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the  
**Youth's**  
20 instructor

MAY 15, 1962

For a heartening family  
project, recounted by  
Mildred E. Meyer, read

**The House That Fran Built**

[Sabbath School Lessons for May 26]

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F-3101 Alone  
F-3102 America  
F-3103 At the Cross  
F-3104 At the Door  
F-3105 Beneath the Cross of Jesus  
F-3106 Brightly Beams Our Father's Mercy  
F-3107 Can the World See Jesus in You?  
F-3108 Day Is Dying in the West  
F-3109 Face to Face  
F-3110 Give Me the Bible  
F-3111 He Leadeth Me  
F-3112 He Lifted Me  
F-3113 He Lives  
F-3114 He Ransomed Me  
F-3115 He Whispers His Love to Me  
F-3116 How Sweet Are the Tidings (He's Coming)  
F-3117 I Come to the Garden Alone  
F-3118 I Shall See the King

F-3119 I Sing the Mighty Power of God  
F-3120 I Walk With the King  
F-3121 I Want to See Jesus, Don't You?  
F-3122 I Will Follow Thee, My Saviour  
F-3123 I Would Be Like Jesus  
F-3124 I Would Draw Nearer to Jesus  
F-3125 In a Little While We're Going Home  
F-3126 In the Sweet Bye and Bye  
F-3127 Is Your All on the Altar of Sacrifice?  
F-3128 Jesus, I Come—Out of My Bondage  
F-3129 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken  
F-3130 Jesus Is Tenderly Calling  
F-3131 Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross  
F-3132 Jesus Paid It All  
F-3133 Jesus Saves  
F-3134 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me  
F-3135 Jesus Took My Burden  
F-3136 Just as I Am

F-3137 Just When I Need Him Most  
F-3138 Lift Up the Trumpet (Jesus Is Coming Again)  
F-3139 Living for Jesus  
F-3140 Longing  
F-3141 Marching to Zion  
F-3142 Master, the Tempest Is Raging (Peace, Be Still)  
F-3143 No Disappointment in Heaven  
F-3144 O That Will Be Glory (The Glory Song)  
F-3145 Old Rugged Cross, The  
F-3146 Redeemed  
F-3147 Ride on, King Jesus  
F-3148 Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us  
F-3149 Shall We Gather at the River?  
F-3150 Since Jesus Came Into My Heart  
F-3151 Softly and Tenderly Jesus Is Calling  
F-3152 Some Bright Morning  
F-3153 Sweet Hour of Prayer

F-3154 Tell Me the Story of Jesus  
F-3155 That's Why I Love Him  
F-3156 The Golden Morning Is Fast Approaching  
F-3157 There Is a Gate That Stands Ajar  
F-3158 Throw Out the Life Line  
F-3159 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus  
F-3160 Trust and Obey  
F-3161 You Must Open the Door  
F-3162 Walking With Jesus  
F-3163 Watch, Ye Saints (Jesus Comes)  
F-3164 Way of the Cross Leads Home, The  
F-3165 We Are Nearing Home (Just Over the Mountains)  
F-3166 We Have an Anchor  
F-3167 What a Friend We Have in Jesus  
F-3168 What a Gathering of the Faithful  
F-3169 When Jesus Shall Gather the Nations  
F-3170 Where the Gates Swing Outward Never

# SONGS

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The Youth's Instructor, May 15, 1962

**W**E OFTEN stopped by Uncle Charlie's well-stocked grocery on our way home from school, Hal Neal and I. The prospects were always good for a ripe, juicy apple or an almost overripe banana handed to us by Uncle Charlie himself.

The little old man, his face wrinkled with many years' problems and his hair liberally streaked with gray, always displayed a wide, toothy grin as he commented, "They'll be too ripe to sell by tomorrow." Then he'd always wink, and that told us boys this was Uncle Charlie's way of treating.

Every Wednesday he had two large stacks of white handbills waiting for us to distribute to every house in Ashville. These bills advertised the specials Uncle Charlie offered on fruits, vegetables, meats, and canned goods on Thursday, the weekly "special" day.

Hal Neal and I made a game out of this weekly job, he taking one side of the street, and I the other. Never would we think of dividing the town and going alone; that would have robbed us of the endless banter that flowed between the two of us. The fifty cents we received for performing this chore each Wednesday was all the spending money we'd have for the week. Hal Neal had been my best pal for a long time. We played marbles, ball, and soccer together by the hour. The first time I was asked to distribute handbills, Uncle Charlie had said, "Bill, this will take you too long if you do it by yourself. Your mom won't

like your staying out after dark that long, but if you know a good, reliable boy who could help you—" I knew one all right! Before he finished speaking I was out the swinging screen door and up the street, calling "Neal! Neal! Hal Neal!"

We never missed a single Wednesday on the job. Then one day a small tent circus drove stakes just on the outskirts of town. To a small-town boy who'd never been to a zoo, an elephant, a lion, and a zebra were really an unusual sight. We stood wide-eyed before the colorful posters on the old buildings around town.

There was a merry-go-round and even a Ferris wheel. Entertainment of this type seemed like a once-in-a-lifetime thrill to us boys. The circus was to arrive on Wednesday for a one-night stand. Hal Neal and I looked at the date with a sinking heart. We would

have to deliver Uncle Charlie's handbills!

By the time the great day arrived we had considered every possible way of getting out of our job, but had discarded each idea. Two downhearted boys trudged into the grocery that Wednesday hoping that by some miracle there would be no handbills and we'd be free to go to the circus, but to our dismay the two big stacks were there waiting for us. They looked twice as high as usual.

Once on the street, we made up our minds to hurry the job faster than we'd ever done before; we'd set a new record for speed. We hurried, we sprinted, we finally dashed from house to house, but the white leaflets weren't dwindling fast enough to suit us.

As we neared a small culvert running underneath the street, a devilish idea occurred to both of us almost at once—

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# Uncle Charlie's Handbills

by WILLIAM I. RANKIN

ILLUSTRATED BY S. E. BOHLMANN



# 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 1962. 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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MAY 15, 1962

## My Mop

by VIRGINIA VESS

My mop was just a tousled thing,  
A drab and drippy second best,  
Until the day capricious spring  
Detailed it for a robin's nest.

With Mrs. Robin's tugs and pulls  
Some feathers floated on the air,  
But greedy for each bit of wool,  
She left my mop unstrung and bare.

Then later, when her birdlings flew  
In timid spurts, all flips and flops,  
She taught them every art she knew,  
Commanding from my stringless mop.

each of us would stuff a handful of bills under each end of the culvert and be through much sooner.

The excitement of the little circus seemed to overpower any qualms of conscience we might have had. The rain that had begun to fall late in the evening as we started home gave us no portent of disaster, so thrilled were we over what we had seen.

Promptly at 7:35 A.M. Thursday morning Uncle Charlie strode from his house on Maple Street. Up the gravel walk he progressed in his brisk manner, enjoying the freshness of the world after the showers of the night before. The streets were thoroughly dampened, and water was running freely in the ditches.

Uncle Charlie paused, stiffened, and stared at something that he found hard to believe. If he had seen one of yesterday's handbills floating in the ditch, he would not have considered it unusual, but here was, indeed, a strange sight—multitudes of his water-soaked bills were clogging the ditch near the culvert!

It didn't take Uncle Charlie long to deduce the meaning of the sight that met his eyes, nor did it take him long to act. He didn't tell mom what had happened, he just said crisply, "Send Billy, and tell him to bring that other boy!"

Hal Neal and I spent the day spreading out handbills in the sun to dry. As fast as a batch of them dried, we scurried to the houses we had missed the day before. We worked with the urgency of drowning men. Neither of us

gripped; we knew we had it coming. What we were almost sure of was that Uncle Charlie would never again ask us to deliver his bills, and that the precious fifty-cent payment would be lost.

Normally, we two boys would have stopped in at Uncle Charlie's grocery the following Monday afternoon, but without either of us having said a word we deviated from our usual school-to-home route for the first time in years. Tuesday, we were almost to the store before we thought of it, and even then, we passed without pause.

By Wednesday it was more than we could bear. Cautiously we opened the screen door and slipped in. Uncle Charlie was busy with a customer, but he must have heard even the slight sound of the door, for he looked straight at us. Hal Neal and I stood rooted to the spot and held our breath. We had no idea what Uncle Charlie would do.

Just when we were certain that he would turn a cold shoulder and ignore us, his face broke into a grin. Placing his hands on the top of two stacks of handbills, which until now we had completely overlooked, he said, "They're right here—been waitin' for you." Then he came around the counter with a couple of the biggest, reddest apples I had ever seen. "These look like they'll be left," he winked. "Might spoil before tomorrow. You two had better take 'em."

Uncle Charlie was like that!

The Youth's Instructor, May 15, 1962

## out of Zebulun-3

**Prowess** The contests of track and field challenge the physical best in youth. The cover scene was taken by Guido A. Drogemuller during the pole-vault event at Glendale High School, California, and entered in Photo Mart.

**Prowess** A fascinating revelation from the author of *Fundamentals of Christian Education* sets the mind in motion about man as first created. "God endowed man with so great vital force that he has withstood the accumulation of disease brought upon the race in consequence of perverted habits, and has continued for six thousand years. . . . If Adam, at his creation, had not been endowed with twenty times as much vital force as men now have, the race, with their present habits of living in violation of natural law, would have become extinct."—Pages 22, 23.

**House** In the 1960-61 school year Mrs. Mildred E. Meyer was enrolled in creative writing at Southern Missionary College. On May 16 the Pen League checks for awards and acceptances for SMC students were distributed during chapel. At the suggestion of Evelyn Lindberg, her teacher, she came to chapel and was sitting in the very last row of the balcony "to see the others get their awards." Her entry, "The House That Fran Built," took the Grand Award in the Advanced Writers Division. Because it was double length, her award check was also "double length," according to contest rules.

**Texas** "I do appreciate the standards that are upheld for our youth in the INSTRUCTOR. I am also glad for the position held on the health message, which I feel is more important than many realize. In the December 26, 1961, issue I note the interesting story by Cleoral Lovell, 'This Little Pig Had None.' I am making use of this cleverly written experience in storytelling. One error slipped into the write-up, however. James's Epistle was not written by Paul. . . . In my eightieth year I am young enough to enjoy the INSTRUCTOR still." EDGAR BRIGHAM, M.D., Rusk.

**Suffering** "We should never forget that we have been redeemed by suffering."—5T 86.

Many young people on every Seventh-day Adventist campus would benefit by enrolling in more writing courses than are presently offered. A large percentage of our academies publish school newspapers; most of our colleges publish either a weekly or a biweekly newspaper. Few SDA secondary or collegiate schools do not issue a yearbook or annual.

Add to these literary and newspaper productions the smaller but not-less-frequent productions of student associations and literary clubs. Representative of these is the *Gadfly*, published by the Pegasus Club of Walla Walla College. Their eleventh number came out in the spring of 1961. For a number of years the Literary Club of Atlantic Union College has issued *Contours*. *Icon* is published by the Student Association of Pacific Union College. A more recent entry in the field is *Prism*, an anthology of freshman composition, produced by the English department of Emmanuel Missionary College.

These publications provide opportunity for student expression in writing. They encourage youth with talent to develop this talent for potential use to the church in its extensive publishing program.

The *Seventh-day Adventist Yearbook, 1962*, lists on ten pages our publishing houses; twelve pages list SDA publications. In these twelve pages are English-language publications, foreign, union conference periodicals, and division periodicals. Add to these, student publications, English and foreign, throughout the world, and you gain some insight into how many people must put out how many words on paper to maintain the tide. And don't forget the scores of books and pamphlets issuing from our presses yearly.

Last year the Department of Education of the General Conference sponsored an Academy Creative Writing Laboratory, first outcome of which was *First the Blade* in 1961.

In the *Journal of True Education* of October, 1961, Editor Richard Hammill concluded his editorial, "A Plea for the Second of the Three R's," with this paragraph:

"The servant of the Lord has said, 'Some young persons . . . do not improve their advantages. They would like to read and write accurately, but the price of excellence is hard work, and they will not pay it.'—*Sons and Daughters of God*, p. 322. It is our responsibility to encourage them to pay this price."

We encourage youth to pay the price to acquire that degree of excellence that will fit them to support our educational system as teachers and deans and administrators. We encourage them to pay the price to prepare to pastor our churches, keep the books in our conference offices. We encourage them to pay the price to keep Seventh-day Adventist hospitals Seventh-day Adventist, in patients' rooms, in laboratories, in the operating theater, in every department of our complex medical institutions.

Why shouldn't we encourage youth—in 95 per cent of the instances the same youth who work in our schools and hospitals and conference offices—to pay the price to join the cast of those in the supporting role of our vast publishing enterprise?

Walter C. Crandall

## coming next week

- "PHOTOGRAPHING A WILD PARTRIDGE"—Harvey Hansen relates the adventures of a "hunting" spree, and accompanies the story with outstanding photos.

# What an Idea!

from *PRECIS*

ARE you sure that new item you've got your eye on is really "new"? Radical changes are rapidly making the latest models of many products as obsolete as those of ten years ago.

Basic changes are adding complete new dimensions, and if you look for them you can save yourself time, money, and a host of inconveniences. Did you know, for instance, that locks don't have to have keys, lingerie needn't be made with seams, and electric drills can be used without plugging them in? To guide you to really new products, here are some now available, as well as others in the process of development.

Two varieties of dial-less telephones include a "card dialer" and a "push-button dial." The one lets you punch a telephone number on a small plastic card and file it for future use. To reach the number, simply take the card from the file, insert it in a slot in the telephone, and you have automatically dialed the number. The push-button model is an accessory that lets you dial a telephone number to record it permanently on magnetic tape. To reach it thereafter just roll that section of the tape into position and push a dial bar. Old numbers can be erased and new ones added. The high capacities of these units suit them mainly for business use, but smaller home systems are also under study.

A new push-button lock does away with the need for keys, saving space in overcrowded pocketbooks and pockets, and avoiding the inconvenience of lost keys. To open the lock, one punches five push buttons in predetermined order and turns a knob. The lock is also safer than others, because it has no tumblers that can be sensed, and it cannot be picked. If the owner wants to change the combination, he can clear the old combination in less than ten seconds and set in a new one.

Nylon lace can now be molded into a three-dimensional shape free from any seams, a revolutionary process that will have strong impact in many fields, particularly women's apparel. First application for the fabric is in lingerie, where the one-step molding operation does away with some fifty piecing and stitching operations.

The initial fabric is being made by Liberty Fabrics of New York utilizing Chemstrand's specially made nylon.

Liberty calls its fabric Libform. Lace is the first molded fabric, but some thirty other fabrics, including knits and tricots, can be made from the moldable nylon. The seam-free construction of the various end products increases the wear of the fabric and simplifies sizing. Shoes, bathing suits, and upholstery are the next fields where the molded fabric may find application.

Battery-powered electric appliances, especially electric drills, now on the market for the first time are opening new opportunities for the do-it-yourselfer. Outlets aren't needed, and the tool can be used far from electricity sources as on pleasure boats, in the country, and in similar areas. In close quarters there's no need to struggle—or strangle—with electric wires. The idea has possibilities around the kitchen too, for beaters and other appliances. Hazards of working with electrical appliances around water are also eliminated, both indoors and outdoors.

Another commercial product that may wind up in the home is a portable wall that is made by a California concern and can be installed with only a hand air pump. Air seals at tops and bottoms of partitions inflate to secure them against floor and ceiling. Husbands lamenting the urges of wives periodically to rearrange furniture may not be too pleased at the prospect of moving walls, too.

Items still in process of development include air-conditioned clothes and craft that ride on air cushions. Air-conditioned suits have already been tested in certain types of work aboard Navy ships where temperatures are high. Domestic use someday may make it possible for the housewife to slip into something really comfortable when slaving over a hot stove.

A number of firms, including the Government, are working with various vehicles that travel on air cushions created by forcing air under them at high pressures. Maneuvers on land have proved that such craft move easily in any direction, including sideways to park in cramped spaces—another development the ladies will welcome.

The big problem with these applications is keeping up with the fast paces at which they are moving, but all add up to greater comfort and convenience and lend more meaning to that traditional query, "What's new?"

# Notes for good sound Listening

by LOVICK PIERCE HALEY III

THE COMMAND performance by the Philadelphia Orchestra was certainly something I shall always feel a bit proud about, especially since it was conducted in the quietness of our family living room. Who wouldn't have felt honored with such distinguished guests! Listening to the performance itself was a privilege, and our family possessed a season ticket entitling us to enjoy this same orchestra throughout the year. And too, this family ticket was purchased for the sum of only \$4.98.

Personal friends of Mr. Ormandy? you might ask. As a matter of fact, we have never seen him or his orchestra. But any local hi-fi record department carries such tickets for sale to anyone desiring them.

Perhaps this is not like having an orchestra present in your living room, but you must admit it's far more practical. And this arrangement has its advantages. At least your attire need not be a white shirt and tie or an expensive dress. Rather, one may wear a pair of red pajamas. Another advantage is that you are the program manager. You may choose your music according to your mood—anything from a concerto to a delicate tone poem.

But all too often I have found that

when the words *concerto* or *symphony* are mentioned, immediately someone objects, announcing that such music isn't comprehensible to him. This attitude is to me most distressing, for immediately the one who expresses such an attitude marks himself as lacking understanding. I'm not quite sure such a person is pleased with his deficiency, although at times he would have us think so. Rather, I am almost inclined to believe that such people simply haven't had these "high and lofty" terms correctly explained to them.

The word *concerto*, for example, means simply a composition for one or more solo instruments with orchestral accompaniment. You might say that you once heard a clarinet quartet play a theme from a Rachmaninoff piano concerto, and that this quartet certainly had no orchestra to back it up. This simply means that a work originally composed for piano and orchestra was transcribed for clarinet quartet.

*Symphony* is another word sometimes misunderstood by some people. Some of our "hit" tunes, however, are the same melodies we hear in symphonies, although not so nicely done as were the original orchestra pieces. The knowledge that a serious piece of music can be made understandable may make a

composition much less awesome or dull.

To understand music brings rich rewards as does familiarity with any area of knowledge. The person who really wants to unlock the treasure chests of great music will have a search that is most exciting and profitable, even though it may take some hard work on the listener's part. Some basic steps toward comprehension will prove essential. One doesn't walk into an art exhibition and understand the paintings without some previous knowledge or training; and neither does one assemble an engine without first learning some fundamental procedures that he must carry out. Music is no different.

We may compare music to a foreign language. If you know something about languages you enjoy communicating with someone else who speaks them. It's interesting—seeing the other man's viewpoint through this new channel. And too, it allows us clearer understanding and interpretation of other people's customs.

On the other hand, if you know nothing about these languages you soon would tire of hearing lectures or speeches presented in an "unknown tongue." And you would have every right to feel this way, since you couldn't understand what was going on.

Music is in some respects the same—a mode of expression that one must understand in order to appreciate. The principle is the same with art, work, and religion. In order to enjoy something to its fullest, we must know something about it.

Music, as has been suggested, is a language; and we should learn some rules and acquire some ideas of how music is put together and how to enjoy it when we hear the parts assembled.

Nothing, however, can do so much for a student as interest—a deep desire to unlock some particular subject. The quest is challenging, but when the goal is reached one feels he has accomplished something that was worth the effort spent. The new knowledge not only gives a sense of confidence but adds enjoyment to the daily life.

"Interest, interest, interest! That's all well and good," you may say, "but how do I develop it?"

A good question, and there are many answers.

First of all, if you know nothing about the subject, one of the best ways to learn is to ask someone who does. No matter how trivial your questions may seem, ask someone. The asking accomplishes two things: it makes the other man feel useful and at the same time

gives you the information you desire.

As a second means of developing interest, read about the composer. He's a real personality and reflects his individuality in his compositions. By learning about one composer, we acquire knowledge of numerous productions, since each great composer usually has composed a collection. Knowing the composer makes listening to his work more significant. You have a *personal* interest.

Learn some of the stories told by certain famous compositions and do your best to identify each happening depicted by the music. If you don't hear it the first time, try again. It's there, and when you find it you'll feel that you've accomplished something because *you* dug it out. You have increased your musical vocabulary and have thus made deciphering the next composition easier. *Peter and the Wolf* is one that will certainly be interesting to experiment with. Don't start with those so difficult that you find them trying.

You should not suppose that every composition must tell a story. If there is no story, simply let the sounds create one to fit your mood. You might hear a locomotive while someone else could sense the sea or an airplane. No two people have the same mental picture as they listen to a composition. Be individualistic in your listening.

Some good listening pieces that are apt to give you immense pleasure are the *Peer Gynt* suites, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Scheherazade*. And, of course, the descriptive American *Grand Canyon Suite*.

Surprisingly enough, there will be numerous pieces you didn't think you knew, whose old and well-known melodies are actually familiar. You simply didn't recognize the name. Grieg's piano "Concerto in A Minor," Rachmaninoff's "Piano Concerto No. 2," and Tchaikovsky's "Piano Concerto No. 1, B Flat Minor" all have themes you know. To hear something you are acquainted with is another secret of enjoyment. It's like returning to familiar surroundings after being away from home a long while.

Since the orchestra fills such an important role in presenting classical music, one will find himself enjoying such music more if he has an idea of how the various instruments sound. Of course, one knows that an orchestra is a unit, and if one of its sections is absent, the orchestra is not complete. A spark plug is a small thing, but if it is missing from a motor, a lack of power will be noticed. And so, if the piccolo

section is missing, the music is incomplete.

Don't become discouraged if you hear an instrument now and then that you are unable to identify, since this experience happens even to those who know a good deal about music. But you should be able to distinguish which division or section is playing—the brass, woodwinds, strings, or percussion. Per-

## Motif

by FRANCES OETTEL

Flickering poppies  
Glow in warm camp meeting grass  
Like bright hallelujahs.

haps one of the quickest ways to learn the instruments of an orchestra is to obtain from your local library a record explaining and demonstrating each instrument in an interesting and helpful way. Did you know that it is often possible to check out a variety of records from the library just as one would books? Such service is especially helpful in rounding out your musical repertoire.

An interesting characteristic to notice in orchestration is the manner in which the theme is given first to one instrument and then to another—a device that adds variety and often changes the mood. This certainly enhances the listener's pleasure, even as the different plays in a basketball game make its action continually different although a central purpose or goal is always in mind. The composer who is clever in his choice of instruments can convey color and setting just as an artist does with different blends of pigments.

As mentioned earlier, you are the program manager of your hi-fi set. You control the dynamics and you decide the type of music to which you will listen. If you want something militant, try the "1812" overture or enjoy the formality of "Pomp and Circumstance." If you prefer the light modern concerto you will find the *Cornish Rhapsody* by Sir Hubert Bath and the *Warsaw Concerto* by Richard Addinsell two rewarding pieces.

Of course, Dvorak's "New World" and Tchaikovsky's "Pathetique" are two symphonies that should be included in everyone's collection of great music. These are standard works that the whole world enjoys.

Now if you are a devotee of im-

pressionistic music the *Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun* and *Daphnis et Chloé* could easily become your favorites. Each of these has a different and surprisingly delightful effect. The *Cornish Rhapsody* has a grand goose-bump-raising quality about it with its flashy orchestration, while Debussy's *Preludes* and Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloé* elicit far more subdued and quiet reactions. These latter two compositions must be digested, for a mere look at the surface cannot give a true impression. Their music is too rich to be taken at once and immediately understood. Certainly this quality makes it all the more engrossing, for instead of becoming old and dry, it revels in its depth of meaning, so that the listener is apt to hear something new in the fiftieth or seventy-fifth listening.

These discoveries only make the picture more complete in descriptive detail. When one can let himself become a part of the picture conveyed, then and only then can he feel that true comprehension is taking place. The composer has then become an intimate friend, and the tie between composer and listener is accomplished.

Absorb all you can from every listening experience. Become as versatile as possible in the language of music, for the larger your musical vocabulary, the more you are able to communicate musically.

The final step, and the one that is perhaps the most rewarding, is that of actual attendance at an orchestra concert. Your hi-fi records are unbelievably accurate reproductions, but a live performance holds something that simply can't be transmitted to the surface of a vinyl disc. Somehow, I think this "something extra" will never be captured outside the concert hall.

If you find this process of learning to understand music a bit trying at times, you must remember that to explain precisely what music *is* or should be to any person is an impossibility. Music is art, and "art, like love, is easier to experience than define."\* We see, then, that specific formulas cannot be set down defining a person's reactions to music. Music gives form to emotions, desires, and feelings that are more or less common to mankind, yet difficult to express.

But if the basic guide rules to understanding are followed, all of us are sure to run across some treasures that we may keep to make our lives rich and full.

\* Joseph Machlis, *The Enjoyment of Music*, p. 3.

*This unposed prayer trio, taken at fellowship time, is composed of Gary Williams, Louisville, Kentucky; John Fowler, Collegedale, Tennessee; and Gary Strong, Louisville.*

by CHARLES R. BEELER

# *Receiving to Impart*

**T**WO symbols—one audible, the other visible—portray the spirit that characterized the second Southern Union MV Bible Conference, held at the Florida MV department's Camp Kulaqua, November 29 to December 2, 1961.

When first noticed, the audible symbol seemed to be a distracting nuisance. The popping of some two hundred notebook ring binders being snapped shut, periodically pierced the solemnity of the meetings. Strangely enough, the sound did *not* disturb; it was noticed only subconsciously by minds that were reaching for all the knowledge and in-

spiration they could hold. The snapping only indicated that hands were carefully storing away in notebooks what was at the same time being absorbed by minds and hearts. It was a symbol of receiving in order to impart.

Counsel and instruction was given by a score of denominational leaders. It was all intended to stir young adults to search out for themselves the bases of Christian belief, and to be zealous and unafraid to share their faith, especially with other young people.

W. Melvin Adams, associate secretary of the General Conference Religious Liberty Department, jarred

youthful indifference and aroused lofty ambitions with a series of talks on "Last-Day Events."

How and why a youth should become a Christian and live the sanctified life was simply and clearly explained by Bruce Johnston, of the Theological Seminary faculty at Andrews University.

The devotional phase of the conference was highlighted by a communion service, held early Sabbath morning. Leading up to this inspiring rite was a series of studies on the meaning of the Lord's Supper and its emblems.

The central feature of the confer-

*Top: Elder Bruce Johnston directs a group discussion. Middle: The Bible conference culminated in a candlelight ceremony. Bottom: Small gatherings such as these pictured were typical of fellowship periods.*

ence was the series of eight sessions for group discussion. The groups were small enough to favor individual participation. The topics studied were: How to Pray, How to Have Faith, How to Study the Bible, How to Lead a Friend to Christ, What the Spirit of Prophecy Can Do for You, How to Live Victoriously, How to Enjoy a Quiet Time, How to Take Back the Blessing, Standards versus Conformity, Final Events.

"Fellowship time" was one of the most enjoyable, yet purposive, parts of the program. Twice daily, everyone joined in voluntary, informal groups for friendly, impromptu conversation. This was more than mere social chit-chat. There was a warm, earnest exchange of ideas, experiences, personal testimony—all about Christian living, faith sharing, and the lifework. The stated objectives were to make new friends and to become accustomed to conversing about Jesus and salvation, even with strangers. Before parting, these groups became prayer bands, and the participants autographed one another's souvenir folders entitled "Friends I Have Prayed With."

The Bible Conference was conducted under the leadership of Desmond Cummings, MV secretary of the Southern Union. Assisting him were the MV and educational secretaries, and the presidents of several conferences. Faculty members from eight academies, and from Madison College and Southern Missionary College also participated.

The visible symbol was the lighted candle. Elder Johnston was speaking in the closing meeting, under starlit skies, in a natural amphitheater, the Campfire Bowl. He spoke of the great task God has given, a task that Adventist youth must go out and finish. He was describing the spiritual darkness of the world. The hush of enthralled attention was undisturbed when the lights were turned out and the speaker continued stressing the world's need for



the infiltration of the light of the gospel.

In the darkness there appeared a lighted candle. Don R. Rees, Southern Union president, extended it to light one in the hand of Elder Cummings, saying as he did so that he dedicated himself to the task of spreading the light. Elder Cummings challenged every person present to pass the light on, and he lit candles in the hands of the MV secretaries who were with him on the platform. They, in turn, passed down the rows of young people, who by now held waiting candles.

Soon the whole Campfire Bowl was ablaze with light from so many small flames, more than 200 of them, and everyone was singing, "Send the Light." Still singing, and with candles illuminating serious, dedicated faces, they filed out and formed four closing prayer circles at different places on the campus. Those faces, those fervent prayers, those circles of light in the darkness, made a deep impression that will not soon fade. The lighted candle was a symbol of dedicated youth going out to spread the light.



Key to source abbreviations published January 2, 1962.

► Unlike green plants, mushrooms have no chlorophyll. They cannot manufacture their own food, and must live on the organic remains of plants and animals. A few species are parasitic, but most flourish in woodland humus. Growing mushrooms are 90 per cent water, and they surge up with the power of a hydraulic lift. Young mushrooms have forced their way through paving. Mushroom spores are so buoyant that a beam of light projected into a laboratory tube of spores will cause them to churn up like smoke. In still air, some spores take two and a half hours to fall 100 feet. NGS

► Speed of obsolescence and modernization costs are problems of the aerospace industry. Four years ago an aerospace company purchased 226 machine tools at an average cost of \$60,000 each. Equipment on 150 of these tools, amounting to \$3.75 million of the total cost, is now obsolete. A typical machine tool that cost \$30,000 in 1952, was replaced with a newer model costing \$65,000 three years later. The model required now costs between \$69,000 and \$79,000. Aerospace

► Since 1938, the last year of peace before World War II, aggregate gross national products of the eighteen Western European countries have risen by some 70 per cent. Production of industrial goods is more than twice as large, and agricultural production is up by more than a third. TCF

► The college student of the '60's spends 18 hours a week studying, 11 hours on jobs, 15 hours on extracurricular activity, 9 hours on dates, 8 hours in conversation sessions, and 8 hours on club activities, in addition to attending classes and meeting with counselors and teachers. AT and T

► Exceeded only by oxygen and silicon, aluminum is one of the most abundant elements in the earth's crust. NGS

► The average doctor-resident's wife is 28 years old, has been married for nearly five years to a 29½-year-old physician, and has a BS degree in teaching or nursing. AMA

► A monorail system connects the Seattle, Washington, downtown terminal to the fairgrounds of the Century 21 Exposition. The train will speed up to 70 mph and carry 450 passengers over its 5,200-foot route in 95 seconds. MLPFS

► Amateur radio operators should send their listings for the 1962 Radio Log to THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR Editorial Office, no later than June 1, 1962. Follow this model: WA6BOQ—Wiley M. Elick, Box 401, Hanford, Calif. —80, 40, 20, 15, 10. Phone and CW. SSB./6 Pacific Union College—80 only. Ed.

► The frequency of normal swallowing was documented in a study of 15 adult volunteers. During a full night's sleep the average was 7.6 swallows per hour. Eating a standardized lunch in 10 minutes involved 48 swallows; sitting and reading for an hour, 34; and lying awake for one hour, 31. The information will be used in related medical study. Harvard

► A new commemorative postage stamp depicts a mother reading to her child from a Bible. This is the fourth stamp the United States has issued showing a Bible. It is one of a series of four-cent stamps symbolizing the influence of women in the home in giving spiritual and moral guidance. It marks the fortieth anniversary of the U.S. Department of Labor. ABS

► When in 1946 the Joint Chiefs of Staff appointed a Committee on Long Range Proving Grounds to select a site for long-range missile testing, they found Cape Canaveral singularly suitable. The twenty-five scrubby square miles that comprise the Cape had political stability, which meant indefinite United States control or ownership; ocean frontage to reduce the hazard from straying missiles; water transport for conveying construction material and for carrying the missiles from the fabrication plants to the launching pads; adjacent air facilities at Patrick Air Force Base for rapid transportation of people and equipment; and proper alignment with a string of land points halfway around the world for taking measurements of long-range flights and avoiding passage over Soviet-controlled territory. Science

► Throughout the brief rainy season in summer and early fall, the rare honey ants in the Garden of the Gods, Colorado, scurry at night from their subterranean homes to shrublike shin oaks. The foragers fill their second, or community, stomachs with honeydew that exudes from globular swellings on the twigs. When they return to their underground nest, they regurgitate and transfer their collected sweets to other ants. The storage ants, called repletes, swell up like balloons and, using tiny claws on their feet, suspend themselves from the ceiling of the colony's underground nest. A colony may have as many as 300 repletes dangling from the roof for the duration of their two-year life span. In the dry season hungry ants take drops of nectar from the living grocery store. NGS

► Measurable changes in brain biochemistry and brain anatomy can be produced in laboratory rats by providing them with a more complex environment, by giving them more training early in life, and then keeping it up into adulthood. The two psychologists and one biochemist who made the research study indicate that a rich environment and complicated problem solving actually transform the brain. UCAL

► The United States Chamber of Commerce originated at a nationwide conference of business organizations held in the spring of 1912 at the suggestion of President William Howard Taft. The President felt there was a need for a central organization to represent the various business groups throughout the country. USCC

► Rising over the harbor of the twin ports of Duluth, Minnesota, and Superior, Wisconsin, is a new, toll-free span, the \$21 million Duluth-Superior High Bridge. Two miles long, with four lanes, it replaces a swing type bridge built in 1897. NHUC

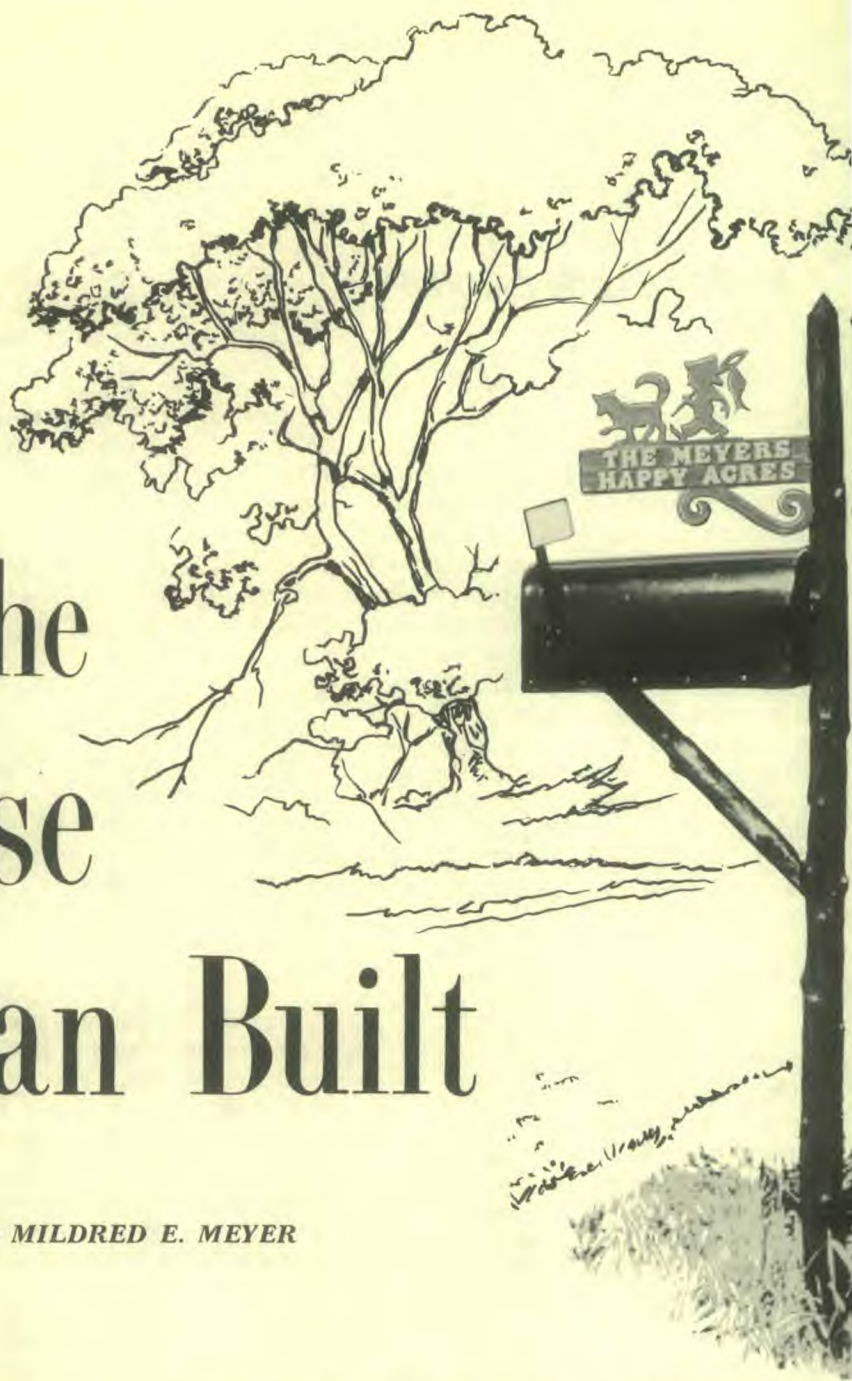
► Tallest monument in the United States is the San Jacinto Monument near Houston, Texas. The concrete-and-limestone shaft rises 570 feet, 15 feet higher than the Washington Monument. NGS

► Yellowstone National Park now is the home of a herd of 10,000 northern elk, twice what has been determined to be the carrying capacity of the range. IWLA

► The Republic of Indonesia is the largest and most populous nation of Southeast Asia. Its 92 million people represent a dozen ethnic groups. NGS

# this is the House that Fran Built

by MILDRED E. MEYER



**T**HERE you are, family, all moved in. Home, sweet home, be it ever so unfinished." Fran set the last box on the floor—subfloor, that is—and straightened his weary back.

"Just think! Supper under our own roof tonight," I beamed.

"And on our own door!" quipped Carol Ann, our vivacious seventh-grader, as she spread a plastic tablecloth over a bedroom door laid on cement blocks—not a bad table at all.

From the kitchen seven-year-old Kathie was bringing dishes. "Daddy, you couldn't put up our doors if you had time. They are all working." One glance kitchenward revealed several new doors on cement blocks, serving as cupboards and worktable.

"These walls are convenient; we don't have to use the doorway, just go between the studding anywhere."

Fran, the head of our house, looked at the stack of wallboard in one corner of the living room. "Then there won't be any hurry about getting that wallboard up," he smiled, "since it's so convenient without it."

"Well, we can get the plumbing in first, but it *will* be nice to have all these bare ribs covered," I answered. So far only the bathroom rated walls, with a folded sheet hung as a door.

Not exactly cozy, but to our family foursome this picture represented a definite milestone. Five months previously our site had been covered with

**The actual advantages of  
building one's own home far surpass  
in quantity those that meet the  
eye. Fran and Mildred  
Meyer can vouch for the fact.**



trees and undergrowth so dense that it obscured the road two hundred feet away. Early one May morning we had pulled in the old eighteen-foot trailer that was to be home while we cleared and built.

After the hectic experience of selling out in Cuba and pulling up our well-attached roots, it was a thrill just to be on our own three acres of land.

"It's so nice out here. Let's move our table out under the dogwood," someone had suggested. Bold tufted titmice peered curiously down as we picnicked on canned beans and (to returned missionaries) other "treats" from the fabulous American supermarkets. Overhead hung the tender char-

treuse leaves of spring, and in various spots where the warm sun shone on a thick carpet of dry pine needles the faint pine aroma made us wish breathing were a matter of inhaling only.

Here was the beginning of our dream come true—a country home where the girls could attend church school and Fran could continue in denominational service. Being a college press superintendent promised headaches and long hours, we realized from experience. The offer of a position that would be play in comparison was tempting. But that involved city living.

"We can't take the girls to that environment," we had insisted as we made our plans while still in Cuba. My city-born husband was as strongly convicted as I that the country was the place for children.

"Let's pray that we will find the right spot—a place with trees and garden space. A little creek besides would be too much to hope for, I guess. If the place should have a house we could remodel it if necessary. It's fun to fix a place up." That was my idea.

But Fran's differed. Once I caught him with the Sears catalog, making lists of materials and prices, just to get an idea of the cost. He wanted to try his hand at building a brand-new house—a real project for a printer.

"We still have some money in our savings account. We can add to that what we get from our furniture and car when we leave Cuba. If we could manage without a big loan we would save thousands of dollars over a period of years. Most folks don't realize how much they pay in interest."

"Let's go as far as we can on what we have," I agreed heartily. "I hate debt and payments hanging over my head. I'm thankful I wasn't brought up that way. I remember how during the depression, instead of drawing on our savings, dad sold a cow to pay my appendectomy bill in cash. In fact, the only bills I remember coming to our mailbox were for taxes."

"Remember, you promised us that we can have a dog when we get to the States," our animal-loving Carol put in. "I still think it was funny how Butchey pattered across the rostrum during chapel, wagging his tail," she giggled.

"But the director didn't. Yes, we'll find you a dog. We want a place that we can share too—room for company, and maybe an orphan or two."

So the house plan was begun. Magazine ideas

collected for years were sorted out, and some were incorporated into our sketch.

"If you girls could do more of the daily work when I am teaching, we could limit Niña's help to Fridays," I suggested. Everyone worked together toward saving for the new home.

Then came the move back to the U.S.A. One day we found just such a spot as we had prayed for. And half of our boundary line was formed—can you believe it?—by a winding spring-fed stream, garnished with watercress. No, it was not a park. There were briars, a swampy spot, and a large ditch where the driveway should be; but we were enthusiastic over possibilities.

"You will have a variety of trees," the former owner had pointed out. "Be careful when you trim out that you don't chop down the redbud and dogwood."

We had trees, all right. But now those trees were our first hurdle. I do believe we would have spent the entire summer clearing space for house and lawn if our friend Bob Sanborn had not come to the rescue with his small bulldozer. Soon fallen trees crisscrossed the open space like the havoc wrought by a tornado.

Sawing, chopping, and lugging logs made our soft muscles ache, but the thought of a cozy home with those same logs blazing in a fireplace spurred us on. Even the girls dragged brush and corded the smaller log lengths. When work for them grew scarce they discovered the "swimming hole" just over the bank from the back yard, where our meandering stream made a sharp bend under the elms. The squeals and laughter emanating from that spot told of more fun enjoyed together than ever before. What a contrast to our former fishbowl existence next to a dormitory on a college campus!

Hired helpers hastened the early building processes. Indefatigable Fran was the chief, but even the girls and I found many things we could handle. Sharp-eyed Kathie earned the reputation of lost-tool finder. When the bricklayer built the chimney it was my unglamorous task to carry water and mix what he called "the mud," which, to me, was "the goo." If my students in Cuba could have seen me sloshing in cement! After all, my help saved hiring a man. And think what a lovely background that broad, gray chimney would make for a scarlet climbing rose.

Soon after our amateur builder had the urge to attempt a house on his own, he had sent two dollars in response to an enticing ad for a large book: *Your Dream House, How to Build It for Less.*

"There's daddy with his recipe book," someone would tease, and we knew it could mean only one thing—he had run into a new snag. In spite of our little jokes we had to admit that the book saved many a day when no carpenter was near to advise.

Rain, when it descended upon us, brought problems, not only with mud but also with our house-on-wheels. In the night we might awaken to a sleepy



*Mildred and Fran Meyer relax on their porch.*

voice, "Mother, it's splashing in my face." Already there was a steady drip, drip in the pan placed in a cupboard, and we were side-stepping a pail in the middle of the floor.

But in a way, drizzly days were special. Not being able to work, we would head for some building supply company. Merely dressing up like people and going away gave us a lift. Items to decide on seemed endless, from shingles to doorknobs. Each must be chosen with durability and economy in mind, as well as beauty—quality without luxury.

One Friday it rained, that night it rained, and Sabbath morning it rained some more. "I wish some kind soul would invite us home today," I moaned, wading to the car. The girls seconded the motion. "Nice idea, but not likely," Fran warned.

After Sabbath school, Kathie, our little gadabout, whispered, "Has anyone asked us yet?" No one had, of course. Church over, we climbed into the car, feigning great disappointment. "Nobody loves us. Back to the mud, family. We didn't expect an invitation anyway."

Just then someone tapped on the car window. "Would you folks like to come home with us for dinner?" Would we!

The Andersons had to put up with us all afternoon.

One day Fran stood with furrowed brow surveying the newly dug pit for the septic tank, standing half full of water. What to do? His three-month time allowance was running out. That tank had to go in, and it would take hours to dip the pit dry. At dusk we heard a loud chug-chug-chug-chug far down Tallant Road. Nearer and louder it came. Then—"honk, honk"—into our drive sputtered an antique model-T fire truck. Across the lawn it backed to the septic tank hole, let down a hose, and drained it faster than we could say Good Samaritan. On the high seat rode the Sanborns, enjoying their little joke immensely.

Happily, the whole family imbibed the spirit of make-do until we could do better. Arriving home after her first day in school, Carol was seen busily concocting with characteristic ingenuity some monstrosity from boards and blocks under the sweet gum tree. "It's a desk, can't you see? Have to have a desk." Not a word about the lovely desk we sold in Cuba.

When Fran began full-time work at the press, building progress slowed to a crawl. "Looks as though we will have to hire a plumber after all," he admitted. Another subtraction from our dwindling cash. Fran wired the house, however, and laid part of the oak flooring. Behind a large cardboard tacked to the studding the girls slept soundly in the bedroom next to the living room, where Fran, with me as his unskilled assistant, hammered and sawed and planed nightly by the light of one dangling bulb. Occasionally different friends would drop in and help for an hour or two.

Complaints were few. Rather, each new wall, each cupboard or drawer, was a thrill. Only after admiring the newly finished and furnished homes of our contemporaries would we sigh enviously.

"How about it—shall we get a loan and forget this drudgery? We can have everything complete, even to new furniture, in a few weeks' time." We rolled the pro's and con's around in our mind. It was tempting. But that mortgage for the next fifteen to twenty-five years loomed up before us.

"No, we'll hold out as long as the money does," we resolved anew. "It's hard now, but it won't last forever."

On Thanksgiving Day Kathie danced with glee as she saw her first snowflakes come floating down. Brrrrr! To us tropical transplants it was cold. Kathie



*The whole family pooled talents and efforts in constructing "The House That Fran Built."*

needed a coat. The easy way would have been to buy one; but no, "I'll make one from that red wool coat of Rhoda's. Tailoring isn't my favorite occupation, but it means dollars for the house. My short one will do for me till January sales."

The first winter was rough. Icy breezes puffed up between subflooring boards. The electric saw occupied the center of the living room till Friday afternoon, when we would move it to one side and sweep up the sawdust.

At Christmas time we agreed to confine family gifts to clothing, to be bought on sale the day after Christmas. The girls were good sports.

In January the time came for us to apply for a small loan to boost our progress—and our morale.

"Midge, I simply could not stand to live like that. I'd lose my mind," a sister-in-law wrote. Well, there were times— But usually a sense of humor saved a hard situation. It was bearable because it was temporary, and constantly improving.

By the second winter we began to feel respectable. A broad, green lawn surrounded the house, which the year before had been covered with ugly, black sheathing. Now the wide siding was a sunny yellow teamed up with large expanses of white on gable ends, entryway, and garage door. A young Norway spruce stood guard by the entryway porch, with boxwoods and azaleas in line beneath bedroom windows. Under the picture window the sheltered plant wall had overflowed with bright petunias until Thanksgiving time. A breezeway porch linked house and garage.

The interior was also undergoing a face lifting.

"With all your fancy ideas, we could never afford such a place if we had to hire someone to build it," Fran reminded me as he nailed away on the "forty-leventh" shelf, this time one of the living room bookshelves.

"I know it, honey, and I just love every bit of it. My kitchen has twice the cabinets that any woman deserves, and counter space too. That scooter cabinet is a back-saver, and I don't know how we would get along without the low counter for mixing bread. It's handy for rolling out piecrust, too, and for Kathie when she cooks."

"I was just thinking what an ideal spot this corner would be for a built-in hi-fi someday." Fran leaned back to eye the whole corner. "Honey, are you sure we have enough possessions to fill all these built-ins, these three big drawers below the window seat, for instance?" My favorite cabinetmaker, it seemed, was becoming weary of cabinetmaking.

"You just make them and we'll fill them, won't we, girls? Might even allow one for your seed catalogs and such." Generous gesture!

In time the main bathroom had its share of built-ins.

"Well, I didn't know you had two kitchens," teased my brother at first sight of that room.

The budget remained tight, but not so tight it could not budge for festive occasions. When Carol finished eighth grade we were naturally proud of her being chosen vice-president of her class, but we were prouder of the way she had uncomplainingly done without things dear to a young girl's heart. What could we give her? What we wanted to give we felt we could not yet afford. Then, just before graduation, a friend men-

tioned a sale. We got what we wanted.

On some pretext we let her have it early. Eagerly she took off the ribbon, the paper, the box; then she saw it.

"A watch!" Her big eyes grew bigger, filling with tears. "Oh, thank you! I never dreamed of getting a watch. Oh, it's so pretty! But you shouldn't have spent all that money now. I could wait." She was so overcome she could hardly talk. My own eyes brimmed over as I wondered how much of the thrill she would have missed if she had always had every wish supplied.

Construction would have progressed faster if Fran were not such a perfectionist. He finished the sheetrock walls and ceiling so smoothly that professional builders thought they had been plastered. "If you ever sell this place, I want first chance at it," our neighbor said as she watched our progress. "I know how it is made."

Piece by piece we accumulated furniture—some new, some used, some from my parental home, and some custom-made by daddy, our Jack-of-all-trades-and-master-of-most-of-them. Before we could buy the sofa and chairs we wore the old Indian blanket covering the window seat mattress threadbare. It was replaced by a trim slip cover. Buying one item at a time on a cash basis took longer, but the joy of acquirement was unsurpassed. And it was really ours. Only once did we digress: after Carol practiced piano at school for a year it was time for Kathie to begin lessons. A trusting Adventist dealer allowed us three months to pay for a new blond spinet without carrying charges.



*Carol Ann and Kathie admire the ramblers.*

"We will never skimp on offerings, and of course tithe comes out first," we had pledged at the outset, lest we be tempted. "And when we have no building costs and no house payments, think what we can give!"

With some shopping around, many ways opened to help us not only to keep our pledge but to get settled comfortably at the same time. While wondering what I could do to ease the financial strain and still be home when the girls were home, someone who knew nothing of my desire offered me part-time secretarial work, which I accepted.

"How about going to pick out our wall paint tomorrow?" Fran asked one summer evening.

"Hooray!" Carol clapped her hands. "I know just what I want for my room—a delicate pink."

"That would be pretty, maybe with one wall papered," I suggested. "I do want paper for some places—for instance, a pretty scenic pattern for the piano wall."

"Daddy can hang the wallpaper, mother and Carol can paint, and I can play," Kathie planned with a roguish twinkle in her blue eyes.

"You mean you can keep house, little one. You're ten now. Maybe you can bake bread all alone this time. Aren't you glad you know how to do things?"

Kathie was not so sure. Nevertheless, she was capable, and we were pleased with her ability, as well as with Carol's. Their musical talent was a joy, but to teach them to be good practical housekeepers and dependable Christian workers was my first concern.

Actually, more than one house was in our plan. In time daddy built three miniatures and fastened them to back yard trees. No For Rent sign was needed. When the chickadees and titmice moved out in the summer, the flying squirrels moved in. By means of a well-stocked feeding tray below a birdhouse (squirrel house now) and a floodlight showing up the back yard, we were provided a live show each nightfall. Flying squirrels would come gliding in from all directions. With patience we soon had some eating peanuts from our hands.

"I'll make the bird feeder movable so as to bring it closer and closer to the dining room window," Fran said. Later he added a shelf to the window sill. Fourteen kinds of birds have been our dinner guests, all from the right side of the tracks—no starlings, no blue jays, no English sparrows. Many others inhabit our woods. Gardening time brings the piercing and persistent call of the whip-

poorwill. Each evening in early summer a wood thrush hops along the curved border of sweet William and larkspur that divides the back yard from the woods. At dawn and again at twilight as he pours out his liquid notes—a-olee, a-olee—pausing only long enough between to rewind his music box, we agree with those who call this the most heavenly of all bird music.

In the cleared acre our garden produces better each year. After our current needs are supplied, the freezer is filled to capacity, and we still have vegetables to share. Often I am reminded of the statement that "fathers and mothers who possess a piece of land and a comfortable home are kings and queens."\*

Seven years and several kegs of nails after we first set foot on our place we sat talking one evening. The Martins, who had occupied our house while we vacationed, had left that morning.

"The Martin family really liked living here," I reported. "Betty declared she hadn't enjoyed anything so much in years. Reminds me of when Ricky and Robby were here, how they were up and outside early each morning gathering all sorts of pocket-fillers, and having the time of their lives all day."

"I'm glad we have plenty of room for company. That's four bedrooms now with our cozy new gabled room at the end of the attic. The extra half-bath helps. Especially it did when Shirley lived with us so as to attend academy," Carol added. "And even more so when Mary Ruth and Helen lived with us this year. People ask how we could support two extras and send them to church school."

"We couldn't if we had a big mortgage. That's just one of the projects we can afford now, and it has been rewarding. I'm so glad we don't owe anyone anything. 'Strictly cash' may be old-fashioned, but when we get our check it doesn't go for things bargained for so long ago that they are half worn out already," I said.

Even Kathie, by nature free with money, was learning. She was also becoming her father's chief helper outside, chopping out underbrush and hauling it away in the red cart attached to the garden tractor. Driving that tractor changed work to play. She had taken her friends and even grandma zipping around in this "little red wagon."

"When do we finish clearing the woods?" Daddy changed the subject. He had a problem with trees, or perhaps it was with Carol and me. When we got that woodsman-spare-that-tree gleam in

our eye, daddy had to use his most persuasive powers.

The transformation of our brambly acres into Happy Acres, the name we chose for our home, has had its ups and downs, well seasoned with mistakes. While the financial savings have been substantial, we feel that even these are outweighed by the value of the experience for our girls. They have had a taste of pioneering. They have learned that economy is not miserliness; that, on the contrary, it enables one to have more so that he can give more. They have learned what family togetherness can do. No silver-platter experience for them!

Now they can enjoy the *World Book Encyclopedias* that were a Christmas surprise the year we were over the hump; the binoculars daddy brought from New York; the best in hi-fi records, which they play by the hour; the new zigzag sewing machine for which daddy built a handsome desk-cabinet, using the frame of the solid-walnut organ from my parental home. All these extras were realized from the savings on the house.

But our girls are also aware that much pleasure is not man-made. Among their memories of home will be the arrival of bluebirds, flitting by pairs from birdhouse to birdhouse; the peaceful tinkle of our shallow stream over a pebbly bed where the ferns grow, and the rushing, gushing of the same stream brimming full after prolonged rains; lacy patterns on our lawn on a bright moonlit night; clouds hiding the summit of Grindstone Mountain behind us, where we have often hiked; the contented, sleepy song of baby chicks settling for the night; the scent of a honeysuckle-blanketed roadside; the wee saffron pine warbler with one crippled foot, who returns to us each spring—yes, these memories and a thousand more.

They have learned the satisfaction of creative work: rows of red tomatoes, home canned; a bright slip cover transforming an old chair into an object to be proud of; strawberries from the patch they helped plant and weed; African violets in full bloom, started from a single leaf; crusty, homemade bread; a blue formal copied from an exquisite ready-made; winter evenings before a crackling fireplace—crackling because they helped supply the wood.

The house that Fran built will grow old; but if our experience will help our daughters to be ready for a home that will never grow old, all the work and waiting will not have been in vain.

\* *Fundamentals of Christian Education*, p. 327.



Clara wanted academy after graduation.

*Clara Howell's father was aware that  
he had a talented and attractive daughter, and  
he intended to keep her!*

# ...and departing leave behind...

by WILMA ROSS WESTPHAL

WITH little Marilee home from the hospital and, from all outward appearances, recuperating nicely, the Westons' first and major project was to enclose the front porch. "It's like 'locking the barn door after the horse is stolen,'" Jean told Bob as the work progressed.

"Maybe so," he grinned, "but the horse in this case is a spirited filly, and she isn't gone."

When the work was completed, there was a three-and-a-half-foot wainscoting along the front and sides of the porch, and the rest was screened. Enough in-laid linoleum to cover the floor was purchased from the Standard Fruit Company commissary and laid in place. Then a studio couch, several comfortable, locally-made chairs, some low book shelves, end tables, and lamps, completed the new room.

The Westons had found it necessary to borrow some money before they could finish the project, but they agreed that it was well worth it. Now the family could spend many happy hours here, for the screened portion allowed the breezes to circulate freely. And there was now no nightmare of fear lurking about to disturb at all hours.

As time passed, the mission work progressed. Under the blessing of God, a number of new churches had been erected throughout the mission. Plans had been drawn up for a new church

building in La Ceiba too, where for some time it had been necessary to hold two services each Sabbath to accommodate the growing attendance. The children's divisions were even more crowded than the main sanctuary.

As the Westons walked home from church one Sabbath day, little Rosilee asked wistfully, "Mommy, do folks take baths in the church?"

"No, dear," the mother answered, "why do you ask?"

"'Cause daddy said there'd be a wetting at the church tonight."

"Oh," she laughed, "not a wetting, a wedding."

"Wha's a wedding, Mommy?"

The mother explained briefly.

"Mommy," she asked wistfully, "can little puppies fly?"

"Why, of course not, dear. Birdies fly and—"

"Then why do we sing at kin'ergarten, 'A pup in the sky'? How'd the pup get up there if it couldn't fly?"

Both parents were amused. "Honey," the mother said, "we don't sing, 'A pup in the sky.' We sing, 'Up, up in the sky, the little birds fly.'"

"Oh," the little girl said with a light in her eyes, "I t'ot it'd be funny to see a puppy fly."

One day Jean Weston was asked to teach at the Mazapan American School. When the school board approached her with the offer, they mentioned not only an attractive salary but, among other benefits, free passage to the States each summer for her and the twins, with only half fare for Bob, on one of the Standard Fruit Company ships.

Not the benefits, but rather the opportunity for greater service to the community influenced the final decision.

The teaching hours were from 9:00 A.M. to 3:00 P.M. Since the twins always napped from one o'clock until three in the afternoon, and rested in their rooms for an hour each morning, the program did not militate against them. Jean had habitually dedicated the period between the afternoon nap and



*The front porch was enclosed and furnished.*

bedtime to the twins in particular and the family in general, and this arrangement could go on unbroken.

Up until now the Westons had walked everywhere they went locally. It had, indeed, been time-consuming, but since there were no public roads leading from one town to another, the owning of a private car seemed unnecessary, if not a luxury.

"You know," Jean said to Bob one day, "Judy Nation and some of the other Americans ride to and from their work on bicycles around here. I've been thinking it might save us a lot of time if we had one apiece."

"I've thought of it myself," Bob said. "And now with the certainty of your teaching, it would seem even more important that we have some means of transportation aside from walking everywhere."

"We can order them through the commissary," she said. "Let's do it right away, so that we can get some use of them before school opens."

Before long, two sturdy, shining bicycles were being inspected in the Weston yard. Two little girls noticed the extra seat on the back of each bicycle and didn't have to be told what the purpose was. As a family now, they did the many errands, visiting the newly interested, the old, and the ill. When the Mazapan school opened, Jean found that she could make the distance from home to the school in five or six minutes.

A mutual respect and love grew between Jean and her pupils at the school, and she became friendly with many of the parents, also. During her first year of teaching she especially noticed a girl by the name of Clara Howell, who was gifted and attractive. A close friendship sprang up between the two.

Jean learned that Clara was originally from the island of Utila, that she had a father and brother but no mother, and that she was living temporarily with an aunt while she attended the American school in La Ceiba.

Clara was to graduate from the eighth grade the following year, and Jean began to tell her about the academy at Tres Rios, in Costa Rica. Together they plotted and planned to save money so that after graduation her trip to the school would be sure.

However, when the plan was at last presented to her father, he refused to sanction it. Nevertheless, neither teacher nor pupil gave up her plans.

As Christmas approached, Bob and Jean called their little girls in for a consultation on the subject of Christmas and what to do about it. After much discussion it was finally agreed that

they would order several dozen large bags of oranges, grapefruit, and raisins (the latter in small packages) through the Standard Fruit Company, and then on Christmas Eve they would deliver a mixture of these items to the poor and needy throughout the town.

This was done by bicycle, and the twins accompanied their parents through trip after trip until all the packages were delivered. The little girls were exuberant with the joy of helping others, and long after their bedtime they lamented the fact that the supply was exhausted.

The twins' own presents were ignored until late Christmas morning. When they opened them to find a lovely doll apiece, they recalled some poor children they had visited with their parents the evening before. They had discovered that these children had no toys of any kind.

"Come, Mommy, Daddy," they chimed, "let's take the dollies to the children who didn't have no toys."

"Who had no toys," the mother corrected.

Marilee shook her head, and Rosilee joined. "Didn't have no toys 'all."

## Do you need a new needle?

by CLARK B. MC CALL

**H**E WAS so good to me!" she exclaimed. I had come to her room as hospital chaplain, and the elderly woman was describing the visit of our young lab technician. His routine duty was to obtain blood samples from new patients, and they usually found this an unpleasant experience. I wondered what unusual kind thing he had done.

"You know what that nice young man did for me?" she continued. "He used a brand-new needle on my arm so that it wouldn't hurt so much."

As I left her room the conviction overwhelmed me that his consideration is an example of what human hearts desperately need. Souls are not hungry for dramatic deeds that bring widespread publicity. Rather, I pondered, life should consist of thoughtful little ministries that reveal a genuine regard for another's welfare.

Then I remembered the day my wife and I were walking down a

hallway when a stranger came toward us. As he drew near we smiled. There was no greeting, just a smile. But the man stopped dead in his tracks. With perplexity on his face he asked, "Should I know you?"

How sad, I thought, that the smile, symbol of friendly interest, is reserved for only those in our inner circle. I became convinced that a simple smile of understanding would lift hearts when other attentions would fail.

Happiness, success, and popularity will not long remain an elusive dream or unattainable luxury to those who observe the following basic rule in human relations. "The little attentions, the small acts of love and self-sacrifice, that flow out from the life as quietly as the fragrance from a flower—these constitute no small share of the blessings and happiness of life." \*

Do you need a new needle?

\* *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, p. 82.

And so, they were soon off to deliver the new dolls to the children who had no toys.

Later that afternoon a pair of surprised and delighted twins were the recipients of a shower of toys and gifts, including a pair of lovely dolls, from some of the American women who called on the Westons. As soon as the company had gone, the twins brought their dolls to their mother, their eyes round with excitement.

"You see, Mommy, Jesus sent us some bigger dollies, and they can go to sleep and say, 'Mamma!'" And two happy little girls took their new dolls to bed with them that night.

Months passed, with the usual rounds of activity—church responsibilities, mission work, cooking, sewing on little outfits for the twins, teaching. Time seemed to fairly buzz past.

Toward the end of the second school year Jean and Clara Howell were making definite plans for the trip to the academy in Costa Rica. The Westons themselves donated what they could to Clara's growing school fund. The girl herself had managed to save a rather large sum from her meager allowance and earnings. And her brother had promised to help materially toward defraying her expenses.

Bob arranged for Clara's passport visa, and all was in readiness for her to leave Honduras for Costa Rica immediately following graduation. The Westons accompanied Clara to Utila to get the father's permission for her to leave, since she was not yet eighteen years of age, and still a minor.

Clara had written her father that they were coming and had explained the purpose of the visit. They arrived at the island in the evening, and the entire population of the immediate community had come out to meet them at the docks. Everyone, that is, except the girl's father. He had stayed home and had gone to bed.

But his disinterest did not discourage the little party in the least. With the aid of a flashlight, they made their way through the darkness to his home and confidently knocked on the door, even though the house was blanketed in darkness.

After an interval of persistent knocking, they saw the flicker of a light through a window at the back of the house. In a few minutes the front door opened, and a man in a robe stood before them.

Clara introduced the Westons, and the father barely nodded a recognition. Jean ignored the slight.

## think green by WEBB DYCUS

Let me think green today to still despair.  
Green is the shade of faith, of hope, of health.  
Illness may reign and loads seem hard to bear,  
But thinkers of green are heir to peace and wealth.

Green is the color tired eyes may rest within—  
Symbol of life to which the weakened cling,  
Rouser of courage when wintry doubts begin,  
Rebirth to the dying soul, for green is spring.

Let me think jonquil steeples, tulip spires,  
To orientate drab moods, and sick desires.

"You have a talented and attractive daughter," she said warmly.

"Yes, ma'am. An' I intend to keep her," he said tartly.

"Surely you do, and let me be the first to commend you for showing the good judgment of sending her over to the school in La Ceiba. She's been doing very well indeed. Now she is graduating and will be ready for academic work. You'll be very proud to see your daughter go on to school and receive an education that will fit her for life."

"I've got on very well without any such schoolin'," he said.

"Yes, but times are changing, and we all want the best for our children that we can possibly afford."

"Can't afford to do no more'n I'm doin'."

"All we want is your written permission for Clara to leave Honduras for Costa Rica, where she will be going to school. She has friends who are willing to help her financially." Thus saying, Jean pulled out a previously prepared document. "Just sign here, and we shall be on our way. It's late, and we must be getting back to the mainland yet tonight."

He read the document grudgingly, then took the pen in a hesitating hand. "I reckon I'd best sign this here paper if I expect to get any sleep around here tonight." He signed his name, then pushed the paper toward Jean. "'Spose I'll be sorry, come mornin'. Good night."

"Thank you," Jean said. "Thank you very much."

"Yes, thank you, Father. This means an awful lot to me. I know you won't be sorry."

"You don't know nothin' of the kind," he retorted. "Now, good night," he added, opening the front door.

Two days later Clara's father put in an appearance in La Ceiba. Come to fetch his daughter, he said. But she had already boarded the plane earlier that day for Costa Rica. God had a plan for the girl's life, and she was following His plan each day as she knew it. How could she know then that God's plan included her ultimate marriage to a Christian student, and that together they would one day be workers for Him?

Later that summer the Westons received an urgent call to go to Panama, where Bob was to become president of the Panama Conference. The call was somewhat disturbing, to be sure, but together Bob and Jean made it a subject of serious thought and prayer.

Things were going well in the Spanish Honduras Mission. A number of new national workers had been added, and now the new church in La Ceiba was completed. The Standard Fruit Company had made some generous donations in materials, which included a stained-glass window, as well as cash for the new seats in the sanctuary. The American colony was well represented at the formal dedication of the church. Well over a half dozen other new church buildings had been completed throughout the mission.

Yes, God had abundantly blessed; perhaps it was a part of His plan now that they go to another field of labor.

The decision was made at last. The call was accepted. Now the Westons began to sell their possessions and to pack up the things that they were to take along. The decision had been hard, but now that they had made it, they were eager to be on their way.

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# Sabbath School Lessons

Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

## Youth

### VIII—The Primacy and Priority of the Bible

(May 26, 1962)

**MEMORY GEM:** "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works" (2 Timothy 3:16, 17).

**OUTSIDE READING:** *Selected Messages*, vol. 1, pp. 15-23; *The Great Controversy*, chapter 37.

#### Introduction

"In His word, God has committed to men the knowledge necessary for salvation. The Holy Scriptures are to be accepted as an authoritative, infallible revelation of His will. They are the standard of character, the revealer of doctrines, and the test of experience."—*The Great Controversy*, p. vii.

"I take the Bible just as it is, as the Inspired Word. I believe its utterances in an entire Bible. . . .

"Brethren, cling to your Bible, as it reads, and stop your criticisms in regard to its validity, and obey the Word, and not one of you will be lost."—*Selected Messages*, vol. 1, pp. 17, 18. (See also *Education*, pages 123, 124.)

#### 1 Inspiration

1. What spectacular claim did Paul make for the Scriptures?

Memory Gem.

**NOTE.**—The word *inspiration* means literally "God-breathed." This is then "not merely the word of godly men, but the immediate word of God Himself, speaking directly as such to the minds and hearts of every reader. The value of 'inspiration' emerges, thus, as twofold. It gives to the books written under its 'bearing' a quality which is truly superhuman; a trustworthiness, an authority, a searchingness, a profundity, a profitableness, which is altogether Divine. And it speaks this Divine word immediately to each reader's heart and conscience; so that he does not require to make his way to God, painfully, perhaps even uncertainly, through the words of His servants, the human instrument in writing the Scriptures, but can listen directly to the Divine voice itself speaking immediately in the Scriptural word to him."—WARFIELD, *Revelation and Inspiration*, p. 104.

2. What will it do for one who believes?

"Which effectually worketh also in you that believe" (1 Thess. 2:13).

3. What does Peter say about God's method in inspiration?

"Men they were, but, impelled by the Holy Spirit, they spoke the words of God" (2 Peter 1:21, *The New English Bible*).

4. Just what was it God gave to men?

"Which things also we speak, . . . in the words . . . which the Holy Ghost teacheth" (1 Cor. 2:13).

The New English Bible has a very helpful translation here: "We speak . . . in words found for us not by our human wisdom but by the Spirit."

**NOTE.**—God came to the world in human flesh, and we call it incarnation. God came to men in their own imperfect language, and

we call it inspiration. Here are two paralleling mysteries, both of them challenging us to penetrate ever deeper into their infinite depths.

"God has been pleased to communicate His truth to the world by human agencies, and He Himself, by His Holy Spirit, qualified men and enabled them to do this work. He guided the mind in the selection of what to speak and what to write. The treasure was entrusted to earthen vessels, yet it is, nonetheless, from Heaven. The testimony is conveyed through the imperfect expression of human language, yet it is the testimony of God; and the obedient, believing child of God beholds in it the glory of a divine power, full of grace and truth."—*The Great Controversy*, pp. vi, vii.

"The Lord speaks to human beings in imperfect speech, in order that the degenerate senses, the dull, earthly perception of earthly beings may comprehend His words. Thus is shown God's condescension. He meets fallen human beings where they are. The Bible, perfect as it is in its simplicity, does not answer to the great ideas of God; for infinite ideas cannot be perfectly embodied in finite vehicles of thought. Instead of the expressions of the Bible being exaggerated, as many people suppose, the strong expressions break down before the magnificence of the thought, though the penman selected the most expressive language through which to convey the truths of higher education. Sinful beings can only bear to look upon a shadow of the brightness of heaven's glory."—*Selected Messages*, vol. 1, p. 22.

The prophet might be struggling against personal prejudice as was Jonah, or fall into sin as David did, or, like Moses, sin on the borders of the Promised Land, but God could and did accept the confession and repentance of these men. However, He could not and did not continue to accept the person of apostates like Balaam, who sold his allegiance to God for the favor of the world.

The life of Ellen White, marked as it was like every other human life with frailty, was distinguished in the over-all record for its Christlike consistency and integrity. It stands up under the closest scrutiny.

#### 2 Authority of the Scriptures

5. Of whom do the Scriptures testify?

"The scriptures . . . testify of me" (John 5:39).

**NOTE.**—"Jesus said of the Old Testament Scriptures,—and how much more is it true of the New.—'They are they which testify of Me' (John 5:39), the Redeemer, Him in whom our hopes of eternal life are centered. Yes, the whole Bible tells of Christ. From the first record of creation,—for 'without Him was not anything made that was made' (John 1:3)—to the closing promise, 'Behold I come quickly' (Rev. 22:12), we are reading of His works and listening to His voice. If you would become acquainted with the Saviour, study the Holy Scriptures."—*Steps to Christ*, p. 88.

"As you read the Bible, you will see the matchless charms of Jesus. You will fall in love with the Man of Calvary. . . . You may drink of the waters of salvation. . . . You want the Sun of Righteousness shining in the darkened chambers of your mind, then your lips will speak thanksgiving to God."—*Life Sketches*, p. 293.

6. To what authority did Jesus appeal?

"Every word of God" (Luke 4:4).

**NOTE.**—"Jesus met Satan with the words of Scripture. 'It is written,' He said. In every temptation the weapon of His warfare was the word of God. Satan demanded of Christ a miracle as a sign of His divinity. But that which is greater than all miracles, a firm reliance upon a 'Thus saith the Lord,' was a sign that could not be controverted. So long as Christ held to this position, the tempter could gain no advantage."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 120.

"We are to receive God's word as supreme authority. We must accept its truths for ourselves. And we can appreciate these truths only as we search them out by personal study."—*Testimonies*, vol. 6, p. 402.

7. For how long is God's word good?

"Forever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven" (Ps. 119:89).

**NOTE.**—"This Holy Book has withstood the assaults of Satan, who has united with evil men to make everything of divine character shrouded in clouds and darkness. But the Lord has preserved this Holy Book by His own miraculous power in its present shape—a chart or guidebook to the human family to show them the way to heaven."—*Selected Messages*, vol. 1, p. 15.

8. How powerful is it?

"The scripture cannot be broken" (John 10:35).

"Being born again . . . by the word of God" (1 Peter 1:23).

"As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby" (1 Peter 2:2).

"Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth" (John 17:17).

**NOTE.**—"The truths of the Bible, received, will uplift the mind from its earthliness and debasement. If the word of God were appreciated as it should be, both young and old would possess an inward rectitude, a strength of principle, that would enable them to resist temptation."—*Testimonies*, vol. 8, p. 319.

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

#### 3 How to Study the Bible

9. Why did Paul think the Bereans were so noble?

"These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and



guide and stand like a rock for principle, and he may aspire to any height of attainment."—*Ibid.*, p. 322.

**How long will it be before the Word of God will fail or pass away?**

**What has God provided as a guidebook for the human family to show them the way to heaven?**

**From what will the truths of the Bible protect both young and old?**

**What is possible for the student to do if he takes the Bible as his guide?**

#### PROBLEM FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

What demonstration of the power of the Bible have you seen in your own life, or in the lives of others?

#### 5. How to Study the Bible

READ: Acts 17:11; Psalm 119:33, 36, 38, 40; Revelation 22:18, 19.

"We should exert all the powers of the mind in the study of the Scriptures, and should task the understanding to comprehend, as far as mortals can, the deep things of God; yet we must not forget that the docility and submission of a child is the true spirit of the learner. . . . We must come with a humble and teachable spirit to obtain knowledge from the great I AM. Otherwise, evil angels will so blind our minds and harden our hearts that we shall not be impressed by the truth."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 599.

"Never should the Bible be studied

without prayer. Before opening its pages we should ask for the enlightenment of the Holy Spirit, and it will be given."—*Steps to Christ*, p. 91.

"The language of the Bible should be explained according to its obvious meaning, unless a symbol or figure is employed. Christ has given the promise 'If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine.' If men would but take the Bible as it reads, if there were no false teachers to mislead and confuse their minds, a work would be accomplished that would make angels glad, and that would bring into the fold of Christ thousands upon thousands who are now wandering in error."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 599.

The Bible is expressed in language so simple that it does not require much effort to study it. True ☐ False ☐

The Bible should never be studied without prayer. True ☐ False ☐

The language of the Bible should always be taken in its literal meaning. True ☐ False ☐

#### PROBLEM FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Have evil angels sometimes blinded your eyes and hardened your heart because you came to the Bible without a humble and teachable spirit?

#### 6. The Key to Bible Understanding

READ: 1 Corinthians 2:12-14; Psalm 119:103, 104; Luke 4:4.

The study of the Bible may be approached from many angles. Curiosity, literary adventure, search for support for preconceived ideas, desire to criticize and condemn, thirst for truth and spiritual enlightenment—these have at times been the attitude of Bible readers. But the Bible seems to have been written with but one real objective in view, to transform carnal, sinful human nature through a spiritual miracle. It is true that the moral, intellectual, physical, and social aspects of life undergo a transformation through the influence of the Word of God on a yielded life. But the Bible is a spiritual Book, written by "holy men" under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and it cannot be understood or appreciated by any but those who are spiritually motivated.

To come to the Bible from the standpoint of the "natural man" is to make of God's Word only another good book full of good moral teaching, but bereft of its spiritual power to lift and to save sinful man.

**Why cannot the "natural man" understand the Scriptures?**

**In what ways is the Bible like a rock? a lamp? a fire? bread? honey? a sword?**

**What will be the experience of all who live by the truths of the Bible?**

#### PROBLEM FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Relate some examples of how in her writings Mrs. White magnified the Bible.



**Question** *I am very much interested in art. I would like to become an artist and to travel with evangelistic teams, doing art work in connection with the meetings. Could you please give me some information on the openings in this field and how to get into this type of work?*

**Counsel** We believe that art is one of the talents given of God and that it can, if consecrated to Him, make a valuable contribution to His cause in these days. In order to become a successful artist you must be wholeheartedly devoted to it and be willing to work untiringly to develop the talent to the degree needed for professional work.

Apparently the type of art you are interested in is that of a chalk artist. This takes a lot of practice and a basic knowledge of natural forms, particularly the human figure. This basic knowledge can be acquired by long hours of practice, and best of all by going to a good art school.

At the moment we are not aware of any particular opening in this field among our evangelists. Most of them seem to use color slides or movies, and

some use black light as an added attraction. I suppose if an artist worked up two or three good fifteen- or twenty-minute talks, with chalk demonstrations, an evangelist might work these into his program. But he would have to be convinced that such a program would make a contribution to his overall plan.

There are good art schools all over the country, particularly in the large cities, and there are some good correspondence schools. If you have access to the magazine *The American Artist*, published from 111 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, New York, you will find a long list of art schools. One of the best of these, I believe, is the Famous Artist School of Westport, Connecticut. This school offers a variety of courses by correspondence and has a competent teaching staff. If you are near one of our colleges, I believe you could receive a lot of help from its art department.

**Question** *My daughter has been working for a woman for more than three years. She stays in this home all the time except Friday afternoon and Sabbath. When she filed her income*

*tax \$45.00 a month was added for board. She wants to know whether she is to pay tithe on this amount. Should she pay tithe on the back board?*

**Counsel** We should properly pay tithe on all net income. This would include board and room that is provided as a part of remuneration for services rendered. It is something for which one would have to pay cash if not otherwise provided.

If one were to excuse himself for not paying the back tithe, it would have to be done on the basis that it was withheld ignorantly, and this is a matter that one will have to settle with his own conscience. One of the best ways to handle back tithe delinquencies is to set up a budget for it and return a designated amount with each subsequent payment of tithe. The blessing that attends the faithful payment of tithe more than compensates for any sacrifice that it involves.

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.

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Glendale, California

**Hinsdale Sanitarium and Hospital**  
Hinsdale, Illinois

**Loma Linda University**  
Loma Linda, California

**Walla Walla College,** College Place, Washington

**New England Sanitarium and Hospital**  
Stoneham 80, Massachusetts

**Pacific Union College**  
Angwin, California

**Paradise Valley Sanitarium and Hospital**  
National City, California

**Southern Missionary College**  
Collegedale, Tennessee

**Union College**  
Lincoln Nebraska