

THE

Youth's

INSTRUCTOR

Another sparkling essay by Robert H. Parr:

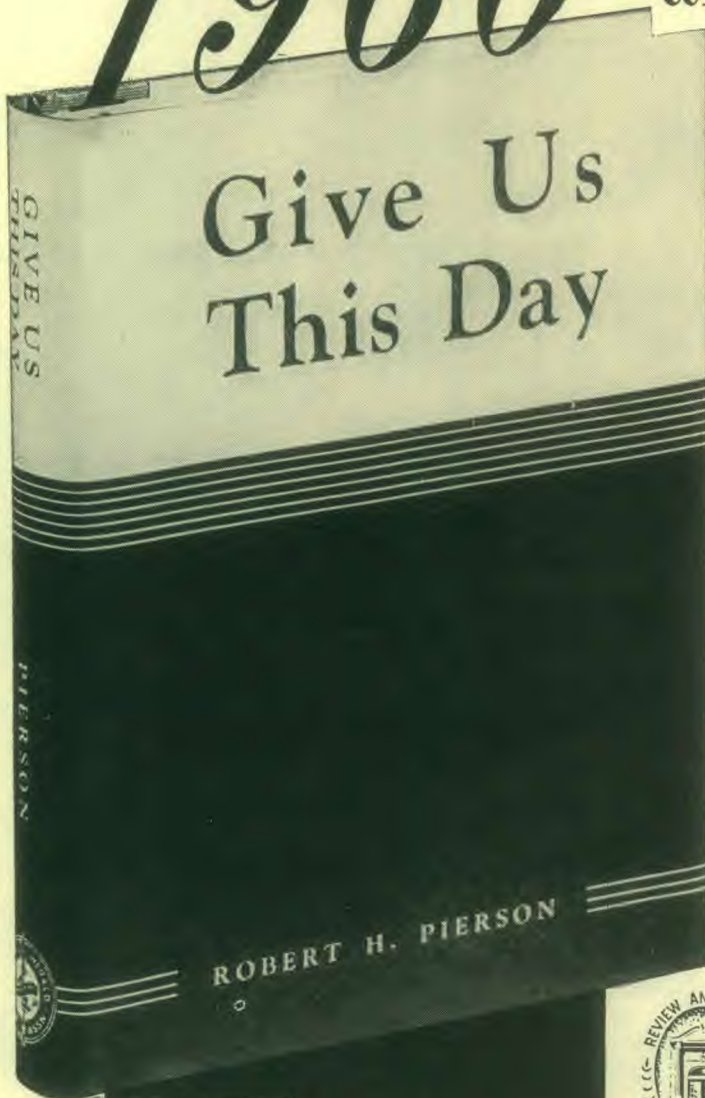
We, the Experts

NOVEMBER 17, 1959

[Bible Lesson for November 28]



1960 and family devotions



By Robert H. Pierson

Families that pray together stay together. The practice of daily prayer in the home circle before the activities of the day begin provides a spiritual background for clear thinking and proper choices in every matter of right and wrong.

As an aid and stimulus to these daily devotions, these meditations for the Morning Watch will prove an invaluable guide for family worship in 1960.

As illustrations of the Morning Watch texts, the author has chosen some of the most stirring experiences of his long mission service in India—experiences that provide lessons of admonition and comfort.

As a handbook for morning or evening worship, as well as a gift for a neighbor or friend, it cannot be excelled. There are two lovely bindings from which to choose.

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*Some jobs should be left to
someone who qualifies as a genuine expert. And on
the other hand, an expert
should be sure to act like one.*

we, the experts

by ROBERT H. PARR

THERE is no getting away from the fact that we are living in the age of the expert. Every avenue of life is hedged about with such a multiplicity of complexities that for even the simplest things we are more and more delivering ourselves into the hands of the experts. We are at their mercy. Our pocketbooks are likewise at their mercy.

It is the editor's fault that this fact was impressed upon me last week. "Send us," he wrote, "a photo of yourself, that we may use it with one of your articles." Now I make no secret of the fact that I am not as photogenic as I would wish. I do not keep albums of photos of myself on hand to distribute among my friends, mainly because they never ask me for a picture.

True, I did search through the family archives, but there was something wrong about each one I pulled from its dusty bed. This one showed me with more hair than I can truthfully lay claim to; that one was a painful reminder that once I was almost slim. I could not send anything that would be a misrepresentation of myself, so my wife said I would have to have what she called "a proper photo" taken.

I must say I bridled somewhat at this. "You mean," I said, "that I ought to pay someone to tell me to say, 'Cheese'? Not me! I can do better than that. In one of the large department stores there is a gadget that makes all other methods of photography old-fashioned. I have seen this remarkable machine," I continued, "and I have seen its very professional results. *You take your own photo!*"

I paused a little to let the effect of this dramatic announcement sink in. I was no spendthrift, idly flinging my money to the professionals when I could outsmart the lot of them by patronizing this ingenious device. To my chagrin, she was not impressed.

"You'll waste your money," she said. "Have it done properly, and save the double expense. These things are for the experts."

But I was adamant. Accordingly, a few days later, when we were near the store that houses this wonderful contraption, I made some excuse to detach myself from the rest of the family, and made for the cubicle of this do-it-yourself marvel. I entered the inner sanctum, drew the curtain, inserted the required coins in the slot, posed when the red light flashed, and

again . . . and again . . . and again. Four prints for much less than the price a professional would charge!

I left the curtained enclosure, and waited near the chute down which, three minutes later, the still-damp prints manifested themselves. I snatched them up, and my heart sank. I gazed at them in incredulous wonder. The first one indicated that I had a severe attack of gum-boils. The second was obviously not a picture of me at all; it must have been slipped in by mistake, or someone was playing a cruel joke on me. The image was that of someone whose IQ was patently well below normal.

So the unhappy scroll unrolled. The only one of the four that was nearly presentable had my glasses shining a horrible blur.

When, later, I rejoined my wife, she said, basing her request in that uncanny intuition that women have, "Well, let's see the pictures you took of yourself."

Lamblike, I handed them over. I have never seen a woman have hysterics in a busy city street, but I came very close to it at that moment. And in this house I fear that it will be a long time before I mention that I can do a job that calls for some

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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specialized skill. It will only inspire someone to mention the need to call in an expert, and you will see me running for cover.

There is an old saw that says, "Let the shoemaker stick to his last," and a very sound piece of advice it is too. And that is where we—you and I—come in. Granted, I proved to myself last week that in some things—photography, for example—I am no expert. Into the matter of self-portraiture, I shall henceforth never again venture. But in some things I *am* an expert. And so are you.

A few weeks ago our church pastor conducted a survey in our area, from which he worked out some most significant information. He found that in this suburb one home in 131 is an Adventist home. He told of one block of 22 houses where there are 16 Protestant and four Roman Catholic homes, one Jewish, and one Greek Orthodox home.

In that block only two of the residents laid claim to owning a Bible. And ours, I will have you know, is a most respectable suburb. It is generally quiet and law abiding. It has no slums, no delinquency, no community problems. It abounds in churches and park land. Its golf course is most exclusive and very expensive. It ranks high in giving to charitable causes. It is regarded as an eminently respectable locale, a highly desirable spot in which to live.

Yet it has so many people who do not know what you and I know. It has a dearth—as has your district, your town, your street—of experts who can disseminate the most important information in the world!

Have you ever looked upon yourself as an expert? You are. Measured by the average, I think it might be modestly said that the usual run of Seventh-day Adventists know more about the Bible than the people with whom he rubs shoulders day by day. That puts him in the position where, surely, he can advise others. And upon particular things he is indisputably an expert. What does the Bible teach about Christ's second coming? What do the Scriptures say about the Sabbath? What happens when life's little day is over and we enter what some are pleased to call the Great Beyond? Is there anything in the Word of God about it?

Now you see what I mean. You *are* an expert, even though perhaps you didn't know it.

But did you ever hear of an expert who went out of his way to avoid being known as such? Did you ever hear of an expert who avoided discussion on "his" subject? Could you imagine an expert working in a shop, an office, or factory, and keeping secret the fact that he was the master of this trade or that profession?

We are, as I said before, in the hands of the experts in these complicated days. Do you remember that little piece that Ellen G. White wrote to the church, describing the solemn scenes of the last hours of this earth? As the mighty pageant of the final act of the drama unfolded, her forward gaze lighted upon some who knew nothing of the imminent events until they happened. Their words, she says, will be words of accusation: "You knew, and didn't tell us!"

The salvation of the people around you is in your hands, expert.

Nocturnal Escapade

by R. A. GIBSON

LAST night I watched a huge Cecropia moth in all its transient beauty as it flitted aimlessly in the fascinating gleams of the lantern-shaped porch lamp. True, there was nothing of any benefit to be gained there by the moth, which in the strength of its youth was able to continue its nonsensical flight without rest for a prolonged period of time. The minutes stretched until fifteen or twenty had passed, and the moth was still fluttering—without any apparent purpose—back and forth from the semidarkness to the light. It seemed a popular and proper form of young moth recreation!

But I was not alone in observing this nocturnal escapade of a foolish moth. Lurking in the shadow on a pillar of the porch was another winged creature—a small owl. He was patiently waiting for the moth to venture out to just the right

spot, when a quick swoop would put a sudden finis to this little drama on my porch.

In only a matter of a few more minutes the curtain fell, the play was over. And I thought, "How like life." I thought of the difference between the moth and the owl. The owl had a purpose. The moth had none. The moth surely felt that her flitting could do no harm, and if she could only have known, she would certainly have considered the owl very sinister in his purpose!

How often we content ourselves with following or at least observing with eye and ear the brilliant attractions of the world, little realizing the danger. And the enemy lurks, patiently waiting until the snare draws tight and we are added to his long list of victims.

Are you playing the moth?

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

BOAT This week's cover from Celanese Corporation of America pictures a deep-sea tugboat en route to a pulp mill. It is pulling a four-boom tow (four river booms lashed together) containing approximately one million board feet of logs. The tug makes the 72-mile coastal voyage from the Nass to Prince Rupert in two days. At the Columbia Cellulose mill the logs are converted into dissolving wood pulp, basic raw material used in making acetate and rayon fibers and acetate plastics.

CONCORDANCE The editorial mentions a Bible concordance. It is a sharp tool that every lover of the Bible, in school or out, should possess. Our own concordance at home is probably used from 50 to several hundred times a year. It cost only one dollar. Our college president one day announced that a special edition of the *Cruden's Concordance* was available for a dollar, and we joined in a bulk order. It is now battered with years of service, but it is far from outwearing its usefulness.

FREE LANCE Have you a story or do you know a story you've thought of writing someday for the *INSTRUCTOR*? Possibly it would be suitable for entering in the Free Lance division of the 1960 Pen League. Write for a free brochure, which describes the kinds of stories the editors want and gives complete rules concerning the deadline date, manuscript form, award payments, and standards for judging.

OREGON "If it is possible, it [the *INSTRUCTOR*] gets better every year. And it always was the best youth paper in the world, to my way of thinking. My only complaint is that too many pages are devoted to advertising books and periodicals that are advertised in our other papers and by leaflets. But if it has to be that way to help keep the subscription rates down—well, we will just go on enjoying the wonderful paper as it is and be thankful for it!" ANNA HILDEBRAND, Portland.

CALIFORNIA "Although I do not qualify as belonging to any of the classes you mention in your editorial of July 28, I wish to say that I like the 'informative' articles you give from time to time." GEORGE MCCREADY PRICE, Loma Linda.

DISTINCT "The eternal God has drawn the line of distinction between the saints and the sinners, the converted and the unconverted. The two classes do not blend into each other imperceptibly, like the colors of the rainbow. They are as distinct as midday and midnight."—TM 87.

NOVEMBER 17, 1959

Reasons for Being Glad

This column on November 18, 1958, was entitled "A Thank-you List." We invited readers to make up their own list of eight reasons for being glad, and promised to publish from their lists those reasons we considered most original, yet acceptable.

That the simple exercise of writing down some of the things for which one can be grateful was provocative of good is seen in this comment from an Auckland, New Zealand, reader: "I thought you might be interested to know the train of thought set up in the mind of one ordinary housewife. I am surprised that I have never before thought of the things for which I am grateful, and amazed to find how many there are. It was hard to stop. I could have gone on and on. Thank you for waking me up to the fact that I should never never grumble in the face of the overwhelming evidence of God's great love toward me."

A college student wrote: "Just as school began I had to leave to be with my mother, who is still recuperating from her April operation. The four-month detour hasn't been in vain, however, for she has accepted Jesus since I have been with her." The writer hoped to be able to return to college for the second semester. Her "Eight Things for Which I Am Thankful" were so cleverly set forth that we publish her entire list:

1. A Christian father, who gave me
2. A kind mother,
3. Who recently accepted Jesus as her personal Saviour;
4. A Christian education, and
5. The heritage of a good mind with which to make the most of the education in Christian schools, which brought me
6. Many lifelong friends.
7. Experiences in living that have proved God's leading in my life and that He has a plan for each of us.
8. Good literature, including the Ellen G. White writings, which give us many promises for which to be grateful, such as "We have nothing to fear for the future, except as we shall forget the way the Lord has led us"¹ and "Those who accept the one principle of making the service of God supreme, will find perplexities vanish and a plain path before their feet."²

Gleanings from other lists next will, we hope, strike responsive chords in many hearts.

Walter D. Croudael

¹ *Testimonies to Ministers*, p. 31. ² *The Ministry of Healing*, p. 481.

COMING NEXT WEEK

- "REVELATIONS OF THANKSGIVING"—a second editorial report summarizing the responses of *Youth's Instructor* readers to a request for "thank-you lists." The responses reveal a fascinating variety and spontaneity.
- "IT SHALL NOT COME NIGH THEE"—a firsthand report of various encounters with snakes during mission service in India. Author of the center-spread story is Robert H. Pierson.



ONE of Canada's richest undeveloped areas of natural resources was opened this year with the inauguration of regular log-towing service between the timberlands bordering the glacier-fed Nass River in northwestern British Columbia and the Pacific port city of Prince Rupert.

Seagoing tugboats haul approximately one million board feet of flat-rafted logs a trip on the two-day, seventy-two-mile coastal voyage from the mouth of the river to a sulphite pulp mill where the logs are converted into dissolving wood pulp—the basic raw material used in the production of acetate and rayon fibers, acetate plastics, and specialty-grade papers.

Shallow-draught tugs make two trips daily from the booming grounds, thirty-five miles up the Nass, to the river's mouth where the single flat-raft or boom is made up into a larger, four-boom tow for pick-up by the seagoing tug. On the river tows, one tug pulls the boom and the other steers it from behind. Only one tug is used for the deep-sea tow.

Vast stands of virgin timber and abundant but still untapped mineral resources are included in the 7-million-acre watershed of the Nass River. Owing to its former inaccessibility, however, this na-

**new roads
unlock
virgin
treasure**

"Boom men" maneuver forty-foot logs.

ture-rich area has contributed practically nothing to the world. Until late last year there were no roads within a seventy-mile radius. And water transportation was limited to canoes and a few small power boats owned by the scattered bands of Tsimshian Indians who live along the banks of the Nass.

The first vehicular link between the Nass Valley and inhabited areas of British Columbia was forged last October with the completion of a seventy-mile stretch of all-weather road built by Columbia Cellulose Company to gain access to its timber holdings in the Nass River area. The road runs from the company's main logging camp at Terrace to a point on the Nass River some five miles west of the Indian village of Aiyansh. With the opening of the road the heavy equipment required for large logging operations was moved north toward the Nass. This in turn made possible the establishment of regular log towing from the Nass River to Prince Rupert.

In addition to the new timber stands opened by the road, the development of the Nass River area is expected to provide access to other natural resources. Mining companies already are prospecting for copper, asbestos, and other minerals, and

the Nass River and nearby streams are considered suitable as potential sources of hydroelectric power.

Not directly related to the road opening but a potentially vital factor in the future development of the Nass Valley was the acquisition in early 1959 of oil and gas exploration rights in the area. Drilling is expected to begin soon.

Some British Columbians see other benefits coming out of the Nass Valley development program. New agricultural lands are one possibility, since certain parts of the area are flat and fertile enough for farming. Others see the new road as the logical link-up for an alternate westerly highway to Alaska (the Alaskan Highway is almost 300 miles to the east). Before the Provincial Government of British Columbia granted permission for logging operations, the license area, which covers some 750,000 acres, had never been logged on a commercial scale.

There were no accurate maps of the area, or even rough estimates of the amount of timber included in the proposed license. Heavy in hemlock and too far north (600 miles from Vancouver) for Douglas fir, the area held little interest for sawmill operators. But the region's hemlock, bal-

sam, and spruce are ideal for wood pulp.

During the past eight years Columbia Cellulose has constructed more than 100 miles of main roads and 125 miles of branch roads to get access to new stands of timber in the Skeena and Nass valleys. One of the toughest construction tasks was the carving of a seven-mile stretch of road out of a seventy-foot high bluff overlooking Lava Lake. Rock crews worked a full year to move an estimated 180,000 yards of rock to make way for the lake-side road. Much of the work was done in subzero weather, with compressors and other heavy equipment stationed on the three-foot-thick ice that covered most of the lake.

Foresters estimate that standing timber in the Aiyansh block alone can supply the Prince Rupert pulp mill with the raw material required for the next fifty-six years, but timber operations are aimed at maintaining permanent resources. Long-term logging techniques are employed to protect and maintain the forest wealth. After forest inventories determine the area to be logged, the yearly cutting budget is balanced with estimated regrowth that ensures a sustained yield of new trees—all based on a crop cycle of eighty to one hundred years.



Huge drill bores holes for chains through "boomsticks" that form frame of raft. Cross pieces ("swifsters") hold raft together on trip to mill.

I SAT at our outpost camp in Big Bend National Park, wondering whether a lion had actually tried to attack some of the hikers up on the Lost Mine trail. If someone didn't come soon to tell me what had happened, I didn't know what I was going to do.

Presently, however, those of us who were waiting heard cars coming. Our car, full to the top, swung in near the trailer and stopped. The hikers got out slowly and quietly. They didn't say much.

And there was Gerry—safe and in one piece. It was a tremendous relief to see her smiling uncertainly. And she had four claw marks and a remarkable story to tell her grandchildren someday.

After dinner and some more hiking and some supper we all went again to the little hall to hear the ranger. The night before about thirty had attended, mostly of our own group. Now the place was packed with nearly eighty. Many had heard of the lion incident and had come hoping to see who was involved and to hear what the ranger had to say about it.

As the ranger came in and hurriedly set up his equipment, Ed, my husband, said to him, "We wish you'd discuss the habits of lions. We could do with some information on it."

The ranger laughed. "Don't worry," he said. "We'll discuss it. I was sent especially to do just that."

After a general discussion of the formation of the strangely shaped mountains and canyons of Big Bend the ranger talked about the natural beauties of the place and the work involved in opening such a wild, remote area to the public. He mentioned the Indians who had roamed the country and told of the abundance of

wild game to be found within the park.

Then he asked whether the group involved in the lion scare was present. He nodded as they raised their hands.

"It's hard to believe what happened today," he said. "We have been trying for three years to get pictures of the lions in here, but could never get near enough. Now this group comes off with pictures, probably, and even claw marks on one of the girls to back up the story. We haven't the slightest idea what made that lion do what he did, or what his intentions might have been, except that they weren't good."

"If we tried to say—to keep you from being afraid—that lions aren't around, that would be foolish. You can see their tracks everywhere. One day a lion chased a deer into this clearing and made its kill right in front of the store. They track and kill their game around here all the time. But they are shy and afraid. We never expected one to attack a human being."

"Do you think it will ever happen again?"

"That same lion might do it again. But we have sent men in after him and we'll move him off into the wilds somewhere."

Well, so passed Thanksgiving Day. We had plenty to be thankful for. Even with the lion scare, however, we still felt that being there was much better than eating a big meal at home and parking in front of a TV set. Thanksgivings at Big Bend were getting a real hold on us.

Friday morning the group divided again, some to hike the South Rim trail, the others to motor to Boquillas for fun on the huge sand slide part way up the canyon.

As everyone began to leave, a universal

question arose. "What about our jackets—do we need them?" The hikers, with a thirteen-mile trek ahead, didn't relish the idea of carrying jackets in sunshine that would be quite warm by noon. So they all left their jackets even though the morning air was still chilly.

After the hikers had gone, the cars left for the canyon trip and I felt lonesome. It was disturbing to miss out on things that I loved to do.

However, dishes were waiting. When, in fact, aren't they waiting?

Presently, feeling warm, I took off one of my flannel shirts and opened a window or two. I was glad it was warming up; if it was warm here, it would surely be warming up on the South Rim. It was bound to be warm at Boquillas, for it was much lower in altitude.

After I had washed the dishes I settled down with a book, but soon drowsed off to sleep. An hour later I awoke with a start. Something was making the trailer shake. I sat up. The wind. It was blowing a regular gale. And it was getting cold, just downright cold.

I got up and looked out. The usually clear air, tonic of these mountain tops, was filled with dust. I hadn't supposed a norther could reach us that far south, but evidently it could!

I went out and looked toward the South Rim trail. I wondered whether the hikers were getting cold. Well, if they were, they would just have to tough it out. I sat down and tried to read.

But my mind kept going back to the hikers. By noon it was really cold. There was no way to measure it, but I was cold even with two flannel shirts on and a heavy mackinaw. What should I do? I

by MARJORIE GRANT BURNS

PART TWO

“*tame
stuff*”

toyed with the idea of renting a horse and taking the hikers' jackets to them. But I doubted that my back would hold out. Besides, there were two ways to return. I might miss them. I finally decided to settle down and force myself to wait calmly. I did release some energy by eating a snack, then I got supper cooked.

But by one o'clock I was all through. I was afraid the hikers might not make it back before dark, and added to that worry was the discovery that all the flashlights had been left behind. The last of the trail was very steep, and if it should be dark, they would really need them.

Restless, I went out and sat in the car to read. Shortly the Boquillas cars drove in and the various groups set about getting something to eat. Their shouts were caught away by the wind, and I thought, "If this keeps up, what a miserable night it will be to sleep out in the open." We had slept out many nights on those grounds and I remembered how cold it had been on nights less cold than this one was promising to be.

I went back to the trailer and glanced at the time. Three-thirty. And the temperature still seemed to be dropping.

But all at once, here they came! Our two girls, Lohna and Loujean, climbed into the trailer—cold, stiff, tired, but triumphant. I could hear the voices of the others above the wind. Presently my husband stuck his head in at the door.

"You're back early, Ed. How did you make it so fast?"

"Left out one four-mile swing. Too windy and cold." He backed out again.

"Supper can be on whenever you want it," I called after him.

After about an hour's wait I lighted the

little hurricane lamp with its tall candle and set it on the table. Then I put the dishes around, and the nuts, the home-made bread, pecan-covered brownies, and a bowl of fresh fruit. I began to dish up the hot soup. As I placed the bowls the steam rose from them in lazy curls, the candle glowed, and it all looked cozy. But it smote me. How could we enjoy this new luxury of ours while the others must cook, eat, and sleep out in the cold?

Presently Ed and Monty came, both walking as though tired and stiff. Ed sank into his chair. "Well—Friday—and I'm glad it's safely over." He said grace and we began to eat.

"I'm worried about this wind and the unusual cold," I said.

"I know. I wish it would let up. It's never been like this before."

"Do you suppose there is a shelter that we could move everyone into?"

"That would be a terrific job and I'm sure there isn't a place."

I wasn't fully convinced, yet when I thought about it, I knew he must be right. We could hardly expect to find an empty building to house some sixty people. While I was still thinking about it an academy boy appeared at our trailer door.

"Elder Burns, Ronnie Roberts just came back and he says that Walden DeWitt isn't back yet."

"Walden! Where did he go?"

"Well, Ronnie, Alvin Davis, Douglas Habenicht, and Walden left about nine this morning to do Bailey Peak. Remember?"

"Oh. I do remember they said something about it when they passed us this morning. But did they go alone?"

"I guess they did."

We got up and went out to look at Bailey. It is a tangled jumble within calling distance of the camp, and it had attracted a good deal of attention because the ranger had told us that it had not been climbed. Immediately, of course, all the boys had decided to climb it. In past years though, it had gone unconquered, for we had been too busy with other projects. But evidently Walden had decided that the time had come.

"Where is Ronnie now?"

"He went back to the foot of Bailey."

"How did he happen to be down and the others up?"

"He says he fell down."

"Fell down? What does he mean?" Ed climbed wearily back into the trailer and put on his wraps.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"I'm going after them."

"But how can you? It's getting dark; it seems to be about freezing; the wind is howling; and you don't even know where they are. They are probably on the way. You'd better wait a little."

"I won't wait." He pulled on his woolen cap and left the trailer.

"Monty, take the car and go with him," I said. "It's dangerous for anyone to go out now when it's getting dark and turning so cold. If it becomes necessary to go very far, it would be best to get the rangers."

As Monty left he loaded the car with shivering girls. A car was the only warm place. Not even a sleeping bag would be warm tonight. As they drove off I decided I must do something.

Quickly stacking the dishes, I walked down to talk with Clyde Mercer who was camped a few yards below us. "Say, if we



*Four youths who learned
that descending a
mountain at night can
be a problem.*



could get some kind of a building or something, do you think it would help to move this crowd in for the night?" Besides a shelter, we needed a place where we could have sundown worship. We could hardly ask the shivering campers to stand out in the wind.

"Yes, but would there be such a building?"

"I don't know, but I'll ask. Can you help me move them in your car if I get a place?"

"Yes indeed."

As I started up the little road to headquarters I met Monty coming back. He pulled up beside me and stopped.

"Where is daddy?" I asked.

"He's gone up on the mountain. He said he would be back soon. Say, look! There's a little fire up on the mountain! That must be the boys."

I wheeled around and looked out across the mesa to Bailey Peak, and sure enough, there was a little fire winking bravely back at us.

"Quick," I said. "Take me on up to headquarters. I'll telephone about a place for the group to sleep tonight, then we'll go down on the mesa and call daddy back. He may not be able to see that fire from where he is."

At the headquarters building I called the chief ranger. After my promise that we would leave things clean he said we could have the large recreation hall on the mesa for the night. I was thanking him and was about to mention the lost boys when a young man came running in.

"Are you talking to the chief?"

"Yes."

"Gimme it quick." He grabbed the telephone from me. Evidently he had seen the fire. Let him report it, I thought. I would be on my way.

The recreation hall, built on the mesa just below the campgrounds, was practically at the foot of Mount Bailey. We drove down, and while I inspected the building, Monty and the girls called Ed back.

By the time I had finished and had walked the few yards to the edge of the mesa, Ed had returned and Monty was hurriedly stacking jackets on the ground beside the car.

"There they are," my husband cried when he saw me. "I talked with them. No one is hurt, but they can't get down. I'll go up and help them."

"Maybe we should let the rangers do it. Monty, what are you doing?"

"Their jackets; they're cold. I'm going to take them to them."

"You can't. If you could get up, they could get down. Besides, the rangers don't want any more up there. Wait until the rangers come." I knew it was time for us to stay put and let the rangers take over. And he knew it too, but anxiety was about to get the best of all of us.

Reluctantly Monty put the jackets back into the trunk. We squeezed into the al-

ready-full car and hurried back to headquarters. There the girls and I got out of the car and hurried down to the camp.

I ran up to Clyde's car. Several girls were huddled in it, trying to keep warm.

"Where is Mr. Mercer?"

"He has gone to see if he can get the boys down. He said he should go and see what he could do to help them get down."

"Did he leave the keys?"

"No."

"Whose car is that?"

"Walden's."

"Did he leave the keys?"

"No, he has them with him."

I ran over to Mrs. Wright's fire.

"Where is your husband?"

"He's gone to help get the boys."

"Oh, dear. I hope he won't get lost in the dark. I needed someone to help. Maybe the boys can carry the bedding for us. Where are the boys?"

"They have gone."

"Gone where?"

"To get the boys down."

I ran down the road to where some boys from Houston were camped. I found Emmitt Padon fixing the back of his pickup.

"You mean you haven't gone after the boys?" I cried, gripping his coat lest I lose him.

"Not yet," he grinned.

"Well, don't you dare go. I need you." I told him about the building, and with a hurrah, he said he would move the whole group single-handed.

A great shouting and calling and a great huffing and puffing ensued as piles of bedding were dumped along the road. Each group stood by theirs and threw it on the truck as it came by. We sent three girls to the rim of the basin to see if they could call the other boys and men back.

After a while, when we were all loaded and the noise subsided a bit, we heard the three girls we had sent. "One, two, three, *Mon-ty!* One, two three, *Pa-a-at!*"

"What in the world are they calling

Monty and Pat for?" I wondered. "They are supposed to stay on the mesa with the rangers."

As we swung around the circle in the camp we picked up the three girls. We found that since they couldn't raise a single answer from those who had left, they were calling to Monty and Pat to relay the call from down where they were.

"It must be about seven and the temperature surely is below thirty-two. What a night this is going to be!" As we drove toward the recreation hall we stopped while I took a sighting on the location of the fire just in case it might go out.

We took as many campers as we could on top of the piles of bedding and drove up over the ridge and down to the mesa below to the recreation hall. We noticed three ranger cars parked nearby. One was playing a search beam on the mountain.

Mr. Padon backed up to the door of the hall. We got out, formed a long line, and passed the bedding along and dumped it in a heap on the hall floor.

"I surely hope you all can recognize your bedding," I said as I looked at the conglomerate pile. "Miss Sunderland, since you are the only woman teacher here, would you take charge and see that the girls' beds are placed in rows to conserve space. We'll need all this room if we are to get everybody in."

Then Emmitt and I went out to see that the truck was empty. "Maybe we'd better take a minute to see how the rescue job is coming," he said. We drove down to the ranger car, stopped, and got out.

One of the rangers was on the mountain trying to find an approach to the boys. His voice was clear and calm as he reported over his walkie-talkie to Monte Fitch, the chief ranger.

"Rotten stuff. It crumbles right under your feet. They are on a ledge across from me. I can call to them but I can't cross here."

"How are they?"

"Thirsty, terribly tired, and cold. With

half after ten

by **FRANCES OETTEL**

Gusty oceans of leaf and cloud
Flee the north wind's caterwauls!
But I am quietly anchored
Where this shaft of sunlight falls,
Sewing a heart-shaped patch
On Jaimy's overalls.

all this wind the fire actually doesn't do them too much good. I'll have to come all the way down and try an approach from the other side."

The talking stopped and the head ranger looked at us.

"How's it going?" we asked.

"Tough. We can't find a way in. Don't know how those kids got themselves into such a place."

"I've figured that going up they could see, but coming down you don't know you're following a blind alley until you get to the end of it," I said. "Darkness caught them evidently before they could get out of this one."

"That's probably right," the ranger answered. "But no one with good sense would climb that mountain. Even though it looks simple and isn't high, the whole thing is crumbling. It's a wonder it hasn't come down on their heads!"

We started to go, then paused and called back: "Say, our South Rim hikers saw lots of lion tracks today."

He laughed. "Did any of them get bitten?"

"Not this time," we laughed in return.

"I have news for you," he called. "The men we sent in after the lion you saw yesterday found tracks of two instead of just one. The other one was in the bushes watching you folks all the time!"

We hurried back up to the camp to get the other girls and all the boys. As we unloaded at the recreation hall again, I turned to Gary Padon.

"Gary, will you take charge of the boys' section on this end? Put the beds in rows so there will be room near the door for George Wright and his family and for the boys on the mountain when we bring them in."

Gary—tall, red-headed, and quiet—looked surprised, but he took over immediately.

We drove back to the camp to round up any stragglers and get them moved. From the back window of our trailer we could see the little fire fluttering in the high wind. That little flame spelled hope to the marooned boys and to us all.

Back again at the recreation hall, after all were in, we had worship together. As I looked around over that room I thought, "You never know what strange and unexpected circumstances can throw widely scattered people together. Here we are, folks from all parts of Texas, all concerned right now with the same things—the need to keep warm and the urgent need to pray for the safety of three boys that some of this group don't even know personally."

Leaving the hall, Emmitt Padon and I went around the building and started for the ranger cars. Suddenly we stopped as we saw the back door of the hall open and shadowy silent figures emerge and start down the stairs.

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



SONGS AT DAWN

by DOROTHY M. HOLMES

DAWN was just breaking, but the sun had not yet begun to shine over the hilltops. I stood at the kitchen sink drawing a pail of water for my husband to take out to the chickens. Above the swish and gurgle of the water churning in the pail I heard the trill of a bird's song. "How lovely," I thought, "to hear a bird singing in the early hours of the morning." I wondered whether there was much to sing about in the out of doors at that time of day. I thought about the bird's bare feet. Feathers covered its body, but its feet seemed so naked. Yet it was singing.

When the pail was full I turned the water off, and the bird was still trilling its song. I had craned my neck in all directions, trying to see it from the window above the sink, but it was nowhere in sight. I went to the dining room window to see if it might be out front. A bird flew from across the road toward the back of the house, and I supposed it to be the one I had heard—but the song continued.

I went out to the woodpile in the back yard to get a chunk to replenish the circulating heater. "Oh, there he is," I said to my husband, who walked ahead of me with the pail of water.

"Who?" he asked, turning to see who I was talking about.

"The bird that has been singing." I pointed to a limb high on a balm-of-

Gilead tree. "It looks to me like a robin."

The bird sat close to the crotch where the limb joined the trunk of the tree, his throat vibrating with the trill that gladdened the morning air. I was sure he was using all of his reserve energy to herald the rising sun.

There was one lone star in the sky. Its sparkle was fast fading. Light from the approaching sun would soon eradicate it.

The trill of the bird's song wafting through the morning air and the fast-fading light of the morning star set in the azure of the sky at dawn, gave me food for moral reflection. Words flashed across my mind: "The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." That was at dawn, the dawn of a newly created world. What joy there must have been in the hearts of the sons of God—joy for the birth of a new, perfect, beautiful world.

More words: "And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new." "And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" That song also will be at dawn—the dawn of a new era, an era that sin will never disfigure, an era in which the redeemed will forever be with their Redeemer, who considered them worth the price of Calvary.



Old photo shows James White as he appeared to evangelistic audiences a century ago.

by LORON WADE

Say

THERE was an air of tense excitement and an angry babble of voices as the people at the crowded little schoolhouse waited for James White. Some were wondering whether he would even come. Others, who claimed to know, declared that he had been warned of what was awaiting him but that he was coming anyway. A number of men who could not get inside had gathered around the building and removed the windows, watching and ready in case the young upstart should actually appear.

What may have been the feelings in the heart of James White as he confronted the angry mob that night in the little schoolhouse in Maine, no one knows; but if he was afraid, his actions did not show it. Entering the building with firm steps, he made his way toward the platform. As he bowed his head in prayer to open the meeting, a snowball whistled through an open window and shattered on the wall behind him. There were catcalls, howls, shouts, more snowballs, and other missiles. Soon the preacher's voice could scarcely be heard.

James White closed his Bible and looked at the crowd with eyes blazing. Years later he wryly said, "That was no time for logic." He leaned forward and began a sermon the like of which he had never been able to preach before. In a voice that rose above the tumult he began a description of the terrors of the judgment day. "Repent," he cried out, "and

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

*Seventh-day Adventists have a heritage of witnessing, the vigorous witnessing
that is born of conviction and courage.*

ing with a loud voice

call on God for mercy and pardon. Turn to Christ and get ready for His coming, or in a little from this, on rocks and mountains you will call in vain. You scoff now, but you will pray then."

Hushed, the mob saw him pull from his pocket an iron spike and hold it up before them. "Some poor sinner cast this spike at me last evening," he said. "God pity him! The worst wish I have for him is that he is at this moment as happy as I am. Why should I resent this insult when my Master had them driven through His hands?" He stepped back and stretched out his arms.

In tears, the young minister pleaded with the crowd to repent and accept the love of the One who died for sinners. As he finished his earnest appeal, he saw more than one hundred stand for prayer.

The powerful Millerite preacher who pointed sinners that night to judgment to come was a very different person from the sickly boy who a few years earlier seemed incapable of ever learning anything. In his childhood James White was plagued with "worm fever," which kept him weak and backward, so that he reached young manhood lacking even a minimum of knowledge in the three R's. At the age of sixteen, however, his strength and health improved and he began to grow rapidly. Within a few years he was tall and strong.

As time passed, his desire for an education grew to a burning passion for knowledge. When he was nineteen, although he

was older than most of the other students, James entered an academy at St. Albans, Maine. By studying some eighteen hours a day, he was able at the end of twelve weeks to obtain a certificate to teach "the common branches."

At the end of his first term of teaching he took five more weeks of schooling at the academy and then spent the summer working in a sawmill. With thirty dollars he had saved and a large amount of ambition, he packed his belongings and started out for another year of school, this time in Reedfield, Maine. His aim was to prepare himself better in "the common branches" and also to become acquainted with natural philosophy, algebra, and Latin.

At the end of the school year he was told that he would be able to enter college upon completing one more year of school. His goal was now set on nothing less than a college degree. Lack of money, however, forced him to drop out of school and teach for another year.

Returning home from teaching after the winter of 1840-41, James White was surprised and alarmed to find his mother very much interested in the "Millerite fanaticism." Immediately he set out to enlighten her, but was set back at every step by her logical answers to all his objections. He turned to study the matter for himself. Later he declared, "I was deeply impressed that the hand of God was in the Advent doctrine."¹

When he had completely accepted the teachings, the conviction fastened itself

upon his mind that he must return to the district where he had taught school the winter before to warn his pupils and their families of the impending judgments of God. This conviction of duty pressed almost overwhelmingly upon him, but it was overshadowed by a dread of facing those he knew so well with a doctrine that seemed strange and fanatical.

Urged onward by duty and held back by fear, he threw himself into work on his father's farm, hoping to be able to ignore his convictions. But the compulsion gnawing at his conscience was so severe that he was driven to a grove of trees, where he prayed earnestly for release from this duty he dreaded so greatly.

Suddenly ceasing his prayers and stamping his foot, he declared, "I will not go." Within five minutes he was packing his belongings for Newport Academy, about four miles away. The next morning he secured a boarding place at Newport and began to study, fiercely determined to shake off those impelling convictions of duty. But even here the Spirit of God followed and gave him no rest. The struggle was so severe that he found it impossible to concentrate on his lessons.

Finally, resolving to delay no longer, he arose and walked the fifteen miles to the town where he had taught, and there preached and prayed in the homes of his former students and friends. There were many conversions later among those whose interest was first aroused by his earnest preaching there.

He spent the summer of 1842 in a state of perplexity and indecision. When he returned from this first preaching mission he hoped that with this duty fulfilled he would be allowed to go on peacefully with his schoolwork. He discovered, however, that the burning flame of truth that had kindled within his heart would not let him rest unless he was doing all in his power to share with others the glorious message he had found.

In the fall of 1842, deciding to surrender his life completely to the will of God, he set out with a borrowed horse, a patched-up saddle, an old bridle, a prophetic chart, and a few Advent pamphlets to lecture in schoolhouses and churches throughout the area near his home town.

He was asked by a friend to teach school for a week in the town of Burnham. Taking advantage of this opportunity, he announced lectures on the Second Advent to be given each evening of the week. On the seventh night he made an appeal, and was amazed when sixty rose for prayers. As he put it, his "little pond of thought" had run dry. Here he was with sixty repentant sinners on his hands and he was unprepared to deal with the situation. He hurriedly sent for his brother Samuel, who had been in the ministry five years, and together they baptized many and organized a large church.

An interested man who had heard young James White lecture urged him to take the message to the valley of the Kennebec, southwest of Augusta. There, he said, no one had ever before presented the message of the Second Advent. So, in

January of 1843, buttoning up his coat against the Maine winter, James set out to ride nearly one hundred miles on horseback to this area.

When he had preached several times, the way was opened for him to speak in a country schoolhouse near the Kennebec River. The place was crowded, and many stood around the outside and listened through the open windows to hear the new doctrines.

A Universalist leader in the area found himself in bitter opposition to the unsettling interpretations of prophecy given out by this young upstart minister. Discovering that he was unable to stem the tide of conviction that followed the powerful lectures, he sent to Augusta for expert help. A Mr. Western, an editor and a leading Universalist, was sent to his aid.

After one evening lecture by James White the local man stood up and introduced the editor to the people and invited them to stay and hear what he had to say. White, wanting to avoid an open debate, stated that he had no further claims on the congregation and that they could stay or leave as they chose.

A number of voices cried out, "Clear the way, and let us pass out."

Only about twenty-five remained, and a very angry man plotted to break up the next meeting.

As the young preacher was about to leave for the meeting the following night, several of his friends came hurrying to warn him of what awaited him. "A mob of at least three hundred has congregated around the schoolhouse," they told him.

"If you value your life, you'd better stay away." After praying earnestly about the matter he decided to go and to trust the Lord for protection, and the angry crowd fell silent before his inspired oratory.

James White's own words describe what happened when the meeting was over. "It was nine in the evening, and I was hoarse and weary. I closed with benediction, took my chart and Bible, and made my way out through the subdued crowd. Some one locked arms with me to assist and guard me. His countenance seemed impressively familiar, yet I did not know him. When I had passed the crowd, I missed him, and, from that evening, who he was, or how he left me, and where he went, have been mysteries. Was it an angel of God, sent to stand by me in the perils of that evening? Who can say it was not."²

Many were the preachers, young and old, who were called by the Spirit of God to go out in those years before the great Disappointment of 1844 to proclaim the judgment-hour message. Sturdy old Joseph Bates and impetuous, enthusiastic James White were only two of many from all walks of life who heard the Spirit's call and who were given signal manifestations of God's blessing in their work.

"And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven . . . , saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come." As the message sounded forth, many in all parts of the country responded to the angel's voice. More than one thousand owed their conversion to the preaching of James White, who was only twenty-one when his plans for an education were interrupted by God's plans for him. By October 22, 1844, there were more than one hundred thousand people looking for Christ to appear.

Part of the reason for the amazing growth of the Advent Movement in so short a time was that each person who was fired by the flaming torch of the Advent preaching seems to have been filled with the conviction that upon him personally rested the responsibility of sounding the message of warning to judgment-bound souls. Eyes shining with the reality of the truths they proclaimed did not see down the long pathway of time to our day. Their horizon was 1844 and their hearts burned within them at the challenge of so much to do in so little time.

To those who stand looking back on 115 years of the Advent message and looking forward to the few events yet to be fulfilled in the panorama of prophecy should come a deeper sense of the urgency of that message. Those who see the task still unfinished, the world still waiting to be warned, should seek for a renewed enthusiasm to share with others the precious light they bear.

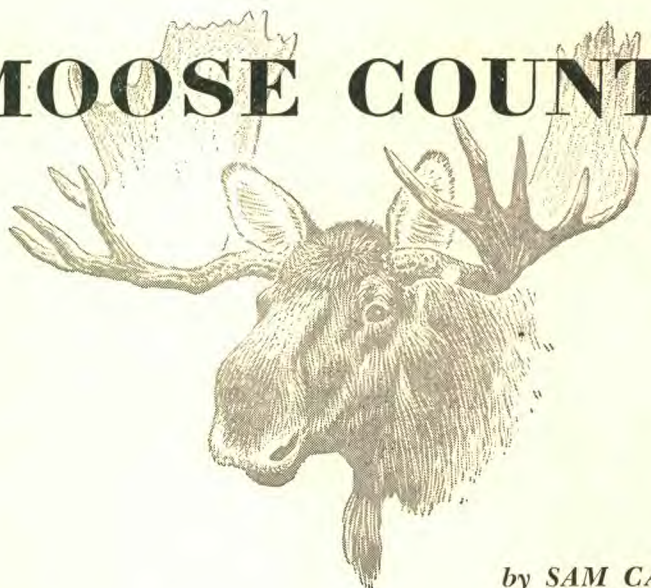
¹ James White, *Life Sketches*, p. 17.

² *Ibid.*, p. 55.



Public parades, including both Pathfinder units and floats depicting various phases of Missionary Volunteer activities, were connected with two Jamaica youth congresses in August. The West Jamaica rally was at West Indian Training College at Mandeville and was directed by H. L. Douse, MV secretary of the West Jamaica Conference. A week later the East Jamaica congress, directed by MV Secretary H. A. Mills, convened in Kingston. Featured speakers at both places included Clark Smith of the General Conference, Glen Maxson of the Inter-American Division, and C. S. Greene of the West Indies Union Mission.

MOOSE COUNTRY



by SAM CAMPBELL

XI. Threshold of the Wilderness

IT WAS near noon of an eventful day that we arrived in the little frontier village of Winton, Minnesota—the end of the road! Since dawn we had been traveling in our two cars, Marge, Bob and Hi-Bub in one, Giny and I in the other. One canoe rode on the top of our car, and in both cars the rear-seat space was occupied with packsacks, bedrolls, tents and utensils. I also carried my guitar, for to Giny and me a guitar is as necessary to a camp as a tent.

There had been a sense of competition with the road. It was the thing we must conquer before we could enter the canoe country. Through hours we wrestled with its twists and turns, its hills and valleys, as though it were a great serpent which we must bring into subjection. It was a joyous contest, however. At the wayside was the rugged beauty of the Lake Superior country, and the day was bright, cheery and filled with promise. At last the road had exhausted itself and lay conquered behind us. Beyond this point all was canoe travel—lakes, streams, portages, woods, wilderness.

We stopped in front of a large, rough building, the warehouse of a canoe outfitting company. Almost at once the door of the building flew open and out came a tall, square-shouldered, bronze-complexioned young man, arms raised in greeting, face wreathed in a beaming smile.

"Hi, Giny and Sam! Welcome!" he cried.

"Sandy! Sandy!" Giny and I cried in unison, climbing out of our car.

"Sandy! It's Sandy. Let me out," I heard Hi-Bub say in the other car. There was a wild scuffle as he came tumbling through the door that was almost snapped off its hinges.

What a thrill it was to see Sandy! Nature does forge fine friendships. The same capacity for attachment is with us in cities, of course. But there are so many substitutes and diversions. Sandy, Giny and I had faced the forest together. We had worked over challenging portages, battled strong headwinds and met the problems of forest living where comfort and sometimes life itself depend upon one's initiative. Then we had sat before campfires under spell of that imponderable silence which banishes all guile, deceit, pretense, and forces all to reflect that grandeur of character with which the Creator has endowed His creatures. Such things do bring hearts close together, and our greeting with Sandy reflected that fact.

The meeting of Sandy and Hi-Bub was a thing of beauty. Involuntarily Giny and I stepped back slightly and Bob and Marge halted in their approach to watch the two. The manly boy and the boyish man stood several feet apart smiling and looking at each other for a moment. In Hi-Bub's eyes was adoration almost to the point of worship. Sandy was his ideal, his hero. In Sandy's expression there was just genuine love, mixed with a measure of astonishment. The growth and development of the lad was hard to comprehend. He had known Hi-Bub more as a baby, and his affection for him then was of the fatherly nature. Now the youngster was meeting him on the level of manhood.

"Hi-Bub!" exclaimed Sandy, grasping the boy's hand. "I don't believe it. Why, you old badger! You black bear cub! You heron! You loon!"

"Sandy!" answered Hi-Bub. "You—you—"

The handshake was not satisfying, and

in a moment they were in each other's arms. Bob and Marge smiled feelingly as they looked on. Giny wiped away a sly tear.

After Bob and Marge had exchanged "hellos" with Sandy, we went into the warehouse. I have always loved the atmosphere of such places. About the floor were a score of canoes, some of them being repaired by powerfully built guides. Packsacks sat about in little piles, bedrolls and tents adorned shelves. There was something rough and ready about the place. It all savored of the frontier.

Two broad-shouldered men walked through the room commanding our attention. They looked like Hollywood's ideal of a lumberjack—heavy woolen shirts, heavy shoes, trousers rolled up above the ankles and such a thick growth of whiskers it was difficult to find the faces behind them. Hi-Bub stared at them in amazement.

"Not lumberjacks," said Sandy after the two had passed. "In fact, they are college professors. Just spent a month up in the Sarah Lake Region. Said they lost their razor the first day out, but I think they threw it away. They come here for their vacation every year. Very few of our guides can keep up with them."

Hi-Bub was having a hard time taking everything in. There were far too many things going on. He dragged his parents this way and that to look at each new marvel. Then he came to awestruck silence as he discovered the head of a gigantic bull moose hung on the wall. He just stood and stared. The horns of the great beast reached nearly six feet from tip to tip. Hi-Bub couldn't believe it even when he saw it.

"Sam Cammel, is that real?" he asked.

"Very real indeed," I said.

"I have all your supplies ready," Sandy now said, indicating a large collection of various-sized articles. "We'd better check them over. When you leaving?"

"Can you get us a tow on the morning boat?"

"Sure. That is what I thought you would do. No need to hurry out tonight, because it would be dark before you reached your first camp. Going up Basswood to North Bay, I hope."

"Yes."

"I recommend that," said Sandy. "There have been several large groups go up the Agnes Lake route, so you might have competition for the camp sites. You won't have any trouble the way you are going. Think you can find Sanctuary Lake again?"

"I know every balsam tree along the way!" I declared. "I have dreamed of that place daily since I was there. Has anyone else discovered the lake? Will it still be as wild as when we found it?"

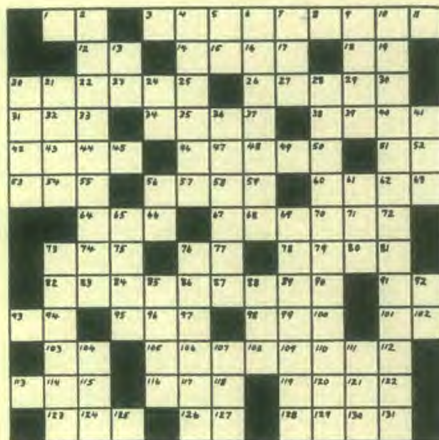
"I never hear of anyone going there," assured Sandy. "The guides never mention it—too much work to get there. Of course, I never tell anyone. Sometimes

Sharpeners

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

Strength for Deliverance

- 1 . . . David earnestly asked leave of me that he might run to Bethlehem his 105 6 68 19 : for there is a 131 86 47 15 119 59 sacrifice there for all the family. (1 Sam. 20:6)
- 2 Behold, thou hast instructed 126 31 87 112, and thou hast 128 64 22 118 71 25 88 117 58 94 77 11 the weak hands. (Job 4:3)
- 3 Jesus Christ the same 127 28 67 42 4 55 90 124 30, and to day, and for 89 85 2 75. (Heb. 13:8)
- 4 And the Lord appeared unto him in the plains of 17 44 109 83 13 and he sat in the 95 26 32 78 door. . . . (Gen. 18:1)
- 5 He 82 108 123 61 116 43 in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the 106 69 76 10 33 men. (Job 39:21)
- 6 . . . He divided their land to 56 39 80 18 by 107 54 21 (Acts 13:19)
- 7 And I will stretch out 41 100 hand, and smite Egypt with all my wonders which I will do in the midst 129 79 52 9 92 70 34 (Ex. 3:20)
- 8 . . . By casting up mounts, and building 102 36 62 38 20, to cut 120 14 53 many persons. (Ezek. 17:17)
- 9 If therefore ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous 103 99 12 91 65 27 will commit to your trust the true riches? (Luke 16:11)
- 10 And now, O God of Israel, let thy word, I pray thee, be 7 49 121 93 73 110 63 98. (1 Kings 8:26)
- 11 And besought him that they might only touch the 1 40 29 of his garment: . . . (Matt. 14:36)
- 12 Eye for eye, 115 23 66 111 57 for tooth. . . . (Ex. 21:24)
- 13 Mercy and truth are 51 8 45 together; . . . (Ps. 85:10)
- 14 Ask thy 81 74 114 24 72 men, and they will shew thee. (1 Sam. 25:8)
- 15 Which he 125 46 97 3 on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour; (Titus 3:6)
- 16 The light of the 113 101 50 104 is the eye: . . . (Luke 11:34)
- 17 And she is a 37 130 35 48 of nations. (Isa. 23:3)
- 18 But if ye be 5 84 122 of the Spirit, ye are not under the law (Gal. 5:18)



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Key on page 20

folks try to tease information out of me."

"What do you tell them?"

In answer Sandy broke out with the last verse of our old Sanctuary Lake song, words set to the Marine's Hymn:

"Now our campfire glows upon the shore
Of our Sanctuary Lake.

If you seek our forest paradise,
Here's the only route to take:
Pack along the north horizon
In the home of goose and swan.
It is somewhere east of sunset
And it's somewhere west of dawn."

We gave a cheer. "That's it, Sandy!" I cried. "Anyone who can find it with those instructions will be welcome. Wish you could go with us again."

"I wish I could too," said Sandy, definitely longing in his voice. "Too much to do right here now," he said, indicating the warehouse. "If I get free later I may pay you a visit. Will I be welcome?"

"Welcome as a bull moose!" I said, knowing that Sandy would understand just how welcome that would be.

We checked over our supplies. Each wilderness traveler has his own notion of what he should take along. Following are the main articles on our list:

Dried apricots
Dried peaches
Dried beans
Dried peas
Rice
Dehydrated vegetables
Dehydrated soups
Corn meal
White flour
Prepared biscuit mix
Pancake flour
Macaroni
Cheese
Powdered milk
Cocoa (for Hi-Bub)
Some sugar
Salt
Canned butter
Cooking oil
Sweet chocolate
Mixed peanut butter and honey (Very fine!)

"Are you going to take candy along?" said Hi-Bub as he noted the chocolate cakes.

"Yes, indeed, take chocolate along—as much as you can," answered Sandy. "You have no idea how hungry you get for sweets. It really is important. Don't take much—just enough so you can have a bite each day. And that bite will taste better to you than any pie, cake or ice cream you ever ate in town."

"Uh-huh," agreed Hi-Bub. Whatever Sandy said was final with him.

We talked out our plans with Sandy, and received his valued advice on routes to take and routes to avoid. His guides had reported one portage closed by a bad storm that had laid the trees low; a stream

we were to follow was almost impassable because of beaver dams; a lake along our planned route had seeped away until it would hardly float a canoe. These bits of information saved us hours and perhaps days of travel.

"Above all, it is moose we want, Sandy," I said. "We want to see them, study them and photograph them. No doubt the finest place is Sanctuary Lake."

"I am sure you are right," Sandy agreed. Then he added quickly, "It might help you to talk with Ancient."

"Ancient?"

"Yes, an old-time French-Canadian. Has some long French name, but everyone calls him 'Ancient.' No one knows how old he is but Ancient himself, and he won't tell. He came from New Brunswick a few years ago. Knows more about moose than any other man I ever met. It is hard to get him to talk, and when he does, it is even more difficult to understand him. But it is worth while trying."

A messenger was dispatched to Ancient. Where would he find him? Well, right now it was about three o'clock, and he ought to be sitting on the curb in front of the post office.

While we awaited the success of this idea, we all walked down to the water's edge, and looked in the direction of our land of promise. Hi-Bub's face was a study.

"That's it!" I said to the enchanted lad. "There is the north horizon. It is a land of primitive nature, Hi-Bub—vast, beautiful, silent and wild."

"It amazes me how they keep it that way," commented Bob, his eyes searching the distant pine-crowned hilltops. "What has kept commercial interests from spoiling it?"

"It hasn't been easy," declared Sandy. "There has been a constant attack on the region. A few public-spirited men with the love of the wilderness in their own hearts have saved it so far. First came the lumber interests who would have made all this merely a land of stumps. They did get some of it, but staunch wildlife defenders in both Canada and the United States saved much of it. Then an attack was launched by water-power interests. They would have dammed up streams and created a lake here almost as large as Lake Superior, flooding all islands, killing shore-line timber and destroying the wilderness. Again public-spirited citizens defeated the move. The latest fight has been to keep roads from there, and for the time being at least that attack is beaten. We still have the wilderness, but it has been a struggle to maintain it."

"We are certainly indebted to the men who put up this fight," I interposed. "Now Hi-Bub and other fine American boys can come here and experience living in the atmosphere of the wilderness. It is a victory for everyone that the land has been saved."

"It is saved now, is it not?" asked

Marge. "There isn't anything else to spoil it, is there, now that those first battles are won?"

"I wish that were so," said Sandy, a bit sadly. "Today the wilderness is faced with the worst threat of all—the hardest one to fight."

"And that is?" I questioned.

"The airplane!"

Just that moment a guide came to tell us that Ancient was at the warehouse.

XII. A Real Voyageur

AS WE made our way back, Sandy gave us instructions.

"Remember, you can't *make* him talk, you have to *let* him talk," he cautioned. "You know how these woodsmen are, Sam—you can't press them. If you try to pump him, he will close up like an oyster. I hope we can get him started, for he certainly has lots to tell. And oh, if you could ever get him in a camp! I have been on trips with him. It is a real education."

Ancient was all that his name implied. We found him outside the warehouse door awaiting Sandy. He walked with a cane, although Sandy assured us he could still carry a ninety-pound canoe over a mile portage without resting. He was about medium height, shoulders surprisingly broad, carriage erect. He wore a wool shirt of many colors, loose-fitting trousers—the cuffs rolled up above his shoe tops—and heavy shoes. About his neck was a bright-colored kerchief, in itself evidence of his colorful breed. There was a combination of mustache and beard that formed a perfect circle about his mouth and chin. His hair was long, straight and streaked with white. It came streaming out from under a hat that looked as ancient as the man. His eyes were sharp, clear and defiant.

"He hears very well, though sometimes he pretends he does not," said Sandy in a low tone. "He worked for the Hudson's Bay Company, traveling those rivers while birch-bark canoes were still in use. He speaks several Indian dialects and has been an expert canoeist. He knows the old French-Canadian songs, plays a fiddle and sings them—"

"Like the *voyageurs*?" whispered Hi-Bub excitedly.

"Yes. In fact, Ancient is truly a real *voyageur*. His father traveled with the canoe brigades that made this country famous. Ancient came in just when that historic period was closing. He was practically raised in a canoe. In his boyhood he saw some of the great characters of this frontier. He carried on travel and trade just as they did in this region one hundred years ago."

We were too close to Ancient to talk more, but Hi-Bub recognized that here was a *real voyageur*—what more could a boy want?

"Hello, Ancient," said Sandy cordially as we approached.

Ancient replied with a grunt that is hard to describe. It was something like the fabled Indian "Ugh" with a French accent. It came from somewhere inside the circle of whiskers and mustache, but there was no discernible movement of the lips. I write the sound as "Anh," but that isn't accurate. Likely there is no combination of letters suitable. Later I learned that the utterance is quite a convenience. With slight change of inflection it has a number of meanings, such as "Hello," "Good-by," "Oh, yeah?" "No," "I understand," "You don't say so," etc.

"Want you to meet my friends here," Sandy said as if it were an afterthought. He presented Marge.

"I am glad to meet you, Ancient," she said extending her hand.

"Anh," said Ancient, giving her hand a single shake and letting go of it as if he were glad to be rid of it.

Giny was presented next. "It is a pleasure to meet you." She used her sweetest tones.

"Anh," said Ancient, along with another single shake. Somehow the tones sounded like "O.K., but the pleasure is all yours."

Bob and Hi-Bub were presented and rewarded with grunts.

"And this is Sam Campbell. You know of him, don't you? Writes books and gives lectures." Sandy was working hard to impress him. "Mr. Campbell is a naturalist, and he is here to study moose. He wants to make pictures of them and write about them."

There was quite a different "Anh" this time, accompanied by a slight nod of the head. I wasn't flattered. It sounded too much like he meant: "So what? Bet he could write all he knows about moose in two sentences. He looks as if he spent most of his time among contented cows." I did get a double-stroke handshake, however, which was some concession.

"Come on in," said Sandy, leading the

way. "You folks get acquainted." We filed into the warehouse.

I never felt more awkward in my life. Ancient walked over to our packsacks and poked one a little with his cane. "Pretty heavy," I said, and there couldn't have been anything worse to say. Reaching down he picked up the pack, raising it easily above his head. Then he put it down again, giving me a look of disgust. He didn't even grunt, but he looked as if he wanted to say: "If you call that heavy, what are you doing up in this country? I could carry a pack like that in my teeth." I had erred and I knew it. The pack wasn't really very heavy, and why did I have to say it was?

"Nice day, isn't it, Ancient?" said Giny.

Ancient just nodded his head.

"Fish biting?" asked Bob.

Ancient swung his head from side to side like an elephant eating hay.

"Do you live near here, Ancient?" asked Marge, with one of her prettiest smiles.

A wave of his cane indicated a residence in the village, and a grunt said it wasn't far, but that was all.

I tried appeal to his professional pride. "How is the route up Lily River nowadays, Ancient? Can we get through?" I knew already the river was blocked with beaver dams. My reward was two words. "Bad!" he said, in a deep voice. "Beaver."

That was all though. Immediately he lapsed into silence again. How I wished he had the nature of a juke box, and that I could drop a coin somewhere and get the stories back of that stoical appearance.

"Sam, can you folks come here a moment," called Sandy from back in the warehouse. Four of us went, Hi-Bub remaining behind. "I'm afraid he is on to us," said Sandy. "If that fellow thinks you are trying to dig a story out of him, he won't give in. Stay with me for a few minutes so he thinks you don't care. Then we will go back."

We became quite absorbed in looking



We became quite absorbed in looking at some maps of the Sanctuary Lake area.

at some new maps of the region which Sandy had just acquired. They were made by aerial survey, and one had Sanctuary Lake on it. This was the first map we had ever found that showed our lake. It was a tiny little area and the map gave no name to it, but it was there. We were quite excited about it, and got very much absorbed in discussing it and the surrounding territory. We really had forgotten our problem with the silent and defiant Ancient, when we heard Hi-Bub in a fit of laughter. He was joined by a much deeper voice.

"What is this? What is this?" exclaimed Sandy, walking toward the place where we had left Ancient and Hi-Bub. We all followed cautiously.

"That boy has done it!" said Sandy, peering around a pile of canoes. "He has Ancient talking and laughing. I would never have believed it. Easy now, don't make either one conscious of what they are doing. Don't spoil it."

We walked up as casually as possible. Hi-Bub *had* done it. Ancient was like a different person. His eyes were dancing and he emitted a deep chuckle as he said to Sandy, "Dees fella ees wan gran' boy. But he don' know moose. You know what he say?"

"No, Ancient, what did he say?" said Sandy, as we gathered around.

"He say dees—" Ancient pointed to the mounted moose head—"he say dees ees biggest moose in zee worl! Ha, ha, I laugh. I tell heem I fin' moose what mak zees one look like puppy. An' you know what he ask me? He say, 'Ancient, do a moose moo?'" and Ancient blew his whiskers out straight with a hearty laugh.

Hi-Bub was laughing too. We all joined in, not so much from the humor of anything said, but because to laugh furthered the freedom that was developing. Hi-Bub acted as if he had known Ancient all his life. He walked up to him and laid his hand on the man's shoulder. Ancient did the only thing a man could in the circumstances—he put his

arm around the lad and drew him closer.

"Well," said Hi-Bub between laughs, "you said a cow moose does make a sound something like a moo."

Ancient broke out laughing again. "A milk cow she moo, Leetle Fella—not a moose. In zee fall when she want mate—zen zee moose cow talk soft, lok zees—" And Ancient cupped his hand to his mouth, giving an imitation of a cow moose that would have deceived any bull moose in the forest. It was wonderful, and I looked at Sandy, winking to signify my admiration.

"Zee poppa moose, he not moo," Ancient continued. "*Mais non*, he bellow until zee trees shake. Eef I have horn I show you—here, like zees." Again Ancient cupped his hand to his mouth, and gave another startling imitation, this time the bellow of the bull. Then he repeated the soft call of the cow, and immediately the fierce reply. Closer and closer he brought the two animals together while we watched and listened spellbound. The expression in his eyes was fascinating. He was living the drama his impersonations were portraying. Hi-Bub, mouth open, was staring as if he expected two moose to emerge on the floor of the warehouse any moment. "Zee call keep oop until he come," Ancient broke in to finish the scene with description. "Zee man moose say, 'You will be my wife, *n'est-ce pas?*' She say, 'You betcha boots.' Now Leetle Fella, you see how a moose talk?"

Marge started to applaud the performance we had just witnessed, but stopped short at a quick glance from Sandy. It was unwise to let Ancient think he was doing anything or that he was on display.

"That was great," said Hi-Bub. "I never saw a live moose. I suppose you have seen lots of them, Ancient."

"See zem? Leetle boy, I live wis zem all my life. Oh, gran' L'Orignac." His eyes danced as he used the French-Canadian name for the animal. "I know heem on Quebec rivers, on sou'shore Hudson Bay —"

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but a man reported that he got on an elevator recently and stood behind a little girl. Her mother and her father were with her. As the express elevator went up to one of the top floors, the little girl clutched her stomach and moaned, "Oh, I feel drunk."

Her father looked at her and asked, "Now, what do you know about feeling drunk?"

"Oh, you know, Daddy," she replied, "like you were last night."

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

Ancient had suddenly become oblivious to his surroundings. His recollection of early experiences in the north woods of Canada and the United States was so vivid he was living them again. Seventy-five years back he had cruised the turbulent waters of those rivers that rush toward Hudson's Bay in his *bateau*—a name for the birchbark canoe of the day. He traveled with other canoemen or river men—the *voyageurs*! It was long ago, but even then he must have been eighteen or twenty years of age. He told of their constant battle with dangerous rapids, of the vast, unbroken wilds through which they passed, of the brave men who made up this nation of pioneers. With his cane he imitated the paddle strokes—vigorous, powerful, skillful—that mastered the defiant streams and lakes. "And I," he cried, rising to his feet with one hand pounding his breast, "I am *gouvernail*!" He drew himself up proudly.

"*Gouvernail*—that is the word for steersman," whispered Sandy in my ear. "Only the most expert paddlers were chosen to be *gouvernail*."

Ancient continued to live the scenes of those days. He made us feel the sheer joy the men felt in their ability to carry great loads over portages, and to paddle from dawn to dusk. He broke forth in jolly mood when he told of the camps. "Everywan seeng," he cried, and he sang two of the rollicking songs in French, his cane a fiddle bow, his arm a fiddle.

"But how about moose, Ancient?" Hi-Bub broke in. None of the rest of us dared speak for fear of breaking the spell. "Were there lots of moose?"

"*Oui, oui*—leetle one, I forget. L'Orignac—what you call moose—he along river, lake, all over. I see heem, I hunt heem. Once in lake—"

In language that is difficult to reproduce in print, Ancient told of canoeing over a perfectly placid lake. There was not a ripple to be seen. Suddenly right in front



"But what was the biggest moose you ever saw?" Hi-Bub asked the bearded man.

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of the canoe, about three paddle lengths away, a huge dark form emerged from the water. Startled, he turned the canoe sharply to one side. There swam a large cow moose. She had been feeding on the bottom of the lake, completely submerged. Apparently she did not see them, for she swam for a moment while she replenished her breath, and then disappeared again. I was glad to have this information from him. Often I had heard of moose diving in deep waters, but I had never seen it. Ancient was not the kind of man who invents nature experiences and I felt sure that his story was accurate.

"Did you ever have a pet moose?" asked Hi-Bub.

"Oui, oui," said Ancient, nodding his head. "Plenty time. Leetle Fella—"

He told of moose staying about his camps at various times. They are good pets, he said, except in autumn. This is the mating season, and they are not to be trusted. One year he lived in a cabin in the Hudson's Bay region. A young calf moose became so friendly, it would come right into the cabin. Often it slept on the floor, occupying so much space he could hardly get in the place himself. It would follow him as he went about in the woods. It disappeared in the autumn. Ancient also told of a team of moose he had trained in harness. They would pull

either a sled or wagon, being stronger and faster than horses. They would obey his slightest command.

"Moose, he wan smart fella," said Ancient with a shake of his head. "He know plenty tricks."

He told of seeing two moose calves on a hill near a remote Canadian lake. He walked toward them, and they ran downhill, back of some brush toward the water. He was sure they could not escape without passing him or swimming the lake. Yet, they completely disappeared from sight. He searched for nearly an hour, examining every clump of bushes. Then he saw two objects near the shore that looked like the ends of water-soaked logs. Examining them more closely, he found the two calves lying completely submerged except for their noses. Here they could have stayed hidden for a day, if necessary.

"Oh, how he smell!" exclaimed Ancient. "You know how 'tis when you smell skoonk?"

Hi-Bub did.

"Wal—moose seenk you smell jes' as worse!" He laughed. He declared a moose can smell a man a mile away if the wind is right and that he will run frantically whenever that scent reaches him. He told of the care the cow moose gives to a calf, how she will fight in his protection. Once he saw a moose cow swimming a lake, and he noted a strange hump on her back. As she came closer he could see a calf with its head and forelegs over the mother's shoulders, enjoying a nice free ride.

Hi-Bub asked Ancient how big moose get. The old man stroked his whiskers as he thought. He declared he had seen many larger than the mounted specimen. Yes, in reply to Hi-Bub's direct question, he had seen them seven feet tall—that is to the withers, or shoulders. The head would reach higher. When we looked amazed, he said that in Quebec he had seen one seven feet six inches high. In Alaska much larger ones were to be found, measuring eight feet or more.

"But what was the biggest you ever saw?" asked Hi-Bub, for boys are always seeking the superlative.

"Anh—I call heem to me," said Ancient. He told of an autumn long ago when he was in the forests near the south shore of Hudson's Bay. He made a horn out of birch bark, and began calling in the tones of a cow moose. "Lak zeas," he said, raising his hand to his mouth and making a soft, mellow sound. He had continued calling for an hour. There was no answer from the forest, but presently he heard brush breaking and he knew that something was coming. He continued his call, and now gave us a demonstration of the great variety of sounds a cow moose can make—whines and grunts but not a "moo" among them. Twig breaking came closer and closer at hand as some huge creature approached. Soon from the brush directly in front of him emerged a moose

so large "he look lak he walk on stilts." Ancient continued his calling, and the great moose came on. He reached forty feet away and halted for a few minutes. The calls were irresistible and on he came to thirty feet, to twenty, to fifteen. "He look lak hillside!" exclaimed Ancient excitedly. "I measure heem seven foot six inches. His horn five feet four inches. He weigh mebbe sixteen hunder' poun'."

Hi-Bub thought for a moment, and then asked, "Ancient, how did you know he was so big?"

"Why, I shoot heem," explained Ancient. "I measure heem wees my gun."

"You—killed—him!" said Hi-Bub, his face sobering. "You called him up and then just shot him? Oh, Ancient—that wasn't fair. How could you?"

Hi-Bub was deeply affected. The vivid descriptions of Ancient had made all this very real to him, and it was almost as if he had seen the great moose shot down right before his eyes. There was an awkward silence. Ancient fastened his eyes on Hi-Bub. "Leetle Fella," he said, in a tone quite different from the one in which he had been speaking. "I weesh I not keel heem, now. Zen I not know." He explained to the distressed boy that he hunted for food, that he really never liked to kill. "No, I lak see heem alive, see heem run, free. I not kill more," he said.

Ancient was tired and he arose to go home. Bob offered to drive him home in his car, and the offer was accepted.

Ancient had retreated to his grunts again. He patted Hi-Bub on the head by way of a farewell, but to the rest of us he gave no sign. We watched him as he walked through the door, a grand old character from yesterday—the last of the *voyageurs*. He had talked to us that day for nearly two hours.

"I wonder if you realize what a rare experience we have had," said Sandy. "I have never known of him opening up like that before. Hi-Bub, how did you do it?"

Next Week: Chapters XIII and XIV

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KEY

Wit Sharpeners

"He delivered me from my strong enemy, and from them that hated me: for they were too strong for me. They prevented me in the day of my calamity: but the Lord was my stay" (2 Sam. 22: 18, 19).

Bible Lesson

Prepared for
publication by the
General Conference
Sabbath School
Department

NO LOVE WITHOUT GIVING

Lesson for November 28, 1959

Daily Study Record:

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MEMORY GEM: "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich" (2 Cor. 8:9).

OUTSIDE READING: *Counsels on Stewardship*, pp. 20-23, 80, 81, 104-107, 323-325; *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 335-345.

Introduction

"As faithful stewards we are to use it [wealth] for the honor and glory of God. Some think that only a portion of their means is the Lord's. When they have set apart a portion for religious and charitable purposes, they regard the remainder as their own, to be used as they see fit. But in this they mistake. All we possess is the Lord's, and we are accountable to Him for the use we make of it."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 351.

1 When God's House Is to Be Built

1. How far did David go in building the Temple?

"I have prepared with all my might for the house of my God. . . . I have set my affection to the house of my God" (1 Chron. 29:2, 3).

2. What was the response of the people?

"Then the chief of the fathers and princes of the tribes of Israel, and the captains of thousands and of hundreds, with the rulers of the king's work, offered willingly, and gave for the service of the house of God. . . . Then the people rejoiced, for that they offered willingly, because with perfect heart they offered willingly to the Lord" (1 Chron. 29:6, 7).

NOTE.—"The response came not only in liberal offerings of treasures to meet the expense of the building but also in willing service in the various lines of God's work. Hearts were filled with a desire to return to the Lord His own, by consecrating to His service all the energies of mind and body."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, Ellen G. White Comments, on 1 Chron. 29:3, p. 1129.

3. How did all this affect David?

"And David the king also rejoiced with great joy" (1 Chron. 29:9).

4. What humble explanation did he make of the underlying cause for this tremendous demonstration?

"Now therefore, our God, we thank thee, and praise thy glorious name. . . . All things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee. . . . O Lord our God, all this store that we

have prepared to build thee an house for thine holy name cometh of thine hand, and is all thine own" (1 Chron. 29:13-16).

NOTE.—"There is no limit to the usefulness of one who, putting self aside, makes room for the working of the Holy Spirit upon his heart and lives a life wholly consecrated to God. All who consecrate body, soul, and spirit to His service will be constantly receiving a new endowment of physical, mental, and spiritual power. The inexhaustible supplies of heaven are at their command."—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 159.

2 Spiritual Economics

5. In what glowing terms did Paul write about the liberality of the Corinthians?

"The riches of their liberality," "they were willing of themselves" (2 Cor. 8:2, 3).

6. What suggestion is made about making this a program of systematic benevolence?

"As each week's first day comes around, let each of you personally set aside in proportion to what he has gained" (1 Cor. 16:2, Berkeley).

NOTE.—"This matter of giving is not left to impulse, God has given us definite instruction in regard to it. He has specified tithes and offerings as the measure of our obligation. And He desires us to give regularly and systematically. . . . Let each regularly examine his income, which is all a blessing from God, and set apart the tithe as a separate fund, to be sacredly the Lord's. This fund should not in any case be devoted to any other use; it is to be devoted solely to support the ministry of the gospel. After the tithe is set apart, let gifts and offerings be apportioned 'as God hath prospered' you. . . . 'We are not to consecrate to Him what remains of our income after all our real or imaginary wants are satisfied; but before any portion is consumed, we should set apart that which God has specified as His.'—*Counsels on Stewardship*, pp. 80, 81.

7. How did Job benefit when he helped those in need?

"I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I put on righteousness, and it clothed me: my judgment was as a robe and a diadem. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor: and the cause which I knew not I searched out" (Job 29:12-16).

3 On the Practical Side

8. What question is asked of the Lord's debtors, or those in debt to Him?

"How much owest thou unto my lord?" (Luke 16:5).

NOTE.—"It is God who blesses men with property, and He does this that they may be able to give toward the advancement of His cause."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 75.

"Those who hold fast their property till the last moment, surrender it to death rather than to the cause. . . . Dying charity is a poor substitute for living benevolence."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, pp. 154, 155.

"If you want your means to go to the cause, appropriate it, or all that you do not really need for a support, while you live."—*Ibid.*, p. 155.

"God would have every man, during his lifetime, the executor of his own will in this matter."—*Ibid.*, vol. 4, p. 81.

"A solemn responsibility rests upon ministers to keep before the churches the needs of the cause of God, and to educate them to be liberal. When this is neglected, and the churches fail to give for the necessities of others, not only does the work of the Lord suffer, but the blessing that should come to believers is withheld."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 341.

4 The Supreme Example

9. What honored relationship is ours?

"We are labourers together with God" (1 Cor. 3:9).

Memory Gem.

NOTE.—"To every soul who will suffer with Him in resistance of sin, in labor for His cause, in self-denial for the good of others, He promises a part in the eternal reward of the righteous. Through the exercise of the spirit that characterized His lifework, we are to become partakers of His nature. Partaking in this life of sacrifice for the sake of others, we shall share with Him in the life to come the 'far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'"—*Counsels on Stewardship*, pp. 25, 26.

10. What will be the motive back of all loving labor and true sharing?

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. . . . Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" (Matt. 22:37-39).

NOTE.—"Love must be the principle of action. Love is the underlying principle of God's government in heaven and earth, and it must be the foundation of the Christian's character. This alone can make and keep him steadfast. . . . If we love Jesus, we shall love to live for Him, to present our thank offerings to Him, to labor for Him."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 49.

11. How did Jesus exemplify this principle?

"When Jesus knew that his hour was come that he should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them unto the end" (John 13:1).

NOTE.—"Knowing perfectly well that they were about to forsake Him shamefully in a very few hours, in full view of their approaching display of weakness and infirmity, our blessed Master did not cease to have loving thoughts of His disciples. He was not weary of them: He loved them to the last."—*Ryle, Expository Thoughts on the Gospels*, vol. 4, p. 224.

"Having always loved His own disciples, and having given many proofs of His singular affection, He now, before leaving them alone like orphans in the world, gave one more striking proof of His love by washing their feet, and thus on the last evening before His death, showed that He loved them to the very end of His ministry, and was not weary of them."—*Ibid.*, p. 229.

THE CALL

I heard him call,
"Come, follow"—that was all.
My gold grew dim,
My heart went after him.
I rose and followed—that was all.

Who would not follow
Had he heard him call?

—Selected

One can give without loving, but one cannot love without giving.
—Anonymous

Quizangles

1. What two important parts of David's life did he give in the building of the Temple? (1)
2. What ranks of leaders are mentioned as leading in this enterprise? (1)
3. In what spirit did officers and people give? (1)
4. What was it David said the people had given? (1)
5. How much of all that the people gave for the building of the Temple did David include in this ascription of praise? (1)
6. What advice is given about the use of Sunday in our spiritual activities? (2)
7. How would you answer the question, "How much owest thou unto my Lord"? (3)
8. Why did Jesus empty Himself and become poor? (4)
9. What are the two love reasons that are to motivate all Christian service? (4)

NEXT WEEK, December 5, 1959—Lesson title: "Outposts of Heaven." Outside reading: *The Adventist Home*, pp. 292-325; *Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 44-51; *The Ministry of Healing*, pp. 349-362, 388-394; *Messages to Young People*, pp. 325-342. Memory gem: 2 Timothy 3:15.



QUESTION I have only recently become a Seventh-day Adventist. I am very much interested in attending the Adventist college in my region, but my father, who is not a church member, refuses to send me there. What would you suggest I do?

ANSWER There is no more effective solution to your problem than prayer and work. I have used this formula with success in a similar situation. My mother, sister, and I were Adventists; my father was not. Going away to a Christian school had to be my own venture. I can honestly say the venture became adventure, and every day that I worked hard and studied hard at a Christian college was a day of real happiness and satisfaction.

Pray. Also talk to your parents about earning possibilities. Talk to your pastor, to business friends. Write to the administration and teaching staff of the school of your choice. They will all be sympathetic and will advise you concerning employ-

ment opportunities, a sensible study load in balance with your work program, and any other details with which you need help.

You may need to work a year to save ahead and then go to school, but if you can, go to school right away, work more and take fewer studies. There is nothing like getting your feet wet in the Jordan to give you daring.

QUESTION I was offered a job baby-sitting from 2:30 to 11:00 P.M., including Friday nights and Sabbath. It's a steady job and I would give the money I earn on Sabbath to the church. I would miss Friday night MV meetings. What's the difference between caring for an infant and a sick person?

ANSWER There is a vast difference between caring for the sick on the Sabbath and baby-sitting on the Sabbath. A sick person needs some competent nurse or

aid to provide for his care. Normally, children have parents who can do this service for them.

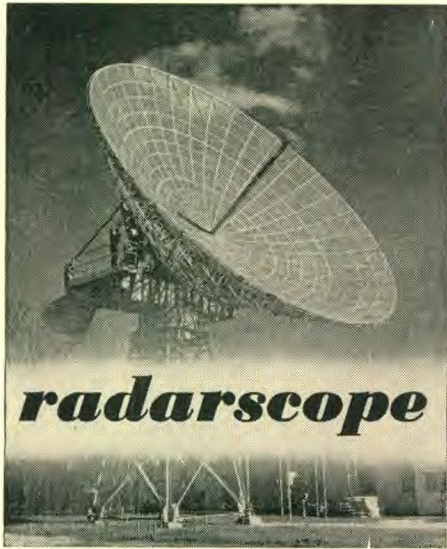
In a missionary spirit you may occasionally relieve a tired mother on the Sabbath or care for the child so that the parents can attend some church function together. But it is entirely different to care for the child as a regular Sabbath job, receiving pay and doing the service for the convenience of parents who may wish to spend the time working or shopping. Giving your earnings to the church does not justify this use of the Sabbath. God does not need money you earn on His time.

You would lose much by giving up your Sabbath time. You mentioned the MV meeting. Missing it, you would miss much that is worth while. Think of all the Sabbath afternoons during which you should be learning to know God better. You would lose much by giving up your Sabbath time simply for the purpose of getting a baby-sitting job.

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 EASTERNMOST Seventh-day Adventist church in the United States is in Lubec, Maine. *Atlantic Union Gleaner*

► THE LIFE expectancy at birth has risen in the United States from 55.8 years in 1929 to 69.3 years in 1959. *MLPFS*

► SPECTACULAR ice sheets stud the coast line of the Gulf of Alaska on the 49th State's southern coast. One, Malaspina Glacier, could cover all of Rhode Island. *NGS*

► AIRMEN practicing weightless movement control at Wright Air Development Center have been taking strolls in a most unusual fashion—upside down. They perform the human fly trick on ceilings with the help of magnets bolted to aluminum sandals. *ALCOA*

► MEDICAL records show that cases of food poisoning have been increasing steadily in the U.S. since 1940, and authorities predict thousands of Americans will suffer food-poisoning attacks this year. Of the three types of toxin-caused poisoning, botulism is the most serious, as the fatality rate here is approximately 65 per cent. *PD*

► FOR TWENTY years scientists have studied a type of sickly corn plant that seemed incapable of producing normal green leaves. The mystery was solved when it was discovered that this type of plant could not utilize the iron compound present in the soil. It was, however, able to utilize a less common iron compound and thrived when given this artificially. *UCHI*

► THE CH'ANG, a somewhat enigmatic people in the high mountains of western China, spend their lives in the midst of an invisible world of invisible demons. "Unlucky" coincidences abound: if a person sees two snakes hooked together, or if a hen crows, or a rat chews someone's clothes, or a frog or toad gets into a house and croaks, a person may become ill, die, or get into a quarrel. *Smithsonian*

► A HIGH-PITCHED wail from home radios or television sets may become the family warning against dangerous radioactive fallout. The device, called a Banshee, would cost only between \$10 and \$20 and could be installed in any radio. The Banshee consists of a cadmium sulfide crystal no larger than the head of a pin, and a circuit. When the radiation reaches a dangerous level, the crystal would generate a sirenlike wail relayed through the speaker. The wail would become louder with increased radiation and would diminish as the radiation lessened. *UCAL*

► FROM among the large number of minerals that the human body needs, two medical investigators have discovered one that may prevent tooth decay. They doubled the amount of phosphorus in the diet of hamsters and found dental caries reduced by 95 per cent. By again doubling the quantity of phosphorus, they completely eliminated decay. *Naval Research Reviews*

► THE ACCIDENT involvement rate for female drivers is about 18 per cent higher than for male drivers in the daytime and 38 per cent higher at night. When professional drivers are omitted from the comparison, however, the men are only slightly ahead. *Automotive Safety*

► IT TAKES more air than minerals to make a ton of pig iron. The proportions normally used in a blast furnace are almost two tons of iron ore, nearly one ton of coke, a half ton of limestone, and four tons of air. *NGS*

► MOST species of spiders have eight symmetrically placed eyes that enable them to see in eight directions at once. They are sensitive to light and movement, but are near-sighted. *BVI*

► AUSTRALIAN aborigines use dogs as blankets to keep warm at night. A chilly night in the Australian outback ranks as a "three-dog night." A "five-dog night" is really cold. *NGS*

► A STUDY of 259 boys and girls in Ohio gave no evidence that there is a marked loss of "baby" fat in adolescence. *Science*

► ALEXANDER THE GREAT founded the city of Alexandria in 332 B.C. after he had conquered Egypt. *UAR*

► WHITE SANDS NATIONAL MONUMENT in New Mexico contains the world's largest surface deposit of gypsum. When baked, the soft white gypsum sand becomes pure plaster of Paris. *NGS*

► THE DAYS of the tuberculosis sanatorium are numbered, according to one doctor, for better understanding of TB and better treatment now allow most cases to be handled in general hospitals and in homes. *AMA*

► THE POPULARITY of dog breeds changes, as do women's fashions. In recent years the smaller breeds—beagles, Chihuahuas, dachshunds, toy poodles, cockers, Pekingese, and Boston terriers—have become very popular. This may be partly due to the fact that they are "apartment-size" dogs. *NGS*

► MAN MAY fly under his own power, according to one physiologist who says that a 175-pound man can generate the 0.4 horsepower necessary for his personal flight. All he needs is a skillfully engineered set of wings. A similar feat would be possible for a dog, but a horse would crash to the earth, according to calculations. *Scope*

► AVIATION's first universal flight control system—a major milestone in airborne technology—has been developed to control automatically and precisely any type of U.S. Army aircraft—helicopters, fixed-wing planes, or high-performance pilotless drones. It surmounts technical barriers that have existed since 1912, when the first automatic pilot came into use. *Sperry*

► AT 84, swimmer Sadie North works to improve her backstroke and her breaststroke. She learned to swim at 75 and became very adept. Two broken hips which she says are "held together by railroad spikes" do not prevent her from walking erect and teaching classes in first aid. For years she rode a bicycle over the mountain roads of North Carolina promoting Red Cross first-aid training. *ANRC*

target

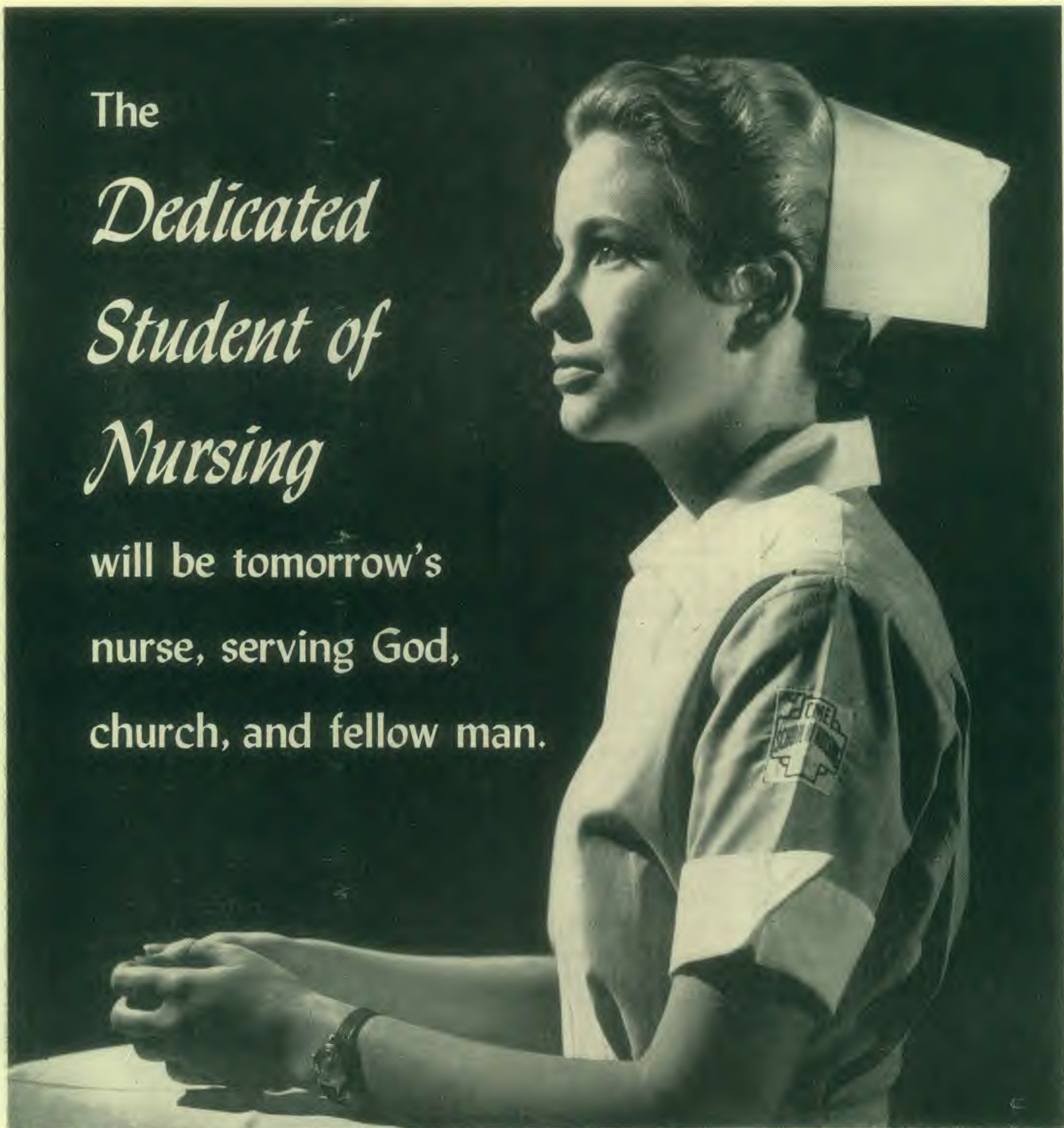
Some people would like to have a device that would do for their spiritual life what the new Banshee crystal reportedly does in regard to radiation—emit a high-pitched wail when the situation gets too dangerous.

It may be, in fact, that a well-trained, healthy conscience does serve in this respect. There are, however, some important differences. For one thing, the Banshee can presumably be mass-produced, whereas a conscience is, in an important sense, a do-it-yourself project. For another thing, once you have the Banshee installed, you can forget about it, and it will work automatically; but a conscience needs thoughtful attention as long as it is expected to function.

Finally, there's a rather significant difference in cost. While a Banshee device is predicted to cost from \$10 to \$20, a thoroughly dependable conscience requires a total investment, a complete, continuing commitment to Jesus Christ. And there are no discounts available. *FG*

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