

As Nurse Kelson left him she was doubtful of her wisdom in insisting that he eat. A few minutes later she was even more sure that she had been unwise. She changed his bed and wiped his face gently with a cool cloth.

"That's too bad. After a little while I'll bring you some juice; it will go better."

His face twitched.

"I want to go home." It was a half sob.

The nurse gave him a pat, and his head went down on his knees. From the position of his bed there was only an empty hall to look at, strange and terrible noises to hear. And the smells—well, they would be indescribable even to someone older than Johnny.

Miss Kelson surveyed the room, then smiled.

"I've got a secret I'll share with you! Let's turn the bed around. So. Now, a friend of mine is going to look in that window at you in just a little while. You watch and tell me who he is."

A forlorn face rose questioningly. Johnny could see only slender branches and leaves at the window.

Five stories high the children's hospital rose, with the top floor, Johnny's floor, high among the last leafy branches of surrounding trees. Room after room, floor after floor, of sick babies and children. Each of them was a "case" that had been sent in for specialized care.

Sometimes when Miss Kelson was relaxing among her friends she felt as though the war between Satan and Christ was remote. But here she was on the battlefield. Poor little casualties. Johnny was not aware that he had been wounded in that war. He only knew that his parents were gone, swept away by a mysterious disease, and that he could not go home.

He gave a bewildered glance toward the door through which his nurse had vanished. A flicker of motion outside caught his eye, and he looked back in time to see, not two feet from the win-



dow, a streaked sparrowlike bird. It was intent on searching for something among the leaves.

Johnny's mouth opened slightly as he watched. A real wild bird so close. Now two of them.

A vivid flame dropped into view. Johnny gasped. He was sitting straight up, his eyes round, as Miss Kelson entered. The glass of juice was accepted, and he waved his free hand toward the window, speechless.

"So you saw him? Isn't he a gorgeous creature? It is not often that people see him, he lives so high in the trees; but we are right up here with him."

"What is it?"

"I think his name is Audubon's Warbler, though I haven't a bird book here to make sure. He will keep you company until dark. Then when it's bedtime for you, it will be bedtime for him too."

The juice glass was empty and the boy didn't realize he had been drinking. There was little danger of his losing the juice as he had his supper. His homesickness was forgotten.

From down the hall came a faint wail. Miss Kelson smiled as she hastened out, the folds of her uniform whispering.

An angry baby arched herself on heels and shoulders as she worked up to a real scream. Her rigidity collapsed as the nurse's laughing face appeared above her.

"I think you scream just for the fun of it, young lady. Do you remember a few days ago when you couldn't? Not even cry, or play, because you got so blue? And now your heart is all fixed and you are as good as new."

Miss Kelson's hands were swift and gentle as she cared for the 15-month-old girl. Pink lips opened, and a little smile disclosed a few tiny teeth. One bare foot reached up tentatively.

The nurse dropped a feather-light kiss on the sole. It was hurriedly withdrawn. A moment later the other foot came up, while the little girl peeped under the nurse's arm to watch her face.

"You would have me playing all evening. Oh, you darling, I'm so glad we could do something to help you into a normal life! So thankful that I can help even a little to foil Satan in his hateful work. If only we can help Johnny too."

Past the ward door darted a barefoot child with a student nurse swooping after him. He squealed with laughter as she caught him and brought him back high on her shoulder.

"Mamma!" The baby face leaned close to hers as he patted the girl's cheek.

"Do you remember how frightened he was at first?" the student asked. "It's amazing how quickly they get acquainted. He'll be all right now that he has someone to call mamma."

"Yes, and the older women are all grandmas! He'll be here a long time before he can go home well. It's a good thing the little ones can feel that way

about us. He'll have his operation to correct that congenital defect Monday. It won't be so hard for him now that he has confidence in you. When you're ready I'll help you with the little girl in Room 16."

"Oh, thank you!" The student brightened. "I dread moving her. It is so hard to keep her bed comfortable."

Indeed, the care of the burned child was difficult. Burn scars beneath her chin had been removed and skin grafts made, but in order to prevent the contracting of the tissue, little Leona's head had to be tilted far back and braced so. Her bed was sticky with serum drainage, and the little girl was moaning softly to herself.

"Here, honey-bug, let me hold you while the nurse fixes your bed all fresh and clean."

Miss Kelson braced the rigid neck splint over her forearm and cuddled the little body into her lap.

"Shall I sing to you, Leona? Very quietly, so it won't bother anyone?"

"Uh-huh." The little girl's body was swathed so she could only roll her eyes to see Miss Kelson, but the blue of them showed something more than the previous despair.

"Sing," she urged.

The old lullaby could not have been heard beyond the door. In the meantime the student made the bed tight and smooth and clean.

"More."

"Just one more, then it is sleepy time for Leona."

After the little one was replaced and her eyes obediently closed, the student walked down the hall with Miss Kelson.

"Do you remember when she first came in, so badly burned? It was awful! Horrible! Why do things like this happen?"

There was a moment of silence. "I know. It is Satan, and sin. Oh, I hate Satan! I wish all this would soon be over, so there never would have to be hospitals again."

Miss Kelson walked softly through the wards, checking the children who were settled for the night. Only once in a while did a pair of eyes pop open as she passed, then close, feeling secure because she was there.

Every bed represented a tragedy and a family disrupted. Not the fault of these poor little sufferers, or even necessarily the fault of their parents, but the footprints of the arch rebel, who has left his mark in lines of sorrow and pain on faces through six thousands of years.

Miss Kelson felt her heart twist, as it were, when she remembered Leona's first hospital days and the horror of caring for fresh burns. She paused in the dusk of the ward and turned her face upward with silent moving lips.

"Lord, help me to put every little trace of sin out of my life, and give me courage and wisdom to follow Christ's way in helping erase some of the trail that Satan has left in this world."

# Lookout notes

by MELVIN E.

NORTHROP





Bruce Hahn, Forest Service fire guard stationed on Huckleberry Mountain, spotted a smoke.

THEY should be here before too long," I heard my wife sparkle.

Visitors were rarities to us at Table Rock lookout. What's more, it was a special treat to have personal friends on their way up.

"Oh, look! See? There's their dust!" I added to the enthusiasm.

Our lookout, twenty miles from the little town of Unity, Oregon, can become a lonesome spot before the summer fire season closes and we go back to our friends at Walla Walla. These people only half knew the welcome they would receive.

I watched the little specks of dust flit above the treetops. Ben, a friend of mine from academy days, was causing them. I had not seen him for several years, so aside from being overjoyed at having visitors, I eagerly awaited seeing this special one.

We knew from experience just where to watch for dust puffs over the car as it wound its way around the hills. When we first spotted signs of it the car was twelve miles away. But we kept watching. Each little puff told us our special friends were getting closer by the minute.

Past Baldy Mountain, up the Bear Creek road, down into Elk Flats. "Only four miles yet!" I grinned. By now, we were both like six-year-olds waiting for a stick of candy.

In a matter of minutes the car was only a mile below the lookout. It disappeared, threw more dust, and then reappeared just below us. Around the last double loop it came, and finally Ben and his family were smiling at our chatter and excitement over their arrival.

Short hours slipped away with the ex-

changed conversation, and time chased the little group back down the hill to their home in Haines. In the quietness again I remembered the eagerness with which we had watched each little sign of dust as our friends approached.

Then there came the scene of other signs, and of another Friend. "Am I," I questioned, "as eagerly watching for Him?"

Tim Orsler shivered in the nippy Oregon breeze. His little cabin on Forest Service land several miles west of Baker sat in a yard cluttered with broken limbs and ant hills. He rubbed his chin and said, "Well, I might as well get a little warmin' once in a while, 'fore I get this yard set straight. A little fire here in the back yard won't hurt nobody. Nary a person's gonna know I'm burnin' without a permit, nohow."

Tim gathered bits of wood into a pile, then struck a match and held it low to catch a small twig with the flame. While the little bit of fire angled upward through the sticks he set about his work of cleaning the yard. Then a few minutes later a little tune whistled its way through chilled lips as the cheery mountain man made his way back to warm himself.

"Ah, that's right cozy. Here, take another bit of fuel. I could stand a right good fire."

Unnoticed, a little sprout crept momentarily from the growing flame. Tim, with back turned, decided the hotter the fire the better it was, and paid little attention to the thickening smoke and rising heat.

The sprout reached out for a pile of

leaves and burst them into flame. The leaves sent fingers upward into some small brush nearby. Snapping twigs called Tim's eyes around. The situation wasn't bad; the brush should be out of the way anyhow. And maybe the fire would take the ants with it. He turned his back again.

Meanwhile, Bruce Hahn, the Forest Service fire guard stationed on Huckleberry Mountain, spotted a smoke. Within seconds he had plotted its location on his fire-finder map to be near the Orsler cabin, and radioed the information to the Unity Ranger Station.

A fire crew entered Tim's yard to find him now battling a whole area of furnace. The flames were spreading past the back of his lot into an acre of Forest Service land. With sweat, water, and dirt the fire was controlled, and Tim was asked to appear in court to defend himself on charges of starting a forest fire. Damages were estimated at \$200.

The following Monday he stood beside a Forest Service ranger and faced the judge. "I'm sorry to have to punish you, Mr. Orsler, but in view of your confessed guilt and the facts at hand, you must forfeit fifty dollars," he heard the judge announce.

Human emotion, too, is an innocent, warming flame, and is a blessing when controlled. If allowed to get out of control, it is dangerous; and the careless will have to confess to the heavenly Judge.

Scattered clouds dotted the sky around my lookout station. Certainly no danger of a storm was apparent when my radio code number was called. But the Prairie Hill lookout five miles to my southwest indicated that a small cloud from which he could hear an occasional rumble was headed my way.

Quickly I spotted the small white mass he spoke of. I noticed a few insignificant threads hanging from the feathery under-surface. I took the mike. "This is Uncle 9-2. Thanks for the message, Joe," I chuckled, "but are you sure you didn't hear distant dynamite blasts? That little thing won't hurt us."

"Maybe not," came the reply. "I'm sure that was thunder I heard, though."

With our coded termination transmitted I gave another glance at the cloud. It was directly overhead now. I heard no thunder. With a sigh of relief I turned to my typewriter and continued pecking a letter to a friend.

Alas! No farther than five miles away a strike contacted! Smoke curled heavenward, crying for help from the fire crews. Then another and another and another strike sparked. Before the afternoon was over, fifteen fires had been set within my visibility by bolts from that cloud, two of them growing to exceed 2,000 acres.

So it is with Satan's tools. The most harmless in appearance can be the most dangerous in the end.





*A nurse from Skodsborg Sanitarium gives a Bible study in the living room of Pastor Andreas Nielsen in Godthaab.*



*A street in Godthaab, headquarters of the Seventh-day Adventist Greenland Mission program, begun only five years ago.*



*Boys from Thule, a northwest Greenland colony noted for its important airfield and its pure Eskimo population.*

**Gre**

**Int**

by MADG





*Pioneer Nielsen looks out over the great ice-mountain island that is his vast mission field.*

# enland rlude

AINES MORRILL

**W**HY don't you return on the Polar Flight?" a friend inquired when she learned that we were to spend the summer in Europe. "It's the most direct route, you know, from there to California, and besides, your plane lands in Greenland."

Greenland. That was a mystical word I had sung from childhood in the hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." I had always wondered what kind of land it could be.

The friend continued. "I returned that way last summer, and it is fascinating to look down upon a world of icebergs and ice-covered land."

We hurried from her house that June, 1956, afternoon to our home and our telephone. Although our return trip had already been booked from London to New York with a tour group, we had hopes that we might get passage with the Scandinavian Airlines System from Copenhagen to Los Angeles, with perhaps a stopover in Greenland. A telephone call to San Francisco gave us the information that all return flights from Europe on the

S.A.S. for August and the first part of September were filled.

We telephoned to our travel agent in Los Angeles. He didn't think there was a ghost of a chance, but he would try. The next day he called. "Absolutely impossible. All return flights have been sold out weeks ago. But keep trying as you proceed on your tour."

A week later as we packed the *Seventh-day Adventist Yearbook* into our suitcase we took a final glance at the Northern European Division section, and at the page that read:

"Greenland Mission  
Entered 1954  
\* \* \* \*

Ordained Minister: Andreas Nielsen."

"It's probably only a dream," I remarked to Leslie, "but wouldn't it be wonderful if we could get reservations on the Polar Flight and a stopover in Greenland?"

"I'd give most anything to have an interview with Elder Nielsen," Leslie said as he turned the key on the last suitcase.



In New York we tried again at the S.A.S. office.

"Sorry, nothing available."

At the London airport we inquired again.

"Very sorry, but all flights are booked."

In Paris we still had hopes.

"Most regretful, sir, but they can't give confirmation for flights until the middle of September."

That would be too late. We had to report to our school on September 5 for a teachers' workshop.

In Rome our tour conductor introduced us to the local manager of his travel agency. We told the man of our desire to return by way of Greenland.

"Since you are to be here for three days, that will give me time to communicate with Copenhagen."

On the third day, just before our tour group was ready to leave Rome, the travel agent walked up with an envelope in his hand. Smiling, he said, "Here are your tickets."

"Do you think we might arrange a stopover in Greenland?"

"When you return to London, see our agent there. He would have information that I don't have here."

Weeks later, when we stepped off the tram at Trafalgar Square in London, on our way to the agent's office, we were in high spirits. Perhaps the people here could arrange the stopover for us.

They were courteous, of course, but not encouraging. They had never received such a request, but they would do all they could. "It will take some time, so give us a few days to work on it."

Before we left London for Scotland and Ireland we went again to the office near Trafalgar Square. The agent was shaking his head when we walked up to the counter. "We tried very hard, but S.A.S. will allow no stopovers. The Stromfjord landing in Greenland is only for refueling and is not a passenger terminus."

Well, we had tried. The dream of meeting Elder Nielsen, modern pioneer missionary to Greenland, had been pleasant. For some reason, we reconciled ourselves, the dream was not to become a reality.

Then for a moment we had a fleeting idea. Perhaps, if Elder Nielsen's home was not too far away, he could meet us at the airport and we could spend an hour interviewing him while the plane was refueling. We could telegraph and make arrangements with him.

Taking our maps from the brief case, we began to check. Godthaab—his address in the *Yearbook*, we found on the map, was miles and miles from the Stromfjord airport.

We folded the maps slowly and put them back in the brief case. Hope dies hard. For ten weeks we had kept on trying, but now the final door was shut. We would carry home the *Yearbook* with the name Andreas Nielsen only a line of

black print on the page. We would always wonder what kind of man he could be who would brave the dangers and hardships of a life in Greenland. Did he have a family? Were they there with him on the lonely, rocky, icebound land?

As we traveled through Scotland and Ireland two phrases kept ringing in our ears: "From Greenland's icy mountains" and "Andreas Nielsen, pioneer missionary." We kept wondering how a missionary who enters a new land, as he had done only two years before, would begin gospel work. The *Yearbook* said there were three members, and we guessed that would mean Elder and Mrs. Nielsen and probably *one convert*. We compared fig-

ures with our own Pacific Union Conference, where there is one Seventh-day Adventist for every 235 people. In Greenland the average is one Seventh-day Adventist to every 12,456 people.

Square-mile comparisons show that Greenland is as large as the States that are included in both the Pacific Union and the North Pacific Union conferences—California, Arizona, Nevada, and Utah; Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Montana. A rather vast territory for one missionary!

Greenland, we learned from our reading, is a treeless land, a land of ice and rocks, of ocean and gales, of storms and icebergs. The massive icecap covers an



Elder Nielsen poses for a picture with Eskimo children from the village of Egedesminde.



area twice the size of Texas, and in places it reaches a depth of two miles. The center of the island—for Greenland is the world's largest island if you don't count Australia as an island—is one great mass of uninhabited ice mountains, some of them 10,000 feet high.

Man lives only on the fringes of this icy land. He must always be near the sea, for it is his only highway. People travel from one small town to another by boat.

**T**HE last week of August found us boarding a plane at the London airport for a last time. In a few moments we were looking down upon London town and saying good-by to England. Before we realized it, the green fields of Holland were rolling past, and we would soon be landing in Denmark.

Denmark, we had learned, is the protector and guardian of Greenland. Though the Vikings discovered Greenland and had colonized it in 985, in 1933 the International Court of Justice at The Hague gave its jurisdiction to Denmark. Danish missionaries had established mission stations there as far back as 1721.

We leaned back against the foam rubber seats and watched the giant propellers. Crossing countries so fast seemed a little fantastic, but so are many things in this age of changes. In Thule, Greenland, only a few years ago Eskimos were living in their "stone-age" civilization, hunting seal and walrus, which supplied food, fuel, light, clothing, tents, boats, sewing materials, and even implements made from bone. Now in Thule, jets streak out of the night leaving their trail of red fire at the multimillion-dollar Thule Air Base.

Servicemen who live through the blizzards and Arctic storms are given *two-for-one* duty in that frozen land. According to *Life*, "In measuring a man's service time, the Air Force figures that a year at Thule buys two years anywhere else on the overseas-duty market." The soldiers there are hardy men who keep up their spirits through the bitter cold and rigors of the long Arctic night. So must a missionary be who would volunteer for service in a land where snow falls ten months of the year. We wondered whether Andreas Nielsen could be from Denmark. We guessed that he was.

"When we go to church Sabbath," Leslie remarked, "we'll inquire if anyone knows him." Since we would be waiting in Copenhagen several days for our flight reservations, we would have a chance to meet with our church members. We could surely make inquiries about Elder Nielsen.

That evening in our hotel room we telephoned the Skodsborg Sanitarium to inquire if they might have room for guests for a few days. The response was so cordial that we went there first thing the next morning.

While I was unpacking our suitcases Leslie decided he would take a walk through the sanitarium grounds and down to the shore.

In a short time he burst back into the room, his face shining as if he had seen some kind of vision. "Guess who I just talked with?"

But he didn't wait for me to make a guess.

"Elder Nielsen, from Greenland!"

My mouth flew open in astonishment, and then I closed it carefully. Had something gone wrong with Leslie's mind? At least we were among friends here at the sanitarium. There would be doctors I could consult.

But maybe I was the one who was ill. As Leslie related what had taken place in the short time he had been gone from the room, it just did not seem possible.

"I was walking along the shore," he went on, "when I saw a woman sitting on the sea wall feeding the gulls. I smiled and she seemed so friendly that I spoke in English, though I didn't suppose she would understand. She did though, and told me she was from England and a patient at the sanitarium.

"She wanted to know where we were from, and in our conversation I mentioned how much we wanted to meet Elder Nielsen and had booked the Polar Flight hoping for a stopover in Greenland. She looked at me with a queer little smile and said, 'It wouldn't have done you any good to stop in Greenland. You wouldn't have seen him.'

"Why?" I asked her.

"Because he isn't there."

"For a moment my heart skipped a beat. I wondered if some accident had occurred. Then she said, 'He is *here* now.'

"I stammered, 'Where?'

"Right here at the Skodsborg Sanitarium. He arrived from Greenland only a week or so ago. He has come to get his wife and children and take them back to Greenland."

"Just then one of the student nurses, a young man, happened to walk past and heard us talking about Elder Nielsen. He turned to us and inquired, 'Do you want to see him?' He pointed down the beach a short way and said, 'There he goes now,' and he clapped his hands to attract Elder Nielsen's attention.

"So that's the way I met him. We have an appointment to meet him and his family right after lunch."

At lunch we sat in the spacious dining room where 300 guests are served. Leslie spoke in a whisper, "Here he comes."

I glanced toward the far corner of the room where a man and woman and two children were being seated by the hostess. The man, I noticed, was short, rather stockily built, with broad, square shoulders. His complexion was a healthy bronze as if he had lived much in the out-of-doors. There was something about him that reminded me of the missionary Paul

# WIT

## Sharpeners

### Strong Quiz

by ENOLA CHAMBERLIN

From the list on the right choose the words that correctly fill the blanks.

- Let the \_\_\_\_\_ say, "I am strong" a. name
- When a strong man \_\_\_\_\_ keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace b. death
- We then that are strong ought to bear the \_\_\_\_\_ of the weak c. wonder
- But was strong in \_\_\_\_\_, giving glory to God d. weak
- Who is this king of glory? The Lord strong and \_\_\_\_\_ e. power
- He calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in \_\_\_\_\_ f. battle
- Set me a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love is as strong as \_\_\_\_\_ g. faith
- I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the \_\_\_\_\_ to the strong h. mighty
- The \_\_\_\_\_ of the Lord is a strong tower i. armed
- I am as a \_\_\_\_\_ unto many; but thou art my strong refuge j. infirmities

Key on page 20

The third  
Youth's Instructor

## PHOTO MART

is now in progress and will continue until January 1, 1960.

For information, rules, and entry blanks, write immediately to

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—at least the way I had pictured him. Mrs. Nielsen was trim and attractive, with blonde hair and a fair complexion. The boy I judged to be about nine years old, rather tall and slender and radiantly happy. The little girl was of the type that artists describe as a vision of loveliness, with a halo of blonde, wavy hair.

As we ate I glanced often toward that far corner of the dining room. The boy seemed to hang onto every word his father was saying, but the little girl, whom I estimated to be about four years old, kept looking sideways at her father, and she seemed to want to edge over toward her mother.

They were waiting for us when we came out of the dining room. I hardly knew what to say. They couldn't possibly understand how hard we had tried for ten weeks to meet them. I do remember saying, "There were three people we wanted to see on our trip: The Pope, Queen Elizabeth, and *you*. We saw the other two, and now it is our good pleasure to meet *you*."

After a short conversation in the parlor we said good evening, having made an appointment for an interview with Elder Nielsen the following morning.

We watched as the family turned to leave. Anders, the son, held one of his father's hands, and we waited to see Elsebeth take the other hand. Instead, in a shy, half-frightened way she clung to her mother, looking up at her father with large wondering eyes that seemed to say, "I'm not sure that I know *you*."

Elder Nielsen turned back and spoke aside to us, "I have been away from home for two years. She does not remember me."

He must have yearned to take her in his arms, but he was thoughtful, giving her time to get acquainted with him. It's a big price that missionaries pay for their privilege of entering new lands. The land itself is fierce and relentless, but the isolation from home and family must be the highest price of all.

One of the first questions we asked Elder Nielsen the next morning was, "When did you learn to speak English?"

He apologized, "I do not speak as well as I should. I can read English very well, but it is difficult for me to speak it, because I use English so seldom. In Greenland I speak the Greenlandic language, and here it is Danish, of course. In 1930 I was converted and joined the Seventh-day Adventist Church, and shortly after that, while I was in Germany, a colporteur showed me a set of Ellen G. White books. I wanted very much to be able to read them. I determined to learn to read English so I could know the truths in those books. I have read all of them."

A deep earnestness came into Elder Nielsen's voice, and he looked at us intently. "You people are privileged to have the writings of the Spirit of Prophecy in *your* language!"

**T**ELL us something about Greenland," we urged.

"For years Greenland has been a closed country," he said. "But in recent years great changes have come." We learned that Greenland's change from the arctic type of livelihood to a complex modern civilization began only about thirty years ago. At that time the ocean on the southwest coast began to grow warmer—a phenomenon the scientists do not account for. The seals went north, leaving the people without food, clothing, and other necessities. Until then Greenland had been a closed country, with only a small number of Danish officials allowed to enter the land. Denmark had purposely closed Greenland to keep the Eskimos from being exploited.

But when the seals went away, a new way of life had to be established. Just as mysteriously as the seal had disappeared, the cod began to fill the warmer water around the southern coast of Greenland. These fish could provide food, but not other necessities as the seal had done. Commercial fishing and processing had to be set up. Fishing fleets began to come in, and modern plants were built. As the economic changes took place, the doors of Greenland began to open. People from other countries came in. During the war the Allies established weather stations, and intercontinental air transport began to use Greenland as a servicing point.

In 1951 Danish settlers were allowed to come in and visitors from other countries were permitted to enter. Then, in 1953, Greenland's colonial state ended and that land became a part of Denmark.

"What language do the Eskimos use?" we asked.

Elder Nielsen shook his head and smiled. "Oh, do not call the people of Greenland Eskimos. They would feel offended. They are Greenlanders, a race of

people whose ancestors were Eskimos and Norsemen. The Greenlandic language is very similar to the Alaskan language."

"How did our church begin its work in Greenland?" we wanted to know.

"During those years when Greenland was closed to any of God's fishermen—missionaries—our church people found ways of letting their light shine. Danish fishing parties went each summer to work along the coasts of Greenland and in some of these boats were Seventh-day Adventist fishermen. They took tracts with them. At first only tracts in the Danish language were available, but after a time three tracts were printed in the Greenlandic language. The fishermen gave literature to the people wherever they could. But no evangelistic work of any kind was permitted.

"In 1953 I went to Iceland and spent two and a half months working there to give out literature, and then in 1954 I went to Greenland. Our first convert, Aman Berthelsen, was baptized that year."

We inquired about the details of that first baptism. "Was there a meeting or a gathering of the people?"

"No, I was all alone. Only the man's grandson was there with us. We went down to the open sea and performed the baptismal rites there. Brother Berthelsen was a man who was searching for truth. I had given him literature and talked with him about health reform and temperance.

"One day I met him again, during his noon rest shift. In our conversation I remarked, 'Today is the Sabbath.'

"Oh, no!" the man replied emphatically. "Tomorrow is the Sabbath."

"I took out my Bible and read him certain sections from the New Testament. When we had finished the Bible study, he turned to me and said, 'I will keep the rest of today holy. I know that Saturday is the right Sabbath.'"

Next we inquired how a pioneer missionary approaches people—what contacts or methods he uses.

"The work in Greenland will have to be carried on mostly through literature," he said. "The towns and villages are far apart. Some are shut up and unreachable during the long winter months. But people can read, and we must depend on literature evangelism. I am taking back with me 500 copies of *Steps to Christ*, the first Spirit of Prophecy literature to be printed in Greenlandic."

It was inspiring to hear the earnestness in his voice and to see the smile of deep appreciation on his face as he mentioned the translation of *Steps to Christ*. Two thousand other copies of the book would be shipped later, being now in process of printing at the Copenhagen printing house.

"It is my great desire that *The Great Controversy*—at least a portion of it—will next be made available to the people of Greenland," he told us.

## BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but when a 45-year-old man and his 46-year-old woman companion were jailed on a drunkenness charge in Oklahoma City, officers said the woman was riding through the city on the hood of her escort's car.

When a man starts to drink and his woman companion drinks with him, anything may happen.

Alcohol is no respecter of persons. The more you take in, the less intelligence you have left.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG



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"Do you hold meetings?" we asked. "Most of our work has been by personal contacts. We make friends with the people and approach them through temperance and healthful living interests. One influential man to whom I had presented *Your Home and Health* [in Danish] met me recently and said, 'Now I use no more spirits. I am well and strong. We are waiting for you in our town. Why don't you come and hold meetings?'"

"One young man whom I enrolled in the Bible correspondence school wrote: 'Pray for me. If I could only better understand the Bible, I would love to receive power to acknowledge and preach Christ as my Lord and Saviour. Can I receive this power?'"

"The people of Greenland are eagerly waiting for the deeper truths of the Bible," he added.

Pointing to the *Yearbook* we had taken from the brief case, we said, "Your address is given in here as Godthaab."

"Yes, that is my home. Godthaab is the capital of Greenland, and of course our main center should be located there. For more than a year now I have been working to build a home so my wife and children can come and join me. But it is very slow work, and hard to get materials. But now the home is almost finished."

We remembered reading that every stick of lumber has to be imported into Greenland. We asked, "How large is your home?"

"Seven by nine meters," he answered.

We estimated that would be about 22 by 28 feet—not a very large home.

"The bedrooms are upstairs, and downstairs there is a kitchen, a small room for a study, and a large living room. We shall use the living room for our chapel and hold meetings there."

"When are you returning?"

"In about two weeks. My family will go with me."

We could see pride and pleasure in his eyes. For now the lonely land would not be so lonely.

"Things will be difficult for your family, we judge."

His eyes clouded. "Yes, much of the time I shall have to be away from home. Sometimes for two and three and even four months at a time."

A sudden feeling of sadness came over me. How much along the little family would be in that icebound land. Friends, relatives, loved ones—all would be far away. And the winter months—how dark and cold. What if sickness should come?

I could see Elder Nielsen traveling by small boat from one coastal town to another, in and out of the twisting fjords along the rugged coast—sudden and violent storms that threaten the lives of all on board—glaciers grinding their way down to the coast, great masses thundering into the sea—icebergs as tall as ten-story buildings, drifting dangerously close to the small boat. Only a man with cour-

age and trust in God's power would dare to risk his life in those places.

Elder Nielsen continued. "Sometimes we are called heretics, and there is opposition. If there could be two workers together it would be an encouragement and help to both. But we must never complain."

He bowed his head for a moment. Then he smiled, and his words came with feeling. "As our days, so must be our strength. God will provide strength when we need it."

The day before we left Skodsborg we went through our luggage, taking out little things we thought the children would like. A flashlight for Anders, some plastic forks and spoons for Elsebeth, a few souvenirs and trinkets. They all seemed so simple, but we had had no way to get to a store. The children received the gifts with bright smiles and courteous bows, and though we could not understand their words of Thank you in Danish, we knew what they were saying.

I made up my mind there would be Christmas boxes sent to Greenland.

"Those children—" I said to Leslie that evening. "Think of the sacrifice they will be making. Going to a land that even the United States Army counts as two-for-one in foreign service duty. We mustn't forget them."

**T**HE next afternoon when we left the sanitarium the last faces we saw were those of the Nielsen family. They had come running out of the dining room to bid us good-by when they saw our taxi drive up, and they stood on the steps, waving and calling to us, "Come and visit us in Greenland."

Hours later, in a star-bright night, we looked out our cabin window and what we saw made us shiver even though we were snug and warm and comfortable. Far below as the clouds parted we saw icebergs, and then ice-capped mountains.

The plane touched the runway at Stromfjord, Greenland, and within a few minutes we stepped out of the warm plane into a bitter cold wind. During the hour that we waited in the passengers' room I made frequent trips out the door to sample the night air. Even walking briskly back and forth did not help. My teeth chattered every time I stepped outside, even though I was wearing a heavy wool coat I had purchased in Scotland. And it was only the first of September! What would winter be like?

In the air again we watched the lights of the airport fade away and white specks come into view below. Greenland—land of icy mountains—was behind us. We were on our way home to California. But somehow we had left a part of our hearts right there in Greenland. And in our memory we would always cherish a picture of a mission family and their devotion to duty.

## "Help Me Carry It!"

by BETTY GARVIN DAVENPORT

**T**HE old Colorado stagecoach trail over which we walked was a steep one and very rocky. It was hard enough for me to keep my balance on the skiddy stones and for Donny's not-quite-three-year-old feet it was really a trick to keep right side up. As usual, I was laden down with camera equipment, wildflower specimens, and treasures from the trail.

Then he spied something. "Just the thing," thought Donny, "to carry back to camp." Stooping way over, he tugged at the large, uneven, flat rock. Finally he managed to pick it up and hold it with both chubby hands.

"Oh no you don't!" I protested. "Not that big rock. You would never make it, and I don't have room for any more. Find a nice little one."

"But I want *this* one!" His brown eyes were so appealing that most any heart would begin to melt. "This one has putty [pretty] green growing on it."

"All right," I gave in with a sigh. Indeed, it was covered with lovely soft green

lichen. "You may take it, but you will have to carry it all by yourself. I have too much to carry already," I warned.

Donny struggled along manfully. Several times it slipped from his grasp and fell to the ground, but each time he stooped down and retrieved it.

"It's getting putty heavy," he said finally, holding the rock with both hands against his round little stomach. I was weakening in my decision, watching his determination as he struggled along the path.

Finally he sat down in the middle of the trail, letting the stone slip from his hands and come to rest on the ground beside him.

"Please, Mommy, I'm tired! Could you just *help* me carry it?"

I did. I carried it all the rest of the way back to camp.

I remember how often I've prayed, "Dear Lord, my burden is so heavy. Will You help me carry it?"

And He always has.





*Alex was becoming  
a real problem.*

*"Maybe it's just his  
age," his dad said.*

# *the LIFE inside*

by EVELYN WITTER

**O**N THE outside Alex looked almost the same. But my husband Bill and I knew he wasn't the same contented boy he had been a year before. Negligence had replaced industry. An I-don't-care attitude toward the farm took the place of the bubbling enthusiasm he once had. Our home life, our social activities, our lives together, became downcast, like roses infected with aphids.

"He's only fourteen," Bill reasoned. "Maybe it's just his age."

"But I have a note from his teacher saying he's picking fights with others. They're his age, and they aren't causing

trouble among schoolmates," I insisted.

School was not the only place. At church services he was inattentive and even sullen. He told us every week he didn't want to go. He didn't like them any more. He was tired of hearing the same things over and over again.

"But those things have a message for you. They'll help you find God," I pleaded.

"Some of it sounds so farfetched that I think the whole thing is made up," he said boldly.

My husband and I were hurt. We were bewildered. And we felt sure that Alex's troubles at home, at school, and at church all stemmed from the fact that he was breaking away from God.

It was hard to bear, for from the time he started school his teachers told us they thought that Alex had the ability to become a leader. We felt sure that Alex was going to develop into a strong power for good when he won the citizenship award the first three years of school for the best grades and for his ability to get along with others. Now at fourteen he was a problem wherever he was.

We prayed for guidance. One evening we took our problem to our minister.

He told us, "It's not unusual that your son should seem to want to break away from the church at this time."

We looked at each other and then turned to him in astonishment. We thought our problem was so peculiar that it would shock him.

The pastor went on: "I have seen several young people act just as your son is acting now. In some children it is a form of growing pains. They revolt against the world. They resent the very things they know are best for them. They think they know better than mom and dad."

"But," Bill was prompt to say, "we can't let him go on this way. He's getting so far from God that his personality is becoming warped."

"He'll come back." The minister smiled. "He's been reared in a good Christian home."

"But what can we do to help him now?" I asked.

"I would say to continue to guide him in the right path even if it seems to be against his will. Have patience. Keep your faith strong, and the Lord will show you a way."

He shook our hands in an I'll-stand-by handshake.

Our life continued in the topsy-turvy way for the rest of the winter. Outside, things seemed the same. We attended church regularly. Alex continued to be disgruntled about almost everything, especially his relationship with God. Most of the time he looked like Spot (our dog) who had a bone he couldn't bite through.

One night he said to me: "Mom, I wish I did have the faith I had when I was a child. I didn't feel so alone then."



"You can have it, Alex, if you want it," I said gently.

"No, I can't. I just see everything die. The leaves die. My dog died. The oats, the corn, the wheat. They don't go anywhere. They lie and decay away. That's the end."

I almost stilled my tongue though a thousand words bubbled up to disprove him. I chose to speak just sixteen words from 2 Corinthians 4:18.

Alex looked away into the horizon as if he was trying to see the meaning of the verse I had quoted.

I wanted so badly to say more. But knowing my son, I knew he had to come to his faith through his own thinking. He would take any further words from me as argumentative ones, and argument would build up his resentments.

One fine spring day Alex was filling the corn planter. It was a day that filled everything with the joy of living. The tulips and the daffodils were beginning to show their colors, and the notes of returning birds put music in the air.

Alex was vibrant along with the new season. He was showing more interest in what he was doing than he had shown in anything in a long time. I strode closer to the tractor shed to watch him. The sound of seeds pouring into the planter and his pleasure in guiding them there reminded me of the Lord Jesus' parable of the mustard seed, and inspired me to say something.

"I can't understand why you are going through the motions of planting those seeds when you say you have no faith."

I saw him turn, puzzled. "Why? What do you mean, Mom?"

"How do you know they'll grow?"

"There is life inside of them, Mom."

"Can you see it?"

"No."

"But you have faith that they'll grow?"

"Of course, Mom. I *know* they'll—"

"Yes?"

There was a long pause. Alex was thinking very deeply. Then he eased over to my side and chuckled me under the chin in that big, overgrown-cub way of his. He didn't say a word, but the squeeze he gave my arm was an excellent thought transmitter. My son had found his faith. And as the tractor pulling the important corn planter jogged down the lane, my cheeks were wet with happy tears.

Today at sixteen he is a well-behaved, serious-minded youth, a joy to live with. He is one of the leaders of the youth group at church and has just been nominated as president of his class in school. His outer life shows he has found the life inside.

## KEY

### Wit Sharpeners

- |                           |                                 |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. <i>d</i> (Joel 3:10).  | 6. <i>e</i> (Isa. 40:26).       |
| 2. <i>i</i> (Luke 11:21). | 7. <i>b</i> (Song of Sol. 8:6). |
| 3. <i>j</i> (Rom. 15:1).  | 8. <i>f</i> (Eccl. 9:11).       |
| 4. <i>g</i> (Rom. 4:20).  | 9. <i>a</i> (Prov. 18:10).      |
| 5. <i>b</i> (Ps. 24:8).   | 10. <i>c</i> (Ps. 71:7).        |



## Master Guide Program Invigorates Congregation

By L. A. Skinner

PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY.—Garden State Academy and the Plainfield Seventh-day Adventist church have combined to demonstrate what can be done in a united effort in behalf of trained youth leadership. Although the MV Society in the Plainfield church has just recently been reorganized, an outstanding Investiture service was conducted there May 22.

Floyd J. Strunk, pastor of the church, received the Master Guide emblem as did thirty-five other candidates, and testified that the preparation for the event had stirred the entire congregation and had been a great blessing. Principal Loren Poole of GSA, participating as a veteran Master Guide, indicated that the student group had been thoroughly in the project.

Carl Pinterich, the faculty sponsor for the Master Guide group, presented 950 Missionary Volunteer Honor tokens, and especially cited Earl Brewer, GSA science teacher, who has obtained all but one of the MV Honors in the nature category.

M. K. Eckenroth, conference president, was among the veteran Master Guides who welcomed the newly installed members. He also participated in the closing torch ceremony in which all Master Guides lighted their candles from a large torch, accepting the responsibility and obligation of youth leadership.

The colorful and impressive ceremony has brought new life to this youth group. One who was instrumental in much of the detail was Frances Piscatelli, MV leader, and coordinator for the Investiture service. MV secretaries E. M. Peterson of Columbia Union Conference and D. K. Smith of the New Jersey Conference also participated in the program.

## GRACE NOTES

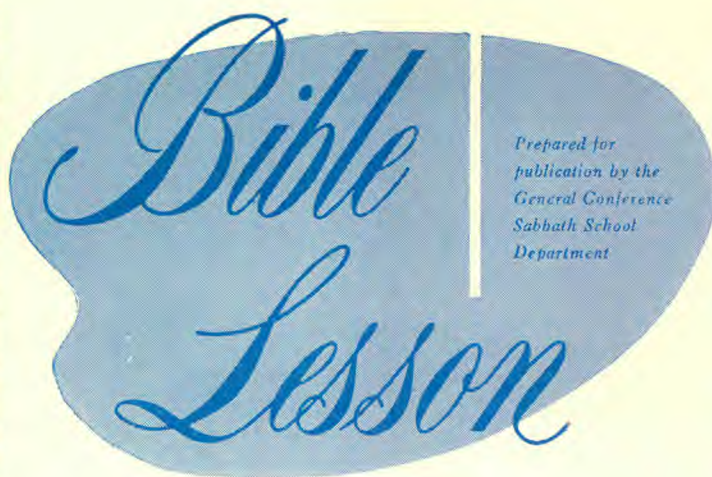
From page 5

give up something you have started. You would always be sorry." Ten years later, on the night before she was to leave home and begin her career as a student nurse, her mother preached no sermon, but said, "Every place you go in life you will find good and bad—right and wrong. It is up to you to decide which side you want to be on." More years later, after she had become a wife and mother, she came to a day when she was particularly troubled and unhappy. She found her uncle work-

ing in the garden and unburdened to him her unhappy heart. He worked on in silence. After a time he looked up, his fingers still working deep in the soil. "Betty," he said, "no one on the face of this earth can make you happy. It has to come from within yourself."

**LETTER** "If you are Christ's follower, He sends in you a letter to the family, the village, the street, where you live.—SC 115.





## DOING GOD'S WILL

Lesson for August 15, 1959

Daily Study Record: S S M T W T F  
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

**MEMORY GEM:** "And be not conformed to this world: but 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).

**OUTSIDE READING:** *Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 272-283, *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing* (1956 ed.), pp. 147-152 (1943 ed.), pp. 211-218).

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION—

1. *Obedience prompted by love.* "God does not force the will or judgment of any. He takes no pleasure in a slavish obedience. He desires that the creatures of His hands shall love Him because He is worthy of love. He would have them obey Him because they have an intelligent appreciation of His wisdom, justice, and benevolence. And all who have a just conception of these qualities will love Him because they are drawn toward Him in admiration of His attributes."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 541.

2. *Obey and keep His Word.* The usual Greek word for "obey" means literally "to listen attentively," that is, in order to know what one should do. The word for "keep" means "to keep watch over," "to guard," "to protect," "to pay attention to." Obedience, then, reflects diligent purpose to know God's will and to abide by it.

3. *Constraineth.* "The love of Christ constraineth us" (2 Cor. 5:14). The word translated "constraineth" means "to hold together," "to hold fast," "to urge," "to impel," "to control." Divine love not only pays the penalty for our sins, so providing justification, but also imparts power to triumph over sin, so making sanctification possible.

4. *Transformed.* The Greek *metamorphoō*, "to transform," is the source of our word "metamorphosis." Each stage in the metamorphosis of a butterfly represents a complete change in nature and appearance. Thus the pupa, for instance, is altogether different from the preceding caterpillar stage, and the mature butterfly, in turn, in no way resembles the pupa. This is the word used in Matthew 17:2 to describe the transfiguration of Christ on the mountain; and in Romans 12:2 and 2 Corinthians 3:18 of the change that takes place in the Christian whereby he comes to resemble Christ.

5. *Doth not commit sin.* The tense of the verb in the Greek for this expression as found in 1 John 3:6, 8 and 5:18 indicates that it is more accurately rendered "does not continue to sin," or "does not habitually sin." The Greek verb forms clearly do not mean that the one who has been born of God will never again fall before temptation. They imply, instead, that he has committed himself to a pattern of life in which

there is no provision for sin, that it is his continuing firm purpose to live in harmony with that commitment, and that his life gives marked evidence of increasing freedom from sin.

## 1 Obedience the Test of Profession

1. For whom did Jesus become the Author of salvation?

"He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him" (Heb. 5:9).

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven" (Matt. 7:21).

**NOTE.**—"Profession is as nothing in the scale. It is character that decides destiny."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 74.

2. Of what is obedience to God the visible evidence?

"If ye love me, keep my commandments" (John 14:15).

**NOTE.**—"God's great object in the working out of His providences is to try men, to give them opportunity to develop character. Thus He proves whether they are obedient or disobedient to His commands. Good works do not purchase the love of God, but they reveal that we possess that love. If we surrender the will to God, we shall not work in order to earn God's love. His love as a free gift will be received into the soul, and from love to Him we shall delight to obey His commandments."—*Ibid.*, p. 283.

## 2 Christ's Example and Enabling Power

3. By what means does God graciously enable us to do His will?

"God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh: that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit" (Rom. 8:3, 4).

"The love of Christ impels us" (2 Cor. 5:14, Berkeley).

"It is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure" (Phil. 2:13).

"Now the God of peace . . . make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is wellpleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ" (Heb. 13:20, 21).

**NOTE.**—"Through the grace of Christ we may accomplish everything that God requires."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 301.

"All His biddings are enableings."—*Ibid.*, p. 333.

4. What was Jesus' relation to obedience?

"Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered" (Heb. 5:8).

**NOTE.**—"When Jesus entered the Garden of Gethsemane, His will was that He be delivered from the necessity of drinking the cup. His Father's will was for Him to drink it. Jesus prayed three times for deliverance, but each time He indicated His willingness to abide by the will of His Father. There were two wills when He went into the Garden. There was only one will when He came out. He had brought His own will into conformity with that of His Father. He went on from the Garden to drink the cup. He had learned obedience by the things He had suffered.

## 3 Knowing the Truth Is not Enough

5. What responsibility does a knowledge of God's will carry with it?

"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves" (James 1:22).

"To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin" (James 4:17).

**NOTE.**—"Every man is given sufficient light for the discharge of the duties required of him. Man's responsibilities are proportionate to his opportunities and privileges. God gives to every one sufficient light and grace to do the work He has given him to do. If man fails to do that which a little light shows to be his duty, greater light would only reveal unfaithfulness, neglect to improve the blessings given."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 265.

"The test of sincerity is not in words, but in deeds. . . . Words are of no value unless they are accompanied with appropriate deeds."—*Ibid.*, p. 272.

6. What is the status of faith without works?

"Faith without works is dead" (James 2:26).

**NOTE.**—"Whatever our profession, it amounts to nothing unless Christ is revealed in works of righteousness."—*Ibid.*, p. 313.



## 4 Fellowship With Christ in Obedience

7. For what kind of obedience did Paul commend the church in Rome?

"Ye have obeyed from the heart" (Rom. 6:17).

NOTE.—"All true obedience comes from the heart. It was heart work with Christ. And if we consent, He will so identify Himself with our thoughts and aims, so blend our hearts and minds into conformity to His will, that when obeying Him we shall be but carrying out our own impulses."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 868.

8. What is the relation of sin to the young Christian?

"The man who is really God's son does not practise sin, for God's nature is in him, for good, and such a heredity is incapable of sin" (1 John 3:9, Phillips).

NOTE.—"When it is in the heart to obey God, when efforts are put forth to this end, Jesus accepts this disposition and effort as man's best service, and He makes up for the deficiency with His own divine merits."—ELLEN G. WHITE, *My Life Today*, p. 250.

"So long as we do not consent to sin, there is no power, whether human or satanic, that can bring a stain upon the soul."—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing* (1956 ed.), p. 32.

9. Does all this add up to an immunity to temptation and sin?

"My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and he is the propitiation for our sins: and not for our's only, but also for the sins of the whole world" (1 John 2:1, 2).

"But 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).

NOTE.—"When we are clothed with the righteousness of Christ, we shall have no relish for sin; for Christ will be working with us. We may make mistakes, but we will hate the sin that caused the suffering of the Son of God."—*Messages to Young People*, p. 338.

"The character is revealed, not by occasional good deeds and occasional misdeeds, but by the tendency of the habitual words and acts."—*Steps to Christ* (pocket ed.), pp. 57, 58.

10. What may be known for sure about the one who talks about not sinning?

"If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. If we say that we have not sinned, we make him a liar, and his word is not in us" (1 John 1:8-10).

NOTE.—The only sinlessness we have any right to talk about is the sinlessness of Jesus. The reason for this is very simple. This is the only sinlessness there is. Our record is full of sinfulness. There is no sinlessness there at all, except the sinlessness of Jesus, which He graciously substitutes for our sinfulness.

### Quizangles

1. What is the meaning of "that ye may prove"? Memory Gem.
2. Who will enter into the kingdom? (1)
3. By what criterion does Jesus test our love? (1)
4. What makes it possible for human beings to keep the law of God? (2)
5. How only can we accomplish anything good? (2)
6. Why did Jesus need to learn obedience? (2)
7. What is the natural companion of faith? (3)
8. What does one do who says he does not sin? (4)
9. What two things happen when we confess our sins? (4)

NEXT WEEK, August 22, 1959—Lesson title: "Faith and Trust." Outside reading: *Steps to Christ*, pp. 105-113 (1908 ed., pp. 110-118). Memory gem: 1 John 5:4.



**QUESTION** My husband works for a Seventh-day Adventist dairy—seven days a week, working eight hours on Sabbath each week. I believe when God said, "The seventh day is the sabbath . . . in it thou shalt not do any work," He couldn't have said it any plainer. Of course cows have to be milked, but do Seventh-day Adventists have to do it? Mrs. White doesn't say anything about milking cows on Sabbath, does she? We have read all we can about the Sabbath and we can't find anything about that.

**ANSWER** God expects a man to care for his animals. This is shown in Proverbs 12:10: "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." The same thought is found in Luke 13:15, where the Lord spoke of the necessity of watering animals on the Sabbath, and in Luke 14:5, where He mentioned helping animals fallen

into a pit. In neither instance does Christ condemn the work done. Rather, He uses it as an example of right doing.

Cows that are not milked at the customary time show their distress by lowing and restlessness. Watering, feeding, and milking are necessary and are lawful Sabbath work. Ellen G. White expresses it this way in *The Desire of Ages*, page 500: "The merciful provisions of the law extended even to the lower animals, which cannot express in word their want and suffering."

Your comment, "Cows have to be milked, but do Seventh-day Adventists have to do it?" could be answered by pointing out that what is not lawful for one to do on the Sabbath is not lawful for one to have his servants do.

The question states that the work requires eight hours of labor on Sabbath. At the present time labor-saving devices

have enabled dairymen to do their work in one half to one third the time previously taken. Every advantage should be taken of modern methods to cut down the time spent on the milking. Of course, preparation on Friday will also reduce the working period necessary on Sabbath. Eight hours seems too long a time.

**QUESTION** If a newly married couple separates, and many of the husband's friends prefer their wedding gifts returned, do you think he should leave it up to his wife to return them?

**ANSWER** Try to get the friends to wait in hopes that there can be effected a Christian solution to this tragic problem. Nevertheless, when one has given a gift it becomes the possession of the receiver, who is under no obligation to return it under any circumstances. To return it is the recipient's decision alone.

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► THE TYPICAL dental practice of the future will be conducted by an operating team and not by a dentist functioning as a one-man operator as in the past. ADA

► TOKYO is possibly the largest and fastest-growing city in the world. Its population is estimated at 8,774,000; that of London, 8,251,000; and that of New York, 7,795,500. NGS

► BELIEVING that a person's soul passed to lower animals, the Greek philosopher Pythagoras held a dog to mouths of dying friends, since he considered it the animal best able to perpetuate virtues. Gaines

► THE WORLD's largest ant, *Dinoponera gigantea*, lives in the Brazilian rain forest. The ant's glistening black body often measures more than an inch. Stinging females dominate the smaller, weaker males and fight the colony's battles. NGS

► THE FIRST of its kind, a music camp for Adventist youth of high school age is scheduled by Monterey Bay Academy to be held August 9 to 20. Those eligible to attend are eighth-grade graduates of 1959 through twelfth-grade graduates of 1959. Pacific Union Recorder

► MANY agitated persons on the brink of a psychotic break suffer from severe insomnia, and a few pass through a prolonged period of wakefulness as the schizophrenic process unfolds. This sleep deprivation, when combined with isolation and incapacitating anxiety, may have an illness-causing potential that has not been adequately appreciated. AMA

► USING the moon as a passive relay station, the United States Navy will establish a new radio communications link between Washington and Pearl Harbor. The signals will be directed toward the moon, and when they bounce off, they will be picked up by parabolic antennas in the Pacific. This system will not be impaired by noise and by blackouts. It will be virtually invulnerable to jamming. Operation will probably begin within a year. Science

► "WATERFALLS" of sand cascade down the steep granite walls of submarine canyons in the ocean off Cape San Lucas, California, according to diver-scientists. Sand on the beaches flows in rivulets to the edges of the canyons, which head near the shore. It then falls over the almost-vertical walls and sweeps down the canyon floors to be deposited on the deep-sea bottom several miles away. UCAL

► BATS and sloths, which rank among nature's strangest creatures, seem to defy gravity. Hanging upside down, bats cluster together like exotic fruit and launch themselves into flight at night on membranous wings. The lethargic sloths are held suspended by curved claws so nearly immovable that the animals may continue to hang long after death. NGS

► AS AN orange grower nature seems to rate low in efficiency. More than 99 per cent of an orange tree's buds never become mature fruit. Of the 208,000 buds counted in one study, 51 per cent fell without opening; 16 per cent fell as opened flowers; and almost 33 per cent fell after petal fall or later as young fruit. UCAL

► HAWAII will reportedly be the first State in the United States to be a Buddhist stronghold and to have a number of Shinto shrines and several non-Christian sects. The Christian population ratio is: Roman Catholic, 25 per cent; Protestant, 10 per cent. NAM

► WHEN a person continuously observes a very intense source of color at the long-wave length (red) end of the visual spectrum, it appears red at first but rapidly changes to yellow and then to a deep, rich green. An intense yellow source also tends to turn green. Science.

► THE SOUNDS monkeys make have more or less specific meanings to other monkeys of the same species. Quite different messages may be conveyed by subtle variations in howls, squeals, or chirps. Smithsonian

► FINLAND's 250,000 reindeer, which are mostly domesticated, provide food, clothing, household utensils, cash income, and transportation for the Finnish people. NGS

► FROM the 14th to the 16th centuries only court musicians were allowed to play the trumpet. AMC

► IT is now possible to make a 500-foot length of four-inch hose for a military customer. Usually a hose of this length would have to be made in sections and spliced. Goodyear

► LOP EARS can be corrected by an operation that takes the spring out of the ear cartilage so that the ear will remain in the new position and not return to its original standing-out look. AMA

► TO TAILOR a space-capsule seat for the pilot, research workers have devised the process of covering the man's space suit with aluminum foil and then applying plaster to make a cast that will determine the contours of the seat. ALCOA

► THE MILITARY ceremony tattoo, which marks the beating of retreat shortly before taps, takes its name from the Dutch *Doe den tap toe*, meaning "Put the tap to." It originated years ago when drummers patrolled a town at night, warning the troops to return to their billets from the local tap rooms. NGS

► IF THE CLAIMS for a product called Liquozone had been true, hundreds of millions of dollars spent in recent years for medical research could have been saved. An advertisement in a 1905 newspaper offered \$1,000 for "a disease germ that Liquozone can't kill" and described the preparation as "a nerve food and blood food—the most wonderful thing in the world to you." Lilly Review

► THE BERBER tribes of Morocco, one of the oldest groups living in North Africa, are thought to be direct descendants of the aboriginal peoples of North Africa, and evidence of their existence can be found in Egyptian tomb paintings as early as 2400 B.C. At present they inhabit the lands between the Sahara and the Mediterranean from Egypt to the Atlantic coast. Despite a history of conquests by other peoples, they have retained a homogenous culture, and most still speak Berber, a Hamitic language. They are simple agriculturists, and most practice Islam. Science.

## target

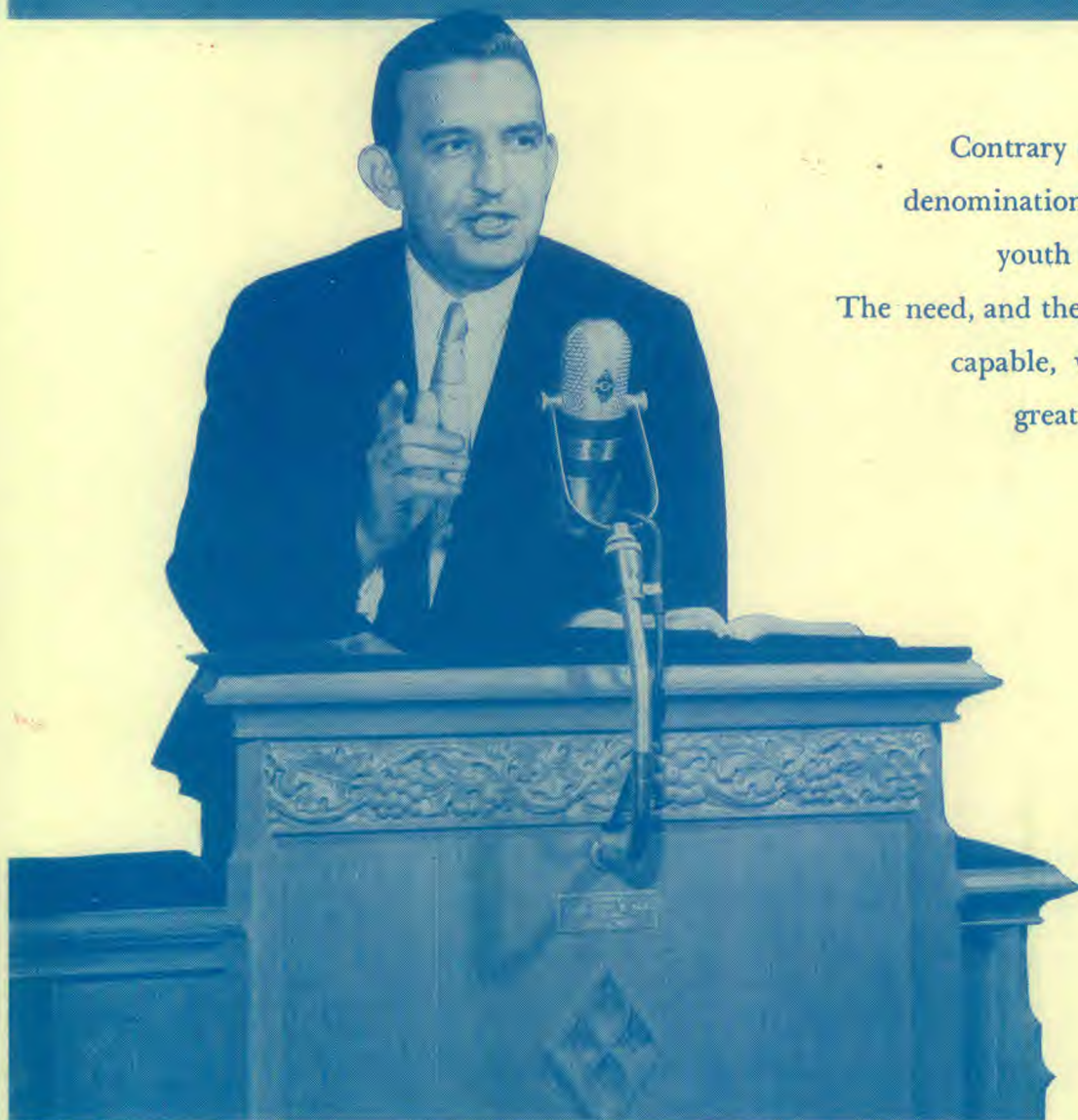
Seventh-day Adventists, being presumably more intensely interested in health than most people, are therefore natural targets for the continuing sales campaigns of various kinds of health quackery. While the Liquozone of 1905 doesn't seem to be on the market today, its successors—in the form of various pills and potions—are available in abundance.

The very fact that some health fads and faddists are opposed by the medical profession has sometimes given them an aura of martyrdom, thus increasing their appeal to certain kinds of people.

While no profession is infallible, it would seem wise to follow the counsel of competent, recognized authorities rather than the claims and advice of those whose products lack qualified medico-scientific background. Gullibility is no virtue. FG



# TOP MEN IN DEMAND



Contrary to general opinion, our denomination annually employs many youth for the gospel ministry. The need, and the opportunity, for young, capable, well-trained ministers is greater now than at any time since World War II.

**D**edicate yourself to the gospel ministry, and receive a training for it in one of these **ADVENTIST COLLEGES—**

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South Lancaster, Massachusetts

Canadian Union College  
College Heights, Alberta, Canada

College of Medical Evangelists  
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Arlington, California

Oakwood College  
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Oshawa Missionary College  
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Pacific Union College  
Angwin, California

Potomac University  
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Southern Missionary College  
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Southwestern Junior College  
Keene, Texas

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Walla Walla College  
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Washington Missionary College  
Washington, D.C.