

THE

Youth's

INSTRUCTOR

45

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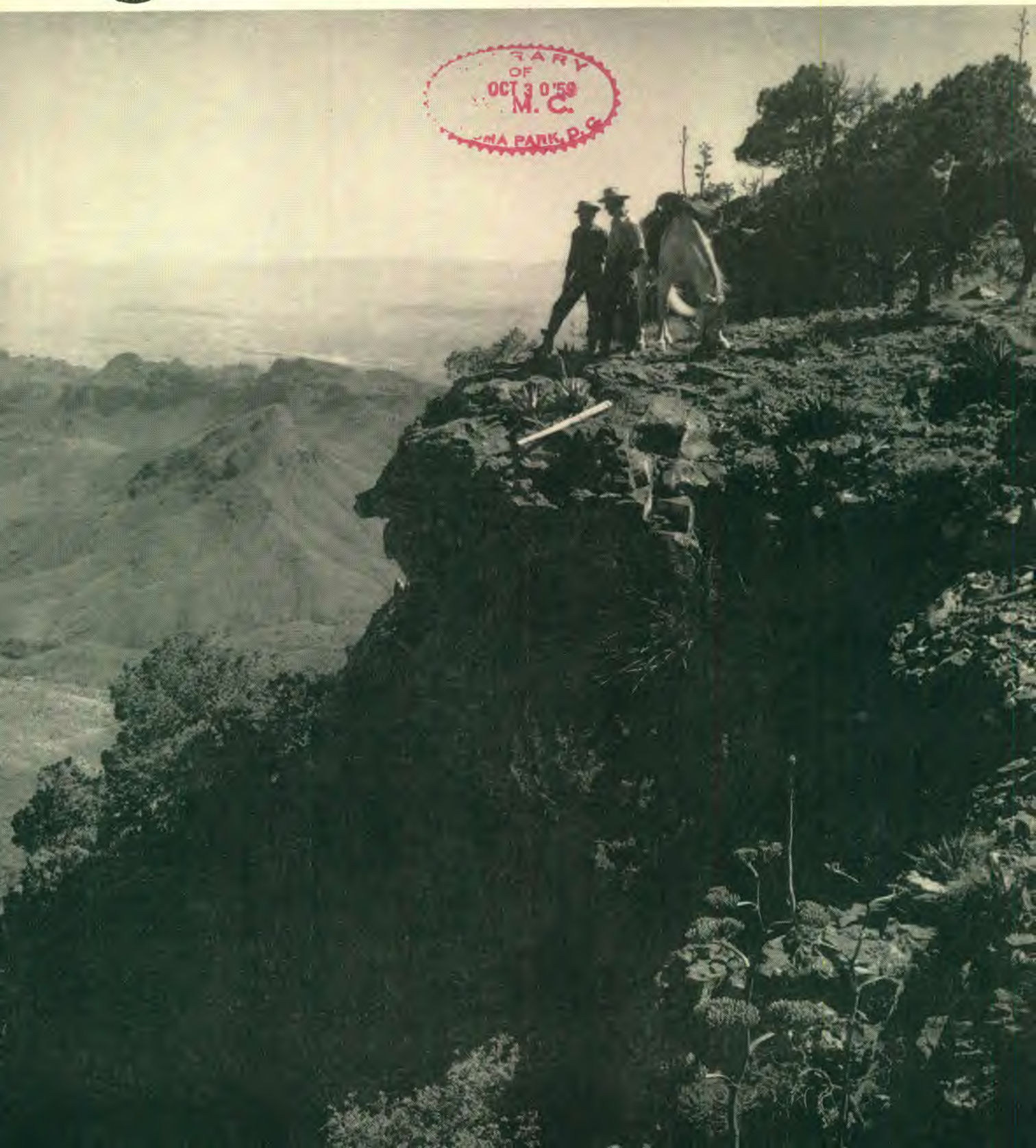
"Tame Stuff"

NOVEMBER 10, 1959

[Bible Lesson for November 21]

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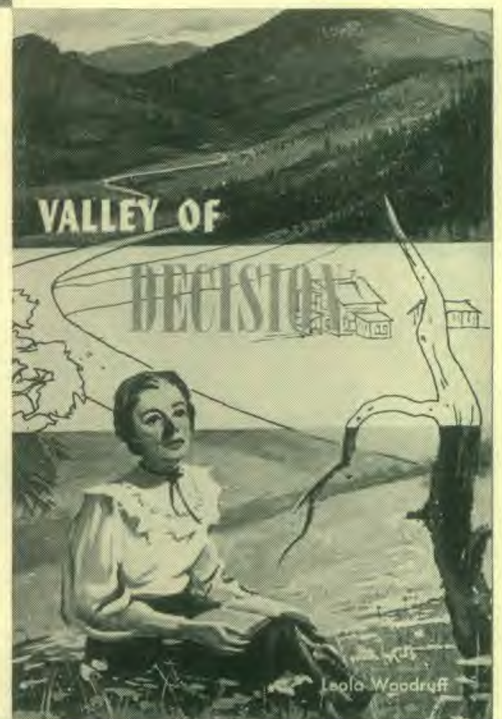
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HURT OR HELP?

by *PATRICIA A. HABADA*

DID you see that yellow dress?" Helen asked. "What a dress! Not only was it a bright color, but it fitted too tight. You could see every breath she took while she was singing."

"Yes," her friend replied, "I saw it. I'll be surprised if she is ever asked to sing again."

Well, the dress *was* tight. It was bright. And the girl was not asked to sing again.

Later, after the matter had been discussed all over the campus, someone had the courage to tell the girl. She was heartbroken.

"Why didn't someone tell me?" she asked between sobs. "I thought I wasn't asked to sing because my voice was poor. I dropped out of the choir and glee club and quit taking voice lessons because I was sure my folks were wasting their money."

And so a talent lay unused, undeveloped, because of destructive criticism. Had there been constructive criticism, the girl would have known she had made a mistake—and mistakes can be corrected.

In a small town in a northern State the day is cold and the streets are slippery. Cautiously an old woman drives her car down the icy highway and carefully turns into her driveway. A neighbor watches

from her place by the window and calls to her daughter.

"Look at this, Mary. See her now. She's too sick to go to church, but she's not too sick to be out on a day like this. Humph! Wait till I tell the preacher about this."

And tell the preacher she does. But he gently replies, "Yes, I know about her trip to town. It seems she ran out of medicine and could find no one to go to town for her. Dr. Brown gave her some and sent her home to bed."

How quick the human being is to judge. People do get sick, but sickness may not be visible to the neighbors. Cancer isn't at first. Nor is diabetes and many other diseases. Yet we are quick to grasp the straw and analyze the situation to suit ourselves.

A friend of mine calls herself "an old-maid schoolmarm." And I guess it is true. She is nearly forty. (I would not venture to say how near.) But I know her to be kind, sincere, generous, and an honest Christian always seeking for truth.

Recently a family who are her neighbors invited my family to visit their home. While we were there the subject of Lois, the schoolteacher, and her guests was discussed quite openly.

I was shocked at some of the things I learned about my friend. According to

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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her neighbors, she was among other things "a grasping old maid" and was "running around with a man old enough to be her father, and a married man at that!"

This was too much for me to believe. I determined to ask about her companion.

Yes, Lois said she was dating a man. He had been a friend to her family for years. She had known his wife for years before her death. How old was he? Well, he had graduated from high school when she was in the fifth or sixth grade—that would make him about six or seven years older than she (hardly old enough to be her father).

My faith in my friend was restored. But my opinion of the neighbors was somewhat altered.

Later I met Lois' friend and found him to be a very wholesome person who was seeking companionship and a home-cooked meal occasionally. In return he offered her free taxi service and an evening out now and then. They seemed to have a mutual understanding, and oddly enough, neither of them was considering marriage.

When I was a leader in the cradle roll division of a large Sabbath school I found that acquiring and keeping teachers was a problem. I often asked a Mrs. X to teach a class, since she stayed in the room to be with her small son. Every time I approached her she said she just could not do it then, but later on she would.

Finally I came to what I thought was the point of exasperation. I knew she had taught a class before and that she was considered an excellent teacher by those

who knew her well. When she offered me her usual reason for refusing, I inquired rather nastily, "And when is later on?"

The girl burst into tears. And then she began pouring out her story. For several months her husband had been unfaithful and now he wanted a divorce so he could marry one of his new friends. She had tried to keep this burden to herself and not let her children know. In order to do that she had told no one about her grief.

Shame is the only word to describe my feelings for myself. We talked together for some time and then I urged her to see our pastor and talk to her parents also. She seemed relieved to have told someone about her problems, and made plans to visit the minister the next day.

But how quick I had been to judge. In such a state of anxiety she should not have been further disturbed by my insistence. But in my thoughtlessness, I had judged her as trying to avoid doing her part.

If Christians would crash the barriers of evil that surround them, they must learn to control their tongues and their minds. They must learn to look at all the facts before making conclusions.

If you do not appreciate the form the Sabbath school superintendent chooses to use, if you do not approve of the music the church pianist plays for the offertory, if you do not feel the work of the Missionary Volunteer Society is being properly conducted, if you do not agree with the church school teacher, if you see faults in Mrs. Jones's appearance—*go tell the person involved*. You cannot help by discussing his faults with others.

Bouquets for the Living

by ALICE STARR

THE saleslady tried hard to be cheerful, but the forced smile and dejected mien told their story. The midwinter, preholiday season was on. The store was jammed. Patiently and painstakingly—there was no automatic measuring device—she measured off yards and yards from bolts of dress materials, linen toweling, muslins, et cetera.

After helping me choose suitable colors she methodically started wrapping my purchases into a neat parcel. I watched her with avid interest. Not one motion was wasted. Doubtless, though, she had a mental picture of me, standing slightly out of her range of vision, as impatiently tapping a restless toe and berating her slowness.

Untrue thoughts. The saleslady deftly tied the string solidly, then handed me the bundle. As my arms closed around the proffered package, I exclaimed, "I want to commend you on your admirable tech-

nique—such precision! And done so quickly too! You certainly can be proud of your work!"

"Oh, do you really mean it?" Her eyes sparked incredulous surprise as though I had handed her a bouquet of flowers. At my assent, her mouth began to pucker and I thought she was going to cry. Then hesitatingly, almost as if doubting her sense of hearing, she murmured, "And to think that in all the years I've been working here nobody has ever said that before!"

The tired lines melted, the head perked up, the eyes fairly sparkled as a bright smile suffused her face. I had given her a timely lift. Furthermore, the happiness of appreciation beaming from her countenance boomeranged a shaft of joy into my own heart with a force that made tears sting my eyes.

I wonder why we so often neglect to give bouquets to the living.

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AUTHOR Marjorie Grant Burns has been writing for *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* since 1950, when her by-line first appeared with "God of Our Fathers" in the May 23 issue. W. E. Burns, her husband, is educational, war service, and MV secretary for the Texas Conference. Many of her articles and stories have come out of their experiences in youth work. This week's "Tame Stuff" is such a story, the first installment of three.

AUTHOR Mrs. Burns was a student of Fresno Union Academy and Pacific Union College. As housewife and mother of three, she has had to limit her hobbies to bird study, writing, and occasional wilderness camping. Her by-line has appeared in several church publications. Some years ago she faced the challenge of teaching a Sabbath school class, and formed the practice of studying her Bible an hour a day. She says that it made her so conscious of new meanings in God's Word that she feels it was the most important thing that ever happened to her.

CAMPBELL Chapters IX and X of Sam Campbell's *Moose Country* are in this issue. Be sure to let us know whether you are pro or con toward the idea of book serialization. A postal card will do.

PICTURES Each week a new picture appears on our cover, fifty-two in the course of a year. Except for the week when we use a picture that accompanies a manuscript purchase or a Photo Mart acceptance, the pictures come from some commercial photographer. We'd like to reach the time when it would be a rare instance that we had to use a commercial photo. Have you written for the third Photo Mart rules? January 1, 1960, is the deadline for submissions.

STANDARD "When we reach the standard that the Lord would have us reach, worldlings will regard Seventh-day Adventists as odd, singular, strait-laced extremists."—FE 289.

NOVEMBER 10, 1959

. . . and becomes a man

The title of this editorial comes from observations made by Ellen G. White on a man who had not learned that "system is everything." If you read last week's *We Hold These Truths* and found yourself in that class to which order and system are hard to come by, we recommend your reading of the entire section for which the reference is given at the bottom of this column.¹

"The hill of progress is not to be climbed without effort," Mrs. White wrote. "No one need expect to be carried along to the prize, either in religious or secular matters, independently of his own exertions."

In the same chapter in which she wrote that "talents are not apportioned capriciously," she also stated: "It is the duty of every Christian to acquire habits of order, thoroughness, and dispatch. There is no excuse for slow bungling at work of any character."²

We believe that orderliness in the life is attainable by anyone willing to develop it. We repeat that while we see no virtue in method for its own sake, a planned life will utilize routine to reach its objectives.

Are you a student? Then sit down with a pencil and paper, or at your typewriter, and make up a budget for your life. These words following the statement that "system is everything" will give you a start: "You should have regular hours for rising, for praying, and for eating." Earlier, referring to the first item, she suggests, "Rise in the morning, even while the stars are shining, if need be."

Settle first on your rising time. It will help to regulate your retiring time. Then make personal devotions a must in your program. The faithful meeting of your appointments with God will do more to help you achieve balance in your life than any other single item you can list in a time budget. One caution: Don't skimp with God. He doesn't skimp with you. It is He who will give you the very will power you require to carry out the intents of your heart—pointedly speaking, to work your budget.

Include in your budget the time you need to prepare adequately for each lesson, including library time. Remember: if you would "get ahead of yourself," you may find that you can study some assignments soon after they have been made. If you have a free period, for instance, why not work your budget to the point where you can spend a *little* time reviewing the subject for your next class, and *much* time studying the new assignment for the class just met, while it is fresh?

We shall talk again about this business of putting backbone into the habits of life. They are happiest who take themselves in hand to acquire on earth a characteristic of the Eternal, for "Order is heaven's first law."³

Walter C. Croudeall

¹ *Testimonies*, vol. 5, pp. 178-182. ² *Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 328, 344. ³ *Counsels to Parents and Teachers*, p. 175.

COMING NEXT WEEK

- "WE, THE EXPERTS" is another sparkling article by Robert H. Parr, whose captivating good humor is the vehicle for a significant statement about the Christian's responsibility to the people around him.
- "SAYING WITH A LOUD VOICE" is a careful retelling of an inspiring incident early in the ministerial career of James White, a young preacher of the Advent Movement in the 1840's. By Loron Wade.



Texas Missionary Volunteers whose hike included an encounter with a lion.

by

MARJORIE GRANT

BURNS

LITTLE dust devils, sun, sand, and prairie as far as eye can see—the whole cut in two by a shining ribbon of road that narrows to nothing on the far horizon and disappears over an unapparent hill. This, though one can hardly believe it, is the unassuming approach to America's last frontier, the Big Bend country, a national park in the extreme west corner of Texas.

In Marathon, a little, sleepy, dusty town, you gas up for the last time and head south into slowly rising hills and small plateaus. The car climbs a low ridge and suddenly there it is! The rugged, jagged peaks reach up sharply from the desert floor 8,000 feet, as though to pierce the deep blue sky. Somewhere in those mountains at the base of a 1,500-foot cliff is the basin with its public campgrounds, ranger headquarters, store, and snuggle of cabins dwarfed into seeming specks by towering Casa Grande. And over it all floats the golden eagle, carping in shrill tones, claiming this land for his own.

This would be the fourth Thanksgiving outpost camp in the Big Bend country sponsored by Texas Missionary Volunteers. Wednesday evening, as we pulled our house trailer into place between eac-

tus plants in the little camping basin just below the ranger headquarters, we saw several groups of young people making beds on the level spots and setting up a minimum of equipment. Stew was scenting the air along with the sagebrush, and quick orders flew about and lodged exactly nowhere. Sheer exuberance plus know-how made everyone eager to tell his neighbor just what to do while the neighbor cheerfully went his way doing it just as he pleased. That order emerged surprised everyone.

When supper was over it was nearly seven o'clock and long past dark, which comes so quickly in deep canyons. A short get-together was called to plan the next day's hikes. Some decided to top Casa Grande first thing in the morning. A few who could not hike would tidy up the camp. The rest would do the Lost Mine trail.

After the plans were finished, most of the group went up to the little hall to hear a lecture by a park ranger. Then everyone hurried into bed. We wanted plenty of rest so we could make the most of our three-day stay.

The following morning about eight o'clock we ate, had worship together,

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"tame stuff"

"I know," she smiled. "Our needs can become very simple and basic sometimes. We traveled all night to get here, and my basic need right now is just plain sleep. I couldn't see myself stumbling up a trail with just one eye open."

We both laughed, then lapsed into companionable silence as we breathed deeply and filled our eyes and thoughts with the dramatic view.

"I've always wished I could write this up for the INSTRUCTOR," I said.

"So why don't you?"

I frowned a little as I tried to organize my thoughts into a reasonable answer. "It's just that we hike, we eat, we sleep, we thrill to the beauty and bigness of everything, but you just can't put it into words. Look at these rugged, jagged peaks that tower over this basin. Look at that drop-off over there that lets us look down 5,000 feet clear to the desert floor—wonderful as it is it would take a writer better than I to put it down, I fear."

She glanced around. "I guess you need an incident," she said.

"That's it exactly. But we all try to be careful, the trails are well marked and well planned. There is nothing to provide an incident unless someone deliberately falls down and breaks a leg. So far I haven't felt free to ask anyone to oblige me in that, especially on Thanksgiving Day!"

She laughed. "But how about the snow? That's different."

"Different for Big Bend at this time of year. And I understand that three of the young people here have never seen snow before. That's a thrill for them, I would think, but it hardly makes a story for the INSTRUCTOR."

She stood up and stretched. "My nap is calling." She turned and walked down the little hill a few yards, then stretched out on one of their wool-blanketed beds. I climbed into the trailer to do the breakfast dishes and start on the stew for dinner.

About eleven I was surprised to hear footsteps coming rapidly. It sounded like one of our daughters, but surely no hiker could be back so soon. Or if back, surely she couldn't be that energetic.

The steps came right to the trailer door. It opened and our eleven-year-old Lohna leaped in. Her scarf was in her hand, her heavy jacket was open and her breath came in hard gasps. Her eyes were wide with fright in a face drained of color.

"Mother," she said, her voice hardly audible.

I felt a sudden stinging sensation all over me. "What is it?" I demanded.

"His eyes! His yellow eyes!"

"What has happened?" My tone was cross with anxiety. "Who is hurt? What in the world is the matter? Quit staring and tell me."

"Well, we went up the Lost Mine trail and we were coming down and Penny

and Verla Mae and I were walking on ahead and two ladies came late and daddy went back with them to the top and Loujane went back and—"

"Lohna!" I cried. "Will you quit all that 'and and' stuff and tell me in just a word or two!"

She was trembling and began to cry. "A lion," she said. "A lion!"

"A lion? What do you mean 'a lion'?"

"He jumped on Gerry and bit her!"

"Are you sure? Wasn't it just a big cat or a dog or something? What did it look like? Is Gerry hurt badly? Tell me quick."

"I don't know if she is hurt. It had a long tail. It was taller than my waist. It had awful yellow eyes and it switched its tail back and forth."

Sore back and all, I was out of the trailer and gone. Lohna followed, gasping and talking as she ran. It was incredible.

We ran up the rough road to the park headquarters. Halfway up we met Penny Osborne and Verla Mae Holub. They were pale and their hands shook. I could see that they were on the verge of tears.

"Mrs. Burns, a lion jumped right out at us. It grabbed Gerry Truitt by the leg with its paw. They told us to run for help and we and Lohna ran two miles without stopping!"

"Yes," broke in the other one, "and we yelled and yelled for help and we met two men hiking and told them to get help but they just laughed at us."

"You mean you ran all the way from the top of the Lost Mine trail to where the cars were?"

"Yes."

"How did you get here?"

"We got to the cars and we didn't know what to do, because all the cars were locked. Then Monty came. He was still with the group when we started running. He opened the car and we all jumped in and rushed down here to headquarters."

"What actually happened to Gerry?"

"We don't know. We were ahead and when we heard the commotion we ran back. But the lion started our way and crouched there looking right at us."

"Yes, Mother, it did. It glared with those awful yellow eyes right at us and kept coming toward us."

"And then what?"

"Monty called, or maybe it was Pat, for us to back up. The others started to run and he yelled 'Stand still.' After we backed far enough they shouted to us to run for help."

"Where is Gerry?"

"Back up there."

"Can she walk?"

"Yes."

"Is she bleeding—hurt?"

"We don't know. We had to run."

"Monty said it bit her."

"Where is Monty?" (Monty is our son, home from Southwestern Junior College for the weekend.)

"He went back after telephoning the rangers."

RECOMPENSE

by ARLEAN LEIBERT

If you have sown the seed of hope
Within some heart today,
Or comforted a weary soul
Along Life's busy way,
If you have shared a brother's joy
Or eased another's pain,
If you have soothed a fevered brow,
You ne'er need say, "I've lived in vain."

"Where are the rangers?"

"They said they would meet Monty at the foot of the trail."

I looked off up the road in helpless frustration. Then my mind receded from it all. "Look," I said. "It just couldn't have been a lion. Are you sure? How big was it?"

"Oh, yes it was," the three answered excitedly. "And it was long," cried Penny. "Six or seven feet! It looked terrible!"

I cast another despairing glance up the road that wound over the ridge above the basin, but its steep grade lay calm and empty in the glaring sunshine. Reluctantly I turned and walked back to the camp with the girls.

Then began the waiting. An hour crept by. Each passing minute made me more apprehensive. I finally walked back up to headquarters and asked how far we would have to go if Gerry should need a rabies shot. I knew that precaution would be necessary after any bite from a wild animal. The desk girl said it would be 110 miles—all the way to Alpine. Since ours was just a three-day stay, that seemed a staggering distance to have to go. I walked back to the trailer again.

Three hours earlier the Lost Mine hikers had loaded up in several cars and driven over the ridge to the small parking lot at the foot of the trail. Piling out, they collected canteens, stuffed oranges into their pockets, and started off. Coming around the second bend they came upon the trail register and all stopped to sign their names. Comments after previous hikers' names brought a round of laughs.

"Hot. Hot. Hot!" one had entered. That seemed slightly incongruous, with this crowd all done up in caps and heavy jackets. But this was November, and a

lot colder than usual at that. Big Bend could be unbearably hot in midsummer. "Could do with a little of that 'hot,'" said one.

Thinning out, they started up the trail. On a sudden thought one turned back and asked, "Lost Mine. Why is it called that?"

Monty, who had been to Big Bend several times, explained. "When we get to the top we'll be able to see a mountain that is supposed to have a mine in it somewhere. The Mexican Government worked it with prisoners, the story goes. Brought them over blindfolded so they wouldn't know where they were. The Comanche Indians resented the intrusion into what they felt was their territory, so they descended on the camp and killed everyone. Then they sealed the mouth of the mine and it's never been found since."

Somebody said, "Let's go mine hunting."

"You'll change your mind when you see the kind of country it's in. It is endlessly wild and lonely—only something with feathers could travel in it. I'd hate to be afoot there very long."

When they reached the top the vastness of the Chisos Mountains stretched away as far as one could see, broken ragged peaks almost void of growth. It looked hard-faced, demanding, frightening.

"I can see," said one of the hikers, "why the ranger said never to venture beyond the trails without a guide. Looks like death sits right out there—waiting."

"Let's not get morbid. Let's go back and have a good meal. I think your empty stomach is affecting your head."

So down they started. Some of the boys ran on ahead, drawn evidently by the suggestion of food. But the main group came more slowly, stopping now and then to look at something.

"That's the drooping juniper. This is the only place in the United States it can be seen."

It did look very queer, all adroop as though it had been cut off at the roots.

They went on but stopped again as two girls arrived on the way up.

"You'd better not go on alone," my husband said. "Mr. Mercer and Monty and Pat are all with this group. I'll go back with you."

"Daddy," Loujean injected, "let me go back up too." So they started back up to the top with the two latecomers. "If you go slowly," they called back to the main group, "maybe we can catch up with you on the way down."

"All right," someone answered. The group started on again. Lohna, Penny, and Verla Mae were a little ahead, chatting as they went along. Pat Scott came next, his long legs covering the ground so easily he almost made those behind trot to keep up. Gerry Truitt, Martha Northcutt, Rosie de la Garza, and Saree Smith came next, followed by Clyde Mercer and Monty, who were deep in a rock-theory discussion.

Mr. Mercer looked up. "Say, Monty! I didn't know we had a dog with us."

"We don't, er—we didn't—er—say, what is that?" It, whatever it was, had stepped into line right in front of them.

"Stand still, everyone!" Monty said quietly, but so the entire group could hear.

Saree Smith, curious at such a command, glanced back. Her senses didn't have time to function, but she automatically stepped aside and let the animal pass. It moved swiftly and smoothly without the slightest sound. It passed Rosie, and Martha, who shook her head, blinked her eyes several times as confused thoughts rushed through her mind.

"Gerry," Martha said quietly. "Look behind you."

The lion had moved in directly behind Gerry. She stopped and turned. It looked like a lion! Suddenly its tail began to twitch; its eyes glared.

"Stand still!" came Monty's voice again as some moved to run.

Gerry stood still, trying to control herself. Suddenly the lion reached out a huge paw and grabbed her jean-clad leg just above the knee. She covered her eyes with her hands.

In a trance the rest stood there as they saw the great creature open his jaws wide and turn his head sideways to get a firm hold over Gerry's leg. Clyde and Monty closed in quickly, looking frantically for some weapon or something. Pat moved back from his lead position with the only weapon he could find—a ball of snow in his hand.

As Gerry screamed the lion looked up in startled surprise at her face and then jumped a few feet off the path. It crouched, mouth open, tail twitching.

A wave of motion went over the girls as though they were about to run.

"Stand still," Monty said harshly.

Pat had reached Gerry, and putting an arm around her, he moved her back behind him. He faced the lion and threw his snowball at it. The lion started down hill, only to be met by Verla Mae, Penny, and Lohna who were running back to see what the scream was about.

The lion crouched and glared at them. "Don't run," said Pat. "Back up slowly." They backed slowly. When they were at a safe distance Pat said, "Now run!"

"And get help!" yelled Monty.

The girls turned and took off full speed down the trail. They could hear shouting as they sped along, and they wondered whether they were being pursued or whether another lion had appeared. Their confused thoughts lent wings to their feet.

Part way down they met two men hikers and gasped, "Get help! Find a ranger! A lion has attacked our group up there!"

The two just laughed at them as though it was all a huge joke. The girls ran on.

In the meantime the lion had jumped up on a low ledge and for awhile stood watching those on the trail. Gerry was trembling so much that two other girls had to support her.

During the short breather Monty tried for a shot with his camera. But his hands shook so that he could not operate it properly.

Then a new thought occurred to them: the four who had gone back to the top must at this very moment be coming toward them, and they would know nothing of the danger that they were walking into. And someone recalled that the cars were locked and the girls who had run ahead for help would be stopped there at the bottom of the trail.

"Martha," said Monty, "keep an eye on that thing. I'll run and take the car and telephone for help. And Pat," he added, "get my dad. There are only four of them in that group. Tell them to get down here quickly. We'll all be safer together."

Pat started up the trail as Monty started full speed down. Pat went as fast as he dared but he kept a sharp eye. No one could tell where the cat might appear next or what it might do.

Rounding a bend, Pat spotted the little group ambling cheerfully toward him. "Elder Burns, hurry!" he shouted. "A lion!"

Elder Burns was torn between the desire to laugh at the joke and the impression that the look on Pat's face was in earnest.

"You're kidding," he grinned.

Pat waved his arms wildly. "No, I'm not. It got right on the trail with us. It tried to bite Gerry. Mr. Mercer is there with the girls, Monty is running down the mountain to get help, and I ran up here to tell you."

Convinced, the four ran down the trail with Pat until they reached the other group.

"Gerry, did it hurt you?" Ed asked.

"No, I guess not." But her voice trembled.

"Well, we'd better get out of here. Pick up anything you can see for a weapon and let's go."

Down the trail the entire group went, their eyes searching the brush along the way.

In the meantime Monty had run to the car and unlocked it. He and the three girls and some of the boys that had been far ahead of the rest of the group jumped in. They raced for the park headquarters in the basin as fast as they dared, knowing that since the lion had done such a strange thing as to attack a human being once, it might attack again.

Arriving in front of the headquarters building, they exploded from every door of the car, leaving them all open and the motor running. Inside, the girl at the desk was incredulous, but an old-timer sitting quietly on a stool, jumped up, grabbed

the telephone, and called the chief ranger.

"Hello, Fitch. Better get over to Lost Mine trail. Lion attacked a group over there."

A loud click of the receiver was the only answer. He turned to the boys. "He'll be there right away."

The boys went out, jumped the steps, got into the car, and went careening back up the road.

As they arrived below the beginning of the Lost Mine trail they saw the hikers, carrying rocks and sticks, cutting through the sparse trees to get to the open road more quickly.

As the boys in the car and the hikers met, questions flew and were just subsiding when the ranger's car came to a screeching halt beside them. Two men jumped out.

"What happened?" they asked.

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

FAMILY FARE

by DOROTHY DYE SCHAFFNER

Your Privilege

SOCIAL occasions are important to our youngsters at the Songa Mission Hospital, where we have few diversions and no place to go.

One day when I was making a cake for a get-together of our mission-station family of eleven, our seven-year-old Rita announced she was going to pray that the cake wouldn't fall. My last cake hadn't been much of a success, with our wood stove.

Later, when I was icing the nice high cake, Rita sighed happily, "Doesn't prayer save a lot of trouble!"

How true. And it could save us more if we availed ourselves of the privilege more often.

Someone else has said with inspiration,

"What a wonder it is that we pray so little! . . . What can the angels of heaven think of poor helpless human beings, who are subject to temptation, when God's heart of infinite love yearns toward them, ready to give them more than they can ask or think, and yet they pray so little, and have so little faith? . . ."

"The darkness of the evil one incloses those who neglect to pray. The whispered temptations of the enemy entice them to sin; and it is all because they do not make use of the privileges that God has given them in the divine appointment of prayer."*

"Doesn't prayer save a lot of trouble!"

* Steps to Christ, p. 94.

by PHYLLIS SOMERVILLE

He Carries the Load

CAN you carry Jesus?" my four-year-old asked. Since he asked the question in all seriousness I felt I should answer in like manner.

"No, David, I can't carry Jesus." I hesitated to know what more to say, but his eyes were still looking up, expecting further explanation. "Jesus is in heaven now, so I can't carry Him. Jesus carries our problems." This I knew he could hardly grasp, but it seemed to satisfy him and he went on about his play of making

roads in the sand pile for his yellow cars and new red truck.

No, I can't carry Jesus, but how I wish I could trust Him more, so that He might really carry me! So many times I have tried to pray, all the time forgetting the hymn that says, "Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there."

Many times He has answered my prayers after I stopped struggling with my burdens and allowed Him to carry both them and me.

IT IS the road we take that makes the difference," stated Elder Theodore Lucas in his keynote address to the Northern Union Youth Congress, Thursday, September 3, as he appealed for Seventh-day Adventist youth to avoid conformity with the world.

Anticipating the activities planned for the two-day session, the world leader of Adventist youth told his opening-night audience, "These exercises are like chapter headings of a book. It is you who write the story."

The story was to be written against the backdrop of shade trees, rustic buildings, and beautiful Medicine Lake, at Mission Farms, near Minneapolis, Minnesota. The writers were hundreds of Missionary Volunteers from North and South Dakota, Iowa, and Minnesota.

Delegates and friends from each of the Northern Union's four State conferences nearly filled their respective sections of the auditorium when C. H. Lauda, Minnesota Conference president and congress music chairman, signaled the session's beginning with a singspiration and musical program.

The musical program ended on a patriotic note. Carolyn Rhodes, of Union College, sang "America the Beautiful," and while the audience stood respectfully an honor guard of three medical cadets placed the Stars and Stripes on the platform. Climaxing the patriotic gesture, the congregation sang, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Two musical features destined for important roles in the gathering were introduced this first night. Joyce Bryant, gifted young singer who was to tell of her conversion at a later meeting, sang "How Great Thou Art," and Glen Maxson, Missionary Volunteer secretary of the Inter-American Division, presented four Mexican youth whose teamwork with the famous hand-made marimba matched the unique color their artistry was to bring to the congress. The youth were: Bulmaro Aguilar, Moises Garcia, Pablo Balboa, and Lilia de Rodriguez.

From the printed program to the carefully scheduled meetings, the one most responsible for planning and producing the congress was Boyd Olson, Northern Union youth leader. His opening remarks pinpointed the purpose of the gathering: to prepare Adventist youth for greater service in time's last hour. He turned delegates' eyes toward this objective when he said he hoped the assembly would be remembered not merely because of the program features, important and enjoyable as these would be, but rather "as a time of heart searching. . . . We hope all will be changed—that all will be more like Christ."

In his Friday morning devotional, Union College President D. J. Bieber appealed for a positive approach to Christian liv-

ing and preparation for the coming of Christ. He called the return of Jesus "the focal point of this movement," and saw the apparent delay in Christ's coming as a result of negative thinking and living among professed believers.

Four sectional meetings on Friday dealt with Voice of Youth evangelism, Pathfinder leadership, "This Thing Called Love," and "How to Overcome Fear." Identical morning and afternoon sessions were conducted so each delegate could participate in meetings.

Sydney Allen, of the Union College religion department, gave three steps he felt would safely guide young people in choosing their vocations, Friday, at eleven o'clock, in a sermon entitled "Your Role in History's Drama." "The first step away from Christ," Elder Allen warned, "is frequently a step away from the Missionary Volunteer meeting."

A special event not published in the program took place Friday afternoon, when Elder Lucas conducted two meetings, one for young men and the other for young women, dealing with the prevailing degeneracy in matters of moral conduct as a sign of the end of the world, and advocating a high moral standard for Adventist youth.

The large Friday night audience agreed that the Christ-centered program presented by Dick and Henry Barron, evangelists from Texas, provided an appropriate beginning for the Sabbath. Included with the Barrons' musical program were selections by the Chordsmen male quartet of Minneapolis, and the

Mexican marimba team. While the "brothers in song" sang their popular "David and Jonathan" duet, the chalk artistry of Pat Wangsness, of Middle River, Minnesota, created a glowing sunset scene. Elder Dick Barron employed the imagery of 1 Peter 5:8, which depicts the devil as a lion stalking its prey, in a message on the devices used by the evil one to trap twentieth-century youth.

The people and events of the Sabbath program were many and inspiring. Like the brisk wind that swept off Medicine Lake, the breath of God seemed to fan continuously a flame of holy fire in the hearts of both listeners and participants. Eagerness to receive the expected blessings was revealed in the size of the capacity audiences, estimated at two thousand, which crowded into the auditorium.

Northern Union Evangelist R. M. Whitsett's Sabbath morning devotional challenge to "know where the goal is" and fulfill God's purpose by striving toward it, once more focused youthful attention on the theme of service.

O. R. Rees, Sabbath school and home missionary secretary of the Northern Union, was in charge of the Sabbath

by EDWIN J. WILSON

Northern Union Youth Congress



school and home missionary services. A spirited song service, led by J. W. Rhodes of Union College, musical selections, a lesson study by R. H. Nightingale, president of the Northern Union Conference, and mission appeal by Elder Glen Maxson—all of these combined to provide the Sabbath school program.

Elder V. G. Anderson, General Conference vice-president who was scheduled to deliver the sermon at the eleven o'clock service, was unable to attend because of illness. When Elder Lucas, en route to the congress, visited him at his Hinsdale, Illinois, hospital room, Elder Anderson requested, "Give them [those attending the congress] all the love of my heart."

Addressing the assembly in Elder Anderson's place, Elder Lucas declared, "There is only one title to life, and that is the use of it for Him." Scores responded when he invited those wishing to dedicate their lives to God's service to gather at the altar for prayer.

The Glendale choir, of Minneapolis, introduced the afternoon meeting with a program of sacred music, followed by a series of conversion stories and interviews. First was the testimony of Joyce Bryant, now a Bible instructor in the

Allegheny Conference, who told how God had in times of crisis spared her life and led her back to His service from a successful but unsatisfying career in the world of entertainment. To conclude her testimony she sang, "I'd Rather Have Jesus."

Four Share Your Faith interviews, one from each local conference of the Northern Union, were conducted by the four Missionary Volunteer secretaries: G. P. Stone of Iowa, Wayne Griffith of Minnesota, G. D. Bras of North Dakota, and M. L. Sample of South Dakota. Elder Olson then introduced Pat Klute, of South Bend, Indiana, who told how she found God's message through the witnessing of a Seventh-day Adventist dentist.

Climaxing the afternoon program, a colorful mission pageant dramatized the world scope of Adventist witnessing. Missionaries dressed in costumes of the lands where they had served filed onto the platform. Some reviewed their mission experiences in public interviews.

The last meeting of the congress, Saturday night, began with a warm *saludo* from Inter-America. Señoritas passed through the aisles tossing flowers of friendship to a delighted audience, while the Mexican marimba foursome created an exotic at-

mosphere with rhythms and melodies from Inter-America.

Elder Maxson introduced the eighteen nations comprising the Inter-American Division, while flag-bearers in national costumes presented the flags of the various countries. The whole area is "no longer the sleepy land of mañana," he declared, speaking of the rapid advance of the gospel. As he told of a thirteen-year-old boy preacher of Colombia, and of a convert who attracted others to his belief by reading his Bible aloud by the side of the road, these stories were illustrated in pantomime.

The last meeting of the congress closed with the audience singing the Spanish hymn "Beyond the Sun," so popular with Adventists in Inter-America and so much in harmony with the blessed hope of Adventists everywhere. The friendly Mexican youth were still playing marimba "encores" for an enthusiastic group of listeners long after the meeting closed.

Two songs of the congress told its message. The theme song, "Missionary Volunteers," sounded the ringing call to service, and Inter-America's hymn of hope extolled the day when Missionary Volunteers from around the world meet "Beyond the Sun."

Prison

PRISON! That, my dear student, is just what it is around here. They make sure you're all tucked in at night, and to make sure a person gets up in the morning, they have daily worship. Chapel! Three times a day we have to go to religious services. Oh, I wish I had gone to a different college without all these restrictions."

I was a non-Adventist, and these words from a Christian young man shocked me. I was new to a Christian school, and I understood what the other side was like.

As I had walked along the well-tracked path to the inviting men's dorm, my thoughts were about the future. Since this was my first semester in college, my curiosity was heightened with every step of my approach to the dorm.

"Welcome to Monto State" greeted me as a highway bulletin board would ordinarily greet me. To the left of this large scrap of paper was a student. At least I assumed he was a student. He was putting up a large poster next to the corner of the bulletin board—"Big Dance at the Den Tonight for All Freshmen." Along with this was the information of how to find the Den.

"That's great. I'll have something to do this evening," I blurted out to the student. Asking him where I could register, I received a not-very-polite answer.

"Over by that cactus you'll find an entrance," he said, "and if you miss it you must be blind. Then throw a brick through the door and it will open. Go in and turn a sharp left, knock over some students, and you'll be first in line." I thanked him for the information and proceeded like a trooper.

"Oh, my aching feet! That line must have been a mile long," I said later to my new roommate in our room in J Hall. We were on the third floor with a view of the garbage cans below near the door, where a person would go outside to get some fresh desert air. The first question that arose between my new roommate and me concerned names. "What is your name?" he said in a husky voice fitting his size to a T.

"John Graves, G-r-a-v-e-s," I said spell-

ing my last name out because most people call me Greece.

"Graves—any relation to the dead?" he said with a chuckle.

"At least you have a sense of humor," I said to him. Actually my opinion of him was that he would make a good life-guard in a carwash. I asked him his name.

"Joe College. Played football for three years and my team placed third in the State. Made varsity all three years at old Iowa Tech," he said.

The next morning everyone seemed very friendly at breakfast. A loud sound, however, came from the other end of my table. My new roommate was gulping down his breakfast, in between boasting to the fellow next to him of his victories on the football field. The way he was eating, a person might think he was playing football with his breakfast.

Later that morning a small green beanie with a large M on the front of it was placed on my head, with the instructions that it was to be worn until Monto State won its first football game.

After the beanie ceremony I went to the freshman assembly where the president of the college welcomed us. In his speech I noticed he emphasized the fact that most of the students who would make their grades would have to belong to a fraternity or a sorority.

That night his words breezed through my mind like the hot wind across the desert. Joe was sitting on his bed calmly reading a book: *How to Be a Good Athlete With the Proper Diet*. "In my opinion, how to be dumb and diet along with it," I said to myself.

Looking up from his book on health, he asked me what my major was.

"Business administration," was my re-

ply. "What is yours?" I wondered whether it was physical education.

"Electrical engineering."

"In the president's speech today he mentioned that those who are in fraternities will be more likely to make their grades. What do you think, Joe?" I said as I prepared to undress for bed.

"I'm going to join a fraternity just as soon as I'm finished registering. How about you?"

"I think it would be better if I waited a semester. Which fraternity are you going to join?" I queried as I turned out the lights.

"I'm going to wait for 'rush,'" he said.

I lay in bed pondering about "rush."

"Rush" was rush all right, and it came the day after registration day. This was a day when all the fraternities opened their doors to incoming freshmen. "Rush day" was to let the freshmen see what the fraternities had to offer, and many of the freshmen were being caught like flies. They weren't using flypaper, however. They offered girls, liquor, and all the tests ahead of time for your classes.

I too was caught. Blinded to what lay before me in the future, I pledged MKT. It was voted the outstanding men's fraternity on campus the previous year. I thought I had made a good choice, especially since they emphasized "no liquor." All the other fraternities put a lot of emphasis on alcoholic beverages.

Next came the pledging ceremonies, where a student takes an oath to be loyal to the fraternity at all costs. Finally, when I was situated in the fraternity house, I discovered that Joe had pledged the same fraternity I had and by the hand of fate was still my roommate, along with another fellow. "Three men to a room"



*The collegiate grass
is not always
greener on the other side of
the denominational fence.*

was the fraternity's motto. Its objective was to get the house filled so the national organization would give it the money for a new house.

Classes had been going on for about two weeks now. The pledge pin I was wearing on my right-front pocket distinguished me as an MKT man. Friday night the "actives" took all the new pledges out in the desert, getting them tight with liquor. I didn't drink, so they had me climbing a cactus so I would have something to do.

After about half an hour I decided that a drink wouldn't be so bad after all. When we were intoxicated, the actives made us run one mile down to some cactus on a dirty, rocky road. After we arrived there we were told to turn around and march back, saying aloud, "Hup-two-three-one, hup-two-three-two." Upon reaching "hup-two-three-one thousand" we had to turn around and run back as fast as we could to the cactus we had started from.

All this was to be done in ten minutes, with a penalty if failure occurred. The penalty was that the pledge who failed in this test had to climb three of the largest cacti the actives could find.

Moaning and groaning came from our room the next morning. Joe said he felt like a cactus himself and added that he was going to join the Alcoholics Anonymous. Since I didn't feel much better myself, the idea seemed reasonable after what we had been through the night before. Our other roommate was not back yet. I guessed he was still climbing cacti.

"If this is what a fellow has to do to make grades in school," I said to Joe, "I'm going to depledge right now and settle down to a nice quiet job. I am paying for the privilege of climbing cacti and a job would pay me not to climb them."

Next thing I knew I was climbing palm trees and cutting palm branches because one of the actives didn't like the way they looked. After about a month of wild parties (which I won't describe because of the goings on), I wondered just what fellows and girls of college age came to school for. My grades were going steadily

the wrong way, and I was getting a very distorted view of higher education.

I then figured that by going around and asking some of the regular members of the fraternity what they expected to get out of college, I could find my mistakes. One of the active members told me this was his seventh year in college and that he expected to graduate in two years. He said it was too much fun to make short work of it. This was similar to most of the other answers I received.

All around me I could see evil beginning to control the very souls of the fellows in the fraternity. I felt like a caged animal, with evil closing in tightly all around me.

By being a member of this fraternity I had not profited for later life at all. There was never a moment to study, because some active always needed someone to brush his teeth or comb his hair. In other words, it seemed to me that a person just paid the fraternity for the privilege of being a slave, with the incentive that if he slaved hard enough he might

become an active. When I found out that only three out of the pledge class of forty were going to go active in the fraternity, and the rest would be slaves another semester, my temper rose to a boil. I wanted to depledge, but I was afraid the fellows would say I couldn't take it.

That night as I lay in bed I prayed that God would help me make a decision to leave that place of evil. Because mid-semester tests were not far away, the actives of MKT were getting all the tests for their members. This was the incentive I needed to get courage to depledge.

When one of the actives came to my room and gave me the tests for my classes, I told him that if I had to stoop this low to be a good member I was all through. Then I took the tests he gave me and tore them up in front of him. After that I packed my things and walked out.

I went to a counselor in J Hall, where I had registered at the beginning of the semester. She advised me that I had done the right thing and gave me another room on the third floor.

My ex-fraternity brothers were puzzled about my actions, but they did not say a thing to me. They could not see the web of evil they had woven around themselves and others. ("By being lazy in this life, what are they going to earn for the next?") I said to myself as I walked up the steps to my room.)

Their opinion about God was that as long as He stayed up in the clouds where He belonged and did not interfere with their pleasures He was all right. They were just living the present the easiest and laziest way they could without looking toward the future at all. I felt sorry for them when they would have to face the future, but I was thankful that I had seen the light in time. This was a new beginning for me, which would let me adjust myself to college the right way this time.

But I found out that the dorm life was even harder than the fraternity life. Here discipline was a forgotten word. The morals of some of the students were sickening. Study was the last thing that was thought about in the dorm. On the average there were about fifty parties going on every night during the week to keep some of the dorm students busy. The students had torn up J Hall so badly the year before that it cost the school eight thousand dollars to put it back into proper living condition.

My new roommate was a farm boy from Penn Yan, New York. Since he had a lot of money, he played the role of the college playboy. His object in going to school was to get all the fun out of it without putting much work into it. Within a month after I had moved in, he was dismissed from the dorm for fighting.

The next roommate was a regular cowboy right off the ranch. His boots reached up to his knees, and all he did was play Western records on the phonograph night and day. So I studied to "Home on the Range" and other tunes. I could still hear the sound of those records when he was dismissed from J Hall.

My next roommate was of stable character and principle. His name was Larry Hamilton, a premed. Larry and I got along fine, but the noise in the dorm was too much. The only alternative was the library, a place of peace and quiet. We found it too was such a social center that we soon decided the dorm was the place to study. At the end of the semester a lot of students got notices of expulsion, but my roommate and I both came out with average grades.

After one semester at Monto State I received the news of my acceptance at a Christian college. I never really had the right idea about school until I came to a Christian college. Now I know that college life can be much more enjoyable where religion and education go together hand in hand.

"Prison" he calls it. I wonder whether he really knows what he's talking about.

Presence by MARCIA COLLETT

Dear Father, I'm here again;
We've been through the day together,
And You've always been near.
But, Lord, I suffered not as
Crowds beheld a martyr's chains and saw
The faggots flame and sear.

I knew not the loathful looks,
The stripes, the weariness encountered
By your infant church.
I addressed myself to books
And felt the friendly campus breeze
Encourage in the search

For knowledge. Yet in every
Bell that sounded a new class, You
Challenged, "Go . . . and teach. . . .
The peace on faces that you see
But beckons to their kindred whom
My gospel yet will reach."

Yes, Father, I was near You—
You taught the words that to some soul
Will make each lesson gold.
The instructor speaks; I hear You
Describe the grace through students, You
Are hoping to unfold.



Who will support you?

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.

A YOUNG husband and wife who came to my office for advice explained that he was attending the School of Medicine of the College of Medical Evangelists and she was commuting twenty miles each day to La Sierra College where she was a senior. Their troubles seemed to center around their unwillingness to accept the responsibilities that properly belong to married people.

In an effort to get the complete picture I asked, "Who supports you?"

In response, Jack looked at Nancy and she looked at him. He spoke first. "Why, I guess my father pays most of our bills."

Then Nancy broke in, "But my father pays my tuition bills, I think. I suppose the business office sends the bills to him—at least I never see them."

Young people who are mature in their attitudes give thought, as they look forward to marriage, to the important question, Who will support us? But Jack and Nancy had taken their parents' help for granted. They had accepted no personal responsibilities in the matter.

Usually the problem of a young married couple's support comes into the picture because the young man has not yet completed his education. I am thinking not only of Jack and Nancy but also of the junior ministerial student and his fiancée who would like to be married next summer except that they do not know how to pay their expenses during his last year of the college ministerial course and his work at the Seminary. I am thinking of the dental student and his prospective wife as they wrestle with the problem of how to finance the long professional course in which he is enrolled and still pay their rent, buy their food, and purchase new

clothes as the old ones wear out. I am thinking of the college student whose education has been delayed until he is now old enough to marry but who still does not have money in the bank to support a wife.

Before a young couple can solve the problem of who will support them after marriage, they must determine what their standard of living will be and how much money they will need. I recall one couple who, while going through the period of his medical training, seemed to feel that they should maintain about the same way of life that they expected to follow when he became a physician. They purchased a three-bedroom home and bought a comfortable car. Even though the wife had good employment, it was necessary for the husband to discontinue his medical course for a year in order to support them. Their standard of living was too high.

Another couple I know planned their budget around such a low standard of living that they actually lived in poverty during the time he was completing his education. They lived in a made-over garage. They did not have the funds to buy new clothes, so they wore the same ones, year after year. There was even a question of whether they were able to buy the kinds of food that provide an adequate diet. The husband worked diligently every spare minute to earn enough money to pay their bills. It was to their credit that they did not go into debt. But those of us who knew them felt that they should have planned their financing more realistically—so that they could have had at least the basic comforts of life.

There are two principal plans that young people follow as they look forward to marriage and continuing education and

try to find their answer to the question, Who will support us? Some depend on their parents for help; others place their reliance on the money the wife can earn while her husband continues in school.

Before young people depend on their parents to support them, they should find out whether the parents have sufficient resources to provide the amount of money the young people will need. I know one father who was very generous with his sons. When they reached the age for marriage he willingly offered to increase his share of support while they continued their schooling after marriage. This father worked beyond reasonable limits in his efforts to fulfill his promise. He took a second job and worked sixteen hours a day, day after day, in his effort to help his sons and their wives balance their budgets. Surely this father was most unselfish, but it seemed that his sons permitted him to go too far in risking his health and financial security as he attempted to make their lives easy.

When parents find it in their hearts to help their married children while they are completing their education, there should be a clear understanding as to whether this help is an outright gift or merely a loan. One young doctor had supposed that the help his father provided was a gift. He was surprised and somewhat handicapped later when his father pressed him for an early repayment. This came at a time when he was trying to establish his practice and when his expenses for new equipment were high. If he and his father had worked out earlier a more specific plan, the young doctor might have engaged in a different kind of practice in which his expenses would not have been so high until his debt to his father had been paid.

It is easy for the parents to assume that because they are helping to support the new family, they have a right to tell them what to do with their money. Thus, with strings attached to the income, the young husband and wife are not free to exercise their own judgment in planning their affairs.

One father and mother told their mar-

ried daughter, "We will give you \$900 this year if you will agree to continue your music lessons." Music is fine, but, in principle, if a couple are mature enough to be married, they should also be mature enough to handle their own affairs. When the parents use their financial help as a means of controlling the lives of the young people, they deprive them of the opportunity they need in order to learn how to carry the responsibilities of married life.

The second method of providing support during the time a young husband is completing his education involves the wife's willingness to become the breadwinner. In many cases, this arrangement solves the financial problem well. There are some complications, however, even when the wife is perfectly willing to be this generous in her contribution to the welfare of the new home.

First is the consideration of the wife's health. For the wife to work all day and at the same time keep up an apartment and prepare meals is about the same as carrying two jobs. The wife who must look forward while she works to the many things she must do when she returns home in the evening can easily become discouraged and lose interest in those more important considerations that contribute to happiness in marriage. This discouragement plus the weariness of her long hours of effort tend to reduce her physical resistance and make it easy for her to become ill.

Another problem relating to the wife's willingness to work centers around the strained relations that may develop between husband and wife when the wife assumes the role of breadwinner. In the ideal adjustment to marriage a husband carries the responsibility for making the living and for representing the family in dealings with the outside world. A wife's natural responsibilities are in the home, where she devotes her energies and talents to making the home attractive and comfortable.

Carolyn was a talented girl who was devoted to her husband and ambitious for his progress. She encouraged him to take

the medical course. With her encouragement went her willingness to support them during his long period of training. She did not realize, however, that the arrangement by which she made the living deprived her husband, Robert, of the status by which a man takes pride in his family and its welfare.

Being efficient, Carolyn managed their affairs very well. She looked after the payment of their bills. She arranged with the mechanic when their car needed servicing. She had all the dealings with the landlady. Robert's only functions seemed to be to accept graciously the home life Carolyn administered and to do a good job with his studies.

But through the years during which Carolyn was the acting head of the house, Robert was building up certain determinations by which he expected to come into his own once his schooling was completed. He appreciated Carolyn's sacrifices and diligence, but he still wished that he could play his rightful part as head of the house. He even longed for the time when he could have a few dollars in his pocket that he could call his own and spend as he pleased.

Meanwhile, Carolyn was developing certain hopes for the future. She felt that her contribution to Robert's education was a good investment, which someday should pay good dividends. She looked forward to the time when Robert could relieve her as head of the house, but her hope for this time centered around her desire to have the things of which she had been deprived while Robert was a student. She expected that the evidence of his appreciation would be in the form of letting her spend his earnings once he became a doctor.

Finally the day arrived when Robert established his practice. But it was not easy for Carolyn to surrender the control she had wielded so long. Robert, having waited several years for the opportunity to be a man in his own right, now wanted to take over completely. Thus their carefully laid plans came to an unhappy result with the development of personal tensions that robbed them of the happiness they had expected to enjoy.

Now back to our original question: Who will support you if you marry before the husband is ready to assume his place as breadwinner?

There are several answers to this question. But each answer carries its possible complications. So in every case there should be careful planning, lest human shortcomings crowd into the picture and deprive the young husband and wife of the happiness they expect to find in marriage.

Cordially yours,

HAROLD SHRYOCK, M.D.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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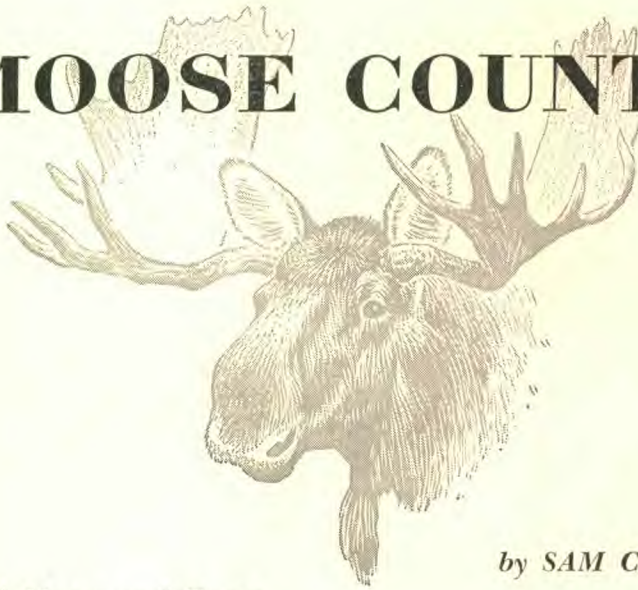
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MOOSE COUNTRY



by SAM CAMPBELL

IX. Of Moose and Tents and Frying Pans

UNTIL Hi-Bub, Marge and Bob entered the picture, our anticipation of the coming Canadian adventure was not all it should have been. Oh, we loved the thought of going to this wilderness of forests and lakes. Its utter wildness led us to name it our favorite land, not even excepting the region where our Sanctuary lies. It is an ancient, ancient land where one feels the primitive loveliness of nature reaching endlessly into distance and without limit into time. Yes, we wanted to go, but there hadn't been that consuming enthusiasm that makes one think, talk and dream constantly of what is to come.

There was new life in the plans now. Hi-Bub saw to that. He beamed like an arc light. His parents could hardly get him to eat his meals. Bob described a typical dinner experience to us.

"You know what I am going to do, Mom?" Hi-Bub asked, as they were seated at the table.

"Well, I hope you are going to eat your dinner."

"Yes, I will. But I mean up'n Canada," he enthused, picking up a fork and laying it right down again. "I'll get up every morning at five o'clock. No, I guess it better be four o'clock. Maybe three-thirty. And I'll go by myself to see moose."

"Yes, I know. But right now, would you please eat your dinner before it gets cold?"

"Yes, ma'am—and—and—" He picked up a fork and promptly laid it down again. "An' I'll have to be out at night, too, because then the bears will be around—"

"You do plan to sleep, though," put in Bob, "well, say between one-third and three-third in the morning?"

"Uh-huh. But sometimes Sam Cammel stays out all night long so he can see wildcats."

"And you wouldn't want him to be alone, would you?" Marge was getting a little impatient. "Now please eat your carrots and your spinach."

"Yes, ma'am!" He picked up his fork again and held it poised aimlessly while his eyes stared straight forward, not seeing a thing. "Daddy," he broke out again, "how high is seven feet?"

"Well, son, it is pretty high. Please eat your dinner."

"Well, is it as high as the top of that door?"

"Yes, it is higher than that. I can just reach seven feet high—here—" Bob walked over to the wall and touched a point with his finger tips. "That is seven feet from the floor."

"Seven feet from the floor?" exclaimed Hi-Bub.

"Why?" asked his father. "What is so amazing about that?"

"The book says moose are sometimes seven feet high. Look." Excitedly he left his chair and walked over to the wall where Bob had made the measurement. "See how I would look beside a moose."

"Don't you ever get that close to a moose," put in Marge. "Oh, please come and have your dinner. You haven't eaten a bite!"

"Could I get this close, then?" He walked several steps away.

"No, that is too close. Please—"

"Well, could I get about this close?" He went to the other side of the room.

"Yes, I guess that would be all right. Now come on."

"Daddy, would you show me again how high he would be?" Reluctantly

Daddy got up and touched the high spot on the wall again.

"You know how I would walk so I didn't scare him?" exclaimed Hi-Bub.

"Well, walk over to your chair and let's see how you would do it," said Marge.

"See, I would go this way, and never make any noise. Look, Mom." He walked on tiptoe, carefully selecting each step as he avoided imaginary twigs and leaves, all the while watching that seven-foot spot on the wall where the withers of the moose was supposed to be.

"Wonderful!" said Bob. "Now what do you say to a little carrot, spinach and —"

"But this isn't Moo-Moo!" declared Hi-Bub, pointing to the wall.

"What isn't who?" asked Bob, bewildered.

"No, it isn't Moo-Moo!" Hi-Bub was very serious.

Bob and Marge both laid forks down and looked questioningly at Hi-Bub.

"Who in the world is Moo-Moo?" They never knew who or what Hi-Bub would bring into their home, either in reality or imagination. Mice, woodchucks, snakes, lizards, turtles, chipmunks, dogs, cats, bumblebees and birds had all been in their basement at one time or other, while his imagination had filled the house until the roof bulged with such creatures as elephants, giraffes, dinosaurs and what not.

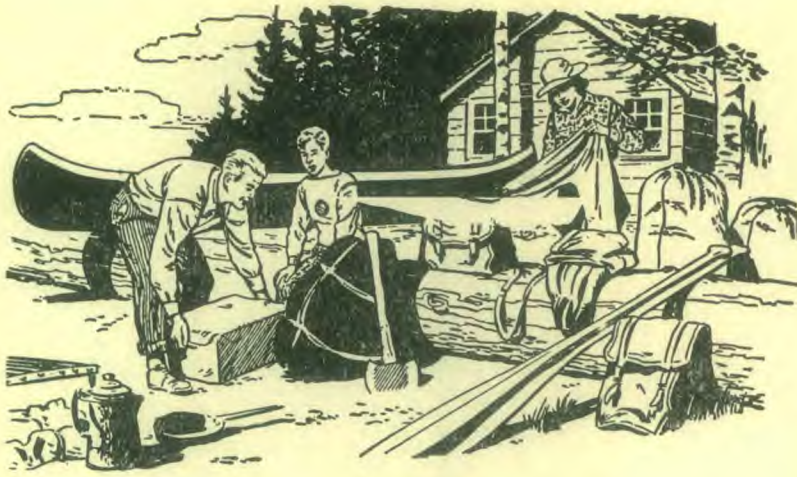
"Why," said Hi-Bub, surprised that they didn't already know, "Moo-Moo is the baby moose up at Sanctuary Lake. She's there—wait and see."

"Well, let me tell you one thing, young man," exclaimed Marge, her patience now exhausted. "If you don't eat your dinner, you won't have the strength to do your part on this trip, and Sam Campbell will be sorry he took you along."

Hi-Bub ate his dinner with no more interruptions, except an occasional glance over his shoulder to the place on the wall where the "moose" stood.

THERE was nothing stoical about our trip plans and preparation from that time on. Anticipation reached the highest possible level. Hi-Bub's measureless enthusiasm infected us all. Our campfire gatherings now were monopolized by talk of the coming trip. Inevitably maps were brought out, and every nook and corner of the canoe country discussed. Ada, June and Ray, bless their unselfish hearts, were as excited as we were, even though they were not included. Ray's business would not permit him to leave at that time, though he made careful note of the route we were taking and where Sanctuary Lake was located. "You never can tell," he said with a wink. "We might come calling on you some evening along about dinnertime."

"Could you?" burst out Hi-Bub, looking right at June. For the moment he forgot to be a woman hater. "Could you come? That would be great!" Then see-



Bob, Marge, and Hi-Bub came out to help with the many little tasks to be done.

ing we were noticing him, he added, "You could help Sam Cammel too."

June just smiled and looked at Ray.

"We will always be watching for you," I declared. "No one could be more welcome. You know the woods so well."

"It just might happen," said Ray. "We won't count on it, but if we do come, we will have our own full equipment and supplies."

"We'll be hoping," said Giny.

"Yes, we will," added Hi-Bub.

AS THE date for our departure neared, we designated a day for final inspection of our equipment. Bob, Marge and Hi-Bub came out to help with the many little tasks which needed to be done.

The inveterate canoeist has a deep sentimental attachment to his equipment. Even as the smoke of the campfire clings to pots and pans, so some of the joy of the adventure adheres to every inanimate thing taken along.

My short-handled, two-bitted cruiser's ax needed sharpening. As Hi-Bub turned the grindstone and I held the backwoods treasure in my hands, I recalled experiences we had had with it in the far north country. That was the ax that had prepared the firewood for our camps for many years. Always it came back with its edges turned and badly nicked, for that is granite country and you can't miss the rocks all the time. It was that little ax that chopped open the portage trail from Agnes Lake to Lake Kawnipi, after a small cyclone had laid trees over it as an impassable barrier. It was that ax that we rescued from the bottom of Maligne River, when our canoe overturned loaded with equipment. That ax blazed miles of trails through marvelous forests when we were searching for Sanctuary Lake. It had supplied tent poles, built crude tables and benches and cleared scores of remote wilderness camp sites.

"Yes, sir, Hi-Bub," I said as I tested the newly made edge with my thumb, "it is a

great ax, and I'll wager it is glad to go back to Canada again."

"I'll bet it is," agreed Hi-Bub, looking at the ax as if he expected it to talk.

Our "silverware" was of the most crude and sturdy stock. We counted out a knife, fork, teaspoon, tablespoon, cup and plate for each of our party. The cups and plates were of aluminum and bore dents from the rocks of the canoe country. What grand repasts they recalled! Yet, if the same kind of food were served us in a city restaurant, no doubt there would be an indignant complaint registered with the manager at once.

Next came the cooking utensils, a lightweight collection of nesting pans and kettles. They were clean on the inside, but black on the outside. It is the tradition among campers that no kettle can cook palatable food until it has a thick veneer of black from campfire smoke. For a moment I held our veteran frying pan in my hands looking at it. For a quarter of a century that utensil had been with me on every camping adventure. How it had responded to the heavy demands those inflated outdoor appetites had made upon it!

"Hi-Bub," I said, "wait till you smell the pancakes cooking in that thing some chilly morning on Sanctuary Lake! You have never tasted such cakes as it can turn out. Every cake is perfectly browned on both sides, and duly flipped in the air."

"Flipped?"

"Yes, flipped!" I said, severely. "You wouldn't turn a real, he-man northwoods pancake with a turner, would you?"

"No," agreed Hi-Bub, disgusted at the thought. "May I learn to flip 'em?"

"I'll teach you to toss them to the tree-tops!" I agreed, placing the skillet among the things to go.

To get the most out of a wilderness adventure, you should go light. Only those things which are absolutely necessary should be taken, and not all of those. One of the triumphs of canoe travel is to see

how many things generally regarded as essential can be dispensed with. It actually gives a feeling of freedom and joy to eliminate the many extras we have believed are necessary to our comfort.

Next in our line of preparations came the tent. There was a small hole in it which needed to be patched. As we stretched it out on the ground, I felt a thrill from head to toe. Strange that a bit of waterproofed cloth like that could be so important. On the front flap of the tent was a long list of camp-site names, where this tent had been pitched. "Yum-Yum Lake, four days of rain" was one entry, and it should have been added that the fine old tent hadn't leaked a drop. "Island Camp in Lac Le Croix" was another notation, where a windstorm had struck and the sturdy tent held fast. "Moose Jaw Camp on Agnes Lake" was a title that brought memories, for here we had found some supplies cached by an earlier traveler, and most welcome they were, for our stock was running low. Other treasured names were listed: Sarah Lake, Saganaga, Sturgeon, Pickerel, Tanners Lake and many more.

"That isn't just a tent, Bob," I said as we worked at the patching job. "It is a treasure chest of memories—and a cornucopia of promises. You will love it as much as Giny and I do by the time we come back."

"Bet I know what a corny copus is," put in Hi-Bub.

"That doesn't sound just like the word. But what is a corny copus?" I asked.

"It's a big long horn with a lot of candy and fruit spilling out!"

"Son, you'd better write your own dictionary," commented Bob.

We sat and talked over our plans. Giny and I would use the tent which we were now repairing. We would carry our aluminum canoe on our car. At the outfitter's station at the end of the road we would

WIT Sharpeners

The Book of Daniel

by SHIRLEY McDERMOTT

Can you name:

1. The two rivers mentioned in the book of Daniel?
2. The two prophetic animals of Daniel 8?
3. The kingdoms these prophetic animals represent?
4. Two other prophetic animals symbolic of the same kingdoms?
5. The angel who interpreted Daniel's vision?

Key on page 20

rent another canoe, tent and certain other equipment for Bob, Marge and Hi-Bub.

"Can't we go now?" asked Hi-Bub. "What are we waiting for?"

"May I break into your Canadian dreams for just a moment?" asked a voice, and we looked up to see Giny standing there. She wore an expression of one who bears bad news.

"Just thought I ought to tell you—Still-Mo, Nuisance and Pug have come home, for the eighth time!"

"No!" I exclaimed. "Anything but that."

My answer was a series of sickening sounds coming from the direction of the cabin. First it was like three riveters at work, then the rasping, crunching noise of slivers being chewed out of our house.

X. Forest Ghost Town

OUR departure for the Canadian canoe country was delayed while we dealt anew with the squirrel problem. What to do with the red-skinned rascals now was a baffling question. They were housebreakers and chewers and nothing short of human dwellings satisfied them. That old-fashioned idea of living in a hole in a tree lined with cedar bark and leaves was all right for the former generations but not for Still-Mo, Nuisance and Pug. They had tasted of modern luxury and nothing less would do.

In reality we were having a right good time with the problem even though we did not know the answer. There is no "back of the book" in nature's arithmetic. You figure things out yourself, or else you do not learn.

We had seen this remarkable homing instinct at work before among our Sanctuary animals—but never such a display of its powers as we now watched in our three chickarees. Cheer, the red-winged blackbird, was an example of it, having returned to our island now for five consecutive years. His winter flight took him at least fifteen hundred miles south and back. We recalled the impressive performance of Salt, our pet porcupine, who reached the nuisance stage and caused us to invite him elsewhere. In his slow slug-gish way he came back, once over a distance of about three miles. Bobette, the pet deer, was seen many miles away, yet reported in at the Sanctuary with no difficulty.

However, our trio of squirrels were the crowned champions of this home-coming stunt. There were many mysterious angles to the situation. We had never seen them swimming to the island, though of course this had to be done. We never saw them wet in appearance either. They were just suddenly present—scolding, chasing one another around and gnawing. We wondered if they traveled together—a highly improbable idea since they were contin-

ually battling one another. Yet, when one showed up on the island, the other two were immediately at hand. The longest distance we had taken them was four miles! In the most direct line they would have had to swim two lakes and several streams. It took them nearly three days to make the journey, but they did so successfully and finished full of energy and as pestiferous as ever.

Giny and I had reached that stage of desperation where we sat with our chins resting on our hands and stared straight ahead helplessly. We had run out of ideas, at least out of faith in the idea we were pursuing. Of course, we could take them many miles away and liberate them. We balked at the idea because they had shown such a determination to return we felt sure they would attempt the journey and continue until tragedy overtook them. What we wanted was to see them contented in a new home, satisfied to stay there.

Ray had a suggestion. He and his family made a special trip out to the Sanctuary to tell us about it. In his forestry work he had followed an old tote road back to an abandoned lumber camp. The rough board buildings still stood, a virtual ghost town in the forest. If the squirrels were determined to have buildings, why not take them there? Of course, he said, the buildings are not modern, not insulated and lined with knotty pine like our cabin, but they were good things to chew on and offered good shelter.

Out came the traps again. The squirrels acted as if they were waiting to get in them. Within a few minutes, Still-Mo, Nuisance and Pug were in their separate compartments again, ready for another journey.

Hi-Bub, with his highly developed ability to know what animals are saying, observed: "Still-Mo says, 'Where are we going this time, boys?' And Nuisance answers, 'Don't know. But I'll bet I beat you back.'"

It was quite a journey to the old logging camp, not so far in a straight line, but we had to go indirectly over a winding road so nearly grown over with brush it was difficult to follow. With us went the usual pecks of peanuts, and also some of the insulating material left over after the work at our cabin.

The logging camp was nicely located. It was surrounded by young oak and maple trees, and near at hand was a little pond. Food and water were available for our squirrels, then. We placed peanuts in several of the old buildings, tossed around little bundles of the insulating material where it could be found and then liberated our captives—one in each building. As previously they immediately began carrying the peanuts away. Now, however, the places interested them. They made a thorough investigation. When we left them they were running over the roofs, in and out windows, over rafters,

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chattering loudly at what they had found.

"Oh, please like it," Giny said to the squirrels in a wavering voice. "We not only offer you a house, but a whole city just your own."

"The rent is free and we will make it half as much if you will just stay here!" I called.

Neither nature nor her children answer by words, only by deeds. The squirrels would tell us what they would do simply by doing it.

THERE had been an interesting development with the chimney swifts in our fireplace. Within two weeks the little ones had grown until they were spilling over the side of the nest.

Orphan Annie and L'il Abner, the woodchucks, were making impressive gains in strength and appearance. Giny saw to it that they were well supplied with milk and vegetables. A woodchuck can put on weight at an amazing rate of speed. They must do a year's worth of eating in about six months, for they sleep the rest of the time in this climate. It wasn't long until they were just waddling around with their stomachs barely missing the ground.

They became playful, too, which is another sign of good health. We saw them wrestling and chasing each other all over the island. One of their stunts gave us a big laugh. They had a hole dug right near our front steps, and in and out of this they dashed all day long.

One day Orphan Annie was in this hole trying to come out and L'il Abner wouldn't let her. He bit at her nose and paws. He clawed her in the face. She fought back, but she certainly was at a disadvantage. Talk about striking a fellow when he is down! Annie wasn't just on the ground, she was in it. She couldn't bite or strike effectively, and both of them seemed to know it. Still she kept trying to get out, telling L'il Abner in woodchuck language what she thought of him. He was relentless, however, and kept close guard. We were sure this was in the spirit of play, for Annie could very easily have gone down into the tunnel and come out at another entrance that was at the side of the house. But, no, she wanted to come out right there, and he didn't want her to.

The situation continued for many minutes, and then got worse. L'il Abner deliberately stretched himself over the entrance to their underground home and covered it with his tummy. Annie was disgusted. She tried to poke her head out

one side and then the other, but Abner wouldn't budge. Apparently this was going beyond the boundary line of play. Annie kept her temper while they just sparred and nipped at each other, but this business of him sitting on his tummy in her face wasn't to be tolerated. We heard L'il Abner let out a squeal of surprise mixed with pain. He jumped up and raced into the brush. Annie, having cleared the way with a good bite right in his stomach, emerged triumphant and still belligerent. L'il Abner wasn't allowed to return until he had said in four different languages that he was sorry.

The nightly visits of the raccoons now resembled an invasion. Andrea and her family of six no longer monopolized the show. There was another family of a mother and three cubs coming regularly. A huge male usually showed up at the same time Andrea's tribe arrived. He was much larger than Andrea, and yet she abused him unmercifully. He tried every way to reach the feeding station and at least a nibble of dinner, but she would run at him and chase him away. He did not fight back, but just went into the brush whining pathetically as if saying, "Now why do you treat me like that?"

"Must be her husband," observed Hi-Bub. "Otherwise she wouldn't be so mean to him."

The young coons were becoming very friendly. It has always amused us greatly to see the way the raccoon feels about with his sensitive front feet. He seems to depend on this sense a great deal. It was particularly amusing to see the little ones,

"We are adventists too!"

by **RAYMOND S. MOORE**

VISITORS were on our college campus. Consecrated Christians, they continually saw things to commend here and there. Their curiosity seemed to know no bounds as they carefully looked over our every facility.

As we were walking down one of the halls near our chapel, there came an opportunity to make a favorable comparison between their work and ours, so I began, "You know, Bill, we Adventists have much the same creed as you!"

Bill's rejoinder was prompt. "But, Ray, why do you always say 'we Adventists'? We are adventists too!"

What a wonderful thought it was. There are many outside the Seventh-day Adventist denomination who have the same hope of the personal, glorious coming of our Saviour. It is important to understand these points of similarity, to realize that there are others who are adventists too.

still at the play stage, sit on their haunches like a bear, and roll a peanut or a grain of corn back and forth between their paws "looking it over" before they ate it. One climbed into my lap on several occasions. He was highly curious about my face. He reached up with his front feet and thoroughly investigated my nose, feeling all over it, and pulling on it to see if it were fast. He investigated my eyes and ears the same way, felt over my tightly closed lips and then tried to force his way into my mouth. I rebelled at that.

Four days had passed since we placed Still-Mo, Nuisance and Pug in their new forest home. It was high time we were on our way to Canada. Our equipment was ready and packed. Ray, Ada and June had promised to watch over the Sanctuary and its animals. Hence it was decided that we should go to the old lumber camp and see what was going on with our squirrels. We approached the silent village a little apprehensively. There wasn't a sound except the song of a hermit thrush coming from the forest depths. "They must have gone," whispered Hi-Bub.

"Which means that they are on their way to the island again," I answered in a low voice.

Giny started to say something, but was interrupted by a loud and angry chattering coming from the roof of a building. "Pug!" she exclaimed excitedly. "It is Pug. I can tell by the way he holds his head."

There was a second chatter, likely in answer to the first rather than to our presence, and Still-Mo came bouncing over a pile of decaying lumber. A moment later Nuisance came racing up to see what it was all about. It seemed to me I had never seen anything in the forest that gave me more joy than the sight of those three red squirrels. Apparently our troublesome trio liked their new home. We found where they were padding nests and settling down to stay. They were happy and contented.

"Hi-Bub!" I cried, so loud the three squirrels went scampering. "Our problem is solved. Waho-o-o! We're off to Canada."

Hi-Bub tried to emit the biggest "Hurrah!" he had ever made, but his voice broke and he sounded like a frightened blue jay.

Next week: Chapters XI and XII

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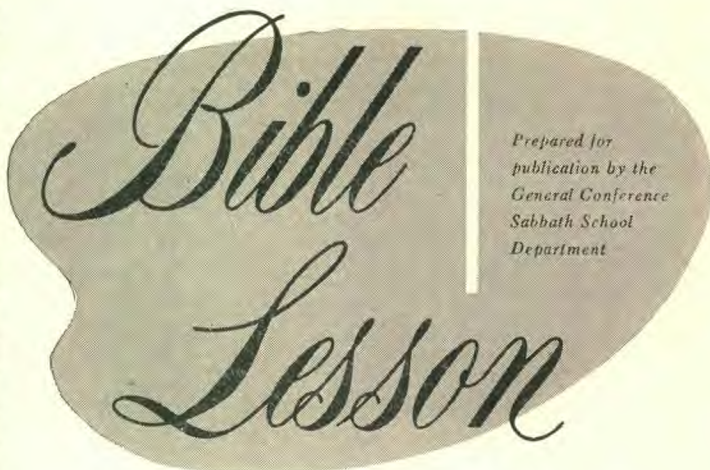
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KEY

Wit Sharpeners

1. Ulai (Dan. 8:2), Hiddekel (Dan. 10:4).
2. Ram (Dan. 8:3), he-goat (Dan. 8:5).
3. Media and Persia (Dan. 8:20, 21).
4. Bear and leopard (Dan. 7:5, 6).
5. Gabriel (Dan. 8:16).



HEAVENLY INSURANCE

Lesson for November 21, 1959

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

MEMORY GEM: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6:33).

OUTSIDE READING: *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, pp. 88-101 (1943 ed., pp. 133-150); *Counsels on Stewardship*, pp. 13-19, 89-91, 341, 342; *Testimonies*, vol. 3, pp. 391-397.

Introduction

"Treasure laid up on earth will not endure; thieves break through and steal; moth and rust corrupt; fire and storm sweep away your possessions. And 'where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.' Treasure laid up on the earth will engross the mind to the exclusion of heavenly things."—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, p. 88.

1 No Security in Earthly Treasure

1. What counsel did Jesus give regarding earthly treasure?

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth" (Matt. 6:19).

2. What is Moses' warning?

"Beware that thou forget not the Lord thy God." "[Lest] thou say in thine heart, My power and the might of mine hand hath gotten me this wealth" (Deut. 8:11, 17).

NOTE.—"The love of money was the ruling passion in the Jewish age. Worldliness usurped the place of God and religion in the soul. So it is now. Avaricious greed for wealth exerts such a fascinating, bewitching influence over the life that it results in perverting the nobility and corrupting the humanity of men until they are drowned in perdition. The service of Satan is full of care, perplexity, and wearing labor, and the treasure men toil to accumulate on earth is only for a season."—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, pp. 88, 89.

3. What does Paul say about what we can take with us from this world?

"We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out" (1 Tim. 6:7).

4. What word does Paul have for the rich?

"Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not highminded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foun-

ation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life" (1 Tim. 6:17-19).

NOTE.—In contrast with the spurious view that God is opposed to riches or to the rich, God is here equated with riches that are certain or sure. Timothy is not instructed to put the rich people out of the church or to denounce them for being rich, but to "charge" them; that is, instruct them.

2 Security Only in Heavenly Treasure

5. Where does Jesus admonish us to lay up treasure?

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven" (Matt. 6:20).

6. Why is this important?

"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also" (Matt. 6:21).

Memory Gem.

NOTE.—This is good sense in the long view, and in the short view as well. Putting God first means eternal as well as temporal security.

"Where the treasure is, there the heart will be. In every effort to benefit others, we benefit ourselves. He who gives money or time for spreading the gospel enlists his own interest and prayers for the work, and for the souls to be reached through it; his affections go out to others, and he is stimulated to greater devotion to God, that he may be enabled to do them the greatest good.

"And at the final day, when the wealth of earth shall perish, he who has laid up treasure in heaven will behold that which his life has gained."—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, p. 90.

3 Principles of Sound Investment

7. What is the first basic fact to be taken into account by the faithful steward who would be a wise investor?

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof" (Ps. 24:1).

"The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts" (Haggai 2:8).

NOTE.—"We should regard ourselves as stewards of the Lord's property, and God as the supreme proprietor, to whom we are to render His own when He shall require it."—*Counsels on Stewardship*, p. 326.

8. What is said of the scope of our financial responsibility?

"Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase" (Prov. 3:9).

NOTE.—This is saying thanks to God for what we have and what we get.

9. What principle of generosity did Jesus present?

"Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again" (Luke 6:38).

NOTE.—"Surely goodness and mercy attend us at every step. Not till we wish the infinite Father to cease bestowing His gifts on us, should we impatiently exclaim, Is there no end of giving? Not only should we faithfully render to God our tithes, which He claims as His own, but we should bring a tribute to His treasury as an offering of gratitude. Let us with joyful hearts bring to our Creator the first fruits of all His bounties—our choicest possessions, our best and holiest service."—*Counsels on Stewardship*, p. 18.

4 The Tithe

10. How old at least is the practice of the tithing system?

"He gave him tithes of all" (Gen. 14:20).

NOTE.—This is Abraham paying tithe to Melchizedek. See also Hebrews 7:4.

"The tithing system reaches back beyond the days of Moses. Men were required to offer to God gifts for religious purposes before the definite system was given to Moses, even as far back as the days of Adam. . . . This was continued through successive generations, and was carried out by Abraham, who gave tithes to Melchizedek, the priest of the most high God."—*Testimonies*, vol. 3, p. 393.

11. To whom does the tithe belong?

"All the tithe of the land . . . is the Lord's: it is holy unto the Lord" (Lev. 27:30).

NOTE.—In keeping and using the nine tenths, we recognize that they too belong to God, as well as the tenth He has specifically requested.

12. What are we to do with our tithe?

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse" (Mal. 3:10).

NOTE.—"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse" (Malachi 3:10) is God's command. No appeal is made to gratitude or to generosity. This is a matter of simple honesty. The tithe is the Lord's; and He bids us return to Him that which is His own.

"It is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful." 1 Corinthians 4:2. If honesty is an essential principle of business life, must we not recognize our obligation to God—the obligation that underlies every other?—*Education*, pp. 138, 139.

"Let no one, when brought into a strait place, take money consecrated to religious purposes and use it for his advantage, soothing his conscience by saying that he will repay it at some future time. Far better cut down the expenses to correspond with the income, to restrict the wants, and live within the means than to use the Lord's money for secular purposes."—*Testimonies*, vol. 9, p. 247.

13. When is a good time to add up the accounts?

"Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him" (1 Cor. 16:2).

14. How does God's insurance for temporal security work?

"Prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field" (Mal. 3:10, 11).

NOTE.—"To the individual, tithe-paying simply means placing himself under God's care, in the place of blessing—being sheltered, guided, with every need supplied, and with the comforting and strengthening assurance not only that 'all things work together for good to them that love God' but the remembrance that it is 'the Lord thy God . . . that giveth thee power to get wealth' (Deut. 8:18).

"Not to pay tithe is just another way of saying to God, 'I don't need Thy care, Thy guidance, Thy loving supply to meet my every need—I can look after myself.'

"Tithe-paying is going with God; non-tithe-paying is going alone."—*Selected*

5 Thanksgiving for His Benefits

15. What vital question was raised by David?

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" (Ps. 116:12).

16. How did he answer it?

"I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people" (Ps. 116:13, 14).

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High" (Ps. 92:1).

NOTE.—"The Lord does not need our offerings. We cannot enrich Him by our gifts. Says the psalmist: 'All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee.' Yet God permits us to show our appreciation of His mercies by self-sacrificing efforts to extend the same to others. This is the only way in which it is possible for us to manifest our gratitude and love to God. He has provided no other."—*Counsels on Stewardship*, pp. 18, 19.

Quizangles

1. Why is wealth always a problem for the Christian? (1)
2. Is a man hopeless in terms of salvation just because he is rich? (1)
3. What always follows after your treasure? (2)
4. What always follows after your seeking first God's kingdom? (2)
5. In what two particular areas of personal economics are we to honor the Lord? (3)
6. What is Jesus' law of giving? (3)
7. How much of the tithe belongs to the Lord? (4)
8. Where is "the storehouse"? (4)
9. What deal does the Lord invite us to make with Him? (4)
10. Why are giving thanks, singing praises, and paying vows important for the young Christian? (5)

NEXT WEEK, November 28, 1959—Lesson title: "No Love Without Giving." Outside reading: *Counsels on Stewardship*, pp. 20-23, 80, 81, 104-107, 323-325; *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 335-345. Memory gem: 2 Corinthians 8:9.



QUESTION I am going with a boy who is not a Seventh-day Adventist. My folks want me to break up with him because of that. He used to smoke, but I told him it was harmful to his body and that I don't believe it is right, so he has stopped smoking. I don't believe it would be very hard to bring him into our church. What do you suggest I do?

ANSWER Experiences of many Adventist youth have proved that it is a dangerous thing to form an attachment to someone not of our faith. Through these attachments many young men and women have closed the history of their religious experience.

You may say, "Well, my case is different.

My boy friend shows an interest in our beliefs. Already he has given up smoking." This is good, but it isn't conclusive. It is entirely too early to say what the future holds in this respect.

How much change is he making because he is interested in you and how much because he is interested in following Christ and becoming a member of the remnant church? In other words: Would he show the same interest in his health and in the church if you were to drop out of the picture entirely?

With this uncertainty existing, it seems to me that your safest course would be to follow the counsel of your parents. Until this young man proves himself on his own, restrain your affections for him.

The risk is too great to go against God's expressed will and your better judgment.

QUESTION Last summer my husband and I did quite a bit of water skiing with my parents and brothers, or sometimes with other young married couples. We had never thought water skiing to be wrong, but it must be if mixed swimming is.

ANSWER Water skiing certainly need not be thought of as inappropriate if done, as you suggest, in a family group, or even with two or three families together, provided the bathing garb is conservative and is worn for the water activity and not made the dress for lounging and other play.

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

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

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



► THE ECLIPSE of the star Regulus by Venus on July 7, 1959, was an event so rare that no record exists of its ever having been observed before. *Science*

► CARIBOU are the chief source of livelihood for Alaska's Eskimos. The animals furnish meat for food, horn for implements, and hides for tents, ropes, and clothing. *NGS*

► APATHY has been named as the reason many people suffer from inadequate diet. Proper foods in necessary quantities may be available, but frequently persons suffering from a lack of nutrients have neglected to learn how and what to eat. *AMA*

► MAJOR commercial and Government fleets throughout the nation averaged only 14 accidents per million miles of travel in 1958—less than a third the rate of 45 per million miles ten years ago. Truck fleets today average some 71,000 miles without accidents, compared with 22,000 miles in 1948. *Automotive Safety*

► A WATERPROOFED, insulated foxhole is no longer just a soldier's dream. A layer of urethane plastic foam sprayed on a foxhole can both waterproof and insulate it within a few minutes. A one-inch layer of the foam, sprayed along the bottom and sides of a foxhole with a portable mixing machine, swiftly dries and becomes rigid. A foxhole cover can be made by spraying the foam on a mold of wrapping paper. *Scope*

► "KREMLIN" is the Russian word for citadel. It refers to Moscow's most ancient and strategic area, which is still walled in by fortifications. The citadel contains old royal palaces, governmental bureaus, and churches where the czars were crowned and buried. Some Government offices, including that of Premier Nikita Khrushchev, are still there and are closed to casual visitors. Other buildings have been opened to tourists since the death of Stalin. *NGS*

► NEARLY 200 birds have been found dead or paralyzed in the northern New Jersey marshlands. Examination of four paralyzed birds revealed poisoning by a botulinus toxin. The anaerobic organism is often found at the bottom of stagnant ponds during warm weather, since the water contains little or no air. Decaying plant or animal life at the bottom of the pond tends to harbor the organism. *Scope*

► A SOARING Air Bridge Monument in West Berlin honors the men who flew the Berlin Airlift in 1948-49. To supply 2 million people cut off by the Soviet blockade, a round-the-clock aerial convoy delivered 2,325,000 tons of supplies. The big planes descended at three-minute intervals. Some crewmen dropped candy to children as they came in. *NGS*

► ONE FIFTH of all new motion pictures, filmstrips, and other audio-visual media released during the past year were produced primarily for church and church-school use, according to the 34th Annual Blue Book of Audiovisual Materials. Of the 2,093 titles listed, 415 come under the heading of religion and ethics. *ESAVG*

► PESTS of Panama and most of the American tropics are the "no-see-ums." These are the biting midges, minute relatives of mosquitoes, some species of which attack man in tremendous numbers and others of which apparently can go through any screen at all hours. *Smithsonian*

► LEADING members of the oil industry believe that it would be possible to drill a 50,000-foot hole if there were reason to do so and if the best of deep-drilling equipment and technology were assembled. The deepest hole to date is 25,340 feet. *Science*

► THE SUN should never be observed directly through a telescope, even when the eye is protected by a darkened glass. Astronomers use instruments that deflect most of the light and heat. Otherwise their eyesight would be impaired. *NGS*

► MARRIAGES in the United States increased from 9.2 per 1,000 population in 1929 to 16.4 per 1,000 in 1946, and have since dropped to 8.3 per 1,000. *MLPFS*

target

If the public reaction to the available information about tooth decay is no better than the same public's reaction to information about nutrition, many a child will be denied the good dental health he could have if his parents were alert and concerned. Again apathy will be responsible for evils that could be avoided.

Apathy about important matters is a disgrace. It is less excusable than ignorance, for ignorance may be the result of inadequate abilities or opportunities, over which a person may have no control; but apathy is the result of mental laziness.

The blunt truth is that some people are just too lazy to maintain good health, just as some church members are too lazy to emerge from a second-rate spiritual experience. *FG*

► IF YOUR lawn turns brown in winter, you can spray-paint it to a healthy green with a special latex-type paint. *Chemical Digest*

► THERE is enough information today about dental caries (decay) to justify the statement that no child should ever lose a tooth from decay. *ADA*

► CLOSED-CIRCUIT television into eight lecture halls has solved the problem of a University of California philosophy course planned for 350 students, but which attracted 1,800 enrollments. *UCAL*

► THE ONLY poisonous mammals are the Australian platypus and the short-tailed shrew of North America. The male platypus has a poisonous spur on its hind leg. The shrew's saliva glands contain a poison similar to that of a cobra. *NGS*

► SNAKES, for the most part, are not only harmless to man but also extremely beneficial. Many species help the farmer by devouring the destructive insects and rodents that infest his fields. Of the world's snakes, 90 per cent are so frightened by anything the size of a man that they are only too glad to get out of the way. *UCAL*

► A "WATER GRASSHOPPER" has been observed in countries of South America. It can swim both under or on the surface of ponds and stagnant streams, and spends much time submerged among aquatic plants, to whose stems it clings to avoid floating back to the surface. Its eggs are laid under water, where they adhere to the under surfaces of floating leaves. *Smithsonian*

► THE ELECTRICAL power generation capacity of a new airship is equivalent to the combined generation capacity of 25 World War II patrol airships. This amount of electrical power could supply the needs of a community of more than 1,000 people. The power generation system supplies electrical power to light several thousand lamps, run more than 125 motors ranging in size from 1/100 to 18 horsepower, power electronic equipment equivalent to 150 television sets, and supply power for many items of crew comfort. *Goodyear*

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