

the **Youth's** instructor

JANUARY 22, 1963

Even a broken crankshaft opens
the mind to some factors
that may be

More Than Coincidence

[Sabbath School Lessons for January 26]



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opinion poll

by JOAN MARIE COOK



IT IS my considered opinion that the most interesting people on any campus can be found, sooner or later, in the campus newspaper office. Besides that, or maybe because of that, there is almost always plenty of talk there—philosophy, debate, or just fun talk—depending on the mood of the day.

Upon arriving at a new school I always sought out the paper office. There is always “coolie” work to be done in the cause of the fourth estate and I was usually adopted into the family.

And so it came about in this way that I became a feature editor. There was

never any campus job half so much fun as being a feature writer. My title gave me courage and excuse to do what I had always wanted to do anyway—wander around and get acquainted with absolutely everyone, from the most lofty to the most timid. I could approach anyone, ask improbable questions and always explain my way out with, “You know how it is, I’m always after a story.”

While my official press card admitted me to lectures and concerts all over the city, I would not have traded it for my small notebook and pencil that admitted me to hearts.

One article that I wrote made me

think long thoughts. The idea was one of those easy-do things where I asked everyone the same question. Fearing that it might remind the editors of academy days when it seemed grand-scale hilarity to ask everyone what should be done with a howitzer, or some such, I tried to choose a question that would be simple to answer, but something to challenge the thinkers, too. I decided on “What is the most important thing to find in life?”

A few answers bordered on the ridiculous. One boy informed me with the air of an Eastern mystic, “I want nothing from life but life itself.” Another boy of the one-in-every-crowd variety wanted a solid-gold Cadillac. He got his laugh.

About ten pretty freshman girls answered, “Love,” in the manner of someone who has a patent.

The girl whose life I most admired answered, “Selflessness.”

But the answer I got again and again until it added up to about 80 per cent of my total was “Happiness.”

At first my reaction to this popular answer was simply, “All right. Nice. Fine.” But since it kept coming, and especially later while I prepared the survey for print, it didn’t seem all right. It seemed all wrong, somehow.

To begin with, how does one go about finding happiness? It isn’t the sort of thing you can search for by going out and beating bushes and looking under big rocks. Do you get it by seeking for it slavishly, exclusively?

Not that there is anything especially wrong with wanting to be happy. I think it’s fine to appreciate happiness, even to expect it as a by-product of useful, vigorous Christian living. But should the consideration of happiness

the Youth's instructor

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is a non-fiction weekly. It is published for young adults who are capable of asking sincere questions, and who seek to know the counsels of Scripture. Its contents are chosen to serve readers who want to reach maturity—spiritually, socially, intellectually, and physically. Its staff holds that God is man's heavenly Father; that Jesus is man's Saviour; that genuine Christians will strive to love God supremely and their neighbors as themselves.

Its pages reflect an expanding objective from 1852 to 1963. First it was essentially a vehicle for providing youth Sabbath school lessons. Now it also provides many added services for a generation that should witness the literal return of Jesus and the restoration of a sinful world to the universe of God.

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The Perfect Garment

by LILIAN HOOVER



I like to iron—
To take the tightly rolled,
Well-sprinkled,
Very wrinkled,
Shirt,
Or dress,
Or table linen,
Unfold and press the fine starched surface
With well-placed strokes of iron,
Heated right,
Leaving a trail smooth and flowing
Until, all wrinkles gone,
I fold,
Or hang,
The object of my skill
And fill with pride in work well done.

Someday
When God views His finished task
Upon the garment of my soul,
May He find it as free
Of wrinkle,
Or blemish,
As beautiful to see
As the shirt,
Or dress,
Or table linen here I press.

be the prime factor in every decision, every plan? A goal such as happiness doesn't give you anything definite to do; it doesn't guide you straight.

Our God asks us to learn self-denial and humility, lessons that don't always fit in with our idea of happiness. He advises, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."¹ And Ellen G. White commented upon this text, "Even in this life it is not for our good to depart from the will of our Father in heaven."² Contemplate that.

And who wants happiness unless it is found in Christ—the kind of happiness that the world cannot recognize because the stain of selfishness has been removed.

Later during the school year, while

I was home for Christmas vacation, I spent an evening listening to a splendid recording of *The Messiah* with a young friend in our neighborhood. Greg is not of our denomination, and he attends a State university. I told him of my feature question and asked it of him. He looked at me steadily and answered without one minute's hesitation, "I know because I've thought this through before. The most important thing for me to find in life is the Pearl of Great Price. I must find Him and make Him known to others."

I guess there's no such thing as a "right" answer to my question, but I think Greg's answer was the best one.

How strange that I did not hear it on my own campus.

¹ Matt. 6:33.

² *The Desire of Ages*, p. 121.

Is Religion Dull?

Crankshaft Judy Nelson was a Cam-pion Academy junior when she wrote the first-award Pen League account of "More Than Coincidence." The cover pictures the culprit crankshaft that precipitated an unplanned adventure. It is held by Don Wesslen.

Bushman "The Bushman's Story" was being researched as early as February, 1958. In that month the author wrote Pastor D. Mogegeh for additional details. Two letters from him, in March and September of that year, supplied the answers. William Moyo also supplied in April answers to questions she had sent to him.

Bushman Before Mrs. Ansley's manuscript reached us, the *Review and Herald* published on February 5, 1959, Elder Ralph S. Watts's story, "The Miraculous Conversion of a Bushman." Then April 12, 1961, brought the completed manuscript you can read in this issue. A careful reading of the Watts account and the Ansley manuscript disclosed some variant spellings of proper names and other apparent discrepancies.

Bushman One paragraph from Mrs. Ansley's April 17, 1961, letter will show some of the difficulties involved in research: "There are little discrepancies or inaccuracies that I would like to eliminate if at all possible. You will note in the letters that Pastor Mogegeh mentions Sekuba dressed in skins. Pastor Moyo says he was wearing khaki shorts, shirt, and an overcoat. Both are right, I am sure, but they were thinking of different times. Inasmuch as Pastor Moyo was Sekuba's first Adventist contact, I conclude that at that time at least, he was dressed in European-style clothing."

Bushman Mrs. Ansley is competent to unravel the skein of such a story, for, with her husband, she labored in South Africa some thirty years.

Faculties God requires the training of the mental faculties. He designs that His servants shall possess more intelligence and clearer discernment than the worldling, and He is displeased with those who are too careless or too indolent to become efficient, well-informed workers.—COL 335.

The dreariest shelf of books in my office contains the writings of one of my favorite authors.

For some inexplicable reason the publishers of this author's writings must have concluded that religious books demand unimaginative bindings and somber colors.

It is wrong to gamble. But I hazard the guess that if Ellen G. White's writings were more attractively packaged, more target readers of this magazine would be dipping into her books today.

Brown is the last fall color after all the other colors have drained from the dead leaves. And some other colors aren't much more lively—anemic green, tired red, faded blue.

Does this shelf of books tell me something about Adventism? Have we in other areas than book binding siphoned the brightness and color and aliveness from our faith?

I cannot believe that any part of religion was intended to be depressing. One of the liveliest poems in my scrapbooks tells of a daughter who wondered what her neighbors were thinking when she had her mother dressed in red for her funeral. The poem said that the mother had always wanted to have a red dress. "Will they think she's too wild?" the daughter mused.

Religion need not be garish to be colorful. It need not be offbeat to be on beat for youth. An uninhibited God of Creation produced the scarlet tanager, the flashing goldfinch. Spiritual things were meant to be happy, stimulating, irresistibly appealing.

The God who created us is not a kill-joy. You couldn't read ten minutes in the Psalms without discovering this. Take another look at the plans for color and form in the wilderness tabernacle.

He loves color, or else He would not be so lavish with it throughout nature. Flowers, birds, animals, fishes, gems—what a galaxy of them we see.

He loves sounds, and evidence surrounds us.

He loves movement. Look again at nature. Who can forget childhood's remembrances of flying geese, holding to their undulating formations? Who can forget the sight of a bouncing deer, the graceful leap of African impala, the fascinating movement of a hummingbird?

Man has made religion dull—not God. Jesus did His best while here to reclaim the Father's intent for the spiritual life. Even He had difficulty. So often His demonstration of the riches of the gospel was misinterpreted, maligned.

You who are older—how about bringing into great prominence the thrills of Christian living? Could it be that in bringing back the exhilaration of heavenly fellowship, we would also bring back some who were driven away by our sorry exhibition of a faith that fell short of the divine intent?

Walter C. Crandall

coming next week

- "CLOTHED WITH REFINEMENT"—Regina Rogers debated a long while before her decision became clear to her, but once made, it was firm.
- "NINETY-SEVEN POINT FIVE PER CENT"—Warren I. Hilliard was distressed to the point of action as he considered the number of communities that knew nothing of the Advent message. There was but one course for him to take.

More than Coincidence

by JUDY NELSON

STARTLED out of peaceful slumber, several heads popped up from the seats of the bus. Something was not as it should be. Concern over an alarming noise rising above the usual rattle and clatter of mess kits and canteens on the baggage racks of the bus was reflected from the driver to the faces of the passengers.

"Nothing can go wrong now when we are so close to home!" I said to my seatmate. There was hope, well-tempered with doubt, in these words I spoke on New Year's Day, 1962. Our bus, the "Blue Monster," had taken us to Mexico and almost back. "Almost" was where we were at the moment of the banging and knocking. "We" were forty-five people from Campion Academy, Loveland, Colorado, traveling in the big blue bus. Having gone to Guadalajara, Mexico City, and Montemorelos during Christmas vacation, we were returning home. School was to begin in two days and it would take us just that long to travel to the academy and complete our 4,500-mile, two-week journey.

Our eyes were now focused on home—home with its promises of heated buildings, loved ones, schoolmates, a change in diet, and our own comfortable beds every night. Hadn't we all, as we first glimpsed the border of the U.S.A., felt a patriotic thrill and spontaneously broken into singing the

The boys dismantled the 120 used chairs and the girls carried them to the rear of the building to be washed. They then waxed all the wooden sections.



"Star-Spangled Banner"? Traveling was indeed delightful, but now home seemed dear.

But that noise—was it poor gas again, another tire gone out, or something worse this time? The noise had begun about ten miles from Menard, Texas, and we barely reached the top of a hill and pulled over to the side of the road before the bus stopped completely. The drivers, Don Wesslen, math and science teacher at Campion, and Ben Brost, Bible teacher, and two of the more mechanically-minded boys, Clyde and Leslie, got out and crawled under the noisy contraption.

"What is wrong?"

"What do you find?"

"How long will it take?"

Each time a grease-stained mechanic crawled into visibility he was plied with questions. But each man only shrugged, picked up another tool, and crawled back under. Groups of students stood around apprehensively until Mr. Wesslen finally appeared to say, "I believe we may as well have dinner here, for we haven't found the trouble, and I'm not sure that we will. Nevertheless, we shall continue to look."

Dinner was prepared in the two-wheel trailer that was pulled by the bus. Our congenial and efficient cooks, Mrs. Wesslen and Mrs. Brost, soon served the meal.

"I'm afraid that the difficulty is something major," Mr. Wesslen announced as he came to the trailer for his dinner.

"We can't get to it and will need a good mechanic's help."

Anxiously we turned to E. V. Thomsen, instructor in English and Spanish, also manager and conductor of the tour. Decisions had been his all along the way, and he didn't hesitate now.

"I'll catch a ride to Menard and see what facilities there are for bus repair and housing for us, if necessary. On New Year's Day this project might not be simple."

Within five minutes Mr. Thomsen was on his way to town, the town we had gone a few miles off course just to visit for half an hour or so. Less than an hour before, Mr. Thomsen's

cal supplies were running low and a physician's consultation was indicated.

In the middle of the afternoon self-appointed lookouts shouted that Mr. Thomsen was arriving with a convoy of cars. He smilingly stepped from the driver's seat of the first one.

"I've found no motel, no hotel, no mechanic," he announced, "but I have found friends."

Friends were what we needed most at the moment. We were beginning to experience Texas hospitality and it was delightful. Mrs. Dale Mock and Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Westphal, interrupted at their New Year's dinner, had the machinery for our accommodations go-

ing at the hospital when we arrived. All marveled at the calm assurance displayed by Mrs. Mock as she smilingly directed this sudden invasion of forty-five grimy, weary travelers.

The three patients were immediately put to bed on second floor, my mother on duty with them while we were in Menard. After these girls were made comfortable and given medication, Mrs. Mock showed the rest of the group through the hospital and then assigned us places to stay, either at the hospital or at homes of church members. Mrs. Alaska Duncan, head cook at the hospital, was busy in the kitchen and cafeteria getting us a good warm supper.

Meanwhile, our sponsors had made several calls to Campion. At worship in the waiting room of the hospital Mr. Thomsen told us that the academy administration had suggested we find out how much it would cost to charter a bus, but to stay at Menard until the "Blue Monster" could be towed to Abilene for an estimate. Principal Glenn Davenport had also asked whether we could all be kept busy!

"That may not be as much of a problem as you might think," said Mr. Thomsen. "Just across the park in front of the hospital, is the new unfinished Adventist church. Dr. Westphal has



Left: The old church seated only about 30 persons and would have been totally inadequate for the visiting students. Below: The blue bus in the Mexican mountains.

voice had resounded over the public address system of the bus, telling us briefly the Menard story. A serial in *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, May and June, 1960, had inspired the decision to see at Menard the hospital operated by the Seventh-day Adventists.*

We repacked the trailer. A few groups went for short walks or picked mistletoe, some napped, and we all waited. Moments seemed to drag now. Three of the girls, who had become ill before crossing the border, were unsuccessfully trying to find comfortable positions, and my mother, Mrs. Eleanor Nelson, a registered nurse, was more concerned than she let us know. Medi-



* "Menard's Monument to the Future," by Viola M. Payne, May 24-June 21, 1960.

been telling me that there is a membership here of about thirty. Since nearly all of them work six days a week they do not have much time to spend working on the church, and they expect it will be two more months before they can have services there."

He paused a moment, and then with a twinkle in his eye went on, "Perhaps we can show some appreciation for what they have done for us here by helping at the new church. How about it? Do you want to?"

We did. At nine o'clock the next morning we assembled, ready to start work on the 120 used theater chairs

"We can't just stand off from the Lord and wonder what He is like. We have to taste of Him and find out for ourselves that He is good. This is best illustrated by the way the hand of the Lord has led us," he said as he reverently closed his Bible.

"We hadn't definitely planned to come through Menard at all. It was a place of interest we decided to go out of our way to see at the last moment. Had we gone the way we had originally planned, where would we be now? I believe it is *more than coincidence* that we are here."

"That noise in the bus Monday,"

"The mechanics are going to work straight through to get the bus ready for us by Friday. The earliest we could leave then is Saturday night after sundown, driving without a night stop on to Campion, reaching there Sunday night. If we all stay and wait for the bus we could set as our goal to have the new church finished by Sabbath. You can see that there is barely enough room in this old church for just our own group."

As we looked around at the building we were in we decided thirty more people couldn't even find standing room.

"It is a necessity, if we stay, to get the new church ready for services by Sabbath," Mr. Wesslen continued. "In order to do this everyone will have to cooperate and really work hard."

"The other alternative is chartering a bus. This would cost 54 cents a mile from here to Campion, about \$600, plus 30 cents a mile for the dead run back. After paying this, we would still have the blue bus repair bill of \$900 and the cost of arranging to have it brought home."

The idea of a few added days in balmy Texas brought exclamations of joy and delight. Discussion didn't last very long, because we knew what we wanted to do and we didn't plan on wasting valuable time talking about it. Todd Burley, Campion Academy junior class president, stood and said, "I move we stay and get these people in their church by Sabbath."

The motion was carried unanimously and enthusiastically. Plans were made immediately for everyone to work at full speed. Most of the students went to the church to continue work there. Clyde, Duane, Thearon, Dave, and Vernon donned "scrub suits" and worked as orderlies on third and fourth floors in the hospital. Several girls worked the night shift when there was a shortage of help. "They've saved us thousands of steps," said Mrs. Starr, head nurse, after our stay was over.

However, it wasn't all work in Menard. Mrs. Mock arranged for six cars to take us on a deer hunt, Texas style. No rifles or gun sights were involved in this hunt—just good eyesight! At first we couldn't see the deer very well because they match their surroundings so perfectly. Someone would shout, "There's one!" Then there would be two together, then several. Catching the last rays of the sun in its beauty and calmness, a quiet lake was the drinking place for two of these creatures. Their silhouettes were as clear and distinct



Workers at the Menard Hospital had scarcely hoped for assistance from a teen group.

that were going to be put into the sanctuary. As soon as the boys had the cushions loose, the girls carried them into the back of the old church where they could be washed. With all of us working as we were then, we decided it wouldn't take long to have the members in their church.

"Everybody meet in the old church at 10:00 a.m. for worship. This is an important meeting." This message spread rapidly to all of us the next day, Wednesday.

After conducting worship in the little building, Mr. Thomsen turned the meeting over to Mr. Wesslen, who smiled in his quiet way and began reading one of his favorite texts.

"O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him. O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him' (Ps. 34:8, 9).

continued Mr. Wesslen, "was the crankshaft breaking in two! If it had broken in the mountains of Mexico, I think I would have looked for the first opportunity to abandon the 'Monster,' then started to walk home."

After considering this possibility for a minute everyone groaned, remembering the precipitous mountain drive a few days before.

"The cost of towing would have been prohibitive even if we could have found anyone to do it," he went on. "As it is we have had a good place to stay with friends of our faith in a town without motel or hotel. We aren't wanting for food. Those who are ill and unable to travel at this time are getting the best of medical care. This, as I see it, is tasting of the Lord, and seeing that He is good."

Many heads nodded in agreement and waited for him to continue.

Planning

by EDNA ATKIN PEPPER

Do you plan to meet the Master
When life's morning fades away?
When you've had your own way longer,
Will you then find time to pray?

What if He should plan to call you
From life's morning hour today?
Could you meet Him with assurance
As the summons you obey?

You may not be here tomorrow—
What a price you'll have to pay
If you keep the Master waiting
While you go your willful way!

as the reddest rose against a bed of greenery.

By Friday afternoon the grounds at the new church had been cleaned, the trash burned, the front yard filled and leveled for a lawn; but there was still work to be done. When one of the boys asked, "Are we going to get all the chairs together and in the church before Sabbath?" the answer was neither yes nor no. The girls were waxing and polishing the last of the chair backs, and the boys and men were putting the various painted, waxed, and shining parts together in rows of six in the back of the old church, then carrying them to the new church and fastening them down.

Linda checked her watch and suggested, "We'd better speed up if we want to get through early enough to get our baths and do our hair before Sabbath."

"Oh," Jerry groaned, "here is another part that hasn't even been sanded!"

"Give it to me," I sighed. I'll be sanding all night in my sleep anyway."

We finally reached the bottom of the pile, however, swept up the dust of a long day's work, and straightened our backs. Now the question "Will we make it?" could be answered. We opened the doors to the new Seventh-day Adventist church and saw our answer—its shiny floor and gleaming rows of beautiful seats.

Dr. Westphal, a frequent visitor and helper while we worked on the church, confided that day to Mr. Thomsen, "Brother, you know I have secretly wished I might be the first speaker in the new church, but the pastor is scheduled to be here tomorrow."

Mr. Thomsen, who always managed to grant our many and varied requests and desires on the trip, was again ready

with a solution. "We plan to conduct a vesper service tonight as we do at the academy, and we would be delighted to have you as our speaker." Thus it was that we gathered for the first service in the new church to hear Dr. Westphal speak on "God's Masterpiece—Man."

Church the following day was a big thanksgiving service—thanks to the members of the church for the care and good times shown to us and thanks to the Campion Academy group for the privilege the members had of being able to worship in the beautiful new sanctuary.

Our home on wheels was back with us again and took us out to the Westphals' ranch for a delicious church dinner prepared by the women of the Menard church.

After sundown the last-minute packing was completed. Our hopes were high with the anticipation of being home in about twenty-four hours. The trailer was loaded and locked for the last time. Everyone found his favorite seat and prepared for the long ride. Hospital personnel and townspeople gathered around to wish us a safe trip home.

Mr. Thomsen offered prayer, asking God to continue His watch over us. Dr. Westphal, a well-known and loved figure to us all by this time, also entered the front of the bus.

"Thank you again for breaking down near Menard," he smiled, "if a breakdown had to be. Now if your teachers don't give you 100 per cent for every day missed, have them get in touch with me!"

Then he laughed, "But I must apologize for depriving you of one evening's entertainment. The county judge was over to the church to help one day and watched you working at your various jobs. He told me, 'I know, Doc, that you don't go to the movies. But I'm going to take this bunch of kids to the show tonight myself!'"

"Sorry to disappoint you, Judge," I answered, "but they don't go, either!" In a more serious mood he concluded, "We from the hospital and church do appreciate your help and attitude. We think it speaks well for Christian education."

With a warm glow in our hearts we waved farewell to the friends and hospital we had learned to love through more than coincidence.

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Adventists at Century 21

by CATHERINE CARLSON DOWER

DO YOU really believe the graves will open?" asked the well-dressed woman who paused in front of the large, colored transparency of the resurrection scene. This was one of several paintings in the Seventh-day Adventist exhibit at Century 21, the World's Fair being held in Seattle, Washington.

"Yes, I do believe it. The promise is true. It is in the Bible," I answered, and handed her a brochure prepared as a souvenir from the exhibit. "There is a card in the booklet which you can fill in to receive a free Bible course if you wish it. All these truths are made plain in it," I said.

Then I directed her attention to the large, revolving globe showing the work of Seventh-day Adventists all over the world. "The red lights show the hospitals, the green ones the schools and colleges, the white ones show the administrative offices, the blue ones the publishing houses, and the orange ones the mission boats." Just then the familiar shape of the South American continent came turning to us and I pointed to the Amazon with the orange lights up and down the river and its tributaries—beacons of light and hope.

"Adventists are missionary-minded. We feel the gospel must go to all the world and then Jesus will come as depicted in this painting by John Hancock. This is the hope of the Christian."

She thanked me and walked out onto the gaily lighted Boulevard

East, and others trooped in to look at our display.

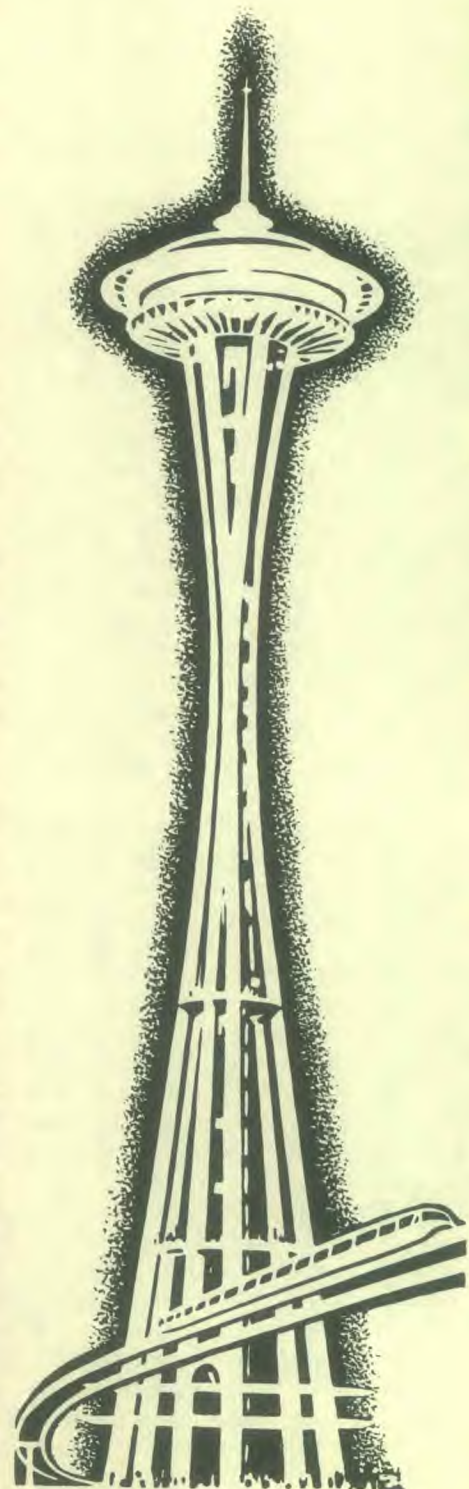
The revolving globe was attractive with its many lights. The title of the display in large white letters outside on the building designated it as "Your World Beyond Tomorrow." The paintings were attractively illuminated, and a white Naugahide divan invited the footsore fairgoer to a moment of rest and contemplation.

On Idaho Day a fine-looking man and woman paused to enjoy a look at the revolving world. At its base were several magazines—*Liberty*, *Signs of the Times*, and *Life and Health* in their bright-colored covers, asking to be taken. The woman had been telling me about her State of Idaho and the Basque dancers who had come to add grace and action to the day's festivities. Looking at the magazines she said, "I get the *Liberty* magazine. I am a State legislator."

"My wife was a patient in your hospital in Thailand," said another man. "It is most modern and they were wonderful to us. Guess what they charged us? The equivalent of five cents! We were tourists and it was a holiday and they had every reason to charge us tourists' rates, but they didn't. Since returning to the States we always contribute to your work in appreciation." I was grateful for the light which symbolized the hospital in Thailand, for

To page 18

Many who visited the
fair exhibit
commented freely
on Seventh-day Adventists
and the way of
life they follow.



► Ferryboats, slow but amiable work-horses of an earlier era, may stage a comeback as mile-a-minute transport. A sleek new breed of hydrofoil passenger ferries is expected to play a useful role for short-haul transport in coastal and harbor waters. Hydrofoil ships speed over water on submerged wings or "foils." These craft are expected to skim the surface at speeds up to 60 knots, with gross weights under 500 tons, and fuel ranges of up to 1,000 nautical miles. They also promise better riding comfort than other waterborne vehicles. SRI

► About a third of the people of Panama, some 350,000, live in the Central Provinces—Cocle, Veraguas, Herrera, and Los Santos. The number is increasing by about 2 per cent annually and is expected to reach about 450,000 by 1970. Agriculture is the main activity. New economic activity is being stimulated by the Government, and roads, schools, hospitals, and water and sanitary facilities are being improved.

International Bank

► A quartz "brain cell" that can understand and react to spoken words has been demonstrated by a gyroscope company. The device may lead to development of machines that obey spoken commands, such as telephone without dials, typewriters that take spoken dictation, and desk-sized computers into which data can be deposited by spoken word.

AMA

► Sharks and snappers are fed by hand in Durban's 186,000-gallon oceanarium, Africa's largest. A skin diver flips his way down to the bottom of the circular tank at feeding time. Because the fish are fed, they do not attack each other, and vicious sharks, turtles, and small fish slip through the water side by side.

ISSA

► Federally operated, a geomagnetic observatory and magnetic test facility is being established in Dallas, Texas. The station is designed to provide basic information on the character and origin of the earth's magnetic field and additional significant data for the national space program.

Science

► A stone-walled, thatch-roofed shepherd's hut at an elevation of 17,000 feet in southern Peru is believed to be the world's highest permanent habitation.

NGS

► It requires about three tenths of a second for a frog to jump from take-off to target.

AMNH

► Despite patrols on the Red Chinese border, 200 to 300 refugees reach Hong Kong every week. CARE

► Plank roads were built in the Eastern United States in the mid-nineteenth century. Costing only \$1,500 a mile, these "farmers' railroads" speeded transportation, but were soon abandoned because the wood wore out rapidly. NGS

► The United States science exhibit at the Seattle, Washington, World's Fair was built with a \$9.9 million appropriation by Congress. This was the largest cash outlay ever made by Government or industry for such an exhibit based on science. Great Northern Goat



Key to source abbreviations published January 15, 1963.

► During his travels, George Washington, first President of the United States, kept a careful diary of all his stops. He felt it incumbent upon him to stay in public hostels rather than in private homes, and many of these public places still stand today. NGS

► In less time than it takes to dot an *i*, a new micro-welder will make a reliable weld, and the dot on an *i* would be 30 times bigger than the size of the weld. The device will weld to glass, ceramic materials, gold, silver, aluminum, and almost any known material, even if the material is in thickness of less than tissue. The welder is portable and operates from a regular electrical outlet.

Aerospace

► Under the direction of the United States Information Agency, libraries encompassing a total of more than two million books have been established in 80 countries. About 28 million persons visited these libraries last year. A small USIA library in Africa had more requests for the Federalist Papers in four weeks than the New York Public Library, the second largest in America, had in a full year. In addition to its libraries, USIA published some six million volumes for overseas distribution last year. The Arsenal

► On the little island of St. Barts in the Caribbean is an isolated community of Frenchmen who live in almost precisely the same way as their ancestors, peasants and fishermen from Normandy, who settled there more than three centuries ago. Many of the women on the island still wear seventeenth-century-style Norman French bonnets, and the men wear wide-brimmed straw hats. They work hard at farming the arid land and at fishing. An electric generator was installed in the capital, Gustavia, within the past year, and a few of the people have electric lights. UCAL

► Evidence has been obtained that the atmosphere of Saturn contains molecular hydrogen, probably in large quantities. It has also been determined that very high winds, with velocities of hundreds of miles an hour, exist in the atmosphere of the planet. These winds may sweep the gases and particulate matter in the atmosphere into the three bands that are observed to parallel the planet's equator. The bands are said to be about 10 miles high.

Naval Research Reviews

► Americans are the poorest sleepers: 52 per cent have trouble falling asleep. Forty-nine per cent of the American adult men and 56 per cent of the women report some insomnia. Of the French, 46 per cent of the populace report insomnia; Hollanders, 43 per cent; British, 41; Canadians, 41; Danes, 23; Swedes, 23; and Norwegians, 15.

New Medical Materia

► The Air Force banned distribution by cigarette manufacturers of free cigarettes in AF hospitals because "the ever-increasing evidence" linking smoking to cancer "no longer can be ignored," according to the AF Surgeon General's office. AMA

► Soybeans, sweet corn, and sweet potatoes are the only common vegetables with more than 100 calories per 100 grams (3½ ounces). Most vegetables range from 10 to 40 calories per 100 grams. UCAL

► Safest drivers are those between 50 and 60, particularly if they are married. The 15-25 age group are the most dangerous of all drivers, with those over 65 the next most dangerous.

Highway Highlights

► The average supermarket carries about 600 products. Since the shopper's average store tour is 20 minutes, each product may get only 1/5 of a second of the shopper's attention. Pak-Facts

The Bushman's

by GLADYS PIATT ANSLEY

FAR AWAY in the remote sandy wastes of the Kalahari Desert in Bechuanaland, Southern Africa, live the primitive Bushmen. They have never known civilization. They live where the white man seldom goes and never stays. Sekuba was one of these little Bushmen. Though he was a full-grown man, he was barely five feet tall.

As Sekuba and others of his family group of Bushmen crept into their crude shelters out of the desert cold one night in 1953, they had no inkling that their way of life was to change forever. The heat of the day gave way quickly to the chill of the winter night. Near him Sekuba kept his bow and quiver of poisoned arrows.

The little people were wise children of Nature and knew her secrets. They knew the roots that yielded the deadly poison in which they dipped their arrowheads. Hidden in places they alone knew were shells of wild ostrich eggs. These they filled with water at the time of the brief rains. They knew where the watery tsuma melons grew. The forbidden desert was home to them. They survived incredible hardships in their contest with unrelenting nature but generations of that manner of living seemed to have well-nigh effaced the image of the Creator.

As the stars glittered in the dry crisp sky the night for Sekuba was suddenly brighter than day, and he talked with one who spoke from the

fire he saw. The next morning he tried to tell his wife and family what he had experienced. Over and over he repeated the story as their minds tried to grasp the significance of his night vision. Like all primitive peoples they attached great significance to dreams—but who had ever heard of a dream like this! They had never seen the things he tried to tell them about.

The Bushmen are a wild, nomadic people who generations before had retreated as civilization advanced. They ate raw flesh from the animals they killed, and wore their skins as loin-clothes. They ate snakes, rats, insects, roots—anything that would sustain life. They could find their way in the trackless Kalahari that at times appeared deceitfully green from the thorny bushes and trees that tapped underground water supplies out of man's reach. Life's necessities they understood.

But what was the "Book" Sekuba was talking about? From their background of experience it is no wonder Sekuba's family were having difficulty comprehending. Who was the "shining one" who had spoken from the fire, so bright one could not look at him? Why must Sekuba go to the east to find the people of the "Book" and learn about God, the maker of the things of nature all around them? What were the other books—the brown ones that were also important? What was he trying to tell them about "a plan" this unseen God had for them? They could not under-



Pastor Daniel Mogegeh baptized Sekuba and others of his people who accepted Christ.

Story

stand the urgency Sekuba felt to go that very day in response to the angel command.

"How will you speak to the people you will meet?" they challenged him as he made preparations.

He told them as he had told them before, "The 'Book' talks. The 'shining one' taught me the words of the 'Book.' I understood them and I will be able to read them."

The Bushmen speak a language of clicks and guttural sounds quite unlike languages spoken by Bantu natives. No one ever goes to the Bushmen with books. Their language has never been reduced to writing. They are fugitives who retreated before the Bantu Africans and the white Europeans. If a rare courageous one ventures anywhere near these inhabitants of civilization it is to hunt straying cattle and goats to add to the meager fare of the wild game. They are often considered enemies and thieves to be hunted by both Bantu and European. They are people who shoot their poison arrows from ambush, a people to be feared.

Sekuba's wife and relatives made no attempt to remind him of the dangers he would find along the way. The awe and wonder of his night vision impressed them too. Together they traveled as a group, each day drawing nearer the eastern border of Bechuanaland, hunting to sustain themselves as they went.

Finally, on the fringe of civilization

Sekuba learned in a dream that he must look for Pastor Moyo (with Bible), for from him he would learn about the "Book" and four brown books that really are nine.

they found a few scattered Bushmen who knew a little more about their Bantu neighbors. Sekuba left his family near them. They believed him when he said he would return for them after he found the people with the "Book." Clad in his skin loincloth, carrying his kaross (a blanket made of animal hide) and a scanty supply of biltong (dried meat), and armed with his bow and poison-tipped arrows, Sekuba advanced eastward alone into the unknown, obedient to the angel's directions.

Some 150 miles from the original starting place, and many days later, Sekuba hesitantly approached the scattered huts of some African Bantu farmers on the border of one of the African reserves. Bushmen are known more by reputation than by sight and so the startled tribesman at the first

hut was filled with fear and apprehension to see the dusty, loin-clad Bushman. The wizened little man of the desert seemed shy and showed no signs of belligerence. The arrows were in their quiver, and the empty bow in his hand calmed the African's impulse to flee. Timidly the little Bushman waited for the African to speak.

"I see you," greeted the Bantu according to African custom.

With dignity Sekuba returned the greeting, then asked, "Where will I find the people with the 'Book'?" When the amazed Bantu tribesman found no words for a moment, Sekuba continued, "I have come to find the people who worship God."

"You speak our language!" exclaimed the African.

"The 'shining one' taught me," Se-



kuba stated simply, then explained more of the night vision he had seen. "Can you take me to one who can teach me more of the 'Book'?" he asked.

"This is marvelous! Yes, I can take you to our pastor. He lives near." The African entered his hut to explain to his family who followed him outside, wide-eyed, eager to glimpse a real Bushman who said a supernatural being had taught him their language.

Together the African, tall and ebony-dark in tattered old European clothes, and the dusty little brown man in a loin skin, kaross over his shoulder, walked quickly along the path toward more scattered huts where other Africans stopped in amazement at the un-

on this journey. Every African was silent. When he finished he asked humbly, "Have I found the people who worship God—and have the 'Book'?"

For answer, the pastor, deeply moved, rose, entered his house, and quickly returned with a Bible in his hand. Sekuba's eyes lighted. Clapping his hands softly and bowing his head he exclaimed, "That is it! That is the 'Book.'"

"This is the end of your journey," exclaimed the pastor. "You shall stay with me tonight." He led the group in prayer. Then the Africans, marveling, returned to their huts. The pastor made the Bushman comfortable in the little hut that served as his kitchen. His

Sekuba was firm yet respectful. "Sir, I have not misunderstood. These things were shown me plainly. There are people who worship God on the seventh day. Please tell me where I may find them."

At this the pastor's voice grew loud and angry. He threatened Sekuba. Neighbors began to gather. The pastor enlisted their sympathy, and anger mounted against the little Bushman. When he had a chance to speak he never wavered from his story, always saying, "The 'shining one' bids me find the seventh-day church."

That an unkempt Bushman in skins should presume to question the pastor's church was unthinkable. It was, in fact, treason, heresy. The Bushman remained adamant, insisting he must find the Sabbathkeeping church. Ridicule and abuse were heaped upon Sekuba but failed to intimidate him. Then they placed Sekuba under arrest for defying the church of the chief. A growing mob proceeded with their Bushman prisoner the remaining forty miles to Serowe, capital of the Bamangwato tribe of Bechuanaland.

Defenseless, the little Bushman was brought before the chief. In his own desert country Sekuba would have hesitated not a moment to kill a stranger who threatened him. What must have been his thoughts as, far from familiar scenes, he stood before the chief of the unfriendly tribesmen and listened to the accusations against him? But he was true to the angel vision and answered fearlessly and courteously. He told the chief that so long as he should live he would remain true to the unseen God who gave him the message of his dream.

The Sabbath message was not exactly new in Bechuanaland. The chief himself knew personally of Adventists, for his wife was one. He now commanded Sekuba to be silent, but Sekuba refused to stop, saying that as long as he had life he would continue to speak of the wonders revealed to him.

The gathering threatened to become unruly and out of control. Not daring to allow matters to climax in trouble and not be able to take action himself, the chief and his court took their prisoner and went to Serowe and asked the native commissioner for judgment.

This man, a European wise to the ways of Africa, heard the story with patience. At first, he too joined in threatening dire penalties for disturbing the peace, but Sekuba remained firm. His testimony was given again for the true God and His Sabbath. The white

Field

by JOHN D. ENGLE, JR.

This field of snow this moment holds for me
Just as much of God's divinity
As it will hold when springtime warms the hours
And makes this field of snow a field of flowers.

For I have learned that God has endless ways
Of making known the beauty He portrays.
This field, indeed, is but an instrument
On which God plays inspired and eloquent
Variations touching every heart
That is responsive to each season's art.

Winter, springtime, summertime, and fall
Echo the master theme—"His love for all."

expected sight of a Bushman in their midst. Their progress was delayed as Sekuba's escort briefly explained the miracle of a Bushman speaking Tswana. A few joined them as they proceeded toward the pastor's house.

In the gathering dusk the group arrived at the humble dwelling that had real windows with glass panes. When the pastor heard their excited story he spoke to Sekuba.

"These speak for you, but I would like you to tell me for yourself." The pastor, clad in black suit with a white clerical collar, brought his chair outside and sat while his people squatted African fashion on the ground.

Sekuba, never before in the presence of civilized people, was not abashed. A feeling of joy and gratefulness for the success of his journey filled him. Gladly he gave his testimony and explained the wonderful vision that had sent him

servant prepared food for him. Sekuba lay down to sleep, glad to have found the object of his search.

Then another vision was given him. The angel came again. "This is not the true church," the "shining one" said. "You must continue your search. You must find the Sabbathkeeping church and ask for Pastor Moyo. He will not only have the 'Book' but also four brown books that are really nine."

When morning dawned, obedient to his heavenly visitant, Sekuba explained to his host, "I must leave you. I cannot stay here. The 'shining one' came in the night and told me to find a people who keep the seventh day as Sabbath."

The pastor could not believe his ears. At last he found his voice. "This is the chief's church. Would the chief be wrong? You have not understood." With a note of irritation in his voice he spoke to the Bushman.

man was amazed that a Bushman, speaking Tswana, though unlearned and alone, should thus continue to cling to his story of angel instruction. His sincerity was evident. A feeling akin to awe crept over him.

The white man weighed the evidence thoughtfully. After all, Sekuba had committed no offense. It was most remarkable, his ability to converse in fluent Tswana. His courtesy and courage demanded respect. He turned to the chief, his court and his followers waiting expectantly, restlessly. Then he turned to the humble Bushman as the crowd became silent.

He addressed Sekuba, "You have committed no crime. You are free to go speak of your faith." Then he gave an order for the crowd to disperse and return to their homes. The little Bushman was to continue his search unmolested.

Alone once again somewhere outside Serowe, Sekuba spent the night where darkness found him. How to find Pastor Moyo—in what direction to go—he did not know. He had done his best, but his efforts had brought him into trouble that was nearly disastrous. His wisdom was insufficient for this great problem. Twice the "shining one" had talked to him. In simple faith, alone in the desert he now talked to the unseen God. He prayed that He would direct him, give him a sign. Then he slept the sleep of a trusting child.

With the dawn he saw near the distant horizon a small, mistlike cloud. That, in the clear dry air of the semi-arid country bordering the Kalahari, Sekuba accepted as his sign. Patiently he set out at once to follow it. Each day it was there, a small cloud always to the northeast and ahead of him, leading him on, for seven days and 118 miles. Along the way he carefully avoided roads and men. One mistake was enough.

Somewhere, perhaps in Serowe before he left the shelter of the native commissioner's court, Sekuba had acquired some European clothes. As he approached Tsessebe, a little settlement beside the railway that threads its way from Cape Town north across the great African continent toward the Congo, he was a small inconspicuous brown man clad similarly to those living in the little village. The cloud that had gone before him disappeared. Before him was Tsessebe on the border of Bechuanaland and Southern Rhodesia. As the rays of the setting sun touched the peaceful countryside, Se-

kuba made preparations for the night. Would he find the pastor named Moyo?

Next morning as he walked steadily toward Tsessebe he met a Bantu African. The tribesman greeted him with curiosity, but the small brown man clad in shabby European clothes, carrying a kaross and speaking Tswana excited no great wonder. The Bantu directed him to the village, and with no difficulty Sekuba found the pastor's house.

"Dumelong" ("Good morning"), greeted the Bushman visitor as the pastor answered the knock at his door. The kaross he carried had slipped and the arrows were visible. The startled pastor studied his visitor intently and recognized that no ordinary African stood before him. He, as did other Africans, harbored some fear of Bushmen—but courtesy bade him invite the stranger in.

Sekuba once again told his story in Tswana while the pastor listened with growing awe and wonder. "I am commanded to find the people with the 'Book' who keep the seventh-day Sabbath," concluded Sekuba.

Gladly Pastor Moyo brought out his worn Bible.

"That is it." But Sakuba had one more request. "Where are the four books that are really nine?"

Pastor Moyo turned to his book shelf and brought out the four brown volumes of the *Testimonies to the Church*.

"Yes," said Sekuba eagerly. "You are the people." There was joy in his face, joy in his heart, when he knew he had reached the end of his journey. But he must know more—much more.

All that day they talked. Pastor Moyo explained about the first coming of the promised Messiah as a little baby. He showed him from the "Book" why Jesus came and how He would come again.

That night it was the pastor who dreamed. Fear of the Bushmen reaches deep in those who have lived near these people. A text was shown him—Ezekiel 36:8. Awakening he rose quickly and lighted a candle. He found the text and read: "But ye, O mountains of Israel, ye shall shoot forth your branches, and yield your fruit to my people of Israel; for they are at hand to come." Fear of the Bushmen left as peace came into his heart. God had other "branches," people soon to come.

Sekuba stayed two weeks with Pastor Moyo. Daily they searched the Bible together and drank in the wonderful message of salvation. Before Sekuba left to return to his own people he extracted a promise from Pastor Moyo that he

would come and teach them more. Sekuba planned to live in the Nata crown lands, government lands set aside but not part of the reserves occupied by various Bantu tribes. Rather than return to the uncertain fortunes of nomadic Bushman life, he wanted to settle on the crown lands with those of his people who would join him, there to begin a new life.

Pastor Moyo traveled by bicycle to Sekuba's new home. He stayed a week the first time, obtaining his food from an African storekeeper at the trading post. His days were spent instructing the Bushmen who came to hear. Other Bushmen making the transition into civilization lived in that area and were interested.

They had everything to learn, including the ways of civilization. Plowing and cultivating fields, they learned from more advanced neighbors among whom they settled. For the first time they learned about taxes. "You are men among your fellow men, not animals roaming the desert," the District Commissioner of Francetown told them when they came to register and pay tax.

A few months later, in 1954, Sekuba was baptized, the first fruit of his tribe. In 1955 his wife, brother, and sister were ready for baptism.

Pastor Daniel Mogegeh baptized these people. He says they have phenomenal memories. They retain what they are told and memorize long passages of Scripture in a short time without forgetting. They are intelligent and make loyal Christians.

Sekuba retained the ability to speak, read, and write the Tswana language until his death in 1957. He was ordained church elder, evangelist, and pastor of the first Bushman church. Before his death ten more of his tribe were baptized. The latest report gives the number as more than forty.

When the angel visitor first appeared to Sekuba, Africa was relatively quiet. Today there are winds of every kind of thought, to confuse and destroy faith. Before the need was evident, God in His mercy allowed this miracle of grace to be performed that the confidence of His people might remain firm.

African pastors and believers have met and talked with Sekuba, the Bushman who obeyed the angel's command. These people are a living testimony that God has set His seal upon His Sabbath, by directing a primitive Bushman to the church that keeps it. They can know of a certainty that God Himself is leading a people out of every tribe and nation.

Family Worship Themes for 1963



MORNING MANNA, by Adlai A. Esteb

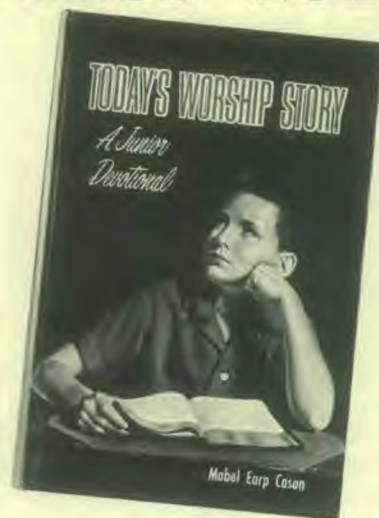
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NO STUDENT ever studied harder or worked more faithfully than did Jose. He ran errands, he swept, he cleaned, he hoed, he shoveled. Everyone wanted him to work for them, for he was so intent on doing well whatever he did. Jose brought the same spirit—zeal and enthusiasm—into the classroom. As time went by and learning became easier for him, Jose began to excel his fellows. He was graduated from the academy at the head of his class.

While studying in the academy, Jose often thought of his brothers and sisters, growing up without a knowledge of God. One by one he arranged for the older ones to leave the island that had always been their home and for them to attend church school and academy. It was his privilege to see most of the family united in the faith.

Many thoughts filled the mind of Jose on the happy day of his graduation. There was much satisfaction in having fulfilled his mother's wish that he go to school in the Visayas. He could feel too that his father would be proud and pleased if he could know how he had persevered.

Now he wanted to return to the island and carry on the work his father had begun at such sacrifice. After prayer for guidance, however, he realized that he was not yet ready. There lurked in his memory those agonizing months when he lay without hope for the want of medical care; the loss of his dear father and mother for whom it was impossible to call a doctor. If he could go back as a doctor he could help not only spiritually but also physically those he pledged to bring to God. So he decided to go to the city and continue his education.

In the city Jose secured employment in a hospital and enrolled for study in the nearby medical school. All went well for a while, but it was very hard at times for Jose to be patient. There swept over him at times great waves of nostalgia for his hallowed spot on the distant island. He longed to walk the familiar paths and greet old friends; to show those who had doubted that he could ever make anything of himself what, by God's help, he had been able to accomplish. Now, surely they would listen to the message they had spurned when his father had tried so earnestly to lead them to the Master. There were problems, discouragements, and often temptations to discontinue

Under the Coconut Tree

by *LAWRENCE E. SMART*

his studies and find something simpler. But his good sense told him the time was not yet ripe for him to go, and he was reminded of his pledge to prepare himself for greater service. So he waited—and worked—and studied.

At the end of his second year in medical school Jose decided to return to the old island for a visit. How different was his reception from his departure! A score of old neighbors came to meet him. So few ever left the island for advanced training that Jose was accorded a royal welcome. After visiting around the little village for a while, Jose invited the people to an evening meeting in the plaza.

Then with eager footsteps he made his way alone to the old familiar path that led to the site of his childhood home. The house had fallen down; there was little evidence that a dwelling had ever been there. But the coconut tree was taller and sturdier than ever

and the grass was smooth and soft beneath his feet. The day was dying as Jose approached the tree. For a while he sat, his back resting against the trunk, lost in thoughts of the past. Truly God had been good to him, and though the way had been hard, he could trace the loving hand of God's providence all the way.

The long rays of the setting sun began to gild the fronds of the coconut tree as Jose knelt beneath it, where so many years before he had pledged himself to God and to the island. With bowed head he now renewed his vow and his pledge. Rising to his feet and glancing at his watch in the dusky light, he exclaimed, "Time to begin my mission!" And he hurried off through the gathering gloom toward the center of the town and the plaza.

Friendly smiles greeted him as he neared the plaza. Here where his father had worked so faithfully and with so

little apparent results, here where the colporteur had sown the seed years before, Jose felt he could see signs of a ripening harvest. Several hundred people were gathered to hear him. He stood up and with a ringing voice told the story of his father's mission and the leadings of God in his own life. The people were very attentive; many times Jose saw eyes glistening with tears.

The days allotted to the vacation were soon over and Jose packed his suitcase to leave. Scores of old friends and new acquaintances accompanied him to the

dock. How different from that day so long ago when he had fled in desperation to catch a boat for which he did not even have a ticket! Now friends felt it an honor to take turns carrying his suitcase.

There was one odd thing among his baggage that the young man insisted on carrying himself in his own hands. It was a coconut from his old coconut palm—strange equipment for a medical student! "I'll keep this coconut in my room," he told his friends, "as a constant reminder that I have pledged

myself before God to return to this island when my preparation is completed. One day soon I'll come back and build a clinic under the old coconut tree."

Returning to Manila, Jose set to work to save for his third year of medical school. During his brief vacation to his native island he had renewed his acquaintance with his younger brothers and sisters. As time passed he began to feel a burden for their salvation. If they could only go to one of our schools they would have a chance. Finally Jose decided to continue working, take a few night school classes, and help his brothers with the expenses of attending the academy in the Visayas.

When the new school year opened Jose began following his new program. It took three years to accomplish what he had originally planned to do in one year, but Jose had the joy of seeing his brothers join the church and become self-supporting in the colporteur work.

Then one Sabbath at Sabbath school the superintendent announced that Rachel Cruz would sing a special number. Jose had known Rachel for a long time. She was a young church school teacher. Her voice was rich, pure, golden. Jose listened carefully. Strange he had never noticed before what a beautiful voice Rachel had. As he watched her sing he became acutely aware of the fact that Rachel was a beautiful young woman. His mind refused to concentrate on the lesson of the day or the sermon.

"I shouldn't think of such things," he argued with himself. "I've got to finish my education." Reason, however, began to lose the argument with his heart. It seemed strange now how often he seemed to find it necessary to pass by wherever Rachel happened to be. Finally, Jose gave up fighting and went to Pastor Alberto Montana. He told him frankly of his love for Rachel and asked the pastor to make an arrangement with Rachel and her parents. Eagerly he waited for Pastor Montana to bring him a report. Yes, the Cruz family thought that Jose would be acceptable, and Rachel smiled shyly, which was rightly interpreted as her pleasure in accepting Jose as her suitor.

The wedding in the chapel was simple, beautiful, and well attended by friends. After the wedding Rachel went with Jose to his little room and immediately began rearranging and adding that little touch of homemaking that only a good wife can provide. From a box under the bed she rolled out a dusty old coconut. "Jose, what in the

ADVENTISTS AT CENTURY 21

From page 10

those who carry the torch high in that faraway land.

An elderly gentleman watched the globe make its circuit, after looking at the pictures. His wife had taken time to sit down for a moment to rest her feet (the cement gets very hard when one walks for hours). I turned to him and began, "This is a souvenir from the Seventh-day Adventist exhibit. The globe——"

"It Is Written," he interrupted almost reverently.

"Yes, 'It Is Written.' Have you heard George Vandeman?"

The man beamed as he told me, "Never have I heard sermons presented so well. I influenced many of my friends to listen also." He told me he was from Denver, gave me his address, and was pleased to know I was going to see that he got the book *Planet in Rebellion*.

A man and his wife stood fascinated by the little lights on the globe. I gave them a brochure and visited with them. He had been in China. He had known Dr. H. W. Miller and Dr. Charles Dale. We talked for some time.

On leaving, this physician from British Columbia said, "I am so glad we came in here. This has made our visit to the fair worth while." This man will receive a copy of the book *China Doctor*, and maybe the seeds that were sown by men practicing medicine in far-off China shall yet bear fruit for the kingdom of God.

Workers from the Washington Conference manned the exhibit, explaining our beliefs, answering questions and witnessing to those who came. Elder D. A. Neufeld was kept busy bringing in boxes and boxes

of literature, which were emptied quickly by the crowds who paused to look, listen, and receive.

We gave literature to a garishly painted "doll" who stopped dead still and said, "Imagine this—I went to an Adventist academy!" To the physical therapist who knows and respects many PT's graduated from our school; to the people from Mason City, Iowa, whose best neighbor was an Adventist; to the family on leave—thirteen hundred miles from Guam; to the architect who is designing the rehabilitation unit at the Glendale Sanitarium; to the man in clerical garb (he laughed and said, "You mean Adventists have work in little old Ireland?"); to the Mormon across the boulevard who demonstrates Niagara equipment; to the Swedish actor playing in the Opera House; to the pilot who brought Vice-President Johnson to the fair; to the woman who received such good treatment in our Manila Hospital and who remembers Dr. Randolph with such gratitude; to the musician who was a member of the U.S. Army Field Band whose child was born at the Washington Sanitarium; to these and hundreds more, we are witnessing of the work of Seventh-day Adventists and the second coming of Christ.

Thank God for all who have been good neighbors, faithful employees, fair employers, kind physicians. For these people who received Adventist literature without prejudice, our prayer is that it will be read, and that the honest in heart will be found. I wonder what your neighbor told us as he accepted our literature at Century 21.

wit sharpeners

Step-O-Gram

by EARL HILLIARD

Fill in the blank spaces with the missing letters to form the words defined.

Definitions

1. An order of angelic beings.
2. Moses made one of brass.
3. A great gathering of people.
4. The ascent from Zion to the west side of the Temple.
5. Pastor of a Christian congregation.
6. A meeting for exchanging views.
7. What David's servant took from Saul.

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Key on page 20

world are you keeping that old dried-up coconut for?"

Jose rescued the coconut from the floor and blew the dust from it with a smile. "Well, well," he laughed, "my old coconut. I'd forgotten all about it. Must have been under there for a year or more." Then holding it high for a better look, he said, "Rachel, let me tell you the story of this coconut."

He told her of his parents, his childhood, his escape from death in the jungle, his struggle for an education, his dedication. When he finished she gently took his hand and murmured, "How good God has been to you; we must keep the pledge; we must finish our course; we must keep the faith. May God help us establish that clinic under the coconut tree. After all, Jose, you have only one more year of medical school if you study full time."

Together they set to work to make the dream of graduation a reality, but there were problems. Always before, Sabbath classes had been easy to schedule otherwise. Now one class could not be taken. The class, however, was to be offered in summer school. After so many delays, what are three months

more? The first semester of the final year of full study was nearly completed when it became evident that Rachel would soon have to give up her work. And without her support, Jose could not study full time. The second semester Jose registered for a few night classes, found a job as a bill collector, and helped Rachel with plans for the baby.

Summer came, and Jose enrolled for the class that he had missed because of his faithfulness to the Sabbath. During the summer session the baby, an exquisite Oriental miniature, was born. She lived but an hour. Once more Jose followed a casket to the graveyard, this time a little white one, and he walked alone. Later he sadly returned home to sit by the bereaved Rachel. Truly, this was their darkest hour. Neither spoke for a long time, then Rachel took Jose's hand, smiled through her tears, and

said softly, "Jose, the coconut tree still waits. We have our troubles, but God's work must go on. Let's renew our dedication." And they did.

Jose set to work with new zeal, and in spite of problems the degree requirements were completed. Internship, then practice—the illusive goal became a reality.

Today Jose works on the island where his father first lighted the torch of truth and life. Once more the quiet Sabbath morning sees a little Sabbath school group gathering, and the beginnings of a church are established.

Jose and Rachel rejoice in their field of work for God. At the close of the Sabbath they can be seen with little Joy, who has recently come to brighten their home, sitting together on the grass, Jose reading from the Bible to the little family as the setting sun gilds the fronds of the old coconut tree.

My Commission Expires

by GARNET M. MANRING

THE INFORMATION on the accident release form stated that on the morning of September 7, 1961, at 2:00 A.M., the car of Bill Brown was traveling north on Broadway at the speed of fifty miles an hour.

The car of Joe Jones was traveling east on Center Avenue at the rate of sixty miles an hour, when he ran a stoplight, crashing into the northbound car, knocking the driver out of the driver's seat. Joe retained his hold on the steering wheel, guiding the vehicle five hundred feet into an adjacent park, avoiding trees, finally colliding with some park maintenance equipment.

Miraculously, no one was injured. Both cars were a total wreck, however, and much damage was done to the park equipment. The two young men, each with his own accident release form, required only my seal as notary public.

As I filled in the blanks on the form, administered the necessary oath, then affixed my seal, I took note that my commission would expire on January 11, 1962. In a short time I would have to renew my commission as notary public for my home county. I must post bond and go be-

fore the circuit court judge to have him approve my local status. Then the application would go to the governor's office at the State house for his signature and the seal of State.

My office is a public one, and authorizes me to certify deeds, contracts, and other legal matters wherein a person swears the transaction is true. My signature and my seal on a document or any paper make it legal and acceptable in any court of the land.

I have had a run on these accident-release forms lately, bringing to my attention forcibly, even if the newspapers had not, that things of a violent nature are on the increase. This prophetic fact caused me to stop and ponder.

"What about my commission as a Christian?" I asked myself. "What if it should expire suddenly? How much time is left on my probationary period? Do I have the seal of God plainly affixed for all to see? Is my calling and election sure?"

Nowhere does the Bible give the day or hour of Jesus' coming, but God has given us many signs whereby we may know that the hour is indeed drawing near.

They Turned "No's" Into News

from PRECIS

IMPOSSIBLE!"

"Can't be done!"

"What a weird idea!"

Outcries like this have greeted an amazing number of the ideas and inventions we take for granted today—and can still frequently be heard, even in this age of technology, when a radical new device makes its appearance.

"Crazy mathematician" was the label pinned on Isaac Newton when he announced his discovery of the law of gravity. Louis Pasteur was challenged to a duel when he expressed his belief that a person could be immunized against the violent form of a disease by a "vaccination" that would produce a mild form of the disease.

Then there was the experience of Rowland Hill. "A means of making sedition [treason] easier" was one reaction to a proposal he made in 1837. "Of all the wild and visionary schemes I have ever heard of, this is the most extraordinary," was another, expressed by England's postmaster general before Parliament. Hill's "wild" suggestion: the use of postage stamps as a method of prepaying the delivery of mail.

About three years later the penny post was enacted into English law, and other countries soon followed suit. People liked stamps so much they soon began to collect them, and a new hobby was born.

In 1919—sixteen years after the Wright brothers made the first sustained flight—the idea of air passenger service was still novel. The airplane might be an interesting experiment, most people thought, but the way to travel was by train or steamship, and probably would be so destined for years hence.

They were still talking like this when Lignes Farman, the earliest of the French companies which later merged into Air France, flew eleven passengers from London to Paris on February 8, 1919. This first scheduled international passenger flight in

history took two hours and 30 minutes to cover 178 miles at an altitude of approximately 4,000 feet. The passengers sat in wicker chairs, eating sandwiches and cookies as they peered down at the White Cliffs of Dover from the windows of the Farman *Goliath*. The bimotor biplane, 92 feet long and weighing 11,000 pounds, was a giant aircraft for its time.

Today Air France, the direct descendant of Lignes Farman, flies the world's largest network of routes covering more than 204,500 miles. Passengers number well over 3 million a year. (In 1919 the parent company had 90 passengers and 3,000 miles of routes.) Many of them fly in one of Air France's 33 Caravelle jets, cruising at 500 mph at altitudes of 20,000 to 40,000 feet.

The 43-ton Caravelle, with a range of 1,500 miles, has one thing in common with the old *Goliath*—it was a revolutionary development when first introduced. Unlike the Boeing 707, also used by Air France, which has its engines slung beneath its wings, the Caravelle has its engines located on either side of the fuselage, slightly forward of the tail. This new placement creates great stability, efficiency, and passenger cabin quiet.

Even such an obviously useful invention as the typewriter also suffered from the onslaughts of good men who thought they were coming to the aid of the country by denouncing the new machine.

At first, technical difficulties were uppermost. It took ten years of experimentation for Wisconsin newspaper editor Christopher Sholes to produce a workable model. After receiving a patent in 1868, he joined forces with a businessman named James Densmore, who needed all his powers of salesmanship to persuade the armament and sewing machine firm of Remington and Sons to invest in an untried product of doubtful value.

Then there was the social hurdle. When the New York City Young Women's Christian Association announced its intention of training young women to operate typewriters, it encountered a storm of opposition. Men argued that such arduous labor was far beyond the capacity of female minds and constitutions.

When the first eight typists finished the course without a single nervous breakdown among them, the typewriter was on its way to public acceptance. One early typewritten letter, however, was returned to a business firm by a Kentucky recipient with an indignant note that "you don't need to print no letters to me, I kin read writen."

Sometimes the "no's" that make news come from the inventors themselves. Thus a Parisian named Jean-Jacques Perret, master cutler by trade, became angry when his barber cut him once too often. He determined not to put up with this indignity in the future. No, he didn't grow a beard or knife the barber. He attached a wooden guard to a straight razor so that only a snip of the blade protruded—and *voilà!* the first crude safety razor, in 1762. Today, one company spends \$30 million a year just to advertise its safety razors and blades!

Moral: If you think you have a really sharp idea, pay no attention to cutting remarks. Remind yourself how many commonly accepted inventions won acceptance by only a whisker—or by a stretch of the imagination.

key

wit sharpeners

SERAPHIM
ASERPENT
ASSEMBLY
CAUSEWAY
OVERSEER
ACOUNCIL
THECRUSE

Sabbath School Lessons

Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

Youth

IV—The Revelation of God's Love

(January 26)

MEMORY GEM: "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another" (1 John 4:10, 11).

OUTSIDE READING: *Steps to Christ*, chapter, "God's Love for Man"; *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 539-545; *The Adventist Home*, pp. 195-199.

Introduction

"If we love God because He first loved us, we shall love all for whom Christ died. We cannot come in touch with divinity without coming in touch with humanity; for in Him who sits upon the throne of the universe, divinity and humanity are combined. Connected with Christ, we are connected with our fellow men by the golden links of the chain of love. Then the pity and compassion of Christ will be manifest in our life. We shall not wait to have the needy and unfortunate brought to us. We shall not need to be entreated to feel for the woes of others. It will be as natural for us to minister to the needy and suffering as it was for Christ to go about doing good."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 384, 385.

1—Appeal of God's Love

Scriptures: Jer. 31:3; John 1:18; 3:16; 15:9; 16:27; 17:3; 1 John 4:8-10, 19; Rom. 5:5-8.

Notes:

"The gospel is the revelation of God's love to men, and means everything that is essential to the happiness and well-being of humanity."—*Fundamentals of Christian Education*, p. 186.

"Christ came to the earth and stood before the children of men with the hoarded love of eternity, and this is the treasure that, through our connection with Him, we are to receive, to reveal, and to impart."—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 37.

"The highest possible good is obtained through a knowledge of God. 'This is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent.' John 17:3. This knowledge is the secret spring from which flows all power."—*Counsels to Parents and Teachers*, p. 406.

God's love offering of His Son on Calvary and Jesus' voluntary sacrifice of Himself provided the whole universe with such a glimpse

of the character of God as it had never seen! To know God is to love Him. If we do not love Him, it is simply because we do not know Him.

Questions:

1. How does God love?
2. What is the measure of His love?
3. How does He draw us?
4. When Jesus was here where else did He say He was?
5. What is the measure of Jesus' love?
6. Why does the Father love us?
7. Why do we love the Father?

2—How Christ Revealed the Father's Love

Scriptures: Acts 10:38; Matt. 9:35, 36; 7:29; John 4:10-14; 7:37-46; 4:15, 19, 28-30.

Notes:

"Christ stood at the head of humanity in the garb of humanity. So full of sympathy and love was His attitude that the poorest was not afraid to come to Him. He was kind to all, easily approached by the most lowly. He went from house to house, healing the sick, feeding the hungry, comforting the mourners, soothing the afflicted, speaking peace to the distressed."—*Welfare Ministry*, p. 170.

It was impossible to listen to the Great Teacher without being convicted by the doctrine of love, truth, and grace that He taught. The incarnate Christ was the perfect expression of divine love and authority. All of this was revealed in His manner as a teacher as much as in the lessons that He imparted and in His acts as a healer and benefactor of the poor. "His eyes were lighted up with unutterable love, and the heavenly expression upon His countenance gave meaning to every word uttered."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 253.

"His illustrations were so appropriate, His words so sympathetic and cheerful, that His hearers were charmed. . . . Gracious, tender-hearted, pitiful, He went about lifting up the bowed-down and comforting the sorrowful. Wherever He went, He carried blessing."—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 24.

The water of salvation that Christ offered (John 4:10-14), the Samaritan woman eagerly accepted. Drinking deeply of the draught she immediately set out to share the refreshing with others.

"When the love of Christ is enshrined in the heart, like sweet fragrance it cannot be hidden. Its holy influence will be felt by all with whom we come in contact. The spirit of Christ in the heart is like a spring in the

desert, flowing to refresh all, and making those who are ready to perish, eager to drink of the water of life."—*Steps to Christ*, p. 77.

Questions:

8. How does Peter demonstrate his belief in the Trinity?
9. How extensive was Jesus' healing ministry?
10. How did Jesus feel about the multitude?
11. Why?
12. In what important aspect, particularly, did Jesus' ministry differ from that of the scribes?
13. What did Jesus want the woman of Samaria to know first?
14. Was the Holy Spirit here before Jesus' glorification?

3—Love in the Life

Scriptures: 1 John 4:7; John 13:35; 1 John 3:16-18.

Notes:

"Supreme love for God and unselfish love for one another,—this is the best gift that our heavenly Father can bestow. This love is not an impulse, but a divine principle, a permanent power. The unconsecrated heart cannot originate or produce it. Only in the heart where Jesus reigns is it found. 'We love Him, because He first loved us.' In the heart renewed by divine grace, love is the ruling principle of action. It modifies the character, governs the impulses, controls the passions, and ennobles the affections. This love, cherished in the soul, sweetens the life, and sheds a refining influence on all around."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 551.

"Men cannot love God supremely and their neighbor as themselves, and be as cold as icebergs. Not only do they rob God of the love due Him, but they rob their neighbor as well."—*Testimonies*, vol. 4, p. 548.

"Let us not love in word," the apostle writes, "but in deed and in truth." The completeness of Christian character is attained when the impulse to help and bless others springs constantly from within. It is the atmosphere of this love surrounding the soul of the believer that makes him a savor of life unto life, and enables God to bless his work."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 551.

Without God's help we cannot hope ever really to love anybody else. With His love in our hearts we can't help loving everybody else. It is His love that makes the difference, not our culture, or education, or breadth of vision. This is where discipleship begins. Without this love of God flowing through us to everybody else He loves there is no discipleship.

Do you know what John meant when he wrote "we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren"?

Questions:

15. Who knows God?
16. How are we to love?
17. By what will all men be able to judge us?

4—The Most Powerful Argument

Scriptures: James 5:19, 20; Eph. 4:1, 2; 1 Peter 3:15, 16; Phil. 2:14, 15; 2 Tim. 2:24-26; John 16:7, 8; Rom. 5:5-8.

Notes:

"No one was ever reclaimed by reproach; but many have thus been repelled and have been led to steel their hearts against conviction. A tender spirit, a gentle, winning deportment, may save the erring and hide a multitude of sins."—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 166.

"If we are following Christ, His merits, imputed to us, come up before the Father as sweet odor. And the graces of our Saviour's character, implanted in our hearts, will shed around us a precious fragrance. The spirit of love, meekness,

and forbearance pervading our life will have power to soften and subdue hard hearts and win to Christ bitter opposers of the faith."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 174.

"A kind, courteous Christian is the most powerful argument that can be produced in favor of Christianity."—*Gospel Workers*, p. 122.

"Whatsoever is done out of pure love, be it ever so little or contemptible in the sight of men, is wholly fruitful; for God regards more with how much love one worketh than the amount he doeth."—*Testimonies*, vol. 2, p. 135.

"God will give you the Holy Spirit to convict and convert the soul."—*Ibid.*, vol. 6, p. 81.

"The Holy Spirit will come to all who are begging for the bread of life to give to their neighbors."—*Ibid.*, p. 90.

Questions:

18. How important in God's sight is the work of reclaiming a backslider?

19. What is the best way to "walk"?

20. What counsel does Peter give about keeping our mental equipment always on the ready?

21. What counsel does Paul give about exercising our sonship?

22. How skillful an adversary is Satan said to be?

23. Does the gift and presence here now of the Holy Spirit mean that Jesus Himself is no longer here?

24. What is the Holy Spirit's mission with reference to the love of God?

5—Fruitage and Reward

Scriptures: Acts 2:41, 47; 4:4; Ps. 126:6; Matt. 25:31-40.

Notes:

"The church beheld converts flocking to her from all directions. Backsliders were reconverted. Sinners united with believers in seeking the pearl of great price. Some who had been the bitterest opponents of the gospel became its champions. . . . Every Christian saw in his brother a revelation of divine love and benevolence. One interest prevailed; one subject of emulation swallowed up all others. The ambition of the believers was to reveal the likeness of Christ's character, and to labor for the enlargement of His kingdom."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 48.

The ultimate reward of all who minister God's love faithfully to their fellow men is made plain in the Scriptures.

"The truth is soon to triumph gloriously, and all who now choose to be laborers together with God will triumph with it."—*Testimonies*, vol. 9, p. 135.

It is good to "add souls" to the church. In fact, this is one of the top-priority missions of the church. But it is not the church's only mission. And it is not the acid test of success.

The church's function in the world as the bride of Christ is to bear witness to His truth, to beckon constantly to sinners to join in the procession which one day soon will pass through the gates into the city of the New Jerusalem. Her primary mission is to be true to Jesus at all times, at all costs, come what may.

There is no strength or security in numbers, only in Jesus. The church's mission will be a success as she gathers in those who have established a close, personal, working relationship

with Jesus. And there is plenty of room for "whosoever will."

Questions:

25. Who does the adding to the church?

26. Can you find a suggestion in this lesson that every convert will surely be a convert-maker?

27. Who separates the sheep from the goats?

28. Does this mean that the church must keep apostates in the church?

What Is in This Lesson for Me?

However short the church may have fallen in living up to the Lord's program and timetable, this is no reflection on Him, but on us who withdraw or abstain from the supremely important business of building up His work and making it effective. For example, that sign out in front of the church. What is it saying right now to passers-by? Is it well kept? Does it declare that the people who worship inside care what kind of impression they are making on the world? What goes on inside? Is the Sabbath morning worship service the kind of experience you will be happy to share with a visitor next Sabbath? But regardless of the testimony of the church as a whole, the most important question for me is, What kind of testimony for Jesus does my personal life bear?

Earlteen

IV—The Revelation of God's Love

(January 26)

TEXT TO REMEMBER: "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought to love one another" (1 John 4:10, 11).

AIM: To show (1) that the gospel is the revelation of God's love to men and (2) that the most powerful argument in favor of its acceptance is a loving and lovable Christian life.

1. Appeal of God's Love

READ: Jeremiah 31:3; John 1:18; 3:16; 1 John 4:8-10.

"All the paternal love which has come down from generation to generation through the channel of human hearts, all the springs of tenderness which have opened in the souls of men, are but as a tiny rill to the boundless ocean when compared with the infinite, exhaustless love of God. Tongue cannot utter it; pen cannot portray it. You may meditate upon it every day of your life; you may search the Scriptures diligently in order to understand it; you may summon every power and capability that God has given you, in the endeavor to comprehend the love and compassion of the heavenly Father; and yet there is an infinity beyond. You may study that love for ages; yet you can never fully comprehend the length and the breadth, the depth and the

height, of the love of God in giving His Son to die for the world. Eternity itself can never fully reveal it. Yet as we study the Bible and meditate upon the life of Christ and the plan of redemption, these great themes will open to our understanding more and more."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 740.

Complete the statement:

The type of love God has shown toward us is called an love.

We know God through the life of

The is the great source book of God's love.

A study of His love is an theme.

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Even though the continued study of the love of God will never bring us to a full understanding of it, what will be the results of such a study?

2. A Necessary Knowledge

READ: John 15:9; 16:27; 17:3; 1 John 4:19; Romans 5:5-8.

If we do not really love God, it is because we do not know Him. If we do not know Him, it is because we have never known His Son, our loving Saviour. If we do not know Jesus Christ, it is because we have never taken the time to follow His life in the Scriptures.

Eternal life depends on our knowledge of God and His Son Jesus Christ. "This knowledge is the secret spring from which flows all power."—*Counsels to Parents and Teachers*, p. 406.

What was Jesus trying to show the world?

Why was it necessary for Jesus to demonstrate the character of God?

Why couldn't an angel from heaven do just as much as Jesus did in this world?

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

What should be our incentive for loving and serving God?

3. How Christ Revealed God's Love

READ: Acts 10:38; Matthew 9:35, 36; 7:29; John 7:44-46.

"Christ stood at the head of humanity in the garb of humanity. So full of sympathy and love was His attitude that the poorest was not afraid to come to Him. He was kind to all, easily approached by the most lowly. He went from house to house, healing the sick, feeding the hungry, comforting the mourners, soothing the afflicted, speaking peace to the distressed."—*Welfare Ministry*, p. 170.

"His illustrations were so appropriate, His words so sympathetic and cheerful, that His hearers were charmed. . . . Gracious, tenderhearted, pitiful, He went about lifting up the bowed-down and comforting the sorrowful. Wherever He went, He carried blessing."—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 24.

Jesus spent most of His time preaching to the people. True ☐ False ☐

The people whom Jesus contacted were charmed by His words. True ☐ False ☐

Even Christ's enemies fell under the power of His words. True ☐ False ☐

In serving humanity Christ showed us how to work. True ☐ False ☐

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Why did Christ have such wonderful results in His ministry for the people?

4. Love in the Life

READ: 1 John 4:7; John 13:35.

"By this we know love, that he laid

down his life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. But if any one has the world's goods and sees his brother in need, yet closes his heart against him, how does God's love abide in him?" (1 John 3:16, 17, R.S.V.).

"Supreme love for God and unselfish love for one another,—this is the best gift that our heavenly Father can bestow. This love is not an impulse, but a divine principle, a permanent power. The unconsecrated heart cannot originate or produce it. Only in the heart where Jesus reigns is it found. 'We love Him, because He first loved us.' In the heart renewed by divine grace, love is the ruling principle of action. It modifies the character, governs the impulses, controls the passions, and ennobles the affections. This love, cherished in the soul, sweetens the life, and sheds a refining influence on all around."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 551.

"Men cannot love God supremely and their neighbor as themselves, and be as cold as icebergs. Not only do they rob God of the love due Him, but they rob their neighbor as well."—*Testimonies*, vol. 4, p. 548.

Underline the correct answer:

Love that God accepts is (a) an impulse, (b) an emotion, (c) a divine principle, (d) a feeling.

Love for God and unselfish love for one another is found only (a) in the heart where Jesus dwells, (b) in the heart where self is supreme, (c) in the heart of the sentimentally lovesick.

One of the worst thieves known to the

world is the person who (a) robs the biggest bank, (b) cheats in school, (c) professes Christianity but is coldhearted, (d) a coldhearted gangster who steals funds from churches.

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

How can a person's influence and manner of life witness as to whether he has the love of God in his heart or not?

5. The Most Powerful Argument

READ: James 5:19, 20; 1 Peter 3:15, 16; 2 Timothy 2:24-26.

"A kind, courteous Christian is the most powerful argument that can be produced in favor of Christianity."—*Gospel Workers*, p. 122.

"Whatsoever is done out of pure love, be it ever so little or contemptible in the sight of men, is wholly fruitful; for God regards more with how much love one worketh than the amount he doeth."—*Testimonies*, vol. 2, p. 135.

"No one was ever reclaimed by reproach; but many have thus been repelled and have been led to steel their hearts against conviction. A tender spirit, a gentle, winning deportment, may save the erring and hide a multitude of sins."—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 166.

What difference is there between—

Winning an argument and winning a soul to Christ?

Pointing a person to Christ, and pointing out error?

Being friendly and kind, and being sure you show others their false beliefs?

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

What really is the most powerful argument a Christian can advance for God?

6. The Fruits and Rewards of a Christian

READ: Acts 2:41, 47, first part; Psalm 126:6; Matthew 25:31-40.

"The church beheld converts flocking to her from all directions. Backsliders were reconverted. Sinners united with believers in seeking the pearl of great price. Some who had been the bitterest opponents of the gospel became its champions. . . . Every Christian saw in his brother a revelation of divine love and benevolence. One interest prevailed; one subject of emulation swallowed up all others. The ambition of the believers was to reveal the likeness of Christ's character; and to labor for the enlargement of His kingdom."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 48.

"The truth is soon to triumph gloriously, and all who now choose to be laborers together with God will triumph with it."—*Testimonies*, vol. 9, p. 135.

Could it be possible that the early disciples saw such results because they had one driving ambition—to be like Christ? Explain.

Could it be that fruits and faith have anything to do with each other? Explain.

Could there be anyone enjoying the rewards of heaven who has not shared in the labors of the gospel? Explain.

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Why will we see another great Pentecost before the second coming of Christ?



Question *I was going steady with an Adventist man for four years. We are both past 30, and after a year I thought we would be married any time, but he kept evading setting the date. The blow came when he married someone else. I learned he had promised to marry several girls. I was told that 90 per cent of the men are guilty of disappointing girls and that I should expect it to happen. If this is true, how can I have confidence in another man? I am sure there will be very few men in heaven.*

Counsel First of all, you should be thankful to the Lord that you found out the kind of person this man was before you married him. I am sure it has been a great disappointment to you, but the Lord can give you comfort and relief from this injury.

Some of the greatest young leaders of the world, as well as of our denomination, have been unmarried women. God has a special work for these women to do. We have had graduate nurses

managing mission hospitals. Teachers have gone to various parts of the world to serve as instructors for the children of missionary families. Others have gone abroad to serve as secretaries in division offices and have found great happiness in making their contributions to God's work.

Although there may be a few men who are not trustworthy, there are hundreds of others who have made good husbands, and hundreds more who will make good husbands. If it is in God's plan, He will provide a worth-while helpmeet for you.

It is possible for you to gain confidence in another man. My advice is to forget this unworthy man by directing your interest into other channels. You are comparatively young and you still have time to make a real contribution to the cause of God, as well as to develop other lasting friendships.

Question *My mother has a big box of jewelry that she used to wear before*

she became an Adventist. I have a class ring I got while going to public school before I was baptized. What do you suggest we do with the jewelry we no longer have any use for?

Counsel I would make two suggestions: (1) The best course would be to destroy the jewelry or throw it away. Jacob's action in dealing with such, as found in Genesis 35:4, sets us a fine example. (2) A second course of action, however, is often followed by many of our people. You might sell the jewelry and give the proceeds to the Lord's work. The question may arise regarding the propriety of selling to someone else that which we would not use as Christians. There are occasions where such is permitted by God. Deuteronomy 14:21 reports an example of this.

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

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

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

*Has God Called You
to the Ministry of Teaching?*



THE NEED IS THE CALL!