

THE

Youth's

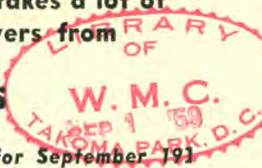
INSTRUCTOR

Fritzie Meyer illustrates that it takes a lot of questions to get some answers from

The Little Ones

SEPTEMBER 8, 1959

[Bible Lesson for September 1959]



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*Here is a teacher who
discovered a broader meaning
to the term
"missionary work."*

the little ones

by
**FRITZIE
MEYER**

A CRESCENT moon suspended above three graceful trees cast shimmering light about two forms seated on a bench. One was that of a teacher—me; the other was that of a student. Quietly we talked, almost in a whisper. No other ears would ever hear the story of sin, of heartache, that the teen-ager chose to mingle with her tears.

An hour went by. Two hours. Then we knelt to pray. It was a prayer that the mission family had long hoped would be spoken—a prayer of repentance.

As I fell asleep that night, my heart thrilled at the realization that another of God's miracles had taken place. "At last you have done some missionary work," a voice seemed to say.

But hadn't I been doing missionary work for years as I had been teaching little children?

I knew I really had been; yet there were

so many times when I wished I could see the results. Older children could reward their teachers by being baptized, but my students were too young for that. They could give their hearts to Jesus of course, but the results were hard to see. Tonight, however, it had been different.

The next morning found several of us teachers in the garden. A recent rain had helped produce a host of tiny weeds, and I decided that for once they would not get ahead of me. For several hours I hoed little weeds.

Another teacher spent his time cutting a forest of weeds with a knife. About noon he straightened up and remarked, "I wish that I had a penny for every weed I've cut today."

"Me too," I said. Then realizing how small an impression I had made in comparison with his, I added, "I wouldn't have nearly as large a mint as you, but *little* weeds do count, don't they?"

THE Youth's INSTRUCTOR

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is a non-fiction weekly designed to meet the spiritual, social, physical, and mental interests of Christian youth in their teens and twenties. It adheres to the fundamental concepts of Sacred Scripture. These concepts it holds essential in man's true relationship to his heavenly Father, to his Saviour, Jesus Christ, and to his fellow men.

Beginning with volume one, number one, in August of 1852, this paragraph appeared under the name of Publisher James White: "Its object is, to teach the young the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus, and thereby help them to a correct understanding of the Holy Scriptures." Whether 1852 or 1959, our objectives continue to be the same.

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"Why, yes," he replied. "It's better to cut them before they have taken so much nourishment from the soil."

I thought that over.

THERE was Esther. Just the other day she got herself into trouble by writing some silly notes. For a half hour I talked to her until her revenge had melted away. Esther put her arms around me and confided that at night she wondered many times if Jesus would take her to heaven. Her seven-year-old mind was puzzled over an even greater problem too. "I wonder whether my mommy and daddy and sisters want to go to heaven."

"Why don't you ask them?" I suggested.

A few days later she came back and slipped her hand into mine. "I asked my mother and daddy and sisters if they plan to go to heaven."

"Do they?"

"Oh, yes. We are all planning on it at our house," she replied confidently.

Then there was Peter. I had never been able to penetrate his silence. He always just sat. But one day after a year and a half, the unheard-of happened; he was crying.

"Does your head hurt?" he was asked.

He shook his head.

"Does your foot hurt?"

He shook his head.

"Do you want to go home?"

He shook his head.

"Are you sick?"

Another shake.

"Is something wrong at home?"

Another shake.

"Are your lessons too hard?"

He shook his head.

"Do you want something?"

Another shake.

"Look, Peter, do you just feel like crying?"

He nodded.

"Then put your head on my shoulder and cry. Maybe you'll feel better." I put my arms around him and he sobbed until his whole body trembled. Silently I prayed. Then a thought came.

Putting my hand over his heart, I said, "Peter, it hurts here, doesn't it?"

He nodded as he squeezed my hand.

"Does it hurt most in the day time?"

He shook his head.

"Does it hurt mostly at night?"

He nodded as he burst into more sobs.

"Does it trouble you so you can't sleep?"

Another nod.

"Are you afraid at night?"

He nodded.

"Are you afraid of shadows?"

He shook his head.

"Are you afraid something will get you?"

Another shake.

"Do you want somebody with you?"

A nod.

"Do you want your mother with you?"

A shake.

"Do you want me with you?"

A nod.

"What would you like to have me do if I were there—tell you a story?"

A nod.

"Then would you like me to pray?"

Another nod.

Then it dawned. I had talked and talked and talked for months and months and months about praying before going to bed. But Peter's parents didn't know about Christianity. They couldn't very well ask the angels to be with Peter.

"Peter, are you afraid the angels are not with you?"

He nodded.

"Look, Peter, I can't be with you at night, but the angels can. I'll ask the angels to go to your house tonight. I'll ask them right now and I'll remind them again at bedtime. And you remember about them, so you can say, 'Come right in, angels. Come into my heart, Jesus.' Then tell yourself a Bible story and sing a Jesus song in your heart, and I'll not forget you."

At last he smiled.

"Will you remember tonight when you go to bed?"

He nodded, and joined the rest at play.

The next day Peter came with a please-ask-me-questions-so-I-can-nod-or-shake-my-head look.

"Were you happy last night?"

A nod.

"Did the angels come to your house?"

A nod.

"Did you invite them and Jesus in?"

A nod.

"Did you tell yourself a Bible story?"

A nod.

"And sing a Jesus song in your heart?"

A nod.

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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

The Youth's Instructor

Photo Mart

Review and Herald Publishing Association

Takoma Park

Washington 12, D.C.

WHEEL The Great Wheel pictured on the cover is known as Lady Isabella. Located at Laxey on the Isle of Man, it was formerly used for pumping water from the nearby lead mines. Edgar A. Warren took the color transparency from which the cover cut was made. For his story see page 6.

EDITORIAL The editorial in the next column was written because, like other Seventh-day Adventist publications, *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* does not have a paid staff of writers but must depend on the generous folks who find time apart from their full-time jobs to support our program. Just for interest we checked over this week's by-lines, and found teachers, missionaries, housewives, an editorial worker, doctors, and one self-employed person among the authors. Some weeks there have been secretaries, nurses, conference officials, students, and others.

GRATITUDE "Enclosed please find a check for \$5.75 for a year's subscription (a graduation gift) to _____. We read the *INSTRUCTOR* just as avidly as our children do and think it is excellent! A suggestion for a timely article might be, 'The Grace of Gratitude.' We have helped young people with academy bills, transportation (hundreds of miles), etc. And it is unusual to hear even a 'Thank you.'"
—MRS. W.

● An excellent suggestion. (An appropriate gift, too!)

AUTHORSHIP April 28 we published "For Brides-Elect Only" by Jacque Brown Shain. In the article was the poem "To His Mother." A Grace Note explained the author's attempts to determine who wrote the poem. Mrs. Frances Light Plata of Los Angeles, California, wrote to say the poem appeared in a Mother's Day issue of *Ideals* magazine in 1952, with the by-line of Minnie Price. *Ideals* expressed appreciation to the author, whose address it had been unable to locate, stating the poem had come from an old scrapbook owned by a Mrs. Geissinger of Chicora, Pennsylvania. Similar information came to us from several alert readers, including Mrs. Elsie Hutchinson of New Hampshire, Mrs. L. S. Melendy of California, Mrs. William Brucks of Saskatchewan, Canada, and Mrs. Gordon Creighton of Pennsylvania. They also commented:

PLATA "I have been an ardent reader of the *INSTRUCTOR* for some forty years and
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"A Ready Writer"¹

Last week we wrote that men as well as women would benefit personally from a course in typing, regardless of the lifework for which they prepared. This week we mention another subject that in terms of advantage to the church can be of incalculable value. That subject is writing, beyond the college freshman English requirement.

Every once in a while I am asked to fill out a recommendation form for some candidate for overseas service. The form is titled "Personal Evaluation of Prospective Overseas Worker." One of the many items I am expected to check is this:

ABILITY AS A WRITER (articles, reports, etc.)

- _____ Poor
- _____ Average
- _____ Above average, talented

Publishing is the "fourth estate" of Adventism. It takes twenty-two pages of the *Seventh-day Adventist Yearbook* for 1959 just to list the publishing houses and the periodicals of the church. But before a single press turns a wheel or a page of a book or magazine creates the necessity, someone somewhere has had to write the "articles, reports, etc."

The need for an ability "to write and speak one's mother tongue with ease and accuracy" among a people who carry a commission to the world should be self-evident.²

We said last week that if we were an academy principal we would encourage every boy and girl to take a course in typing. This week we say that if we were a college president we would encourage every youth to enroll for a writing course beyond the freshman English requirement.

Writers are both born and made. Few are born writers, but many could become writers if an advanced writing course helped them to discover their potential.

Seventh-day Adventist publications must compete for reading time with non-Adventist books and magazines; these are written almost if not altogether by authors who are professionals. Our message must be written to compete in appeal and interest with the non-Adventist magazine world. There is a parallel here with our doctors and nurses who must match talent and training with their counterparts in non-Adventist offices and hospitals.

The truths we bear through our publications are of far greater consequence than the bulk of writing to be found in the secular press.

Is your preparation to support your church through its publications commensurate with the magnitude of its message?

Walter D. Crandall

¹ Psalm 45:1. ² *Education*, p. 234. (Italics supplied.)

COMING NEXT WEEK

- "PLUGS AND PILLS" describes the motives behind the far-flung scientific fishing trips of hard-working Ichthyologist Bruce Halstead. The *Youth's Instructor* reporter is Robert D. Lee.
- "I DARED TO DREAM" is the story of the spiritual and academic ventures of R. Terrance Matthews, M.D., as told to Myrna Ann Howe.



One objective of Author Warren and his family was to photograph a Manx cat. They succeeded.

THERE was a bump, a pause, and then another bump, followed by a steady rumbling. And as the DC-3 taxied along the runway to the airport buildings, we peered through the windows to see what Manxland really looked like.

Certainly the weather was not helpful. When we had boarded the plane at Blackpool half an hour before, the blackness of midnight seemed to have passed across the far side of the airfield. And our first glimpse of the island itself had been two mountain peaks showing above the thick clouds.

The Isle of Man, or Manxland as it is sometimes called, is about thirty-three miles by twelve miles in size and lies in the Irish Sea, almost equidistant from England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. The usual route from the mainland is by boat from Liverpool, a crossing of about four hours. A number of airlines also converge on the island, from London, Liverpool, Manchester, Carlisle, Leeds, Birmingham, and Blackpool.

We had chosen to come by air, and when subsequently we saw the enormous queues of weary returning vacationers waiting for the boats, we were very thankful for our choice.

Why had we chosen to come to the Isle of Man for our vacation anyway? In the first place, because it *is* an island, and islands are always a temptation in our family vacation planning. Second, the guidebooks all acclaimed the unusual beauty and variety of the island's scenery. Third, it was sufficiently off the beaten track to be enticing. Finally, none of us—and none of our friends, either—had ever been there before.

We stayed in Douglas, the capital, a spotlessly clean town stretching in a perfect crescent for two miles along the shores of Douglas Bay.

When other towns scrapped their horse

trams in favor of more modern transportation, Douglas retained them, and in summer a constant service of these old trams takes vacationers back and forth along the two-mile promenade at a steady seven miles per hour. A million passenger journeys are made each year.

At the southern end of the bay is the harbor whence the ships sail several times daily to Liverpool, Fleetwood, and Heysham, and occasionally to Ardrrossan in Scotland, Belfast, and Dublin in Ireland, and Llandudno in North Wales. It is said that on a busy Saturday in summer, as many as 30,000 passengers are brought to Douglas by these ships.

The Isle of Man has produced some notable people. Sir William Hillary, the founder of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, was a Manxman, and of this same family has come Sir Edmund Hillary of Everest fame.

Near Ramsey, about sixteen miles north of Douglas, and set in a beautiful district is Milntown House, the home for generations of the Christian family, whose connection with Pitcairn Island is especially well known to Seventh-day Adventists. There are sixty people on Pitcairn today with the surname Christian. And in the parish church of Onchan, a suburb of Douglas, in 1781 a Miss Beetham and William Bligh were married—the bridegroom subsequently becoming the famous Captain Bligh of the *Bounty*.

The main road that passes through Douglas is part of a famous motorcycle road racing course, that of the annual Tourist Trophy races. In these events riders on the world's fastest motorcycles compete over the 37¾-mile circuit, starting at the grandstand on the outskirts of Douglas.

The route lies westward through Crosby to Ballacrine, then north to Kirkmichael. After passing through the main streets of Ramsey, the riders are faced

*This small
island in the Irish Sea
is rich in natural
scenery and
historical interest.*

Vacation in Manxland

by

EDGAR A.

WARREN



A million passenger trips a year are made via the horse trams of Douglas, which take sight-seers along a two-mile promenade at a steady seven mph.

with a long and grueling climb up to the Bungalow, under the shadow of Snaefell. From here the road drops down, past Kate's Cottage and Creg-ny-Baa, past the governor's residence, and back to the grandstand. The best riders touch more than 160 miles per hour in places, and the record for a lap stands at more than 100 mph. Seven laps constitute the race.

While we were doing the circuit by coach, we saw a totally different event in progress. We overtook a solitary figure trotting along the road, and were told that he was an athlete who, summer and winter, ran the course on foot every day. His time of four hours for the distance seemed very creditable.

Though there are some very charming villages and ports in the island, we were pleased that we had chosen to stay in Douglas. It is central, and from it radiate the two railroad systems of the island—one steam, one electric, both using a narrow gauge.

The Manx Electric Railway serves the district between Douglas and Ramsey, a route sixteen miles in length. From sea

level at Douglas it climbs to 600 feet, overlooking the sea in one place. As you lean cautiously out of the car you look down a sheer drop to the blue waves below!

As we traveled along this route to Ramsey we passed a number of the famous glens of Manxland—Groudle Glen, Dhoon Glen, and Ballaglass Glen being the most popular. Each consists essentially of the last stages of a stream on its journey from the misty mountains to the sea. All are well wooded and rocky, and the streams tumble into quiet pools or dash over cliffs to form picturesque waterfalls. One glen, Dhoon, is more than 600 feet deep, and to climb down and then up again is no mean accomplishment.

The Isle of Man Railway—the steam railroad—also terminates in Douglas near the harbor and serves, among other places, the beautiful fishing town of Peel. This town is sometimes called The Sunset City of the West, and we found it to be a very interesting place.

We arrived by rail on the right-hand bank of the Neb River, the side on which

the town is built. On the left bank is a high hill, Peel Hill, which presents a series of steep rocky cliffs to the waves of the western sea. Originally detached, but now joined to the mainland by a causeway and breakwater combined, is Peel Island, surmounted by the glowing red sandstone walls of Peel Castle.

Never, anywhere in our travels, have we seen such multitudes of wheeling, crying gulls as at Peel. The fishing boats had just arrived and all along the quayside at intervals were large steel barrels full of fish, chiefly herring. Suddenly the gulls made a concentrated raid on one particular barrel, and instantly the air became white with beating wings. They all got in one another's way, so that in the end hardly any fish were stolen.

The Manx cat is famous all over the world for his taillessness, but I wish to mention an unsung characteristic—his extraordinary camera shyness. This coyness was a source of perpetual annoyance to us, because to visit the Isle of Man and come back without a photo of a Manx cat would be like visiting Washington

and failing to photograph the Capitol.

However, we did succeed eventually, and the full story of the organization that was needed would make an article in itself. Briefly, the plan was this: If any member of the party spotted a Manx cat either in town, hamlet, or country, he was to give the alarm immediately. After some kindly deceit and flattering words, I was to pick the creature up in my arms and hold it so as to show its physical peculiarity to the best advantage. The most charming member of the party was to try to attract (or distract) the cat's attention by assiduously tickling it under the chin, while the most active and youthful member tried, by speedy manipulation of the camera, to keep the whole ensemble in focus. The instant the exposure was made, the by then violently struggling cat was to be dropped onto the ground, when, it was conjectured, it would make a dive for the nearest door, window, or grating.

The result of this tremendous piece of planning was, however, a rather unremarkable photo.

The village of Laxey, eight miles north of Douglas, provided an encounter with a glamorous member of the Manx feline community, a lovely ginger specimen. This appeared to offer a unique opportunity to use our color film, but we had gotten only as far as pointing the exposure meter at her when she took one indignant

look at us, and before you could say "Kodachrome!" she was over a garden wall and out of sight.

But even this photographic disappointment did not prevent our visiting Laxey on several occasions. There were reasons.

In the first place, there was the Laxey water wheel, which celebrated its hundredth birthday in 1957. It was constructed to pump water from the nearby lead mines. The wheel is seventy-two feet in diameter and six feet wide, but for all its huge size the wheel is tuned to an eighth of an inch. A rather dizzying stairway encircles the tower, and from the platform at the top a wonderful view of the surrounding country is obtained.

Another inducement to visit Laxey is its position as the starting point for the electric railway ascent of Snaefell, the highest peak on the island. The height is only 2,034 feet, but from the summit the view is panoramic.

We tried to choose a good day for this trip, since on a clear day the coasts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales can be seen. From Laxey, the mountain railway climbed slowly up the southern side of a valley. Occasionally we glimpsed the summit of Snaefell ahead, before the mists again enveloped it. At 1,400 feet the line crossed a mountain road and we began the final stage of the ascent, during which we made one complete clockwise

circuit of the mountain. At last we reached the terminus, and a short scramble over wet grass and rocks brought us to the stone marking the summit.

Here we stood for some time with the wind tearing at our clothing. Below us on every side were the rolling hills and fields of the island. Far to the southeast we could see the headland guarding Douglas Bay. To the north was the widespread plain vanishing toward the Point of Ayre. But so brisk and evenly matched was the battle between sun and cloud, that every few minutes the view would vanish from sight as the whole mountain was enveloped in cloud. Then just as suddenly the sun would shine through again and we could see the shadow of the cloud racing away over valley and hill.

Off the southern tip of Manxland is a small island called the Calf of Man. This is a bird sanctuary on which visitors are landed for a small fee. Though we did not cross the narrow sound, we went down to the shore one evening as the sun was setting. The air was filled with the cries of gulls, and the restless tide surged between us and the quickly darkening shape of the Calf.

Reluctantly we left this awe-inspiring spot and returned to Douglas, with its busy streets, miles of colored lights—and its many shops. It was these that reminded us most forcibly that for hundreds of years the Isle of Man has had its own laws, some of which seem a little strange even today. We were pleased to see the shops keeping open till quite late at night, but surprised—and disappointed—to discover that we could not buy chocolate after 8:00 P.M.

The last evening of our stay on the island we went to a grim stone building on the outskirts of Douglas. On the map it was marked, "Home for Aged Poor."

Within these gray, cheerless walls we knew we would find the one and only Seventh-day Adventist on the island, ninety-year-old Mrs. Spenser. We sat for a while talking of things dear to our hearts. She was obviously nearing the end of her journey, and we were glad to hear of her joy in the Lord, and her gratitude for His leading in her life.

Six weeks later, when we heard that she was at rest, we realized that we were the last Adventists she had seen in her life.

It was with great reluctance that we returned to the airport at Ronaldsway. By a curious chance we found that the same DC-3 that had brought us over from Blackpool was now waiting to take us back again.

We were soon aboard, and as the plane climbed easily above the roof of King William's College I saw the last of the island slipping away quickly below. A little township, a rocky shore, a breakwater with a small red-and-white lighthouse at the end—then the sea and the droning of the motors as we gained height.

I Saw a Carnival Backwards

by VELVA B. HOLT

FROM the moment that first huge freight truck drove onto the vacant field beside our house the other day until the tents hid from sight everything but the Ferris wheel, I had a bird's-eye view of the inside workings of a carnival.

Never having seen the back door of a carnival, I was quite out of sorts when this one took possession of my back yard, so to speak. But, I learned that even a carnival has its good points. Now don't misunderstand me—I'm not encouraging anyone to attend this amusement center on wheels, nor did I attend myself. But I did learn something.

As I watched this traveling caravan unfold under my nose I became better acquainted with two things that spell success to the carnival.

The first is *organization*. Once the company arrived, every man had a job and knew what that job was. As each truck was stripped of its contents something else important had been added to the previously barren grounds. Then the truck was immediately parked out of the way, and by the time everything had been set up, the trucks were all systematically in line like a row of houses, their back

doors toward my kitchen window. They became temporary living quarters for those connected with the company.

The other key factor I discovered is *advertising*. All but one of the nine large trucks were painted a flaming red, the smaller ones green, and all had silver tops. These bright colors, screaming for attention, attracted passers-by who stopped to find out what it was all about. This, of course, was exactly the way it was intended.

Eight tall poles arrayed with beautiful variegated strips of neon, brilliant and dazzling, stood out like sentinels in the night, while two gigantic floodlights emblazoned their glowing ribbons through the darkened sky for miles around, carrying to the remotest dweller the news that a carnival had arrived in town.

Even the merry-go-round added its familiar ring in advertising this transient show.

Organization. Advertising.

I was thinking—these things, rightly used, spell success in God's program too. But what a different message they bring in His work, and with what different results!

Marriage for keeps



WHEN TO MARRY

I WAS talking to Charles about his recent marriage. "You know," he said, "when I was in my early teens I fully expected to be married when I was nineteen."

"Why did you choose the age of nineteen?" I asked.

"I don't know, exactly," he replied. "I just picked it out as being a desirable age, I guess."

"How old were you when you actually did marry? And why did you wait beyond the age of nineteen?" I continued.

"I was twenty-four. As to why I waited till then, I think there were two reasons.

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

First, when I became nineteen I was fortunate enough to realize that I hadn't yet found the right girl. Second, I learned a lesson from some of my close friends who had married while they were still in their teens.

"I remember one couple in particular. They were living in a poorly furnished apartment. The wife had quit school to take care of the baby. The husband was making good wages right then, but he said his job was uncertain. As I looked about their apartment and talked with them, I thought, 'This isn't for me.'"

"Then you think twenty-four is the ideal age for marriage," I challenged.

"Naturally, I think twenty-four was the right age for me to marry," he said. "But I don't think a fellow or a girl can tell when to marry just by counting birthdays."

I agree with Charles. There is a better way of knowing when to marry than by setting an arbitrary age. Age is important enough, however, so that we can say that the extremes should be avoided.

The ideal time to marry is somewhere in the twenties. But the best time can be determined more by personal accomplishments, attitudes, and circumstances than by any arbitrary setting of age limits. If you are still single, there are several considerations that will serve to guide you in deciding when to marry. In the present article we will list them and discuss them briefly. The next several articles in the series, "Marriage for Keeps," will consist of point-by-point presentations of the considerations introduced here.

1. *Are you sufficiently mature?* When you are ready for marriage, you will possess a frame of mind that enables you to realize that the successful husband or wife is concerned as much with his partner's welfare as with his own. A married person's happiness stems from his effort to make his spouse happy, not from his insistence on having his own way.

When you are mature enough to marry you will be more interested in contributing to the welfare of your home than in pursuing the youthful adventures that held your attention formerly. Cars, clothes, parties, sports, may still be interesting to you, but they will be in second place compared with the welfare of your partner in marriage. You will not act selfishly by insisting on spending your earnings for sports cars, for numerous pairs of shoes (just to make a display in your closet), or for other youthful whims. The expanding of your savings account in prospect of your marriage will take priority over the personal indulgences that used to appear important.

When you are ready for marriage you will gladly be faithful in limiting your social attentions to the one with whom you are to share married life. This means, of course, that during engagement you have no dates with any other. It means that you recognize that after marriage you will not indulge in a lingering interest in any former sweetheart. It means that you will not make remarks, even in fun, that will cast reflection on the sacredness of marriage or that will introduce the thought of a third party. You will expect to avoid the appearance of flirtation with any person of the other sex.

When you reach the degree of maturity that prepares you for successful marriage, you will welcome the prospect of perpetual companionship with your spouse and will expect to forgo continued participation in "stag parties" and other "good times" where your wife or husband cannot be with you. This does not mean that a married person must become antisocial. On the contrary, marriage gives more opportunities for sociability and hospitality. Social activities in marriage should be planned so that they are pleasurable for both husband and wife. They should serve to strengthen the common interests of a couple rather than to draw them into separate social circles.

A mature attitude makes you recognize that marriage is a partnership in which the partners are entitled to equal status. If you are a young man, you will be ready to accept your wife as your intellectual equal. You will consider her worthy to share with you in making the major decisions on which the affairs of your home will depend.

If you are a girl, you will expect to esteem your husband of the future as much as you expect him to adore you. You will not look forward to opportuni-

ties to dominate him. You will expect to carry well the responsibilities that rightly belong to a wife. You will not picture yourself in the role of a queen who approves this and vetoes that, depending on your mood of the moment.

2. *Is there a vocation?* It would be presumptuous for you, in the setting of engagement, to blindly trust that "something will work out so that we can make a living." If you are a young man, your wife's status will depend very definitely on what you do to make a living. If you become a plumber, your wife will be known as the plumber's wife. If you become a pharmacist, she will be known accordingly. If you become a businessman, the furnishings of your home as well as the kind of clothes your wife will wear will reflect the degree of success that attends your business. If you become a missionary, your wife will be a missionary with you and will participate as much as you do in the sacrifices and in the rewards of missionary enterprise.

Wise young people will not marry until the young man has actual know-how for making a living. The wishful thinking, "I plan to be an accountant," or "I would like to be a dentist," does not provide a stable foundation for marriage.

It is ideal for young people to have finished their education and for the young man to have employment by the time he is married. Then the prospective husband and wife will know about what income to expect and can plan accordingly.

But in some cases the completion of a young man's education has been delayed by military service or by having to discontinue school while working to pay expenses. In other cases, as in preparation for one of the professions, the program of education and training takes so many years that the young people are otherwise ready for marriage before the end of the

school program is reached. Then the question must be answered, Is it best to delay our marriage still longer or should we marry now and struggle together through the remainder of the educational requirements?

There is no one answer for this question that will fit all cases. A young couple who must answer this question need the counsel of their parents and of other mature persons whose opinions they prize. They also need to give their own careful consideration to the risks they face. What if the young man does not succeed in meeting the requirements for the degree he hopes to earn? Would the girl still want to be his wife if he fails his examinations and has to make a living by working as an auto mechanic rather than by teaching history?

3. *Is your financial support assured?* Responsible young people will not want to marry until they know how they are going to support themselves after marriage. If the husband-to-be has completed his education and already has a good job, the problem of financial support for the future is reasonably simple. But if his education is not yet complete or if he does not yet have prospects of a job, the problem of support after marriage takes on major proportions.

Many couples try to solve this problem by agreeing that the wife will work. Credit to the girls who are thus willing to do double duty! There are complications, however. When a wife assumes the role of wage earner, it places her in the position of acting head of the house. This unnatural situation has a way of complicating the adjustments to marriage. It is not easy or even desirable for a young man to step aside while his wife forges ahead in the major role of keeping the family solvent. We will consider examples of the resulting tensions and misunderstandings in a later article.

4. *Do your parents approve?* There are some events, such as birth and death, over which you have no control. But of those events of your life that are up to you, marriage is one of the most important. In this major undertaking you will benefit by asking your parents to give you the advantage of their longer experience. Of all persons whose counsel you may seek, Christian parents will be the most interested in your welfare and usually the most able to give you good advice.

In the ideal marriage relationship a person does not sever his ties with the other members of his family. He merely enlarges the circle of his relatives to include the members of his spouse's family. Even though a husband and wife have a separate home of their own, it is surely desirable that their relations with the parents of both sides remain cordial. So it is proper that parents, particularly, should have an influence in helping their son or daughter to select the kind of life partner

FAMILY FARE

Definition

by KATHRYN BARNETT CASH

MANY times recently I have casually asked our two-and-a-half-year-old chatterbox, "Do you love Mommy, Freddy?"

"Jess," always came his cheery affirmative.

"How much?" I would continue.

He looked as though he was pondering the question deeply, but time after time he made no answer and turned to other, more absorbing activity.

Then one day one of his favorite neighbors, who was also his Sabbath school

teacher, dropped in. "Do you love me, Freddy?" she asked as she lifted him up to her lap.

"Jess," he replied, nodding his head.

"How much?" she asked. As usual the serious, thoughtful look followed, and then with a sudden gleam of inspiration he solemnly replied with an emphatic nod of his head, "More."

In that first word on the quantity of his love he said all that really needs to be said. Could any love be greater than Freddy's "more"?

who will fit well in the family group.

5. *Have you found the right one?* Perhaps this item should have come first in our list of criteria for marriage. In many ways it is the most important of the several items listed. Surely you should not marry until you are confident that the young person whose life is to become part of yours is the very one with whom you can spend your life most happily.

Young people often ask, "How can I know?" There are many considerations, which we will treat in detail later. For the present we can say that for a Christian youth, the final answer to the question, "Is this the right one?" should come while he is on his knees seeking divine guidance.

6. *Are you ready to give your spouse first place?* When a bride runs home to mother because her feelings are hurt, we see one example of what happens when young people marry before they have sensed the full meaning of the responsibilities of wedlock. The young husband who confides in some former pal by telling him about his experience in marriage adjustment is also indicating that he was not ready to assume his rightful place as protector and guardian of the newly established home.

The marriage vows require loyalty not only in matters of personal affection but in the entire range of human relationships. This loyalty demands patience with the other's shortcomings, forgiveness in the event of mistakes, watchcare during periods of illness, and steadfastness in the face of disappointment.

7. *Are you agreed on a plan for your home life?* Before your plans for marriage become final you and your intended should have talked through the various matters that relate to your future welfare. There should be a complete understanding not only on the choice of a vocation and on the means of your support but also on matters of conscience and relation to the church, on the question of where to establish your home, on whether the wife will work, on plans for children, and on the policies for training and educating these children of the future. Only after you have reached firm agreements on these and other matters that pertain to your home life, are you justified in going ahead with your plans for marriage.

If you and your intended are unable to agree on such matters, this is evidence that you are not yet ready to marry. But if careful planning together brings you into attitudes by which you each are more and more willing to give and take as may be necessary, this is assurance that you are acting wisely in moving toward marriage.

Cordially yours,

HAROLD SHRYOCK, M.D.

An Angel Pulled Him In

IT HAD been a long, wearisome trip for Davy Samuel from Kerala, down near the tip of India, to Assam, far up in the northeast, on the border of Burma. He was on his way to the Assam Training School, where he was to teach science.

Days before, he had left behind the coconut palms, the blue Indian Ocean, the terraced hillsides, the green rice paddies. There had been hot, sandy plains instead, and people who wore their dhoties differently and who talked Tamil, then Telugu, then Bengali, and then a new tongue.

About seven o'clock one evening Samuel was tired.

"How much farther?" he asked a fellow passenger in English.

"Oh, it's only a few more miles."

"A few more miles?" he thought. "That will take several hours. I think I'll just go to sleep." In many places in India "a few more miles" can mean a hundred or more, just as "I am coming now" may mean two hours from now. Samuel settled himself comfortably for several hours of sleep.

But about ten miles later the train pulled in to his station, let out its passengers, took on more, and pulled out—with Samuel still quietly resting.

The train jogged from side to side, and the miles flew by. Samuel slept peacefully.

At two o'clock in the morning the ticket examiner came along and awoke him. "Ticket, please."

To his dismay Samuel learned that he had passed his station hours before.

"I think if you get off at the next station, you will be able to get a train immediately that goes to your destina-

tion," the ticket examiner suggested to him.

At the next station it was dark, rainy, and cold. There was hardly time to get into the crowded train, but he managed to push his luggage into a second-class compartment. Then he rushed to find a seat in a third-class carriage. He looked into several compartments, but everything was so crowded that he couldn't even enter.

The whistle blew, and the train started to rumble out of the station. There was nothing else to do but to jump onto a footboard. He jumped, and then clung to the thin iron handhold mile after mile in the dark, freezing cold. His hands and feet became numb, and he thought he could hang on no longer. He held on precariously with one hand while he breathed on his other hand to warm it, then alternated. He wondered how much longer he would be able to bear it. His strength was going.

After riding several hours he suddenly felt that several people were standing with him on the footboard. Looking inside, he saw among the sleeping travelers a tall man with kind eyes smiling at him. The smiling gentleman stepped over, and with strong hands pulled Samuel into the compartment and put him into a tiny little space among the sleepers.

"Thank you so very much," Samuel started to say after he had adjusted himself a bit, but the tall stranger with the smiling eyes and the strong hands was gone. There were only the sleeping travelers around him.

And Samuel realized that God had sent an angel to save him.

*He had left the
church years before.
He had seen
things that just
“didn’t stack up.”
And now—now he
had cancer.*

CLIFF HALL’S MIRACLE

condensed from

a talk by

J. WAYNE

McFARLAND,

M.D.

CLIFF HALL came to see me—a big strapping fellow, more than six feet tall, an electronics engineer. It was evident that he was facing reality. He had cancer, and he knew what was going to happen, but he was just hoping that perhaps something could be found to delay the dreaded process.

We began talking about the prayer of faith, and how faith is based on doing exactly what God asks us to do. If we do anything else, then we are living by presumption, not faith. So I began to build up this man’s faith by showing him that there were certain laws of life, which, if he would live up to them, perhaps would give him a fighting chance. That was the most hope I could hold out. I asked about

his nutrition program and about his hours of rest and recreation; what it was like at home; how many children he had to support. I got as much information as I could in order that I might be able to place myself in his situation.

It was obvious that there were certain things I must try to help him overcome. Tobacco, for example. But I didn't tell him the first time that he would have to stop smoking immediately. Rather, I pointed out that perhaps in time he would feel that he could stop, and that if he could, it would be a great step toward his recovery—if Providence saw fit that he should live.

We were very open and frank, man to man. There was nothing emotional about it. We were just facing facts and chatting; and yet I could see in my mind's eye the figure of his mother, praying all the time that something would happen, even though she felt that the course of this disease was inevitable. *If he could just be saved!*

"You come back," I said. He did.

I almost succeeded in putting him on the diet program he would have had back in the Garden of Eden. I explained that if he would follow it, his liver would have the highest grade of protein known, without any poison in it. His liver was the organ that was affected most, and I made it plain to him that it would get along a lot better if we could keep some of the poisons out, such as tobacco and coffee. "You come back," I said again, "because I want to know how you are getting along, and if you are improving."

He came back, and we got better acquainted. I knew that "the prayer of faith shall save the sick," so I told him, "I don't have any hesitancy in asking God to help us, and to help you in every way possible. Is that all right with you?"

"Sure."

So I prayed every time he came to the sanitarium. I could see that the Holy Spirit was coming a little closer. And he knew as well as I that he would have to make the decision sooner or later; whether or not he would give his heart to God.

Of course, we didn't talk about that, at first. Not at all; we talked about everything else. But after you have been a physician of the soul for a while you can keep your fingers on the pulse and you can pretty well know. And in the meantime Cliff's mother and I checked back and forth, and also with his wife. We were scheming—with the Lord's help.

This went on for some time. I learned that he was feeling a little better, and that his blood count was staying the same. That encouraged him.

"And now," I told him one day, "you have to stop this smoking. I feel that you can. You're the type of man who when he makes up his mind to do something, *does* it. Screw up your will power and try."

"All right," he replied.

I could see it was going to be hard. He was eating big steaks, and plastering them with mustard and black pepper, and people cannot eat that way and find it easy to stop using cigarettes. I had to say, "Now you'll just have to stop this." And he did.

By this time I was able to come close enough to say, "Cliff, there is a miracle that can be performed for you. I believe it, and I believe it is *going* to be performed. I don't know what the Lord has in store for you, but I know one thing—He loves you beyond anything you've ever thought."

Cliff had left the church years before. He had seen things in the church that just didn't "stack up." He had been in the Army, and his attitude was, "Well, here we go. This may be my day; it may not. So what? It doesn't make any difference whether I pray, or whether I don't pray. If I'm going to die now, I'm going to die, that's all." But his mother was visiting him, and his wife and boys were helping him, and soon they were all going to Sabbath school and church again.

CLIFF," I said finally one day, "do you think God can heal people?"

"Yes, I do," he replied.

"Fine. Tell me—what would you like most of all from God if you were in close enough touch with Him so that you could just reach out and say, 'Please, I'd like to have something.' What would you like?"

I knew we had touched the important point, because he broke down and cried. He whispered, "Just two years."

"What would you do with it?" I asked, but didn't let him answer. "I know what you'd do with it. If God would do that for you, you would give Him your whole heart and life, wouldn't you? You could do nothing else."

"Yes."

That was all we said. That was the first step. Later I said, "Cliff, there is going to be a miracle performed for you. I don't know which one. The Lord performs three miracles when a man gives himself to God: (1) He heals him spiritually; this is the greatest healing. (2) If He sees fit, He will heal him physically. (3) He will heal him mentally."

"Now," I said, "the greatest miracle that can happen would be for you to find God. I don't care right now about doctrines—the Sabbath, and all these things you have known from childhood. The thing you need is love from God. Let's find Christ. Let's find His love. I know what it is going to do for you, and what it might do for this disease. Let's not worry about anything else, but finding God."

I have seen people rally and live for weeks and weeks after they found Christ.

That was the miracle we asked for. He began to think. The Lord was working on him, and the time for decision was at

hand. We were impressed to have him come to church for Sabbath services. He came the day that we had the ordinances of humility and the Lord's Supper. He met some of his classmates and friends he hadn't seen for years, and they were cordial and warm.

I was to meet him that afternoon, but we didn't—and that was providential. I had felt sure that on Sabbath afternoon Cliff should make a surrender. "This is it, Cliff," I said to myself, "you give your heart to God today." Of course, you do not say it quite like that to the person. You say, "Don't you want to find Christ in a new way? Let's pray and ask Him to reveal Himself to you, so that you will see what His love is."

I thought it would happen Sabbath afternoon, but it didn't. The day went by, and Cliff went home, and I didn't see him.

The next morning I felt bad about it. What had happened? How was it we didn't meet in the afternoon? We had an appointment for an exact time, and we came within a hundred feet of each other, but we never met.

"We must go to his home," I said to his mother, and we got into the car and drove the seventy-five miles. He seemed to be pleased, for he was proud of his home. It was out in the country, because he thought it was the best place to bring up three little boys.

That Sunday afternoon, Cliff gave his heart to God. He told me some things he would have to make right with his wife, and other things that needed straightening. That's what happens when you get close to God: there's love at home; there's love at church; there is love for everyone.

We rode back home, Mrs. Hall and I, and the road was just like velvet all the way. It had happened—the greatest miracle of all.

CLIFF began to witness from that day on. He went into the hospital a short time after that, and he had a battle with the devil every day. I have never seen a man go through such struggle and torment; but he hung onto the Bible. He read it as he had never read anything before, and he witnessed from his bedside, knowing he was looking death right in the face.

We know of at least five people—all classmates of his—who decided they would have to get right with God. He had told them, "Fellows, I don't know what you're doing. I just want to say one thing: be awfully careful what road you take, because it is a long way back." They kept coming back to get hold of what Cliff had.

I told him the last time I saw him, "Look, Cliff, you're going to be there. No question about it; the miracle has happened." The devil fought him to the last, but he had the Bible and God, and his miracle.



Dr. Alfred Mazat at work in a jungle "clinic" set up on the trip into North Borneo.

MY HUSBAND, Alfred, picked up the telephone to silence its jangled outcry. He does this many times a day, so we expected nothing unusual.

"You say there are two cancellations for tomorrow's plane? Yes—yes—I'll be right down to get them!" And almost before the cradle of the telephone had caught the receiver, he was off. Having been told only that morning that it would be two weeks before we could get reservations, we were far from prepared for the good news.

We had been hoping for some time to make a trip to North Borneo. When it was decided by the union mission committee that my husband should leave his work at Youngberg Memorial Hospital in Singapore for a few days to make a medical itinerary and survey, we began to lay plans that would include both of us visiting Borneo, a real mission field.

The rest of the afternoon and well into the night was spent in getting ready to go. While Alfred tended to the duties of re-entry permits, criminal investigation department clearance, and all such tasks that everyone leaving the colony must take care of if he wants to return, the packing started at home. First the medicines, then air mattresses, then clothes—with only a guess at what the well-dressed

missionary wears in the jungles of Borneo. Somehow it all tumbled into the bags in hurried profusion, and we were ready for a few hours of rest before our six-thirty appointment with Malayan Airways the next morning.

Checking in at the airport brought a moment of anxiety. The desk clerk announced that we couldn't get on the plane—we had no visa to enter North Borneo. Since we had inquired quite specifically about this at the immigration office the afternoon before, we were inclined to feel that our friend at the desk was not so well informed as we were.

After a moment's hesitation he asked us to sign a waiver absolving the airline of responsibility if we should be turned back in Borneo. This we were glad to do, if it would help his peace of mind. Actually, it did very little for ours. The more we thought about it after we had boarded the plane, the more we wondered whether we had been unwise. There are three stops between Singapore and Jesselton, North Borneo, and by the time we reached the first of these we were all set mentally to be met by a police escort and ignominiously led off to an enclosure for undesirable aliens. When no one even made a motion to ask about our papers, we were relieved—until we found out that it is only when one reaches Labuan,

the last stop before Jesselton that he goes through the official gates.

Before we touched down at Labuan, the hostess handed us slips to fill in, one of which requested some extra passport pictures. Now we really were in trouble, for we had brought no extra pictures. Traveling in this section of the world without spare pictures, we have since learned, is actually quite naive, for every country seems to want to enlarge its picture gallery of travelers.

With no small amount of timidity we approached the officer in charge. He looked over our passports and waved us on, with never a mention of visas or pictures. We were officially in North Borneo. Only then did we feel relaxed enough to begin to take a real look at the country around us.

Borneo, which we had known only as a land of P. T. Barnum's wild men, was long thought to be the third largest island in the world, but it has now been promoted to second largest. This is not because of a spurt of growth, but rather because Greenland, thought to be second in size, is now believed to be two islands connected by ice. So until Borneo is found to be three islands connected by dense jungle, she will play second only to New Guinea's first. Borneo is surrounded, a good geography student could recite, by

by ALBERTA BERNHARD

MAZAT

Not Headlines but Front Lines

Australia on the south, the Philippine Islands on the northeast, and Indonesia on the west. It is now divided into Netherlands Borneo; British North Borneo, a colony since 1946; Sarawak, also a colony; and Brunei, a British protectorate.

The equator bisects the island so that about two thirds of it lies in the Northern Hemisphere. It is a green and gently beautiful country, with chains of mountains and beautiful rivers garlanding its tropic terrain. The climate we found to be warm and humid.

The population of North Borneo is made up largely of Dusans, an agricultural people living in the interior and on the west coast. Minority groups include the Chinese, who are fast increasing, and nearly 2,000 Europeans and Eurasians. A total of 29,000 declared themselves to be Christians in the last census, and of these 2,000 are Seventh-day Adventists.

After the plane landed we drove with Mission Superintendent Gilbert Oliver the twenty green and winding miles to Tamparuli, the headquarters of the Borneo-Sarawak Mission, and the site of Sabah Training School. The buildings and mission homes are pleasantly situated in the hills and near a river. For the fifty-six pupils enrolled at the school, there is a school building, which with partitions pulled back becomes the church

on Sabbath. There is a girls' dormitory and a boys' dormitory, and these are separated by a leech-infested swamp.

From this school, teaching six grades, come teachers and evangelistic workers to go back into the hills of North Borneo. The school should be expanded to include secondary education. Classrooms should have better facilities, with separate rooms for the different grades.

After being welcomed by Verneita Oliver, we deposited our luggage and accepted her invitation to look around. If there is a trend in this modern age to rustic living, with bare beams and unfinished partitions, this home has long since achieved that distinction. Perhaps the Fifth Avenue decorator would draw the line, however, at the pressure lamp hung from the beams instead of polished brass electric fixtures, and there is no doubt that he would frown at a bathroom whose fittings boasted of running water only spasmodically—usually when not needed. Meals originated in a small kitchen equipped with a kerosene refrigerator and kerosene stove.

During supper Pastor Oliver explained the schedule he had in mind for us, and interesting place names seemed to roll off his tongue with ease—Tenghilan, Kayang, Rangelau, Naranang, Geratau.

It was Wednesday evening and after the meal we all climbed into the Olivers' small English car and set out for a prayer meeting in neighboring Tenghilan. As we rounded the last of many curves on the way, the lights of the church—which also serves as a two-room schoolhouse—came into view. One of the teachers was playing a portable pump organ and the other was leading a vigorous song service. It is hard to put into words our reaction as we heard, in the heart of a jungle area, a group of Christians singing "All hail the power of Jesus' name!" The power of the name of Jesus was real to them—power to change their lives from the darkness of devil worship to the brightness of a new life in Christ.

We were warmly welcomed, and joined

in the service. Alfred gave a short talk relating to health and spiritual living. Then he and I tried to sing for them, while I simultaneously pumped the organ, followed the words, and chased off the bugs crawling all over us. We have sung better duets, but none have we enjoyed singing more. After the service, each one, from the eldest to the youngest, came to shake hands with us. Next to the smile which accompanies it, the handshake is certainly the most universally understood symbol of Christian fellowship, and we loved the people who welcomed us so sincerely.

It seemed a full first day and back at Tamparuli we were ready to let the vigorous breezes that played over our beds blow us into a sound slumber.

We were awakened the next morning by girls' voices singing, "Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear my voice ascending high." The school day had already begun in the girls' dormitory. After breakfast we packed our medicines, supplies, and personal effects, and made the winding trip back to Tenghilan, where we set up our first clinic.

We examined about sixty school children and seventy-five adults who came from the surrounding area. Through one of the teachers who translated for us, we learned of the aches and pains common to these people. We heard the symptoms identifying malaria, parasite infestation, skin diseases, and malnutrition repeated many times, but it was always pathetic, especially in small children. How we wished that these people could have continued medical help instead of a one-day stand! Whenever possible, Verneita, a registered nurse, holds clinics for the different groups that Pastor Oliver visits, but the territory is large, and the visits are of necessity few and far between, and she too feels the frustration of not being able to follow up the treatment given.

We finished with the last patient about 4:00 P.M., ate heartily of a lunch provided by the teachers, and waited for our carriers. Our next destination was acces-



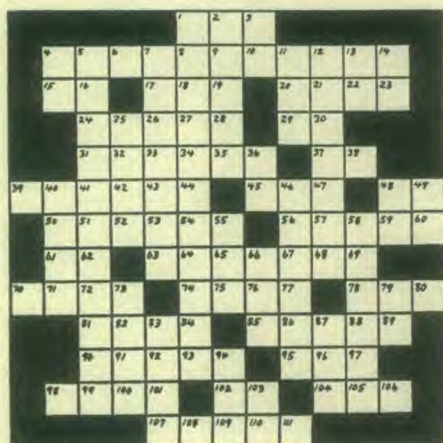
Dr. and Mrs. Mazat line up with guides, interpreter, and carriers, ready for the trail.

Sharpeners

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

The Fate of Adversaries

- 1 And he said unto them, I must preach the _____ of God to other cities also: for _____ am I sent. (Luke 4:43)
- 2 He that _____ a matter wisely shall find good: and whoso _____ in the Lord, happy is he. (Prov. 16:20)
- 3 Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will _____ mercy, and whom he will he _____ (Rom. 9:18)
- 4 And his brother's name was Jubal: he was the father of all that _____ as handle the _____ and organ. (Gen. 4:21)
- 5 For he looked _____ a city which hath foundations, whose maker is God. (Heb. 11:10)
- 6 And they shall turn away their ears from _____ truth, and shall be turned unto _____ (II Tim. 4:4)
- 7 Wherefore Saul sent messengers unto _____, and said, Send me David thy _____, which is with the sheep. (I Sam. 16:19)
- 8 . . . To _____ those that are appointed to _____: (Ps. 102:20)
- 9 . . . He that eateth bread with me hath lifted up his _____ against me. (John 13:18)
- 10 We love him, because _____ first _____ us. (I John 4:19)
- 11 Come _____ me, _____ ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. (Matt. 11:28)
- 12 She standeth in the _____ of high places, by the way in the places of the paths. (Prov. 8:2)



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Key on page 20

sible only by footpath, and we were anxious to get there during daylight. Finally, we went on ahead with our canteens of boiled water slung over our shoulders, hoping that the carriers would catch up with us, since they would have all the supplies. Destination: Kayangat.

In our company was Buja, our guide and interpreter, an Adventist Dusan with a friendly manner, a businesslike gait, and the amazing ability to make a mountain climb seem like a walk around the block.

Soon we came to the "rather steep hill"—which to us seemed to be rather a meager delineation of this incline. We almost expected to be at the tip of Mount Kinabalu, Borneo's highest peak, at any turn. To make us even more chagrined as to our speed, our carriers now overtook us, loaded with our baggage and running barefooted up the trail. The sun was setting as we reached the top of the hill and arrived at the little church. It was good to sit down and rest a few moments before the people gathered for the meeting.

Like the houses in this area, the church was built up on bamboo poles about three feet off the ground. Split bamboo provided the floors and walls. There were several small windows, but since the roof has a large overhang, too much rain does not get inside. Even if it did, there would be little or no damage, for the split bamboo is not hurt by moisture, and there are no furnishings.

Nails are about the only cost in a building like this, and very few of these are used because long cords of narrow bamboo strips are used to tie much of it together. Some of the churches have crude wooden benches without backs, and some do not. In Kayangat the worshipers sat on the floor. As darkness fell the stars seemed close enough to be plucked out of the velvet skies. With a balmy breeze adding to the attractiveness of the setting, we chose to hold our meeting outside. We felt many miles from civilization and its rugged pace. For one brief evening we had traded our Sputnik world for serenity, and it was a good exchange.

Our sleeping quarters were in a three-room cottage built much the same as the church, with several doorless doorways cut out of the partitions. The only furnishings were a rice bin and a stove. The rice bin was a large circular container in the middle of the main room, about five feet across and three feet high. It contained the last rice crop harvested, and represented a year's income. After the family's needs are assured, the rest is sold or bartered for other commodities.

The kitchen containing the stove was right off the front porch. The stove was built at the accustomed height, but here the similarity of a kitchen range ended. Upon a sheet of metal three rocks were placed to hold the rice pot, under which a fire could be built.

We stretched mosquito nets over our

air mattresses, and hung the nets from the convenient rafters, washed up a bit, and made ready for bed. Sleep came quickly, for we had music again. In a neighboring cottage, accompanied by an unusual-sounding instrument, girls were singing, "Does Jesus Care?" in their own language. It wasn't hi-fi, but it was highly appreciated. Our last waking thought was that we should be sure to remember to ask about that instrument in the morning. It sounded like something between a dull xylophone and a worn-out harpsichord.

By early morning light we began to appraise the village that had so kindly extended hospitality to us. A number of cottages similar to ours dotted the hillside, and the village seemed clean and well cared for. Pastor Oliver told us that when people become Seventh-day Adventists they move completely out of their old, dirty villages, leaving behind not only the devil worship practices, but also the pigs, betel nut, and heathen friends. Their new village stood as vital testimony to their Christian way of life.

Clinic started early, for we had a large gathering of villagers awaiting medical care. As Buja, our guide, took the name of each of the waiting patients, I noticed he was entering only one name for each person. He explained that the people have only one. Each name seemed to be different, and we had little if any duplication among the hundreds of people we examined.

Even after we had examined a number of patients, the crowd never seemed to grow smaller. It was then that we realized that everyone stayed for the entire "program." They listened to one another's symptoms, added a few where the patient forgot, encouraged the timid, and laughed at the odd. It was like an opening night.

No matter where we went, the same pattern was followed. The doctor, his table, and attendants formed the stage attraction, and those sitting around in rows were the audience. We realized that with so few outside contacts, this was not only a medical checkup; it was a social event, and they all enjoyed it. So did we.

We didn't forget to ask about the instrument that had supplied the music the night before. It looked like a small wooden feeding trough, about two feet long and eight inches wide. Placed crosswise over it but not fastened to it were strips of metal of various lengths. Two pieces of wood were used to strike the metal and the pleasantly mellow music came forth.

About noon we examined the last patient in Kayangat. After lunch we again shook hands with each one from the eldest to the youngest (for even very small children learn to use the handshake form of greeting), and said good-by to the villagers still gathered around us.

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

paths to walk in

by HARVEY HANSEN



WITH yet a long way to return home from tramping all day in the north woods of Wisconsin, I tried a short cut. Soon, however, I found myself in a jungle-like tangle of nearly impenetrable brush, briars, vines, and wind-felled trees. Darkness was fast approaching. Soon I would be totally lost.

Then I came upon an old logging trail that led me safely to the road home. What a relief and joy to find that someone had gone before and cut a way through! I thanked God for paths to walk in.

Many shortcuts seem like a good idea, but often they are really crooked ways that only get us lost. They are easy to enter and hard to get out of.

Sometimes when I go berry picking with friends we drive several miles into some wild area, park the car, and head directly away on foot in search of Juneberries, blueberries, raspberries, or blackberries, whatever is in season. Soon the car and road are out of sight, and in every direction the wild itself looks much alike. It's easy to get turned around, and we often call to one another, "Which way is the car?" Sometimes our answers are exactly opposite. Then we look at our compass and that sets us aright. Or, if the country is not heavily wooded, we can orientate ourselves by climbing a tree or high rock and looking around.

When you wonder which way to go in life, when you are looking for the sure way of Christ, never mind man's undependable ways. But like a true outdoorsman when he is uncertain, "Ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein."

One north woods winter day I wallowed through snow mid-thigh deep. Often I stumbled over windfalls and logs hidden underneath. The going was so rough that it would be easy to break a leg. Then I came to a runway, a path beaten firm and smooth by deer going back and forth between feeding and bedding-down localities. I was grateful. The going was much safer and easier with a path.

"All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies."

Sometimes on a pulp-cutting job it is night before I am fully out of the woods. And when clouds shut away the light of moon and star, the woods is really dark. Then I'm thankful to have a good flashlight along. Though I know well the narrow trail through that woods, I can stay on it with certainty only with the help of the light.

"I am the light of the world," Jesus says: "he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

In my teens I went with an uncle one

winter day on a trek through the woods. We left our quarters, a log cabin, at noon, intending to go in a circular course that would bring us back to the cabin by nightfall. I was following his tracks, not minding that we at times were out of sight and sound of each other. But night came and I was still not back.

Having never been in that vicinity before, I had not the faintest idea where the cabin was or where to go. Neither could I see nor hear my uncle. And snow was beginning to fall steadily, erasing any hope of either backtracking or following much farther on. There was nothing to do but go to the sheltering side of a large nearby stump and wait—hardly the most desirable way to spend a night.

But I was not seriously worried, because I trusted that my uncle would return; if I stayed by on the path, everything would turn out all right.

After a while I heard someone approaching, then a whistle. It was my uncle returning for me. Such a thrill came over me that I took a minute before I could answer. Soon we were at the cabin. It was wonderful to have a guide who knew the way even in the night!

Christ, our Elder Brother, has gone on ahead too. And He is coming back to bring home those He finds on the right path.



RALPH FALLON COLEMAN, ARTIST

*His humility was an
important part
of a really powerful
personality.*

THE MAN OF matchless charms

by JOE ENGELKEMIER

THERE is a story of a young man whose heart burned with love for others, who left his comfortable home and went to a faraway land to give the message of salvation to people bound in slavery. But the slaves would not listen.

"You cannot talk to us," they said. "We are slaves. You are free. What do you know about our needs?"

The missionary's efforts seemed fruitless. Then one night, when all was silent, he seemed to hear a voice saying, "Who took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men." The next morning he sold himself as a slave. Day after day he shared with the other slaves their poor miserable huts and scanty food. Side by side he worked with them under the tropical sun. With them he felt the taskmaster's lash. At night many of them—now ready to listen—surrounded him as he told of Jesus, who was rich, but for their sakes became poor. Such love won their hearts.

The heart of the King of heaven burned with an intense longing to save the slaves of sin. He left His comfortable home in glory and became a servant. "He who had passed from star to star, from world to world, superintending all,"¹ took the

weakness of humanity, to become subject to the lash of temptation and the bitterness of trial. His amazing condescension became the "marvel of all the universe."²

As King of kings He had worn royal robes of celestial beauty, but on earth He wore garments of poverty. When he returned from the forty-day struggle in the wilderness, pale and weary, John the Baptist declared Him to be the Son of God. The people stared in amazement. "In His dress and bearing there was nothing that betokened rank. He was apparently a simple personage, clad like themselves in the humble garments of the poor."³

As Lord of Creation, He had known the admiration of angels and of sinless worlds. As He traveled from galaxy to galaxy he may have spoken to audiences of billions of unfallen beings. But on earth He mingled with sinners. He was rejected by proud, sinful men because they could see in His gentle and unassuming manners nothing to flatter their hopes of power and prestige. The King of the universe was rejected because of His humility.

In classic speech the word *humility* was often used contemptuously. For a Greek or Roman to say that a man was humble

meant that he was low or despised. In spite of the statement of Isaiah that God dwelt with the humble, the Jews likewise despised humility.

The Creator of all the universe, whose robes had been the star-studded heavens, walked along the dusty roads of Palestine with His glory veiled, and the proud Pharisees judged themselves so much more worthy than He that they drew their robes together and turned away.

The beginning of sin involved pride. Pride is still the most nearly incurable of all sins. The natural heart of man is proud and "desperately wicked."⁴ Some it has been said are proud of their lace, others of their race, others of their face, others of their grace. You even meet people who are proud of their humility.

John is considered the disciple who most fully reflected Christ. But he did not naturally possess this attractive personality. One time when a village of Samaritans refused to welcome Jesus, John's pride was so offended that he wanted to call down fire from heaven to destroy them.

What made the change? He spent time with Christ. The closer he came to Jesus, the less he saw to admire in himself.

When I used to work on wheat farms during the summer, we would sometimes plow until late at night. When I stepped through the porch door dusty and dirty, I could see the dust on my clothes, and would brush it off. Then as I got closer to the kerosene lamp, I could see still more dust, and brushed some more. The closer I came to the light, the more of the dirt I could see. It is thus that "the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."⁵

An auctioneer, holding up a beautiful picture so that all could see it, remained behind it and said to the crowd, "Now look at the mountains. Notice the trees, the flowers." He described each detail.

Someone in the crowd remarked later, "The entire time I never noticed the speaker, only the picture he was showing."

Thus should Seventh-day Adventists lead the thoughts of others away from themselves, that full attention may be centered on Christ.

One test of humility is obedience. This test Christ passed with flying colors. "Being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."⁶

Contrast with this the experience of Saul, who had been sent by God to destroy the Amalekites because of their cruelty and vice. But Saul spared Agag the king and the best of the sheep and oxen. He probably even congratulated himself on his remarkable insight.

When God rebuked Saul, He referred to the time "when thou wast little in thine own sight." At one time Saul had been humble, but his pride had so increased that he deliberately disobeyed an explicit

command that came to him from God.

God calls the children of men to become "kings and priests."¹ To qualify you must first be little in our own sight, humble enough to obey implicitly. You may consider portions of God's Word or of the other written revelation—the Spirit of Prophecy—as unessential, but never forget that "rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft." You may rebel against God's standards of dress and behavior, but never forget that "stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry." Many modern Sauls will be rejected because their pride led them to reject portions of God's instructions.

Let us not flatter ourselves that we can keep any selfishness, pride, or dishonesty in our character and still be a prince or princess of the great King.

The mark of greatness is obedience and service. There is a legend of an ancient saint who went into the desert to live in solitude so he could perfect his soul. Finally, this man, named Saint Anthony, became very much satisfied with himself. As he congratulated himself upon his saintliness, he heard a voice say, "No, Anthony, you are not the best servant of God. There is one who is better than you."

"Where does this man live, Lord, so I may visit him and learn from him?"

"He lives in Jerusalem," replied the Lord, "and his is called Cobbler Conrad."

"What does he do that I do not do?"

"Go and see for yourself."

Anthony took his few belongings and went to Jerusalem. When he found the humble shop of Conrad, he found the cobbler pounding away on a pair of shoes. He greeted Anthony with a smile and asked what he needed done.

Then Anthony said, "What have you done that the Lord looks upon you as a greater saint than I am?"

"I have done little," replied Conrad. "I just sit here and mend the shoes and sandals that are brought to me. But I mend each pair as though they belonged to Christ Himself. That is all I do."

A greatly humbled Anthony left his isolation, and went down into a city to serve his fellow men. Like Anthony, we may long to be great, but it is in the humble path of service that we find greatness.

Someone once painted a picture of a kitchen in which angels were busily engaged in cooking and washing dishes. All is done with such heavenly grace that you forget that pots are pots and pans are pans, and you think only of how beautiful the lowly tasks can be.

A woman of good ancestry once asked Abraham Lincoln about his family's coat of arms.

"It's a pair of shirt sleeves," said the President. "Would you like to see them?"

Like Jesus, the only aristocracy Lincoln recognized was that of service. You can belong to the same royal line today, whether you serve as a custodian, housewife, missionary, or student.

"The Christian who is such in his private life, in the daily surrender of self, in sincerity of purpose and purity of thought, in meekness under provocation, in faith and piety, in fidelity in that which is least, the one who in the home life represents the character of Christ—such a one may in the sight of God be more precious than even the world-renowned missionary or martyr."²

The reward of humility will be to see God face to face, to stand in God's presence.

In England back in the nineteenth century, William Dyke, a young man of wealth, had been blinded by an accident when he was but ten years old. He finished the university in spite of his blindness, and courted and won a beautiful bride.

A little while before the wedding he underwent a series of treatments by eye experts. On the day of the wedding William Dyke, dressed for the occasion, but with his eyes still in bandages, drove to the church with his father. The oculist met them in the vestry.

The bride entered the building on the arm of her father. So moved was she that

she could hardly speak. Was her lover to see her face at last—the face that others admired, but which he knew only through his delicate finger tips?

As she neared the altar, while soft strains of wedding music floated through the church, her eyes saw a strange group. The oculist stood there before the bridegroom, cutting away the last bandage. Then the young man took a step forward, uncertain. Did he see anything? Yes! Recovering his steadiness, he went forward to meet his bride.

They looked into each other's eyes.

"At last!" she said.

"At last!" he echoed solemnly and bowed his head.

On a thrilling day soon to come God's youth will see their Saviour face to face. "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee."³

Next week: The charm of His beauty.

¹ *Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 69.

² *Ibid.*

³ *The Desire of Ages*, p. 137.

⁴ *Jer.* 17:9.

⁵ *Prov.* 4:18.

⁶ *Phil.* 2:8.

⁷ *Rev.* 1:6.

⁸ *Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 403.

⁹ *Isa.* 62:5.



International Craft and Nature Camp for MV's

by G. D. Bras

The North Dakota and Manitoba-Saskatchewan conferences joined hands this summer for an international craft and nature training camp, held at the North Dakota junior campsite on Lake Metigoshe, next to the International Peace Gardens. The camp was designed to give

instruction to youth leaders, especially those connected with the Pathfinder and nature clubs.

A representative of the Tandy Leather Company in Minneapolis gave valuable instruction in leatherscraft. Other crafts taught were basketry, glorified glass, copper tooling, mosaic tiling, and work in plaster of Paris.

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THE LITTLE ONES

From page 4

Every day for many weeks thereafter, we had a daily chat—I talking, Peter nodding.

AND there was Ruth. One day as I sat at my desk Ruth came and stood before me, head down. Great tears were dropping on the floor.

"What is the trouble?" I asked.

Silence.

"Are you ill?"

She shook her head.

"Do you hurt?"

"No."

"Did somebody call you names?"

"No."

"Do you want to go home?"

"No."

Then I remembered Peter.

"Ruth, does it hurt inside?"

She nodded.

"What makes it hurt?"

"I don't know."

"Are you lonesome?"

"No."

"Are you afraid?"

"Yes."

"Are you afraid now?"

"Yes."

"Why are you afraid?"

There was a long silence.

"Because — because — because — uh — er — uh — I was a — a — bad g-g-girl."

"You mean you are afraid I'll punish you?"

"No."

"Are you afraid Jesus will punish you?"

"Maybe."

"What did you do?"

"I wouldn't — a — a — seesaw — seesaw —

seesaw — with — M-M-Mary — when she asked me to."

"But you don't *have* to seesaw with her. You may say 'No, thank you' if you wish."

"I didn't say that."

"What did you say?"

"I said, 'I'm not your friend. I don't want to play with you.'"

"Well, why don't you tell her you're sorry now? Then tell Jesus you're sorry and then forget it. Do you want me to call Mary now?"

"No."

"Why not? Don't you want to tell her you're sorry?"

"No."

"Aren't you sorry?"

"No."

"You mean you aren't sorry but you want to be?"

"Yes."

"Then you want to pray and ask Jesus to make you sorry?"

"Yes."

We slipped into a corner and asked Jesus to make Ruth sorry. It was a strange prayer request for a seven-year-old.

"Are you sorry now?" I asked when we rose from our knees.

"A little tiny bit."

"Do you want to go to your desk now and think about it awhile?"

"Yes."

Now dry-eyed, she sat down.

In a few minutes she went to Mary. They had quite a little visit and when they were finished, they were both smiling.

"Maybe the little weeds *are* worth more — in my life and in theirs," I thought as I put the hoe away.

GRACE NOTES

From page 5

I think it is getting better every year. I would be lost without it as much as the Review."

HUTCHINSON "We are not young people any longer, being the grandparents of seventeen grandchildren, three of whom are in West Pakistan with their parents who are missionaries there. But we read the INSTRUCTOR as faithfully as we do the Review."

MELENDY "I cannot remember when the INSTRUCTOR has not come into our home. We like it and profit by it more and more even though our youth has long since fled."

CREIGHTON "My husband and I are ardent INSTRUCTOR fans, and like the 'new look' very much. We keep all our INSTRU-

tors and make them into books. They are excellent source material for stories for the young people and even sermon ideas. We have them since 1942. I'd like to compliment you on the fact that there isn't so much 'sermonizing' in the articles. When I was young I used to read the interesting parts and skip the sermons anyway. Most of the stories speak for themselves."

SURRENDER "The surrender of all our powers to God greatly simplifies the problem of life."—MYP 30.

KEY

Wit Sharpeners

"The adversaries of the Lord shall be broken to pieces; out of heaven shall he thunder upon them: the Lord shall judge the ends of the earth" (1 Sam. 2:10).

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Bible Lesson

Prepared for
publication by the
General Conference
Sabbath School
Department

THE RESURRECTION

Lesson for September 19, 1959

Daily Study Record: S S M T W T F
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MEMORY GEM: "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 6:23).

OUTSIDE READING: *The Desire of Ages*, p. 530; *The Great Controversy*, pp. 644, 645.

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION—

1. *The first resurrection*: "The voice that cried from the cross, 'It is finished,' was heard among the dead. It pierced the walls of sepulchers, and summoned the sleepers to arise. Thus will it be when the voice of Christ shall be heard from heaven. That voice will penetrate the graves and unbar the tombs, and the dead in Christ shall arise. At the Saviour's resurrection a few graves were opened, but at His second coming all the precious dead shall hear His voice, and shall come forth to glorious, immortal life. The same power that raised Christ from the dead will raise His church, and glorify it with Him."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 787.

2. *Sleep*. In the majority of instances the New Testament word translated "to fall asleep" refers to the sleep of death. Our word "cemetery" is from the related noun form. Ancient Greek burial sites have been found bearing an inscription meaning "sleeping place," or "resting place."

1 The Hope of the Resurrection

1. When did God promise eternal life?

"In hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began" (Titus 1:2).

NOTE.—"One remark I cannot help making; the doctrine of the resurrection appears to have been thought of much more consequence among the primitive Christians than it is now! How is this? The apostles were continually insisting on it, and exciting the followers of God to diligence, obedience, and cheerfulness through it. And their successors in the present day seldom mention it! . . . There is not a doctrine in the gospel on which more stress is laid; and there is not a doctrine in the present system of preaching which is treated with more neglect!"—ADAM CLARKE, *Commentary*, on 1 Cor. 15, note 3 at end of chapter.

2. What is another name for sin?

"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death" (1 Cor. 15:26).

3. How does sin pay off?

"Sin pays its servants: the wage is death" (Rom. 6:23, Phillips).

4. What has Jesus done to death?

"Christ Jesus, who through the good news has put a stop to the power of death" (2 Tim. 1:10, Williams).

2 Our Assurance of the Resurrection

5. What does Jesus' life do for men?

"In him was life; and the life was the light of men" (John 1:4).

"He that hath the Son hath life" (1 John 5:12).

6. Upon what fact is our hope of the resurrection based?

"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept" (1 Cor. 15:20).

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead" (1 Peter 1:3).

NOTE.—"The resurrection of Jesus was a type of the final resurrection of all who sleep in Him. The countenance of the risen Saviour, His manner, His speech, were all familiar to His disciples. As Jesus arose from the dead, so those who sleep in Him are to rise again. We shall know our friends, even as the disciples knew Jesus."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 804.

3 Establishing Candidacy for Everlasting Life

7. What goes along with believing in Jesus?

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life" (John 6:47).

NOTE.—"Christ became one flesh with us, in order that we might become one spirit with Him. It is by virtue of this union that we are to come forth from the grave,—not merely as a manifestation of the power of Christ, but because, through faith, His life has become ours. Those who see Christ in His true character, and receive Him into the heart, have everlasting life. It is through the Spirit that Christ dwells in us; and the Spirit of God, received into the heart by faith, is the beginning of the life eternal."—*Ibid.*, p. 388.

8. Who will be saved?

"He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved" (Mark 13:13).

"To them who by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory and honour and immortality, eternal life" (Rom. 2:7).

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

NOTE.—"The conditions of eternal life, under grace, are just what they were in Eden,—perfect righteousness, harmony with God, perfect conformity to the principles of His law. . . . God has made provision that we may become like unto Him, and He will accomplish this for all who do not interpose a perverse will, and thus frustrate His grace."—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing* (1956 ed.), p. 76.

4 Immortality Bestowed

9. When does the Christian actually receive everlasting life?

"The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord" (1 Thess. 4:16, 17).

NOTE.—"Not until the personal advent of Christ can His people receive the kingdom. . . . We have seen by the scriptures just given [1 Cor. 15:51-53; 1 Thess. 4:16, 17] that when the Son of man comes, the dead are raised incorruptible, and the living are changed. By this great change they are prepared to receive the kingdom; for Paul says, 'Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.' 1 Cor. 15:50. Man in his present state is mortal, corruptible; but the kingdom of God will be incorruptible, enduring forever. Therefore man in his present state cannot enter into the kingdom of God. But when Jesus comes, He confers immortality upon His people; and then He calls them to inherit the kingdom of which they have hitherto been only heirs."—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 322, 323.

10. What graphic description did Jesus give of the resurrection?

"The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth" (John 5:28, 29).

5 The Resurrection Body

11. With what kind of body will the righteous come forth?

"It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body" (1 Cor. 15:42-44).

NOTE.—"The resurrection body is *incorruptible*. 'It is raised in incorruption.' That certainly is different from the present body. This body is subject to decay, illness, pain, disintegration, and death. It is easily injured, disorganized, destroyed. Disease feeds on it, dims its eye, dulls its ear, disarranges all its functions.

"But the resurrection body will not be so. That is 'a building of God; an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens' (2 Cor. 5:1). No shock will ever shatter its frame. No effort will ever weary its powers. No disease will ever sap its strength. No death will ever disintegrate its particles. The passage of time will leave no mark upon it. The creeping on of age will never bow it down. It is incorruptible. The forces of eternal youth are in it. The energies of the eternal God are imparted to it. It will never die. It will never grow old and feeble. It will never feel pain. It is eternal, immortal, incorruptible. . . .

"The resurrection body is *glorious*. 'It is raised in glory.' An Easter lily has a beautiful heart, but what did it come from? It was sown in dishonor, truly, but as truly raised in glory. It was sown a rough, forbidding bulb, but raised in an altogether matchless glory of form, which makes it a thing of entrancing beauty.

"So it is in the resurrection. . . .

"The resurrection body is *powerful*. 'It is raised in power.' No one can even imagine the powers of the resurrection life. Bodies then will throw off and transcend the limitations that handicap them. No weakness. No deformity. No limitation of space. No limitation of movement. . . .

"The eye will be able to penetrate through any distance. The ear will be sharp enough to hear through any space. All the faculties will be raised to the highest power. . . .

"The resurrection body is *spiritual*. 'It is raised a spiritual body.' Be sure to notice here that 'spiritual' is not contrasted with 'material' but with 'natural.' The spiritual body of the resurrection will be a material body—a real, actual, literal body."—C. B. HAYNES, *Life, Death, and Immortality*, pp. 377, 378.

12. How certain is the harvest?

"He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting" (Gal. 6:8).

NOTE.—"There is no cheating the harvest. What are you hoping for in that resurrection day? Eternal life and eternal death are placed before you. If your mortal body is quickened to life in the resurrection when Jesus comes, it will be because your living spirit has been quickened now by the Spirit of the Lord.

"May you know the 'power of his resurrection' now in being given life from the dead, and may the Lord Christ quicken you who are dead in trespasses and sins, that you may live His life here in the conquest of sin, as well as hereafter following the conquest of sin."—*Ibid.*, p. 379.

Quizangles

1. What did God give us in His Son? Memory Gem.
2. Is victory over death past or future? (1)
3. What did Jesus' resurrection prove? (2)
4. What three things will the candidate for eternal life be seeking? (3)
5. How many of the dead will be raised to life? (4)
6. Man's body is
sown in corruption, raised in _____
sown in dishonor, raised in _____
sown in weakness, raised in _____
sown a natural body, raised a _____ body. (5)

NEXT WEEK, September 26, 1959—Lesson title: "The Soon-coming Kingdom." Outside reading: *The Desire of Ages*, p. 234; *The Great Controversy*, pp. 675-678; *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, pp. 8, 107, 108. Memory gem: Matthew 25:34.



QUESTION At one time I was a Seventh-day Adventist, but gradually I slipped out of the church. Since then I have become very self-conscious. If I am walking down the street and hear someone make a smart remark or laugh, instantly I begin wondering what I have done. Please advise me what I can do to overcome this.

ANSWER You readily admit that you are living with a troubled conscience, and true happiness and contentment are not possible under such circumstances. I would recommend that you read the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, with special attention to verse 7. Make a personal application and act upon its counsel.

The promises of God are the best antidote for fear, but they all carry a condition that must be met if we are to realize their fulfillment. The psalmist says: "Great peace have they which love thy law: and nothing shall offend them." Complete surrender to the will of God

and obedience to His word will bring you comfort and strength.

Look to Jesus immediately and sincerely. His love is greater than all your sin, and He longs to help you. Read Matthew 11:27, 28. *Steps to Christ* contains most practical counsel that will help you in finding your way back to God.

Human counsel and sympathy will also help you. I would suggest that you go to the pastor of the church, or to some other Christian in whom you have confidence and to whom you can unburden your problem.

It may be that you will want the assistance of a Christian physician, especially a psychiatrist. If you are unacquainted with one, your pastor will be able to help you.

QUESTION My local church conference allows mixed swimming. My husband teaches the tenth grade at a Seventh-day Adventist junior academy, and the ad-

ministration plans water-skiing parties occasionally. In our part of the country, with water all around, swimming is popular with everyone and is included with almost every picnic. Is there anything that can be done about this?

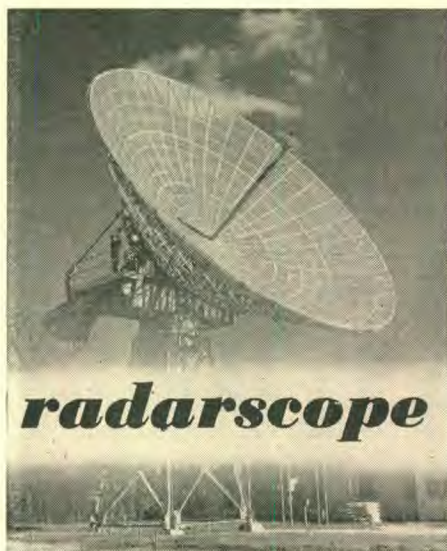
ANSWER It is not always possible for us to control or guide the recreational plans of others. However, we can be careful when making our own plans and whenever we have opportunity can lend our influence in favor of supporting the point of view we believe is right. We must also remember that it is not for us to pass judgment on individuals who do not see things exactly as we do.

The thing you can "do" in your case is to exert the most positive and consistent influence you can and pray that God will bless that influence. Do not be critical and do not undermine church leaders, but set an example such that others will want to follow.

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

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

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



► SOME nutrition experts speculate that too much milk in the diet may crowd out other desirable nutrients. *Medical Science.*

► EXPERIMENTAL evidence that stroke-producing spasms of brain arteries may result from an excess of the "stress" hormone, adrenalin, has been reported by research physicians. *UCAL*

► THE INVENTION of a movie camera that can shoot one million pictures a second was prompted by an engineer interested in ship propellers and the effect of minute bubbles generated by the propellers. *Scope*

► OIL LURES more prospectors to Alaska today than gold. Neither subzero cold nor the seemingly endless night of the winter halts exploration and drilling. Construction crews thaw the rock-hard soil with steam hoses. Some isolated camps receive supplies by helicopter. *NGS*

► THE LITTLE BIBLE, a selection of Scripture passages, illustrated and indexed, measures only $1\frac{3}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{8} \times \frac{1}{8}$ inches. Bound in black leatherette, the 64-page book is designed to be carried easily and inconspicuously in any pocket, the wallet, or even in a spectacle case.

Read Brothers

► AT LEAST 35 species or subspecies of poisonous snakes are known in the United States. Most of these are pit vipers or Crotalidae, which include the many species of rattlers; the copperhead; and the cottonmouth, or water moccasin. The coral snake, found in the Southern States, is related to the cobra and is not a pit viper. *AMA*

► RECENT work at a United States centrifuge has demonstrated man's intolerance to acceleration forces higher than 20 Gs (20 times the force of gravity) for a period of several seconds. The men involved in the tests feel that with slight improvements in support they could tolerate even greater stress. The support used was a contour couch. *Naval Research Reviews*

► THE FIRST instrument-carrying sphere to be recovered intact from outer space after returning to the earth at free-falling speed has been presented to the Smithsonian Institution. Launched June 13, 1958, from Cape Canaveral, Florida, the "data sphere" rose more than 200 miles, reentered the earth's atmosphere at a speed faster than 10,000 miles an hour, and was ejected from the nose cone without parachute or other retarding device. The capsule struck the South Atlantic with an impact 40,000 times greater than the force of gravity. *Scope*

► ELEMENTARY school administrators believe that male teachers—the number and proportion of whom is increasing in U.S. public education—have an edge over women teachers in several areas: they can handle "problem" students and "problem" classes better; they excel in teaching science, shop classes, and physical education; and they can help offset the feeling of some students that such subjects as music, art, and poetry are unmanly or feminine. *NEA*

► EVERY physician who distributes, dispenses, gives away, or administers narcotic drugs to patients had to register and pay a tax of \$1 on or before July 1. A physician who hereafter first engages in such activities must immediately make a similar registration. *AMA*

► WHEN THE volcano Kilauea erupted in Hawaii in 1955, incandescent rock spouted 400 feet into the air. The column of lava lasted 12 days and fed a molten river three miles long and 15 to 20 feet thick. *NGS*

► THE "SKY-WRITER," a combination of the most advanced radar and television techniques, presents a continuous flight path of aircraft, showing the plane's direction, speed, and position simultaneously. *Raytheon*

► THE LARGEST flash picture ever taken was made in Egypt of the Great Pyramid of Cheops and the Sphinx, and required the use of 6,500 flash bulbs. *MLPFS*

► ENVIRONMENT is a stronger influence than race in determining resistance to tuberculosis. *NTA*

► PAINT removers are made specifically to take off the finish on antique furniture for do-it-yourself refinishing.

Chemical Digest

► ABOUT two of every three adults in this country regularly drink alcoholic beverages. Of these an estimated 60 of every 1,000 become drinkers, and 15 of these become chronic alcoholics. *PD*

► THE LIQUID core of the earth, starting about 1,800 miles below the surface, is not pure molten iron, but a mixture of iron and lighter elements, according to studies of earthquake waves by two geophysicists. *UCAL*

► A SOARING fountain and flower-decked quays welcome visitors to Geneva, scene of many international conferences. Famed for its watches, the 2,000-year-old city is one of Switzerland's favorite resorts. Excursion steamers ply the blue Lake of Geneva between Switzerland and France. *NGS*

► COD SPAWN at the surface of the ocean, placing their eggs at the mercy of wind, waves, and weather. Soon after the eggs hatch, the young fish head for the bottom. If the water is more than 600 feet deep, the tiny fish die. This makes the continental shelf of the Atlantic seaboard an important place in the life cycle of the cod. *Naval Research Reviews*

► IN THE WEST, from at least the eighth century B.C., vegetarianism has been advocated by the Orphic Societies, Greek philosophers like Pythagoras, Empedocles, Plato, Socrates; and by Ovid, Seneca, Porphyry, Diogenes, Plutarch; also by the early Christian Fathers—Origen, Tertullian, Chrysostom, and Clement of Alexandria. *Today's Food*

► MANY INSECTS are on man's side in the struggle for existence. About eight out of every ten living creatures are insects. Beneficial insects prey upon harmful species; serve as food for numerous birds, fish, and mammals; pollinate at least 50 useful crop plants; destroy weeds; produce silk, honey, wax, shellac, and dye; act as scavengers; and improve the condition of the soil by aeration and fertilization. *NGS*

target

The growing number and proportion of men teachers in public elementary schools is apparently paralleled by a similar trend within the Seventh-day Adventist school system. This is good.

Also good is the related trend toward giving elementary teachers more of the respect and wages they deserve. Gone forever, we hope, are the bad old days when a "mere church school teacher" was considered almost more as a piece of furniture than as a person. As one church official put it recently, "The situation is not yet utopia" so far as the teachers are concerned, but significant progress has been made.

These encouraging developments should help the young people of the church to recognize that for both men and women elementary teaching holds important opportunities for service for Christ. *FG*

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