

THE

Youth's

INSTRUCTOR

You may do some inner searching of your own after reading

Treasures of the Heart

FEBRUARY 16, 1960

[Sabbath School Lesson for February 27]





What! **Earn a Camera?**

YES You can earn a real movie or still camera the easy LIFE AND HEALTH way. Here's all you have to do: Sell the required amount of magazines or subscriptions and turn in the full amount of \$25.00 for camera No. 43E or \$50.00 for camera No. 77 to your Conference Publishing Department Secretary, and you will receive the camera.

No. 77 Brownie Movie Camera:

Easy to use—only one simple setting of dial; economical too—uses low-cost 8 mm. roll film; no focusing required, color-coded optical finder, accepts Kodak telephoto and wide-angle converters. Retail \$32.50. Requirement: 10 subscriptions or 100 single copies.

No. 43E Brownie Flash Outfit:

The handsome, capable "big brother" of the famous Brownie Starflash Camera . . . for day and night, sun or shade, snaps or slides. Includes Brownie Flash 20 Camera, 4 M2 flashbulbs, 2 penlite batteries, 1 roll of Kodak Verichrome Pan 620 film, neck strap, instruction booklet. Retail \$15.35. Requirement: 5 subscriptions or 50 single copies.

It will surprise you how, by using just an hour or two each day, through this plan you may own one or both of these excellent cameras. Do it now. Don't miss this opportunity.



See your Conference Publishing Department Secretary for further information and your supplies of LIFE AND HEALTH and selling hints—now.



Treasures of the Heart

by GERTRUDE LOEWEN

I SAT on the bed in our three-room Chinese house in Da Bao just outside the city of Chungking, China, trying to sort out the things I could take home to America and to determine which things I must leave behind.

"Only forty pounds a person," the ticket agent had said.

"But I've got to take the pictures of our school days," I said. "They could never be replaced. If we leave them here we'll probably never see them again. Even if we could return later, the white ants would probably have eaten them all away."

But this was not a time for sentimentality. It was a time for action. On the next Tuesday we were to fly from Chungking to Hong Kong and then go on to America by ship.

As I began to lay aside what would go with us, I found that much I had valued before faded into insignificance when it had to be discarded. I began to evaluate what was really important and what could be dispensed with. It seemed as though most things were unimportant now.

We thought we had been living on the barest necessities. We had moved many times, and each time we had discarded some things so it wouldn't be so hard to travel. When we left Oakland, California, seven years earlier, we had had a very comfortable five-room house full of the things with which to enjoy life. We were able to take most of our belongings to Peking, but when we moved from Peking to Hankow we left some boxes behind. In Hankow we parted company with our refrigerator, which we had thought was to last us a lifetime because we were going to take good care of our things!

In Kiukiang we left behind all our furniture and were only able to take our trunks with us to Hong Kong, where we were refugees living in one room for nearly a year. Then we were asked to go to Yencheng in Honan province, and by good fortune the furniture left in Kiukiang was retrieved so we could use that in Yencheng.

When it was time to leave Yencheng we again took only our trunks with us and were fortunate to trade furniture with another mis-

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.

A continually changing world is reflected in its pages as it has expanded from 1852 to 1960. Then it was essentially a medium for providing youth Sabbath school lessons. Now it also supplies many added services meaningful to twentieth-century Christians.

Editor WALTER T. CRANDALL
 Assistant Editor ALICE MAE SLICK
 Art Editor T. K. MARTIN
 SHARE Editor MILDRED LEE JOHNSON
 Editorial Consultants
 RAYMOND F. COTTELL
 RICHARD HAMMILL, THEODORE LUCAS
 E. LENNARD MINCHIN, GERALD R. NASH
 Circulation Manager R. G. CAMPBELL

Published by the Seventh-day Adventists. Printed every Tuesday by the Review and Herald Publishing Association, at Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C., U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at Washington, D.C. Copyright, 1960, Review and Herald Publishing Association, Washington 12, D.C.

Subscription rates to U.S., Canada, and U.S. possessions: one year, \$6.50; two years, \$11.50; three years, \$15.75; six months, \$3.40; in clubs of three or more, one year, each \$5.25; six months, \$2.75. All other countries: one year, \$7.30; six months, \$3.80; in clubs of three or more, one year, each \$6.05; six months, \$3.15.

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

Photo credits: Cover, Kodak High School Photo Contest; p. 6, courtesy of Robert D. Lee; p. 11, Max Tharpe.

VOLUME 108, NUMBER 7 FEBRUARY 16, 1960

sionary family who had things stored on the coast and could not get them into Yencheng. The "new" furniture we had taken over the Burma Road into Chungking.

But this time—only forty pounds per person.

My next move was to weigh the suitcases—and they were nice ones—to see how much we could pack inside them.

"These suitcases weigh too much," I said, exasperated. "That cuts us down to where we can take practically nothing." But without them how were we to pack the things to get them on the plane?

I looked at the drapes in the living room—old family heirlooms, which had been handed down to us—they would have to stay behind. But why not take them down and sew them into bags and use them to pack in? So we had blue brocaded baggage.

"But suppose it rains, and the baggage gets all wet?" my husband asked.

"Can't we get some Chinese yellow oilcloth and wrap around them?" I ventured.

So we started out with bright-yellow baggage with a touch of blue showing through. It wore through in a couple of places so the drapes could never again be used, but our belongings made the trip nicely.

Lace tablecloth, fancy doilies, pretty lamp shades, beautiful vases, cute knick-knacks, my pretty pink glass dishes, wedding presents, books and notes from school days, family pictures—all the things to make an attractive home—had to stay behind.

The little bird ornaments I had in each window-shade pull stayed where they were. All my fancy linens—every towel had a crocheted edge, and every sheet and pillowcase was embroidered and lace trimmed—were no longer mine. I liked pretty things, and it was my greatest delight to sew. I knew then that I had spent too much time on that type of work.

It was our plan to buy some Chinese chests and tables when our boat stopped in Shanghai, so we would have a few things with which to set up house-keeping again. But because the ship was evacuating so many people—we had been fortunate to get on it at all—it was late in reaching Shanghai, and we were there on a Sabbath. There was no shopping for us.

Temporary cots had been set up in the sun parlor on the top deck of the ship. There our six-year-old daughter and I were placed in the women's quarters, while my husband was housed in

the corridor where they had cots for the men.

As we neared San Francisco we were given the usual customs declaration papers to fill out and appraise our baggage so the officials would know what amount of duty to charge. Our papers were easy to fill out, for we had nothing to declare that might have been taxable.

"Do you mean to tell me that after living in China for seven years these five suitcases are all you have?" a customs official asked gruffly. "Where is the rest of your baggage?" he demanded.

"This is all we have," said my husband.

"Do you stand here and tell me that you didn't buy a suit of clothes in all those seven years?" the agent went on.

Explanation did no good, and he examined our things most carefully, thinking we might still be concealing something we were trying to smuggle into the country. We were the first passengers arriving from the Orient by boat who had been limited to forty pounds of luggage and who were unable to buy anything along the way.

While it is true that we had to part with many things on our departure from Chungking, I learned that the most important things of life could never be left behind—the things that really count and last. They remain in my heart as living treasures to cherish forever. I do not miss any of my material possessions. I have enough now and better ones than before.

I hated to part with our school pictures and mementos of gala occasions. But the memory of school days—classmates, understanding, devoted and consecrated teachers, and a host of good times—will remain forever in my heart.

I had a stack of letters from the one-and-only in my life. I treasured each one, from the first casual keep-in-touch-and-hope-to-receive-an-answer to the more serious kind, when life's true objectives and goals were discussed and his inner soul was laid bare to one who meant a great deal to him. Between the letters were some souvenirs—a twig and pebble picked up on a walk through the woods, an autumn leaf sent in a letter as a bit of thoughtfulness. They had spoken to my heart what no amount of words could portray. I had to leave the letters behind, but the thoughtfulness they expressed is in my life to stay.

There was a carefully folded page with some pressed roses—part of a bouquet sent by wire just to let me know someone cared very much—yes, more

To page 20

Always the Blade?*

Sledding Seventeen-year-old Richard Smith of Michigan took a fifty-dollar special award in the 1959 Kodak High School Photo Contest with the picture shown on the cover. He says, "I was driving along late one afternoon when I noticed the children and their dog playing in the snow, so I got out and walked over to where they were and took the picture. The sun was just setting, and I hid the sun directly behind the hill, shooting toward it."

Pilot A note from Jan S. Doward some time after our acceptance of "Routine Adventure" mentioned that one of the chief characters in the story had succumbed to cancer. "Don Wren was one of the best pilots in the whole southwestern Alaska area," he wrote.

Canada "I enjoyed 'Sweet Wine From Sour Grapes' [October 6, 1959]. The humorous satire gives both people on either side a good jolt to shake them out of faulty reasoning. The information the author provides is good. I do not condemn a person for being single or married, on condition that Christ is chief partner." R. H. MacKINNON, Vancouver, B.C.

California "My sincere thanks for 'Sweet Wine From Sour Grapes' by Lovina Chatterton. I hope you did not print this with a tongue-in-cheek attitude toward the army of 'Misses' who fill so many places in the workaday world. Rather, I hope you printed this with a sincere appreciation for their worth. I know your hope is that those in their late teens and early twenties won't think there is nothing worth while for them to do—except marry the wrong man." NAME WITHHELD, Oakland.

• A paramount consideration in the acceptance of every manuscript for publication is this: Will some readers be helped to make more satisfying adjustments to life after reading this manuscript? You do not see the manuscripts to which the answer was No.

Pleasure "The pleasure of doing good to others imparts a glow to the feelings which flashes through the nerves, quickens the circulation of the blood, and induces mental and physical health."—4T 56.

When a *Youth's Instructor* Survey of Reader Opinion was taken in a Seventh-day Adventist school last fall, a few students commented on some features they found in their weekly magazine, and one made an illuminating observation about Counsel Clinic. Here is his edited statement:

"You don't give very specific answers in Counsel Clinic. You should tell them when it is wrong to do certain things. Tell them with a plain Yes or No. Then give the references to books, instead of writing long paragraphs. It is good, however."

"Tell them with a plain Yes or No," the student wrote. But it is in the area of the "in between" that Counsel Clinic often attempts to serve teen-and-twenty-age youth.

One of the values of Counsel Clinic lies in the exploratory vein in which counsel is sometimes given. The counselor searches out some of the many factors that may be involved in a specific problem. But he hesitates to become conscience for the questioner, and rightly so.

The most important contribution this or any other magazine can make to youth in spiritual matters is to show them how to develop sanctified judgment. Such judgment is not a gift at birth. It is not even fully developed on graduation from any school. It must grow through study and prayer and observation throughout life. "Sanctification is a progressive work."¹ It is "not the work of a moment, an hour, a day, but of a lifetime."²

Peter was a poor counselor until his Thursday night conversion following his denial of Jesus. Until then he had been ever ready to give Yes-or-No answers. Afterward, his Master could give him the commission "Feed my lambs," "Feed my sheep."³

A study of Peter's two letters shows that he learned how to counsel, how to encourage. "As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the word," he wrote, "that ye may grow thereby." He recognized that motives are all-important in referring to "the hidden man of the heart." He realized the need for sympathy, "having compassion one of another." He warned against "being lords over God's heritage," except by "being ensamples to the flock." He encouraged young and old to "be clothed with humility."⁴

A Yes-or-No answer can be given to some questions; it cannot be given to some others. Jesus came to earth the first time to give a pure demonstration of how to keep His Father's commandments, and in doing so He violated some man-made interpretations of what was right or wrong.

That counsel is best which helps a youth to learn to think for himself and not become a mere reflector of other men's thoughts. When the days of final conflict break on our world, youth who have learned to discern for themselves what God expects of them will have a built-in set of principles to apply in every emergency. They will not be dismayed by some unexpected situation they cannot find on a do-or-don't list.

Walter C. Croude

* Second in an intermittent series on mental, social, and spiritual maturity.

¹ *The Sanctified Life*, p. 67. ² *The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 560. ³ John 21:15-17. ⁴ 1 Peter 2:2; 3:4, 8; 5:3, 5.

COMING NEXT WEEK

- "JUST ONE MORE" was the argument Al had to face time after time in his battle to conquer cigarettes. A Pen League grand-award story by Mike Jones.



From his wheel chair Milton Corwin operates a thriving auto-insurance business.

AS I walked up the low ramp to Milton Corwin's combination apartment and insurance office, I looked forward to our appointment, anticipating that here was to be an interesting experience. Before leaving I was to be convinced that this simple adjective should have been expanded to include inspirational, elevating, soul-searching.

While waiting outside the door for Milton to conclude a little business with a local laundryman, I noticed a rather ingenious device over the door: he had a rope rigged so that he could let himself in without the help of others. For several years now, he has worked toward the independence that most of us take for granted. The problem is that he has had to substitute wheels for legs.

When I met him I could see imme-

diately that here was a young man whose body had been racked and warped by disease. But here also was a man whose eyes shone with true Christian contentment and genuine joy.

Regular readers of *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* may remember a report of Milton Corwin and his battle with disease.* They may remember that after spending part of the summer of 1951 helping his parents salvage what was left of the family's flooded lumberyard, he returned to Union College. This was to have been his last year preparing for a career in business. "I hoped someday to be in administrative work at an Adventist sanitarium," he told me, "or in a Book and Bible House."

* "Impossibles Take Longer," by Lydia Schander, in *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, March 9, 1954.

But a detour that lasted many months suddenly loomed up.

During a physical examination for school admission the doctor noticed an inflammation of the throat. "I thought it was nothing serious," Milton said. "It was 'just one of those things.'" But next morning, the first day of school, the simple symptom had become complicated with nausea, headache, chills, and fever. He realized that it might be more than "a good case of flu." The idea had come to him that he might have polio, but he shrugged it off as a poor guess. He asked his roommate to send for the school physician to see what really was making him sick.

After a brief examination the doctor announced tersely, "We must get you to a hospital for a spinal tap. You may have polio."

He wouldn't have it any other way

by **ROBERT D. LEE**

Hospitals are not noted for being places that brim with cheerfulness and joy. The attendants at the door of the contagion ward at Lincoln Veterans Hospital were less than reassuring as they eased their new patient into a wheel chair and tied a sterile face mask on him.

After the necessary tests Milton dropped off to sleep in his room. That evening the nurse wakened him to let him know that his parents had just arrived from Kansas. "They can't come in to see you," the nurse went on, "but if you'll turn in your bed you can visit with them through the door."

Subconsciously his mind told his leg, back, arm, and neck muscles to roll his body over in bed just as they had done thousands of times in the past twenty-five years. Nothing happened. He tried

again, this time with conscious thought. But again his muscles failed to respond. "Suddenly I realized that I was *paralyzed*," he explained. "I used to think, 'How unfortunate,' whenever I heard that someone was paralyzed, but I always had the feeling that such a thing happening to me was impossible."

As his parents became aware of the seriousness of his condition, Milton insisted, "If we could see it through God's eyes, we wouldn't have it any other way."

Several hours after his parents' visit, his breathing became shallow. He mentioned this to the doctor, who said unsympathetically, "You're just frightened. When you're upset, your breath is naturally a bit short."

To Milton it was no news that he was upset. "If the truth were known,"

he told me, "I was just plain scared. I suddenly realized that the next short breath might be my last and that I wasn't ready yet to die. There were things in my life that needed to be corrected." In a few moments he told God all about them and prayed that if his life could be spared he would make things right.

At once he felt relieved, and the "peace that passeth understanding" came into his pain-racked body. He no longer felt the anguish of a lost soul. He fell asleep.

The nurse on duty came by to check her patient and was alarmed at the purple color of Milton's face. Quickly she called for the orderlies, and they carefully lifted him into an iron lung that had been waiting outside his door. He was so near death that the doctor very nearly performed the throat puncturing tracheotomy used as a last resort to get air into laboring lungs.

"But I wasn't alone," he went on. "My parents, my brothers, and the student body and faculty of Union College were praying for the help available only from the Great Physician."

To the surprise of his attendants he suddenly took a turn for the better: his temperature started dropping; his blood pressure became more normal. He was beginning to recover.

Now began a long year and four months in the hospital, with countless adjustments to be made. Many of his muscles were nearly useless. Since his chest muscles and diaphragm were not functioning efficiently, he had to learn to breathe with neck muscles that were not impaired. There were many things that had to be learned all over again.

"Did you have any romantic adjustments to make?" I asked. "Were you going steady with a girl?"

"Yes, I was going steady," he said. "The girl came to the hospital to see me for many months. We weren't engaged though. I prayed that things would work out so that everyone concerned would be happy. Gradually we both came to the conclusion that just being 'good friends' would be best. Some months later she and one of my best buddies started going together and finally got married. As a matter



SNOWFLAKE

by Frances Oettel

It flurried,
As to music,
Down and down,
A wisp of fleece—
To rest upon my coat
sleeve,
Publishing His peace.

of fact, I saw them just last summer with their little girl at General Conference."

"Now that chances for a normal married life are admittedly low for you, does it bother you a great deal to see former classmates with growing families?"

"Ever since I was a young fellow I had looked forward to being a husband and father of a happy family," he said rather gravely. "It has taken a great deal of God's grace not to feel self-pity. But I can honestly say that He has helped me overcome longings for anything that would be contrary to His will for me. If God wants me to get married sometime in the future, He will work it out."

"Weren't you often discouraged at first, with all the adjustments and changes to a new way of living?"

"Yes, at times I was discouraged during that first year, but there were victories too." He described how he grew spiritually in the veterans' hospital. While he was flat on his back much of the time, he learned to share his faith. "One of my ward buddies and I used an overhead projector and discussed many Bible scriptures that we could read on the ceiling. Orderlies and nurses helped by reading devotional

passages to me for evening worship. I learned how to take advantage of opportunities for God."

"Weren't you worried about your future, what you would do about your schooling, how you would earn a living?" I asked.

"I will admit that I thought about these and lots of other questions," he replied. "But worry? Not after I really put my life in God's hands. I soon learned to trust His leading completely. I knew that if He wanted me in school again even that could be worked out."

And finally the happy day did come when he could be released from the hospital and return to Union College. Although he had learned to be independent of the iron lung, he still had to rely on a portable respirator.

Through the help of many friends Milton again became a successful college student. There were friends who acted as "human elevators" to get him and his wheel chair from floor to floor. One friend connected a motor to his hospital-type bed, so that he could adjust the bed by the flick of a switch. This enabled him to get out of bed more easily in the morning and gave him another avenue toward independence.

In June of 1954 he at last graduated with a degree in business administration. Of course it had taken much longer to get through college than he had first planned, but getting through at all seemed a superhuman feat. Looking back now on his illness, his opportunities to witness for God, and his successful struggle through his senior year of school, he wouldn't have had it any other way.

And it isn't just a "sweet lemon" philosophy of life, either. Milton says, "I was going through a mediocre spiritual experience before I got polio. Why, I might have been lost for eternity if God hadn't spanked me a little!"

After graduation he went to Kansas City for more treatments, but cold Midwest winters are not kind to postpolio patients. Through a series of events it seemed that God had opened things up for Milton to go West and live with a former school friend in Loma Linda.

True friends are hard to lose, and former Union College classmates raised funds for an electrically operated wheel chair. This has added to his independence, for now he can do his own shopping and banking; he can run over to the School of Physical Therapy for treatments; he can drive his chair up to the Hill church for Sabbath services.

Milton's eyes lit up as he mentioned his Sabbath school class of six to eight young people in the youth division. Ranging in age from fifteen to twenty, most of these young men and women attend Loma Linda Union Academy and La Sierra College.

"Being in a wheel chair as I am, I find it difficult to see over the first row to those beyond," he commented. "So we sit in a circle; that way there is no second row!"

Often, motoring up to the sanitarium, Milton stops in to see many of the patients, cheering them up and giving spiritual encouragement. He remembers his own hours of loneliness; more so than most people, he is in a position to sympathize, to cheer up, and to "weep with those who weep." As a result of his kind Christian attentions many have been drawn closer to God. He is also part of a very active missionary team that follows up hospital contacts by visiting former patients in their homes. "Even though our missionary team is small," he commented, "God has blessed us with big results. Several folks are interested in Bible studies now."

To make ends meet while working as a "home-town missionary," Milton sells auto insurance to nondrinkers. His modest one-room apartment supplies his personal needs, giving him a place to sleep and cook the few meals that aren't supplied by close friends. From three o'clock until seven, Sunday through Thursday afternoons, his small home does double duty as an office, and he turns businessman. He indirectly serves the cause of temperance, and takes advantage of his contacts to witness for Christ. His slogan: "God's agent first—insurance agent second."

"Do you really have many non-Adventist clients here in the heart of Loma Linda?" I asked him.

"About 10 per cent are non-Adventists," he said, "and of the 90 per cent that are Adventists, many need spiritual revitalizing!"

A young dental student came to buy insurance while I was visiting Milton. The client bemoaned the expense of taking out as much insurance as he thought he needed. With the calm assurance that bore out his office slogan, Milton suggested that if he would trust in God more he would need to rely on man's insurance less. "As long as you take out the minimum that the law requires and place your trust in God," he stated, "you're covered as well as you can hope for!"

The student got the point, and Mil-

ton lost a big commission. But it's quite probable that the loss will be made up many times over by premiums of another sort.

"Why did you ever select auto insurance to sell?" I asked between clients.

"There are several reasons," he replied. "The main one is that it seems as though God led me into this way of earning a living. Second, I have more opportunities for witnessing for God than if I were doing some routine office work. Then, too, I can give the cause of temperance a boost. Actually, God sends me all the business I can handle, just through word-of-mouth advertising."

Doing business from a wheel chair may have many disadvantages, but to Milton these are more than compensated for by the opportunities he has to "sell" something far more valuable than worldly goods. His contagiously happy smile goes much deeper than the "business smile" cultivated by many merchants.

"Don't your many activities tend to crowd out devotional habits?" I asked. "It seems as though you're pretty busy all day with business, physical therapy

treatment, and missionary contacts."

"Nothing should crowd out a person's devotion to God. Each morning before I get up I lie in bed and spend nearly an hour in quiet meditation," he answered. As part of his regular morning worship he studies correspondence courses from the Voice of Prophecy and Faith for Today. He also reads portions of the morning devotional book, *The Faith I Live By*. Sometime during the day he studies the Sabbath school lesson.

Prayer is a frequent necessity throughout the day. For example, as he reaches to answer a telephone call he whispers in prayer, "Help me to say the right thing for Thee."

"Maybe this shouldn't get out," he said, "but I use THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, *The Review and Herald*, and other periodicals as tablecloths so that I can read as I eat!" I had to laugh as he added, "I do try to be neat about it."

While waiting for his physical therapy treatments Milton can often be found reading portions of the Bible. He wastes very few moments.

"What secular materials do you read?" I asked him.

"I just can't seem to find time for

that sort of thing. I've had to give up reading daily newspapers and even condensed periodicals."

"What advice would you give other victims of polio if you had the opportunity?"

He thought carefully for a moment and said, "The most important thing is that they have an anchor in God that will help them through all kinds of trials—iron lungs, steam packs, and all—and have the hope that someday they will receive new bodies with which they can 'leap as an hart.'" This is good advice for all—polio victims or not.

Pluck, determination, fortitude, resourcefulness—all of these would apply to Milton Corwin. But behind all of these is the motivating force of an unswerving faith in God. Paralyzed physically, to be sure; but spiritually he is vibrantly active and whole.

In thinking of the harsh experience he has gone through in his 32 years of living, and of how God has led him to a place very close under His wing, I couldn't help thinking of the statement made by a very sick college boy years ago: "If we could see it through God's eyes, we wouldn't have it any other way."

by ELIZABETH ANN HULL

COULDN'T WE?

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

SOMETIMES missionaries are nearly crushed with the weight of human woe they see from day to day; sometimes their spirits are light and buoyant. Sometimes their eyes are brimming with tears; sometimes they are glowing with joy. Sometimes they are lonely—too lonely to be understood; sometimes they feel akin to every mortal in the world, be he rich or wretched. Must all of these feelings continually conflict, or is there a predominating current of thought? What is it that keeps a missionary devoted to his task? Why does he stay on and on when his dearest friends cry in consternation, "Can't you tell when it's time to quit? Don't you know when you've had enough?" Where is the joy in such endless toil?

The joy is in hearing a boy as he makes a statement to his friends indicating that he wishes a new life. For nearly six years

he has been struggling with this decision.

The joy is in holding the hand of a child who has placed hers in the missionary's to express her love.

The joy is in looking into the faces of eight candidates who are on their way to the baptismal pool.

The joy is in seeing sixty children in the school where the pioneers began with ten.

The joy is in observing the improvement of an uneducated, dedicated church member as she leads a children's Sabbath school division.

The joy is in noting the decrease in crude language used by an uncultured woman.

The joy is in watching the faces of twenty little children as they hear for the first time the story of Jesus' stilling the tempest.

The joy is in knowing that a whole

new world has been opened to a few women when they have learned about flowers and shells.

The joy is in receiving a papaya or a mango or a sea shell or a handkerchief from someone who has learned to love the missionary.

The joy is in learning new ways of doing things and in adjusting to them.

The joy is in meeting new friends and in deepening friendships by constant associations for years.

The joy is in discovering new talents within oneself—talents undreamed of, but which had to be developed if one were to be successful.

The joy is in seeing new places and in doing new things.

The joy is in realizing that one is doing what God intends that he should do.

What joy will the missionary have when in his twilight years he is forced to admit that the best and most productive years of his life were consumed in a remote region?

His joy will be the joy that only those can comprehend who have shared their joy in a similar way. And when the harvest comes, his heart will be filled with joy, unmixed with heartache.

What will it mean to have this joy to the very end? It will mean everlasting joy in the presence of a joyful universe.

Couldn't we share a small portion of the missionary's joy right where we are today?

MARRIAGE OR COLLEGE ?

WOULD you advise getting married at eighteen?" Seeming to come from nowhere, the question startled me. I groped for the right answer, to gain the confidence of the handsome youth at my elbow. As we weighed the pros and cons of his individual situation, my thoughts went back to my own teen-age marriage.

I had been seventeen, the owner of a still-wet diploma signed by the principal of Campion Academy, when with the taste of worldly pleasure on my lips and the independent spirit of the fledgling eagle in my heart I fell in love with a former academy classmate. Forgetting my ambitions of going to college, of someday becoming a minister and devoting my life to God's cause, I begged her to be my wife. On November 19, 1953, Luella and I were married, and one more pair of newlyweds began the hectic months and years of getting acquainted, learning to give and take, and experiencing trials and disappointments together. Most important of all, we would have to learn really to trust in God, to let Him lead us through life.

Today we have two wonderful children. Debbie is the sassy four-year-old who asks questions a mile-a-minute and reports the tiniest incidents in the most elaborate detail. Lyle, at two and a half, is slightly more reserved and much more unpredictable. Luella and I wouldn't trade our lives together and the family that we enjoy for three college degrees.

But, looking back on the many extra trials that we have endured simply because we foolishly rushed into marriage before we were properly prepared to meet the emotional and financial problems that marriage presents, *could I advise another young person to follow the same path? Could I advise an eighteen-year-old to tie the responsibilities of marriage to the tail of his kite of ambition?*

The young person who desires a college education must consider the expenses of providing a home for his wife and future family, as well as meeting high college expenses, before he can conscientiously consider marriage.

So often among students the plan is expressed: "Mabel is going to get a job

to help pay our expenses while I finish school." Those who make such plans are generally headed for more grief than they bargain for. Of course, such programs are constantly being successfully carried out. The larger percentage of marriages founded on such a plan, however, have survived only by the husband's dropping out of school before his educational ambitions had been fulfilled. Even if a young man, or woman, has no ambition toward a higher education, he will usually find greater marital happiness if he learns how to budget his time and money to its best use before he attempts the infinitely more demanding experience of marriage.

Almost invariably, children are born to the too-young marriage partners before they are financially able to provide for them and at the same time continue their own educational program.

Jim and Martha were both about eighteen when they married. Jim dropped out of school during the first semester of his freshman year in college. He was working at what he considered a good, interesting job in a machine shop. Now they are expecting an addition to their family. Jim is beginning to tire of his monotonous job and would like to go back to school to resume his premarital course. He would have to start again as a freshman and would face a minimum of eight years of school before he could enter his profession. Will he do it? Can he support a growing family for eight years and take the dental course at the same time? I certainly hope so, but the odds are not in his favor.

At every college can be found children whose parents are struggling toward a college degree. Such cases, however, represent only a very small percentage when compared to the multitude of young families who will never complete their education.

In almost every successful case the student and his family are partly supported by some means outside the family circle. If such financial help is available and the persons are not too independent-spirited to accept it, I could not condemn their marriage. I would rather wish them every success in their venture, for in spite of all the well-wishing I may give them, they still

face many problems in the use of their available finances. Probably more important, they must learn to live harmoniously together while the bulk of their time is consumed by a heavy scholastic load.

If finances were the only problem that beset teen-age marriages, we could devise a simple rule such as this: Marriage may be entered into as soon as one has either sufficient income of his own to support a wife and family or has the promise of financial support from some other person or organization.

Such a rule, carefully followed, would eliminate a large number of early marriages, but there might yet be a large number of unhappy homes among those who *could* fulfill this requirement. The divorce courts are filled with movie stars, heirs and heiresses, doctors, lawyers, and prominent businessmen, people of wealth, who are not happy with their marriages. Indeed, they sometimes seem to divorce their spouses as often as they trade their General Motors stock. These people will never be happily married until they learn how to love another more than themselves.

Probably the most difficult problem the young couple has to face is the personal adjustment they must undergo to live harmoniously together. They must learn to appreciate each other's likes and dislikes. They must develop a sympathetic understanding of each other's feelings, even in apparently unimportant matters. If it is the basis of quarreling, John must learn to refrain from tickling Betty's nose with a feather, and Betty should remember to eat sauerkraut, which John dislikes even to smell, only when they are unable to dine together.

Such adjustment is not completed in a few days or even a few months. It takes a lifetime of unselfish devotion to each other.

Usually, the youth who marries in his teens is acting in response to the urgings of physical attraction for his partner rather than to a sensible evaluation of the character of the one who will be his companion for life. Biologically, a young man at eighteen is at the peak of his sexual vigor. He is at the point in life when his physical attrac-



and had been proved to be an extremely successful venture. Martha—pretty, popular, and in the throes of teen-age love—had been thrilled at the thought of a quiet, peaceful life in the country as the wife of a prominent rancher.

But after three years of living thirty miles from the nearest restaurant, the glamour of country living began to fade, and Martha was bored and unhappy. She missed the social life she had always enjoyed during the years she had spent growing up in Denver. Ricky is now working in a factory to provide for a wife and two children while he takes a premed course in college.

I admire his integrity. Perhaps he will be successful in becoming a doctor. Perhaps he and Martha will adjust to each other's aspirations sufficiently to enjoy a rich and happy married life. I hope so. But the medical course is long and difficult, especially for one whose heart is on the farm.

Although Adventist youth may have scorned the oft-repeated advice to refrain from marrying until the age of twenty-three to twenty-five, there is good reason for such advice. Most young persons at this age will have chosen their goals or stations in life. Those who are interested in education will usually have completed their four-year college term.

Perhaps most important and seldom understood by the teen-ager is the fact that not until this age is a youth emotionally and psychologically mature enough to properly cope with the myriad problems of personal adjustment imminent in any marriage relationship. Man is an unpredictable creature at best. Why should he aggravate his unpredictability by becoming involved in an intimate marital relationship before he is physically, mentally, and spiritually mature enough to control his emotions?

A limited number of young people are experiencing happy marriages at early ages and are attending college at the same time. However, they invariably have a more difficult experience than those who go to college first.

It would seem, then, that for most people there is a choice to be made. Which will be first, marriage or college?

tion to the opposite sex is at the highest flood stage.

It is during the vital years between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two that one is most likely to change his mind about the profession or occupation that he desires to make his life-work. The fact that college students often change their majors three or four times in the course of four years of college life should be evidence enough.

There is nothing wrong with one's changing his mind. In fact, this trial

and error method of discovering one's true likes and dislikes is sometimes the only way he can properly evaluate his suitability for the profession in question. The difficulty lies in irrevocably tying oneself to a particular concept during this period of psychological maturation.

Ricky—eighteen, strong, handsome, and well liked—was looking forward to a fruitful life as the operator of his father's large acreages of fine farming land. The farm was well established



RUSS HARLAN, ARTIST

Don Wren's wife could hardly bear to look as his plane flopped upside down into the water.

routine adventure

IT WAS what you would call a cold day, even in Alaska. The wind was whipping around the corners of the hangar in Dillingham at gale speed, sending the mercury huddling in the bowl around forty below. Don Wren had loaded his little group of Eskimo passengers into his versatile Norseman and had climbed aboard. According to his flight plan he would fly them in to their native village and return before nightfall.

The plane roared down the runway in a cloud of snow and into the gray, lowering sky. Don, who is considered one of the most careful pilots in that region, double checked his panel. Everything seemed all right. The plane was flying as usual, he knew the terrain, and there seemed to be nothing that would give alarm.

Some distance out over the frozen tundra his nostrils suddenly dilated—*smoke*. He turned quickly around to see the stoical natives behind him shrouded in the gray billows. No one had said a word. There was not the slightest bit of panic. Remaining motionless in their seats, the Eskimos seemed unalarmed at the happenings, apparently assuming that anything that had to do with the plane was strictly the pilot's business. Don, who had had fire aloft before, knew what was involved in a burning plane. He would have to touch down on the tundra fast and get at the extinguisher.

"Hang on folks," he called over his shoulder. "We're going downstairs."

His words evidently meant nothing to the almost invisible passengers. Whether he went up or down seemed not to matter to them.

Coming safely to a halt on the frozen tundra, he put out the fire and then stood beside the plane for a moment, trying to figure out just what to do next. He had his worst enemy cornered, but what to do to get out of the place? His battery had blown up, which meant that he was without radio contact and also that the starter was useless for firing the engine. To try to hike to the nearest native village would be sui-

by JAN S. DOWARD

cide. The rescue party would probably find his body somewhere between the plane and the village, too late to do the passengers any good.

Climbing back into the plane, he selected the youngest of the natives to sit in the pilot's seat.

"Here, you pull the throttle while I spin the prop," he explained.

He was sure this fifteen-year-old girl would know enough English to grasp what he wanted done and when he wanted it. At least she nodded that it registered. But explaining the procedure by arm waving and dramatic pantomime, and actually getting the throttle pulled at the right time were two different things. Time after time he spun the propeller, and she merely sat there looking at the throttle knob while he screamed above the wind.

"Don't you savvy?" he asked in exasperation. "Unless somebody pulls that throttle while I spin the prop, we don't move."

The girl nodded again. Don shook his head in disgust but tried once more. Still there was no response. She either did not understand or was too scared to try.

With darkness coming on, he realized the futility of continuing the spin-the-prop, pull-the-throttle procedure. Hauling out the sleeping bags the natives had brought along, he distributed them as far as they would go and then curled up in the only remaining item—his engine cover. He had started a fire in the fire pot to keep from freezing, but it was soon obvious that the crowded Norseman would become so smoky that life would be unbearable. During the long night it became a fitful alternative of freezing and breathing while the fire pot sat harmlessly outside, or of bringing the smoke-belcher within to warm up and suffocate again.

With the dawn came the welcome sound of the drone of another plane. Although radio contact had not been possible, Myron Moran, another bush pilot from Dillingham, had become suspicious and started out on his own search for the missing plane.

"Boy, am I glad to see you!" Don exclaimed after Myron had landed. Then after explaining to Myron his unsuccessful attempt at getting the Norseman off, he added with a twinkle in his eye, "The next time I take natives anywhere, I'm going to ask if anyone can speak English. The first person that shakes his head No will be the one I'll take along. That means he can understand!"

It is the wives who suffer the most on occasions like this. Waiting at home when there is no word can gray the hair fast. Sometimes it is even worse if there has been word—like the time Mrs. Wren heard the natives report that her husband was "dead" up beyond Aleknagik. "Went down in a big cloud of smoke," they had said. Several hours later the "voice from the dead" was heard crackling over the short wave in the radio shack in Dillingham.

"Had a little engine trouble, but I'll be home for supper."

All bush-pilot wives must make rapid emotional adjustments, and fortunate are those who can rest in the stabilizing assurance that "underneath are the everlasting arms" of God. To wait anxiously by the radio, sometimes for hours, is bad enough, but to actually witness a near tragedy is a terrifying strain.

Don Wren's wife has had her share of this type of strain. Once while she was waving good-by from the beach of Nushagak while Don took off in his float plane, her face blanched as she saw that some unthinking fisherman had tied a skiff to one of his pontoons. It was too late to warn him now, for he was racing at top speed across the bay for a take-off.

She felt she could not watch, but her eyes were riveted to the scene on the bay. With a jerk the plane pulled the bow right off the skiff as it lifted into the air. Then, in one complete turn, the plane flopped upside down into the water. This time she was sure they would bring him back dead, but before her screams for help could bring action, Don had crawled out and onto one of the floats and hailed a passing boat.

"It's things like this that make you realize just how fast accidents can happen," he said afterward.

Accidents will happen at times in spite of the best of precautions, but the quick wit and fast action of these intrepid wilderness pilots—and a protecting Providence—bring them home safe and sound.

A few years ago, in the dead of winter, a plane flying to Anchorage through the harrowing Lake Clark Pass sprung a leak in the gas line and was forced down right in the heart of the pass. With darkness coming on, there was little hope of surviving the night before rescuers could bring aid to the stranded plane and its shivering occupants—four adults and one infant.

There was one thing to their advantage, however. Lake Clark Pass is the "turnpike" from Bristol Bay to Anchorage and the "outside," and it resounds with the drone of many small planes flying back and forth.

On that day Elmer Smith, flying hard in a race with darkness, sighted the lone plane far below on a snow field, deep between the sheer rocky bulwarks that make that wilderness so frightful. Banking tightly, he dropped his Piper Pacer to take a look.

What he discovered on the ground, called forth all the ingenuity and resourcefulness that he could muster from his eighteen years of flying, both in the Army during World War II and as a bush pilot. All of this experience culminated in a grand climax that day as he used what he had at hand—or rather in mouth.

After fixing the leak in the gas line and siphoning some gas from Elmer's tank, they all finally rose out of the valley of death and landed safely at Iliamna, the nearest airstrip. There Elmer explained happily, "Well, we patched her up with Juicy Fruit that time!"

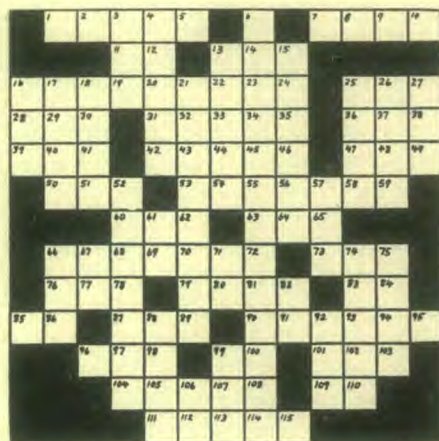
There would have been a report of five deaths from freezing if it hadn't been for chewing gum and ingenuity at the right time. Few people really understand how fast these bush pilots must think, and then galvanize that

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.)

God's Attributes

- 1 Now Jesus loved _____, _____, and her _____, and Lazarus. (John 11:5)
- 2 The Lord _____ as much as he had before. (Job 42:10)
- 3 And thou shalt write _____ name upon the _____ of Levi. (Num. 17:3)
- 4 Then shall thy _____ rise in obscurity, and _____ darkness be as the noon day: (Isa. 58:10)
- 5 They cast them into prison, charging the _____ to keep them _____: (Acts 16:23)
- 6 The right hand of the Lord is exalted: the right _____ of the Lord _____ valiantly. (Ps. 118:16)
- 7 Then came the first, saying, Lord, thy pound _____ gained _____ pounds. (Luke 19:16)
- 8 When the Lord shall have dealt well with my lord, _____ remember _____ handmaid. (1 Sam. 25:31)
- 9 Surely _____ is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any _____ against Israel. (Num. 23:23)
- 10 He remembered Vash'ti, and what _____ had _____, and what was decreed against her. (Esth. 2:1)
- 11 Launch out into the deep, and _____ down your _____ for a draught. (Luke 5:4)
- 12 The thoughts of the diligent _____ only to plenteousness, but of every one that is hasty only to want. (Prov. 21:5)
- 13 Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them _____ over him. (James 5:14)



© W. A. W. CO.

Key on page 20

thinking into calm, decided action when accidents happen.

The pilots in this region all recognize that common sense is one of the deciding factors when they are in trouble; but as Albert Ball, local elder of Dillingham's Seventh-day Adventist church, once said, "I never take off without prayer. Pilots just don't mature as fast as they get into planes."

This constant cheating of death demands faith and sometimes calls for heroism that is far beyond the call of duty.

One night when the report came over the short wave that three natives down at Egegik had been badly burned from a gas-stove explosion, there was a sudden plea for some pilot to fly a doctor to the scene. It would mean flying by moonlight across the open water of the Bering Sea to the next peninsula and returning to the Kanakanak hospital about five miles from Dillingham.

But night flying is one pastime that Alaskan bush pilots take great pains to avoid. No one wanted the job. First aid or no first aid, the pilots began to make excuses. Either their planes were in repair, or they felt sick, or the planes were too small, or something else was the matter. Finally Albert Ball arose from his cozy nook by the heater in the radio shack and announced his intention of flying the local doctor from the Alaskan Native Service to the disaster as fast as he could.

With lips set in a grim line the others watched him leave for the airstrip. As he stepped out the door, someone called out, "Well, Ball, you're going to kill yourself tonight!"

Albert didn't give this comment too much thought, because he felt that this was no act of presumption. An emergency mercy flight was to him as much an act of faith as worshiping in the little Adventist church. To fly in the dead of winter and in the dead of night would take all the faith he could muster and was in no way akin to any foolhardy stunt flying. That night's adventure would take more than all of the common sense and flying knowledge he had; it would take divine guardianship, and he knew it.

Taking off with the doctor, he headed southwest in an effort to reach the maimed men in time to do some good. The trip that night was more than the doctor wanted by way of thrills, but he managed to keep calm enough to help in one of the worst gas fires ever reported at Egegik.

"When I saw those three suffering men stretched out on mats in that

cabin," said Albert afterward, "I was glad I had come. They certainly would have died if help hadn't reached them."

Occasionally there is a near loss of life because of the carelessness of some passenger. Johnny Ball, Albert's brother, also in the bush-pilot business, had such an experience.

He was flying a radio technician from Togiak one afternoon in a routine flight to Dillingham, when, after half an hour of flying, he suddenly became aware that all was not right. Across the wild tundra wasteland he had relied altogether on his compass, but now when they should have been sighting something familiar there was still nothing. Far, far ahead stretched the ugly, flat wilderness with its winding, twisting rivers that all look alike.

"I don't know whether you know it or not, mister," he said to the man strapped beside him, "but we're lost."

"Oh?" The technician sat upright with a start and gazed out the window. As he did so he fingered the little package he had been holding in his lap ever since they had left Togiak.

"Yes, sir," added Johnny. "And if I don't miss my guess it's probably because of that little box you're holding."

The man vehemently denied it. "I'm sure I haven't a thing in this box that will hurt your compass reading. It's just some parts that I'm to deliver to another radio man in Dillingham."

"Maybe so, but if and when we get back I want to check."

Carefully circling, Johnny was finally able to pick up a stream he recognized and was soon back on the run with just enough gas to get to Dillingham. No sooner had they touched down safely than Johnny insisted that the man put his little box out on the runway.

"Just set it down and watch the compass," ordered Johnny.

Reluctantly the man put the package outside the cabin on the runway. Immediately the compass swung forward six degrees. It was not until the box was opened, however, revealing a powerful magnet that the man admitted that the near tragedy had been his fault.

It is out of experiences like this that these hardy men of the northland have learned some of their best lessons in the Christian life. As one of the pilots said, "In our spiritual life, as well as in flying, just one degree off course can spell trouble. If not checked soon enough, well, it may be the end—a point of no return."

Answering the door

FEW things are quite so intriguing as a knock at the door. No matter what you may be doing—eating, sleeping, reading, working, playing, or studying—nothing is calculated to upset the even tenor of your mood faster than a simple knock at the door. You hear it, and a score of questions surge through your mind, and you know the tinge of a dozen emotions. There is curiosity in large quantity; there is a soupçon of terror; there is a modicum of melodrama; there is a momentary unleashing of the imagination, which only the opening of the door can arrest again; there is a mixture of the primitive elements of power—you are lord of the manor, and may, if you wish, peremptorily bid some intruder be gone, and helplessness—you may be confronted by the last person you wish to meet, from whom now there is no escape.

But it is well to remember that not all doors are made of wood. And not all doors are portals to a house. We might speak of two kinds of doors: the literal and the spiritual, wooden doors of the house and spiritual doors of the heart. In both cases, two parties are involved—the one who knocks, and the one for whom the knock is intended as a summons.

A few nights ago I was sitting here at the table, up to my elbows in work. (My wife declares that I cannot work

unless I have my papers strewn all over the table, spilling onto the floor, with an odd one or two blowing down the hall. Of course, my wife is given a little to overstatement, but in the main I must admit that she has some basis of fact for her story.) I was working at full pressure, with books, papers, magazines, newspaper clippings, typewriter, carbons, folios, and manuscripts around me, and some on the floor beside me. I had carefully set the bowl of flowers, which had formerly graced the center of the table, on the carpet, where it stood in mute, incongruous protest.

Then came the knock at the door.

I am ashamed to say that my first instinct was to flash out of the room, call (softly, of course) to my wife that there was someone at the door, and ask her to tell them I was out. Meanwhile, I could actually be outside the house, down in the shed that serves as a workshop. I had visions, you see, of an interruption that I couldn't afford.

My second instinct was to go to the door and open it. This I did, and I shall forever be glad that I did. There on the doormat, almost apologetically, stood a friend. In his hand was a parcel wrapped in newsprint.

"I've brought you these," he said. "I don't know whether you are interested in keeping them, but you can give them to the school library if you don't want

them." So saying, he unwrapped the package, and from it took five beautifully bound books, Churchill's history, *The Second World War*. Was I interested? These I had been promising myself to buy for longer than I could remember. Each time a new volume was added to the series, I had made the promise anew. This was the high spot of the day, the week, the month!

I offered to buy them from him, but he would have none of it; I offered to accept them on loan, but he was adamant. They were a gift. I could probably use them; he wouldn't. If I didn't take them he would give them to someone else. Very well, he'd talked me into it. And, I reflected as he left, I almost "wasn't at home."

SOME people experience that same moment of panic when the Master comes knocking at the door of their heart. Remember the Rich Young Ruler? Jesus was knocking at his heart's door, but after some indecision the young man decided not to answer it. He was "not at home" to the Saviour. He went away sorrowing.

And it is ever so. Those who do not open the portals of their heart sorrow forever after. I know, because, among others, I have watched Phillip.

Phillip heard the knock of the Master. I remember the Week of Prayer when he heard it, and how glad he was

—as we all were—that he responded. But, like Judas of old, he had only partly opened his heart. Soon he was closing it fast again and turning his back upon all that he once loved. We watched that life—that promised so much, that was so rich in potential—becoming more and more a thing adrift. We observed how he wandered from job to job unsatisfied and purposeless.

Now he ekes out an existence on a race course, brushing down horses. "A strapper" is, I think, his official title. He feeds them their oats, and he carries their water, this man who, had he answered the knock at the door of his heart, could have been feeding men with Living Bread, and bringing them Living Water. The last time I saw him, when I accidentally met him in the city one day, he admitted, with more than a touch of nostalgic longing, that he had made the wrong choice, that now he was without hope in this life or for the life to come.

"He went away sorrowful" can be written of myriads more men than merely the rich young ruler.

On the other hand, when there came a knock on the door of the heart of Norman Wiles at Australasian Missionary College he answered the summons and let the Saviour in. He never thought of closing the door that he had opened so readily. His action of admitting the Master to the inner chamber of his heart led him to the mission field of the darkest island of the New Hebrides, where his neighbors were head-hunters and his parishoners cannibals.

There he blazed a trail which others, following, have used to the glory of God and to the blessing of these benighted people. He had to battle against the prejudice, the hatred, the superstition, the devil worship of hopeless, helpless souls. He had to fight fever, too, and eventually lost the battle. Yet his life of selfless devotion and dogged perseverance has become a legend. Had someone told this brave young man that answering the knock of the Man who stood outside would ultimately lead him, while yet a young man, to a lonely grave in a cannibal isle, would he have answered the knock? I think he would have, counting himself blessed to suffer for Christ's sake.

BUT have you ever wondered how the Master feels as He knocks upon the door of our heart, waiting for a response?

The other day I too stood outside a door and knocked. A friend had asked me to call, on his behalf, at a

certain address, to collect for him some money that was long overdue. My instructions were explicit. I was to go at a certain time of the week (the day the woman was paid), and at a certain hour of the day (so I would be sure to find her in).

At the appointed hour I found myself outside the door of the flat, with a queer feeling inside me. As I raised my hand to knock, I heard voices from within. They were happy voices; there was laughter. I could distinguish young men's voices and the sound of a woman's soprano laughter as it trilled in the upper registers.

"Here," I said to myself, allowing my fancy full rein, "is a house of happy laughter and good fellowship. These are pleasant people. It will be a pleasure to talk with them." With that, I knocked on the door.

The shrieks of laughter died on the instant; the merriment ceased; the good cheer vanished. All was silent. I knocked again. And again. Someone inside uttered an oath, and it was not a man's voice, either. Then the door slowly opened. Just a little.

A boy appeared. He was about fourteen, untidy and unkempt. Beyond him two older boys—his brothers, for they were all obviously from the same mold—sat at a poorly set table. Their meal, which I had interrupted, was steaming on their plates. There was also a fourth plate, and a chair at an odd angle nearby, which gave me the impression of a somewhat hasty departure from the room.

I explained my errand, although I felt it was unnecessary, for I had a strong feeling that my knock had reminded them that I was due to call.

"Me mother ain't 'ome," said the fourteen-year-old.

"Well," said I, "let me talk to the lady who was here when I knocked."

"No lady 'ere, chum," he said, flicking an eye at the table.

"But I heard one. I heard a woman's voice, talking and laughing," I persisted, but feeling more and more, every moment, that my friend's money was, of all things, most insecure.

"I tell yer, there ain't no one 'ere. Ask me brother," he said as his final shot.

His brother then presented himself at the door. I repeated my story, and indicating the waiting dinner on the table, added, "I know she's here; I can see her dinner on the table."

"'At's me father's," said the fourteen-year-old.

I felt it would be useless for me to

explain that I knew his father hadn't been heard of for ten years. Moreover, at that moment, through a crack in the door, I spied the unmistakable lineaments of a feminine form. I could also catch the gleam of the saucepan she was holding. Apparently I had disturbed them as she was serving up the dinner. I determined, therefore, to fire my last shot. My friend would have to admit that I went down fighting.

"I know your mother is in there." I said just loudly enough for her to hear, "for I can see her dress and the saucepan she's holding."

The third, and oldest, brother now joined the party.

"You've made a mistake, and there's a draft," he said, taking the door and closing it. "G'by!" And I was on the outside, not even looking in.

Apart from writing myself off as the year's worst collector of other people's money, I had a feeling of frustration not unmingled with profound sorrow. I wished that she had been honest with me and told me that she couldn't pay just then. It was a miserable feeling to know that she had condoned the lying subterfuge of her sons. The visit had been unsatisfying from every aspect for all parties—all because the woman didn't know how to answer a knock at the door.

So I think that I can enter into the Saviour's feelings when, as He knocks at the door of an unresponsive heart, there is no answer. He knows there is someone there, but what a frustrated longing there must be in His heart when the one within refuses to open the door.

I know that moment of panic that comes when from the inside you hear that knock at the door. I also know the feeling of disappointment and regret that comes when someone refuses to answer the door. But greater than my sorrow—ininitely greater—must be that of the Saviour as He receives no response when He stands at the door and knocks. I merely missed collecting money; He turns away distressed that He has found no response from a person who needs eternal life. And infinitely greater than my delight when my friend pressed his gift of books into my hand is the satisfaction that comes when, hearing the knock of the Galilean, you open wide the door of your heart and welcome the Divine Guest.

You must remember, of course, that hearing the knock is not enough. Even opening the door is not enough. You must invite Him in, for he never comes unbidden.



WAIT on the LORD

by

JANET

WILSON

GAY HARPER looked over a college campus still being drenched by the persistent drizzling rain.

"Oregon sunshine! That's what I was taught to call it; but what's it doing here? I even tolerated it in Washington, but here! Everything, including me, is washed out. What a place! Why was I ever fool enough to come here? And my grades—well, now that I mention them I wish I hadn't. I was doing well where I was. Why didn't I stay put?"

The door jerked open and slammed into the wall. "Gay! I had the neatest time! Girl, you should have been—what's wrong, Gayest One? You look —"

"Oh, nothing, Marilyn. Let's go eat supper."

"Well, perk up. I just saw three of your current top ten go into the cafeteria!"

In her room that evening Gay stared past her open Spanish book, past the study lamp, past Marilyn's empty chair, past everything, seeing nothing. She turned her eyes out the window. Two headlights pierced through the clouds, then swam into nothingness. "*Why are you here, Gay? Why? Oh, get a hold of yourself! You're here for a reason. Now get to business. But what are the reasons?*"

She took out a sheet of scratch paper. She'd think this thing through for the last time. She'd settle it in her mind again. And, in case she ever forgot the reasons, she'd have them all listed on a piece of paper.

She put her head in her hands. She could see herself again—two years younger, full of life, ambition, and energy, leaving her home for college to work up credit for the coming school year. Oh, that had been a wonderful weekend at home. Camp meeting had been going on, but that had been only a good excuse to see all her friends. It wasn't that she cared little for religious things, she simply cared more for her friends.

Whee! She had fun that weekend. There were games, good times, a few meetings, more good times. But the dream was cut short.

The car, as it swiftly rounded a corner, leaned heavily toward the deep, swiftly flowing river just over the bank to the right. It began to lurch and swerve. The back end jumped up and crashed down. The tires howled their protest at such rough treatment. In one short moment Gay caught her breath, grabbed the arm rest, and gasped in her soul, "Oh God! Save us!" Despite Johnny's efforts to change the car's direction it screamed onto the shoulder of the highway, then ground to a halt only a few feet from a sheer drop into swift, watery destruction.

Gay let out her breath, then shakily drew it in. She had been saved.

What would have happened if—if she hadn't been saved? Sure, she was an Adventist, but it was only because her parents were. Sure, she knew the doctrines were right, they were true, from the Bible and all that. She went to church because it was convenient to go. What would her parents say if she didn't? Besides, all her friends went to church. She prayed because it seemed like the right thing to do, but she had to admit that it was more of a form to her than anything else. When she wanted to pray she reeled off an appropriate prayer.

She could hear herself talking almost as if she were listening to her recorded voice; it required no more mental effort than that. "Yes indeed! What *would* have happened to me if I had been killed?"

Though the back wheels had locked for no apparent reason, though it had been a near tragedy, she had been saved by some Force for some purpose she was sure, but she didn't know what.

The rest of that summer was fairly routine. There was always plenty of work, play, and fellows. Yes, there had been plenty to keep her busy. In fact, it was almost possible to forget how near she had come to the end that one morning.

GAY stared out the window, bringing herself back to the present. It was still raining. She almost liked the sound of it. The last half hour had accomplished nothing but a few scribbles on her paper. "Guess I should take up modern art," she mused. "But let's see. Sure, I was saved from a wreck. Well, that happens every day to all kinds of people. But does it really? I don't know."

Oh, yes! She had almost forgotten a rather important chapter in her life. It was that same summer, two years before, that she had been sick—desperately sick. She had blackouts, and felt weak, depressed, listless, and despondent. Though she tried to master things, to come out on top, and to fool herself and everyone else, she finally told herself, "If I stay here at school as I am, I can't work. My credit will soon be eaten up. Even if I were well, if I went home I could earn nothing, for there isn't any work there." She had felt she was at her rope's end.

Though she knew there was a "prayer-hearing God" (hadn't she heard about Him many times?), she sometimes wondered if prayer would really work for her. Other people's prayers were answered. Her mother had prayed the morning of her near-accident that the Lord would give her daughter a safe journey back to school. She had been saved. Maybe it was because of that prayer (her mother would have thought so). But if the Lord had saved her, if He really did want her to go on to school, why did He let her get sick?

Finally things forced her to her knees. "Dear Lord," she pleaded, "I'll have to place this matter in Thy hands. Please, if it is Thy will that I attend college this fall, please heal me tonight so that I may be able to earn enough money at least to help with my expenses. If not, Thy will be done. This will be a sign to me: If I'm well tomorrow morning when I get up, I am to stay here. If not, I'll go home and start college a year later."

She drifted into restful sleep, leaving everything in God's hands. It was a wonderful feeling to know that since she could do nothing about matters, anyway, God could take over.

She was well the next morning. She had to admit, even to herself, that God had healed her. She felt well and strong again. Her whole body vibrated with energy and happiness. It was a mental change as well as a physical one. She knew that God was leading her life to-

ward some goal. It all seemed too good to be true. There must be a *real* God, after all.

The rest of the summer she worked with energy and strength, so that by fall she had a fairly good credit to her account. Soon after she tore August off her calendar she was ready to begin her college career. Of course, placement tests were a routine in which she had to cooperate. As she sat down to write, she tried to quiet the feeling that water skippers were stirring her hurried orange-juice breakfast into a froth. The Lord had brought her this far. She had a good credit in the business office. But tests always frightened her.

She'd experiment with religion some more. If God wanted her to go to college He could help her pass these tests. She wrote the answers carefully, and waited anxiously for the results.

THE rattle of a rock against the screen brought Gay back to reality. "Oh, hi, Donna! . . .

Sure. I'll be there at ninety-thirty. O.K.!" She loved committee meetings.

But she chuckled again as she remembered her surprise at a telephone call from Mrs. Allen. "Hello. I would like you to grade English papers for me this school year. Why did I choose you? Well, I want someone who knows what he is doing to work for me. On the English tests the highest score was 129. There were three or four papers scoring 128. Then there was a drop to the nineties. You scored 128."

She shoved Mrs. Allen's offer into the back of her mind. She heartily disliked grading papers, and English papers would be *terrible*. But she soon had to resurvey her stand, for her class schedule was so broken up that she could work only at odd times. If she planned to work twenty hours a week, or if she planned to work at all, she'd have to grade English papers, because her present job required regular hours of work at times when she was in classes.

She had planned to continue working where she was. She didn't even dream she'd need another job—let alone look for one! Then it showed up, just as she needed it.

"Why was I so blind?" Gay asked herself. "I could have plainly seen some guiding Hand if I had only opened my eyes. I was still alive, I was well, I had some credit, and now one job dropped into my lap just as the other fell out of it. But I stumbled blindly on my way."

The summer following her freshman

SENIOR—1960

IN FULL ASSURANCE by Richard Hammill

From the rich resources of his own experience as ranch hand, missionary, Japanese prisoner of war, college professor and dean, Dr. Hammill encourages his readers to seek a living faith in Christ that will bring victory in every battle of life. **\$3.50**

LUTHER WARREN by Sharon Boucher

The story of an outstanding pioneer youth leader and evangelist—Elder Luther Warren—one of the founders of the MV movement. This devoted worker was a man of prayer and power who influenced others to follow his example. **\$3.75**

NELLIE'S PRAIRIE by Inas Ziegler

A true story of a rugged pioneer woman of the Nebraska prairies—Nellie Morse Wright. Her Spartan courage, determination, and resourcefulness will be an inspiration to every modern young man and woman. **\$3.75**

SKYLINE AND DETOURS by Harold W. Clark

To every lover of nature this warm career story will be like the breath of the great outdoors. This thrilling wildlife account is informative, inspiring, and colorful. **\$4.75**

THE VISION SPLENDID by J. D. Snider

In this beautiful gift book the author presents in progressive spiritual themes an orderliness of clear thinking that will make a lasting impression on every reader. **\$2.50**

TOTAL **\$18.25**

SPECIAL CLUB PRICE **\$15.95**

JUNIOR—1960

BULLET by Beatrice E. Peterson

Every junior youth will enjoy this story of BULLET, a very special pet horse, and the girl who loved him and trained him. **\$3.00**

CURSE OF THE VODOO GODS by Joyce Rochat

From the Haitian world of voodoo worshipers comes this vivid story of mystery and suspense. Not until the very last will you know the outcome of Little Treasure's fearful struggle. **\$3.75**

WILD TREASURE by Stoutenburg and Baker

This exciting book is the story of David Douglas, botanist and scientist, the first man to climb Mount Hood. The great fir trees of the Northwest bear his name. **\$2.95**

WILLIAM AND HIS TWENTY-TWO by Mabel Robinson Miller

This is not a tale of a boy and his rifle, but of an early Seventh-day Adventist pioneer—William Farnsworth—and his 22 children. It is a bit of denominational history winsomely told. **\$3.50**

THE YELLOW CAT OF COTTONWOOD CREEK by Lois M. Parker

A vivid and beautifully told story of the lone survivor of a family of wild cats. This clever and exciting drama of the Wyoming wilds won first prize in the R&H Authors' Awards Contest. **\$3.75**

TOTAL **\$16.95**

SPECIAL CLUB PRICE **\$14.95**

PRIMARY—1960

IT HAPPENED THIS WAY by Florence Lyberg Carlson

Entertaining reading for the younger members of the family. There is laughter in this book—a few tears—above all many practical suggestions in Christian living for boys and girls. **\$2.75**

LITTLE SISTER STORIES by Clara M. Steffes

All the wonderful joys and heartbreaking sorrows of being Little Sister are delightfully told here. There is enough mischief to make it interesting to all Little Brothers too. **\$2.75**

LONGJE'S NEW NAME by Esther Pursley

All boys and girls enjoy good mission stories. How Longje, a little African boy, left his home, went to school, accepted Jesus, and finally earned a new name makes for breathless reading. **\$2.75**

THE MOONS AND MR. HERE-I-GO-AGAIN by Maryane Myers

A loud rooster crow awakened the Moon family. What they thought of it all and what they did about it is the story this book tells. **\$2.50**

MR. MORE-IN AND HIS FRIENDS by Eva Walker

Beautifully illustrated, this delightful tale of a chipmunk brings out lessons that are emphasized by scriptural texts accompanying each picture. **\$3.25**

TOTAL **\$14.00**

SPECIAL CLUB PRICE **\$11.95**

1960

Missionary Volunteer

Book Clubs



Church Missionary Secretary or _____

Book and Bible House

Please send me the ☐ Senior ☐ Junior ☐ Primary books at special club price. (If single copies are desired, list on separate sheet.)

Total enclosed \$_____. Add sales tax where necessary. Add postage and insurance—15c first book, 5c each additional book.

Name _____

Address _____

Order from your Book and Bible House



year at college, she found work at a factory in her home town. She earned a dollar an hour. Her room and board were free except for odd jobs she did around the house and yard to help keep things running smoothly. She kept busy enough, with her work and full weekends, and she always managed to keep herself and her friends happy and on the go.

The summer passed rapidly, and when school began she was again in the center of things there. Her sophomore year in college was anything but routine. Her close friends felt that she had changed somewhat, but they didn't worry about the change, because she seemed more happy and jolly than ever. Why should they worry if she didn't?

What they didn't know was that Gay was struggling with herself. Her cheerfulness was just a shell to cover her real feelings. She realized that God must have a purpose for her. But she didn't know what that purpose was. God probably wanted to make something useful out of her, but she wasn't quite willing to let go of herself and let God take over. She had plans and ambitions of her own, but she didn't know whether she was going up or down, ahead or backward.

She dated several fellows. She tried to bury herself in her studies and her work, but she just couldn't seem to get her feet on solid ground. She had more friends than ever, but she worried about herself.

Another factor added to her confusion: her parents were planning to move. They would be very near another college. Should she stay where

she was, or should she change schools? There were advantages both places. At the new location her parents would be near. Maybe she could start all over and get her feet on the ground. But she had a well-paying job here. Which way should she go?

She felt so mixed up she didn't know what to do. Finally, in desperation she turned again to God. "Dear Lord, I know I'm a poor specimen for Thee to waste much time on. I've been stubborn and blind, but please help me to allow Thee to mold me the way it pleases Thee. Thou hast saved me from death, seen me through sickness and tests, and provided me with good work. Thou hast cared for me in so many ways! Maybe all this confusion is only to soften me so that I may feel Thy guiding influence. Maybe—maybe, Lord, if I let Thee have Thy way, things will even yet turn out all right.

"And now Lord, there is this matter about which school to attend. If I remain here, I will be able to earn my whole way. I can't change schools for my own convenience and ask the folks to pay my way there. Lord, if I am to change schools, please provide me with good work there. Otherwise, I'll stay here. I feel that is a fair proposition. And please help me to be willing to accept Thy decision."

A few days later she received a letter from the business office of the other college stating flatly that there was not even enough work to keep the students already there busy. They would welcome her on the campus, but there would be no work.

"That's the biggest laugh I ever heard," Jean, her roommate, scoffed.

"They even sent application blanks!"

But all laughing ended when about a week later the bindery manager telephoned that he could use her in the summer, and the press manager wrote that he needed her in the winter.

Soon she was leaving the old campus, her friends, and many memories. Some of her friends told her they didn't know how they could get along without her smiling face and laughter around to brighten up the place. Many reminded her she'd find friends wherever she went. Others shook their head, saying, "I still think you're crazy to change schools after your sophomore year here, but you'll probably do O.K."

The sound of scuffing shoes on the sidewalk below her window filtered through Gay's meditations.

"Am I doing O.K.? I guess it could be worse. I haven't flunked anything yet, I hope. I have credit in the business office. Am I doing O.K. spiritually? I guess that depends to a large extent on me. I can't see, now, how things will turn out. Be patient, Gay. Be patient. 'Wait on the Lord: . . . wait, I say, on the Lord.'"

The Lord had led her this far. She had been through many experiences that had drawn her closer to Him. Yes, He would take care of her. She just had to be patient. "Wait, I say, on the Lord."

The noisy feet scuffed on down the hall. The door jerked open and slammed into the wall.

"Say, Gayest One! Did I ever get a lot done in the library! You should have been there! Four of your current top ten were there, girl, four of them!"

TREASURES OF THE HEART

From page 4

than cared. It was not long after, that a letter carried the wonderful words, "I love you." That thrilled me—now it was in black and white! Then all the pages of devotion, and finally plans for the future and service for God together. Those letters are gone, but the meaning they carried is still safely kept in my heart.

Our wedding presents are all gone—things we had hoped to use a long time in memory of those who so thoughtfully remembered us—a silver-plated bread tray from a beloved teacher, pink crystal glassware of which I was especially proud, since pink is my favorite

color, beautiful linens. They may be gone, but not the spirit in back of all the gifts—that is enshrined in my innermost life.

We could bring our little girl with us, but we had to leave behind her first shoes, her first ringlets of curls, and the other little treasures of baby days. But although memories of her baby days are nice, we enjoy her present attainments much more.

One memory in my life is kept tightly closed. Only the rarest of times does a human ear ever listen to it; it is hard to tell. There are two plots of land in China that we could not take

with us on any trip, in spite of the fact that in them lies a part of our hearts. On a hillside in the summer resort of Kuling lies our baby boy who lived only 36 hours. And a baby girl lies in the heart of busy Shanghai's Bubbling Well Cemetery. But such things as sympathy, tenderness, the human touch—these are among my dearest treasures.

Each time something has had to be left behind, I have been able to add something to the living memories in my heart.

KEY

Wit Sharpeners

"Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty: for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine" (1 Chron. 29:11).

Sabbath School

Lesson

Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

IX—SIGNS EVERYWHERE ELSE

(CONCLUDED)

(February 27, 1960)

Daily Study Record:

S	S	M	T	W	T	F
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

MEMORY GEM: "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them" (Isa. 8:20).

OUTSIDE READING: *The Great Controversy*, pp. 321, 444, 563-581; *Early Writings*, pp. 227, 139; *Testimonies to Ministers*, p. 78.

Introduction

"Men have fallen away from the truth, have departed from the faith. The Christian church is lining up today in two opposing camps—those who stand by the faith once for all delivered unto the saints, as revealed in the Holy Scriptures of Truth, and those who are mining and sapping at these ancient foundations, and seeking to substitute a man-made religion for the truth of God. . . .

"In Christ's name they deny Christ. They deny His deity, His creatorship, His virgin birth, His divine Sonship, His authority as a teacher sent from God, His fulfillment of divine predictions, His miracles, His substitutionary death, His resurrection, His ascension, His divine intercession and priesthood, and His certain coming again. . . .

"In addition to this 'falling away' within the church, or apostasy and departure from the faith, there are false religious systems today which are signs of the nearness of the return of our Lord."—C. B. HAYNES, *The Return of Jesus*, pp. 223-225.

1 A Time of Laxity in Morals

1. Into what kind of times will men come in the last days?

"In the last days perilous times shall come." (2 Tim. 3:1).

NOTE.—"Taking the manner in which the prophecies had been fulfilled in the past as a criterion by which to judge of the fulfillment of those which were still future, he [William Miller] became satisfied that the popular view of the spiritual reign of Christ—a temporal millennium before the end of the world—was not sustained by the word of God. This doctrine, pointing to a thousand years of righteousness and peace before the personal coming of the Lord, put far off the terrors of the day of God. But, pleasing though it may be, it is contrary to the teachings of Christ and His apostles, who declared that the wheat and the tares are to grow together until the harvest, the end of the world; that 'evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse'; that 'in the last days perilous times shall come'; and that the kingdom of darkness shall continue until the advent of the Lord, and shall be consumed with the spirit of His mouth, and be destroyed with the brightness of His coming."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 321.

2. From what perversions are these "times" compounded?

"Men will become utterly self-centred, greedy for money, full of big words. They will be proud and contemptuous, without any regard for what their parents taught them. They will be utterly lacking in gratitude, purity and normal human affections. They will be men of unscrupulous speech and have no control of themselves. They will be passionate and unprincipled, treacherous, self-willed and conceited, loving all the time what gives them pleasure instead of loving God" (2 Tim. 3:2-4, Phillips).

NOTE.—Sounds like paganism or barbarism? Exactly. There goes refinement, culture, dignity, modesty. Never mind what is right. Far more important, what is "accepted."

3. What kind of show will be put on by the masses?

"They . . . will keep up a make-believe of piety and yet exclude its power" (2 Tim. 3:5, Weymouth).

4. What is to be the Christian's attitude toward this sort of thing?

"Turn away from people of this sort" (2 Tim. 3:5, Weymouth).

2 Counterfeiters Are on the Loose

5. What will false christs and false prophets be able to do?

"There will rise up false Christs and false prophets, displaying wonderful signs and prodigies, so as to deceive, if possible, even the elect" (Matt. 24:24, Weymouth).

6. Against what particular phase of the work of these counterfeiters did Jesus warn?

"If therefore they should say to you, 'See, He is in the Desert!' do not go out there: or 'See, He is indoors in the room!' do not believe it" (Matt. 24:26, Weymouth).

NOTE.—"Prophecyings which contradict the plain and positive declarations of the Word are to be rejected. Thus our Saviour taught His disciples when He warned them concerning the manner of His second coming. When Jesus ascended to heaven in the sight of His disciples, it was declared most explicitly by the angels that this same Jesus should so come in like manner as they had seen Him go into heaven. Hence Jesus, in predicting the work of the false prophets of the last days, says, 'If they shall say unto you, Behold, He is in the desert, go not forth; Behold, He is in the secret chambers, believe it not.' All true prophesying on that point must recognize His visible coming from heaven."—*Early Writings*, p. 139.

7. How may we know for sure that we ourselves are not the ones who are deceived?

"Behold, I have told you before" (Matt. 24:25).

3 Prophecy Sees Trend Toward Apostasy

8. What will happen to the historic and traditional loyalties in religion?

"The Spirit says distinctly that in latter times some shall fall away from the faith; they will yield to deluding spirits and demonic teachings by hypocritical liars, whose own consciences are seared as with a branding iron" (1 Tim. 4:1, 2, Berkeley).

NOTE.—"In the days of Christ the leaders and teachers of Israel were powerless to resist the work of Satan. They were neglecting the only means by which they could have withstood evil spirits. It was by the word of God that Christ overcame the wicked one. The leaders of Israel professed to be the expositors of God's word, but they had studied it only to sustain their traditions, and enforce their man-made observances. By their interpretation they made it express sentiments that God had never given. Their mystical construction made indistinct that which He had made plain. . . .

"History is repeating. With the open Bible before them, and professing to reverence its teachings, many of the religious leaders of our time are destroying faith in it as the word of God. They busy themselves with dissecting the word, and set their own opinions above its plainest statements. In their hands God's word loses its regenerating power. This is why infidelity runs riot, and iniquity is rife."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 257, 258.

9. What strong language does Paul use in identifying Satan's special agent of apostasy?

"Let no one deceive you, by any means; for before that day, the falling away must first have come, and the man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition; who opposes himself and exalts himself against all that is called God, and against all worship; even to seat himself in the temple of God, and take on himself openly the signs of Godhead" (2 Thess. 2:3, 4, Conybeare).

4 The Climax of the Apostasy

10. What kind of a following does the "beast" have?

"All the world wondered after the beast" (Rev. 13:3).

NOTE.—"For more than half a century, students of prophecy in the United States have presented this testimony to the world. In the events now taking place is seen a rapid advance toward the fulfillment of the prediction. With Protestant teachers there is the same claim of divine authority for Sunday-keeping, and the same lack of scriptural evidence, as with the papal leaders who fabricated miracles to supply the place of a command from God. The assertion that God's judgments are visited upon men for their violation of the Sunday-sabbath, will be repeated; already it is beginning to be urged. And a movement to enforce Sunday observance is fast gaining ground."—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 579, 580.

11. What sinister attempt on the lives and activities of the saints will be made by the power represented by the two-horned beast?

"He had power to give life unto the image of the beast, that the image of the beast should both speak, and cause that as many as would not worship the image of the beast should be killed. And he causeth all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads: and that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name" (Rev. 13:15-17).

NOTE.—"The two-horned beast [The United States] causes all to receive a mark, and all who will not worship the image to be killed; that is, he wills, purposes, and endeavors to do this. He makes such an enactment, passes such a law. But it does not follow that all, and we do not think many, will be put to death. God will interpose on behalf of His people. Those who have kept the word of Christ's patience will be kept from falling in this hour of temptation. (Revelation 3:10.) Those who have made God their refuge will be kept from all evil. (Psalm 91:9, 10.) All who are found written in the book will be delivered. (Daniel 12:1.) As victors over the beast and his image, they will be redeemed from among men, and raise a song of triumph before the throne of God. (Revelation 14:2-4.)"—SMITH, *Daniel and the Revelation*, pp. 618, 619.

Every time some misguided zealot, whether he be clergyman or lawmaker, advocates or introduces a bill to regulate the reli-

gious conduct of men, this prophecy moves one step closer to final fulfillment. Moves like this are taking shape across the length and breadth of every land of earth today. You are privileged to witness the last movements. Make sure your times, all of them, are in God's keeping.

Quizangles

1. In the "last times" what will receive men's first attention? (1)
2. How will men identify themselves as hypocrites? (1)
3. Who will be in danger of being deceived by false christs and prophets? (2)
4. What is the attraction for those who fall away from the faith? (3)
5. What happens to their conscience? (3)
6. Will the first beast carry on his infamous work in secret? (3)
7. What is the ultimate in blasphemy spoken by the papacy? (3)
8. Who will receive the mark of the beast? (4)
9. What penalty will be pronounced on those who will not worship the image to the beast? (4)

NEXT WEEK, March 5, 1960—Lesson title: "How Jesus Will Come." Outside reading: *Early Writings*, pp. 285-288; *The Desire of Ages*, p. 832; *The Great Controversy*, pp. 315, 625. Memory gem: Matthew 26:29.



Question *I would like to know if fur-trimmed garments—jackets, coats, and hats—are in keeping with Seventh-day Adventist principles of dress.*

Counsel To avoid wearing certain kinds of apparel in an ostentatious show of piety is as offensive to Heaven as to wear expensive clothes that please our vanity and stir the envy of those about us. God puts no premium on austerity for its own sake, nor does He approve lavish display. Somewhere between the two extremes everyone may choose garb that is decent, in keeping with his economic means, and complimentary to his personality.

In regard to this specific question, I would feel uneasy in my conscience if I should wear costly fur garments of any kind, not because they were fur, but because of their tendency to sepa-

rate me from my less fortunate neighbor who could not afford them. There should be no stratifications in a Christian communion, but this is an ideal hard to realize.

To me, fur-trimmed or fur-lined coats and gloves are not out of harmony with Christian dress, particularly in cold climates, and a coonskin cap in a frigid wilderness would seem sensible. I have a personal aversion, however, to fur stoles or fur trimmings with the mounted heads of the animals from which they are taken, because they seem to mock the life of the creatures that supplied them. Nevertheless, I do not judge those who wear them.

Reviewing the original principle—to wear anything designed to minister to our vanity or to stir the envy of others, or to avoid wearing something merely to appear pious to men, can surely be

classified as wrong in motive; and God judges motives, not apparel.

Question *I have wondered whether young people in Adventist schools should pay tithe on work money that is credited to their school bill? I have talked to several people, and I've had both Yes and No answers.*

Counsel The money you earn working your way through college is certainly part of your increase. If you worked for someone other than the college you would receive your wages in cash, and you would tithe the cash. As it is, you receive your wages in credit. Nevertheless, your earnings should be tithed. You will find that the school accounting department is well aware of this and will gladly send a tithe of your earnings to the church of your choice, if you request this service.

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 Youth's Instructor, February 16, 1960

► OXFORD UNIVERSITY was established in 1133. UCHI

► THE PRESENT rate of distribution of Bibles does not meet the population growth of the world or the needs of the new literates. ABS

► THE SALUKI, a slim dog of the Near East, is thought to be the contemporary representative of the first dog trained by man for hunting. Easily running at speeds up to 40 miles an hour, it can tire a gazelle. NGS

► "SLAVE DAY" is an annual event at Evans (Colorado) High School when 25 or 30 students volunteer to work or do errands for faculty members or classmates. The "slaves" are sold at an auction, the proceeds going into the Junior Red Cross fund. Friends

► OF THE 42 epidemics that have occurred since 1890, none has come close to the severity of the 1918-19 pandemic, when an estimated 550,000 excess deaths from influenza and pneumonia were reported. About 17,000 excess deaths from influenza-pneumonia were recorded in the epidemic period October 1957 to February 1958. PD

► SUBSIDIZED by the British Government, British airlines have established the National College of Air Training in Hamble, Hampshire, England, to train airline captains. The two-year course will accommodate 240 students. Until now, airlines have had to depend on Air Force veterans or the few others who have been able to afford the expensive private instruction. BOAC

► THIRTY-SEVEN per cent of all drivers fear some kind of road, according to a recent study, which showed that one in every five drivers is apprehensive about using expressways, despite their record of reducing accidents, while only one in six fear three-lane roads, proved to be among the most dangerous of all. Rough roads worried only one in 18 drivers, while winding highways bothered one in nine. IHSC

► ARTIFICIAL rain making may remain a hit-or-miss proposition until scientists discover the fundamental principles of rain formation. Before it begins to rain, a cloud in the upper atmosphere is made up of tiny droplets of water. After being infected by air-borne particles called ice nuclei, the droplets freeze and grow into snow crystals. These crystals tumble down and combine into snowflakes, which, when they meet the warmth of the lower atmosphere, melt and become raindrops. UCAL



radarscope

► AS AIRBORNE electronic equipment becomes more compact and performs more functions, the laboratory equipment necessary to check its accuracy and reliability becomes bigger and more complex. One piece of equipment that is 10 inches in diameter and 24 inches long and weighs about 75 pounds requires in the laboratory nine racks of electronic testing equipment, each rack six or more feet high and occupying a cubic volume some 238 times greater than the volume of the small unit being tested. Goodyear

► THE NUMBERS of Bachelor's degrees granted may rise from 366,000 in 1958 to about 513,000 in 1964, and 718,000 in 1970, according to the U.S. Office of Education. These estimates allow for some further increase in the proportion of young people completing college, as well as for the great rise certain to take place in the college-age population. USDL

► GOLD miner and long-distance runner Don Shepherd, of Johannesburg, South Africa, will try to walk the 3,000 miles from New York to Los Angeles in 70 days. In 1910 Edward Weston, then 71 years old, walked the distance in 77 days. Mr. Shepherd, a nondrinker and nonsmoker, is 43. ISSA

► AMONG the Tuareg of the Sahara wastes, men, not women, veil their faces. Fierce and fearless, these nomads of the blue veil believe that hard manual labor dishonors them. One of their sayings is, "Shame enters with the plow." NGS

► ADULTS over 25 averaged almost twice as many days of restricted activity from illness or injury as persons under 25, according to the Public Health Service's National Health Survey for the year ending June 30, 1958. AMA

► OLYMPIC NATIONAL PARK, in Washington State, contains the world's largest Sitka spruce, Douglas fir, western hemlock, and western red cedar. NGS

► THE METROPOLITAN U.S. embraces 277 counties with 57 per cent of the nation's population, or 85½ million. NAM

► DIVIDED highway mileage in the U.S. will jump from its present total of about 17,000 miles to 70,000 miles by 1970, according to present predictions.

Highway Highlights

► THE CARIBBEAN island of Jamaica owes its breadfruit crops to Captain Bligh of H.M.S. *Bounty* fame. The Pacific plant was imported as an inexpensive starch food for slaves. NGS

► TWELVE million automobile accidents in 1958 cost more than \$7 billion. The average cost of each accident was \$620. This represents an increase of 20 per cent in the average costs per claim during the past five years. AMA

► POCKET gophers, California's number-one rodent pest, may be controlled by a new farm machine that digs artificial burrows and simultaneously drops poisoned grain in the tunnel. Preliminary tests of the method have proved encouraging. UCAL

► ARCTIC plants tend to remain small because of lack of soil and water, and the fierce intensity of the northern sun. The rose-red fireweed, for instance, may be a four-foot giant in the Temperate Zone, a four-inch pygmy in the Arctic. Its name comes not from its color but from its habit of growing in fire-scorched earth. NGS

► "BUMPERS" may be put on space craft. The device would actually be an outer shell about one tenth as thick as the originally planned skin of the vehicle and separated from the original wall by a few centimeters. Small meteors striking the outer shell would explode there, and only gas vapor would reach the true skin of the vehicle. This vapor would not create craters and would not cause punctures. Smithsonian

► THE EARTH's two magnetic poles will each be moved about 100 miles to the north on a new map to be published early in 1960 by the U.S. Navy's Hydrographic Office. The North Magnetic Pole, north of the Canadian mainland, should be shown at a point just off the southwest tip of Bathurst Island, having apparently moved across Viscount Melville Sound from Prince of Wales Island since the last map was issued in 1955. The South Magnetic Pole will be shown near Adelie Coast, Wilkes Land, Antarctica. In part this may represent not actual movement but better instrumentation. Scope

Prepare to Serve - CHOOSE NURSING AS YOUR CAREER



COURTESY, SOUTHERN MISSIONARY COLLEGE

Which Will It Be?

**MISSIONARY SERVICE AT
HOME OR ABROAD . . .**

-At the Bedside?

-In Surgery?

-In the Community?

No other career offers equal opportunities.

Prepare to answer the call of the world's need in a Christian environment, under competent professionals in accredited institutions.



**For further information write to the
Seventh-day Adventist school of nursing serving your area.**

COLLEGE OF MEDICAL EVANGELISTS
Loma Linda, California

GLENDAL SANITARIUM AND HOSPITAL
Glendale, California

HINSDALE SANITARIUM AND HOSPITAL
Hinsdale, Illinois

NEW ENGLAND SANITARIUM AND HOSPITAL
Melrose, Massachusetts

PARADISE VALLEY SANITARIUM AND HOSPITAL
National City, California

SOUTHERN MISSIONARY COLLEGE
Collegedale, Tennessee

UNION COLLEGE
Lincoln, Nebraska

WALLA WALLA COLLEGE
College Place, Washington

WASHINGTON MISSIONARY COLLEGE, *Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.*