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*Feel like hiding your head because of a poor complexion? Don't!*

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# what to do for pimples

by J. DE WITT FOX, M.D.

**T**ONIGHT many a U.S. teenager is standing before his bathroom mirror picking pimples, looking worried and dejected over the condition of his face.

If this is your problem, there are things you should know about your skin—the why and wherefore of pimples and what you can do to get rid of them.

Your skin, the largest organ of your body, is the most likely to reflect your state of health. Let me say at the outset, it is impossible to have a healthy-looking skin unless it is covering a healthy body inside.

"The skin," said Sir William Osler, renowned professor of medicine at Johns Hopkins, "is the mirror of the soul. When the soul weeps, so does the skin." The skin reflects not only what goes on in the body but also what goes on in the mind. As every teen-ager knows, emotion is a very labile thing, quickly reflected in a blush, a pallor of anger, or an itch from nervousness.

Your skin is a storehouse of tiny organs that receive one third of all the blood delivered by your heart. Among these minute organs are sweat glands—2 million of them, enough to make a six-mile-long corkscrew gland if strung end to end. They secrete more

than a quart of perspiration daily. They serve as the best shower bath ever devised, with 2 million tiny spigots spraying water, salt, and enzymes over the skin to cool it, sterilize it, and protect it from invasion by various germs in clothing and the air.

Also located within the skin are 300,000 to 500,000 hair follicles, at the base of which are tiny oil glands surrounded by wee muscles for squeezing out the oil to lubricate the hair and skin.

One of the most common complaints physicians have from teen-agers is acne, or pimples. Usually pimples appear on the face, especially the chin, and shoulders of boys, and on the forehead and face of girls.

The pimple is simply a plugged oil gland that is inflamed. Its tiny duct became filled with dirt and debris from the skin and held them until it became infected from bacteria that are always present.

As you stand before the mirror with your fingernails pressing hard against the sides of the little oil gland, you pop it open. Oil and sometimes pus spurt from the pimple. You are bursting open the oil duct, or gland. This is not, however, the wisest plan for care, because you may break the little elastic fibers of the skin. This procedure

then will permanently scar your face.

To prevent pimples is the goal. We may do this by a three-point program: 1. Keep a clean skin; 2. eat cleanly and healthfully; 3. think right.

A teen-ager's hormone system, which includes all glands—especially the oil glands of the skin—is undergoing great change and increased activity. The oil glands are secreting more oil than they ever will again in the lifetime. For this reason, the skin must be kept immaculately clean. Cleanliness will wash excess oil from the skin surface and prevent plugging of oil ducts.

Here is a suggestive cleanliness regimen for you: 1. Wash your face each night and morning with warm soapy water, using any good toilet soap, and end with a dash of cold water. Do not scrub the face too hard, or you may irritate a delicate skin and make it break out.

2. Avoid putting your fingers to your face. The moisture and tiny dirt particles of your hands may help plug oil ducts, favor pimple formation.

3. Expose your face to sunlight, if possible. It helps destroy bacteria on the skin, which may contribute to oil-gland infection.

Eat a clean, healthful diet. You can't have a clear skin unless you feed it



# 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 1961. 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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the health-giving food that it requires.

Taboo for teen-agers are fatty foods—French fried potatoes, potato chips, gravy, rich pastry, cookies, and candy. Unfortunately, most rich sweets contain fat. Malted milks, chocolate fudge sundaes, chocolate bars, and doughnuts with thick icing are examples. Nuts such as walnuts, peanuts, and cashews may also cause trouble, but not to so great a degree as animal fats, fried foods, butter, eggs, and cheese.

These foods are bad because the fats they contain are hard for the body to eliminate. They are excreted by way of the oil glands, but because their fat is thick and heavy it may plug the ducts, and have a hard time gaining exit.

Sweets are bad because sugar in the blood and skin feeds the bacteria on the skin surface and favors infection. If we don't feed the germs, we prevent the infection and the pimples.

"What should I eat?" you ask. A simple diet, fortunately easily remembered.

**FRESH FRUITS.** All you wish of apples, plums, cherries, strawberries, prunes, apricots (dried or fresh), dates, and plenty of citrus fruits—oranges, grapefruit, tangerines, and lemonade.

**GREEN LEAFY VEGETABLES.** All you can eat. These will never make you fat, and will keep your skin clear.

**MILK.** Skim, preferably. Otherwise, a little whole milk or buttermilk.

**PROTEIN FOODS.** Meat substitutes: lentils, beans, peas, whole-grain cereals, and nuts; dairy products, such as cottage cheese and yogurt.

**OILS.** You may use salad or cooking olive oil, soybean oil, peanut oil, corn oil, or safflower oil. Green salads with oil and lemon juice dressing (no pepper) are excellent for the skin.

What should you avoid? Especially avoid chocolate. Here's why: chocolate contains a waxy type of fat (cocoa butter) that is very hard for the body to eliminate. Your oil glands are already overburdened; don't run the risk of plugging them with chocolate fat. Avoid most other desserts.

Avoid condiments. Catsup, mustard, and pepper are pimple promoters.

Needless to say, coffee, tea, cola drinks, alcohol, and tobacco are also out for the program of the clean, health-conscious teen-ager.

When I was in the general practice of medicine I observed that a clean skin and a clean diet cleared up many a teen-ager's complexion. Such a regimen can work wonders for you.

Your thoughts are often reflected in your skin. If I were to yell "Fire" into your ear loudly right now, your skin

would bristle up. The hairs would stand on end. Little oil glands would squeeze out some oil, and you'd be ready to take flight. That's how the fear emotion can affect your skin.

A young woman in Chicago was brought into the emergency room of the local hospital not long ago, her face a myriad of hives and her throat almost swollen shut. Angioneurotic edema, we call it medically. After some adrenalin and a chat with the doctor, it came out that she had just been jilted by her fiancé. This emotional shock was evident in her skin.

Many teen-agers notice that their pimples grow worse around examination time, showing that the skin is in tune with the anxiety of the brain.

A calm, confident teen-ager who does his studies faithfully each day and reviews well need have no qualms over examinations. His skin will stay clear no matter how tough the teacher!

Plan your studies carefully, pace yourself. Establish good study habits, and they will help your skin. Remember that fatigue from long hours of study without a letup is damaging to bodily health, and may be reflected in a sallow, pimply skin.

Clean thoughts are reflected in a clean clear skin. So think happy, wholesome thoughts, free of worry, anxiety, or too much concern over the girls or the boys, and you'll find that your skin problem will dwindle.

Fortunately, once a teen-ager has passed into the twenties his pimples will diminish. But we want to avoid scarring or severe cases if at all possible.

If you have a severe case of acne, by all means place yourself under a physician's care. He can prescribe special treatments, such as peeling agents to help open the skin pores, special hormones, or X-ray treatments in stubborn cases.

If there are acne scars or smallpox scars on the face, a dermatologist or plastic surgeon can help remove them with a circular fine wire brush or fine sandpaper wheel.

Finally, see that good general health habits are followed. Your body needs good food, lots of sleep and rest, and outdoor exercise. Your brain should be free from anxiety over studies, hot rods, girl friends or boy friends, and you should have no late parties.

Given plenty of mental freedom, food, and wholesome frolic, you should have a clean skin, a clean body, and a clear conscience—all of which makes for the skin without blemish.

The Youth's Instructor, October 3, 1961



## seasoned with salt

**Beach** From Eastman Kodak Company comes this week's award-winning amateur photo. The snap shooter caught rider and horse in a mood of almost carefree nonchalance in a classic setting of foreground and background. We hope the fifth YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR Photo Mart will bring some entries that are refreshingly different from run-of-the-mill photography.

**Decision** "Decision for the Whole Truth," beginning this week, may be a serial of particular interest to some readers. Like an increasing number of INSTRUCTOR manuscripts, this one probes motives, prejudices. We recommend that if you wish to purchase single-issue stories or serials at any time, for sharing with others who might be interested, you place your orders promptly after publication.

**South Pacific** "Though I read my first YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR in 1924, I have enjoyed it through the years and still do—also my wife and two girls. We have read it in New Zealand, Pitcairn Island, Cook Island, Australia, and now here. Its articles are very timely and appropriate and inspirational for youth of all ages. DONALD H. WATSON, Lord Howe Island.

**Arizona** "I have been a reader of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR almost constantly for more than 40 years. I still enjoy it as much as ever. I especially enjoy the articles by Dr. Shryock. These are thrilling times. When I was young we looked forward to the things that are actually taking place now. For example, the uniting of the Protestant churches, and the reaching of their hands across the gulf to Catholicism." Mrs. J. D. WILLIAMS, Wilcox.

**India** "We like the 'new look' in the INSTRUCTOR. White spaces and pictures are certainly not out of place. You can rightly expect a more conservative format in periodicals such as the *Review* but that conservative style certainly is not appropriate to a youth's publication. W. F. ZILL, Narsapur.

**Criterion** "God does not wish you to make your conscience a criterion for others."—4T 62.

Seventh-day Adventist Christians should be the kindest, most courteous, most-thoughtful-of-others people anywhere. To be such you need to start early, start young.

Christianity, the genuine article, does not glitter—it glows.

"Let your light so shine," Jesus said.<sup>1</sup> He "did not bid the disciples, 'Strive to make your light shine;' He said, 'Let it shine.'"<sup>2</sup>

The Pharisee whose prayer reveals his egotism was a sorry witness for religion. "God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess."<sup>3</sup>

He wasn't letting his light shine. He was trying to make it shine. Notice the number of first-person pronouns he used in his thirty-four-word prayer. Notice how he belittles another to build himself. Notice how most of his virtues were of the negative sort—I don't do this. Notice how even one of his two positive virtues was scarcely a virtue—tithe paying. Had he not paid an honest tithe God would have considered him a thief.

Living around a Seventh-day Adventist should be one of the happiest experiences a non-Christian could enjoy. Are you that kind of Christian? Does your neighborliness make you "wanted" in your community? Do people feel comfortable in your presence?

It is recorded of Jesus that the "common people heard him gladly."<sup>4</sup> Did He point out sins? Of course! Why could He do it without making people embarrassed in His presence? Because His demeanor was a demonstration that, while He hated sin, He loved the sinner!

That, we believe, was a major key to the charm of Jesus' personality. He hated sin, but He loved the sinner. Neither His voice nor His countenance scared or shamed the honest searchers for truth.

Isaiah prophesied of Him, "He shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street. A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench."<sup>5</sup>

Do some of His representatives make you squirm in their presence? Does their pious rectitude make you feel like holding your breath in their company lest you offend their code of rightness?

True piety in a Christian will quicken conviction in others, but it will never even hint at a holier-than-thou attitude. "Anything harsh, sour, critical, domineering, is not of Christ, but proceeds from Satan. Coldness, heartlessness, want of tender sympathy, are leavening the camp of Israel. . . . There will be no frowns, no scolding, no expressions of contempt, on the part of any man who is cultivating the graces of Christianity."<sup>6</sup>

If you would truly be the salt of the earth you will make life more, and not less, palatable for all around you.

*Walter C. Crandall*

<sup>1</sup> Matt. 5:16. <sup>2</sup> *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, p. 41. <sup>3</sup> Luke 18:11, 12. <sup>4</sup> Mark 12:37. <sup>5</sup> Isa. 42:2, 3. <sup>6</sup> *Testimonies to Ministers*, p. 156.

## coming next week

- "HANDICAPPED—BUT NOT HINDERED"—Some men possess the indomitable will to press on when physical circumstances would hold others back. John Hicks gives God the credit. By William Swan.



**N**O, MRS. HATTON, I'm not interested in any Seventh-day Adventist meetings," Rickie Clausen interrupted sharply. "They're such funny people! Why they even go to church on Saturday! No, thank you. I'll stick to my own church."

These words closed the religious discussion, but the two women talked on eagerly of other things, catching up on what had happened in Escanaba since they had last met.

Presently the door opened to admit Rickie's husband, Rehoff. He sat down to talk over a cup of coffee. Again the subject of religion came up.

"Wouldn't you like to go to just one meeting? Tonight perhaps? Elder Olson is such a wonderful speaker," said Mrs. Hatton at what seemed to be an opportune moment.

"I've heard about these meetings and I was wondering about them." Putting his cup on the table, Rehoff sat up straighter and looked at Mrs. Hatton questioningly. "I've heard some singing when I've passed by there, but I just didn't have time to stop in." Then turning to his wife, "Wouldn't you like to go just once, dear?"

"Not especially, but I suppose I can," Rickie replied hesitantly. Surely just one meeting wouldn't do any harm. She really hated to disappoint her husband.

Mrs. Hatton left, and Rickie started getting supper. A few weeks previously she had married Rehoff Clausen, a railroad engineer. The change from being a maid at Mayor Hatton's residence to becoming the comfortably situated wife of Rehoff Clausen, the engineer, had been a big step in her life.

Rickie remembered well the night Mr. Hatton returned from Chicago with startling news. "One day in Chicago I came upon a notice in a window. It was advertising a series of meetings held by some Seventh-day Adventists, and the topic for that night was the Sabbath. 'Now, that should be interesting,' I thought. I went to the meeting. The minister made the Sabbath clear, and I went again. The meetings were so interesting I went every night.

"The night before I came home I talked to the minister after the sermon. Then a thought came to me. I paid



*The one-room log structure by the river contained some pews, a stove, and an organ.*

*Today a bright new church with stained-glass windows stands beside the old one.*



him three hundred dollars for the expenses to send a minister to Escanaba!"

Mr. Hatton had shoved his hands in his pockets and then paced the room with a satisfied air, finally coming to a stop before his wife, whose face wore an incredulous look.

"We had quite a talk, but we finally came to terms and they're sending a minister here in a couple of weeks. His name is Olson, I think—A. O. Olson. I didn't see him, so I don't know what he looks like, but we'll soon find out."

"Oh, no, what were you thinking of anyway, or weren't you thinking? What will people say? You! The mayor," burst out Mrs. Hatton stormily. Then more quietly she asked, "What were you trying to do? I suppose we'll have to go every night?" It had been more a question than a statement. Rickie had been so excited about marrying Rehoff that she had hardly paid attention to the plans. Now the mayor's wife had come to invite her and Rehoff to the meetings. Mrs. Hatton surely had changed, Rickie reflected. The first meeting evidently had softened her heart, and now she was inviting others to attend.

Rickie awoke from her reminiscing. "I have to get the gravy made and the table set in a hurry so we won't be late," she murmured to herself.

Fredricka Clausen had come to Escanaba, Michigan, from Sheboygan, Wisconsin, at the age of seventeen. Escanaba in 1882 was a roaring lumber town. The surrounding area was filled with burly, boisterous lumberjacks and what the town people considered women of low character. The town had its own opera house, barber shop, and meeting hall, besides its business district, and it was prospering.

That night as Rickie, with her husband, sat in the meeting hall waiting for the mysterious Mr. Olson to appear, she thought of her childhood days. As the comforting words of a familiar song rang out she remembered when she had once stood with others around the old piano at home while mother had played.

Elder Olson was an eloquent, kindly man. Listening to the preacher brought tears to her eyes as she thought of her family and the old days at Sunday school. Mother had been strict and sent them every week. Now mother was



*When Rickie's employer arranged for religious meetings to be held in his town, her response was one of indifference.*

# *A Light by the River*

by JUDITH CLAUSEN

gone. "Someday I'll see her again," thought Rickie, as she once more turned her mind to the minister's words.

At the end of his sermon Elder Olson made an announcement that he would like to have a home for "a couple of nice young men." He went on to explain that the men were colporteurs, and they would be around for the summer.

Almost without thinking Rickie stood up. "They are welcome to stay at our home if they want to," she said. "Our house is new, and they would have all the comforts of their own home."

At home after the meeting, Rickie showed the men their room. Mr. Saunders and Mr. Rossiter seemed happy with their accommodations.

A baptism closed the series of meetings, and the Hattons became members of the first Seventh-day Adventist church in Escanaba. Although Rehoff and Rickie could not yet decide to be baptized, they studied their Bibles with the two colporteurs. The Sabbath was especially hard to understand. Sometimes the truths from the Bible seemed very difficult to comprehend, but praying continually, they kept on studying.

"There must be some text in the New Testament that says Jesus changed the Sabbath to Sunday," they exclaimed on one occasion. But they could not find the text.

"We have to start keeping the Sabbath if we really want to do what is right," Rickie finally told her husband

one day. "We know what's right. We'd better start doing it."

Rehoff was not quite so willing. After all, the position of railroad engineer was considered important in Escanaba, and the pay was something to think about too. He had to work seven days a week. To keep the Sabbath he'd have to quit the job; then where would the family be? Putting this argument to his wife, Rehoff laid religion aside for a while.

Regardless, Rickie was baptized and joined the church in Escanaba. Although she was happy, there was a sadness within her that would not heal until Rehoff was baptized. For years she attended church every Sabbath, and as the family grew she took the children to church with her, and she faithfully studied the Bible with them.

One Sabbath morning Rehoff appeared at breakfast, dressed in his good clothes. "I think I'll go to church with you this morning," he announced, smiling at the happy looks that appeared on the faces of his wife and his five children.

Week after week as he continued to go to church Rickie thanked God for answering her prayer.

Not long after Rehoff first went to church he brought more news to his wife. "I've decided to follow God, no matter what happens. I've just come back from seeing the boss. I told him I'd like my Sabbaths off, but he wasn't interested in the idea. It's all or nothing. I guess I'll have to quit. Where will I work?" he continued. "We can't live on nothing."

"I've got an idea," said Rickie, placing her hands on his arms. "We can move out to the family homestead. If we buy some cattle we can live fairly well. It will be lonely and I don't like to move out there, but that's about all we can do. Don't worry, God will take care of us."

With this encouragement Rehoff brightened. "Why didn't I think of that? Honey, you sure are a help!"

A few days later when Rehoff came home from his shift at work he walked straighter than he had in years. "Of course all the fellows told me I was crazy," he informed Rickie. "'You've joined that church. Now you're moving way out into the sticks! Man, you're really crazy!'"

The Sabbath before they moved out to the homestead, Rehoff was baptized and became a member of the Escanaba church.

Life on the homestead was not nearly as easy as it had been in the city.



With the nearest neighbors two miles away there wasn't much company. Rickie had once run to the store anytime she needed so much as a spool of thread. Now a trip to town was an event. In spite of the inconvenience, however, the Clausens were happy in the country.

The scenery was beautiful. Wide-spreading maples were everywhere, behind the house and across the fields. In the autumn their lovely reds and yellows splashed the countryside. Cattle grazed in the pastures, and chickens scratched in the barnyard. Despite the isolation an atmosphere of homeiness pervaded the place.

There were no Adventist people for twenty miles around, but by their Christian lives Rickie and Rehoff helped pave the way for God's workers. In the summer of 1899 Elder R. J. Bellows and Freeman Harris came to Perkins, a village three miles away, bringing the gospel story with them. As the Holy Spirit poured out His blessing many felt the call of God and were baptized. A company of believers was formed.

As the meetings drew to a close, everyone began to think of a location for a church building. After much controversy the company decided to build between Rapid River and Perkins. One of the members gave land, and the others joined wholeheartedly in the activity of getting the logs and erecting the church. In a surprisingly short time the little log church was finished and dedicated. The members came with happiness, for they now had a church of their own, built with their own hands.

It was a simple one-room, log structure. Inside were several pews, a stove, and an organ. Back of the building, past a small grove of maple and evergreen trees, was the river from which the church got its name—Riverside. For the next sixty years people worshiped in this small church. Weddings and funerals took place in it, and baptisms were performed in the river.

About a year after the church was built the small congregation gathered for memorial services for Rehoff Clausen, victim of a fatal accident. Several years later Rickie was buried beside her husband in the small cemetery in the shadow of the church.

The Clausens had been among the charter members of the little church. Their days of work were over, but the torch of truth was handed on to their children. Today a new church stands next to the log one, and the light by the river continues to burn brightly.



## the Square-World Man

by MILDRED E. MEYER

**D**USK WAS setting in as we ventured past a gaunt hound on the high, rough porch and knocked at the rickety cabin door. From inside came a shuffle of heavy boots, barely audible above the blare of the TV. (Naturally, there was a TV. Even if you could throw a cat through the wall, as the local folks say, there had to be a TV.) The door swung open, and a lanky mountaineer in his thirties faced us.

"C'mon in. It's mighty nice t'see ya."

"Our name is Meyer. We live across there on the other road." Fran pointed out the grayish window across the field. "We saw a light through the trees last night and decided someone must have moved in here. Just dropped in to welcome you to our neighborhood." From the smell of our host's breath I wondered whether welcome was the right word. There was further reason to wonder as the conversation progressed.

"I'm Bill Barbee, an' this's m'wife, an' these'r th' kids, all but th' biggest. He's outside gettin' some chips fer th' fire. He's eleven. We got four, all told. Yeah, we jus' moved in Thursd'y. Ain't got much t'move."

One glance around bore out that fact. Three or four small rooms, dingy, dark, with unfinished boards as walls, unless you could say they had a smoketone finish. There was a low, black heating stove, a dresser that had seen better days half a century ago, four well-used kitchen chairs, a cluster of jagged springs with a little lumpy padding and a wine-colored cover—that was the sofa. And yes, the TV.

Bill's timid wife sat at one side, hardly

daring to raise her eyes. A young thing—how could she possibly have a child of eleven? She would have been pretty—Would have been. Not a word did she muster the courage to utter. The children were equally timid and noncommunicative. But their father made up for it. Seated with his elbows on his knees, a cigarette stub hanging out one corner of his mouth, he seemed called upon to divulge a bit of his own history as one topic led to another.

"Yeah, I've served m'time, so I'm free now. Got into a fuss with m'father-in-law and let 'im have it, five years ago it's been. But I've served m'time now."

Then schools got into the conversation. "Sent that boy t'school t'other day, an' ya know what his teacher tried t'stuff down 'im? Said th' earth was round. Now I dunno much Scripcher, but I do know this: th' good Book says somethin' 'bout th' four corners o' the earth, an' I ast you, how can anything that's round have four corners?" He straightened his back and slapped his knee by way of punctuation. Fire was in his eye.

"I tell ya, frien', I'll take that boy outa school afore I'll put up with that kind o' learnin'," he fairly shouted. Standing up, he stuffed his hands deep in his pockets and began pacing the bare floor. "Fact is, I'll take m'gun t'that teacher if need be!" and he withdrew his hands to clench his fists.

Now here was a man who knew what he believed and he intended to live by his square-world belief. And hadn't he found his information in the Bible; that is, in one fragment of one verse?



**M**Y HEAD was a mass of shampoo bubbles. Above the sound of running water, I could hear my mother's voice. I turned off the faucet. "Barbara!" mother called again from the living room.

"Yes, Mom."

"How about going over to Mrs. Boyd's with me this evening?"

"O.K., if my hair is dry and if you promise not to stay long."

"We won't stay long. Just a few minutes' visit means so much to Mrs. Boyd, shut in as she is. Poor soul! She can do nothing but read. Even her hands are crippled up like knotty tree limbs from her arthritis."

"Just like mom," I thought. "Busy as she is, she always thinks of others."

If you were to visit the Marsh Convalescent Home, perhaps an elderly lady in a white uniform would greet you in the lobby with a cheery, "Hello." Her rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, and unfurrowed brow belie her age. A wisp of short, curly gray hair has freed itself from the grasp of a hair pin and lies on her forehead.

Guessing that you are a stranger here, she continues, "Would you like to meet some of our patients and see how they are cared for?" Knocking on the first door, she introduces you to Velma Roehm, a talkative little lady who seems to have found "pleasant pastures" and tender care at the home.

"You know, folks, Mrs. Cote spends about twenty minutes every morning feeding me my breakfast," Velma informs you. "I can't eat fast, and it is hard for me to get a full meal without help."

Talking with other patients, you find that they too admire and like mom.

When it comes to the work of the church, it (the work of the church) comes to mom!

Before other accommodations were found, Sabbath school was held each Sabbath afternoon in our front room. Well, mostly in the front room—the congregation sometimes overflowed into the kitchen and hallway. Mother seemed automatically to be elected superintendent, secretary, treasurer, lesson teacher, and transportation agent of this Sabbath school.

Each Friday afternoon she sat beside the telephone, calling her friends, and inviting them to the meeting. If anyone

# like her

by **BARBARA COTE**

said, "I'd love to come, but my husband will have the car Saturday. Maybe next week—."

"I will be happy to come for you at two o'clock," would be the reply. Anyone who would "love to come" must not be deprived of the blessing.

When the meeting was over, at about four o'clock, mom usually scurried off into the kitchen and got together a light lunch before the congregation of eight or ten people could say their farewells. Around the kitchen table, everyone rediscussed the Sabbath school lesson or current events related to it, as they sipped Postum and ate pecan rolls, mom's specialty. Mother is of the opinion that a well-fed Christian is a happy Christian—and perhaps has a better attendance record.

A "Sale" sign is a device always sure to catch mom's eye. For this reason, we have been known to buy our summer clothes in the fall, our winter clothes in the spring, and to leave some of our Christmas shopping until January!

Talents unlimited! Although she has no degrees, mother has always been my favorite and most trusted teacher and nurse. In the fifth grade when those terrible arithmetic problems confronted me, mother was my strong fortress.

Thinking was a new experience for me.

"If Johnny can run 1,056 feet in two minutes, how long will it take him to run one mile?" mother read.

"Well, he would probably get tired and quit before he got that far." Sometimes logic just overcame me (particularly when the right answer wouldn't come).

I remember the day when mother admonished me as I took my bike from the garage, "Now don't ride your bicycle on that steep hill on Lead Street. It isn't paved, and you might skid on the gravel." Sometimes I think mother was endowed with a sixth sense. She always knew what I was going to do and could so accurately predict the results. Of course, a steep hill was not to be wasted, or resisted, and reaching it, I started down, though my conscience protested.

The wheels of my bike went faster and faster. I was fairly flying over the ground. The breeze whipped my hair back as I cut into the wind. Then the corner was in front of me! I had to turn to the right, or I would sail over the railroad tracks at the bottom of the hill. I forced my brake pedal back and quickly turned the handle bars. Mother's admonition momentarily passed through my mind as my bicycle



ground to a stop—and I kept going!

I sprawled on the rough gravel, the breath knocked out of my lungs. For what seemed like ten minutes, I lay there dazed. Then rising slowly and painfully, I looked around to see whether anyone had seen me. I felt my skinned face and looked at my scraped and dirty knees and hands. Taking a side street, I walked home, pushing my bike, though I felt like leaving it in the ditch, where it had landed. At the door, mother greeted me not with "I told you so," but with "Oh, Barbara, what happened?" though I suppose she could have guessed. Then she washed and bandaged all my cuts and bruises and soothed my hurt pride. Sympathy was more effective than a scolding. I was learning the lesson of obedience.

Tuesday, March 18, 1958, was an ordinary busy day for our family. Dad, a mechanic, was working sixty miles from home on the Houghton bridge. Mom had spent most of her day over the ironing board; now she was peeling potatoes for supper as Valerie and I came in from school. The jangle of the telephone caught Valerie near the desk, so she pounced upon the receiver, lifting it on the fourth jingle.

"Hello."

"Hello—Valerie?" There was a slight pause then, "This is Auntie Coran. Please let me speak to your mother."

"Mom," Valerie called, "it's Auntie Coran, and she wants to talk to you."

Drying her hands on the way, mom came from the kitchen and took the receiver. "Hello, Coran. How—"

"Oh, Laura," came the reply, and we saw mother's face take on an anxious and puzzled look.

"Yes, what's wrong?"

"Oh, I don't know how to tell you," Coran faltered. "Fern just phoned from the hospital switchboard—"

Valerie and I saw mother's face turn white, and we sensed the seriousness of the conversation. Then she asked in pleading tones, "But are you sure it was Al?"

I interrupted to ask, "Mom, what's happened?"

Mom hung up and faced Valerie and me. We saw her lips quiver as she said, "Your daddy—is—dead."

Later we heard the full story. Dad had become sick at work in the late afternoon. Uncle Ray, with whom he worked, had insisted that dad quit early and come home with him, saying that after a little rest he would probably feel better and could drive home. Dad had consented. At my uncle's home, he had another heart attack. My aunt

## The Change

by JEAN CARPENTER MERGARD

The change was gradual, I suppose,  
So that we scarcely realized it;  
As when a sapling maple grows  
In stature, bit by branching bit.  
Nor was there one outstanding point  
Forcing our notice: shift to bass  
From treble; knobiness of joint  
To solid sleekness; fuzz on face  
To shaven beard occurred so slowly  
That incredulity began  
When we awoke one day, and wholly  
Before us stood our son, a man!

called the hospital. An ambulance arrived in minutes, but it was too late—dad's second attack had been fatal.

Mother's fortitude and steadfast faith in God during this hour of sorrow helped me to accept the will of God without bitterness. She tried to hide her own grief from us, and led us through the vale of darkness, fixing our minds on the bright day of God where there will be no sorrow or dying.

Father had always considered the driver's seat of the car his rightful position. Our family underwent a noteworthy experience—mom learned to drive. Many years before in her home State of Oklahoma she had driven a car, but she had much to relearn. We spent Sunday afternoons on some gravel road away off in the country. Mom sat tensely behind the wheel while Valerie and I, breathing down her neck, watched the rear-view mirror, brake pedal, and speedometer.

When we came to a driveway, she turned in and backed in and out two or three times for practice. Backing was a problem. It seemed to her that if she turned the steering to the right, the car should turn left. But it just didn't cooperate. With no serious mishaps she finally conquered the technique of backing up.

Though she is a little heavy, mother minimizes the effect by being 5 feet 7½ inches tall. But her gracious smile and cheerful nature are her most outstanding characteristics. She also has a strong determination, persistence, or stubbornness, depending upon the situation confronting her.

One such "situation" came in the form of a minister of another denomination. Hearing that the Cotes had been guided by some false prophets of the last day into the confused state of being Adventists, he came to our door

and offered to give us Bible studies. Of course, mother promptly accepted his offer. When he returned the next week, she was prepared to give him Bible studies too. Upon invitation he came for about a month thereafter, during which time he was given plenty of reason to wonder just who was confused and misguided. Though she had only been an Adventist for a couple of years, mother had searched the Scriptures daily and knew that she had not believed "cunningly devised fables."

What a source of inspiration, encouragement, and cheer mother's letters have afforded me since I have been at academy and college. They come as faithfully every week as school statements come every month, and they are read more faithfully than assignments. Mixed in with the grapevine news are wise bits of counsel. Sometimes mother writes poems like this one, written just before Christmas, 1960:

The dark clouds roll; it's cold outside;  
Perhaps we'll get a storm.  
But when I think of you, daughter,  
My heart feels, oh, so warm.  
Tho' winds blow chill, and on the roof  
The raindrops softly beat,  
I think of you, and thank my Lord  
For you, my child so sweet.  
A few more weeks, then Christmas  
time;

It isn't far away.  
We'll see you then, my Christmas gift;  
God keep you safe, I pray.

My mother has inspired me by the good example of Christian living she has set before me. As a Christian, my ultimate goal is perfection—to be like Christ. But between the point of my feeble progress thus far and the point of perfection there is a secondary goal, and I feel that it is very near the top of the scale. That goal is to be like my mother.





*No dog-in-the-manger,  
this fellow's best friend  
really wants what he's protecting.*



*Everyone's out  
of step but Johnny,  
and he couldn't care less.*

*An article for weekday reading:*

AS A NATION, we're certainly among the most picture-minded in the world. Every year millions of us take pictures for the sheer fun of it—happily snapping away at home and on vacation to record sights and scenes, people and places, the usual and the unexpected, the important and the incidental happenings that together make up our daily lives.

In 1960 this photographic "take" amounted to some 27 billion shots—proof in black-and-white (and full-color, too) that pictures have a tremendous personal value in terms of satisfaction and pleasure. But what about *market* value? Can pictures pay off in more than personal enjoyment? Indeed, they *can*—and actually do for an ever-growing number of smart snapshooters each year.

If you're interested in turning your picture-taking fun into additional funds for the family budget, you'll find certain markets wide open to you and your camera. There are amateur snapshot contests of various kinds; hobby,

sports, and home magazines seeking "how-to" picture stories; house organs eager for photo features on interesting local personalities or community projects. And, of course, there are newspapers and wire services always ready to buy on-the-spot pictures from amateurs who happen to have camera in hand at the right place at the right time—the scene of action where things are happening fast and furiously, and often before press photographers arrive.

In submitting snapshot entries to newspaper contests, you usually have a chance to win as many as *three* cash prizes for a single snapshot. Most newspapers award weekly prizes in four different subject classifications (Activities, Children, Animals, and Scenics); these weekly winners compete for another prize at the close of the regional contest; and then regional winners come up for the final grand-prize judging in the national contest.

*To page 16*



# DECISION

## for the

# Whole Truth

by RACHEL ROSS

FIRST OF FOUR PARTS

WE HAD never seen the man before, but we liked him. On a cold, blustery March day in 1940, he had turned in the snowy lane, followed it into our yard, and brought his green coupe to a stop near the entrance of our basement house.

My husband answered his knock.

"Hello, sir." The man introduced himself with a hearty handshake. "My name is Baughman, B. Y. Baughman. I'm engaged in selling Bibles and religious books. May I ask your name?"

"Ross is my name."

"Could I step inside a moment, Mr. Ross, and show you what I have?"

"You're welcome to come in, but I'm afraid it'll be a waste of time for you to show us your books. We have no money to buy them."

The salesman smiled. "Well, I'd like you to see them anyway. It doesn't cost anything to look."

The two men then came down the stairway into the kitchen where I was

busy taking care of our little daughter.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Ross, and also your baby. She's a fine-looking girl." The man paused, then repeated his introduction.

"My name is Baughman. As I was telling your husband, I'm selling Bibles and religious books, and I'd like you folks to see what I have. Could I have a few minutes of your time?"

"Certainly, I'd like very much to see them. But it's only fair to tell you we aren't able to buy any."

Impressed by our friendly sincerity the colporteur was anxious for us to have one of his books. As he explained *Bible Readings for the Home Circle*, my husband mentioned that his parents had a copy.

"Have they had it very long?" the man inquired.

"Yes, as long as I can remember."

His friendly, direct eyes lighted up. "Have you read much in it?"

"No, I haven't read it too much. We just use it when we want to look up

subjects for Young People's Meeting."

"Where do you attend church?"

"We belong to the Mennonite Church. We go to a country church about five miles northeast of here."

The salesman evidently noticed our deepening interest. We wanted the book very much. But where would we find the money?

Finally a plan was worked out whereby we could save a small payment each week until the total price had been paid.

As he left, my husband followed him.

I was replenishing the wood in the stove when my husband re-entered the kitchen.

"How would you like to have him stay with us for a week or two?"

I dropped the lid of the stove in surprise. "Why would he ever want to stay here?"

"He said he would like a room with us if we have one to spare. He's working this territory and said he would enjoy staying here with us much more







than spending his nights at a hotel.”  
 “Do you think what we have to offer is good enough?”

“Well, of course it’s nothing fancy. But I suppose he knows that. He said we could take off fifty cents each night from the price of the book.”

“That would be wonderful, wouldn’t it? I honestly was worried as to how we were going to manage even that small payment each week.”

We had moved to this farm just a few weeks before the colporteur’s visit. My father-in-law had rented it because it had a large pastureland that he needed for his stock, and my husband was supposed to work on shares. At the time our only source of income was the milk from a few cows.

“I was wondering how we would manage any extra too,” he laughed.

“Perhaps he realized that and planned it this way,” I said. “If he’s satisfied with what we have to offer, I’m sure I won’t mind having him. He seemed so interested in us and so dif-

ferent from anyone I’ve ever known.”

Happy over our good fortune in possessing the wonderful book, we elatedly told my husband’s parents about it. But they shook their heads. It certainly was not so wonderful as we supposed, they said. There was much of it that was very good, of course, but there was much in it that was wrong.

I wasn’t at all pleased with their attitude. Having paged through the book hastily to see what it contained, I was thrilled with what I had found. The sections on “The Home” and “the Kingdom Restored” seemed wonderful. The description of “The Game of Life” in the back of the book deeply impressed me.

The disapproving attitude of my in-laws, however, could not change my love for the book. I vaguely recalled another book high on a shelf in my parents’ home when I was a twelve-year-old. Searching carefully through the various religious books one day, I had pulled this down and proceeded

to page through it. I had wanted something to read, and despite its size and weight it was really interesting. As I became lost in the book my heart was drawn to Jesus.

My mother, curious as to what I was so interested in, came into the room. I told her what a good book I had found and asked her if she had seen the pictures. But she seemed displeased that I was reading it. She told me it was written by a woman who was a false prophetess. So the book went back to its place on the top shelf and I was forbidden to read it. It was strange to me that the beautiful things I had read could have been written by one who was false and bad.

One day after we had studied the Ten Commandments in our Sunday school, and I had puzzled over the Sabbath, I questioned my mother.

“Why do we keep Sunday when the Bible says the seventh day is the Sabbath?”

“Well, because Sunday is the seventh day.”

I went to the calendar. “How can it be when it says right here that Sunday is the first day and Saturday is the seventh?”

“Well, that’s just the way they count. Everybody knows Sunday is the Sabbath day.”

I walked away troubled. I thought I must be a little odd because religious things were so real and vital to me. My brothers and sisters never seemed concerned over them.

“Oh, I wish I knew someone who really knew Jesus and could talk to me about the Bible,” I said to myself. “There are so many things I don’t understand!”

I grew up conscious of the Lord’s hand upon my life, knowing He wanted me to serve Him wholeheartedly, yet confused because my thinking did not always agree with my church. My mother, who had a profound sense of loyalty to the church, must have thought she had a strange child indeed.

Three days before the colporteur’s visit, my sister-in-law had spent an afternoon with me. She was enthusiastic over meetings she had been attending at one of the churches in town.

“Oh, you just ought to go and hear the evangelist,” she urged. “He is preaching on Revelation, and it’s just wonderful how he explains it.”

“Really?” I was interested. “What did he say? We always believed it was a book too hard to understand.”

“I know. That’s just it. He said God gave us that book because He wanted



us to read and understand its message. He said a blessing is pronounced on those who read and keep the things that are written in it."

I picked up my Bible after she went home and read the book of Revelation from beginning to end. Still very much confused and perplexed, I longed to know God's will concerning this book.

That night I dreamed Jesus was coming. Awed, yet thrilled that at last He was coming, I felt unworthy. Yet, I was gathered with those who ascended to meet Him. It seemed the farther we ascended the more faces I could see, all upturned, longing to go, yet left behind. When I awakened I was tense and saying, "All these cannot go—they must be left behind!"

I was concerned over the book of Revelation and the dream. I couldn't work, and found myself again and again pleading with God to send someone to help me understand His will.

In the late afternoon as I prayed I felt assured that He had heard and answered my prayer. I was no longer anxious, troubled, or restless. I just waited.

I was anticipating someone of my own church coming to help me and wondering whom the Lord would send, when I saw the green coupe drive into the yard. Right away I sensed that here was the answer to my prayer.

Maybe that's why, when my in-laws strongly pressed my husband to refuse to let the book salesman stay with us, I spoke up in his behalf. We felt he was a sincere Christian and believed it wouldn't be right to turn him away simply because we disagreed with his religion.

In the evenings when he returned to our home we usually discussed religious topics. Often we gathered around the old organ, and while our guest played we all sang hymns. Before we retired for the night we always had prayer.

Evidently I had found that long-wished-for friend who not only knew Jesus but liked to talk about Him. It seemed as though his faith inspired mine.

In the fall Mr. Baughman brought me *Daniel and the Revelation*, then later *The Great Controversy*. By the time someone handed me D. M. Canright's book that was supposed to prove that Seventh-day Adventism is a false religion, I was pretty well grounded as a Seventh-day Adventist and had begun to keep the Sabbath.

It seemed that as I studied the Advent message the light and peace of heaven

flooded my heart. Untrue, unkind things spoken about me didn't disturb me at all. I was not bitter, only sad that they could not understand and believe too.

One day my father-in-law brought over the bishop of our church. I dis-

## October Brook

by BEULAH F. SMITH

**A brook in October does not sing  
The rushing silver song of spring;  
Slowly it dreams its way along,  
Feeling no need of speed nor song;  
It moves with deep tranquillity.  
Knowing its way leads to the sea,  
It takes a quiet time to rest  
And cradle leaves upon its breast.**

cussed doctrine with him and though he didn't convince me that I was wrong, he made me wonder. I had a great deal of confidence in the church and its leaders despite my differences of opinion. Probably the loyalty of my mother was a strong factor in binding me to the church. I never knew how deeply the roots had grown down until I tried to break them.

The conversation that day left me rather shaken in spirit. After they had gone I walked across the yard, my mind in turmoil. The cold, invigorating wind felt soothing to my hot face. I prayed earnestly, "Oh, dear Lord, if I am wrong, show me my error. But if I'm right, please don't ever, ever let anyone take this away from me!" Instantly I relaxed.

About a year after Mr. Baughman introduced *Bible Readings* to us, my husband became ill on a corn-picking job thirty miles from home. We did not wish to become dependent on his family and so we moved to be with my parents in Minnesota.

Years passed as I tested Adventist doctrine. We moved to North Dakota and back to Minnesota. I felt it the part of wisdom to bide my time and study more carefully.

I hoped by waiting and proving, that my husband would be ready to follow me, or rather, come with me. But it didn't work. The ties of love that bound me to my former church at the time of the colporteur's visit to our home in Nebraska now bound me ten times tighter.

Back in Minnesota again we bought a small farm. I knew there was a Sev-

enth-day Adventist church in Detroit Lakes, but we were never able to find it. My heart was always yearning for fellowship with Adventists even while I tried to be happy in the church of my family.

One day another colporteur called at our door, to sell us *Modern Medical Counselor*.

"Oh, I'm happy to meet you," I exclaimed. "We have a colporteur friend who lives in Colorado now—or at least I think he does. It's been a few years since we have heard from him. He sold us a book and stayed with us a few weeks afterward. We corresponded with him after we moved North until a few years ago."

The colporteur talked with my husband about his work and told us he would call back later. Before he left, however, I questioned him about the book, *Early Writings*. Having had *Testimonies to the Church* and *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing* providentially placed in my hands along with a stack of old 1946 *Review and Herald's*, I had seen this book quoted and was anxious to read it.

He told me he would bring me his copy to read when he returned. He did, and I was impressed by its message.

Eventually the time came when I had to make a decision. I could hesitate no longer. It was of vital importance that I act upon my faith in His leading and surrender my life wholly to Him—even though the way seemed too difficult. I trembled at the thought of separation from my family and friends.

I had a booklet by E. B. Jones. As I read it I prayed, "Dear Lord, why do I insist on being a Seventh-day Adventist? Why don't I just give it up once and for all?"

Quietly the question came, "Are you ready to condemn these books that have blessed your life so much? Can you say the messages given to Ellen G. White are false, and reject them?"

Seriously I considered. Clearly I saw that if Jesus had given these messages to guide His people safely through the last days I could not reject them without rejecting Him also.

Humbly I prayed, "Dear Lord, I do believe Thou hast spoken to us through Thy servant. No matter how foolish people may think me to be I want to press on with Thee, trusting Thee day by day. All I ask is that Thy presence will go with me, strengthening me for every trial I must bear. Thine shall be all the glory. Amen."

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





*The pearls must be sorted and graded. It took Kokichi Mikimoto fifteen years to develop the culturing process.*

*Women divers work off the coast of Toba. Thanks to the "Pearl King," any woman who wants a pearl can afford one.*



by BOBBIE JANE VAN DOLSON

**P**EARLS! My cupped hands were full of them. They trickled through my fingers and fell on the black velvet below, catching the pale winter sunlight and reflecting it in exquisite pastels. They shimmered pale pink, faintly blue, dove gray. Born of pain, created of the lowliest substances, they emerge as rare sought-after jewels. I observed as a watchful attendant whisked away the iridescent globes.

Sixty years ago it would have been almost impossible to grasp two handfuls of pearls. At that time the world was dependent upon natural pearls, formed by oysters around irritating particles that chanced within their shells. But that was before Kokichi Mikimoto. And the day we visited Pearl Island, off the coast of the village of Toba, we learned his story.

Kokichi Mikimoto was the son of a country village noodle vendor who died when the lad was only eleven years old. The noodle sellers of Japan are an ancient version of the Good Humor man. It is a picturesque sight to see a noodle vendor pushing his small canopied cart through the streets of a busy city, calling his wares by the means of a doleful horn while the fragrant scent of the fresh, hot noodles serves as his best advertisement.

As the oldest son, the half-orphaned Kokichi fell heir to the noodle business of his father. At eleven, when the other village boys were attending school and engaging in mock samurai battles and games, it was his lot to carry on the family business in such a way as to provide enough money for food for his mother and the little brood of younger children. During the day the noodles must

be molded, cut and dried, and made ready for evening when the little businessman would push his cart through the narrow streets, blowing the plaintive invitation on his horn. The Mikimotos prospered. After all, who would buy from any other vendor when a bright-eyed boy served up his homemade savories, seasoned with his own brand of pleasantries and optimism.

By the time Kokichi was twenty-three, the family fortune was so well established that he began searching for a wife. Tradition decreed that a seller of noodles marry within his class, but the country girls held no attractions for him. Japanese courtships are conducted through a go-between, who makes the initial contact with the prospective mate. With characteristic initiative Kokichi asked not one, but five, of the town elders to represent him. In this way he would have a choice of prospective wives. The older gentlemen were de-

## pearls from patience

lighted to perform this service for the enterprising young businessman, because Japanese men feel that they must serve as go-betweens three times in order to fulfill their obligations as married men.

When the young ladies were presented, Mikimoto chose Umeko, meaning "Apricot girl," the daughter of one of the old feudal warriors known as the samurai. It was a wise choice, for Umeko, though an aristocrat, was endowed with a strong mind and back, and a faithful spirit that would sustain both of them through the lean years that lay ahead.

After his marriage Mikimoto added the selling of fish to his enterprises and soon was the chairman of the Shima Marine Products Improvement Association. The town elders nodded approvingly. What a fine example of ingenuity, a little half-orphan who had literally pulled himself up by his bootstraps! The Mikimotos were fast becoming a living



legend in their seaside village of Toba.

Occasionally during this period, Mikimoto came in contact with pearls, since there were a few to be found in the coastal waters near his home. Their beauty, their rarity, fascinated him. He began to search for them, but he was particular about those he found. He could not bear to tear the little globules from their host too soon. Because he insisted on perfection, he eventually received an order for pearls from the Empress. Intrigued with the gems, he wondered whether there were some way that every woman who wished to own a pearl could do so? Why not? Why couldn't man increase the number of pearls produced by inserting the tiny irritating particle that was the nucleus? He began to experiment, only a little at first, but gradually the demands on his time became greater. Umeko took over the business at home, caring for the children, working with the noodles, her slim hands never idle.

The weeks stretched into months and then into years. What was the secret of the pearl? Mikimoto longed to hurry experiments that could not be hurried, for several years must elapse from the time the small piece of mother-of-pearl was inserted into the shell of the oyster until the results could be seen. During those years the oysters rested on the ocean floor in specially prepared baskets.

Now the town elders, once so cordial, averted their eyes when they met Mikimoto. Small urchins followed him down the street calling, "Kichigai, kichigai ["Mikimoto is crazy!"]!" At home Umeko struggled with the noodles and fish and wearily tried to pacify the creditors who hounded her. The family's wide circle of friends began to dwindle, but Mikimoto seemed not to notice. He hardly had time for his family, let alone fair-weather friends.

Five years slipped away since the day that Mikimoto planted his first oysters. And one day, taking account of his progress, he realized that he had not noticeably made any at all. Five years gone! Were they completely wasted? Discouragement settled on him like a heavy coat, blocking his experiments, making him idle for the first time in many months. Sensing his mood, Umeko lightly suggested a picnic. "Come," she said, "you can lie in the sun and relax and the children can build sand castles."

So they went, rowing out past the oyster beds toward the little island that lay in the bay just off Toba. From force of habit Mikimoto pulled up a few baskets of oysters and took samples from each. On the beach he stretched inert on the white sand while Umeko carefully opened the oysters. As he was about to be lulled to sleep by the sighing of the sea, he heard her gasp, then call with intense excitement in her voice.

Scrambling to her side, Mikimoto saw cradled in her hand, a pearl! True, it was

not round, but it was a pearl, a luminous half-sphere, lovely in the noonday sun. "We've done it! The years are not wasted! Oh, the exquisite pearl. Quickly! Open the others from that basket!" Each oyster contained a pearl as delicate and perfect as a tiny half-moon. The years were not wasted.

But it was another ten years before Kokichi Mikimoto could perfect his process and bring to the market his first cultured pearls, indistinguishable from the rare chance-pearls. Fifteen years it took him altogether, fifteen years marked with drudgery and disappointment—and hope. But now the whole world knows him as the "Pearl King" and almost any woman who truly wants a pearl can afford one.

In the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D.C., is a miniature pearl palace, a gift from Kokichi Mikimoto, who used

to trudge the streets of Toba followed by shouts of derision.

Occasionally a small boat puts out into the sea off Japan, and into the briny depths impeccably dressed Japanese businessmen pour thousands of pearls. The Westerner smiles knowingly. This will prevent glutting the world market, he says. Not so, answers the esthetic Japanese. The pearls are a gift to the sea from whence they came. A grateful gift to the giver.

Today, some three years since our first visit to Pearl Island, I think of the statue of Mikimoto we saw there. It stands facing the spot where Umeko opened the first successful "cultured" pearl-bearing oyster. The Pearl King willingly sacrificed comfort and security to realize a dream.

Can Christians, dedicated to the Pearl of Great Price, plan to be less consecrated than Mikimoto was?

## YOUR PICTURES HAVE A MARKET

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Magazines also offer prize money for a variety of pictorial subjects. For example, there's an annual World Travel Photo Contest in which *The Saturday Review* awards trips to Europe and the Orient, as well as \$1,300 in cash prizes; a much more modest \$25 monthly award given by *Mechanix Illustrated*; and the monthly competition run by *American Girl* for its teen-age readers. (And speaking of teen-agers, any snapshotting high school student is eligible to enter the annual Kodak High School Photo Awards contest, which divides \$11,750 among 338 winners.)\*

What puts a snapshot into the money class? Here are the points contest judges and photo editors look for: First, does the picture really convey a message? Does it tell the story you want to get across? Does its subject have universal appeal? Then, does it capture the particular mood or atmosphere surrounding the subject? Have you made full use of lighting and selected the best viewpoint to give your picture proper impact? And finally, does the picture have a single theme, a central point of interest, a dramatic simplicity in its content and composition?

Besides entering contests, you can also sell your pictures to magazines, local newspapers, and the wire services or press syndicates. Some of the magazines listed in *The Writer's Yearbook* as prospective buyers of your camera-work are: *Outdoor Life* and *Sports Afield*, for "how-to" picture stories on boating, camping, and craft techniques;

*American Home* and *Living For Young Homemakers*, for "before-and-after" photos of home remodeling and decorating (the latter publication is also interested in picture stories on babies and young children); *Workbench*, *Home Worker*, *Popular Mechanics*, and *Mechanix Illustrated* are always looking for "how-to" features. The last-mentioned pays \$50 for a half-page using two or three photos, and up to \$125 for a full page.

As for the amateur's greatest thrill of all—the "scoop"—it's a matter of having your camera at the scene and catching a dramatic moment of local or national history just as it happens. And don't think it isn't possible to scoop the professionals. It is!

Two winners of the annual \$1,000 Pulitzer Prize for News Photography have been amateurs—one, a housewife who was a camera-eye witness to a breathtaking rescue; the other, a Georgia Tech student who interrupted a 3:00 A.M. "cramming" session long enough to catch a spectacular shot of a hotel fire. This hot-news picture, which he sold to the Associated Press, netted him a cool \$1,290 in fees and royalties.

Many casual snap shooters are discovering there's profit, as well as pleasure, in picture taking. With an alert eye, a loaded camera, a fast trigger finger, and a knowledge of the particular market for your pictures, you too may find "there's gold in them thar stills!"

\* Don't overlook the The Youth's Instructor Photo Mart. This year's deadline is November 30. Details immediately on request.



# SHARE

WORLD NEWS & MISSIONARY VOLUNTEERS



## Three Bible-Quiz Teams Tie for First Place at Congress

by James W. Zackrison

Medellín, Colombia.—Nearly 800 delegates gathered on the beautiful campus of the Colombia-Venezuela Union College in Medellín, Colombia, for the opening meeting of the second union-wide youth congress of the Colombia-Venezuela Union. The college, better known as Icolven, is situated on a hillside overlooking the city of Medellín, which is nestled in a deep valley between the green Colombian mountains. It is difficult to imagine a more perfect setting for a youth congress.

As the time for the first meeting drew near, delegates began to arrive at the beautiful new G. W. Chapman Memorial Auditorium. There were young people from each of the seven different missions comprising the Colombia-Venezuela Union and from the college. There were delegates from the two Venezuelan missions, from the high and cold capital city of Bogotá, Colombia, from the faraway Colombian Islands off the coast of Panama, and from the equally faraway islands of the Netherlands Antilles in the Caribbean Sea.

The inside of the auditorium was beautifully decorated. The backdrop was a reproduction of the MV poster Spotlight on the Bible, magnified many times the original size. On the elevated platform and in front of the pulpit stood a large replica of the Holy Scriptures, open to Psalm 119. Lights inside the Bible illuminated the texts on these pages, especially emphasizing verse 105. On either side of the Bible in large let-

ters was the motto, *Alzad la Lámpara y Andad en Su Luz*, meaning "Lift Up the Lamp, and Walk in Its Light." These words set the theme for the congress.

W. T. Collins, MV secretary of the Colombia-Venezuela Union, welcomed all the delegates to the first meeting of the congress. As the Colombian national anthem was played, the flags of three countries and of the Missionary Volunteers were brought in, each carried by a

uniformed Master Guide. The entire congregation sang "Firmes y Adelante"—"Onward, Christian Soldiers."

Theodore Lucas, the keynote speaker, emphasized that the influence of this congress would be felt in all the world. "We live," he said, "in the days that the apostles prayed to see—the last days. God does not see us as we are, but as we can be in Him." He challenged the youth at the congress to take back to their churches the experience and spiritual zeal they would gain at the congress.

A typical day at the congress began with the devotional service at 8:00 A.M., followed by demonstrations, group discussions, and instruction periods. A special feature of every devotional meeting was the Bible Emphasis Period. Scripture was read for one minute from

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*Familiarity with the Bible made Mario Niño and Alirio Amaya first-award winners in the quiz.*



## Outdoor Club Operates Varied Summer Program

Seattle, Washington.—The summer calendar of the Washington Conference Outdoor Club proves that there is never a dull moment for this organized group of live-wire Missionary Volunteers. Some of the high lights reveal the variety and challenge:

June 30 to July 3—Family Campout at White River Campground. The mountain climbers of the group took to the trail on Sunrise entrance road from the campground in Mount Rainier National Park.

July 2—Climb Skyscraper Peak, from Yakima Park. Limited to those taking the basic climbing course. Minimum age: 14 years.

July 4—Family picnicking, water skiing, hiking, swimming, and other outdoor activities at Sunset Lake.

July 9—Skin diving outing on the Straits of Juan de Fuca, for both skin and SCUBA divers. Different forms of life are found in this area.

July 23—Fourth annual boat cruise aboard the *Harbor Queen*.

July 26-31—Trail trip to Canada and back from above Barron, or without trail from Buck Creek Pass to Suiattle Pass, "depending on who wants to go." Ropes, one for every three or four persons, would be needed for trip without trail.

August 1, 2—Climb Ingalls Peak. Camp overnight at Ingalls Lake. Bring rope for every three persons.

August 3 to 10—Trail trip, short daily stints, Chinook Pass to White Pass.

The Outdoor Club bulletin features an exchange of information between members on discoveries of new hiking or camping locations, and also reminds members to put the Outdoor Club stickers on every car window.

## Operation Fireside Is Spark for More Plans

by Desmond Cummings

Decatur, Georgia.—The Mobile, Alabama, MV youth recently organized for the Operation Fireside project. The teams faithfully gave their Bible studies, which were followed by a series of decision meetings. Of the thirteen persons who united with the church as a result of the decision meetings, eight were the direct results of the Fireside

Bible studies the youth had conducted.

Fired with enthusiasm, Mobile youth have now organized into "Tell Ten" literature teams. At a recent Sabbath morning eleven o'clock service they came forward to signify their pledge to distribute ten pieces of literature each week. To complement these efforts, the youth have also organized into "Tell Ten" Friendship Teams. This team goal is to make ten friendship visits each month.

Because of God's rich blessings, the senior youth again have been inspired to launch out in even greater witnessing for God. "Tell Ten" enrollment teams, whose team goal is to enroll ten individuals per month in the Bible correspondence school, have been organized and are now functioning.

Already plans are being made so that all of this seed sowing will culminate in a glorious climax of Operation Fireside Bible studies, followed by another decision series.

## MV Goals Far Exceeded in Congo Early in Year

by J. G. Evert

Ruanda-Urundi, Africa.—One may be tempted to think that because of all the trouble we have had in the Congo, that wonderful country torn by the turmoils of independence, we have not been able to carry on with our normal program of preaching the gospel and getting our young people to work for the Master.

The year 1960 was proclaimed as Youth Year in the Congo Union, and with the help of the Lord we have been able to accomplish much for our young people. We have held Weeks of Prayer for them. Many of them were inspired to go out and preach the gospel, and they have conducted evangelistic efforts after the Week of Prayer. In one area a young man closed his store for a period of two weeks so he could go out and work in the territory assigned him. As a result of his work 44 people accepted the truth.

This is the first time that youth congresses have been held in the Congo, and as we considered our plans we were a little afraid our young people would not be able to travel because of the political disturbances. In fact, it was suggested that we not hold youth congresses but instead conduct regional meetings; but our African leaders felt

deeply impressed, and they went right ahead with preparations for youth congresses, which were held, and many blessed victories were gained.

Pastor E. L. Minchin asked them to hold up their Bibles and wave them. This was a new idea and the young people enjoyed it. One young man who had no Bible to wave gave this testimony. He had to run away from his home because he was being forced to join a political party that was responsible for burning houses and stealing property and even killing people. He had lost his Bible while fleeing from the rebels.

Another young man at the congress had also refused to take part in the burning of houses and villages, and he was beaten with 30 stripes. He thought he was going to die, but the Lord spared his life and he stood to give his testimony.

As our fortieth anniversary objective, the division gave the Congo Union a goal of 600 young people to be invested this year. To date, 10,000 have actually been invested in the various MV Classes in the Congo Union. Another goal we had was for the young people to bring 3,300 persons to Christ, and reports reveal that our total stands at 6,872. We thank the Lord for His wonderful Spirit working upon the hearts of our young people. The work is not closing up because of strife and unrest, but is onward in a strong way.

## Largest New York Class Completes Leadercraft

by M. E. Erickson

Syracuse, New York.—Fifty-eight young people received certificates at the conclusion of a Leadercraft Course conducted at Union Springs Academy, March 17 and 18, by M. E. Erickson, New York Conference MV secretary, and V. W. Becker, Atlantic Union Conference MV secretary.

This group, composed of academy students as well as faculty members and several visitors, was the largest class ever to complete the Leadercraft Course in the New York Conference.

High enthusiasm was shown throughout, and many students expressed their appreciation for the privilege of receiving the instruction offered. For many the two-day session meant the fulfillment of one of the requirements of the Master Guide work.





Master Guides Manuel Sierra and Raquel Huerfano unveiled a simulated congress Bible.

## BIBLE QUIZ TEAMS

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the pulpit, then the whole congregation joined in several minutes of silent Bible reading, each reading whatever passage he desired.

Friday night G. E. Maxson, MV secretary of the Inter-American Division, spoke on the subject "The Latter Rain." When the call was made at the end of the sermon every person in the audience stood. The entire congregation then formed into prayer bands and prayed for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the congress. As the prayer season ended, Wendell Lacy, soloist for the congress and pastor of the Bogotá Central church, sang in his rich bass voice "Holy Spirit, Fill Me," while all were still on their knees.

High lights of the congress were the Share Your Faith experiences on Sabbath afternoon and the Bible Quiz Contest. Seven teams of two youth each from the various missions in the union and from the college participated as finalists in the contest that began in the missions several months before.

Three teams tied for first place. There were tense moments as each new question was asked, and the score was tallied on a large blackboard. The final round saw the team from the Upper Magdalena Mission's "Colegio El campo," directed by Robert Hamm,

edging out the Netherlands Antilles team by one point, with the Icolven team, directed by Luis Florez, a close third.

The members of the winning team had the privilege of choosing between two prizes. First, there was a 500-peso scholarship award offered to each of them, to study in Icolven. In case the winning members had finished their education, or for any other reason could not arrange their plans to attend Icolven, an alternate award consisted of a large Bible concordance, a Bible dictionary, a complete set of matching volumes of the Christian Home Library, with Bible bookmarks and reading plans.

First prize winners Mario Niño and Alirio Amaya expressed before the congress their loyalty to the Christian academy in which they are presently enrolled, and unhesitatingly chose the alternate awards. Second place awards went to Lydia Dorbeck and Vincent Duncan of the Netherlands Antilles Mission. The Icolven team comprised of Mercedes González, an education major from Venezuela, and Ismael de Angel, business administration major from Colombia, received duplicate third-place awards. Spirit of Prophecy books were given to all the other participating teams.

Typical of the Share Your Faith experiences was the story told by Plutarco

Córdoba. He was won to the message as the result of a Missionary Volunteer showing him the Scriptures. He later went out to share his faith, and met persecution and difficulties. He told how the place where he was holding meetings was stoned by a group of boys. One of these boys came after him with a machete, and cut his hands. Plutarco, putting his faith in God, went back to the same place and won to the message the boy who had attacked him with the machete.

In response to the closing torch-lighting ceremony, the entire congregation of young people was invited to join in carrying the light of truth to their home territory. What a sight it was as every delegate rose, signifying his determination to "Lift Up the Lamp, and Walk in Its Light." Immediately after the consecration prayer, the Missionary Volunteer torchbearer left the auditorium still carrying the torch high and was followed by the congregation, symbolically going forth to begin the task to which they had consecrated themselves.

## MV Societies Organize Brass Bands for SYF

Watford, Herts., England.—MV Societies in England are innovating brass bands as part of their Societies' framework. After being marched through the streets with delegates to the International Youth Congress to the accompaniment of the police band, Bernard Kinman, British Union MV secretary, came up with this fresh idea for the MV Society at Stanborough Park.

One of the joint band leaders at Stanborough Park, B. Goulstone, remarked, "Here is a medium with an appeal to a class of individual who would possibly not be drawn to a lengthy evangelical discourse or a high class musical attraction but who, nevertheless, must be reached if we are to successfully complete that which has been committed to us." In this way the band is being used not only for personal pleasure but as a new type of Share Your Faith group.

Weekly meetings help to improve the quality of the band and also provide a closer fellowship with other church members. It provides a hobby for those who are musically-minded and offers a musical education for those with no previous training. In some of the

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### MV Team Leaves for Mission Field

✓ San Jose, California.—A 15-member MV evangelistic team, bound for Limón, Costa Rica, were given a send-off at the Central California Youth Congress, held at Soquel, July 13-16. The young people were chosen on the basis of their participation in MV evangelistic projects during the past few months. They traveled to Costa Rica in three compact buses provided by the Ford Motor company for the trip. Dr. Kent Taylor and Elder Joseph Espinosa were members of the team. Dr. Taylor flew his private plane loaded with medical supplies. Elder John McIntosh guided the bus tour. The MV evangelistic team will conduct a Voice of Youth series of meetings, and also assist Dr. Taylor in medical missionary work in surrounding villages.

### House-to-House Visiting Nets Fine Results

✓ Mount Vernon, Ohio.—Carl Carnes and Mark Clay, two Missionary Volunteers of the Columbus, Ohio, Society are members of a Share Your Faith band. Recently on a Sabbath afternoon they worked five and a half hours visiting from house to house and enrolled 64 people in Bible courses out of the 85 homes visited. They found two former Adventists and had "wonderful visits."

### New MV Camp Under Development

✓ Arlington, California.—The Southeastern California Conference has purchased a summer campsite at Pine Springs Ranch. MV Secretary W. D. Blehm spent weeks this summer in conducting primitive camps for junior-age youth who like the rugged style, and in directing the development of the camp for a full-scale camping program. "We are keeping in mind a camp," says Elder Blehm, "that will have special interest for senior youth activities. If all goes well, we might be able to begin conducting a full-fledged camping program at the new camp next summer."

### Mobile Clinic Project for Lake Titicaca

✓ Montevideo, Uruguay.—Youth of South America are giving offerings for the acquisition of a mobile clinic for the Lake Titicaca region. The goal is \$5,000.

### Youth Camp Meeting Draws 7,000

✓ Glendale, California.—Three age levels were provided for at the youth camp meeting, a regular part of the Southern California camp meeting. Three tents housed the senior youth, the earliteens, and the junior youth. The attendance reached about 7,000. MV Secretaries Ellsworth Reile and Bill Henry were in charge. Hundreds of decisions were made, many of them in response to calls by Elders H. M. S. Richards and E. R. Walde.

### Leaders' Trip Includes Death Valley

✓ Arlington, California.—A field trip, June 15-17, took 35 Pathfinder leaders of the Southeastern California Conference from Death Valley, at 115 degrees in the shade, to their campsite at Mahogany Flats, 8,000 feet elevation. One of the main purposes of the trip was to find mammals, insects, and reptiles that exist where ground temperatures may reach 160 degrees. The group succeeded in finding snakes, lizards, 20 mammals, and two or three species of insects that had never been classified.

### New MV Honors Adopted

✓ Washington, D.C.—Ten new MV Honors were adopted by the North American MV Secretaries Council in May of this year. They represent a variety of interests: Horsemanship; Indian Arts and Crafts; Lichens, Liverworts, and Mosses; Seeds; Marine Algae; Swimming (Advanced); Sailing; Skin Diving; Water Skiing (Basic and Advanced); Plastics.

### Indiana Purchases New Camp

✓ Indianapolis, Indiana.—MV Secretary C. M. Willison sends word of the purchase of a new campsite of 197 acres, near Spencer, Indiana. There is a 13-acre spring-fed lake on the property. Development of the site as a youth camp had been started by others prior to the purchase, and buildings include five cabins that will house ten campers each.

## Australian Youth Like Youth Bible Conferences

Gordon, New South Wales.—The first two Youth Bible Conferences to be held in the Australasian Division were pronounced highly successful by MV Secretary A. White of the Trans-Tasman Union Conference, in whose field the conferences took place, and by the young people who attended them.

For the first Youth Bible Conference, in Brisbane, 120 delegates registered, and about 150 were present on Sabbath. Pastor F. Gifford of the Queensland Conference remarked that the choice of subjects to introduce such a conference proved to be a good one. The youth who attended were interested to the very last meeting. In a final interchurch quiz on the material presented, there was great enthusiasm among those competing, and it was amazing how much they actually remembered.

Delegates from each church were charged with the responsibility of securing as complete a report as possible for MV Society records and for presenting the material in MV meetings. The young people took this task so seriously that Pastor Gifford feels it will form the basis of a great educational program. "I am even considering having one every quarter," he said.

The second Youth Bible Conference for Australia was held at Eraring, New South Wales. "What a blessing the Bible Conference proved to all who attended," said Pastor Lansdown. Instructors from Australasian Missionary College led out in such important subjects as "Why and How We Should Study God's Word." The Voice of Prophecy sent a representative, who presented a textual study of the book of Ephesians. The feelings of a number of youth who remarked, "We have never heard anything like this before," perhaps were summarized best by the delegate who said, "A new experience, a new vision, and from now on a new life."

### SYF BRASS BANDS

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smaller societies members from several surrounding churches have joined together to form a band, sometimes consisting of only six members but still bringing another phase of worship to those listening.



# Sabbath School Lesson

Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

## II—Character Contrasts

(October 14, 1961)

**MEMORY GEM:** "As obedient children, not fashioning yourselves according to the former lusts in your ignorance: but as he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation" (1 Peter 1:14, 15).

**OUTSIDE READING:** *Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 71-79, 575-580, 727-745.

### Introduction

"Cain and Abel, the sons of Adam, differed widely in character. Abel had a spirit of loyalty to God; he saw justice and mercy in the Creator's dealings with the fallen race, and gratefully accepted the hope of redemption. But Cain cherished feelings of rebellion, and murmured against God because of the curse pronounced upon the earth and upon the human race for Adam's sin. He permitted his mind to run in the same channel that led to Satan's fall,—indulging the desire for self-exaltation, and questioning the divine justice and authority."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 71.

### 1 The First Two Youth

#### 1. What did Eve say when her first child was born?

"I have gotten a man from the Lord" (Gen. 4:1).

**NOTE.**—The Hebrew has no word for "from" in this passage. Eve said simply, "I have gotten a man—the Lord." She thought her baby was the answer to the promise she had heard from the mouth of the Lord in Genesis 3:15.

#### 2. What occupations did Cain and Abel follow?

"Abel was a keeper of sheep, but Cain was a tiller of the ground" (Gen. 4:2).

#### 3. What offerings did they bring to the Lord, and with what result?

"Cain brought of the fruit of the ground. . . . And Abel, he also brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof. And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering. . . . And Cain was very wroth" (Gen. 4:3-5).

**NOTE.**—"Cain had the same opportunity of learning and accepting these truths as had Abel. He was not the victim of an arbitrary purpose. One brother was not elected to be accepted of God, and the other to be rejected. Abel chose faith and obedience; Cain, unbelief and rebellion. Here the whole matter rested."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 72.

#### 4. How did Cain forfeit his birthright?

"Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him" (Gen. 4:8).

#### 5. In looking beyond the act of murder, what do you see as the fundamental difference between the brothers?

"Wherefore slew he him? Because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous" (1 John 3:12).

"The devil . . . was a murderer from the beginning" (John 8:44).

### 2 Samuel and the Sons of Eli

#### 6. What role did Samuel fill as a child?

"Samuel ministered before the Lord, being a child" (1 Sam. 2:18).

#### 7. What is written about the development of his character?

"Samuel grew on, and was in favour both with the Lord, and also with men" (1 Sam. 2:26).

**NOTE.**—"All are given an opportunity to develop character. All may fill their appointed places in God's great plan. The Lord accepted Samuel from his very childhood, because his heart was pure. He was given to God, a consecrated offering, and the Lord made him a channel of light. If the youth of today will consecrate themselves as did Samuel, the Lord will accept them and use them in His work. Of their life they may be able to say with the psalmist, 'O God, Thou hast taught me from my youth; and hitherto have I declared Thy wondrous works.' Ps. 71:17."—*Counsels to Parents and Teachers*, p. 537.

#### 8. How are the characters of the sons of Eli described?

"The sons of Eli were sons of Belial; they knew not the Lord" (1 Sam. 2:12).

**NOTE.**—*Belial* is defined as "worthlessness, and hence recklessness, lawlessness . . . a worthless, lawless fellow."—*Smith, Bible Dictionary*, p. 79.

"God held Eli, as a priest and judge of Israel, accountable for the moral and religious standing of his people, and in a special sense for the character of his sons. He should first have attempted to restrain evil by mild measures; but if these did not avail, he should have subdued the wrong by the severest means. He incurred the Lord's displeasure by not reproving sin and executing justice upon the sinner. He could not be depended upon to keep Israel pure. Those who have too little courage to reprove wrong, or who through indolence or lack of interest make no earnest effort to purify the family or the church of God, are held accountable for the evil that may result from their neglect of duty. We are just as responsible for evils that we might have checked in others by exercise of parental or pastoral authority, as if the acts had been our own."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 578.

### 3 A King's Son and a Young King

#### 9. What judgment was pronounced on David for his sin?

"The sword shall never depart from thine house" (2 Sam. 12:10).

#### 10. What kind of record did David's son Absalom make?

"Absalom stole the hearts of the men of Israel" (2 Sam. 15:6).

"Absalom sent spies throughout all the tribes of Israel" (2 Sam. 15:10).

"Absalom rode upon a mule, and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth" (2 Sam. 18:9).

"Joab . . . took three darts in his hand, and thrust them through the heart of Absalom, while he was yet alive in the midst of the oak. And ten young men that bare Joab's armour compassed about and smote Absalom, and slew him" (2 Sam. 18:14, 15).

**NOTE.**—"David had neglected the duty of punishing the crime of Amnon, and because of the unfaithfulness of the king and father, and the impenitence of the son, the Lord permitted events to take their natural course, and did not restrain Absalom. When parents or rulers neglect the duty of punishing iniquity, God Himself will take the case in hand. His restraining power will be in a measure removed from the agencies of evil, so that a train of circumstances will arise which will punish sin with sin."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 728.

#### 11. What was the family heritage of young King Josiah?

"He [Manasseh] did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord, after the abominations of the heathen" (2 Kings 21:2).

"Manasseh shed innocent blood very much, till he had filled Jerusalem from one end to another" (2 Kings 21:16).

"He [Amon] did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord, as his father Manasseh did." "He forsook the Lord God of his fathers" (2 Kings 21:20, 22).

"And the people of the land made Josiah his son king in his stead" (2 Kings 21:24).

**NOTE.**—"Born of a wicked king, beset with temptations to follow in his father's steps, and with few counselors to encourage him in the right way, Josiah nevertheless was true to the God of Israel. Warned by the errors of past generations, he chose to do right, instead of descending to the low level of sin and degradation to which his father and his grandfather had fallen. He turned not aside to the right hand or to the left."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 384.

#### 12. What course did Josiah pursue?

"Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign, and he reigned thirty and one years in Jerusalem. . . . And he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord" (2 Kings 22:1, 2).

"And like unto him was there no king before him, that turned to the Lord with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his might, according to all the law of Moses; neither after him arose there any like him" (2 Kings 23:25).



### 13. What reassuring word came from the Lord?

"Because thine heart was tender, and thou hast humbled thyself before the Lord, when thou heardest what I spake against this place, and against the inhabitants thereof, that they should become a desolation and a curse, and hast rent thy clothes, and wept before me; I also have heard thee, saith the Lord" (2 Kings 22:19).

NOTE.—Ask Samuel, Absalom, and Josiah if you want to find the answer to the question, Does obedience pay? The experience of these young men proves that with or without a good parental heritage, obedience to the will of God is supremely important. These youth are continuing reminders to us to listen when the Lord speaks, and to follow where He leads. He is ready to help us cultivate now, whatever our background, a trend of obedience which He can and will recognize for what it is at the end of the way.

### 14. Just how far does this obedience extend? Memory Gem.

The Amplified New Testament translation reads, "Be holy in all your conduct and manner of living."

NOTE.—Far from being just an exterior arrangement to be put on or off at will, obedience is an interior experience that affects all that concerns the exterior. Obedience begins with the condition of the heart and extends to every facet of the life.

Scriptures quoted from *The Amplified New Testament* are used by permission of the Lockman Foundation, La Habra, California.

### Quizangles

1. Why was not the fruit of the ground suitable for an offering? (1)
2. Why did Cain kill Abel? (1)
3. Who thought well of Samuel? (2)
4. The sons of Eli had a second father. Who was he? (2)
5. What kind of example for Josiah did Manasseh and Amon set? (3)
6. How old was Josiah when he began to reign? (3)
7. In what respect was he unique? (3)
8. What four parts of his personal attitude toward God did the Lord commend him for? (3)

NEXT WEEK, October 21, 1961—Lesson title: "Triumph in the Supreme Test." Outside reading: *Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 145-155. Memory gem: Gen. 26:4.



**Question** *We are a married group of Seventh-day Adventists between the ages of twenty-five and forty, who have just organized a social club. We have had several different opinions, however, as to what "social" constitutes. We would like to have your opinion on miniature golf and the games of Pit, Careers, and Scrabble. If there are any other permissible games that have not been mentioned, we would appreciate your naming them.*

**Counsel** It is good that your group is exploring the meaning of *social* as you plot the course for your newly organized club. May you be sure to define it in terms of unselfishness.

When a group of Seventh-day Adventists band together, a powerful potential is created. A group organization is a dynamic thing. If its sole purpose is personal entertainment, there is great risk of creating a self-centered attitude in the members and a superficial experience.

Understanding this, one may more safely choose group activities. Games such as those mentioned are second best. How much do we learn from them? In what ways do they improve us? Can we keep the competitive spirit at a safe level? Are they a good investment of our time?

The activities of a "couples club" should bring improvement to the members, socially, mentally, physically, and spiritually. For recreation, outdoor pursuits that combine learning with pleasure are best.

At times it may be necessary to substitute games, but we cannot afford, in the name of sociability, to lose sight of our responsibility to our community and the world at large. We have a message for a doomed world, and little time in which to deliver it.

**Question** *The other day I refused a cola drink. I explained I had heard there was a harmful substance in it. But can you explain this substance to me?*

**Counsel** There are really three objections to cola drinks.

One relates to the sugar content of the drink; one to the acidity; and one to the caffeine content. Most soft drinks contain four to six teaspoons of sugar, which would yield from 64 to 96 calories. The colas contain approximately 20 grams, or 5 teaspoons, of sugar, or approximately 80 calories of food value. This amounts roughly to the caloric content of a slice of bread. Drinking any beverage with this much sugar content between meals is similar to eating a small sandwich or a few cookies.

In the report of a study that was done in 1950, there is an evaluation of the acidity of various soft drinks. They range all the way from Ph 2.4 to 4.7. The colas rated 2.4. You will recognize that this is rather strongly toward the acid side. This creates danger to the integrity of the enamel of the teeth, as this enamel is decalcified in the presence of the acid solution. Even strong lemon juice exerts a damaging decalcifying effect if the exposure is extensive. It is obvious then that the frequent leisurely sipping of this type of beverage could have some damaging effect upon the teeth.

The third consideration that could be mentioned in connection with cola drinks is the presence of a small amount of caffeine. Cola drinks contain approximately  $\frac{5}{8}$  grain of caffeine or approximately  $\frac{1}{3}$  as much as that contained in a cup of tea and  $\frac{1}{4}$  as much as is contained in a cup of coffee. The damaging results of indiscriminate or frequent taking of such amounts of sugar, the action of this rather strong acid solution on the teeth, and the known effect of the caffeine content of this beverage are reasons for questioning the use of the cola drinks.

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

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

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

The Youth's Instructor, October 3, 1961



► According to civil defense officials, the National Emergency Alarm repeater buzzer system, which would furnish each home, office, and factory with a direct alarm for any impending attack or disaster, would make it possible to alert the entire nation within one minute after a signal from the Air Defense Command. The system is housed in a small black box that can be plugged into any 110-volt circuit. Through the local power company, it will sound a loud buzzer for 50 seconds, with a 10-second pause between signals, by superimposing a 240-cycle signal on the regular 60-cycle current until the danger is passed. The buzzer is intended to alert listeners to turn on the radio to Conelrad frequency for civil defense information. *Science*

► A new electric typewriter has no type bars and no movable carriage. The revolutionary typewriter types by means of a single sphere-shaped element that bears all alphabetic characters, numbers, and punctuation symbols. As the typist types on the conventional keyboard, the sphere-shaped element moves from left to right on its carrier across the paper as it selects and types the desired characters. There is no need for the movable carriage. *IBM*

► Tanganyika, the twenty-fifth African state created since World War II, will become fully free on December 28. It was administered by Britain first as a League of Nations mandate and since 1946 as a United Nations trust territory. It won internal self-rule, May 1. The population numbers some 23,000 Europeans, 200,000 Asians and Arabs, and 9 million Africans. *NGS*

► The United States has given \$350,000 to Greece for its atoms-for-peace program to help pay for the one-thermal megawatt pool-type research reactor at the Democritus nuclear research center near Athens. The reactor achieved criticality recently. *Science*

► "Pomp and Circumstance," played universally as a graduation march during the month of June, was written for the 1901 coronation of Edward VII of England. It was composed by Sir Edward Elgar, who was born in June, 1857. *AMC*

► Buffel grass seed, pelleted in a mixture of insecticide and fertilizer, is being successfully sown in areas of Northern Australia that are infested by seed-harvesting ants. Queensland Department of Agriculture

► Ronnie Robertson, world champion ice skater, can spin faster on ice skates than anyone in the world, 420 rpm to be exact. *Science*

► In the last 15 years, some 600 million people have passed out of the rule of the Western powers and have become citizens of their own independent states. *ABS*



Key to source abbreviations published January 3, 1961.

► The capsule in which American astronauts ride is made up of 10,000 components assembled under hospital-sterile conditions. Every workman wears a white cap and gown and those without special footgear cover their shoes with plastic bags. *NGS*

► Haleakala National Park on the island of Maui became America's thirtieth national park on July 1. Dedication services included music by the 301st United States Army Reserve Band and Hawaiian entertainment. The park was formerly a section of the Hawaii National Park network. *HVB*

► The world's finest successful submarine attack was launched in the Civil War by the Confederate *H. L. Hunley*, a converted boiler tank bearing a torpedo at her bow and carrying a volunteer crew of eight. When the Federal fleet in Charleston Harbor first spotted her they took her for a porpoise. The *Hunley* sank the Federal sloop *Housatonic*, but failed to return to port herself. *The Otis Bulletin*

► Each day billions of meteors plunge into the atmosphere, but only a small percentage are bright enough to be seen. Daylight, clouds, trees, and late hours also cut down the number reported. Occasionally large stones fall, and a few reach the ground before they are consumed. Striking the atmosphere at 45 miles per second, these fireballs can be as bright as the moon, and can make thunderous explosions. *NGS*

► Since ancient times colors have played an important role in many phases of medical science. Red materials were used in Macedonia to prevent fevers, in Russia to cure scarlet fever, and in Scotland to relieve sprains. A scarlet cloth was believed effective in stopping bleeding, and the breath of a red ox was considered helpful in treating convulsions. As late as 1878 a physician, writing concerning the relationship of color to medicine, recommended red to treat paralysis, physical exhaustion, and chronic rheumatism; yellow and orange to stimulate the nerves; and blue and violet to alleviate inflammation in sciatica, sunstroke, and cerebrospinal meningitis. *PD*

► Thirty United States citizens flew to Europe in August to boost the "Visit U.S.A." program. Their mission, the first of its kind, was to personally invite Europeans to visit typical American families at home. The group was from the Humboldt-Del Norte counties area of northern California and included physicians, lumbermen, foresters, and others. They visited their counterparts abroad and invited the Europeans to their homes and to vacation in the United States. *SAS*

► Visitors to Australia may be puzzled by the term "bailing up." It is used to express stopping a person or thing suddenly, perhaps forcibly, and originated in Melbourne during the Gold Rush. Gangs of thieves, operating in threes, waylaid drunken miners. One man used his open hands to pin the victim's neck against a wall, in the same manner that a dairy cow is penned by the neck into her bails for milking; hence, "bailing him up." *Behrens*

► An estimated annual \$250 million worth of damage to the structures in the United States is attributed to the work of termites. This is more than double what it was 10 or 15 years ago. The trend toward milder winters in northern areas is a possible cause for the increase. *Smithsonian*

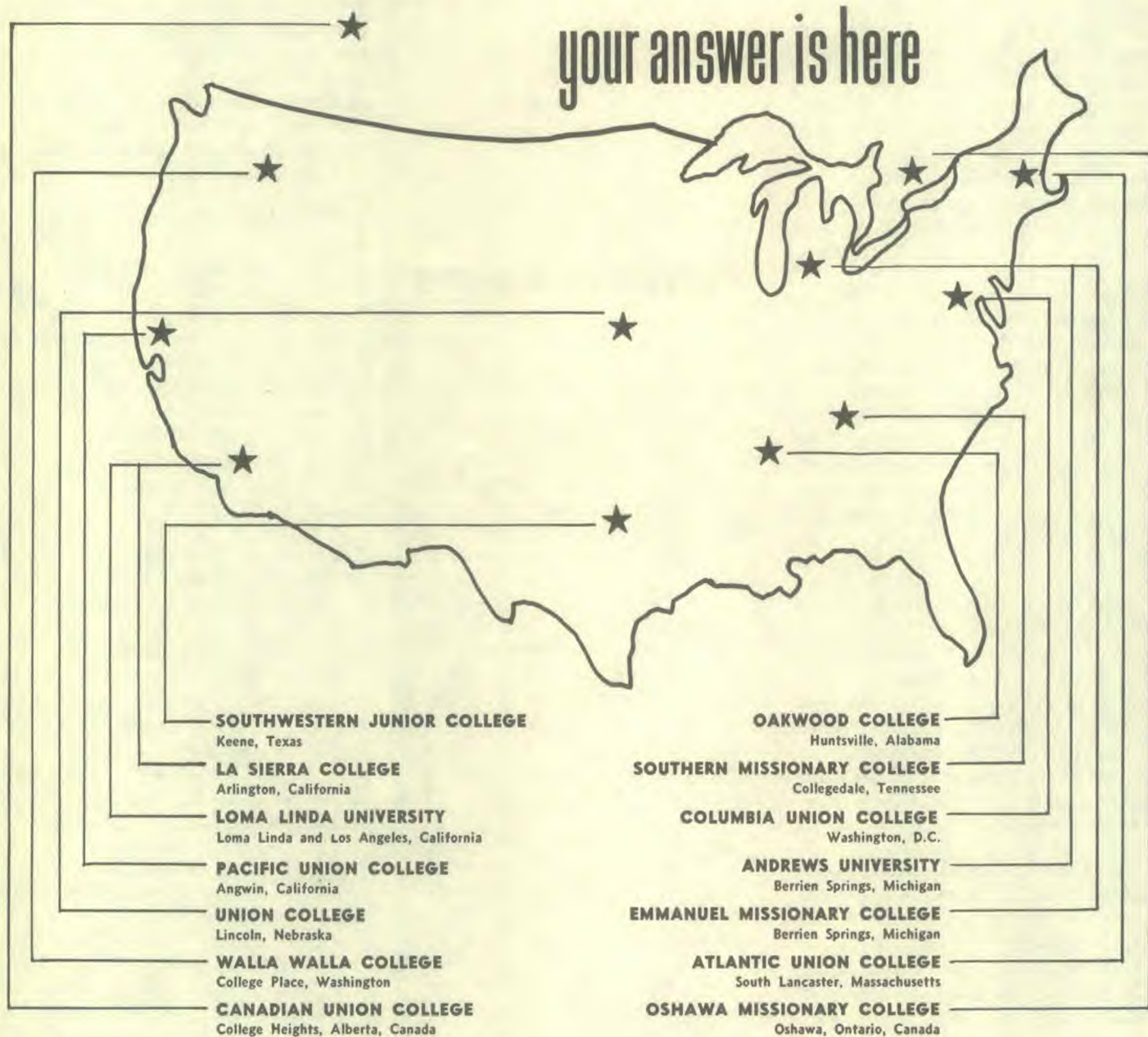
► A pilot plant to remove strontium-90 from milk is being tested by the Government at its Beltsville, Maryland, Agriculture Department Research Center. The process would be valuable in case of nuclear attack. *Science*

► Hawaii ranks highest as the place most people would like to visit on a trip to the Pacific. Next highest on the list of 20 countries, a survey revealed, are Japan and Tahiti, with Australia and Hong Kong next. *HVB*



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