

THE

# Youth's

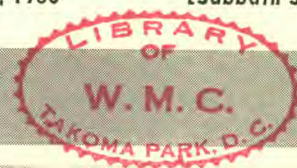
INSTRUCTOR

If you like a story where things turn out right, you'll  
enjoy

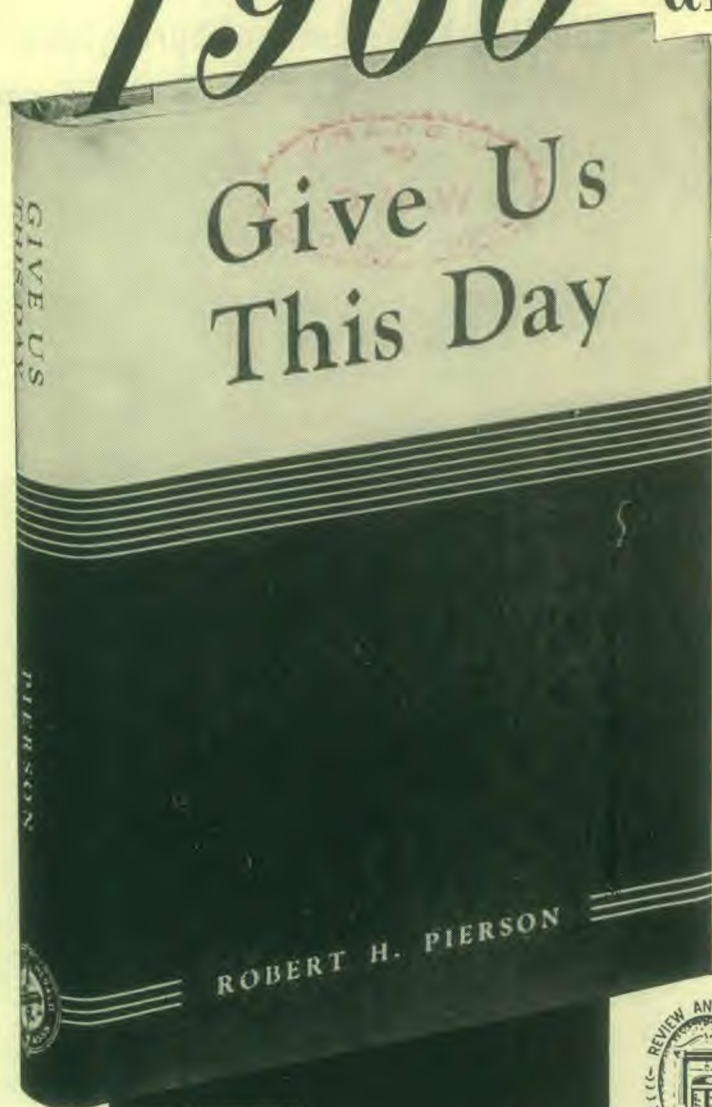
## The Heart Remembers Springtime

APRIL 12, 1960

[Sabbath School Lesson for April 23]



# 1960 and family devotions



By Robert H. Pierson

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

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

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

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## *Even the least of these*

**M**Y NAME is Mary, and I am fourteen years old. I came to this school almost two years ago when I was transferred from a regular school."

Her speech was slow and hesitant, and she seemed to put much thought and effort into each word. Outwardly Mary appeared very much like any girl of fourteen. But Mary was different.

On the playground nearby, some children were swinging; others were playing tetherball; a few hotly pursued an argument and scrapped for a ball. And there were some who stood quietly to

the side, watching the activities from a distance. The scene was so much like that of recess period in any public school that most people would not have discerned a difference. I saw it only because I was looking for it: all the children playing here were either physically or mentally handicapped.

Mary, for instance, was mentally retarded. Her likes and dislikes were those of any fourteen-year-old; she sensed the tensions around her and needed love. But she did not have the mental capacity to grasp facts or learn as readily as a normal child of her age. For her, mental

maturation would be a much longer and slower process than is normal, and it might never be completed.

I met Mary on a community health class field trip to a school for handicapped children at Richland, Washington. Before we toured the classrooms some of the teachers and psychologists connected with the program told us about it. Our class was divided into several small groups, and after we received specific instructions not to ask any questions in the presence of the youngsters, the tour began.

The first room at which my group stopped was one for mentally retarded children of the primary-age level. One small boy who looked as though he might be six years of age could not comprehend a problem with numbers, and made his way to the teacher's desk. The difficulty involved sequence of numbers.

"What number comes after three?" the teacher asked patiently.

After considerable thought the boy answered, "Four."

"That's right. Go to the box and bring me four blocks."

The little fellow got the blocks—five of them—and counted them for his teacher. Over and over again he counted them, sometimes coming out with three, sometimes four, and occasionally five.

"How many blocks did I ask you to bring me?"

He stood still for a moment and then almost in a whisper asked, "Five?"

After about five minutes the teacher told him to put them away and return to his seat. In the meantime the other students had been looking around the room, staring at us, making odd little noises, or simply looking blankly at the sheets of paper before them on their desks.

The next room was devoted to deaf children. The teacher demonstrated how she was teaching a totally deaf girl to talk. Some of the noises the girl made sounded weird indeed, but she gradually was learning to communicate with other people and put her thoughts into words.

One boy of about ten years was fitting together cards having the different sounds written on them. The teacher explained his problem: "He had normal hearing when he was very young. However, because of a disease he now can hear practically nothing, and is rapidly

# 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.

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VOLUME 108, NUMBER 15 APRIL 12, 1960

losing his sight also. Within a year's time he will probably be totally blind. At present we have one book he can read, but he is learning to read Braille." She showed us that book; it had very large, heavy black print.

Moving on, we entered the woodwork shop. The first person I noticed was a very fat, short boy filing on the edge of a piece of plywood. "He is a Mongoloid," I was told, "nineteen years of age at the present time. He may live as many as four years longer, but it is very doubtful that he will live longer than that."

"What is he making?"

"Oh, nothing—his intellect is not high enough for him to do any of the other things, and he enjoys just filing on that board and blowing away the dust, so we let him do it, since it is perfectly harmless. He handles it as though it were to be a great masterpiece, and perhaps in his mind it is."

I walked over and looked at the work of a couple of the boys who were tooling leather; their work was remarkably neat, but did not follow the pattern closely. In one corner of the room a handsome little fellow sat working problems from his fifth-grade arithmetic book; later I learned that he had a dis-

eased heart. One boy fitted blocks of various shapes together, forming lofty structures or tumbled heaps according to his engineering.

The fact that these children are much like any other students was proved in another room for older children. The teacher was giving a spelling test, and as she painstakingly pronounced the simple words, one boy persisted in turning around and copying from the paper of the boy seated behind him. After some time the boy whose spelling was being copied piped up, "Teacher, I'm trying to keep my words covered up, but he keeps looking back here. Make him stop it."

We entered a room with three electric ranges, sinks, and plenty of working room. "This room is used every afternoon by the older girls. Here they are taught such household arts as cooking and baking," our guide announced.

To me, the most interesting of all the rooms visited was the one for the blind, occupied by nine girls, each with an alert and active mind. One of them read for us from her Braille textbook, and another learned for the first time what an outline form "looks" like.

The teacher explained the mechanism  
*To page 20*

## Remember Our Men in the Military

by THEODORE LUCAS

ALL OVER the world Seventh-day Adventists are holding up the standard of God's truth while discharging their military obligations. On military installations, on ships at sea, many times entirely alone, in so far as association with others of like faith is concerned, Adventist servicemen honor their God. These men greatly appreciate the literature that is made available to them without cost as the result of the Servicemen's Literature Offering. These excerpts are typical of their letters of appreciation:

"The MV department of my home State began sending me these papers shortly after my enlistment. It was through reading them and through many prayers that I realized my waywardness. I have fully rededicated my life to the Lord, and now I know the true happiness that can be experienced by a Christian."

Another young man writes: "It is a marvel to boys of other denominations how our church endeavors to follow us and help us wherever we go."

Here is a young man who shares his faith: "I would also like to mention at this time that the mail clerk noticed the

papers and inquired about them. He said that he holds prayer meeting every Wednesday evening and that he would appreciate very much my letting him have the papers when I was through with them so that he might use some of the material for his meetings. Another fellow here has requested that I give him some of my church papers to read also, so I am giving these men *The Youth's Instructor* when I finish with it. Please pray for these souls."

Just one more letter: "Received my first copy of *The Youth's Instructor* the other day, and needless to say, read it from cover to cover. I want to express my appreciation by saying Thanks to your staff and the many wonderful people of our great denomination for making it possible for the men in service to receive this God-sent literature."

The Servicemen's Literature Offering will provide a continuing supply of inspirational periodicals for Adventist boys in uniform, for their own strengthening and for their use in bringing a knowledge of God to others. A generous offering is needed May 14.

*The Youth's Instructor*, April 12, 1960

**Amateur** Are you a licensed amateur radio operator? If you are, you will want to be listed in the annual YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR Amateur Radio Log. The 1960 Log is scheduled to appear in an August issue, and your listing must be in our office by June 1. This is one of the many service features of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, and we will appreciate early receipt of your listing.

**Take-off** Not every cover picture appeals to us in the same measure of interest. This week's, however, we really enjoyed. And we doubt that it is because the photographer "happened" to be from our native State. The appeal was more likely due to the fact that such scenes capture some of the flavor of boyhood. We admit our prejudice. If you have never lived where wildlife scenes were part of daily living, you've missed a share of man's intended estate.

**Take-off** William Carpenter of Milwaukee received a special award in the 1959 Eastman Kodak High School Photo Contest with his "take-off" shot of these swiftly moving birds. He was president of his photo club and photographer for his school publication. A telephoto lens and a 1/500th sec. shutter speed was used to shoot his picture. Setting: a lagoon near Lake Michigan.

**Letters** Many letters reached the office during the publication last year, from August 4 to October 6, of Joe Engelkemier's "The Man of Matchless Charms." Most readers do not identify whether they are between sixteen and thirty years of age. Such identification would help us know whether the person writing is a member of the audience for whom we primarily publish or whether he is a loyal reader of some other age. Often too, correspondents express the wish that a particular INSTRUCTOR article or serial might become available in book form. It always helps if we know the age range of the interested reader.

**Attainment** "Let the student take the Bible as his guide and stand like a rock for principle, and he may aspire to any height of attainment."—8T 322.

The Youth's Instructor, April 12, 1960

we hold these truths

## The TV Problem-3

The desperado is finally jailed or killed, while the hero wins his freedom, his girl, and justice. What is so wrong with that? Or the TV movie doesn't even have a gun in it, only some love-making, some fisticuffs, some deception on the part of those cast as villains. Is that bad?

A Kansas teen-ager wrote: "We do have TV in our home. My parents didn't have to solve the problem of television for me; I solved it myself. I am supposed to be a Christian. Christians should not watch certain movies such as cowboy and murder stories. Most of the stories on TV are of this type. Therefore I do not watch them."

"I am supposed to be a Christian." Why should this rule out cowboy and murder stories? The teen-ager did not explain, but we will make a beginning. What is our business as Christians? It is to love God supremely and our neighbor as ourselves. Who is our neighbor? "Christ has shown that our neighbor does not mean merely one of the church or faith to which we belong. It has no reference to race, color, or class distinction. Our neighbor is every person who needs our help. Our neighbor is every soul who is wounded and bruised by the adversary. Our neighbor is everyone who is the property of God."<sup>1</sup>

The world is our neighborhood, comprising all mankind. Is the thief still God's property; does the murderer still belong to God? Certainly. A youth teaching a Sabbath school class in his home church is brother to all men everywhere. A youth behind penitentiary bars is also our neighbor, a member of the human family.

As Christians we rejoice with the youth teaching Sabbath school. As Christians we sorrow with the youth who failed to develop a character assuring his place in society. *Or do we sorrow? Are we glad that he "got what was coming to him"? Do we forget that Jesus died for the liar, the thief, the murderer? Do we forget that He would have died to save just one sinner?*

But you say, "It's just a story! The young fellow didn't really get killed in the movie on TV." If you say that, can you be sure that your conscience hasn't become blunted to what in actual life might be the close of a neighbor's probation? Are you less conscious of the true because the false has become commonplace in your thinking?

You cannot swim in the ocean without having salt on your body when you leave the water. You cannot ride in a public conveyance where smoking is allowed without your clothes absorbing the smell. Can you watch a television program without there being a residue of influence on your life? "As wax retains the figure of the seal, so the mind retains the impression produced by intercourse and association."<sup>2</sup>

A mind grown immune to man's need of a Saviour has lost a precious degree of the concern a Christian should hold for others. Whatever in any degree dulls our feelings of accountability for the lost is dangerous to our witness. This is one of the subtle problems that marches into the TV household. The fiction aspect deserves separate comment.

*Martin J. Croudael*

<sup>1</sup> The Desire of Ages, p. 503.    <sup>2</sup> Testimonies, vol. 4, p. 587.

## COMING NEXT WEEK

- "I WANT MY DADDY"—reminiscences of an onlooker who has watched a marriage crumble. By Ivy R. Doherty.
- "FRENCH ON SATURDAY?"—decisions made by a student who found his test schedule at variance with his faith. By W. A. Scragg.



# Just the EXPERIENCE of the thing

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

ENUMERATING our sins, we recognized that there had been plenty. We had innocently washed three milk glasses in the new kitchen sink, allowing the water to go down the drain. Of course we got caught and were informed that no dishwasher was to be permitted to travel through that drain; it might clog it. We complied immediately, but it was a mark against us anyway.

Another day we had been so extravagant as to cook eggs in one kettle and potatoes in another, preparatory to making salad. "You should cook them together," she told us, as she dumped the water off the eggs and plopped the eggs in with the potatoes.

We had gone our limit; now we must go house hunting. We prayed about it and then went outdoors to cool off. As we went down the walk, Mrs. Smith, who lived a few doors down, came by. We chatted a few minutes, then asked if she knew of an apartment for rent that would have a kitchen with it.

"I shore do," she said, as a stream of snuff shot from somewhere under her sunbonnet. "Be tickled to let ya'll live in that thar house." She pointed to a little house across the street. "Ain't so 'venient cause ye haf to go clean around the house to git to the kitchen and bath from the front room. A young couple lives in the apartment between. Ye kin have the rooms for five dollars a week. Kin move in temorry if ya'll likes. The other renters moved last ev'nin'."

Eagerly we followed her to peek in. The bedroom was large and freshly painted. New linoleum covered the floor. There were closets and chairs and *two* good beds. We went around to the other part. We'd take it, even if we did have to heat our water on the stove.

A wide-eyed Mrs. Rogers watched her three roomers move their possessions in two trips across the street to another house the next day. She looked as if she really hadn't expected anything to happen so suddenly; we hadn't either.

*The three girls looked for the nonexistent Shakertown,  
walked the single street of Stringtown, and found in both—and in every other community—  
the joy of being co-workers with Christ.*

by CATHERINE MOHR

Courage was more readily available in this house. We began to live and to enjoy it. I learned to enjoy meeting people, though I never seemed to have any "great experiences." The poverty stricken and the unfortunate appealed to my heart the most. There was the little boy who wanted a paper copy of *Bedtime Stories* very much. He got his piggy bank and extracted four cents. This he gave me as a down payment. He saved thirty-one cents more by delivery day. I cannot remember very many faces, but I do remember his.

By that time I realized that I was doing myself very little good financially, and decided that I might as well pour out all there was in me to help people find God.

There was the woman who wanted *Best Stories*. It was obvious that she had no money, but she wept, so great was her desire. So I told her to borrow twenty-five cents for a down payment and then mail me twenty-five cents each week. I would bring the book on delivery day. And sure enough, each week I received a dingy old envelope containing a quarter. The light in the woman's eyes on delivery day would have been reward enough.

The high-class section was difficult. That's a job for the experienced, and we were not experienced. When a maid would peep out and say, "Missy cain't come ra't now, honey," I would hurry on to the next house. But I kept assuring myself that this too was a part of my good experience.

Once a college fellow bounded out of the house, almost bumping into me on the walk. He was so embarrassed that he invited me in to his parents' mansion and I canvassed him. By the time his mother arrived on the scene he had already paid cash for a de luxe *The Desire of Ages* in order to have his mother's name in gold on the cover.

When she entered she indicated that I could leave just as soon as I wished, which I did. How she responded at re-

ceiving the book a few weeks later I do not know, but that was the only book that got into those many beautiful homes that summer.

Awakened one Friday night by the sound of wailing in the apartment next door to us, we listened. They were the most pitiful cries I had ever heard. Soon a hearse arrived and also the police and a doctor. In the darkness we watched people coming and going. The father of the bride had died of a heart attack. The grief manifested tore us apart as we lay in bed and cried too.

Finally I crept outside, hoping to give a little comfort or sympathy. We did not know the people; they were rarely home when we were, and when they were, they were fighting. When I found that they had been drinking, it was even more difficult to help. After the last car had driven away, we were left to our own sad thoughts. At six o'clock we packed our lunch and some books and slipped off to the woods to spend the Sabbath. Hunger brought us home late in the afternoon.

Struggling through the night to sleep, we decided at daybreak to take refuge with some Adventist friends at Harrodsburg. While we were there, we canvassed the town. I have often thought of those lovely people who took us in without a murmur.

**F**INISHING Danville a few days later, we ran out of territory. We studied the map and asked people what nearby towns there were. "Go to Shakertown" we were told again and again. "Got a lot of houses over there." So we prayed about it. The way seemed clear. We paid our ninety cents apiece and boarded the Greyhound bus. "Please let us off at the city limits of Shakertown," we requested the driver.

"O.K.," he said with a peculiar smile. After what seemed too long, the driver called, "Shakertown, city limits."

Glancing out the window, we could

see nothing but a sign bearing the words "Shakertown City Limits" and a forest of roadside weeds.

"Shakertown! Shakertown! City limits," the driver called again. Stepping off the bus, we landed right by the sign. Not a building was in sight. We burst out laughing. "A good experience," we observed. It was a gloriously beautiful day. We had not been out for any recreation since coming to Danville. And here we were right near a field of wild blackberries—thousands of them in the midst of bird music and sunshine. But we weren't prepared to pick blackberries.

"Let's hunt for Shakertown," someone suggested. So we went to hunt. Around the bend we found several huge dormitorylike buildings that seemed to be unoccupied. Walking farther, we found the other city limits sign. Following a few side roads, we found three or four houses. Wishing to explore farther, we followed a well-traveled gravel road, a delightful walk through the hills. Cars passed frequently. Surely there must be something beyond. A woman stopped and offered us a ride. Reluctant to end our walk, we declined. But we did ask her where the road ended.

"The road leads to the Kentucky River," she told us. "Over there you see High Bridge, the highest railroad bridge in the U.S. Look! A train is crossing now. Up across there you can see Berea College."

"But where is Shakertown?"

The lady laughed. "Shakertown is only a historic landmark now. There are only eight families in the city limits. It was begun by some members of the Shaker religion in the 1800's, but they did not believe in having children and all the old folks died. This is what is left."

We thanked her for her kindness, hiked a little farther, and returned to the highway. It was still four hours till the next bus. While canvassing the eight

# A Selection of New Games

"Let the parents study to get up something to take the place of more dangerous amusements. Give your children to understand that you have their good and happiness in view."—*Testimonies*, vol. 1, p. 514.

## FOUR DUZIT

One of our newest games. It is a Bible game to drill the memory, to enable you to know your texts and references on fifteen important Bible doctrines. For any number of players up to six or seven.

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Musical Fun is an educational game designed for everyone aged ten or older. A group game and may be played by as few as three players or as many as eighteen. May be used at home, at school (as an aid in teaching music), for young people's socials, and for choir socials.

Price: \$2.75



## P - A - M

This is a fast, easy, and interesting game designed for very small children, ages three to seven. It may be used by one or by a group of children. With gaily colored objects, and taking only a minute or two to win, small children do not tire of it easily. Does not require adult supervision.

Price: \$2.50



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Periodical Department, Washington 12, D.C.

houses, we found a charming woman who told us we could pick blackberries on her place. She gave us a couple of large pails and then helped us fill them. So we spent the rest of the time picking blackberries. Flagging the bus down just in time, we stepped aboard only to find the same driver who had brought us.

"I wondered what you were going to do in Shakertown," he joked. "So you came to pick blackberries. Don't you have blackberries in Danville?"

We could not help wondering about the whole affair. Did God let us use our time thus, knowing that we needed a change? If He had, He could not have chosen a better place for it. But I like to think that perhaps we had a bigger work than that there. We sold a few small books and enrolled some in the Bible course. Maybe that is why we went.

Back at home, we wondered just what course to follow next.

"Go to Stringtown," people said.

"Is it like Shakertown?"

"Oh, no," they answered.

So we went to Stringtown. It lived up to its name, we found. There were houses strung along each side of the highway for perhaps a mile—and there they ended. We finished the town in part of a day.

"Go to Burgin," we were next advised.

"Bus ticket to Burgin?" the ticket agent questioned. "That little town has an insane asylum, and we're not permitted to go there. You can go to Harrodsburg and take a taxi, or you can go on the train from Danville to Burgin. There's just one catch about riding the train. It comes back this way at 9:00 P.M. There's no depot in Burgin. If a passenger gets off, you can get on; but if not, you're stuck.

Well, we were stuck anyway. The publishing secretary for the area was on his way to meet us, but couldn't arrive for a day or so. We needed to work. I had never ridden a train, and a three-mile train ride appealed to me as being a good experience. Besides, we wondered whether those people in that little place had ever had an opportunity to buy Adventist books. Again we prayed. Then we decided to take the train into Burgin.

Our tickets were bought long before the train whistled to a stop the following morning. Boarding a car, we found seats. Chugging along with open windows, the train coughed cinders into our nostrils. "Is this the luxury that people enjoy when riding trains?" I wondered.

After three miles I was no longer impressed with that mode of travel.

We were let off at a little store and were soon out hunting the town. By late evening we had finished our work, so went to the little country store to wait for the train that might not stop. We prayed much that it would.

The store seemed to be the community center where all the village came to gossip. Before long we heard a train whistle in the distance. Three or four old farmers ran out, hoping to flag down the train for us, and we trailed along behind. But that mighty serpent rumbled past without even blinking an eye.

"Did it really leave us?" I asked unbelievably.

"You're out for a *very* good experience, I'd say," laughed Eunice.

"My wife and I will take you to Harrodsburg," a farmer offered. We did not even look at one another, but just followed those good Samaritans, and climbed into their old car. "This is so kind of you," we murmured all the way to Harrodsburg.

We still had the address of the people in Harrodsburg who had been our friends. Would they still be upon the arrival of three tramps out for a good experience at 10:00 P.M.?

It wasn't long before we heard them saying, "Oh, we've been wishing you'd come again. It's been quite a while since we saw you."

After laughing about our good experience we went to bed.

The next morning we got on the bus and returned to Danville. In spite of all that chasing around, we still had more money than when we had left because our orders had been good. But more than that, we felt a satisfaction in thinking of the people who had gotten some good books.

LANCASTER was our next destination, the publishing department secretary told us. We went over on the bus for two or three days. Orders came easily there. But on the last day, Winona, who was canvassing one side of the town, was confronted by a policeman. We had no right to be selling books without a license, she was told. The license cost was too high for us to pay. He asked if anyone was working with her. Her reply was in the affirmative. But she only knew the general direction in which we were working. The officer told her to tell us to stop when she should find us. And that is what she did. But she did not find us until we had finished our part of the

town. Only a small portion of Winona's territory was unfinished.

One pathetic figure in that town was that of a sweet, Christian colored woman ninety-two years of age. She had never learned to read. Now blind, she was nearing the end of the road. She talked of slave days, her memories of Lincoln, and of the Emancipation Proclamation. She told of how Lancaster had developed. Then she said, "I ain't neva' been nowhere. Some of de young uns say that in dem hills yonda' dere is a big lot of water. It goes and goes. Always wanted to see it. Now I's bland. Never kin go."

My eyes were blinded with tears. It was Kentucky Lake that she had wished to see; it was about seven miles away.

"And you *never* got to see it?" I asked.

"No ma'am. Farthest I been is three mile. But it ain't no use ta mourn. Mighty soon I kin see dem big waters up dere."

I hope that someday I can see that woman with restored vision as she glimpses the "big waters up there" for the first time.

One midafternoon as I was working on the edge of the little town of Springfield, I noticed several huge plantation houses with small pastures around them. I was always afraid of big houses. I was afraid of pastures around them, for they usually maintained horses of which I was afraid. To add to my misery, huge thunderheads were gathering, and the wind was blowing violently.

Like an unheroic colporteur, I decided to skip the biggest house where two beautiful mares were playing in the yard. At the next house no one invited me in. Feeling guilty about my previous conduct, I struggled back to the gate of the pasture and started warily up the hill. When at last I reached the house I was so terrified I could scarcely knock, but I banged anyway.

The howling wind was too much competition however. Over and over I pounded, each time stepping back from the door as I had been told to do. I could hear somebody inside.

Then a woman saw me as she passed in front of the screen door. Immediately she jumped and let out a wild scream. That frightened me so badly, I backed up a little more—off the three-foot-high porch. I had picked myself up by the time she reached me.

"Oh, honey, are you hurt?" she cried. "Do come in. I didn't know anyone was there, and you startled me."

Of course, I went in. As I looked about, I realized that the place was

related to a palace. Probably I would have been turned away had I not fallen down. The woman bought a book and told me about her sister next door. She would want one, without doubt.

"But," I said, "I've been there. She was too busy."

"Oh, no, she isn't," my new friend replied. "You go right now, and I'll give her a ring."

I prayed myself past the horses and up the steps of the next house. As the woman let me in the door, the storm broke. I stayed in her ark for two hours while a seventy-five-mile wind tossed maples and elms to the ground and lightning played havoc with the power lines. During that time in the darkness we discussed many religious subjects—not in soft, tender tones, but shouting to make ourselves heard.

When at last I stepped outside into the sunshine that danced on a dripping, mutilated world, I had sold two more copies of *The Desire of Ages*. This was more than a *good* experience—it was an inspiring one. To me it seemed that it had come as a result of spiritual growth

that had taken place during the preceding weeks.

When the time came for us to return to school we had not made a fortune—only about enough to pay expenses for the summer and a very little more. I had discovered that I really did not like trying to sell books. I did not feel that it was my life's calling. But at the same time I had discovered the thrill of being a co-worker with Christ. I had learned to love people. Precious to me were the hundreds of visits we had had. It truly had been a good experience.

But how would I make it through school financially? As I look back I can see that God took care of that. Two more of my summers were spent in bookwork and good experiences were yet the chief reward.

If you are looking for a place to grow fast spiritually, if you are searching for a task to develop personality, if you are seeking a mission experience, try the literature ministry. It brings not *good* experiences, but *priceless* ones, the experiences of working with Christ, of spreading the gospel to the world.

## The Crucifiers

by DIANA BRADT

On that dark night when time retraced its steps  
And saw the mutiny of men against their God,  
When lightning streaked the sky but gave no light,  
And fields of waving flowers ceased to nod,  
In that last instant when the sword was thrust,  
When that great, loving heart wept one last tear,  
The ones who stood and watched were Roman men.  
They took His life, and felt that desperate fear.

They had to slay a Man who blessed them still,  
And blessing, made eternity rush by.  
They had to pierce His side and watch Him weep:  
But worst of all, they had to watch Him die.  
No punishment could greater be; no hell  
Exceed the torture of those fiendish hours.  
What bliss 'twould be to hide that silent form—  
Relief to raze the accusing cross that towers!

They could not. They must watch and write  
With guilt—a guilt all guilty did not share.  
They bore alone the pang of crucifying  
A Man called Christ; for we and Judas were not there.



*After he had prayed, Norman held up the Picture Roll. The people had never before seen pictures.*

#### PART FOUR

by ALTA HILLIARD CHRISTENSEN

ARE you going to take Naomi with you when you move to Malakula?" Mrs. Parker asked Alma one day.

The answer was prompt. "I couldn't think of doing otherwise. We both love her so much. I wonder how long it will be before we can go. We're eager to start work there."

"I know. It's hard to wait for permission from the government. But we must also win the friendship of some of those people. I'm glad we at least have permission to make visits there."

"Seems to me the government is awfully slow in recognizing our application," Alma said. "All the governor would need to do is send a card with 'Yes' on it."

Mrs. Parker laughed. "If we could only tell him that!"

# So nigh is grandeur

At stated times Pastor Parker and Norman went across to Malekula in the mission launch and visited the coastal villages of Matanavat and Tonmiel and one or two others. One of the two always stayed near the launch, ready for a quick getaway in case of attack, but such an occasion never arose.

"I've never yet seen any of the Big Nambus tribe," Pastor Parker remarked one day as he guided the launch across. "I'd like to meet some of them."

"When we were coming from Australia," Norman answered, "everyone on the ship told us that the Big Nambus are the fiercest of all the New Hebrides tribes. They live up on the mountain-tops, don't they?"

"Yes. And it's true that they are the fiercest tribe, but that's all the more reason we should begin work among

them as soon as possible. Time is passing swiftly and they are dying fast, untouched by Christianity or civilization."

As they neared the beach at Matanavat, they were surprised to see a crowd of large, wild-looking men on the shore, awaiting their approach. They were fully armed, and none of them wore any other garment than the belt of bark. Several of them had long, sharp bones piercing their nostrils.

A village man whom Pastor Parker knew came out in his canoe to meet him. As he pulled alongside the launch Pastor Parker called a greeting and then asked, "Who are those large, fine-looking men over there on the beach?"

The man answered in pidgin English. "Him fella Kambi, him other fella guard. Kambi fella war chief Big Nambus. All them fella belong stop along top."

"The Big Nambus!" Pastor Parker exclaimed in an undertone to Norman. "Today! Our opportunity!"

"Perhaps they think it's their day of opportunity, too, but for a different reason," Norman thought, then said it very quietly.

Both men noticed that the man in the launch was staring at them. "We'd better not talk between ourselves like this," Pastor Parker advised.

The Matanavat man rowed his canoe quickly to the beach, then leaped ashore and dragged it up on the sand. Norman fastened the launch by throwing a looped rope over an upright rock. Then he turned to the man and asked, "Why have Kambi and his men come down here? To go fishing?"

Translated, the man's answer was, "They have come for a friendly visit. They might do some fishing. They come down here sometimes. Not often."

Norman smiled and the man smiled in response. Then he led the two missionaries to Kambi, who was standing near and watching every move with interest, and introduced them.

Several of the men needed medical attention. Kambi himself had a cold and Pastor Parker offered to treat him for it. The chief was willing and seemed to enjoy the chest massage and the rest of the treatment. Norman applied antiseptic ointment and bound up several cuts on the legs of one of the men, who had traveled through thorn bushes and razor-edged grass. It was obvious that the ointment and bandages made the cuts and scratches less painful, and the man beamed.

Presently Pastor Parker asked the

chief, "How would you like to have a school started among your people? Would you like us to come and teach them new things?"

Kambi did not answer at once, but spoke to a man who seemed to be his counselor and discussed the question with him. The two carried on an animated conversation for a few minutes. Then Kambi replied, "Yes, I would like it."

"All right," Pastor Parker answered, "just fourteen days from today I will be here at this landing at seven o'clock in the morning, and I will be ready then to make plans with you for beginning a school."

That seemed to amuse the chief. He laughed and answered, "Good! I will be here with my men, waiting for you." Then he asked if Norman would be with Pastor Parker and was assured that he would be.

When all the ailing men had been treated, the whole group looked and listened while the missionaries showed them the Picture Roll and tried to explain some of the pictures.

"I hope they got *something* new to think about, some little help today," Norman said when he and Pastor Parker were in the launch on their way home. "They didn't seem to comprehend very much."

"It's slow work," the older man replied. "These poor people have a long way to come, but there will be results in time. We sow the seed, and someone else may reap the harvest. But the harvest will surely come. We must keep plodding patiently, and have faith."

"I'd say we are plowing the ground to prepare it for the seed sowing," Norman answered.

Two weeks later when they came to the same landing place at the time appointed to meet Kambi there was no sign of the chief. Presently a few men appeared, among them Kambi's brother. He explained that the chief had been delayed in hunting pigs, and would be there shortly.

"Hunting pigs," Pastor Parker remarked to Norman in a significant tone. "I hope he doesn't mean 'long pig.'" ("Long pig" was the island term for the victim of a cannibal feast.)

Presently a few more people appeared on the beach and Pastor Parker suggested a meeting. They led him up the hillside to an overhanging rock, then seated themselves on the ground with their backs toward him. Norman remained beside the launch, within sight of the group.

To page 16



by LOIS HANSEN



T

THE old Ford chugged merrily along the road, carrying Kay Hoover, *Miss Kay Hoover*, church school teacher at Willow Bend, nearer the hot bath and good supper that were waiting for her at Mrs. Owens' farm home.

She needed that hot bath badly. She had never imagined that chalk dust could become so deeply ingrained that it would seem as much a part of her as her skin.

The dips and hollows in the country road had the effect of a small earthquake on the pile of homework lying beside her in the narrow seat. There were workbooks to correct, and smudged papers to try to read, as well as the red register with its important six-weeks' report to mail to the conference office.

This teaching profession could turn into a twenty-six-hour-a-day job, Kay reflected as she slowed down to miss a friendly collie dog.

But if she hadn't become a teacher she would probably have missed knowing the Bradley youngsters. They were an education in themselves. Kay chuckled to herself as she thought of the many ideas they had to liven up the school day. Who but Nathan would have thought of bringing a real live snake for a pet? Nothing in her teacher-training course at college had prepared her for that.

Her thoughts ran on ahead to the cool spare room with its old-fashioned furniture that was her home for nine months of the year, and still more specifically to a square white envelope with its masculine handwriting that she hoped to find when she got there.

The little car turned into the tree-lined lane and shuddered to a stop inches away from the back gate.

Kay's hand flew to her mouth in a nervous gesture. It was just last week she had taken out a fence post with her

# The heart remembers springtime

inexpert driving. The occurrence had slightly ruffled plump little Mrs. Owens' perennial good humor. It would be better if nothing like that happened again.

With a quick movement the girl scooped up the books at her side and hurried into the house. So intent were her thoughts, she hardly glanced a second time at the purple violets and white hyacinths that bordered the pathway.

In her room there was the letter on the table where Mrs. Owens usually placed her mail. Kay plumped down on a corner of the bed and eagerly tore open the envelope.

For a few minutes her lips moved silently. Then as the full impact of the news struck her, she began to read aloud.

"And so," Don wrote, "I won the scholarship and you know what that will mean. All my college expenses paid, for the best engineering course ever! It will mean, too, that I won't have to stay out of school any more to work while the rest of the fellows are studying. These last two years I've wished so often that I could have gone to school, but I guess it was all for the best.

"Think of you always and I hope the fact that I don't have to worry about college expenses will leave me free to—well, I'll tell you about that when I see you. And I hope you'll feel the way I do about it.

"Love always,  
"Don"

Kay laid the letter down with a little sigh. Don would really go places now. And it was about time. His family was so poor, and he as the oldest had surely been needed at home.

"Telephone," Mrs. Owens called from the hall. "I think it's Jed Palmer."

It was Jed and his voice sounded just like he looked: pleasant, intelligent, and sure of himself.

"How's the schoolmarm today?"

As she began to speak she was stopped by Jed's, "No, don't answer that. At this time in the afternoon anything you say will be colored by the day that preceded it. What I really called for is to find out if I might come by and pick you up for choir practice tonight. That new number is going to take a lot more work, if we're to have it ready for Sabbath."

"You're right about the practice we need," Kay answered. "And even though I have a mountain of work, I expect I'd better let it go in favor of choir tonight. How about seven o'clock?"

"Seven by all means. Do you realize it's been twenty-four hours, thirty minutes, and sixteen seconds since I saw you last? I'll be there at seven. By now."

Kay smiled at Jed's nonsense as she turned from the telephone. Then she opened the door of her room and saw the letter from Don. She began trying to reason things out as she prepared for supper and the evening.

"Why does life have to be so complicated?" she asked herself. "They're both such fine boys, and yet they're so different. Don is so handsome with that blond hair and blue eyes. He's intelligent and just burning with ambition. If only he were interested in religion. But every time I try to tell him what we believe, it's as if he draws a curtain over his mind.

"It's all right for women and children, Kay," he says, 'but there are more important things for men to do than going to church.'

"And Jed. Anyone would like him—slim, dark, and confident with that ever-ready wit to brighten any situation. He has lots more family background than Don. I've heard him tell how his great-grandfather helped build the first church in Willow Bend.

"And if you want to be mercenary,"

she told the face in the mirror, "he's better equipped financially to start life than Don is. And yet— At this point she was interrupted by Mrs. Owens' call to supper.

While they ate, Kay and Mrs. Owens discussed the life of their small community, which had been Mrs. Owens' chief concern for many years.

Kay glanced at the clock as she finished her dessert. She just had time to help with the dishes and change into her blue print dress before Jed would be there. Mr. Cox didn't like to have his choir members late.

The choir practice ran true to form. The basses were having a hard time with their part, and Mr. Cox patiently went over and over it with them. At last he wearily told the members that would be all. They'd just have to take their chances on Sabbath.

"Let's drive home by the river road," Jed suggested as he opened the car door. "It's a beautiful night."

"All right, but I do have to be home fairly early. If I don't get enough sleep, those rascals of mine always seem to know it and create problems out of thin air the next day."

Kay was surprised at Jed's unusual quietness as they drove along. He never seemed to be at a loss for words. She was glad, however, just to ride and enjoy the beauty of the night.

A short distance from the Owens' home, where the river made a bend in the road and the tops of a grove of trees were silhouetted against the full moon, Jed stopped the car.

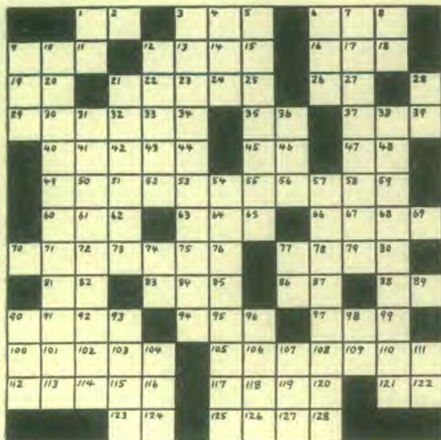
"Kay," he said, his deep voice sounding serious in the stillness, "you've been in Willow Bend two years now, and they've been wonderful years for me. My life has a truer, deeper meaning because of you. And Kay," the words came in a rush, "will you marry me and stay here permanently? Dad will give us that west eighty acres. It has a good house

## 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.)

## A Brief Span

- 1 We know that God \_\_\_\_\_ unto Moses, as for this fellow, we know not from \_\_\_\_\_ he is (John 9:29)
- 2 Neither shall the \_\_\_\_\_ of man trouble them any more, nor the \_\_\_\_\_ of beasts trouble them (Ezek. 32:13)
- 3 Thy words have upholden him that was \_\_\_\_\_, and \_\_\_\_\_ hast strengthened the feeble knees. (Job 4:4)
- 4 The \_\_\_\_\_ of the air may lodge under the \_\_\_\_\_ of it. (Mark 4:12)
- 5 And it is a \_\_\_\_\_ thing that the king requireth, and there is none \_\_\_\_\_ can shew it before the king, except the gods. (Dan. 2:11)
- 6 Yet they had a \_\_\_\_\_ for the murrains, and \_\_\_\_\_ the coultries, and for the forks. (1 Sam. 13:21)
- 7 One is so \_\_\_\_\_ to another, that no \_\_\_\_\_ can come between them. (Job 41:16)
- 8 In these lay a great multitude of \_\_\_\_\_ folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the \_\_\_\_\_ of the water. (John 5:3)
- 9 Then all the princes of the sea shall come down from their \_\_\_\_\_ (Ezek. 26:16)
- 10 And the angel said unto him, Gird thyself, and bund on thy \_\_\_\_\_ And so he did. (Acts 12:8)
- 11 \_\_\_\_\_ Who will hearken and \_\_\_\_\_ for the time to come? (Isa. 42:23)
- 12 The \_\_\_\_\_ cometh not, but for to steal, \_\_\_\_\_ (John 10:10)
- 13 And Jehu the son of Hanani the \_\_\_\_\_ went out to meet him, \_\_\_\_\_ (II Chron. 19:2)
- 14 Thy borders are in the midst of the \_\_\_\_\_, thy builders have perfected thy beauty. (Ezek. 27:4)
- 15 \_\_\_\_\_ O Lord: O my strength, \_\_\_\_\_ thee to help me (Ps. 22:19)
- 16 And there fell upon men a great \_\_\_\_\_ out of heaven, every stone about the weight of a talent (Rev. 16:21)
- 17 \_\_\_\_\_ O God, our fathers have told us, what work thou \_\_\_\_\_ in their \_\_\_\_\_, in the times of old (Ps. 44:1)



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Key on page 17

on it, and you and I could have a lot of fun together. How about it, Kay?"

Kay looked across the smooth fields of pasture with the dark blobs of sleeping cattle.

Yes, she thought, it would be pleasant living in Willow Bend. The little farming community seemed like home to her now. She knew the joys and sorrows of the families that belonged to the little white church. There were many things she could do to help them. It would be fun, too, watching her school children grow up.

But what about Don? He would need someone to help him on his way to the top. And Kay thought she would like to be that person. Jed had so much and Don had nothing but what he had earned for himself.

She was still so long that Jed could almost feel his heart turn over. "Now I've spoiled everything," he thought. "Why couldn't I have kept still a while longer?"

"Kay," he asked, "you aren't angry, are you?"

She smiled. "No, Jed, I'm not angry and I do thank you for the compliment, but this is something I'll have to think over. It's not to be answered lightly."

"Is there someone else?"

"Yes," she answered slowly. "There's a boy at home, Jed, and I must have time to decide."

"I'll be right here waiting, Kay, and praying, too," he said softly.

Kay touched his hand lightly as she spoke. "Let's both pray that if this is to be, God will direct us, Jed."

Mrs. Owens heard the car drive into the yard and raised up in bed to have a good look at the luminous clock dial. Choir practice had been over for an hour.

She smiled to herself a little in the dark. "Jed must have gotten up the courage to ask her," she murmured sleepily.

To see Kay Hoover, in the days that followed, no one would dream that she had a problem. Every day from nine till three-thirty she went through the interesting adventures of a teacher in a one-room church school. On Home and School night she chatted with the parents about the children's progress. On Sabbath she helped out as best she could at the little white church.

When a month had passed, she spent a weekend at home with her mother. It was good to be home. Kay could forget for a while that she was the responsible Miss Hoover. On Friday night Don telephoned and asked if he might come over.

Kay met him at the door and tried to keep down the surge of happiness when she saw him. It was impossible, however, when he grasped both her hands and told her how she looked.

"Prettier than ever," he said, his eyes taking in the dark curls and soft pink dress. "Schoolmarming really seems to agree with you, Kay, and I want to hear all about how it's going this year. Are the Bradley youngsters still playing tricks?"

Before she went back to Willow Bend on Sunday evening, Don explained the idea he had mentioned in his letter.

"Now that I have the scholarship," he said, "my education is assured. If you could see your way clear to—Kay, I'm not making much sense, but I love you. I know it wouldn't be easy at first, being my wife, but eventually I'll be able to give you everything to make you happy."

Again Kay asked for time to think it over.

"Not too much time, though," Don said. "I'm anxious for the answer. Please make a positive one."

As they talked over the subject, Mrs. Hoover looked at her daughter with sympathetic eyes.

"Well, Kay," she said. "I've always tried to teach you to make your own decisions, but this is one you'll need a great deal of help with. Have you prayed about it?"

Kay nodded, and her mother went on.

"Then listen to what God tells you."

Don's a wonderful boy, but he hasn't shown the slightest interest in the things we know are the foundation of eternal life. But with Jed you would be preparing for a place in the kingdom of heaven."

The Willow Bend school children were thrilled with the arrival of spring. Every morning they brought tight little bunches of creamcups and baby blue-eyes mixed with poppies, and at noon they shared tiny new vegetables from their spring gardens with "teacher." At recess the whole group spent the time identifying birds and studying for their progressive classes.

The first-graders took turns holding onto her hands as they walked around the yard. Kay loved them all.

But back in her mind the problem persisted. She was weighing, comparing, trying to make a decision. The daily letters from Don were read and reread and Kay turned more than once from the exciting picture of the future he planned, to bury her head in the

thick pillows and take refuge in tears.

"Just think," Don wrote, "when I'm finished with my course, the whole world will be ours. I'd like to go to South America or Africa, or even Australia. Why, a civil engineer has possibilities unlimited. What fun we'll have!" Kay could almost feel the fresh air from the Andes or the mist from Victoria Falls as she read Don's words.

But on Sabbath as she watched Jed help with the services in the little white church, Kay's heart would insist "This is the one." Everyone from the Murray baby to little old Grandma Higgins loved Jed.

"Perhaps," she told herself, "this is the end of the rainbow right here, and I don't have sense enough to know it."

Mrs. Owens worried and fretted.

"Kay, you don't eat enough to keep a bird alive. If I didn't know better, I'd say you and Jed had quarreled."

"No, no quarrel, Mrs. Owens. How could anybody quarrel with Jed? He'd just smile and say something funny and you couldn't be angry any more."

At night orange blossoms on the tree outside Kay's window filled her room with their fragrance, and she found herself humming snatches of the wedding march. "But which bridegroom?" she wondered as she drifted off to sleep.

After school hours and the seemingly endless correcting of workbooks and papers, Kay spent time reading. *Messages to Young People* she read again and again, searching for hidden meanings in the clear, plain words.

She also read everything she could find on interfaith marriages. "Although,"

Kay told herself one night, "strictly speaking, my problem with Don isn't a problem of interfaith. It's just that he doesn't have any religion to call his own and doesn't really seem to feel the need of it."

Don's letters were growing more urgent, his plans more concrete, as the days went by.

Then one day when the children had taken their lunches to eat in a field of tall green grass back of the school, Kay found one girl sitting at her desk, her lunch untouched beside her, sobbing her heart out.

"Whatever is the matter, Rachel?" Kay asked, as she gathered the girl into her arms.

"It's my daddy, Miss Hoover. You know what you said in Bible class this morning about going to heaven? Oh, Miss Hoover, I do want my daddy to be there, but he won't ever go to church with mamma and me. Whenever I want him to go he says, 'You go on with mamma, Rachel. I have work to do. Church isn't for daddies.'"

"We'll pray for him," Kay replied, "and I'm sure Jesus will help him."

But she knew what the answer would have to be to Don's question. The letter that went to him that night was kind but final.

As Jed and Kay worked together one evening on games for an MV social, he asked casually, "Have you made the decision yet?"

She looked up at the casual words, and knew the time had come.

"Yes, Jed, my decision has been made. I think Mrs. Jed Palmer would be a very pretty name for me."

THE years that followed that springtime have gone swiftly for Jed and Kay.

The white house on the eighty acres now has a wing built on for the Palmer children—Ricky, Mary Lou, and Timmy.

Mrs. Owens would tell you, if you were to visit in Willow Bend, "I don't know what we'd do without that Jed Palmer! He's our church elder, you know, and the Pathfinder leader. It's amazing where a busy farmer like Jed finds the time to do so many things to help. And Kay helps out everywhere, too, from playing the piano to being assistant Dorcas leader.

They both do a lot of missionary work and give Bible readings. Whenever the ministers come, they know they always have a place there to stay. Sometimes there's a boy or girl staying with them, too, and it makes quite a houseful with their own three.

"Believe me, those three keep them pretty busy. They were all born with a twinkle in their eye. Not mean, you understand, just lively.

"Oh! I'll tell you," Mrs. Owens says convincingly, "we couldn't do without the Palmers."

But even Mrs. Owens with her wide knowledge of community affairs doesn't know of the peace that fills Kay's heart as she sees three fair heads bowed beside Jed's dark one at family worship. Sometimes a snatch of a song or the scent of orange blossoms will take her back to that springtime when she made her most important decision, and there's never any doubt in her mind that it was the right one. A glance from Jed across the room, a laugh shared together, the midnight when Ricky was ill and she and Jed could pray together—these things tell Kay that God meant her life to be lived where she is.

"Did I really want to see the world with Don?" she asks herself at times. "This is my world, right here with Jed. How could I have ever thought otherwise?"

An Investiture program last spring pointed out to Jed and Kay a few of the rich rewards that will be theirs in the future, too, as the conference MV leader called for parents to rise and dedicate their lives with their children's in service for God. Jed and Kay, dressed in Master Guide uniforms, clasped hands and rose to their feet as the two small freckled Palmers stepped out to receive their Friend awards. Timmy slept quietly on the bench next to Jed, and Kay bowed her head in a prayer of thankfulness.

## Delusion

by DALE GOODNIGHT

Spring is here we say

The first time the warm sun smiles;

But foolish we sound when during the night

Comes a storm and the snow quickly piles.

Oh, how human are we inclined

That we may see for a while

Not the storms and harsh winds that might follow

Only the first false smile.

From page 11

The service began with prayer, for which the men were told to close their eyes. They kept them closed until they were told to open them.

Soon one of the group interrupted the meeting by calling loudly, "Him fella Kambi come along beach, see!"

Everyone turned to look, and saw Kambi walking toward Norman. Pastor Parker hurried down the hill and found the chief in a friendly mood. He still had a bad cold and was pleased to be given medicine for it. Then the two missionaries took their departure, a bit disappointed, but hoping that this contact had opened the door a little wider to work among the Big Nambus.

Visits of this sort continued for several months. Seldom, however, were any of the Big Nambus on the beach, and the missionaries still were forbidden to go up the mountain to their village. Their application still lay in the government office, where it had been for months. They waited and prayed.

During the waiting period two noted visitors came to Atchin: Martin and Osa Johnson, who were photographing jungle life and primitive men. The missionaries did their best to make them welcome, and they seemed favorably

impressed. Later Martin Johnson wrote to someone in America that these missionaries were "the most regular people" he had known. He left with them many photographs.

At Efate, Johnson later heard of their application for permission to go up the mountain on Malekula to visit the Big Nambus, and recognized an opportunity for him to repay their kindness. He interceded for them with the government, and the permission was granted.

It came with limitations, however. The government would not assume responsibility for the risk; that must rest with the missionaries. But the four people on Atchin were very grateful. They were willing to trust a Power higher than the government.

WITH glad hearts and watchful eyes Pastor Parker and Norman made their way up the mountain to the Big Nambus village.

They asked the people if they would like to have a school, but that idea had no appeal for them. Why should they learn to read? No one else could read, and anyway, there were no books for them. Why should they learn to write? What would they write? And to whom?

One thing did appeal, however, and that was the missionaries' medical work. They agreed to let two of the missionaries come and stay among them for one week, to care for the sick and injured.

In the mission home it was decided that Norman and Alma should be the ones to go for that week. The Parkers would care for Naomi while they were away.

When that time came for the expedition, all of them, including the baby, went across from Atchin to the large island. A Big Nambus chief and some of his men met them, having come to guide the missionaries up the trail. The Parkers remained on the beach to hold a meeting there, with Mrs. Parker in charge of Naomi. Then Norman and Alma set out on the difficult climb.

Up they went, the chief and his men leading the way. The grass on both sides of the narrow trail was six feet high and wet, and their clothes were constantly brushing against it. The growth all around was dense. There was no danger of losing sight of

the chief, however, for his grotesque, colorful garb was easy to distinguish and the long feathers continually waved high from his head.

They had learned always to follow the islanders, and never to let any of them fall behind. Surrounded, there would be no chance of a getaway. Both Norman and Alma kept an alert watch with every step.

Occasionally the chief would turn and ask if they felt able to go on.

"We can go wherever you can," they always answered, and the procession would resume its way up the steep slope.

After two hours they reached the summit. Before them lay a panorama of grandeur beyond any they ever had seen. Hills, hills, hills, with green valleys between, reached into the distance against the sky. Directly below, several thousand feet down, foaming surf broke on golden sand and the wide ocean beyond stretched away to the horizon.

Down there was the launch, small as a matchbox. They saw two tiny figures walk along the sand toward it, get in, and start toward the green strip that was Atchin.

"There they go," Norman said in a low tone.

"Now we're alone on Malekula," Alma murmured.

As they watched the little launch toss on the waves, a feeling they never before had experienced swept over them. They were alone on a hostile, cannibal island, alone among the fiercest of all the tribespeople of the New Hebrides. Whatever tragedy happened to them now would never be known. The world would never find out. They were alone.

But this was not the time for such thoughts. They had come for a purpose; they must think of that, and nothing else. God had protected them thus far and they could trust Him for the future.

For half an hour they rested on a grassy knoll, taking in the view. Then the chief came to take them to the village, where a crowd of curious men awaited them.

No women were in sight. That was disappointing, for the presence of women on such an occasion meant friendliness. Women never were present in village quarrels except to carry messages between enemies.

Norman hung the Sabbath school Picture Roll on a tree, ready to begin a meeting. He and Alma had translated two hymns into pidgin English and now sang them for the people. A tune was a new idea to the people, and

## BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but a circuit judge awarded \$38,000 damages paid by the owners of a tavern to four children whose mother was killed by their stepfather after a drinking bout. The Chicago court ordered four owners to pay \$15,000 to Judith Byrd, 5; \$11,000 to Caroline, 9; \$8,000 to Noel, 12; and \$4,000 to Gerald, 16.

According to the suit, the mother and the stepfather spent four hours drinking in the tavern and the man later stabbed his wife fatally during a quarrel in their home.

If more States would follow the practice of holding the taverns responsible for crimes that were committed by those who had purchased liquor in their shops, many taverns in a very short time would go bankrupt.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

# Just One Small Song

by BETTY GARVIN DAVENPORT

they were so mystified by it that they did not grasp the meaning of the words.

This absence of women posed a problem for Alma. Should she remain for the meeting or not? If not, where should she go? There were sacred drums close by, from which she must keep a distance. She decided to sit on a long log, near enough to hear everything yet not among the group of men. A few of them came over, however, and seated themselves at the other end. When Norman prayed, Alma knelt by the log and the men looked at her in wonder.

After this opening, Norman began explaining what prayer is. "It is," he said, "talking to the 'Big Master' on top."

The men began looking all around the bushes, searching for the "Big Master," but no such Being was there "on top." They had never heard of God. Some of them had heard His name in oaths by marauding black-birders and traders, but that meant nothing to them. They had seen little of white men except these traders who came on rare occasions and kept them covered with guns as long as they stayed ashore.

After the prayer and the short explanation, Norman began to show the Picture Roll. The people never had seen any pictures, and did not understand them at all. Norman explained, "This is a tree," "This is a man," and even then it took time for them to begin to grasp what was being shown.

Interruptions were numerous. Conversations in loud voices were begun and carried on with someone in the bush nearby, evidently about a pig; for presently the man in the bush emerged, bringing one in to be examined for trade. Norman waited, and when the deal was settled he continued the service.

That night he and Alma stayed in a village hut. The next morning they wondered, "Will we see women today?" When they asked, the chief promised, "Tomorrow."

Again Norman held a meeting with the men, and Alma sat on the same log as the day before. The men sat at the other end, also as before, but this time when Norman prayed they followed

WITH terrible power the water flung itself over the falls, thousands of tons hurtling downward with a thunderous roar. Observing Niagara, you can't help feeling a frightening sensation at the tremor of magnificent power.

Back a short distance from the falls, a small brown bird swung on the bare branch of a young tree. It was so early in spring that the swelling buds gave only a hint of the green leaves to come. As if to announce that he found the world good, the bird's throat swelled out in glorious song.

He might have been terrified by the roar of the water. He might have thought his small song could never be heard, but he sang on, sharing with me his feeling of faith and security. And there was enough joy in his small being to sing in whatever surroundings he might be.

Alma's example and knelt by the log.

Three more days passed, but still no women appeared. "My Mrs. would like to see your Mrs.," Norman would say, and always the answer was the same: "Tomorrow."

On the morning of the fifth day the chief led the two missionaries along a trail through the bush, past tumbledown villages, pigpens, and a pool of water that was covered with green slime and furnished the drinking and cooking water for his village. When they came to a wall with a hole in it, the chief looked at Alma and pushed the opening wider. Then he paused to ask a few questions.

"If this mission comes to my village, will it mean that we will have more axes and knives? I have heard that your mission makes people live on grass. Will we have to eat grass only? Can't we have our dances and feasts? Will your mission get rid of the poison in the ground that caused the death of twenty-seven of my family—women, children, and pigs?"

Suddenly he turned and gave a startling call. Norman and Alma looked at each other.

The answer came immediately. Nine women, one at a time, crawled out of their huts, trembling with fear. Never before had they been face to face with a white person, or even seen one.

The chief, the husband of all of them, told them to shake hands with the missionaries. Alma wanted to talk with

I remembered the little brown thrush today. Across the wide country in one of California's busy cities, I stopped my car for a red light. The intersection was a busy one. Traffic was rushing relentlessly by. Above the pulsing of many motors my ear caught, momentarily, the trill of a western meadow lark. "Brave little fellow," I mused, "to sing so gloriously above the noise."

One heavenly moment he sang, and then the light changed and I hurried onward. That one moment brightened my day.

I would like to have the courage of a small feathered creature to sing above the noise, the discouragements, the hurts, and the worries of life. I hope that some small song or word of mine may brighten, at least for a moment, the heavy heart of some passer-by who comes across my way.

them, but they could not understand her and she could not understand them.

Then the chief's brother came and introduced his wives. He had eight. The chief's son had sixteen. All of the wives lived in their houses separate from the men, according to their custom.

Norman ventured to ask one of the men how they pulled the women's front teeth out, since they had no instruments for that purpose.

"We knock them out with stones," was the answer, freely translated. "Teeth are small, and not hard to knock out. It doesn't hurt. It makes the women better looking."

It was easy to believe that these women never had applied water or any cleansing to their bodies. Occasionally the men bathed, and on such rare occasions the wives were compelled to carry the water from a spring half a mile away. Bathing was ordinarily considered a reckless waste of water.

With the presentation of the women of the Big Nambus village a spirit of friendliness prevailed between the people and the missionaries, for which Norman and Alma were most grateful. Now the whole village was theirs!

At the end of the week Pastor Parker came in the launch and they met him on the beach, glad to return, but glad also for their experience and the prospect ahead.

This is the fourth installment of a six-part serial. Part five will appear next week.

## KEY

### *Wit Sharpeners*

"As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more" (Ps. 103:15, 16).

# Except two be agreed

GRACE and Albert had been campus sweethearts. At college both were popular among the students, and their courtship seemed to be one of those natural attractions between a boy and a girl. They were perfectly happy in each other's company, and their romance moved along quickly toward engagement and marriage.

A few short years later while Grace was visiting in the vicinity where I live she came to my home to "talk over a problem."

"You know," she said, "Albert and I seem to be getting farther and farther apart each day that passes. We have never had family worship in our home. At first after we were married he would go to church with me. It has been many months since he has gone to church and now he even makes fun of church in front of our children. I realized during our courtship that he was not a religious type, but he was a member of the church at that time and so I felt that everything

would work out all right. Frankly, we didn't talk about religious things during our courtship. He says now that he didn't suppose that I would keep on wanting to go to church. I can see my mistake. We should have had a frank conversation about religious matters before we became engaged. I guess I took too much for granted."

On another occasion a middle-aged friend confided, "I didn't want to be a doctor. I think that's the reason that I have not done well in my professional work. I took the medical course just to please my wife. During our courtship I had not thought of becoming a doctor. I had a good job and after our marriage we were able to live very comfortably on the wages I earned. But then Susan began to tell me that she had always pictured herself as the wife of a doctor. At first I told her, jokingly, that she had married the wrong man. But I could see how much it meant to her.

"The thought of caring for sick people was repulsive to me. But just to

please Susan I finally went back to college and took the necessary premedical subjects. The medical course was hard work and I really did not enjoy it, but the closer I came to graduation day the happier Susan seemed to be.

"Now that I have been trying to practice medicine for several years we are both disappointed. Susan finds that being a doctor's wife is not so glamorous as she had supposed, and I feel that I would have been much happier if I had stayed with the kind of work I enjoyed in the first place. I guess we should have talked the matter through before we were married. If we had understood each other's wishes and ambitions at that time, we might never have married. I am not happy in this profession and Susan considers me a failure."

Harry, who had a similar problem, was an excellent printer. He had employment in one of our denominational publishing houses and enjoyed his work very much. Then he met Jean—good-looking, talented, cultured. Her father,

however, was wealthy and she had become accustomed to many luxuries.

Harry and Jean were both musical and had many other common interests. The next June they were married.

All went well except that Harry's pay checks just wouldn't stretch from one payday to the next. The things that Jean wanted were things to which she had been accustomed. Harry tried to advise her on how to get along with less money, and she sincerely tried to change her standards of living. But try as she did, the money just wouldn't stretch far enough. Jean went to work, and for a while their combined income enabled them to get along quite well.

Then the children came along, and Harry realized that it was up to him to do something to increase their income. So he took a job with a commercial firm where he was able to earn more dollars a month. But this has not provided the satisfactions that had come previously from knowing that he was a part of the denomination's program of preparing literature for spreading the gospel.

"If only we had talked these matters through before we were married," Harry repined, "I am sure we could have arrived at some agreement that would have saved us from our present plight. Maybe if Jean had realized sooner what it means to live on a denominational salary, she could have learned to get along happily without the luxuries she had been accustomed to."

I am also acquainted with a family who recently moved from a comfortable home in town to a humble place that lacks many conveniences and is located several miles out in the country. The husband's contention is that the country location is better for the rearing of children.

The wife, however, finds herself virtually isolated in their new location and complains, "This wasn't my idea. My husband sold our other place in spite of my protests."

I am prone to believe that the children in this family may be injured more in the development of their personality and character from the effects of their parents' disagreement than they will be benefited by living in the country. This couple's policy on where to live and how to arrive at major decisions should have been discussed and settled when they were still in their period of courtship.

When Mrs. Storn told her fourteen-year-old son that he might go to an entertainment that was being planned by his Sabbath school teacher, Mr.

Storn, overhearing the conversation, refused to join his wife in granting permission and said that he would punish Robert if he went to the entertainment. The parents' unfortunate disagreement left Robert confused and hostile.

When this man and woman had planned the policies for their home, they had failed to include a very important item—their policy on child training. They had not decided whether discipline should be the father's responsibility, the mother's, or a joint responsibility.

A mother writes to say that she earnestly desires for her teen-age daughter to attend a denominational academy. She states further that her husband, although a church member, refuses to provide any funds for helping the daughter to meet her school expenses. The mother is convinced that Christian education helps a young person to remain loyal to his church and she wants her daughter to have the advantage of association with young people of her own faith. The father, on the other hand, is more interested in using money for projects of his own choosing than he is in providing a Christian education for his daughter.

Here is another example of a matter that should have been considered by a man and woman before they united their lives in marriage. At that time they should have found a basis for agreement.

THE preceding thumbnail sketches bring into focus six items on which every young couple, looking forward to marriage, will do well to reach agreement. Let's consider them one at time:

1. *Religion.* Unity of religious faith is the cornerstone on which a Christian home rests securely. When husband and wife believe alike, pray together, and exercise a kindred faith toward spiritual goals, their marriage will become more satisfying as year by year they experience deeper happiness in each other's companionship. "If Christ indeed is formed within, the hope of glory, there will be union and love in the home. Christ abiding in the heart of the wife will be at agreement with Christ abiding in the heart of the husband."\*

During courtship and engagement young people should discuss freely their personal attitudes toward participation in church activities, the payment of tithes and offerings, their willingness to accept calls to mission service, and their

personal interpretations of the various factors in the Adventist way of life. Agreement on such points will provide the framework on which other details of their home policies can be securely fastened.

2. *Vocation.* The line of work which the husband follows in making the living usually goes farther than any other factor in determining the family's status both financially and socially. It is proper, therefore, for a young couple, before their marriage, to talk over the young man's plans and prospects for a vocation. If he has already completed his education or training for a specific line of work, the girl should ask herself whether she will be content to be known always as an accountant's wife, or the barber's wife, or the minister's wife, as the case may be. If the young man's education is not yet complete, then this agreement before marriage should include a clear understanding of how they will support themselves while he continues in school.

3. *Financial Policies.* If a young man and a young woman have come from comfortable home backgrounds, they will expect about the same things as they look forward to their home of the future. If, however, one comes from a family which has maintained a higher standard of living than that of the other family, there will be a definite need for adjustment.

Young people tend to be optimistic and it is easy for them to expect that the fact of marriage will mysteriously erase all serious problems and make it possible for them to live happily regardless of their material circumstances. Once married, however, a man and woman find that they must face life's stern realities at even closer range.

To some the forced limitations of income bring disappointments and tensions. This is the reason why young people in love should be realistic in picturing their financial circumstances of the future.

4. *Location of the Home.* The home and its location carry great significance in the minds of husband and wife and also in the estimation of friends. In many ways a home is symbolic of the patterns by which the family is governed. A husband and wife should share equally, therefore, in determining

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

their preferences for a home and its location.

5. *Training and Education of Children.* In its influence for stabilizing a marriage, the presence of children in a home ranks next to the factor of religion. The welfare of their children is of mutual concern to husband and wife. But when there are differences on the means by which children, who are as much the husband's as the wife's, should be trained and disciplined, conflicts arise that create barriers not only between the parents and the children but between parent and parent.

There is good reason, then, why a young man and a young woman should agree in advance on the policies they expect to follow in preparing their children to face life's realities.

Education means more to Seventh-day Adventist families, on the average, than it does to families at large. Adventists are aware of the long-range effects of the influences under which a child receives his schooling.

Providing Christian education for children often requires that the husband and wife reduce their own standard of living and make personal sacrifices for the sake of their children's opportunities. We believe so firmly that a child's soul welfare is dependent on his receiving a Christian education that the question becomes a matter of right and wrong in the estimation of many parents.

Thus, when one parent is opposed by the other in planning for the children's educational opportunities, the conflict usually involves scruples of conscience. This is the reason for including the education of children in our list of items that deserve careful thought and agreement when a young couple plan the policies of their future home.

The young man and young woman who give careful thought to the policies of their prospective home are, by this means, making their personal adjustments to marriage much easier and reducing the risks of those misunderstandings that too commonly rob marriage of its rightful happiness. Remember that a marriage relationship wisely planned in harmony with Christian ideals will provide the greatest reward in personal satisfactions of any human relationship.

*Cordially yours,*

HAROLD SHRYOCK, M.D.

## **EVEN THE LEAST OF THESE**

*From page 4*

of Braille writing and how it can be read by any blind person, and showed us a Braille calendar. Each of the students had her own Braille typewriter so she could type out her lessons. Most of the material used in classes was typed in Braille by the teacher because of the expense connected with obtaining this type of books. What most amazed me was the speed at which the girls could read; their fingers flew, and they read as fast as we who can see often do, or even faster.

The teacher inquired of one of them, "What are you doing now, Jane?"

"Oh, I'm just making up my treasurer's report."

"You're making up a report? What for?"

"I'm the treasurer of a club in our church. I collect the dues and therefore have to give a report of who has paid them every time the club meets, which is each Tuesday evening."

"I see. Do you type it up so the other members can read it too?"

"No, it is my responsibility and I don't need *any* help."

"But what if you should get sick and have to miss a meeting? Who would be able to give the report?"

"Oh, that's no bother; if I am sick, they can just wait until the next week to hear it!"

About five minutes before a class bell rang, one girl left the room and headed for a class in the other wing of the school building, which was for normal children. We watched her as she walked along down the hall, knowing by the number of steps she had taken precisely where she was.

Looking after her, I recalled recess time and one child I had noticed in particular. When all the others had returned to the building, this small girl lingered behind, apparently reluctant to return to class. Finally she walked slowly in the general direction of the schoolhouse, shuffling her feet in the gravel. I had noticed that when she reached the cement walk, she stepped up on it and skipped happily the rest of the way and climbed the steps. Now I realized that she was blind.

The need for teachers and other trained personnel to work with handicapped children is appalling. The rooms we visited were so full of children that the teachers could not give an adequate amount of time to each one. And one handicapped child is as hard to teach

properly as four children normally would be. Therefore, more teachers must be trained. In addition to training, they also need an interest in children and this type of work, understanding, a will to help, a great deal of patience, and—above all—love.

There are many children in regular schools who ought to be in special institutions. They are too slow to keep up with the others, but after a few years of staying in one grade they are passed on to the next, because of the problems that arise when a child is too much older than the others in his class.

Such a person will probably be graduated from grade school eventually, and may even blunder through high school. But from all the years spent in classes with no particular help for his special problem, he has gained little. And he has been losing valuable time.

When such a child, however, has the right amount of time spent with him and his problem, by one specially trained for this kind of work, he can become a person prepared to be of service to others in some capacity, or at least able to earn his own living. He would be far more able to lead his own life rather than be only a bother to someone else—another mouth to feed, another body to clothe.

The objective of school programs such as this is to prepare persons to meet life and its demands, that these handicapped ones may, as far as possible, serve rather than be served, for as long as they live. Many of the boys trained thus take up jobs and earn their living, and practically all the girls marry, raise families, and keep up their homes.

After we had observed the situations in various classrooms, the principal told us more about the special school system. He emphasized that in this type of organization a student is never compared with others in ability, nor is he pushed ahead in any manner or in any way made to feel inferior.

The most important aspect to remember concerning these children, especially those who are mentally retarded, is the fact that they are more *like* normal children than they are different from them. Handicapped people *are* people, having likes, dislikes, feelings, and, most of all, the desire for acceptance and love.

There is a tremendous need, a real opportunity, to serve "one of the least of these."

# Sabbath School

## Lesson

Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

### IV—THE REBUILDING HINDERED

(April 23, 1960)

Daily Study Record: 

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MEMORY GEM: "Thus saith the Lord of hosts; Consider your ways" (Haggai 1:7).

OUTSIDE READING: *Prophets and Kings*, pp. 567-574.

#### Introduction

"All during the reigns of Cyrus and his successor, Cambyses, the enemies of the Jews endeavored to secure a royal edict to stop this work (Ezra 4:5). However, the Lord interposed in behalf of His people (see on Dan. 10:12, 13), and prevented these enemies from succeeding. The way thus remained open for the returned exiles to press forward in the reconstruction of the house of the Lord.

"However, after such a promising start, work on the Second Temple gradually slowed down until it virtually ceased, owing mainly to the continued opposition and hindrance of the Samaritans (see Ezra 4:1-5). The discouraged exiles turned to working their own plots of land and to erecting living quarters for themselves. Little did those who mourned when the foundation of the Second Temple was laid (see on Ezra 3:12), realize how far their example would go in bringing discouragement to all who were endeavoring to restore the house of God."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, vol. 4, p. 1073.

### 1 The Request of the Samaritans

1. When the enemies of the Jews heard that the Temple was being rebuilt, what request did they make?

"We would like to help you build, because we also worship your God and have sacrificed to Him since the day when Esarhaddon, king of Assyria, brought us to this country" (Ezra 4:2, Berkeley).

NOTE.—"Close by the Israelites who had set themselves to the task of rebuilding the temple, dwelt the Samaritans, a mixed race that had sprung up through the intermarriage of heathen colonists from the provinces of Assyria with the remnant of the ten tribes which had been left in Samaria and Galilee. In later years the Samaritans claimed to worship the true God; but in heart and practice they were idolaters. It is true, they held that their idols were but to remind them of the living God, the Ruler of the universe; nevertheless the people were prone to reverence graven images."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 567.

2. What was the response of the leaders of the Jews?

"We cannot permit you to help us build the house of our God, but we, ourselves together, will build to the Lord, the God of Israel, in accordance with the order of Cyrus, king of Persia" (Ezra 4:3, Berkeley).

NOTE.—"The principles set forth in Deuteronomy for the instruction of Israel, are to be followed by God's people to the end of time. True prosperity is dependent on the continuance of our covenant relationship with God. Never can we afford to compromise principle by entering into alliance with those who do not fear Him."—*Ibid.*, p. 570.

How often do you hear it said in these or similar words, What difference does it make? We are all going to the same place. Religion is big enough for all of us.  
So, what difference does it make?

Two differences, mainly. The first, God has spoken against making a covenant with those who are in reality His enemies. The second, We are *not* all going to the same place. If we were, we would all be going to God's place God's way.

### 2 The Rebuilding Halted

3. How did the Samaritans take this rebuff?

"Then the inhabitants of the land began to hinder and to bring trouble upon the people of Judah in their building; even hiring counselors to work against them by frustrating their plans" (Ezra 4:4, 5, Berkeley).

4. To what lengths did they go in this campaign?

"A letter of accusation was written against the inhabitants of Judah and Jerusalem" (Ezra 4:6, Berkeley).

"We are informing the king that, if this city is built and its walls are completed, as a result he will lose his control over all territory west of the river" (Ezra 4:16, Berkeley).

5. How did the king reply?

"You are to order these people to cease building this city until further notice, and beware of failure to do this, for the king does not wish to experience loss in this matter" (Ezra 4:21, 22, Berkeley).

6. How did the Samaritans implement the king's order?

"They went immediately to Jerusalem to the Jews and by strength and force made them quit building. Then the work on the house of God in Jerusalem ceased and nothing further was done until the second year of the reign of Darius, king of Persia" (Ezra 4:23, 24, Berkeley).

NOTE.—"The opposition of their enemies was strong and determined, and gradually the builders lost heart. Some could not forget the scene at the laying of the corner-stone, when many had given expression to their lack of confidence in the enterprise. And as the Samaritans grew more bold, many of the Jews questioned whether, after all, the time had come to rebuild. The feeling soon became widespread. Many of the workmen, discouraged and disheartened, returned to their homes, to take up the ordinary pursuits of life."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 572.

Now, doesn't this prove that the Jews should have followed a different course? Shouldn't they have been broadminded enough to forget their petty differences and accept the hand of friendship of these people?

For the moment it looks bad—very bad, in fact.

But, is it bad? Is it ever really as bad as it looks? Let's see.

### 3 Encouragement Through the Prophets

7. In the second year of Darius what happened to change the picture?

"Then the prophets, Haggai the prophet, and Zechariah the son of Iddo, began to preach to the Jews" (Ezra 5:1, Berkeley).

NOTE.—"Even this dark hour was not without hope for those whose trust was in God. The prophets Haggai and Zechariah were raised up to meet the crisis. In stirring testimonies these appointed messengers revealed to the people the cause of their troubles. The lack of temporal prosperity was the result of a neglect to put God's interests first, the prophets declared. Had the Israelites honored God, had they shown Him due respect and courtesy, by making the building of His house their first work, they would have invited His presence and blessing."—*Prophets and Kings*, pp. 573, 574.

8. Because of continued opposition, to what conclusion had the people come?

"This people say, The time has not yet come for the house of the Lord to be rebuilt" (Haggai 1:2, Berkeley).

NOTE.—"These hindrances, they reasoned, were an indication that it was not the proper time to rebuild. They declared that the Lord had interposed difficulties to prove their hot haste. This is why, in a communication through His prophet, He referred to them not as 'my people,' but as 'this people.'"—Ellen G. White Comments, *The SDA Bible Commentary*, vol. 4, p. 1175.

9. Instead of building the Temple, what had the people been doing?

"Then the word of the Lord came by Haggai the prophet, saying; Is it a time for you yourselves to dwell in your paneled houses, while this house lies in ruins? (Haggai 1:3, 4, Berkeley).

10. What were the effects of this neglect on the people?

"You have sown much, but you have brought in little; you eat, but you do not have enough; you drink, but you do not have your fill; you clothe yourselves, but no one is warm; and he who earns wages earns wages for a purse with holes."

"You counted on much; and see, it came to little; and when you brought it home, I blew it away. Why? says the Lord of hosts. Because of My house that is in ruins, while you each busy yourself with his own house. Therefore for your sake the heavens have withheld the dew and the earth has withheld its produce. I called for a drought upon the land, upon the mountains, and the grain, upon the new wine, upon the oil, upon what the ground produces and upon men, upon cattle and upon all the labor of their hands" (Haggai 1:6, 9, Berkeley).

NOTE.—"There are many who urge that they cannot do more for God's cause than they now do; but they do not give according to their ability. The Lord sometimes opens the eyes blinded by selfishness by simply reducing their income to the amount they are willing to give. Horses are found dead in the field or stable, houses or barns are destroyed by fire, or crops fail. In many cases God tests man with blessings, and if unfaithfulness is manifested in rendering to Him tithes and offerings, His blessing is withdrawn. 'He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly.' By the mercies of Christ and the riches of His goodness, and for the honor of truth and religion, we beseech you who are followers of Christ to dedicate yourselves and your property anew to God."—*Testimonies*, vol. 4, p. 484.

11. What did the Lord call on them to do first?

Memory Gem.

12. How were they to follow through?

"Go up to the hill country, bring lumber and rebuild the house; I will take pleasure in it, and I will be glorified, says the Lord" (Haggai 1:8, Berkeley).

NOTE.—And so they are right back where they started. This was what God wanted them to do in the first place. This was what they might have done if they had been completely willing.

The picture was black all right. But they had made it black. Now, many lessons later, they will be on their way. And God's house will be built.

## Quizangles

1. Whose house did the Israelites say they were rebuilding? (1)
2. Whose authority for rebuilding did they cite? (1)
3. Would you say the Jews were narrow-minded or straight-laced or what in turning down the offer of the Samaritans to help them rebuild? (1)
4. What did the Samaritans say was the basis for their concern in the Jews' rebuilding program? (2)
5. Why did the king say he was concerned with the report of the Samaritans? (2)
6. What dual roles did Haggai and Zechariah fill? (3)
7. What is wrong with living in paneled or neat and attractively decorated homes? (3)
8. Why were the people suffering such widespread hardship? (3)
9. What was affected by the drought God called for? (3)

NEXT WEEK, April 30, 1960—Lesson title: "Rebuilding Resumed." Outside reading: *Prophets and Kings*, pp. 575-581. Memory gem: Haggai 2:4.



**Question** I would like to know whether the use of face powder and home permanents is in keeping with the Seventh-day Adventist faith. I use them myself, but I have heard that this is contrary to our teachings.

**Counsel** Your question is within the general area of grooming, which also includes one's relationship to his clothes. It is proper and essential for a person to clothe his body, but it is wrong to be preoccupied with clothing. To be a devotee of fashion and to be in bondage to the latest fashion oracles is certainly not in harmony with Christian principle. There is no guilt, however, in being well-clothed in good and modest taste.

Personal grooming is both a necessity and a vulnerable area. Good grooming may be to the glory of God and in keeping with high principle. Grooming may also be distorted—an expression of both pride and insecurity.

There are two relevant passages of

Scripture in the area of Christian grooming: 1 Timothy 2:9, 10 and 1 Peter 3:1-7. In the first passage the apostle Paul gives governing principles concerning public worship, with special application to the grooming and adornment of women. Paul teaches that women are not to indulge in anything that would detract from the worship of God. The Greek words that are translated "shamefacedness and sobriety" are words indicating the importance of guarding against unbecoming behavior and exercising discretion and self-restraint. "Broided hair" is mentioned in this passage and refers to a custom then prevalent among the wealthy and sophisticated involving the securing of gold and other ornaments in the hair.

In the second passage Peter gives instruction concerning the marriage relationship. Special instruction is given to the Christian wife married to an unbelieving husband. She is to be adorned with the beauty of inner peace, kindness,

and love. Such beauty can eliminate the need for ornamentation.

The principles laid down by Paul and Peter are universal and applicable to every age and culture. Obviously, there is flexibility in these principles, which allows careful adaptation to the culture and custom of the day. But the real Christian lady will carefully maintain discretion, self-restraint, and supreme emphasis upon inward purity and beauty.

It is not possible to reply to your question with a simple Yes or No. There are some people who by their emphasis on the lack of grooming and adornment distort God's plan of restoration to Eden's beauty and perfection. The overwhelming trend in today's culture, however, is artificiality, excess, extravagance, and preoccupation with the external.

May you magnify the inner beauty of surrender, joy, and peace. May you also be guided in giving adequate attention to appropriate grooming.

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.



## radarscope

► IN 1959, 6,799 students graduated from medical colleges, and 2,257 of these had liabilities that were greater than their assets. The average indebtedness was \$4,258 per student. *Scope*

► THE MORSE CODE, a once-vital language that knitted the world together, is dying. Teleprinters, facsimile circuits, and automatic translators that require no rarer skill than typing are supplanting the older method. *NGS*

► THE MOTHER sea otter lavishes on her single pup more care and attention than do most other mammals. She leaves it only when she dives for food, and a food dive seldom lasts more than a minute. She swims on her back and carries her pup with her on her chest. *Smithsonian*

► PRIMITIVE bushmen wear their teeth down to the gums, but they do not suffer from tooth decay as a rule. Probably natural foods protect the bushman, for when he comes in contact with civilization and begins to use white sugar and tobacco he suffers the same ills as the white man. *ISSA*

► THE GEOMETRY taught in most high schools throughout the U.S. is at least 2,200 years old; the algebra and trigonometry were developed for the most part in the years A.D. 1550-1650; and modern textbooks on these subjects have evolved from a book that the great Swiss mathematician, Euler, published in 1748 as preparation for calculus. *UCAL*

► BEFORE conservation of forests was being thought about in the United States, the Federal Government distributed public land to settlers and purchasers and, in the form of grants, to railroads, giving in one instance nearly forty million acres to a single railroad. The States followed the same practice, disposing of their timberland either by grants or by selling it at ridiculously low prices. One State sold some of its finest hardwood forests for 10 cents an acre. *TCF*

► TOWER ROCK, jutting up about sixty-five feet from the Mississippi River near Grand Tower, Illinois, was left standing when the river channel was cleared of impediments to navigation. Army engineers felt it could serve as a central pier for a bridge that might be built and so it was set aside as U.S. property. The bridge was never built, and the rock became known facetiously as "the smallest national park." *Ford Times*

► ALTHOUGH viruses have been found responsible for many types of animal and plant cancers, and may eventually be found responsible for human cancer, the discovery may not mean a speedy end to one of man's most dreaded diseases. The most valuable result of identifying a virus in human cancer would be the opening of avenues of attack that are not being used effectively today. *UCAL*

► AMERICANS spent an average of \$100 each for medical care in 1959, the Social Security Administration estimates, an increase of about 5 per cent over 1958, when per capita expenditures for medical care were figured at \$95.65, and about 10 per cent over the \$91.19 spent in 1957. *Scope*

► A GOVERNMENT research scientist reported that the death rate of heavy cigarette smokers was nearly twice as great as the rate for nonsmokers. Pipe and cigar smokers appear to run less risk than persons who regularly smoke cigarettes only. *The Arsenal*

► URANIUM ore reserves in the U.S. are placed at 88 million tons; in 1959 more than 6 million dry tons were produced; and the processing plants for uranium were valued at \$156 million in 1959. *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*

► THE CHAMELEON's adrenal glands are believed to be responsible for its color changes. Temperature, light, and excitement, not background hue, prompt the reptile to vary its wardrobe. *NGS*

► MEDICAL aid is most effective within a few hours of injury. On the average, the case fatality rate of serious injuries increases 0.5 per cent each hour's delay in treatment. *PD*

► A FORT built by the early Dutch settlers was the first building on Manhattan Island. It was situated at a point that is now 39-41 Broadway. *NYCVB*

► ABOUT one half of the 1.5 million beds in U.S. hospitals are taken up by mentally ill people, according to a New York City psychiatrist. *AMA*

► MAN CULTIVATES about 25,000 species of plants. Of these about 10,000 are cherished for their ornamental flowers. *NGS*

► WHAT is believed to be the world's fastest switching transistor switches 200 million times faster than a person can blink his eyes. *Raytheon*

► IN THE 1840's a work week of 72 hours was customary in England and the United States, while 80 hours, and more, was usual in continental Europe. *TCF*

THE SIXTY Thor rockets that are in a state of "readiness" at four British rocket bases will be superseded by Britain's own Blue Streak, which will probably be perfected by 1963.

*Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*

► THE NUMBER of resident patients in mental hospitals declined last year for the fourth year in a row. At the end of 1959 there were 542,721 patients in 277 public mental hospitals, a decline of 2,142 from the end of 1958. *Scope*

► UNDERWATER television equipment for use at depths of more than 600 feet has been designed for the Navy's salvage and search operations. The TV camera and its self-propelled unit are remotely controlled by means of a multiconductor cable from a control vessel.

*Naval Research Reviews*

► IN CONNECTION with its oceanographic work, a United States Government expedition to the Swan Islands is scheduled to take the 1960 census. In 1950 thirty-six persons were living on Great Swan. Little Swan is uninhabited. The tiny strips of land, named for Captain Swan, lie 97 miles northeast of Honduras, in the Caribbean Sea. *NGS*

► MOUTH-TO-MOUTH resuscitation was successfully used on an eighty-seven-year-old man who collapsed in a North Carolina grocery store. A certified Red Cross first-aid instructor present in the store used the mouth-to-mouth method because he feared the consequences of time lost in turning the man over and beginning a conventional technique. *ANRC*

► BANTU herbalists may have important knowledge to contribute about the medicinal properties of plants in Southern Africa. A Johannesburg laboratory has completed a series of tests confirming the curative properties of the muti plant in treating infection. Two other plants are being tested, and still others will come under observation in the future. *ISSA*



# Whispering Halls

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