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[Sabbath School Lessons for December 22]

the Youth's instructor



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“Lift up thine eyes”

by LLOYD DAVID MARTIN

I'M SORRY, David, but your school bill must be paid. Unless you have two hundred dollars, you can't register for the spring quarter." Mr. Clark's words cut like a knife as I stood speechless in his office. Registration was four days away. While I walked down the hall and out the door, his words kept ringing in my ears.

The sun was dropping from sight, its long, slanting rays silhouetting the tall, majestic buildings of the campus, as I walked to the cafeteria. I had been in college for two quarters and had enjoyed every minute of it. I had always dreamed of the time when I could get an education and devote my life to service as a doctor.

Supper didn't taste the same that

night. Finishing only half my food, I went to the library to study for final exams, which were coming the next week. Soon the bell rang, and I strolled with the other boys into worship.

"Have you ever had a prayer answered?" the speaker began. "God has many and varied ways of answering prayer. Sometimes these ways are unusual, yet sometimes they are simple. But He always answers if we ask in faith."

As we left worship, the words kept tumbling over and over in my mind. Would God really answer prayer—even hard prayers? I had only three days left to get two hundred dollars, and the amount seemed enormous.

The next day, English class was

rather boring. If anything was farthest from my mind, it was gerunds, participles, and infinitives. Most of the class period I spent looking out the window at the woods that bordered the campus buildings.

Finally the bell rang and the students rushed to supper, but there was an empty feeling inside me that couldn't be filled with food. Turning off the sidewalk and around the corner of the Demonstration Building, I followed a path through the small patch of woods I had viewed from English class. After a short walk in the woods, I came into a flower-scented meadow.

A spring bubbled from the hillside, tumbled down to join a small stream, and looked like a winding silver ribbon, cascading over rock ledges through the valley. Trees surrounded the cornfields on either side of the stream. But in the trees was a small opening, which revealed grass-covered hills falling row upon row in the distance.

Listening to the gurgling brook and looking out over the hills now golden

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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in the last rays of the evening sun, I thought of the opening words of Psalm 121: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord." Then I knew that those beautiful hills reflected His love, and that this love extended to all His creatures.

Sinking to my knees there in the evening shadows, I poured out my heart to God. "O Father, I come to You

had gone by that time, and I walked on up to the meeting. It had hardly begun when that strange pain reoccurred. Trying to act as though nothing was wrong, I held my hand to my side and closed my eyes.

"Something wrong, David?" someone said. "You look sleepy." Sleepy! I was so dizzy I could hardly sit up straight. The whole room looked blurred as the pain seemed to spread all over.

First Snow by DAVE HILL

The thermometer's red eye lay shivering in the tube
And a silver knife of cold lay on the wind
Before sunrise this morning.
For Winter crashed down unannounced last night
To wrap a sleeping world in a sudden white
Surprise.

And yet I raced the sun to the woods—
And won!

I saw it peep an amber eye above a down-capped hill,
Surprised to see the pumpkin-colored fields
Frosted with a foam of white,
And rivers huddled under glassy blankets,
Asleep.

I stood agape among hot slants of flame
Flung through spun-glass thickets
That would not melt.

And then, skating on the frozen wind,
Came three bell notes, a swallow's farewell cry
So full of Summer's vanished warmth
They promised Winter would be very long this year.
I stood smiling, frozen with the beauty that wrapped me round.

What matter if the Spring be late
When it is such a joy to wait!

in simple faith, asking You to answer my prayer. You have led this far, and I know that You will lead me in the future. Lord, the only way I can continue school is by Your help. Amen."

On the way back to the campus, even though it was nearly dark, the trees looked a little brighter; the chirping of the crickets sounded a cheery chorus; a certain spring was in my step, for everything was in God's hands.

After worship, Jim, Gary, and I bounded upstairs to the Associated Students office for an officers' meeting. Halfway up the stairs I doubled over with a sharp pain in my side.

"What's the matter, slowpoke?" Jim teased as he glanced back. The pain

Mumbling something about fresh air, and stumbling out the door, I made my way downstairs and toward the hospital. The nurse took one look and wheeled me to the emergency room. There I spent what seemed an eternity in agonizing pain till the doctor came.

I vaguely remember the doctor's saying that he did not think it was appendicitis. Then the nurse gave me a shot that eased the pain and made me very sleepy. Finally two boys loaded me into a wheel chair and took me to a room.

All night I tossed and turned, for my body seemed on fire. "O Father, help me," I cried out. Had God completely forsaken me? Had I placed my trust

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Christmas

Hawk The red-tailed hawk staring from our cover this week was shot photographically three years ago. Mrs. Glen Axford of Pasco, Washington, was the photographer. The picture was an award-winning Photo Mart entry.

Brazil "The July 3 INSTRUCTOR just came and do we ever appreciate it so far from home." JAMES V. HOLDER, Hospital Belém, Belém, Pará.

Arizona "How much I enjoyed the story 'Not Working' [October 30, 1962]. August 30 of this year I joined the ranks of those supposedly leisurely ladies who are not working (for pay, that is). I like the honest, forthright way that Mrs. Meyer told her story. Not complaining, just the facts, and even a bit humorously done." MRS. NANCY SMITH, Scottsdale.

California "I have just read 'In—or Of' in the October 9 YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. The message of that editorial is what the Adventist Church needs today. I am just glad that our youth can still hear an appeal to the 'old-fashioned' principles which once made the difference between faithful and faithless SDA's." CARROLL LAWSON, Needles.

Dietetics A final time we mention the bonus awards in Advanced Writers Pen League for 1963, offered by Loma Linda University through its School of Dietetics. A dietetic theme in an award manuscript can bring a \$25 or even a \$50 U.S. Savings Bond, in addition to the regular award.

Writers Each year several new by-lines appear with stories and articles in this magazine. Often these writers become regular contributors, once they actually submit something to an editor for possible use. To encourage new writers *Tab Set* has been appearing monthly for the past ten years. Now for the first time it is being made available to anyone for one dollar a calendar year. It tells of INSTRUCTOR needs and writing requirements.

Principle "Religion is not merely an emotion, a feeling. It is a principle which is interwoven with all the daily duties and transactions of life."—2T 506.

"Let us remember that Christmas is celebrated in commemoration of the birth of the world's Redemer."¹

"Not only on birthdays should parents and children remember the mercies of the Lord in a special way, but Christmas and New Year's should also be seasons when every household should remember their Creator and Redeemer.

"Instead of bestowing gifts and offerings in such abundance on human objects, reverence, honor, and gratitude should be rendered to God, and gifts and offerings should be caused to flow in the divine channel. Would not the Lord be pleased with such a remembrance of Him? O how God has been forgotten on these occasions!"²

"We are to save, that we may give.

"No one can practice real benevolence without self-denial. Only by a life of simplicity, self-denial, and close economy is it possible for us to accomplish the work appointed us as Christ's representatives. Pride and worldly ambition must be put out of our hearts. In all our work the principle of unselfishness revealed in Christ's life is to be carried out.

"Upon the walls of our homes, the pictures, the furnishings, we are to read, 'Bring the poor that are cast out to thy house.'

"On our wardrobes we are to see written, as with the finger of God, 'Clothe the naked.'

"In the dining room, on the table laden with abundant food, we should see traced, 'Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry?'

"A thousand doors of usefulness are open before us. Often we lament the scanty resources available, but were Christians thoroughly in earnest, they could multiply the resources a thousandfold. It is selfishness, self-indulgence, that bars the way to our usefulness.

"How much means is expended for things that are mere idols, things that engross thought and time and strength which should be put to a higher use! How much money is wasted on expensive houses and furniture, on selfish pleasures, luxurious and unwholesome food, hurtful indulgences! How much is squandered on gifts that benefit no one! For things that are needless, often harmful, professed Christians are today spending more, many times more, than they spend in seeking to rescue souls from the tempter."³

This Christmas, let us all give our best gifts to Jesus. While not forgetting our tangible expressions of love to relatives and friends, let us give for the carrying of the good news as we've not given before. Let's be members of that company who, if thoroughly in earnest, could multiply the resources a thousandfold.

Walter D. Caudell

¹ Messages to Young People, p. 311. ² Counsels on Stewardship, pp. 296, 297. ³ The Ministry of Healing, pp. 206, 207, with some paragraphing supplied.

coming next week

- "BIRTHDAY"—"If only Phyllis sends a card to mark the special day . . ." Another poignant poem from the pen of Jane Merchant.

SOMEONE has said, "To be trusted is a greater compliment than to be loved." Within the context of courtship and marriage, trust is the foundation on which love is built. When such trust is betrayed, love is strained or even destroyed.

One unhappy wife remarked, "The reason I feel so lonely is that when my husband goes out for the evening he refuses to tell me where he is going."

A husband who came to ask what he could do to restore the happiness of his marriage confided, "It is hard for me to become enthusiastic about our home life when the memory of my wife's previous unfaithfulness keeps crowding into my thinking."

A wife explained her unhappiness by saying, "Now that I know my husband lied to me once, I find it hard to believe anything he tells me, even when he says he loves me."

Another wife who was trying by every reasonable means to keep her home from being broken said, "The reason it is hard to accept the facts of my present problem is that I had trusted my husband completely."

Cheating reflects a weakness of character. The manifestations may appear as a surprise, but, usually, the weakness has been present for a long time before circumstances bring it into the open. This fact should make young people alert to the evidences of character weaknesses in those to whom they are attracted before marriage. But for the miracle of conversion—and genuine conversion, at that—a young person whose character is defective is not one to be trusted "as long as we both shall live."

Seventh-day Adventist young people are given a formula which, if followed, will safeguard them against the hazards of marrying someone unknowingly whose character is defective. Notice the following: "If you are blessed with God-fearing parents, seek counsel of them. Open to them your hopes and plans, learn the lessons which their life experiences have taught, and you will be saved many a heartache. Above all, make Christ your counselor. Study His Word with prayer."

"Under such guidance let a young

Cheating destroys happiness

by HAROLD SHRYOCK, M.D.

woman accept as a life companion only one who possesses pure, manly traits of character, one who is diligent, aspiring, and honest, one who loves and fears God. Let a young man seek one to stand by his side who is fitted to bear her share of life's burdens, one whose influence will ennoble and refine him, and who will make him happy in her love."¹

It is the disregard of such counsel that blights a romance and that thwarts the sincere hopes of one who had expected to find abundant happiness in marriage. A sad wife writes: "I will admit that I knew before marriage that the man I loved was a flirtatious person, but I never supposed he would be unfaithful to me. After we were married, I found out that he had already broken many hearts, but by then it was too late."

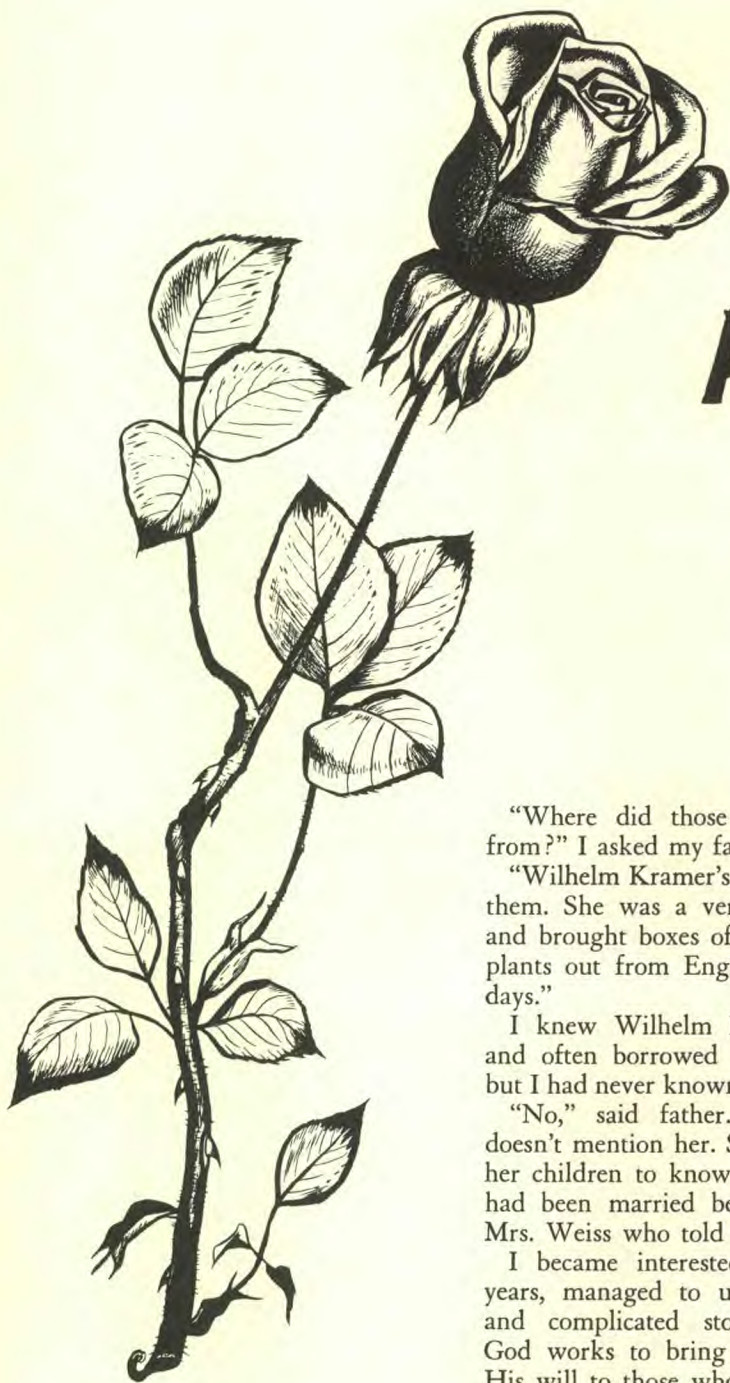
Another form of cheating that bespeaks a character defect is the bidding for the affections of a girl without the knowledge of her parents. A modifi-

cation of this same defect which should place a young man on guard is evidenced by the girl who deliberately tries to deceive her parents in the matter of her goings and comings.

A seventeen-year-old academy girl was very critical of her parents because they refused her the privilege of having dates with the boy she liked. On hearing Suzanne's story, I almost felt that her parents were too severe. They did not allow her to attend entertainments for fear Howard might be present. They refused to invite him to their home.

Then I heard the other side of the story. Howard had courted Suzanne secretly. He had persuaded her to accept dates which were unknown to her parents. Several times they had had dates when her parents thought she was at school or at work. No wonder these parents stood in the way of Suzanne's friendship with Howard. They discerned the thread of decep-

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Red Roses

by RUTH KENWARD

"Where did those red roses come from?" I asked my father one day.

"Wilhelm Kramer's first wife planted them. She was a very keen gardener and brought boxes of seeds and many plants out from England in the early days."

I knew Wilhelm Kramer's widow, and often borrowed books from her; but I had never known of any first wife.

"No," said father. "Alice Kramer doesn't mention her. She never wanted her children to know that their father had been married before. It was old Mrs. Weiss who told me."

I became interested, and over the years, managed to unravel a strange and complicated story of the way God works to bring a knowledge of His will to those who are truehearted.

Wilhelm had been born in Germany, and enjoyed his youth there without incident until one day his father called, "Wilhelm, come here and sit down! I have much to say to you." The good old blacksmith of the little village by the Elbe, loved by all for his godly character and his kindness to anyone in distress, looked weary and troubled.

"I have not been able to sleep this night, nor for many nights, for thinking of what is coming to Germany since the new orders have come out. I suppose that it is necessary to have soldiers to guard our country; but to me it is quite wrong to tell us that we are a special nation and are to conquer

the world, and to take young boys away from their homes and teach them to fight for this.

"You turn seventeen in a few days' time, and I am supposed to turn you over to be trained to kill. I cannot do it! I have arranged for you to go to the docks at Hamburg and to be smuggled onto a ship that is sailing to England. I feel that this is a time when I must obey God rather than man."

The boy was an only son, and although there were daughters, this decision was terribly difficult for the law-abiding and loving old man to make.

The youth went out into the snow, taking his skates with him. He felt that he had to do something energetic so that his brain would function again. On the long ponds beside the river, he skated up and down—first as swiftly as he could, then, as he grew calmer, very carefully, cutting, with their intricate whirls and twists, the Old German characters to spell out his name, Wilhelm Kramer.

Before those letters had faded from the ice, he was on his way to England. He never liked to speak or even to think of that trip. The ship was caught in a terrible storm that swept the North Sea, and was delayed on her voyage for several days. Huddled under a tarpaulin on the deck, longing for his home, and wretched with seasickness, Wilhelm thought that he

FIRST OF TWO PARTS

ALL ALONG the fence next door to our house the red roses bloomed for one month every spring. They were not at all the usual lovely bush and standard roses that won so many prizes for the growers in our district. They were some old-fashioned kind that sprang from strong underground roots and sent up long, slender stalks crowned with the most beautifully scented flowers. When dried, they kept their perfume for years.

might as well be dead and done with everything.

They finally reached England, however, and he found work in a little coastal town near Portsmouth.

He did not know English, and in his attempts to learn the language, he needed books; so he got into the habit of taking any money he could spare to a small bookshop he had found, and buying English books with it. There were two bright-eyed girls, daughters of the owner of the shop, who would tease the shy lad, choose his books for him, keep him up with the latest English expressions, and mother him generally.

Occasionally he would receive an invitation to come to Sunday tea, and they would have it, looking out over the garden at the back, with the scent of pinks and roses blowing in through the open window. It was the only bit of home he ever had in England.

By and by he began to ask for books and papers that told about Australia. "There is no future in England; it is an old country like my own. I would go to Australia, if it weren't for the sea voyage. I hate the sea!" he told Claire Mountford and her sister.

"You can take us with you," laughed Claire. But she blushed rosily when he said, "Not *with* me; I would have to work my way. But when I have earned enough, I will send back for you, if you would like to come."

Soon it became a thing accepted in the household, that Claire was to leave her sister Hester to care for their father and brothers, and sail to Australia to marry Wilhelm, when he had a home ready for her there.

Some five years later, he was plowing in the orchard around his small but comfortable house. He also had a place about twenty miles away, in the mountains, where he cut firewood to bring to the city, his main way of earning until the fruit trees were old enough to bear, but he was not risking leaving Cronin's Hill when the *Princess Louise* was expected to arrive any day now.

Suddenly he stiffened, and stood listening intently. "One, two, three! It's the immigrant ship!" he shouted; for faintly, from the Heads sixty miles away, had sounded the firing of the heavy guns at the fort, which signaled to Melbourne the type of vessel that was entering the bay.

As most of the settlers lived some miles out, the early warning gave them time to hitch up their teams and get to Sandridge (now Port Melbourne) to meet the ship. If they did not arrive

in time, there were large sheds, partitioned off into sections, where the immigrants could find shelter until they were called for. Sometimes they had to live there for a week or more until friends from outlying places could reach them.

Another appreciated service was tendered to the colonists. A minister representing each religion met the immigrant ships, in order to marry any young women who had come out to their husbands-to-be. Many were the marital knots tied, either in the captain's cabin, aboard ship, or in the dreary immigrant sheds alongside the dock.

The ship had made good time coming up the bay, and was already docked when Wilhelm drove his light dray onto the wharf and sprang out. He hurried to the side of the ship and searched for the beloved face. As he stood there, a ship's officer touched his arm. "Are you Mr. William Kramer?" he inquired.

"Yes," William nodded.

"Will you please come with me. You are wanted in the captain's cabin."

Wondering what was afoot, William followed. At the entrance to the cabin, he stood rooted to the floor with astonishment. Not Claire, but Mr. Mountford, was standing within.

"Come in, William!" he said, "I have asked for the use of this cabin, so that we can talk without being interrupted. You are surprised to see me here?"

The young man nodded.

"When your word reached us that the home was ready for Claire, the boys kept saying to me that they thought there should be opportunities for all of us in a new country like Australia. Hester thought that Claire would be lonely so far away from her family. They finally persuaded me, and after I sold out the shop, we all took passage in the same ship. We know people who live in Fitzroy, and they

have looked out a place for us to stop in, so we will not be burdensome to you at all."

"That is good. I had been thinking that she might be lonely, coming away from all of you."

The other man looked out the port-hole. His face had aged greatly in five years. Now he sighed heavily. "No, there is no need for any of us to be burdensome to you, William. Do you not wonder why Claire herself is not here to welcome you?"

A terrible fear of something, he knew not what, crept into William's heart. "What do you mean?" he whispered. "She is not dead?"

"No," the other's face was gray, "no, not that; sometimes I wish she were." He sighed again, but went on quietly. "Something has happened to her spine. She was found unconscious. She cannot walk—we have to carry her everywhere. She will never be any use to you as a wife, William. I must make you understand this. The doctor says that it would be fatal if she had a child, and, anyway, they give her only about two years to live."

In silence the two men stood. Suddenly the younger stirred. He gave a little smile. "I came to marry Claire. Let us find the right minister, and then I can take her home. I love her and will have what happiness, and give her what happiness, can come in the little time God has allowed us."

Mr. Mountford's face twitched, his eyes were wet; but he steadfastly replied, "We thought that you would say something like that, William; so we had plans prepared accordingly. We will fix your conveyance so that Claire can lie down in it on a soft mattress, and she will go alone with you today; but she will need a woman's care. Her sister, Hester, says that she will come and stay for as long as you need her. The boys and I will be able to look after ourselves if we get in a woman

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autumn

by CLOE BROWN KICKLITER

Winter came down from the north this week
And painted my sweet gum tree,
And thousands of red and golden stars
Smiled down from the limbs at me.



Inspiration Preparation Dedication

by
**SHIRLEY
ANN
BREMSON**

SHIVERING from anticipation of working in the grade school, as well as from the chill air of an early September morning in the mountains, I climbed the steep and narrow path to the little schoolhouse on the hill. As I entered the room, standing before the class was Mrs. Beck, a handsome woman of queenly bearing. The respect of her students was evident, and in only moments I realized that her consuming interests and ideals were fast becoming an essential part of the lives of the students she taught.

The whistle had just sounded; there was a brief prayer, and enchantment began with worship as twenty boys and girls sat enthralled. Samuel lived anew. He was introduced not as a common boy, but as one stirred with zeal to do what God would have him do. By the sudden alchemy of her teaching she portrayed the greatness of real service and the implicit significance of prayer. She demonstrated the truth that a person gains what he desires from life in proportion to the courage he has to seek for it.

Working for Mrs. Beck to pay my expenses at the academy, I was soon called on to do some little things, such as correct papers, pass out scissors, cut decorations for the bulletin board, and write A B C's on the blackboard for the children to copy. Forgetting about the meticulous care needed in teaching little ones, I wrote the A B C's without much thought.

Quietly Mrs. Beck walked over to where I was standing, slipped her arm around my waist, and whispered, "Shirley, we must be very careful to make each letter exact, like those above the blackboard over there. See? The first-graders must learn correctly." She

smiled and slipped away as silently as she had come.

What a lesson those words instilled within me! If only I could become an alert and discreet teacher like her!

Reading time followed. "Go, Jane, go" and "See Dick run" echoed through the room as first-graders read their first lesson. Arithmetic period came and studies continued as Mrs. Beck emphasized the fact that $1 + 1 = 2$ and $2 + 2 = 4$. With each lesson was displayed the utmost patience and understanding. When difficulties arose they were handled calmly.

Immediately questions began racing to and fro in my mind. What gave her the desire to teach? When did she begin? How long had she been at this noble profession? What induced her to dedicate her entire life to teaching, so willingly devoting her best to the pupils she taught? As the weeks swiftly passed, the threads of the story began to twine themselves together and my curiosity was satisfied.

On a bright September morning in 1910 Mr. Pound called to his eighteen-year-old daughter, Verna Pound, "It's time to go. I just hitched Ethel to the buggy, and you know if we don't get

wit sharpeners

Double Choice

by HELEN PETTIGREW

1. TITUS: Jew or Greek?
2. TIMOTHY: Son of Eunice or Rhoda?
3. LYDIA: Convert of Europe or Asia Minor?
4. DORCAS: Prophetess or seamstress?
5. DIOTREPHES: Friendly or unfriendly?
6. APOLLOS: Eloquent or tiresome?
7. PETER: Married or single?
8. PHILEMON: Slave or owner?
9. PAUL: Three or four missionary journeys?
10. ANANIAS: Husband of Sapphira or Priscilla?
11. ALEXANDER THE COPPERSMITH: Help or hindrance?
12. CORNELIUS: Sent men to Peter or Paul?
13. AGRIPPA: King or consul?
14. MARK: Kin to Barnabas or Philip?
15. STEPHEN: Deacon or elder?
16. DEMETRIUS: Of Ephesus or Corinth?
17. LUKE: "The beloved disciple" or "The beloved physician"?
18. AQUILA: Tentmaker or tax collector?
19. PHILIP: Evangelist or priest?
20. BARNABAS: Vouched for Paul or Peter?
21. SILAS: Sang in prison or on the streets of Jerusalem?
22. MATTHIAS: Apostle or scribe?
23. ONESIMUS: Sadducee or Christian?
24. JAMES: Stoned or killed with the sword?
25. JOHN: Son of Zebedee or Simon?

Key on page 20

started within minutes she'll not move an inch!"

Verna closed the door behind her and hurriedly climbed into the buggy.

Many times in the past she had eagerly read the thrilling stories brought home by her dad, a teacher. Such stories as *Jean Mitchel's School* had inspired her with such fervor and ardor that she decided to become a teacher.

The superintendent had advised against Craven school because the older boys were rough, and trouble had displayed itself all during the past year. Such experiences as riding the teacher on a rail or locking him outside the school had occurred. But Craven was nearest home; so apprehensive but confident that God would help, Verna started to the school, seven miles from home. Because Ethel was so hard to manage, father decided he would drive Verna to school, return the seven miles to his school, then go after her again in the afternoon.

Minutes later Verna walked up to the door of this little primitive school-house. As she turned the key to unlock the door, she opened before her a fu-

ture of challenge, excitement, and reward, which would develop nobility, dignity, and poise.

To one side of the room stood the old wood stove, an empty bucket, and a dipper; to the other, the carved and battered desks. There must be water for school, so Verna went down to the well, drew a bucketful, and carried it back to the little schoolroom.

Soon pupils began entering. With awe they eyed their new teacher and warmed to the love that glowed and radiated from her youthful face. In a matter of seconds there were aligned before her twenty faces, hiding behind them all describable temperaments and characters—boys and girls ranging from wee first-graders to towering young men in the eighth grade, taller than the teacher herself.

School had begun. It was up to the young teacher to bring light to these innocent youngsters groping toward a better tomorrow.

Each day began with worship. Surprisingly, no problems of significance arose. Her firm but friendly manner demanded the respect of her pupils. When recess came she thrust herself into the games with all possible enthusiasm. How could those pupils help but love and obey her?

The days came and went. The teacher carefully prepared lessons and graded papers. In addition, many cold winter mornings she gathered wood, actually split rails, went to the well for

the water, and did the janitor work.

The year quickly passed. The last day of school came, and it was different. Instead of the joy that usually comes with the end of a school year, there was a sadness felt by twenty students and the teacher. With last good-bys welled tears as parting dispersed the little group.

Years have come and gone since that first memorable day in 1910; still each day in the classroom this teacher, now Mrs. Beck, stands a remarkable person among women. In her thirty-three years of devotion to the cause of teaching youth she has proved that her respect for moral courage is as strong as her admiration for physical bravery.

Since the first day I began to work with her, when she so graciously demonstrated the importance of giving life our best and I resolved to try to follow in her footsteps, I have admired her not only for her matchless courage but for her devotion, imagination, determination, humility, and wit.

This is my tribute to Mrs. Verna Beck, the woman who has planted in my heart an awareness of the need for diligent study, an understanding of the love of God, and a sense of the importance of giving to life the very best we have; the woman whose influence is reflected in the lives of the children she has taught; the one who has trained boys and girls—many of them ministers, doctors, teachers and other workers for God.

FAMILY FARE

"Except . . ."

by MARILYN JENSEN DRY

VERY OFTEN, while playing at our home on a Southern Rhodesia mission station, my little two-and-a-half-year-old daughter Eileen explains, as she pushes a small car down a sandy road fashioned by small hands, "I'm going to Umtali." Salisbury, Gwelo, or Bulawayo might be the preferred city of the moment. Frequently she announces, "I'm going to 'Jo-burg' to see my grandma." This is her favorite, wonderful game of make-believe.

The other day, as I was finishing my last-minute preparations to teach a sewing class, Eileen was maneuvering a miniature automobile along the edge of the bed. Suddenly she said,

"I'm going to heaven"; then added, "to see Jesus and the angels."

Just a chance remark in play, perhaps, but it revealed that heaven and angels are just as real to her as Jo-burg and grandma. And just as accessible. What a wonderful example of implicit faith.

"I'm going to heaven—to see Jesus and the angels." These few words tenaciously clung to my memory as I went about my work. "Why not?" I thought. Just as our thoughts take our minds winging to loved ones far away, so our prayers can take us to the feet of Jesus and create in our hearts the very atmosphere of heaven itself.



radarscope

Key to source abbreviations published January 2, 1962.

► The first test hole to be drilled on phase II of Project Mohole, the National Science Foundation-sponsored effort to drill completely through the earth's crust and sample the mantle beneath, was begun in October. It is one and a half miles east of Mayaguez on the west coast of Puerto Rico. The 1,000 foot test well is near two proposed Mohole drilling sites: one north of Puerto Rico and the other off its east coast. Two other prospective sites are in the Pacific off the Hawaiian Islands. The test cores, which will measure $1\frac{7}{8}$ inches in diameter, will be analyzed to aid engineers in the design of drill pipe and bits for the actual Mohole drilling.

Science

► In exchange for a white jacaranda given to the South African State president, 10 Welwitschia seeds have been donated to the Los Angeles, California, State and county arboretum. The Welwitschia is a strange plant found only in South-West Africa and southern Angola. Extremely hardy, some of the plants have been estimated to be 2,000 years old. The plant is practically stemless, has two enormous leathery leaves, and produces numerous small cones that bear its seeds. Its tap root penetrates to 60 feet under the desert, searching out subterranean water.

ISSA

► Despite its 192 square miles of surface, and water enough to cover the entire State of Texas to a depth of seven and one-half inches, Lake Tahoe, on the California-Nevada border, was unknown until John C. Fremont discovered it on Valentine's Day, 1844. The lake remained relatively isolated until the early 1900's. Tahoe has become a tourist attraction, with its crystal-clear water. The bottom can be seen at several hundred feet, and the water is so pure it can be used for drinking. The area boasts of 240 clear days a year.

Highway Highlights

► Located close to the Arctic Circle in Canada's Ungava Peninsula, Chubb Meteor Crater was discovered in 1943 on a routine weather flight. Later investigation showed the crater to be 11,500 feet across, with an area seven times that of the 4,000-foot crater in Arizona.

NGS

► Gold film, deposited by the vacuum technique on fluorocarbon cloth, makes protective clothing for rocket launchers more effective.

Chemical Digest

► One genus of luminous insect, the *Phrixothrix*, a native of South America, produces a red light.

NGS

► About 10 million British houses have their own gardens.

BIS

► Poison oak is not the only cause of contact dermatitis, say California experts. Other plants indigenous to California that can cause a similar reaction are philodendron, oleander, fig family, castor bean, chrysanthemum family, and Chinese rice paper plant.

California's Health

► In ancient Rome, traffic went to the left in the country because drivers wanted their whip hand free, but to cut down speeding, all traffic was forced to the right in the cities. There were many one-way streets in all Roman cities, and the traffic lane was built up into a rut to make sure it remained one way.

Highway Highlights

► During the 1960's, workers under 25 years of age will account for nearly half of the growth in the labor force. In numbers, these young people will be 26 million strong; in educational attainment, if present trends continue, about one fourth of them will have some college training, almost half will be high school graduates, but not college entrants, and about one third will have dropped out of school prior to high school graduation.

USDL

► Because of a recent report on smoking and health issued by the Royal College of Physicians, thousands of Britons have given up smoking cigarettes. Some tobacco shops have reported a 10 to 40 per cent drop in cigarette sales, although some of the loss may be due to Lent abstinence. Tobacco manufacturers have decided to withhold television advertising until after 9:00 P.M., when children are less likely to be watching. Sales of antismoking pills have soared, and tobacco shares on the London Stock Exchange have steadily dropped. Schools are asking permission to install antismoking posters, and Scottish youth hostels have banned the sale of cigarettes.

The Arsenal

► Hailed by its creator, Engineer Mehai Alimanestianu, as the world's first completely automatic garage, Speed-Park in New York City is operated by one lone attendant. The motorist drives onto one of two ramps, locks his car, and steps to the cashier's booth. The cashier-attendant sits at a control panel, which holds a key for every unoccupied space in the garage. She parks the car by inserting the key in a master slot and pushing a button that sets an electric computer in action. An automatic transfer mechanism moves the car into an elevator, which whisks it to another transfer mechanism and the assigned space. The computer records the time, and the owner receives the key as his claim check. When the motorist returns, the key is again inserted in a master slot, the car is lowered to an exit ramp, and the parking fee is automatically figured, flashed on a screen, and printed on a receipt.

Friends

► Though the Chinese Reds have pumped more than a million artillery shells into Quemoy since 1949, when they took over the China mainland, life expectancy on the little island, five miles off the coast of southeast China, has risen. Shellfire has killed less than 200 civilians, barely outranking measles as a cause of death. Better hygiene has increased the life span. A Sino-American organization has also taught modern farming methods, with outstanding results. Wheat and barley harvests have increased tenfold. Sweet potato and peanut yields nearly doubled in six years.

NGS

► From a study of 1,660 New Yorkers it was determined that obesity is more prevalent among persons of low socioeconomic circumstances and is associated with certain mental disturbances. The controlled study revealed that obesity is seven times more frequent among women of the lowest socio-economic level than it is among those of the highest level. To a lesser degree, the same relationship exists among men.

AMA

► The United States Department of Commerce reports that the average family is a third more prosperous than it was 15 years ago. Percentage in the over-\$10,000 bracket has tripled. Mean income for families last year climbed to \$7,020, but 31 per cent of all family units still have incomes of less than \$4,000.

Minutes

► The tapir, which may weigh some 600 pounds, is the largest land mammal in South America.

AMNH

DORIS opened her apartment door just long enough to toss her purse onto the sofa, then knocked at the next door down the hall. There was a rustle, a click of heels on tile, and the door opened. "Oh, hi, Doris, come on in."

Noticing the flushed face, Doris said, "What's the matter, Gwen—did I get you up in the middle of your Sabbath afternoon nap?" Barely pausing for Gwen's shake of the head, she dropped into the nearest chair and sighed. "What a perfectly marvelous afternoon! Oh, here, have a candy bar. Souvenir from the art gallery."

"So that's what you deserted me for! I thought you had to work at the San today."

"Nope, not this time. I don't mind working on Sabbath—gives me a chance to go shopping during the week when I can have another day off. But you don't have to pay to get into the art gallery on Saturday afternoon, and I wanted to get down just once more before we have to go back to school."

"Say, school—that reminds me. I got a letter from the dean today. You'll never guess whom she wants me to room with this winter—Carol Clark!"

Doris halfway stood up. She stared at Gwen's face, her mouth drawn down in the same expression she would have used had she just seen a mouse in the corner. "No! How can she do this to you?"

"Oh, I suppose she thought Carol would be good for me—reform me or something. Turn me into a little saint!"

"That girl—she's such a goody-goody. I remember last year during Student Week of Prayer, they had students going round visiting all the rooms, I guess, and Carol came to our room. She wanted to pray with us—can you imagine!" Doris gave a short laugh.

Gwen looked down at the letter she had picked up. Doris continued, "And she always looks so quiet and serious—must find life an awful bore." Gwen's head jerked up, and she stared defensively at Doris. "It can't be much better for you and Jan. She looks like a Pollyanna to me!"

"Aw, she's not so bad. Sort of sweet-sweet type, I guess. I have wondered how we managed to cook up that roommate idea for this fall. Ugh, how I hate to think about going back to the dorm at all! It seems like a morgue after being here in the city. And I don't feel that I have any friends there. Guess we'll have to stick together—you and I against the world!"

CHANGE

by **ELAYNE ANDRUS**

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS DUNBEIN



"Say, it's getting late. You want to go to sunset worship with me?"

"Oh, they probably won't have anything interesting. People don't even dress up fancy enough to be interesting on Saturday night."

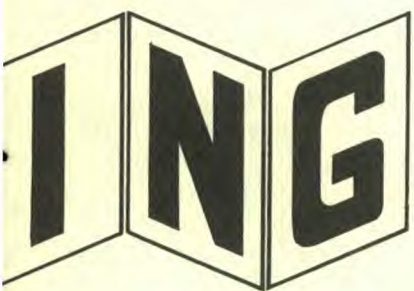
"But Ted might be there. I'm still trying to make an impression on him."

Doris assumed a wounded-martyr look. "Anything for a pal, I always say. Give me a minute, and I'll be with you."

A few hours later, Doris lay awake, staring at the crisscross of shadows on the ceiling. There was a honk, the lines shifted, then once again assumed the pattern of the windowpanes. "Just like little prisons—little cells—just like my life! School, church, always tied

down . . . 'Write me a letter, send it by mail, send it in care of the girls' dorm jail!'

"What was it that speaker said tonight—something about sinners would be unhappy in heaven. Quote from somewhere—*Steps to Christ*? Something about heaven being just like jail—being surrounded by people whose likes and dislikes would be so different. I know what he meant! If people like Jan and Carol are going to heaven, I *won't*. It would be miserable to be with people like them forever. Well, guess I'll never need to worry! Don't know what I'm doing in the church anyway. Ought to get out, stop being a hypocrite . . . why don't I have my name dropped? If only mother



Patterns



hadn't gotten herself put in as church clerk! It would really tear her up to have to take *my* name off. Oh, well, why worry about it now . . . got to get some sleep . . . tomorrow I'm a working girl." Turning, she tried to shut out the light.

A car turned the corner, the pattern of lines shifted, then came to rest again. Prison bars . . .

The bus halted for a red light, then rumbled on. Doris leaned back and watched the countryside glide past. Nothing to show it was fall yet, except that her coat felt good. Too bad the summer had to end so soon. Every turn of the wheels made school less inviting, the remembrance of the city more en-

chanting. And that dean! With her attitude of "I wouldn't trust you any farther than I could throw you—and I couldn't even pick you up." Good thing she hadn't caught onto the little fire-escape deal, when they wanted to go to the store after worship at night. Well, she would make certain the dean didn't hold her down any!

As Doris entered the dorm a few hours later, the dean turned to face her, then smiled. "Why, hello, Doris. Are you ready for school again?" She shuffled some papers on her desk and handed Doris a key permit card. "Your roommate has already come. I'm sure you'll enjoy rooming with her."

"Thanks." Doris turned and walked away. She was in for it now! Goody—

goody Jan was officially her roommate.

But, surprisingly, Jan was in a nasty mood. Everything had gone wrong for her today, and as the girls hung clothes on hangers and pushed things into drawers, they quite happily exchanged gripes about dorm life, teachers, and having to get up before worship.

Finally suppertime came. As Doris walked toward the cafeteria, Nellie came up behind her. "Hi, Doris, I'm glad to see you!"

Doris put on an air of blasé boredom as they talked. Better not look too chummy, even though they had been lab partners last year. Sure, Nellie was nice, but socially she was *nobody*! Being friendly with the wrong people wouldn't help to get dates. And that dress! Automatically Doris surveyed the other's costume. Wrong color for her eyes, skirt too full, and who but Nellie would wear long sleeves at this time of the year—with ruffles yet!

Doris glanced down another walk. Margo was coming. Now there was the right person to know. She had lots of dates. And her friends were the leaders in all sorts of happenings, curricular and otherwise. "'Bye, Nell; I'll see you around.'" And she drifted toward Margo.

The next day Gwen came. Now things would be better. But they weren't.

First, the little procession of notes from the dean. "Please see me." Everyday it was the same when she opened her mailbox, always a note about some infraction of the rules that had the dean all upset.

One day she reached into the box and drew out the usual note. She frowned, trying to remember the last few hours. "I haven't done a thing—for once. But since she wants the pleasure of my company, well, here goes!"

The dean moved a book to the front of her desk, then put it back where it had been. She shuffled some papers and stacked them on the book. "I can't remember just why I wanted to see you, but when I remember, I'll call you."

"See!" Doris complained to Gwen, "she just expects me to break the rules, and automatically puts notes in my box to be ready!"

Sabbaths were the worst of all. No place to go, except church. No sitting on a bench with her boy friend. No listening to music—not her kind of music anyway. She struggled out of bed in time for church, if not Sabbath school. But at least she could survey

the crop of new clothes each Sabbath.

Now and then, as she sat ignoring the minister, she would suddenly remember the speaker at vespers that night during the summer. "Sinners would be unhappy in heaven . . . God in His mercy shuts them out . . ."

Surprisingly, Gwen seemed to be enjoying life with her new roommate. Often she mentioned Carol's pleasing ways. During the fall Week of Prayer Gwen came to Doris, a light in her eyes and an unusually clean face giving evidence of a change of heart.

"Doris, Carol has helped me to realize what it means to be a Christian, and how to find real happiness. She told me that she has been praying for me all year, but I didn't know it until now."

"Praying for you! Why didn't you tell her to mind her own business?"

"But I was glad when she told me that. And I'm going to ask her to pray for you, too, because I know God answers her prayers."

"Look, dear, when I want prayers, I'll let you know. In the meantime, how about letting me count my own beads?"

Those were lonely days. Lonelier nights. Not because she was all alone, but because in the midst of people she felt alone. She would meet and pass them with her best blasé air, hoping some would speak to her. But they didn't. Even Jan would hardly speak to her now. Only Gwen. And Carol was still friendly, in spite of what Doris had said about her. But she felt she had no friends—she was alone!

One night she could stand it no longer. When the monitor left her desk, Doris eased the fire-escape door open in the usual way, and slipped outside. She stood under the big, familiar tree that grew near her window. It had always seemed cozy and friendly. But now it was cold and distant. The creaking of limbs started cold shivers under her collar. Turning, she ran inside, slammed the door on the moonlight, and snapped on the radio to shut out the sound of silence.

The wicked would not be happy in heaven. God in His mercy shuts sinners out of heaven. God in his mercy . . .

On Sabbath she tried to sleep the afternoon away, but sleep would not come. Unwelcome thoughts kept forcing themselves into her mind. "This business of being in the church, but not *really* in the church—guess it's like sitting on a fence with one foot on each side . . . too far in the middle to be able to enjoy things on either side . . . just enough in the church so I can't be free to do things I want to do, but far enough the other way so I don't have any fun doing things in the church. In-gathering! Or those little prayer bands, where everybody looks around until it's his turn to pray!

"I've got to get off the fence . . . get out of the church and not be held down . . . better go back to the city and finish at the university. Nope, never could be a Christian. Have to admit, though, they do look happy—Jan and Carol. They don't grumble about everything that comes along as I do. And

they're always friendly. They look happier than I am. Guess that's what I really want—happiness. But how can I ever find it around here? The time's come—I must get down off the fence!"

On Wednesday the dean made her usual weekly announcement. This time she said that Mrs. Neil, the pastor's wife, would be in the reception room for counseling after evening worship. Doris had no intention of visiting her. But before she knew how she arrived, she was in the small parlor.

As the minister's wife talked, Doris studied her. Behind her attentive face she saw much, though hearing little. Mrs. Neil's brown dress, quiet yet neat, matched her general expression. "Scalloped neckline—old-fashioned, but what minister's wife isn't? It looks sweet on her though."

Gray hair waved back from a little frown. Mrs. Neil's eyes widened with her attempt to understand, and a motherly hand absent-mindedly smoothed the doily on the arm of her chair. Her words came in a low tone, but with a tensivity of feeling that made Doris recognize her sincerity, her deep emotion, and sudden affection for the girl seated before her. Now she spoke uncertainly. "About run dry—doesn't know what to say next—I'll have to say something," Doris thought, and tried to recall some of Mrs. Neil's last words.

A few moments later, as Doris stood ready to leave, Mrs. Neil said, "Dear, will you come back to see me tomorrow night? I'll be here again, and I do want to help you discover real happiness."

"Well-ll, all right."

The next twenty-four hours were the worst in her life. She scarcely knew what she did, or how she did it. First, she felt a pull to the kindness and friendship shown in the faces of those who were Christians. Then something would whisper, "Don't be a fool! What a waste of time to talk to a *minister's* wife. She can't understand how you feel anyway! After all, she lives in a different world. You'd be crazy to give up everything that means so much to you. Clothes, entertainment, social fun—you can't afford to lose them!"

Again she sat with Mrs. Neil. Again she hardly heard a word said. Again they knelt for prayer.

As Doris heard Mrs. Neil plead with God to help her find the peace and joy of being a Christian, she felt as though she were being torn apart. She seemed to be in the middle of a great black cloud that hid her from God. Suddenly she wanted more than anything else to

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follow Him. But something held her, almost physically. The struggle within her was so intense that drops of sweat broke out on her forehead. "O God, I want to be a Christian. But I can't. I won't leave everything I want . . . I've got to. I will! No, I won't. O God, help me. God!"

Suddenly she became aware that Mrs. Neil was still praying—it seemed as though she had been praying for hours. Would she never stop?

The prayer was finally finished. Mrs. Neil seemed to sense the question in the girl's eyes. "My dear, I prayed so long because I could feel the devil right here in the room. I have never felt his presence so strongly. He was trying to stop my prayer right above my head, and I had to pray until I knew the Lord had conquered him."

Doris stared at her in amazement. She hadn't realized what was the power surrounding her.

After a few moments Doris left the room and walked down the hall. Even though she was somewhat moved, the old thoughts crept back in. "Shouldn't have bothered her—how would a minister's wife understand how I feel?"

As she turned the corner she saw Carol. Automatically she categorized: "White blouse, blue skirt . . ." But suddenly she remembered. She goes around praying with people. Carol turned with a friendly smile, and Doris ran to meet her.

"Carol, I wonder whether I could ask a favor of you. I have a problem, and, well, uh, would you pray for me?"

"Why, yes, I'll be glad to. Could I help you with your problem? Won't you tell me about it?"

The interest and friendliness in Carol's face broke down any last reservation. Doris poured it all out. Either she would leave the church and have nothing to do with it, or else she must learn how to be a Christian. "One thing for sure—whatever I decide, I'm going to do it for the rest of my life! Either I'll never set foot in a church again, or if I decide to be a Christian, I'll never change that either. This decision has to be final."

Carol nodded. "I believe you have faced your problem. You realize that being half in and half out of the church doesn't give any satisfaction. Why don't you try it Christ's way, by putting everything you've got into it? What you need is to be a one hundred per cent Christian."

At last she asked whether Doris would like to pray and tell the Lord

she was surrendering everything to Him. Doris nodded, and they bowed their heads.

"Lord, I've made a mess of my life. But I want to try it Your way. Help me to surrender everything to You, so that I can be a *real* Christian. In Jesus' name. Amen."

In that moment the stormy struggle within her ended. There was no great elation or dizzy joy, only a feeling that she had found a wonderful Friend.

"It's my decision for life," she thought as she drifted off to sleep. "Now help me to do what You want me to do. Make me into a one hundred per cent Christian, not a halfway Christian."

RED ROSES

From page 8

to do the cleaning. Hester threatens to learn to drive a horse, and she will come sometimes and do a grand baking for us."

So the neighbors, who waited at the corner to see William come home with his lively little bride, saw him seemingly coming home alone, until the dray reached them and they stepped up to the wheel and looked over into the happy eyes of the new wife, as she lay on a big feather mattress, able to look only at the overhanging treetops and her husband's face.

You might have thought that the home, in a case like that, would be too overshadowed to be a happy one; but an old lady of over eighty, looking back to the time when she was a tiny child, told me that she had never seen such light in a place. She still remembered it. She would take eggs to the back door and Miss Hester sometimes would ask her inside. There was a big open fireplace, old polished furniture shining in the firelight, books everywhere; but most of all she remembered the laughter—always, always, they were laughing.

William used to carry Claire outside and place her on a mattress. It was from that she planted her garden—and the red roses. And for two years, almost exactly, they had their happiness.

When it was all over, William gave Hester her sister's clothes and the lovely heirloom furniture she had brought into the house. Then he shut up the home and took his horse and dray back to his shack in the mountains. For him the light had gone out.

A squirrel in the big tree chattered noisily as the sun awoke, and came up to find out what was happening. Doris watched the sunlight pouring through the branches of the tree, turning the tiny new leaves to gold and forming a pattern of light on the wall.

Jan rolled over and looked at her quizzically. "You know, Doris, I can't get over how you've changed since last fall. Instead of having—well, you used to look as if you had a grudge against the world. And now you almost *wake up* smiling!"

As the two girls knelt to pray, sun and branches formed a lacy pattern about their heads. Sunlight, and God's love.

Neighbor Weiss was worried. "Mutter, it is five years since his wife died, and Kramer still mourns for her. He stays up in the mountains, and only comes down with his loads of wood. He has kept up this place; but he won't go into the house. You know how he asks to stay with us if he has to stay in town for more than one day. It is not good for any man to be so lonely. He will grow too moody living like that. He needs to get out among people.

"He called out to me as he passed on his way to the city this morning. If he calls in this evening, I think we should try to persuade him to stay the night and go to that concert that the young people from the Leighton Sunday school are giving. For a start he might find it easier to go with us."

Tiny Mrs. Weiss was most agreeable, and added her hospitable pleadings to her husband's appeal to his friend. He did not wish for any such pleasure; but, to please these kind people, he agreed to do as they suggested.

The little weatherboard church, farther up Cronin's Hill, had been built, and was used by all the denominations in the district. Ministers visited when they could, and church elders carried on in their absence. The various sects were supposed to have different times for their services; but if folks wished a service each Sunday, they just went along anyway, and when special programs were given, such as the one that night, everybody in the district was welcome to come.

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

*Missionary Robison had retired
early on the African trail, but he was soon
disturbed by distant shouts.*

promises proved

*by JAMES I. ROBISON
as told to BARBARA DOERSCHLER*

IT WAS early December, and the rainy season had begun. The rains were already swelling the rivers and making the dirt roads impassable. I wanted to be home for Christmas, for I had been away almost three months and was eager to see my family. The long journey from the Cape in South Africa to Rhodesia and Nyasaland was almost over.

The trip had ended with a three-week educational institute at the Malamulo Mission, near Blantyre, Nyasaland. Upon inquiring there about transportation, I learned that a boat would not be near the mission station for at least three weeks. But I certainly did not want to wait at Malamulo, so far from home.

I was not readily discouraged and I inquired around for another way home. I heard that Dr. E. G. Marcus, a Seventh-day Adventist doctor at Fort Jameson, would be coming to Fort Johnston to attend to some business. Fort Johnston was midway between Fort Jameson and Blantyre. Arrangements were quickly made for a rendezvous at Fort Johnston. I would ride as far as Fort Jameson with the doctor and continue home from there by bus and train.

The journey from Blantyre to Fort Johnston usually took almost two days; so our party started out bright and early one morning in order to be at Fort Johnston at the appointed time. The trail wound over hills into green vales. Birds of brilliant plumage flitted from tree to tree through the jungle, and wild orchids hung from branches all around. I enjoyed the passing scenery from my *mashiela* (seat hung on a pole, carried by Africans). Other Africans carrying luggage led the way.

Toward late afternoon a rainstorm threatened, and we decided to set up camp near the crest of a hill. My tent was soon pitched, and the ever-present mosquito net was secured in place. After the campfire was built, we prepared supper and the Africans arranged their sleeping quarters.

Supper, which was soon over, was followed by worship, which included a special prayer for God's protection and guidance. I decided to break camp early the next morning in order to meet Dr. Marcus at the predetermined place late the next afternoon, and so I retired early.

Suddenly the air was pierced by a

native call from the hill opposite our campsite. The Africans scrambled to attention, straining to catch the message. Impatiently I listened to the seemingly meaningless shouting, anxious to know what important message had disturbed the peace of the evening. Soon one of the Africans reported that the calls were for Missionary Robison.

"That's I! What do they want? Who could be calling me out here?" I was now fully alert. More shouts back and forth brought the answer that Dr. Marcus' party was on the opposite hill. Dr. Marcus had come to Fort Johnston a day earlier than he had planned, for he was worried lest the heavy rains wash the dirt road out completely.

He had finished his business and wanted to start back, hoping to meet me somewhere along the way. Surely Divine Providence had intervened and guided the African's call in that vast jungle. If I had not met the doctor, I would certainly have had to return to Blantyre and wait for the boat.

A meeting place was arranged, and we retired for the night. The next

morning Dr. Marcus and his young traveling companion, Everett Jewell, helped load my luggage on the model-A Ford and we set off for Fort Jameson. Everett, a young worker stationed in Nyasaland, understood the language and acted as interpreter on the trip.

Down the muddy roads we traveled, sometimes almost sliding off the trail, which was not more than a widened native path. We met a stream that had become a river. We crossed it with some difficulty, but with a prayer in our hearts we reached the other side.

Continuing on, we came to a second river, this one swollen to its banks by the heavy rainstorm of the past night. The native-built bridge had been washed out. Upon inquiry, we learned of an ox-wagon ford about a half mile down the river. Hesitantly we decided to cross there. Dr. Marcus drove the car down the steep bank and into the swift, swirling water. At first, the car did not seem to be affected by the water. Then it sputtered and stopped. The engine had flooded. The river was rising rapidly, and we quickly climbed

out of the car. Africans from the nearby *kraals* (villages) stood on the banks, watching the commotion.

Floundering ashore, Everett bargained with the Africans to assist in pulling the car to the other bank. Danger and difficulty were increased by quicksand on the river bottom. All grabbed branches and logs and slowly jacked up the wheels, one by one. The logs slipped many times, but finally we reached the bank. We climbed back into the car after adjusting the engine so that it would run again.

"Look at us!" remarked Dr. Marcus. "What will the magistrate say when he sees us?" The doctor had arranged for us to stay overnight at the magistrate's home in the midst of the bush country. This official quite often entertained guests passing through the country on safaris and other trips.

I was the only one who had extra clothing along, and of course I offered it to the doctor and Everett. Dr. Marcus was taller than I, while Everett was somewhat shorter. The outfits resembled something obtained from welfare! The magistrate was amused.

After eating an excellent meal, we retired to the living room and were told of the man-eating lion who lived in the vicinity. He had already claimed a number of African victims from the nearby village. We retired early, thankful for the shelter of a home. Camping would most certainly be dangerous.

When we arose in the morning, the magistrate was not around. We were told that the feared lion had claimed another victim, and the magistrate had been called to hunt this beast. His search was fruitless, and he returned home during the middle of the morning.

By now there was very little gas left in the tank of the car. "May we buy a little gasoline?" inquired the doctor.

"I'm very sorry; I have no gasoline."

"None at all?"

"Well, there is a little. You are welcome to have what there is in the can."

The "little" gas was very little indeed. Carefully I poured the quart of the precious liquid into the tank. The gas gauge, which had registered empty, showed no change.

Climbing into the car, we wondered whether we would be able to stretch our quart far enough to reach our next stop. Dr. Marcus had arranged to get a five-gallon can of gas at the home of a missionary farther down the winding road. By coasting down the hills, we managed to keep moving. Ten, eleven, twelve miles. "Surely we can't go much

farther, Dr. Marcus. Where is your African boy with his can?" The gas gauge had registered empty for what seemed hours.

"Here he comes! How's that for service?" teased the doctor.

"But look how he is carrying that can." The red can gaily swung from the boy's grasp. "He can't possibly have anything in it."

The African approached the car and handed a note to Dr. Marcus. "I'm sorry to let you down," the note read. "Someone else needed the gas desperately and I gave it to him. Do hope you have enough."

Northern Lights

by BEULAH FENDERSON SMITH

Knowing the sadness as autumn dies,
From some great throne afar,
The understanding Lord bends down
And lights His candles with a star.

"I think it would be best to turn back," I said.

"So do I," Everett chimed in. I noticed an anxious tone in his voice. We all knew that if one of us would have to go for help, it would be Everett. He was the youngest and he knew the African tongue. If we turned around now, at least the distance between us and the magistrate's home would be lessened. And a journey on foot through lion country was dangerous.

"No!" Dr. Marcus said. "I never turn back. We must continue on."

"How far is it to Fort Jameson?" I asked the African boy.

"O-h-h," he replied, rolling his eyes. After several minutes of thought he answered, "About ninety million miles."

Although it was actually less than ninety miles, we were totally disheartened. But Dr. Marcus insisted that we press on. Earnestly we each offered a silent prayer as we resumed our travel.

Our eyes were oblivious of the scenery around us. My gaze shifted restlessly from the gas gauge to the road and back again. What would happen when we ran out of gas? The occupants of the nearest mission station were on furlough and there were no African villages nearby. Again and again I prayed fervently.

Deep in thought and worry, I stared at the bush ahead. Suddenly I grabbed

the doctor's arm. "Look! What is that?"

Following my gaze, Dr. Marcus spied a lorry (bus) parked in the bush. Immediately we stopped and hurried over.

An African was guarding the bus, and Everett inquired about the unusual circumstances. The man replied that two bwanas had brought the bus up and had left him in charge while they went out to hunt in the bush.

Dr. Marcus and I inspected the lorry, and to our great joy found two cases of gasoline in the back. Each case contained two five-gallon cans. We each knew the law of the jungle; if possible all were to help anyone they found in

need. We rejoiced in our answer to prayer.

Hastily Dr. Marcus scribbled a note of thanks to the hunters and promised to repay them for their gasoline when they returned to Fort Jameson. After filling the tank of our car with five gallons of gas, we set out once again. Arriving at Fort Jameson late that evening, we thanked our Father again for His watchcare over us.

A few days later the doctor received a visitor. It was the hunter who owned the lorry. "Thank you so very much for the gas," the doctor began.

"It was nothing, really. I was glad that you helped yourselves. I owe you money for attending to my wife during her illness."

"Shall we consider the debt settled?"

"Yes, of course," assured the hunter.

I continued my journey homeward, arriving in time to spend the Christmas holiday with my family. At evening worship the first night, I read two verses of Scripture to my family:

"And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear" (Isa. 65:24).

"But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus" (Phil. 4:19).

By each of the verses I wrote "pp" in red—promises proved.

INDEED, I had been looking forward and hoping for this birthday for many years. I feared that it might never arrive—for me.

"Then came my ninety-seventh. That's getting close. Soon came my ninety-eighth. Now if the Lord will give me a little more of His gracious time I'll make it yet, I thought. Then a year ago was my ninety-ninth. My health was good; I had much to be thankful for. In fact, all my life I never had to worry about anything."

Anna Stromme, of Menasha, Wisconsin, was approaching her one hundredth waymark! Seventy-five years ago she had married Hans Stromme. She cared for his four younger brothers and sisters and reared five lively children of her own. The wedding hat and a wedding shawl she had carefully kept all these seventy-five years of married life.

One hundred birthdays are not given to many. Mrs. Stromme was eager to show her appreciation in some special way. She had been blessed with a full century of life. What would be a fitting measure of appreciation? Would it be possible on her one hundredth birthday to have \$100 as a Birthday-Thank Offering? Her meager funds would provide no such opportunity. What then could she do to show her gratitude for a hundred years of life and blessings?

At least, she must make it some kind of special occasion. Dress her best and look her prettiest. What does a centenarian wear on her one hundredth birthday? She had had no previous experience!

Well, why not wear her wedding hat? The style of 1885 was not too far off from what some of the younger women were then wearing. Perhaps that colorful shawl would add a bit of zest to her somewhat frail body.

Yes, she looked very well in her wedding regalia, and it brought back rich memories of long-ago days. Little had she thought then about such a far-off birthday.

Why is it the fleeting present occupies so much of our attention to the well-nigh exclusion of the significant and abundant future? One hundred years had been hers, good years, every one of them fraught with blessings from her heavenly Father. How could she thank Him?

Then the church folks heard about this coming occasion. She had been a faithful Sabbath school member of the



Left to right: Mr. F. Dittmer, Mrs. Stromme, Pastor L. R. Ellison, Mrs. J. Sauby (Mrs. Stromme's daughter). Mrs. Stromme's birthday tree held one hundred dollars.

Centenarian Birthday

by WILLIAM J. HARRIS

Oshkosh Seventh-day Adventist church for some forty years. That in itself was a record!

"Let's have a special centennial Sabbath school service in honor of Anna Stromme's one hundredth birthday," someone suggested. "She is not only our oldest but is also one of our most faithful members."

Somehow the children learned of the one hundredth birthday plan. Maybe they could help with her plan for a special Birthday-Thank Offering. So they prepared a tree—a special tree. Now, most trees have no leaves in December, but perhaps some could help put on special leaves. "Yes, that's an

idea," remarked the children's leader.

Sabbath, December 3, was the closest Sabbath for her hundredth birthday. That would be the day. Could they get a tree in readiness? Of course, everything must be kept as a secret from Anna Stromme. Arrangements were made for the president of the city council to attend and to bring civic greetings. Then the chamber of commerce sent their president and vice-president; the newspaper sent a reporter. This was to be a special Sabbath school with special songs, special program—all a surprise to the honored guest.

Sure enough, the children brought in a tree. It was explained that since this

was off season for trees, it did not look too good. Then it was hinted that with certain helps this uncomely tree might produce a crop of special leaves.

Unexpectedly and quite voluntarily from every pew came interested Sabbath school members to clothe that leafless tree with special leaves. Soon, long green leaves fluttered from every naked

branch. What a sight! Surpassed only by the bright smile and the light of appreciation in Anna Stromme's shining eyes. When carefully counted there was \$100 for Mrs. Stromme's one hundredth birthday!

Unprompted, Anna Stromme stood to her feet and in lovely gratitude she affirmed, "It is all for missions."

CHEATING DESTROYS HAPPINESS

From page 6

tion running through his character. Suzanne was fortunate that her parents were trying to save her from the unhappy future that would certainly be hers if this friendship led to marriage.

One of the most revolting kinds of cheating takes the form of deception in matters of religious loyalty. I know of one young man who led his sweetheart to believe that he was wholehearted in his adherence to Christian ideals. His act was played so well that he was entrusted with a minor church office. When the young lady learned, soon after their marriage, that he was earning his living in an illegal business, the revelation was a stunning shock.

When I heard the young woman's pathetic story I wondered whether there had been any telltale evidences by which she could have been warned that this man was a deceiver and a crook. Then I learned that accomplices in his undercover business were the same "friends" that he had mentioned (but never introduced) during the period of courtship. This young woman lived to regret most sorely her naïveté in assuming that her suitor's business was honorable and that his "friends" were persons of good repute.

A most subtle form of cheating which, nevertheless, has its unfavorable influence on the happiness of a marriage, is the practice of indulging in intimate "privileges" when the lovers are alone together. Little do a boy and girl usually realize, as they permit their expressions of affection to take them into forbidden territory, that they are thereby weakening their characters in ways that will make them more vulnerable to the temptations that Satan may throw into their pathways after marriage. They do not recognize that this form of cheating causes them to steal each other's self-esteem, peace of mind, and, in many cases, each other's purity of conduct.

Ellen G. White, in commenting on courtship, counsels: "The heart should have only pure, sanctified affection, worthy of the followers of Jesus Christ, exalted in its nature, and more heavenly than earthly. Anything different from this is debasing, degrading in courtship; and marriage cannot be holy and honorable in the sight of a pure and holy God, unless it is after the exalted Scriptural principle."²

At their wedding a man and woman promise solemnly to love, honor, and cherish each other in preference to all others. This requires that each spend his life's energies unselfishly in the other's interest. Failure to carry out this ideal is cheating, and cheating interferes with and destroys happiness in marriage.

A husband's and wife's prime obligation is to reserve for each other first place in his heart of hearts. Only the relation to God takes priority over this allegiance to one's partner in marriage. Parents, son or daughter, established friends—none of these must be allowed to come between the two whose lives

have been united in holy wedlock. Failure to guard as sacred this loyalty above all other loyalties constitutes cheating at its worst.

There are various degrees of unholy inconsideration to one's husband or wife, varying all the way from flirtation to actual adultery. But the Master indicated that all such are violations of divine law when He said, "Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart."³ Whether or not an adulterous act is performed, the knowledge of a partner's fluctuating loyalty is most devastating to peace of mind and thus destructive to happiness.

"Two years ago," writes a heartbroken wife, "my husband had a brief affair with the wife in another family—a family with whom we had always been friendly and cordial. Their intimacies did not go beyond kissing and embracing.

Of course, my husband has done everything that is reasonably possible to make the matter right. I know that he is sincerely penitent, but I have such a hard time trying to regain the attitude of trust in him that I used to have. I am sure that I have forgiven him and if I could control my thoughts I would not allow the matter to come to mind again. Perhaps I am oversensitive, but now when he is even casually friendly to some other woman, it just seems to tear me to pieces."

Here we have an example of how love, once betrayed, is impossible to restore to its original luster. How cruel are the consequences of allowing sin to intrude!

There are other forms of cheating in marriage in addition to allowing one's

Song of the Leaves

by MARION LEONARD

The wind has waved his wand, and now
The leaves, responding one by one,
Go swirling past each bending bough
Toward earth, still warm in autumn's sun.
They sing, as they float down through the air,
A haunting song with a hint of mirth
While they prepare to settle there,
A patchwork quilt for sleeping earth.

affections to wander to another person. These may not be as repulsive to those who are looking on and they may not produce the immediate threat to the integrity of the marriage, but they interfere with happiness, even so.

When two persons enter into the marriage contract, they thereby agree to accept certain obligations that are rightfully theirs. Afterward the husband's job becomes that of a wage earner for the family unit and the wife's, that of homemaker. In becoming wage earner, the husband must provide, within the limits of his strength and ability, what is reasonably necessary to ensure food, clothing, and shelter.

The wife, similarly, accepts as her logical duty the feminine tasks that make the home comfortable and attractive. Just as the husband must sometimes forgo the old recreational activities and hobbies that may now interfere with his capacity as a wage earner, so the wife must give her first devotion and her best talents to the creation and maintaining of all that is embraced in the concept of home.

Marriage is a cooperative venture, and the responsibilities that husband and wife assume are not independent, each of the other. As husband and wife

plan the policies of their home, they become obliged to act in harmony with the plans and agreements that they have made. They are no longer free to go their own ways without the counsel and consent of the other. The handling of finances, the training of children, and their relations with the church are areas in which there must be continual collaboration. Each must accept the other's judgment and preferences as more important than the counsels that are received from any other human source. Each owes the highest allegiance to the other.

The exact policies on which a home operates will vary, of course, from one to another. Each husband and wife custom build their home as they see fit. But any disinclination on the part of a husband or a wife to fulfill his or her share of what goes into the making of the home is a form of cheating that has its effect in reducing happiness.

One husband and father decided, several years after marriage, that he preferred the vocation of teacher of music to his previous work of accounting. He had been reasonably successful as an accountant, and his income had been sufficient to meet the family's needs. Employment as a musician was not as prompt and adequate as he had

key wit sharpeners

1. Greek (Gal. 2:3); 2. Eunice (2 Tim. 1:5); 3. Asia Minor (Acts 16:14); 4. Seamstress (Acts 9:39); 5. Unfriendly (3 John 9); 6. Eloquent (Acts 18:24); 7. Married (Luke 4:38); 8. Owner (Philemon); 9. Three (he was a prisoner when he went to Rome); 10. Sapphira (Acts 5:1); 11. Hindrance (2 Tim. 4:14); 12. Peter (Acts 10:17); 13. King (Acts 25:13); 14. Barnabas (Col. 4:10); 15. Deacon (Acts 6:3); 16. Ephesus (Acts 19:24, 26); 17. "Physician" (Col. 4:14); 18. Tentmaker (Acts 18:3); 19. Evangelist (Acts 8:5); 20. Paul (Acts 9:26, 27); 21. Sang in prison (Acts 16:25); 22. Apostle (Acts 1:26); 23. Christian (Philemon 16); 24. Killed with the sword (Acts 12:2); 25. Zebedee (Matt. 4:21).

hoped, however, and the financial income dropped sharply. In spite of the hardship this imposed upon the family, he became unreasonable in his determination to accept no employment other than that of teacher of music. In thus placing his own preferences above the interests of the family, he cheated in his responsibility for providing the family's support. The happiness of the entire family suffered accordingly.

A wife and mother became dissatisfied because the budget she and her husband had planned around his income was not sufficient to provide the new furniture and all the new clothes she wanted. Taking matters into her own hands, she surprised her husband by announcing that it would be his responsibility from then on to look after the children when they returned home from school. She had taken a job at the hospital on the three-to-eleven shift.

From one standpoint this wife's willingness to work in order to supplement the family's income was commendable. But her independent decision to curtail her influence with her husband and children for the sake of a few extra things money could buy was the kind of breach that brought strained relations and growing unhappiness within the family.

Cheating in any setting is a form of sin. Christians, through the plan of salvation, have access to divine power for resisting sin. Christians, therefore, have the greatest opportunity to rise above the unhappiness that cheating produces. But the plan of salvation does not operate automatically to save us from the consequences of our own negligence.

We must pray not only for discernment at the time of life when companions in marriage are chosen but for keenness of perception lest we yield to temptations to cheat, here and there, within the bond of marriage.

¹ *The Ministry of Healing*, p. 359.

² *The Adventist Home*, p. 55.

³ Matt. 5:28.

LIFT UP THINE EYES

From page 4

in the Father only to be forgotten?

Nurses covered me with ice packs and took my temperature every few minutes. Soon the bed was wet with perspiration. Early next morning just before dawn, the fever broke, leaving me weak and exhausted. That whole day and through the night I slept.

Over the edge of the treetops, the sun rose and shone through the hospital window where I lay in bed, weak but happy to be feeling well. Looking out the window, I remembered that today was spring quarter registration.

"Hello, David," the doctor said, walking in at a doctor's usual busy pace. "You look as if you're eager to go this morning."

"Say, Doctor, when can I go home?" I said, looking a little puzzled, "and what was wrong with me?"

"That's a good question. Your blood count was not high enough for appendicitis, and you got well so quickly it didn't seem like a virus infection. We really haven't made a diagnosis of your

case. Very few of our patients get well before we find out what is wrong with them." We both laughed. "Well, you can go any time you're ready."

"Thank you, Doctor," I said as he started out.

"Oh, by the way," he said, stopping at the door, "I've checked into your insurance, and by some accident you have three insurance policies. One is your parents' personal policy; another is from where your father works; the third is school insurance. Each policy will pay your whole hospital bill. So the money from two will go to you."

"Oh, really," I beamed. "How much extra will they pay?"

"Two hundred dollars," he said, with a twinkle in his eye. "Does that make you happy?"

Did that make me happy? I almost jumped out of bed and hugged him. Now I could register; I could continue school. As soon as the doctor left, I knelt in thanksgiving that we have a God who hears and answers prayer.

Sabbath School Lessons

Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

Youth

XII—The Divine Prayer Exemplar

(December 22)

MEMORY GEM: "It came to pass in those days, that he went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God" (Luke 6:12).

OUTSIDE READING: *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 113, 291, 292, 419-425.

Introduction

"In a life wholly devoted to the good of others, the Saviour found it necessary to withdraw from the thoroughfares of travel and from the throng that followed Him day after day. He must turn aside from a life of ceaseless activity and contact with human needs, to seek retirement and unbroken communion with His Father. As one with us, a sharer in our needs and weaknesses, He was wholly dependent upon God, and in the secret place of prayer He sought divine strength, that He might go forth braced for duty and trial. In a world of sin Jesus endured struggles and torture of soul. In communion with God He could unburden the sorrows that were crushing Him. Here He found comfort and joy."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 362, 363.

1—Jesus' Epoch-making Prayers

Scriptures: Luke 3:21; 6:12; Matt. 14:23; John 6:15; Luke 9:28, 29; Matt. 26:39-45.

Notes:

"Upon coming up out of the water, Jesus bowed in prayer on the river bank. A new and important era was opening before Him. He was now, upon a wider stage, entering on the conflict of His life. . . .

"The Saviour's glance seems to penetrate heaven as He pours out His soul in prayer. Well He knows how sin has hardened the hearts of men, and how difficult it will be for them to discern His mission, and accept the gift of salvation. He pleads with the Father for power to overcome their unbelief, to break the fetters with which Satan has enthralled them, and in their behalf to conquer the destroyer. He asks for the witness that God accepts humanity in the person of His Son."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 111, 112.

"The Saviour knew the character of the men whom He had chosen; all their weaknesses and errors were open before Him; He knew the perils through which they must pass, the responsibility that would rest upon them; and His heart yearned over these chosen ones. Alone upon a

mountain near the Sea of Galilee He spent the entire night in prayer for them, while they were sleeping at the foot of the mountain. With the first light of dawn He summoned them to meet Him; for He had something of importance to communicate to them."—*Ibid.*, pp. 291, 292.

"When left alone, Jesus 'went up into a mountain apart to pray.' For hours He continued pleading with God. Not for Himself but for men were those prayers. He prayed for power to reveal to men the divine character of His mission, that Satan might not blind their understanding and pervert their judgment."—*Ibid.*, p. 379.

"Stepping a little aside from them, the Man of Sorrows pours out His supplications with strong crying and tears. He prays for strength to endure the test in behalf of humanity. He must Himself gain a fresh hold on Omnipotence, for only thus can He contemplate the future. And He pours out His heart longings for His disciples, that in the hour of the power of darkness their faith may not fail. . . .

"Suddenly the heavens open, the golden gates of the city of God are thrown wide, and holy radiance descends upon the mount, enshrouding the Saviour's form. Divinity from within flashes through humanity, and meets the glory coming from above. Arising from His prostrate position, Christ stands in godlike majesty."—*Ibid.*, pp. 419-421.

"Behold Him contemplating the price to be paid for the human soul. In His agony He clings to the cold ground, as if to prevent Him-

self from being drawn farther from God. The chilling dew of night falls upon His prostrate form, but He heeds it not. From His pale lips comes the bitter cry, 'O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me.' Yet even now He adds, 'Nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt.'"—*Ibid.*, p. 687.

It seemed second nature to Jesus to pray. In fact, there are times when it seems to have been His first nature to pray, it came so naturally, and without any fuss. Jesus, our example, demonstrated the fact that prayer is a way of life. Better, it is the way of life. Best, it is Jesus' way of life for me, for it is my sure way through to Him at all times, without fail.

Questions:

1. Why was Jesus baptized? Example, yes—anything else?

2. Why would Jesus pray all night?

3. Why did Jesus pray for release from the cup?

4. Was this prayer answered?

2—Public and Private Prayer

Scriptures: Heb. 5:7-9; Mark 1:35; Luke 5:16; 9:18; 11:1; 23:46; Matt. 11:25; 27:46; John 11:41, 42; 12:27, 28.

Notes:

"When Jesus was upon the earth, He taught His disciples how to pray. He directed them to present their daily needs before God, and to cast all their care upon Him. And the assurance He gave them that their petitions should be heard, is assurance also to us.

"Jesus Himself, while He dwelt among men, was often in prayer. Our Saviour identified Himself with our needs and weakness, in that He became a suppliant, a petitioner, seeking from His Father fresh supplies of strength, that He might come forth braced for duty and trial."—*Steps to Christ*, p. 93.

It is clear from Hebrews 5:7-9 that Jesus did really identify Himself completely with us, all the way:

He cried and shed tears.
He needed salvation from death.
He was heard in that He feared.
He learned obedience.
He suffered.

This is our Jesus, all the way God, all the way man, the God-man, fully powerful, divinely empowered, altogether qualified to be our Saviour.

Questions:

5. How could Jesus be so sure that His Father heard Him "always"?

Paradox

by JEAN CARPENTER MERGARD

Because we have children, the hours are few
When I'm not overwhelmed by duties to do:
Taxiing service to library, school,
Dentist, museum, and even the pool;
Plus cooking and mending and day-to-day chores
Like fighting the finger-marked, left-open doors,
And mopping up mud and earmarks of new puppies,
And playing the nursemaid to turtles and guppies.
There's never enough of this fast-fleeting time
To do all I should; yet I try to, for I'm
Acutely aware that when free time is found,
I'll sink from its weight—with no children around.

6. Why did He ask to be saved from "this hour"?

7. Why did Jesus think His Father had forsaken Him?

8. Did Jesus really die?

3—Jesus' Intercessory Prayer

Scriptures: John 17:9, 11, 15-17, 20, 24.

Notes:

"Daily beset by temptation, constantly opposed by the leaders of the people, Christ knew that He must strengthen His humanity by prayer. In order to be a blessing to men, He must commune with God, pleading for energy, perseverance, and steadfastness. Thus He showed His disciples where His strength lay. Without this daily communion with God, no human being can gain power for service. Christ alone can direct the thoughts aright. He alone can give

noble aspirations, and fashion the character after the divine similitude. If we draw near to Him in earnest prayer, He will fill our hearts with high and holy purposes, and with deep longings for purity and righteousness. The dangers thickening around us demand from those who have an experience in the things of God, a watchful supervision. Those who walk humbly before God, distrustful of their own wisdom, will realize their danger, and will know God's keeping care."—*Counsels to Parents and Teachers*, pp. 323, 324.

"Bengel says with regard to ch. 17 [of John] that of all chapters in Scripture it is the easiest in regard to words; the most profound in regard to ideas. The prayer naturally divides itself into three parts: (1) prayer for Himself (vs. 1-5); (2) prayer for the disciples (vs. 6-19); (3) prayer for all believers (vs. 20-26)." —*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on John 17:1.

Questions:

9. How can we ever hope to have the same kind of unity Jesus has with the Father?

10. What is truth?

What Is in This Lesson for Me?

Jesus, the eternal and sovereign Lord, came into our world and prayed. The question is, Did He need to pray? The answer is, Yes, He needed to pray. Then how about us, the objects of His coming?

"Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,

That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer."

in godlike majesty."—*Ibid.*, pp. 419-421.

Jesus loved the people dearly, but He could not become an earthly king and free them from the Roman rule. True ☐ False ☐

Jesus prayed for power to convince the people that His kingdom was not of this world. True ☐ False ☐

On the Mount of Transfiguration Jesus prayed for strength to endure His suffering for humanity. True ☐ False ☐

He also prayed that the faith of His disciples would not fail. True ☐ False ☐

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Why do you think Jesus could not become king of this world and free His people from Rome, and still carry out His plan to save man from sin?

3. Prayer in Gethsemane

READ: Matthew 26:39-45.

"Behold Him contemplating the price to be paid for the human soul. In His agony He clings to the cold ground, as if to prevent Himself from being drawn farther from God. The chilling dew of night falls upon His prostrate form, but He heeds it not. From His pale lips comes the bitter cry, 'O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me.' Yet even now He adds, 'Nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt.'"—*Ibid.*, p. 687.

READ: *Steps to Christ*, p. 13.

How many disciples did Jesus take with Him into the Garden of Gethsemane?

How many times did Jesus go by Himself to pray?

How many times did Peter, James, and John fail to watch and pray with Him?

How many times did Jesus pray, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt"?

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Name the things it cost Jesus to pay for our salvation.

Is it too much for Him to ask that we give Him our hearts?

4. Prayers in Solitude

READ: Mark 1:35; Luke 5:16; 9:18.

"In a life wholly devoted to the good of others, the Saviour found it necessary to withdraw from the thoroughfares of travel and from the throng that followed Him day after day. He must turn aside from a life of ceaseless activity and contact with human needs, to seek retirement and unbroken communion with His Father. As one with us, a sharer in our needs and weaknesses, He was wholly de-

Earlteen

XII—Our Lord Was Often in Prayer

(December 22)

TEXT TO REMEMBER: "And it came to pass in those days, that he went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God" (Luke 6:12).

AIM: To show us that we need to follow the example of Jesus and be found often in prayer.

1. Baptism and Ordination Prayers

READ: Luke 3:21, 22; 6:12-17; John 15:16.

"Upon coming up out of the water, Jesus bowed in prayer on the river bank. A new and important era was opening before Him. He was now, upon a wider stage, entering on the conflict of His life. . . .

"The Saviour's glance seems to penetrate heaven as He pours out His soul in prayer. Well He knows how sin has hardened the hearts of men, and how difficult it will be for them to discern His mission, and accept the gift of salvation. He pleads with the Father for power to overcome their unbelief, to break the fetters with which Satan has enthralled them, and in their behalf to conquer the destroyer. He asks for the witness that God accepts humanity in the person of His Son."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 111, 112.

"The Saviour knew the character of the men whom He had chosen; all their weaknesses and errors were open before Him; He knew the perils through which they must pass, the responsibility that would rest upon them; and His heart yearned over these chosen ones. Alone upon a mountain near the Sea of Galilee He spent the entire night in prayer for them, while they were sleeping at the foot of the mountain. With the first light of dawn He summoned them to meet Him; for He had something of importance to communicate to them."—*Ibid.*, pp. 291, 292.

Complete these statements:

After the prayer following Christ's baptism the people saw

And a voice was heard from heaven, which said,

Before ordaining the twelve apostles, Jesus prayed all night because

After their ordination the apostles had power to

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

If baptism is for the "remission," or putting away of sin, why do we need to pray after we are baptized?

2. Could Jesus Be King?

READ: John 6:5-15; Mark 6:44-46; Luke 9:28, 29.

Jesus performed a great miracle when He fed the five thousand, and the people felt that here was a man who could free them from the Roman rule. Not only that, but they would never have to be hungry again. To many, no doubt, that was the first time they had ever had enough to eat. So they wanted to make Him a king, but Jesus went away into the mountain to be alone and commune with His Father. He needed strength to resist the people, and to try to convince them that His kingdom was not of this world. Then, too, He knew that His disciples would need His prayer, because they would not understand why He would not let Himself be made king. They loved Jesus and wanted the best for Him; they also were looking for a high place in the kingdom they were hoping He would establish. Even the disciples still needed to understand that His kingdom was not of this world, and that He, as well as they, would have to suffer to redeem men.

"Stepping a little aside from them, the Man of Sorrows pours out His supplications with strong crying and tears. He prays for strength to endure the test in behalf of humanity. He must Himself gain a fresh hold on Omnipotence, for only thus can He contemplate the future. And He pours out His heart longings for His disciples, that in the hour of the power of darkness their faith may not fail. . . .

"Suddenly the heavens open, the golden gates of the city of God are thrown wide, and holy radiance descends upon the mount, enshrouding the Saviour's form. Divinity from within flashes through humanity, and meets the glory coming from above. Arising from His prostrate position, Christ stands

pendent upon God, and in the secret place of prayer He sought divine strength, that He might go forth braced for duty and trial. In a world of sin Jesus endured struggles and torture of soul. In communion with God He could unburden the sorrows that were crushing Him. Here He found comfort and joy."—*Ibid.*, pp. 362, 363.

Many people were always around the Saviour seeking help from Him, and sometimes He would have to go away for a time so that He could commune with His heavenly Father. He needed the help that His prayers to God gave Him, for He was human, as well as divine. Often while others were sleeping He was spending the time in prayer.

Why did Jesus often go to a solitary place to pray?

Why did Jesus often get up early in the morning and go off alone to pray?

Why did the boy Jesus pray at his mother's knee and in the synagogues?

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

We are living at a fast pace today, and we are likely to forget that we need God's help. Is it not time we realize that we must spend more time on our knees in prayer? What is the best time for regular personal prayer?

5. The Lord's Prayer

READ: Matthew 6:9-13.

Many of Jesus' prayers are recorded, and it is interesting to note that His prayers were for others. Even as He prayed for the cup to pass from Him (His death on the cross), He said, "Thy will be done." The most wonderful prayer we have from His Word and the one most quoted is the Lord's Prayer. It is called the perfect prayer because it is so com-

plete and it is for all and for any age. First of all, we are to address God as our Father, showing that we are really brothers and sisters in God's great family. Then we acknowledge that God is holy. The next thing is, "Thy kingdom come." Here we are good Adventists, for we believe His kingdom is coming, and soon. Then we ask that His will be done in our lives, as well as in the lives of others. This is submission, and that is so needful. Next we ask for temporal needs, things we need for the physical body; then for forgiveness. We ask His help to keep us from temptation, and that we be not led into evil. Last of all, we give God the glory due His holy name. So you can see there is nothing left out that is needful.

Match the appropriate number with the proper phrase from the Lord's Prayer:

1. The address.
2. Praise.
3. Physical requests.
4. Spiritual requests.
5. The reason for our confidence in making these requests.

- Our Father
 Hallowed be thy name
 Thy kingdom come
 Thy will be done
 Give us this day our daily bread
 And forgive us our debts
 Lead us not into temptation
 Deliver us from evil
 Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Why did Jesus teach His disciples to pray this prayer? Is it sufficient or is it a pattern?

6. Jesus Prays for His Followers in Every Age

READ: John 17:9, 11, 15, 17, 20, 24.

READ: *The SDA Bible Commentary*, on John 17.

First of all, Jesus needed to pray for Himself; He wanted the Father to glorify Him so that He in turn could glorify the Father. By His going through the terrible ordeal of the cross without a murmur, He glorified Himself and His Father. Then He prayed for His disciples. He knew how much they would need help, especially since He was to leave them. He prayed not to have them taken out of the world, but that they be kept from the evil in it. He knew that they had a great work to do in winning souls so that they could start the early church; He also knew that they would have to suffer. He wanted them to be able to go through the suffering without losing hold on the Christian life. In verse 20 we read that Jesus prayed not only for His early disciples but for those who would later believe on His name. That means us, and I am so glad that Jesus is praying for me. Aren't you glad He is praying for you? Then He prays that all His believers will one day be with Him where He is. This is assurance that we will inherit eternal life.

Do you sometimes feel that it is of no use to be good in such a trying world?

Do you realize that because Jesus knows how trying the world can be, He is praying especially that you will be kept from the evil in the world? We need to be in this old world so that we can help others find eternal life.

As you think about heaven, isn't it worth all the effort it takes to be ready when Jesus comes?



Question *I am 19 years old, a high school graduate (public school), and a recent convert (about one year). I want and need to attend a Christian college, but I have no money. The job situation here isn't too good, especially for someone who can't work on the Sabbath. I have been totally unsuccessful thus far in finding employment and I have been looking since January, 1962. I have been selling magazines to support myself, but I don't sell enough to save any money or even buy some essentials. What can I do? Does the church have any kind of loan or scholarship plan—other than colporteur? What do you suggest that I do about my situation? I can't be content just remaining stagnant without improvement or advancement of any kind. I believe that the Lord has better plans for Christians than to remain in the same position forever. I want to be an*

English teacher; both my aptitudes and my ambitions point in this direction.

Counsel You are to be commended for the service that you have performed since January, 1962, although financially you have had a struggle. How encouraging the thought that "the world is to receive the light of truth through an evangelizing ministry of the word in our books and periodicals. Our publications are to show that the end of all things is at hand. . . . There are more difficulties in this work than in some other branches of business; but the lessons that will be learned, the tact and discipline that will be acquired, will fit you for other fields of usefulness, where you may minister to souls."—*Colporteur Ministry*, pp. 145, 146. You will never know the amount of good you have accomplished for the Lord, until you get into that better land.

Some of our churches and conferences have loan funds, and most of our Seventh-day Adventist colleges have types of, or arrangements for, loan and trust funds, and scholarships.

Since there is a dearth of English teachers, you might have a priority. We would suggest that you contact a union secretary of education, or a college official, telling of your great desire to secure a Christian education and of your need for financial help.

Some students go to the college campus during the summer to work up a labor credit for the ensuing school year. Honor God by standing for principle in sales or other temporary jobs that you might secure. Read Acts 5:29. But see a Seventh-day Adventist college representative as soon as possible.

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