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On assignment from the editor,
Gordon Butts tells a chapter
from life in

My 20 Years Out

[Sabbath School Lessons for April 13]

the Youth's instructor





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By Ivy R. Doherty

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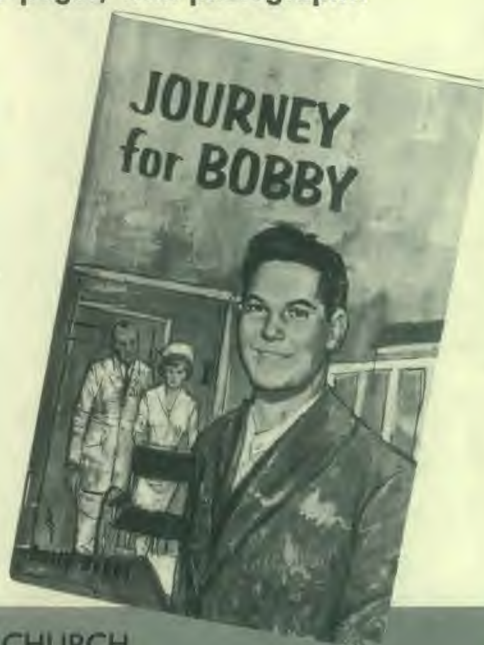
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an eye opener



by
**MARY
DALE
FRANKLIN**

ILLUSTRATED BY
SIEGFRIED BOHLMANN

WHY I SHOULD feel any more at a loss in my present anomalous situation than I had felt the past five weeks on an Adventist campus—a stranger in a strange society—I could not determine, exactly. Vague implications of the mission on which my companions and I were being borne stirred in me a sense of dilemma—of inadequacy. Its very name was enigmatic to me: In-gathering!

Not able to gather even my own thoughts into any rational sequence, I glanced around the car speculatively for some possible forecast on the day's experience. According to all signs it would be a dull one. The faces—one, grim; one, sleepy; one, meditative; another, blank—portrayed no hint of anything vital about our venture.

Slouched in their seats, the students

looked straight ahead, apparently not seeing anything; each in his private little world, not caring to emerge and share the universe with anyone else. Two persons in the front seat gave evidence of being aware of some responsibility: Mrs. Taylor, our sponsor, at the wheel and Roy examining the road map, probably calculating our route and destination.

Apathetically I returned into my own shell of thoughts: One would have thought from the speech and rally I had attended that this would be a big event. More likely it was just another clever scheme to escape school and have a big holiday! Yet it hadn't appeared to be that. Perhaps I was judging too quickly.

At any rate, I had had my "golden" opportunity to bow out of the scene when Bonnie invited me to go along,

Everyone became concerned about the lost money, and even the nonchurch member found herself eager to see it recovered.

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 sinless world to the universe of God.

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there on the steps as we were going to work. Did she know I am not an Adventist? Perhaps she did and was just trying to draw me into the school's activities.

I might be sorry that I had come, but—. Glancing at the colorful pamphlet lying on my lap, I fingered it curiously. Maybe the booklet would answer my questions, I thought, becoming absorbed in its pages.

Soon I noticed the late summer green of the valleys giving way to the autumn-tinted mountains as we pressed northward. Relaxing a little, I watched with pleasure the bright hues—orange, yellow, brown, and rust—of the leaves by

He Took a Towel

by CECILIA STANLEY HILL

He took a towel . . .

The Majesty of heaven

Wrapped His waist in cotton knit,

And girded thus with it,

Stooped down to serve.

And as I see that kneeling form,

My Lord, divine,

I vow that I shall not complain

When humble tasks are mine.

the roadside, dancing with each rush of wind made by passing cars.

We were nearing a small town in the fold of the mountains. Here Mrs. Taylor parked at the end of what was probably Main Street. I surveyed its length with a dubious eye. Could this unimposing place be our destination?

With the stopping of the car, the atmosphere changed. As if an electric switch had been snapped, my languid companions came alive, their whole attitude seeming to say, "This is it!" The animation spread from one to another like wildfire. I felt it too, but its only effect was to leave me embarrassed, frightened, and by now thoroughly angry with myself for having gotten into such a predicament.

After prayer, soliciting teams began to form. I muttered to myself (but apparently distinctly enough to be understood), "I wish I knew how to start! Is my ignorance ever going to show now!" Discovering that I wasn't an Adventist and that this was the first time I had been Ingathering, the group tried buoying up my spirits.

Mary Adele, tucking her arm through

mine, said cordially, "Come on along with me; we will go together." Apparently, her enthusiasm was contagious, for almost at once my confidence returned, and I became eager to try out my new-found wings!

The money in my cup edged itself toward the brim with each new encounter. I was enjoying the contacts and, with each one, finding my words less halting, more challenging and convincing—even to me! I wanted to work harder and harder.

Now I could see why hundreds and hundreds of young people went out each year; I could picture myself as being part of a big movement that reached to the ends of the earth. Here was a purpose for living—to help someone else. This was happiness in a nutshell.

Watching my companions now with much less skepticism, I noticed that from town to town, their determination did not wither. Whenever they came back empty-handed, their courage held up; and they seemed all the more determined. Observing these young people closely and sharing the experience with them, I could sense a great feeling of unity: an unspoken bond between them.

Here they were engaging in a project from which they would receive no personal benefit other than satisfaction for having accomplished something worthwhile. Sacrificing their scarce study time, giving up work hours for the achievement of good for someone else, demonstrated to me that some selfless motive powered their efforts.

With the growing realization, my fear and uneasiness were replaced by a glowing light of pleasure, by a feeling of confidence that I was gaining with each new personality encountered. Now I was able to take the haughty along with the meek, the hostile with the friendly.

The other members of our band seemed pleased at my progress and enthusiasm, and I was almost in ecstasies over their approval and appreciation. I wasn't feeling so much an outsider any more. I blushed when I remembered that I had suspected them of seeking a holiday away from the college campus.

Being part of such a project gave new meanings to old surroundings and to everyday occurrences. To me, the program explained much about the goals of these people. I no longer felt that I had to be on guard against everything they said or did. Yet, there

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The Youth's Instructor, April 9, 1963

#1 Killer

Spring "Spring Flowers" was the simple caption identifying Teuvo Kanerva's photograph used on this week's cover. It was a 1962 Photo Mart winner.

Reclamation "My 20 Years Out" has been written in the hope that readers will discover what each might do to make the church so attractive and inviting that fewer will lose their Christian experience while in its precincts.

Reclamation The winsomeness of Jesus, the compassion that marked His words and deeds, drew men to Him, they never drove them away. People found sympathy and not censure in His presence. An awareness of others and a concern for their souls constantly emanated from Jesus. His followers, living His example, can do much to hearten their fellows in the church. None can know the burden under which a church neighbor may be living. Brotherly love for others, shown by frequent word and deed, can encourage to steadfastness in the faith.

Reclamation Do you know someone who no longer finds his greatest satisfactions in church fellowship? Is there something you can do to let that one know that you have a care for his spiritual well-being? Will you spend yourself to help him regain his sense of belonging? Heaven will bless your acts of Christian friendship for such.

California "I read the INSTRUCTOR clear through every Friday night and I think it has more articles that are helpful to build character than it used to have some years ago." LEON B. LOSEY, Yucaipa.

India "Enjoyed reading your editorials on Adventist journalism. I hope they will inspire our colleges (and eventually our university) to offer good degree courses in this fruitful field." REGINALD N. SHIRES, West Bengal.

Obedience "And if we consent, He will so identify Himself with our thoughts and aims, so blend our hearts and minds into conformity to His will, that when obeying Him we shall be but carrying out our own impulses."—DA 668.

The number one killer among Seventh-day Adventist youth is a disease, over the identification of which some may argue.

I did not name the disease in the first sentence, because I hoped that if someone hasn't been reading this space from time to time, he might be challenged to read at least to here this week. The disease I refer to is compromise:

Benefiting the world with your talents when the church is often desperate for laborers in the very area for which you trained—

Denying your accountability for Christian stewardship by spending more than necessary for any item, regardless of your affluence—

The wearing of gold where unnecessary in the light of plainly written counsels—

Criticizing church leadership when you have positive knowledge that your own life has major flaws—

Failing to give 100 per cent support to denominational objectives for finishing the Great Commission—

Unwillingness to bring your life and witness into total transformity to the self-denial Jesus said was a must—

The use of a nonvegetarian diet in States and countries where there is no plausible excuse for using flesh—

These are but a sampling of the specifics your own list might contain if you courageously began a thorough self-examination.

Compromise is never satiated. It begins in one thing and inevitably leads to another.

I do not know how many hundreds or thousands of people perished in the Flood. I do know that only eight were spared. The percentage doesn't allow too much leeway. Face it now—does it?

Noah's day was a rather bright one. Adam at his creation had been "endowed with twenty times as much vital force as men now have."¹ Vital force is activated by the mind, the cockpit for life control.

The Flood was much nearer—much—to Adam's day than we are. Are we smarter than men who were his contemporaries for nearly a thousand years?

Of good men we read: "They were men of massive intellect, of wonderful attainments. . . . Only a few of the most prominent are mentioned in the Scriptures; but all through the ages, God had faithful witnesses, true-hearted worshippers."²

Of evil men we read: "In that vast throng are multitudes of the long-lived race that existed before the flood; men of lofty stature and giant intellect, who, yielding to the control of fallen angels, devoted all their skill and knowledge to the exaltation of themselves."³

"Massive intellect," "giant intellect"—potent descriptions these. Smartness won't save us. Living a "Thus saith the Lord" can.

Walter D. Croudeall

¹ *Fundamentals of Christian Education*, p. 23. ² *Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 84. ³ *The Great Controversy*, p. 664.

coming next week

- "EXAMPLE" was the only descriptive word that could fit the attractive young nurse. What qualities made her so noticeably different? By Daphne Cox.
- "A LAD AND A LABEL" proves what can be done if just one person believes sincerely that a label has been wrongly attached. By Berniece Gearhart.

A variety of activities characterized the rally held last fall at the college on Mauritius Island. The youth attending demonstrated an enthusiasm that both satisfied and inspired.

Mauritius holds a First

by DRUSILLA HERTOGS, M.D.

UP THE great tooth of the Piton du Milieu clambered a hundred Missionary Volunteers. The southeast face of the hill, exposed to the blustering trade winds, is a bare basalt precipice; but on the lee side a layer of soil supports a thick growth of bushes and stunted trees. The young people, using these convenient handholds and footholds, were soon on the summit. This outing was the final event of a youth rally that opened Wednesday evening, October 31, on Mauritius Island.

"The flat place on top is about as big as our back veranda," my ten-year-old son Keith told me later, "and it was packed with people standing shoulder to shoulder. A little push would have sent the outside ones off the edge."

"In spite of the cloudy sky, the view was lovely. At our feet was the pale-blue reservoir amid dark pine woods; the tea factory three miles away was like a model building; and we could see the Moka Range near Port Louis in the north; the Mahebourg Mountains southeast, and the sea all around."

"I brought two plants back from the top; I think they may be orchids."

"We saw the rain coming," my husband added, "and started down; but you can imagine, with so many people crowded together, we couldn't move very fast. It hit us when we had come about one third of the way."

Nora Michel, Mario Auguste, and a few others had started the descent ear-

lier. "We thought we'd surely get back dry," they grinned, "but it came down so hard we were soaked in no time at all." They huddled, dripping, on the veranda of the filtration plant; and soon a good-natured workman came to their rescue.

"Give me your shirts," he told the boys. "I'll have them dry in a few minutes." He hung them over hot-water pipes, and as more rain-soaked climbers arrived, the warm engine room filled with young people, munching their lunch, and laughing and chatting gaily, while clothes adorned every projection and rail. The sudden change in the weather had not dampened their spirits in the least.

A special shout of welcome greeted Pastor Raymond Collin, the union MV secretary, when he stomped in, muddy

up to the knees; nose and glasses dripping. "My wife ironed such lovely creases into my trousers before I left Tananarive," he lamented. While he and the mission director's family drove home for a quick change of clothes, I interviewed some of the young people. I was eager to hear how they had liked the rally.

Jean-Claude Bancillon, aged seventeen, assured me he didn't mind getting wet—it was all part of the fun. "I feel I have come nearer to God this weekend. I have made a fresh decision to live a life worthy of an MV. I have made a lot of new friends, too. It would

At the opening meeting of the rally Daniel Ozone carried the torch and Pastor Lewis K. Johnson led the group of youth in song.

be a good thing to hold a rally every six months."

Eri Strawens, eighteen, who is soon to return home to the Seychelles, agreed with Jean-Claude. "It has been an inspiring weekend. I was especially impressed with the story of Luther Warren, featured at the first meeting." Several others, including Clarel Davis, fourteen, and Gedéon François, eighteen, considered the opening meeting of the rally outstanding.

Every bench in the Rose Hill MV hall had been packed that opening night, October 31, with latecomers standing, although Gérard Viney, Rose Hill's young people's leader, had borrowed as many benches from the church as he could squeeze in. Thursday and Friday meetings were scheduled for Phoenix College.

A lively singsong of choruses, chosen and directed by Raymonde Catherine, just back from Ireland, put everyone

in a happy mood that Wednesday night. The entry of Daniel Ozone with a flaming torch was the signal for all to stand, and the rally theme song, "Send the Light," rang out for the first of many times.

MV's in uniform, red neckerchiefs contrasting with khaki for the boys, navy and white for the girls, filled the front half of the hall. The island MV secretary, Lewis K. Johnson, welcomed everyone, and thanked the young people who had worked to prepare for the rally.

"The church marches on the feet of its young people," he reminded them. "This rally will be an opportunity for us to see the Lord, like the disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration, and then, with a new vision in our hearts, to go out and work for Him."

"I will not say much," promised Mission Director Michel Grisier. "The time belongs to you, not to 'old' people like us! The MV's of Mauritius are an

army: Pastor Johnson is your general; Pastor Collin, who is now flying to join us, is the field marshal; but the commander in chief is Jesus. This rally will help prepare you for the battle."

The Port Louis young people presented several scenes from the life of Luther Warren, with Lolo Agate, the dynamic secretary of the Guides Club, in the title role. The program gave a vivid picture of the character of the man who founded the MV movement.

At 11:00 p.m. the Air France Starliner with Pastor Collin on board, touched down at Plaisance Airport. In the terminal building, he was surrounded by a smiling crowd of MV's, there to welcome him for the first youth rally on their island. It was after midnight before the procession of cars reached Phoenix. In spite of this late night, the Thursday Morning Watch prayer meeting in the Adventist college hall was well attended.

"I particularly enjoyed the question





Uniformed Pathfinders pose during the rally before the Beau Bassin Adventist church.



Leaving their buses, the group started up the long trail that would lead them to the top of Piton du Milieu.



The filtration plant at the base of the peak provided a shelter for the hikers when rain interfered.

box," Daniel Ozone told me. "The Brains Trust team gave exact, practical answers to the various questions, and I am sure the young people have learned a lot. Allan Johnson, eighteen, chimed in, "The Brains Trust on Thursday morning was really first class."

"I put in the question about dancing," added his older brother, Eddie, "not because I dance myself, but I wanted an answer to give boys and girls who ask about it. The Brains Trust gave me just what I wanted." "Some of the questions were idiotic," said Christian Michel, fifteen, "but the question box was well worth listening to."

"I liked the program on the history of the denomination," put in vivacious Idelette Cundasamy, sixteen, "the talks by Pastors Johnson and Grisier, and then the stories about the Advent message going to all the world. I enjoyed them all, because I didn't know anything about it before."

Friday morning's symposium, with short talks on alcohol, smoking, and healthful diet, came in for favorable comment from Mario Auguste, sixteen, Florence Hanjaree, twenty-one, Christian Michel, and others. As Gérard Viney put it, the symposium and

Pastor Collin's talk on worldliness that followed it "touched many important points that concern the young people of our times."

Doris Johnson, sixteen, Seth Martingale, twenty-four, and Jack Jones mentioned Friday night's Spirit of Prophecy program, when several young men reviewed the Ellen G. White books that are available in French. A film-strip on prophecy rounded off the evening.

"The rally has been a stimulant to us all," said Seth, "and after Friday evening, we should all determine to spend more time reading the Spirit of Prophecy." The boys sang a number of good songs that evening, but "The Lord Knocked at Your Shutters, but You Were Sleeping," featured by Harold Dick and his guitar, sang itself into everyone's memory.

Sabbath afternoon was crowded with good things—a Bible competition; an impressive sermon on marriage by Pastor Johnson; an Investiture service; demonstrations of Ingathering, visiting the sick, and Sabbath school teaching; and, in the evening, films of the work in Madagascar.

I spoke to Georges Gungadoo, twenty-two, who won a prize in the competition. "I have been an Adventist only four years," he told me. "But since I began to read the Bible, I find it more and more interesting. I think this youth rally has been grand. I never imagined it would be like this. And the sermon on Sabbath was terrific. I believe even the hardest hearts were touched by Pastor Collin's call to consecration as light bearers, witnesses, and ambassadors for Christ."

Philip Potie, twenty-four, told me, "I was deeply touched by the sermon. I believe this weekend marks the point of departure for a new life for me."

Léa Brunchault, twenty, and Edna Joly, seventeen, were two others who especially enjoyed the Sabbath morning service. "And it has been wonderful to be with so many Adventist young people," Léa confided. "Every day I ask the Lord to help me find Christian friends, not ones who will lead me astray."

Charles Montille, twenty-five, vice-president of the Guides Club, was having lunch outside the "drying room."

"This rally meant a lot of work for you," I remarked, for I knew Charles

had translated and produced the Luther Warren program, prepared most of the candidates who had been invested, and acted as Sabbath school superintendent, besides attending the meetings of the committee that planned the rally, and the rehearsals of the male voice choir.

"It certainly did," he grinned.

"Do you think it was worth it?"

"Oh, yes. The rally has done us all good spiritually. It put the accent on the dangers that threaten us, and on what young people can do for the Lord. I am happy that this first youth rally has turned out so well. Yes, it meant lots of work; but there were no empty moments to invite temptation."

The heavy rain was over, though an occasional drizzle still kept us crowded on the veranda, for we had swept the inside of the building and asked everyone to stay out.

"Mr. Hertogs, your shirt is dry,"

someone called. In the doorway of the engine room we almost collided with Lolo Agate, my husband's shirt in his hands. I asked his opinion of the rally. He thought a moment. "I think one might almost say the rally was perfect," he decided.

"Except for today's weather?" I queried.

"Oh, that—that will only make today unforgettable. Every one of us will remember the rally—and Piton du Milieu in the rain!" With a merry chuckle he was off.

The sun tried to shine at the end of the afternoon, but the MV's on the veranda were so busy singing new songs with Pastors Collin and Grisier that they hardly noticed it. As darkness fell, the three buses arrived to drive them back to Phoenix, and the first Mauritian youth rally, with its unforgettable rainy-day mountain climb, had passed into the realm of memories.



From the garden of the filtration plant the Piton du Milieu is clearly visible.

A MEDICAL student came to talk to me in my office. "It's not about my schoolwork," he said almost apologetically. "I came to ask for your opinion on the advisability of my getting married in a few months from now, perhaps next summer."

Not knowing any more than what he had just told me about his plans or about the young woman he had in mind, I answered by generalizing.

"There are two important considerations," I advised. "The first and most important is your answer to the question, Are you sure you have found the right girl? The second relates to your financial assets and educational progress and centers in the question, Are your plans timed appropriately?"

In the present article we are concerned with the first consideration I mentioned to the student in my office—the means by which a young person can judge whether the one he admires is the right one for him.

In other articles of the series we have discussed the great importance of being united in religious faith. We have also given consideration, previously, to the need for common interests by which a couple, after they have become husband and wife, can find their enjoyment together even after the romantic exhilaration of the courtship and honeymoon gives way to the routines of everyday living.

In addition to these items of prime importance are other matters that should come in for their full share of scrutiny. In a way they are related to the matter of religious faith, for they pertain to character traits. Church membership, of itself, however, does not carry adequate assurance that these other items are favorable. It is entirely possible that a boy or girl whose name is on the church book may still possess the kind of personal defects that will interfere with his ability to bring happiness to a partner in marriage.

Take first the capacity of a person to shoulder responsibility. A young woman was telling me of the fine qualities she had observed in the young man who had asked her to become his wife. It had been a couple of years

since he had completed his education, so I asked, "What does he have in the way of financial assets?"

"He has had a streak of hard luck," the young woman admitted. "I don't think he has a bank account, for he has probably used up any savings he may have had, just to pay his expenses. You see, he has been out of work now for about four months."

I marveled that a young man who had no job and no savings would be bold enough to ask this fine-appearing girl to become his wife. Her answer made me fear that he lacked a sense of responsibility.

"How does he expect to support you, once you are married?"

"He is planning to go into business," she explained. "He is expecting to arrange a loan at the bank. He thinks his mother will be willing to sign the note with him. And with this money he will set up a little business that he and I can operate. He is very clever, you know, and I am sure that the business will go well right from the start. Don't you think it is a good idea for us to be companions in business, as well as in home life?"

I tried to help the young woman to see that she was taking too great a risk in planning to marry a man whose only assets were promises for the future. Were he the responsible type, he

would have had savings or equity in property or an established vocational skill to offer as evidence of his realization that marriage carries both privileges and obligations.

A second important qualification is personal integrity. Too many young people, under the blinding influence of romantic courtship, become willing to overlook the evidences of disloyalty and untruthfulness.

True, the Christian code requires a willingness to forgive. But the genuineness of repentance cannot be safely judged on the basis of mere promises to turn over a new leaf. Only as part of the miracle of conversion does it become possible for a person to turn his back on old habits of conduct and live a better life in the future. The proof of conversion is not by words spoken, but by a demonstration over many months of a new way of life.

One young man finally married a girl who had broken a previous engagement to him when she had become infatuated with another boy. After a regrettable "fling" with the second boy she became penitent and asked the first boy to forgive her and let their friendship begin again where it had left off.

It was proper for him to forgive. It was unwise to assume that her request for forgiveness was evidence enough

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When You **Consider Marriage**

by **HAROLD SHRYOCK, M.D.**

► Loma Linda University will share a \$100,000 disbursement by the National Fund for Graduate Nursing Education with 32 other colleges and universities having accredited graduate programs in nursing. LLU's share, \$2,102.06, was determined on a percentage basis according to 1962-63 enrollment in the graduate nursing programs. Master of Science degrees are now being earned in four clinical nursing fields: medical and surgical nursing, mother and infant nursing, nursing of children, and public-health nursing. LLU

► The thermometer and the barometer which were used by Dr. John Jeffries in his scientific studies of the upper air in the years 1784 and 1785, during his ascents in free balloons in England, were recently presented to the National Air Museum of the Smithsonian Institution. Dr. Jeffries was the first American to fly. He and his friend the French aeronaut Pierre Blanchard made the first aerial crossing of the English Channel, January 7, 1785. Smithsonian

► Upon his departure for Washington, D.C., in 1860, Abraham Lincoln was presented with an American flag by his friend Abraham Kohn, a city clerk of Chicago, Illinois. Made of silk, the flag was inscribed with the Hebrew characters of Joshua 1:9, "Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." NAM

► The guitar ranks second in popularity among musical instruments in the United States. The American Music Conference estimates some 5 million amateur musicians are now strumming the guitar. Originally coming from the Moors, the guitar passed on to the Spaniards, who brought it to America. AMC

► It will soon be possible to send drawings, maps, charts, legal documents, and other graphic material over regular telephone lines. Anyone with a facsimile machine compatible with a newly developed data set, can dial anyone else with similar equipment, sending documents at regular or long-distance rates. ATTC

► On the last day of the Seattle World's Fair, 124,479 persons entered the grounds, bringing the total attendance at the fair to 9,635,067.

Great Northern Goat

► Fewer than 5,000 bald eagles now survive in the United States outside Alaska. NWF

► The thatched cottage of the poet Robert Burns at Alloway, near Ayr, Scotland, draws more than 100,000 visitors a year. BOAC

► The first known instance of United States mail being transported by railroad was from Charlestown, South Carolina, in November, 1831.

Great Northern Goat

► Watching an exciting football game can send the spectator's normal heartbeats soaring. In an experiment conducted at a recent game, a pass interception sent a spectator's normal 75 heartbeats up to 145 per minute. AMA

► The first white line down the center of a highway was painted by Dr. June A. Carroll of Indio, California, in 1912. She painted it herself along a one-mile stretch of treacherous highway to help uncertain travelers find their way. Shortly afterward the California Highway Commission adopted the idea.

Ford Times

► Although farming still occupies 34 per cent of the labor force in Ireland, for the first time manufacturing has outpaced agricultural production. The major portion of goods for the home market is now provided by Irish factories. By 1970 oil is expected to supply half of the country's growing requirements and should top all other energy sources including peat, Ireland's traditional fuel. Lamp

► Local chambers of commerce throughout the nation have been asked to set up programs that will prevent high school dropouts. If the present dropout rate continues, there will be 7.5 million youths quitting school in the 1960's. A nationwide poster campaign has been suggested as an initial step, with one poster carrying the message, "Businessmen urge you to stay in school. More education means a better life—Earn more; buy more; produce more; achieve more." USCC



radarscope

Key to source abbreviations published January 15, 1963.

► The continental shelf along the United States Atlantic coast extends a total distance of some 1,600 nautical miles, northeast to southwest. It slopes outward from the shore to the shelf-break—where the shelf begins to dip toward the much broader, deeper ocean bottom—which lies at a depth of from 450 to 900 feet. Average width of the shelf is about 92 miles, ranging from less than 10 miles off southern Florida to 270 miles in the Gulf of Maine. Total area of the shelf is about 150,000 square nautical miles. A rather smooth plain, it is broken only by glacial features, submarine valleys, submerged, wave-cut cliffs, and beyond that, the continental rise. *Naval Research Reviews*

► One of the world's most sensitive noses is a mechanical sniffer capable of sniffing out minute traces of gases or odors to the tune of one part in a million. Called a vapor fractometer, the device is actually two metal boxes packed with tubes, dials, electrical relays, motors, and valves. One box does the actual smelling, and the other evaluates the findings and makes a permanent record. The machine is used primarily for analysis of complex mixtures of volatile liquids and gases. *Aerospace*

► Archeologists believe they have uncovered the sacred site where the patriarchs Abraham and Jacob worshiped, where Joshua rallied the tribes of Israel, and where Abimelech was crowned king. Shechem's sacred area was located below the courtyard of the city's temple-fortress. In ancient times Shechem was one of the great cities of its area; its 4,000 years of history now lie buried in a 10-acre mound just east of Nablus in Jordan. Harvard

► The Hollywood Freeway in Los Angeles, California, averages 196,000 vehicles a day, representing a per-lane average for each of the eight lanes, of 24,500, or just over 1,000 per lane per hour. The average peak hour count has reached a high of 2,200 vehicles per lane per hour. NHUC

► Although only one person in sixteen lives in the United States, this nation accounts for about one in eight of the total of all persons enrolled in schools in all nations of the world. *The Arsenal*

► Over 47 million persons, more than one fourth of the entire nation, now participate in full-time formal education. USCC

► Health-conscious Americans are now receiving medical injections at the rate of 1½ billion a year. MLPFS

FIRST OF THREE PARTS

LET'S sit out here on the porch. You take the chaise and make yourself comfortable; I'll sit over here. Is that O.K.? This is a real treat—to have you and your family come to see us. Before our visit goes too far, however, I want to be sure you do not have a false impression—you should know that I am not a member of your church."

"Oh?" with a trace of surprise. "Why not?"

Why not? What a question! Twenty years earlier I was an Adventist in an Adventist college. Even just ten years before, my name was on the church books. There had been ten years of growing away from the church; then the actual break, and ten years that were devoted to a business career, a family, and the community.

Not even Millie, my wife; nor any of her Adventist friends; not even my own parents, had dared to ask a direct question like that. Why should I be disturbed now because this man, Ray, whom I had known only a few months should be so presumptuous?

Maybe I really ought to tell him—but it's not that important, and I really don't want to hurt him. Of course, the question had been answered to myself, many times, with complete satisfaction.

My early years were spent in a Seventh-day Adventist home, the only one in a small village in New York State. Free hours were spent in a boy's world of sports: swimming, baseball, and tennis in summer; with sledding, ice skating, and skiing in winter.

Religion was an intruder on Sabbath—there wasn't much a growing boy could do that met with approval. Sometimes the church intruded at other times too. One day an academy representative interrupted a baseball game to interview me as a prospective student.

"What kind of future do you have in mind?"

"I think I would like to be a landscape architect."

This article relates the tortuous experience—through youth and young adulthood—of one who had every religious opportunity. But he did not understand until middle age that salvation is a gift, that nothing we can do will make us righteous, that without Jesus all of us are without hope.

A new love for the church and its members has made this article difficult to prepare. It is presented with the prayer that all who read will examine themselves before God, learn to know Him as a constant friend, and dedicate their lives wholly to His service by gently and patiently leading others to a fuller knowledge of His love.

—The Author

MY 20 Years OUT

"That's interesting. If you could come down to the academy perhaps you could get some practical experience in that line. However, I think that landscaping is more of a hobby than a vocation. Have you been baptized yet?"

What a dull fellow! Break up a good ball game just to shatter a dream! This man isn't interested in me; he is looking out for his job.

"No, I think I've had too much religion already!"

Baptism, however, did come a few years later. Looking back to one of the worst depressions ever known, it seems I must have felt that baptism would do something for me. If it made mother, dad, and the preacher happy, it must

be the thing to do. Didn't they always say they knew what was best?

What to do after high school? I answered an ad in the paper in the nearby city where we went to church, and as a result I became a vacuum cleaner salesman, working house to house. Salesman? I didn't get inside a house in three days in spite of diligent use of all the "sure" door openers we were taught.

A job in the machine room of a furniture factory made me a man, doing a man's work. The men in the factory were good men, hard working and helpful to one another in need. Most of them had families; some were getting old. Of course, they used a lot of profanity and spent the lunch hour shooting



by GORDON BUTTS

A successful businessman, the former Adventist looked with a critical and skeptical eye at the church he had come to resent and thoroughly misunderstand.

dice. A strike in the middle of the winter gave me time for some deep thinking. I had saved wages with the idea of going to college and learning to be a traveling auditor—I dreamed of having a new car every year and seeing the country. Surely I couldn't be expected to pay tithe when an education was so important!

Spiritually, the year in the factory was rewarding. I had always been rebellious. Here I rebelled against the profanity, the vulgarity, and the lack of purpose in life of most of my co-workers. I longed for a better life and association with cleaner people.

The next school year found me in an Adventist college, studying accounting and working in the mill to earn part of my expenses. I expected great things in college, and the two years were successful scholastically and socially. My first impression, however, that Adventists are harder to please than non-Adventists, deepened until I was sure the primary goal of the faculty, with few exceptions, was to enforce the rigid rules. I was a rule breaker, steering a collision course with the faculty.

Dismissal from college came after the annual was published, showing me as vice-president of the professional class. I was informed that credit would be given me for the completed course, but that I could not participate in the graduation exercises. Revenge followed; I did not pay up the bill I had acquired in the last two months.

Jobs were hard to get near the end of the depression, especially for an Adventist, and I was one still—at least my name was on the church books.

The next year was difficult in every way. The church figured less and less in my plans, until I accepted employment that required some Saturday work. I justified myself by reasoning that religion should be practical and that God gave man brains so he could look out for himself.

My new employer pointed out that there was a black mark on my record—the unpaid college account. I as-

sured him it would be taken care of as soon as I could.

What was it the high school principal had said? In assembly he would repeat over and over again, like a stuck phonograph, "I don't care how much math, language, history, science, or any other subject you learn in school, if you learn just this one thing—*your record follows you.*"

We knew he was a survivor of the Middle Ages, antedated only by the teacher of ancient history, but we also knew he wanted the best in life for us—and expected the best from us. How right he was! How unappreciative I had been of his good qualities and realistic counsel!

I fully intended to pay that bill so that I could feel better than the Adventists who had kicked me out. The account was a year old, however, and the college business office had said nothing about it. Well, I would just wait until they sent a statement—I wasn't hiding. If they were not concerned about it, there was no reason I should be.

This was one of the real reasons I wasn't an Adventist—I felt that the church didn't care whether I came or went or what happened to me.

"Why don't I belong to your church, Ray? Well, it's a long story."

"Have your reasons for your position ever changed as you went along?"

"Yes, but not my position."

During the rest of the visit with the Adventist family, my mind wandered over the past, with which in general I was well pleased.

It had been pleasant to make new friends at the office, especially when they seemed really interested in me and did not condemn me for things I did or did not do. Then I had a real thrill when I bought my first car.

Six months before war came I was in the Army under the draft but not as a conscientious objector, even though in my wallet was a card that said I was a member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church in good standing.

A friend had picked it up at the church office when he got his own. The church apparently didn't even know I had been working Saturdays, though there was no secret about it. I hadn't been to church more than a few times in a year, had paid no tithe, and yet was in good and regular standing?

I had known Millie in college and admired her from a distance. On week-ends when I was home from camp we

began to see each other. Because I was in the Army, neither of us intended that our association should be more than pleasant dates. My only concern was that she should have a pleasant time when we were together—marriage was not possible.

As our association continued, however, my appreciation for her fine qualities grew, and by the end of the summer she was the only girl I was seeing, although she did not know it. Finally, in the autumn, I proposed and after a week's consideration, she accepted.

We had much in common. She was a second-generation Adventist and had also come from a small town. I was sympathetic to her desire to practice Adventism and rear our children in her church.

We were married the next spring, and she moved into a little apartment where we could be together on week-ends. After ten months of marriage I was sent to New Zealand, where I spent the remainder of the war. In Auckland, I called the local Adventist headquarters and received a cordial invitation to visit. My one attempt ended in failure. I could not find the place from the instructions I had received, and time ran out.

In Wellington, I lived for several months in the home of some exceptionally good people. They didn't go to

any church, but they loved people. When I mentioned Seventh-day Adventists to Mrs. Sim, a cloud came over her face, "Oh, but they are such very funny people." I knew what she meant and didn't bring up the subject again. The years in New Zealand will always be precious memories, in spite of my separation from Millie.

When the war ended it was good after four and a half years of Army life to go back to the office; to talk over experiences with friends and to plan for the future. Millie had worked all during the war and carefully saved for my return. The one thing in life on which I could rely was my wife, who meant the world to me.

At Ingathering time I heard from the church. I did not know the band leader who called to tell of the campaign. I guessed, right or wrong, he had gotten religion when the draft board was breathing down the back of his neck, so the conversation was brief.

Ingathering was just a device to put the Adventist financial burden off on other people, anyway, I thought. I remembered my first experience as a young lad. One Sunday morning I had gone with an adult to learn how to do it. As we approached a house my companion had said, "We won't get anything here."

"How do you know?"

"See that man on the porch reading the funny papers? People who read the funnies are not interested in helping anyone else."

I didn't remember whether the prediction was right or not. I wondered what my companion would think if he knew that on Sunday I usually went to the neighbors' to read the funnies because we were not allowed to have them at home.

Actually, right then I was wishing I could look at them with the man and find out what the Katzenjammer Kids were doing instead of going around asking people for money.

If religion consists of asking people for money and condemning them because they don't see things just your way, it's not for me.

The church really should have taken my name off the books. I hadn't kept the Sabbath for six years. I wasn't in harmony with any of its program. However, I didn't want to embarrass Millie and just waited to see whether the church would wake up to what was going on.

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

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FOR COVER PIX



DEADLINE: November 29, 1963

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THE TRUE loveliness of the Easter lily can be appreciated fully only when one knows its story. No flower could be found to exemplify so perfectly the triumph of faith over adversity as this; none could present such inspiration to the despairing.

Abraham Lincoln never saw an Easter lily. A century ago the purple pasqueflower was, as its name implies, the Easter flower. It might be yet, except for a series of happy accidents.

In the autumn of 1853 a ship was so badly battered by South Atlantic gales that it was driven into the harbor of St. George's, Bermuda, for shelter and repairs. Among the ship's passengers was a missionary, homeward bound to England after years of service in the Orient. While the ship was being made seaworthy again, he was the guest of J. A. T. Roberts, rector of Smith's and Hamilton parishes.

The missionary was an amateur botanist. On one of Japan's southern islands he had gathered bulbs of a lily that grew wild there. A handful of them were in his baggage. Some of these he presented to his host as a gesture of gratitude for the hospitality shown him.

Bermuda's frost-free climate and its rainfall were so similar to conditions in that island of the Pacific, the giver thought the lily should grow in the rectory garden.

The bulbs were unlike any Mr. Roberts had ever seen. Instead of being brown and insignificant, they were white and petaled, almost too lovely to put into the earth. But Mr. Roberts did plant them in his garden that fall.

He was not quite prepared for the beauty of the flowers that bloomed the April following. At any season they would have been remarkable, but blooming at Easter, their delicate texture, graceful form, and glistening whiteness attracted the attention and comment of all who saw them. What were these exquisite flowers? Lilies, of course, but what kind?

As far as Mr. Roberts knew, they had no name. All he could say was that they came from Japan. No one, though, ever called them Japanese lilies. There was only one name that suited them because of their time of flowering and their beauty, and it was by popular acclaim of those who admired them in the rectory garden that they were called Easter lilies.

As the flower came to Bermuda as a gift, so it spread through the islands in that generous sharing that delights the true gardener. From St. George's it



Flower of HOPE

by BERTHA NEWHOFF

went to Pembroke, to St. David's, to all the islands of the archipelago. Eventually it came to America in that same spirit of giving. No one ever thought of selling Easter lilies then.

Russell Hastings was an American who moved to Bermuda after the War Between the States. There, like many others, he raised onions, also a member of the lily family, which he shipped to this country. He began putting a few lily bulbs into each sack of onions he sent out, a gift to the buyer. His onion orders increased. Other growers learned his secret and began putting lily bulbs in with their onions.

The Centennial Exposition of 1876 in Philadelphia really introduced the lily to the world. W. K. Harris, a florist of that city, exhibited a plant so beautiful it attracted much attention both from the general public and from florists. Mr. Harris had received the bulb from which he grew the plant as a gift from one of his customers who brought it to him from Bermuda. Demand for lily bulbs was created largely by that one plant.

In 1883 another Bermuda lily, really a freak, with 145 blooms was shown in New York and later that year in London. It helped spread the fame of the lily.

Because Mr. Harris was responsible

for introducing the flower to the world, it was named in his honor, being botanically *Lilium harrisi*. Still living are people whose loveliest childhood memories are of his shop windows filled with lilies on Good Fridays. Then Texas growers began putting home-grown Bermuda onions on the market. Bermudians, who had to pay a tariff, could not profitably compete with them in this country. With their onion market lost, the island growers suffered.

But not for long. Orders for lily bulbs, trickling in since the Centennial Exposition, began to come in in a steady stream. From Europe, as well as the United States and Canada, they came. Land once given to onions was now devoted to lily culture. By 1895 thousands of orders were being received annually, and millions of bulbs were shipped abroad. In less than fifty years the missionary's gift had become the mainstay of Bermuda's agriculture. The islands were prospering.

Then mosaic disease appeared. How it came, no one knew, but this plant disease attacked the lilies in the field; not just flower and stalk, but also the bulbs in the ground. Bermuda's lily industry was threatened with extinction. As if that were not enough, just at this period Japan began putting its lily bulbs on the world market. Now island

growers not only had to eradicate mosaic but to face competition. The situation looked hopeless, but Bermuda growers refused to give up without a fight.

Using every method known to science, they wiped out mosaic before all their lilies were destroyed. Once again Bermuda bulbs were on the world market. Never after this, though, did the island growers have a monopoly.

The possibility mosaic would recur was an ever-present fear. Through the years the dream of developing a new lily, larger, stronger, more beautiful than the *harrisii*, and immune to disease, persisted. Many planters and horticulturists experimented in an attempt to produce such a lily.

Howard Smith of St. David's Island was one of these men. His whole life had been devoted to lily culture. By 1920 he had collected hundreds of bulbs from his experiments, though none showed the traits he sought. The thieves who stole most of his bulbs were unaware of this, however. The theft robbed Mr. Smith of the incentive to go on. Not only were years of work gone with the bulbs, but hope too.

Carelessly he planted the remaining bulbs in a field where the native *Longiflorum* lilies grew. At their usual time his lilies bloomed. Weeks later the wild ones bloomed. At the same time one of his lilies bloomed again. An accidental cross was made between his lily and a wild one. This cross produced the lily every Bermuda grower had sought. With the sturdiness of its wild ancestors it combined the splendor of the *harrisii*. It had another advantage, which made it a boon to florists who had the shifting dates of Easter to contend with: it bloomed earlier than the *harrisii*, making it especially welcome in early-Easter years.

Once the bulb was the important part of Bermuda's lily trade. Now it is the bloom. Since the development of controlled refrigeration, cut lily flowers have been shipped to places as far away as New York, Halifax, and London.

In Bermuda the flower grows in magnificent abundance; fields of lilies seem to stretch from horizon to horizon. Growing lilies are cut to be arranged in the form of religious symbols. Churches have screens made of the flowers. Bermuda never forgets how much of its present prosperity it owes to the flower that came to the islands in a missionary's baggage, the one that symbolizes the season of rebirth throughout the Western world.

Log With a Brake

by EDDIE G. FRASCO

IT'S TIME for us to go now, Junior." I reminded Liberato Negro, Jr., of our appointment to give a Bible study to a family across the Manupali River.

"But—but I'm not feeling well, Ed!" he replied.

"Why, what's the matter?"

He smiled and confessed, "Nothing—nothing's the matter. I am only afraid we might not be able to cross the swollen river. Well, let's go."

It was in the middle part of December, 1957, and Junior and I had gone to Balila to share our faith. The area we were serving was about four kilometers from Mountain View College, where we were studying.

There was only one short way to reach Balila, and that was by crossing the swift Manupali River. The path going down the canyon to the river was steep and slippery because of the mud left by unceasing rains. We slid down slowly, with one hand holding our Bibles and the other grasping at bushes to keep us from falling.

As we approached the river we heard the thundering sound of the water, a sound much different from that of its ordinary flow. But we went on. Coming closer, we saw the river divided into three sections. The first had the familiar bamboo bridge. Before crossing we paused and prayed for help and guidance. As we reached the middle of the bridge we were trembling so violently that we could hardly move an inch for-

ward, because the bamboo poles swung back and forth in the strong wind. But finally we were able to cross the first section safely.

But that was not the only obstacle. Two branches of the river were still ahead. The water whirled and splashed on the rocks, and there were no bridges whatever. However, we saw some shallow parts, but there were many slippery rocks and stones now covered by water, but which once might have formed steps across the current.

The foaming water made us hesitate. We weren't experienced in crossing swollen rivers. Each of us found a stick about two meters long to measure the depth of the water as we went on. We were walking very slowly and carefully side by side. The water reached our hips. Our knees were shaking as we moved across the current. Sometimes we bumped a rock and nearly lost our balance.

"We—we'd better go back!" shouted Junior. "There's nothing so foolish as to go ahead at the expense of our lives."

As I listened I was tempted to go back. On the other hand my conscience kept bothering me. So I shouted "Go on!" He said nothing, but went ahead.

As we walked, the water finally reached our waists and the current became stronger. A big log was coming toward us, and there was no way of escape. Our hair stood on end, and we didn't know what to do. It was a frightening situation. So we cried to God for deliverance.

The log came nearer and nearer, and we were still in the midst of the river. We couldn't run for fear of falling down. The current was swift, and the log was already very near; at the count of three it would surely strike us.

When the log was about to hit us it suddenly stopped. We were amazed as we looked at it. I knew it would have hit my left side, had it continued coming.

"Could it be that the underside of the log touched the bottom of the river?" asked Junior.

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "I know the depth of the water. Nothing can prevent it from coming on."

"We'd better hurry to the other side," he pleaded.

We went on, leaving the mystery behind. We were greatly amazed when we saw the log resume floating down when we had passed by it a few meters away. We were speechless, while looking at each other with eyes wide open. We finally reached dry ground, and thanked God for deliverance.



Wayfaring Wings

by JOHN C. LEACH

I FELT a sinking feeling as I looked up at the dark, rain-swollen clouds, charging toward us like giant black steeds. In the distance I heard the echoing and re-echoing roll of thunder.

"You get 'em out while I band them!" Nat shouted, starting on a run toward one of the nets.

The first enormous drops of rain splattered against my sweaty face as I struggled to untangle the delicate wings and legs from the nylon prison that held them so securely. With each ensuing drop the job became more difficult. The realization that if the birds became water-logged they would be practically helpless, spurred me on.

On the other side of the net, Dave worked quickly with experienced hands, setting the birds free after Nat banded them. As each bird, with its newly acquired band, flew to its freedom, I'm sure I felt almost as much relief as it did.

"I surely hope there aren't as many birds in the other nets." Dave shifted from one knee to the other.

Meanwhile, scenes of how we had so confidently set up the nine mist nets earlier that day, passed hazily through my mind. I dreaded the thought of dozens of birds caught helplessly in this downpour. I was sure we would not be so foolish as to start on a bird-banding expedition again if there was so much as one cloud in the sky.

Several wet, cold hours later, as we were on our way home with both spirits and skin somewhat dampened, I reviewed the diversity of experiences this

new hobby had already brought me. I recalled the first time I had listened to Nat and Dave talk enthusiastically about reaching their goal of ten birds a day or 3,600 by the end of the year. Their enthusiasm, coupled with my lifelong interest in birds, had made me more than willing to join their intriguing venture at Nat's invitation.

I had not been sorry, for novel situations never seemed lacking. I smiled to myself thinking how a casual passer-by might have been puzzled early one cold fall morning had he seen the group of college students gathered on the roof of the dormitory. On top of the chimney, around which they were standing expectantly, was a strange-looking contraption that seemed to be the object of their attention. These boys were intent on trapping chimney swifts.

When the first streaks of dawn broke over the surrounding hills, these little chimney dwellers were supposed to fly out and, in so doing, be caught by the trap over the opening. On this morning, however, the swifts evidently had different ideas. The would-be banders waited patiently until the blazing sun climbed high in the sky, and when the swifts still hadn't appeared, they decided that perhaps these late sleepers didn't know it was time to get up. After one of the fellows struck the bottom of the chimney, the swifts took the hint and came out, literally in a cloud. Before the morning was over, 550 chimney swifts were wearing new silver bands on their legs.

The process was repeated a second

morning, and to the astonishment of all, not a single bird caught was already banded. Evidently flocks were merely migrating through and using the chimney as an overnight hotel. With the accuracy of a compass, the homing instinct guides a bird, such as the chimney swift, through the long miles between its breeding and wintering ranges, bringing it safely back to the same area each year. These migratory patterns can be studied accurately only through the banding of individual birds.

One chimney swift, tagged by a friend of mine, returned to the same chimney the following year, after a 12,000 mile journey to South America and back. The third year the little traveler was found trapped in a schoolroom in the vicinity.

In order for banding to accomplish its purpose, the locations of the banding and recovery must be known. By coordinating these two points, the routes of various species can be established. If a banded bird is found, the serial number should be copied down and sent to the Fish and Wildlife Service in Washington, D.C. This organization will, in turn, send a report to the bander, telling him where the bird was found.

The opportunities for individual work in banding are extremely varied and challenging. Besides information about migration, many interesting facts concerning the personal lives of birds may be discovered. Banders use different colors of cellulose. By keeping track

of the colors, they unlock many of the secrets of the birds' local movement.

The mystery of the yearly migrations between winter and summer ranges had long been a puzzle. It was not until the early eighteenth century that the first record was made of a banded bird, a great gray heron, captured in Germany. Around its leg was found a silver ring, which had been attached several years earlier in Turkey.

Although the first fumbling attempts at marking birds were pitifully awkward and inadequate, early records show that some experimentation was done. Flight or tail feathers were marked with indelible ink or paint. Sometimes thin metal disks were cemented to these feathers.

Other markers would tie parchment memoranda to some part, or mutilate the feet, bill, or plumage in some distinctive fashion. Obviously, none of these practices were satisfactory, and in many cases, the marking devices could, at best, last only until the succeeding month.

In America, the famous artist-naturalist John James Audubon was the first to use bird banding.

In the early years a few of the more

mechanically-minded pioneers used traps to catch their birds. But until 1920, the common practice was to band nestlings. This entailed climbing the tree in which the nest was situated and placing bands on the young birds. The main drawback to this method is the high mortality rate of the nestlings.

Probably trapping is today by far the most common way of catching birds for banding. It is usually accomplished by a box with a trap door, which is triggered either automatically or sometimes by a string that can be pulled from a remote position.

The latter is especially convenient for those who are not interested in making a full-time job out of it. The trap can be set up near the house, with a string reaching to a window. When the bird goes into the trap after the bait, the door can be released from inside the house.

Another method gaining popularity for those more seriously interested in banding is the use of Japanese mist nets. As the name implies, the nets are practically invisible and can lead to some rather interesting experiences. A friend of mine, after carefully setting

up his net in a cow pasture, was chagrined on his return to the net to find a large hole in it. Apparently, a wandering cow had unintentionally walked through.

When setting up mist nets, an experienced bander will, first of all, decide what path the birds will be likely to follow. The nylon nets, which are surprisingly strong, are then set up in these lanes. It is interesting to note that many times, even after the nets have been removed, the local birds will continue to avoid the spot where the net was.

Bird banding has come to be a challenging and satisfying experience to many a businessman, student, and housewife. Such interesting facts as how long bird families stick together; how often birds change their wives; who keeps a harem; and whether a bird actually returns to the same nesting place each year, have become common knowledge to laymen.

The rain had ceased as the old, battered, green pickup pulled to a stop in front of the boys' dorm. As I climbed out I was already looking forward to the next banding expedition.

Don't Fight That Steering Wheel

by FLORENCE LYBERG CARLSON

IT WAS a new experience for me, a novice, to be driving six hundred miles. Gripping the steering wheel tensely, I wondered whether there ever would be an end to the long white ribbon of winding concrete. Or an end to the red map-line indicating "just 8 miles to Hope Town" or "14 miles to Silver Creek."

Finally, after numerous towns had been passed and I'd gone through my one big hurdle of the morning—Omaha—I began to realize that it just wasn't doing any good to "fight" that steering wheel! Holding it tensely so my hands perspired wasn't getting my eleven-year-old daughter Cheri and myself to our destination one minute faster! I ought to relax and try to derive at least a little enjoyment out of the seemingly monotonous miles.

Already we'd gone quite a stretch, and those first few hours actually hadn't been as bad as my anticipation would have had me believe. I tried to analyze the situation. What was there, really, to be so tense about? Why was I gripping the wheel so hard, when relaxation and clear mental faculties would help so much to guide the automobile over the well-kept highway?

The reasoning sounded so logical to my tired mind that I decided I should apply some of my good ideas. Deliberately relaxing my tight leg and finger muscles, I breathed more deeply and much more slowly. And I thought consciously of pleasant things. After all, we had made wonderful progress; eventually we would be at the end of our journey, and there would be mom and dad with

their welcoming smiles to greet us.

The road began to smooth out. And, really, it was a wonderful day—just made-to-order for traveling! The distances between towns became a kind of game, and Cheri and I guessed how long it would take to get from one place to the next.

We stopped at a roadside park, enjoying a lunch of sandwiches we'd prepared before we left home. With fruit and punch, it was an appetizing menu. We spread out an old quilt on the grass and rested for a while before resuming our journey.

It helped to relax—even though it was a conscious effort at first. But it taught me that there are two ways of doing a thing—the hard, tense way, and the easy way.

Are you fighting the steering wheel of life? Relax! Let Jesus help you over the highway. It doesn't pay to become burdened and frustrated. He means for us to be happy along the journey. After all, He knows what is best for each one of us personally. If we relax and accept His guidance, someday the highway of life will lead right into heaven.

From page 10

that her character weakness had been corrected. Not long after their marriage she became enamored with still a third young man, leaving her husband heartbroken and disillusioned.

In another case, somewhat similar to the one just mentioned, the young woman confessed that she had previously been indiscreet in social relations. He admired her for making the confession and pledged his willingness to let the matter be a closed issue. Unfortunately he became more concerned with providing evidence of his willingness to forgive than with allowing sufficient time to prove that her character was now stable.

Later she returned to her parents' home to make preparations for the wedding. A casual conversation with an old boy friend led to his bold request for yet another date. The combined circumstance of being flattered by this continuing personal interest, of being separated for the time being from her prospective husband, and of feeling the assurance of his readiness to forgive provided a temptation that, coupled with her persisting character weakness, led her again into sin.

The experience became known to her husband-to-be just a few hours before their wedding. She had guessed right that he would still be willing to forgive, but the effects of the experience were not thus easily erased. The happiness of their marriage was permanently clouded by an attitude of suspicion on the part of the husband and a resentment by the wife of her husband's supposed "jealousy."

A friend of a young woman who was considering marriage warned her that the young man's previous record was not wholesome. Very properly she mentioned this to her intended and listened attentively to his explanation. According to his story, there was nothing to the rumor.

Wisely, the young woman did a little further investigating on her own. She wrote to the pastor who had known the young man at the time of the incident in question. The pastor, in reply, gave a different story than the young man had told. Confronted with this conflicting evidence, he acknowledged that he had lied about his past record. Using better judgment than many, she terminated the friendship rather than risk a life of union to one who lacked the trait of personal integrity.

A third important consideration in planning on marriage relates to the friend's freedom from objectionable habits.

A young husband who came to talk about the problems of his marriage told this significant story:

"My wife was reared in an Adventist home. I think that, even now, if someone were to ask her about her church connections, she would claim to be an Adventist. It was no secret, at the time we became acquainted, that I made no profession of religion.

organic plot

by LAMAR PHILLIPS

Feigning death
All winter long,
Cunning bulbs lie waste,
Submerged
In loamy pawn.
With bated breath
They rouse
And stretch
And yawn;
Send curious
Green-armed periscopes
To view the world,
The sky,
The dawn;
Remain to flaunt
Their fragrant gifts
Till charm and breath
And strength
Are gone;
Then rest inert
Till life, again,
From death is drawn.

"My wife even knew that I took a drink from time to time. I am sure she did not sanction this, but as I look back on our courtship, I get the impression that she had decided to accept my proposal of marriage whether or not I would promise to give up my use of liquor. Actually, I did not make such a promise. I am ashamed to say that I still use liquor, and, to be perfectly frank, I think it is my use of liquor that has gotten us into most of our difficulties."

This Adventist girl actually knew better than to marry a boy who believed differently, and she knew better than to ignore his use of alcohol. There must have been a strange infatuation

about the courtship by which she was temporarily blinded to the seriousness of his personal defects, and she ignored her better judgment.

Another case that illustrates the danger of ignoring the record of an evil habit is that of the Seventh-day Adventist girl who accepted the attentions of a boy she had known when they were both students in the academy. In the meantime, she had been away to college and he had been in military service. She understood that while he was in uniform he had been careless in his conduct and, among other things, had taken up drinking. When she mentioned this to him, he admitted that he had slipped a long way, "But," he explained, "I have been reconverted just recently."

She accepted his statement as providing all the assurance she needed. But once married, it became apparent that the "conversion" of which he spoke had been a mere formality rather than an experience of the soul. At first, he tried to keep his continued use of liquor as a secret. It wasn't long, however, until his wife discovered that he was still drinking. It was his use of liquor, together with the lack of moral responsibility that accompanies such a habit, that broke up their home.

Even with the best of intentions and with a sincere desire to avoid a mistake in the selection of a life partner, it is hard for a prospective husband or wife to be objective in evaluating character traits.

All who have been through the experience of being in love know that there is a tendency to believe the best in spite of facts to the contrary. In some cases of faulty evaluation before marriage, the cause is not an unwillingness to interpret the facts that are known, but an ignorance of some of the items in the friend's past record. All of which means that a young person is at a disadvantage in knowing whether the prospective partner is a good risk for marriage. Wherein, then, we ask, lies a young person's safety?

The answer to this question has two parts, each related to the other. First, when a young person is involved in a friendship that seems to be leading toward marriage, he is wise to let it be known among his friends and associates that the friendship is becoming a courtship. Upon understanding this development, loyal friends will feel it their duty to express a word of warning if and when they feel that such is due. Second, the wise young person will give serious thought to the suggestions and

questions that come to his ears from those who have his interests at heart.

One young woman, a regular member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, called a friend of hers to one side and said, "I want you to meet John. He and I are planning to be married next Tuesday, and you are the only one we are telling in advance."

This young woman, by being party to a secret courtship had made it impossible for her well-meaning friends to give her their frank opinions of John or to warn her of blemishes they may have recognized in his character. She was basing her entire appraisal of John on her own opinions. She had deliberately closed the avenue by which she could have been forewarned.

As it happened, this young woman received an unhappy surprise when after marriage, she discovered that John carried a character handicap that lim-

ited their happiness in marriage. Perhaps this was why he had wanted her to keep their courtship a secret.

A husband who had been married for ten years came to tell me of his grief over his wife's unfaithfulness to him. This man and wife were not members of the Adventist Church, but the husband had respect for Christian ideals.

"I made a mistake to allow our friendship to lead us to marriage," he confided. "A lawyer friend of mine, old enough to be my father, warned me when Katy and I were sweethearts. He said, 'Bill, that's not the girl for you.' Then he told me that in his opinion her character was not stable and he even gave me his reasons for feeling as he did. At the time I thought he was just a meddling old man. But now I realize that he was trying to be a real friend. I wish that I had taken his advice."

AN EYE OPENER

From page 4

were many things that I could not grasp.

Viewing this tiny group of Adventists in action made me see that they were human. But still in my mind existed this question—was this just an artificial side of them that I was being allowed to observe? Did they really believe what they appeared to? Warning signals flashed from my head to my heart occasionally, warning me not to be drawn too closely to these people. The fear that I might like what I found was ever present.

As night fell, we made preparations to head for home. Someone then suggested that we stop in Gatlinburg to eat our supper. We all felt a need for some relaxation. But once there, we found relaxation in more soliciting!

Finally, having exhausted the shops, people, and ourselves as well, we decided to count our donations. In the midst of this rewarding activity, LeeRoy, as if a bolt of lightning had struck him, jumped up with a haunted expression on his face and began searching himself frantically, like a madman, looking in his coat, turning all his pockets inside out.

By this time, everyone in the car was watching him, wondering what had happened, laughing at his queer antics; but our laughter stopped abruptly. Turning to us he gasped, "I had a roll

of bills in my pocket, but I—can't find them!" Instantly we became a searching party, scrutinizing every inch of that car—the floor, the seats, the glove compartment, the trunk; we looked under the seats, under the floor mats, and even outside the car—but all to no avail.

Mrs. Taylor suggested that we stop searching and have prayer for the return of the money. As for myself, remembering the thoroughness of our investigation, I was doubtful that we would ever recover the money, prayer or no prayer.

Almost immediately, LeeRoy remembered last having the money at a service station. Rapidly we drove to the place. Hardly waiting for the car to stop, LeeRoy jumped out and questioned the attendant.

"Yes, I remember you, and also that you carried a roll of bills when you came in; but I believe you took them with you. Let's look just to make sure." Then he too helped us search for the money, but all in vain. A terrible weariness crept over us.

Just as our spirits were hitting rock bottom, LeeRoy murmured, "I'm going to look in the trunk again." Searching once more, with the rest of us looking on and wondering why he was wasting his energy when so thorough a search had already been made, he

Every young Seventh-day Adventist can claim the Lord's blessing on his attempts to be wise in finding a life partner if he will only heed the divine counsel that our church possesses. Here is an example: "Weigh every sentiment, and watch every development of character in the one with whom you think to link your life destiny. The step you are about to take is one of the most important in your life, and should not be taken hastily. While you may love, do not love blindly.

"Examine carefully to see if your married life would be happy, or inharmonious and wretched. Let the questions be raised, Will this union help me heavenward? will it increase my love for God? and will it enlarge my sphere of usefulness in this life? If these reflections present no drawback, then in the fear of God move forward."—ELLEN G. WHITE, *Messages to Young People*, p. 449.

again opened each sack and box, carefully observing its contents.

Then one last crumpled little bag was left. It contained our garbage, scraps, papers from our lunches and snacks, and the MONEY! The wonderful sight of the roll of green bills was welcomed like the return of the prodigal son. A genuine prayer of thanks went up from the group, and mine was included this time. It certainly was strange that no one had thrown the garbage away previously.

We drove homeward through the night, rejoicing over the mission accomplished; but there was one accomplishment—an unplanned one—my new-found friends were not quite aware of. This whirlwind day had left me a completely different person. My body was exhausted; but my mind, not ready to settle down, was still active after the strenuous day, stimulated by a panorama of new, invigorating incidents.

I could not remember ever having felt as I did in those brief hours spent with the Ingathering band that day. Here was something in life worth working hard for, something that, if it could be put into bottles and sold, would be a prescription for happiness. I had an entirely new feeling toward the Seventh-day Adventists as a whole.

Whether or not I eventually join this church, I took that day a long step toward accepting its message. At least next year I won't have to wonder about Ingathering Field Day. No one will have to ask me, either; I will just go!

Sabbath School Lessons

Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

Youth

II—The Earthly Sanctuary

(April 13, 1963)

MEMORY GEM: "Let them make me a sanctuary; that I may dwell among them" (Ex. 25:8).

OUTSIDE READING: *Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 343-347, 374, 375, 377; *The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Scripture references.

Introduction

The earthly sanctuary served both as a worship center and as a type of the coming of Jesus, who was later to fully personify God's dwelling place with men. It was Jesus who abode first in heaven and who took to His heart the cause of fallen man, who led the Israelites to build Him a sanctuary, who then came and dwelt in it, receiving their worship and sacrifice, who later offered His own blood as the anti-type of the whole sanctuary service.

"He abode in the sanctuary, in the midst of His people. Through all their weary wandering in the desert, the symbol of His presence was with them. So Christ set up His tabernacle in the midst of our human encampment. He pitched His tent by the tents of men, that He might dwell among us, and make us familiar with His divine character and life. 'The Word became flesh, and tabernacled among us (and we beheld His glory, glory as of the Only Begotten from the Father), full of grace and truth.'—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 23.

"The whole worship of ancient Israel was a promise, in figures and symbols, of Christ; and it was not merely a promise, but an actual provision, designed by God to aid millions of people by lifting their thoughts to Him who was to manifest Himself to our world."—*Testimonies to Ministers*, p. 123.

1—The Origin and Purpose of the Sanctuary Plan

Scriptures: Ex. 25:8, 9, 40; 26:30.

Notes:

"In the building of the sanctuary as a dwelling place for God, Moses was directed to make all things according to the pattern of things in the heavens. God called him into the mount,

and revealed to him the heavenly things, and in their similitude the tabernacle, with all that pertained to it, was fashioned. So to Israel, whom He desired to make His dwelling place, He revealed His glorious ideal of character. The pattern was shown them in the mount when the law was given from Sinai and when God passed by before Moses and proclaimed, 'The Lord, The Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth.'—*Education*, p. 35.

Questions:

1. What do you think Moses saw when he looked at the pattern of the sanctuary?
2. Where was Moses when he saw the pattern?

2—Building the Sanctuary

Scriptures: Ex. 25:1-8; 35:4-9; 36:3-7; 27:9, 18; 26:1-37; Heb. 9:1-3.

Notes:

"When the people of God were about to build the sanctuary in the wilderness, extensive preparations were necessary. Costly materials were collected, and among them was much gold and silver. As the rightful owner of all their treasures, the Lord called for these offerings from the people; but He accepted only those that were given freely."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 268.

"The sacred tent was enclosed in an open space called the court, which was surrounded by hangings, or screens, of fine linen, suspended from pillars of brass. The entrance to this enclosure was at the eastern end. It was closed by curtains of costly material and beautiful workmanship, though inferior to those of the sanctuary. The hangings of the court being only about half as high as the walls of the tabernacle, the building could be plainly seen by the people without."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 347.

"The tabernacle was so constructed that it could be taken apart and borne with the Israelites in all their journeyings. It was therefore small, being not more than fifty-five feet in length, and eighteen in breadth and height. Yet it was a magnificent structure. The wood employed for the building and its furniture was that of the acacia tree, which was less subject to decay than any other to be obtained in Sinai. The walls consisted of upright boards, set in silver sockets, and held firm by pillars and connecting bars; and all were overlaid with gold, giving to the building the appearance of solid gold. The roof was formed of four sets of curtains, the innermost of 'fine-twined linen, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, with cherubim of cunning work,' the other

three respectively were of goats' hair, rams' skins dyed red, and seal skins, so arranged as to afford complete protection.

"The building was divided into two apartments by a rich and beautiful curtain, or veil, suspended from gold-plated pillars; and a similar veil closed the entrance of the first apartment. These, like the inner covering, which formed the ceiling, were of the most gorgeous colors, blue, purple, and scarlet, beautifully arranged, while inwrought with threads of gold and silver were cherubim to represent the angelic host who are connected with the work of the heavenly sanctuary, and who are ministering spirits to the people of God on earth."—*Ibid.*

Questions:

3. From what kind of hearts were the offerings made which built the tabernacle?

4. What is said of the extent of their response?

5. What kind of hearts did the building?

6. What can you say about the veil? What was its purpose?

3—Lessons From the Sanctuary

Scriptures: Heb. 8:2, 6, 8; 9:23, 24; 1 Cor. 6:19, 20; Eph. 2:19-22; Ps. 114:2; Zech. 6:12, 13.

Notes:

"Moses made the earthly sanctuary, 'according to the fashion that he had seen.' . . . That sanctuary [in heaven], in which Jesus ministers in our behalf, is the great original, of which the sanctuary built by Moses was a copy.

"The heavenly temple, the abiding-place of the King of kings . . . —no earthly structure could represent its vastness and its glory. Yet important truths concerning the heavenly sanctuary and the great work there carried forward for man's redemption were to be taught by the earthly sanctuary and its services."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 357.

"In the cleansing of the temple, Jesus was announcing His mission as the Messiah, and entering upon His work. That temple, erected for the abode of the divine Presence, was designed to be an object lesson for Israel and for the world. From eternal ages it was God's purpose that every created being, from the bright and holy seraph to man, should be a temple for the indwelling of the Creator. Because of sin, humanity ceased to be a temple for God. Darkened and defiled by evil, the heart of man no longer revealed the glory of the Divine One. But by the incarnation of the Son of God, the purpose of Heaven is fulfilled. God dwells in humanity, and through saving grace the heart of man becomes again His temple. God designed that the temple at Jerusalem should be a continual witness to the high destiny open to every soul."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 161.

"The Jewish tabernacle was a type of the Christian church. . . . The church on earth, composed of those who are faithful and loyal to God, is the 'true tabernacle,' whereof the Redeemer is the minister. God, and not man, pitched this tabernacle on a high, elevated platform. This tabernacle is Christ's body, and from north, south, east, and west, He gathers those who shall help to compose it."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, ELLEN G. WHITE Comments, vol. 7, p. 931.

"Of surpassing beauty and unrivaled splendor was the palatial building which Solomon and his associates erected for God and His worship. Garnished with precious stones, surrounded by spacious courts with magnificent approaches, and lined with carved cedar and burnished gold, the temple structure, with its brodered hangings and rich furnishings, was a fit emblem of the living church of God on earth, which through the ages has been build-

ing in accordance with the divine pattern, with materials that have been likened to 'gold, silver, precious stones,' 'polished after the similitude of a palace.' Of this spiritual temple Christ is 'the chief corner-stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord.'—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 36.

"The work of Christ as man's intercessor is presented in that beautiful prophecy of Zechariah concerning Him 'whose name is the Branch.' . . . 'He shall build the temple of the Lord.' By His sacrifice and mediation, Christ is both the foundation and the builder of the church of God. The apostle Paul points to Him

as 'the chief corner-stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto a holy temple in the Lord: in whom ye also,' he says, 'are builded together for a habitation of God through the Spirit.'"—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 415, 416.

Questions:

7. What are the "better sacrifices"?

8. What is Jesus doing now?

What Is in This Lesson for Me?

Here is a prophetic picture, in terms I can understand, of the way Jesus' love works. All the intricate and elaborate furnishings and services of the sanctuary exemplify Jesus at work, working out my salvation. It is all about Jesus. His love shines in and through it all. I will have a better working knowledge of Him and the way He works as I continue to study the sanctuary.

Earliten

II—The Earthly Sanctuary

(April 13)

TEXT TO REMEMBER: "Let them make me a sanctuary; that I may dwell among them" (Exodus 25:8).

AIM: To show how careful and particular God is about the place of worship, where His children meet Him.

1. Why God Wanted a Sanctuary Built

READ: Exodus 25:8.

"God commanded Moses for Israel, 'Let them make Me a sanctuary; that I may dwell among them' (Ex. 25:8), and He abode in the sanctuary, in the midst of His people. Through all their weary wandering in the desert, the symbol of His presence was with them. So Christ set up His tabernacle in the midst of our human encampment. He pitched His tent by the side of the tents of men, that He might dwell among us, and make us familiar with His divine character and life."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 23.

"The whole worship of ancient Israel was a promise, in figures and symbols, of Christ; and it was not merely a promise, but an actual provision, designed by God to aid millions of people by lifting their thoughts to Him who was to manifest Himself to our world."—*Testimonies to Ministers*, p. 123.

Complete these sentences by choosing the correct phrases below:

"The Lord spake unto Moses, saying,

"He pitched His tent"

"The whole worship of ancient Israel

was a promise,"

(a) "in figures and symbols."

(b) "by the side of the tents of men."

(c) "Let them make me a sanctuary;

that I may dwell among them."

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

During the wanderings in the wilderness the sanctuary was a symbol of God's presence with them. Do you think God has in these days given us a symbol of His presence? What do you think it is? Has He given us more than one?

2. The Plans and Materials for the Sanctuary

READ: Exodus 25:2, 9, 40; 35:4, 5; 36:5.

"In the building of the sanctuary as a dwelling place for God, Moses was directed to make all things according to the pattern of things in the heavens. God called him into the mount, and revealed to him the heavenly things, and in their similitude the tabernacle, with all that pertained to it, was fashioned. . . . The pattern was shown them in the mount

when the law was given from Sinai."—*Education*, p. 35.

"When the people of God were about to build the sanctuary in the wilderness, extensive preparations were necessary. Costly materials were collected, and among them was much gold and silver. As the rightful owner of all their treasures, the Lord called for these offerings from the people; but He accepted only those that were given freely."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 268.

Match the word with the appropriate phrase:

Extensive	as a dwelling place.
Pattern	materials were collected.
Costly	preparations were made.
Sanctuary	of things in heaven.

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

God was so particular about the building of the sanctuary that He gave the plan Himself. The costliest and loveliest materials went into its construction. The people were to sacrifice their treasures. Think about the house of worship we build today. Is there any lesson in this for us? Have you ever heard anyone complain about being asked to give?

3. The Court

READ: Exodus 27:9, 18.

The court around the tabernacle was twice as long as it was wide. "The sacred tent was inclosed in an open space called the court, which was surrounded by hangings, or screens, of fine linen, suspended from pillars of brass. The entrance to this inclosure was at the eastern end. It was closed by curtains of costly material and beautiful workmanship, though inferior to those of the sanctuary. The hangings of the court being only about half as high as the walls of the tabernacle, the building could be plainly seen by the people without."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 347.

Draw the court and the tabernacle as they looked from the encampment. Give reasons for the way you have drawn the picture.

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

The role of the sanctuary in the wilderness was different from that of our churches today, but both the sanctuary and the churches represent the center of worship for God's people. The children of Israel were only allowed to enter the court. They could only see the tabernacle from the outside. Today we enter

the house of God for worship. Where should our reverence for the house of God begin?

4. The Tabernacle Tent

READ: Exodus 26:1, 7, 15, 31.

"The tabernacle was so constructed that it could be taken apart and borne with the Israelites in all their journeyings. It was therefore small, being not more than fifty-five feet in length, and eighteen in breadth and height. Yet it was a magnificent structure. The wood employed for the building and its furniture was that of the acacia tree, which was less subject to decay than any other to be obtained in Sinai. The walls consisted of upright boards, set in silver sockets, and held firm by pillars and connecting bars; and all were overlaid with gold, giving to the building the appearance of solid gold. The roof was formed of four sets of curtains, the innermost of 'fine-twined linen, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, with cherubim of cunning work;' the other three respectively were of goats' hair, rams' skins dyed red, and seal skins, so arranged as to afford complete protection."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 347.

Draw the tabernacle and put in the correct numbers to show the length, breadth, and height.

Fill in the blanks with the words (acacia, silver, gold, solid gold, pillars and connecting bars) that describe the construction of the walls of the tabernacle:

Walls of wood.
Set in sockets of
Held firm by
Overlaid with
Giving to the building the appearance of

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

The entire 26th chapter of Exodus is filled with minute details of the construction of the sanctuary building. The people who were to build this were just out of slavery, with only the possessions they could carry as they traveled. Why do you think God was so particular about everything? Do you think He was unreasonable in asking for costly gifts for the tabernacle? Why do you think He expected so much of these people?

5. The Veil of the Tabernacle

READ: Exodus 26:33, last part; Hebrews 9:1-3.

"The building was divided into two apartments by a rich and beautiful curtain, or veil, suspended from gold-plated pillars; and a similar veil closed the entrance of the first apartment. These, like the inner covering, which formed the ceiling, were of the most gorgeous colors, blue, purple, and scarlet, beautifully arranged, while inwrought with threads of gold and silver were cherubim to represent the angelic host who are connected with the work of the heavenly sanctuary, and who are ministering spirits to the people of God on earth."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 347.

Supply the missing words in the following sentences:

The tabernacle was divided into two parts by

Entrance to the first apartment was closed by

These two veils were the same colors as
as
Embroidered on the curtains

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Some people feel that in order to please God one must not use bright colors but only black or subdued tones. Do you think this is true in view of what you have just studied? Do you think that Christians make their beliefs attractive to others if they are always somber and sad in appearance and actions?

6. A Lesson for Us Today

READ: Exodus 36:6.

"While the building of the sanctuary was in progress, the people, old and

young,—men, women, and children,—continued to bring their offerings, until those in charge of the work found that they had enough, and even more than could be used. And Moses caused to be proclaimed throughout the camp, 'Let neither man nor woman make any more work for the offering of the sanctuary. So the people were restrained from bringing.' The murmurings of the Israelites and the visitations of God's judgments because of their sins, are recorded as a warning to aftergenerations. And their devotion, their zeal and liberality, are an example worthy of imitation. All who love the worship of God, and prize the blessing of His sacred presence, will manifest the same spirit of sacrifice in pre-

paring a house where He may meet with them. They will desire to bring to the Lord an offering of the very best that they possess."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 344.

Who had a part in bringing gifts for the building of the sanctuary?

Is a young person really bringing a gift of sacrifice to the Lord if his parents supply his offerings?

Most of us worship in buildings that someone else has already sacrificed to build. What responsibility do we have now toward maintaining the church that we attend?

Do you think our gifts grudgingly given are any more acceptable now than the Israelites' were?



Question *I am going steady with a girl in another town and we are planning to get married. But here there is a girl I would like to get better acquainted with. I have prayed about the problem but seem to get no help. Should I break our engagement? If so, what would be a nice way to do it?*

Counsel You didn't mention your age or the ages of the girls. This counsel from *Messages to Young People*, page 452, may help solve your problem. "A youth not out of his teens is a poor judge of the fitness of a person as young as himself to be his companion for life." If the girls are still in their teens, they should not be asked to make decisions that they are not qualified to make, and very likely may regret later.

Be sure that no known sin is blocking your communication with Heaven.

Then open your Bible to James 1:5. Read the text, ask for the wisdom promised, accept it, and thank God for it. We will pray along with you. Good advice is found on page 44 of *The Adventist Home*: "I would warn the young who are of a marriageable age to make haste slowly in the choice of a companion."

There is no nice way to break an engagement. The kindest way is to be honest.

Question *I am eighteen years old and have just recently graduated from high school. I have been an Adventist now for a year. My boy friend is now in his first year of college, studying for the ministry. I have difficulty in talking with people, especially those of my*

own age. I just don't know what to say. For this reason I have lost many friends and just can't seem to get along with people my own age.

Counsel Your letter indicates to me that you are a very serious person. Since there were not too many details in your letter I cannot give you what I think would be an exact answer to your question. There may be several possible answers, and only you can decide which of these might be pertinent to your situation.

Your inability to talk with friends of your own age may arise from the fact that you are just unable to think or talk at the moment, and it seems as if some block is stopping you from thinking or speaking. On the other hand, however, if you are unable to think of anything to say, perhaps you are not enriching your life sufficiently to have something to talk about. There is also a third possibility—that you may not be concerned sufficiently about your friends to think of their needs when you are not with them.

I am not able to tell you which one of these situations is creating the present difficulty for you. You alone can supply the answer. If I were trying to realize a positive approach to this, I would first make certain that I had something to say. You can do this by increasing the scope of your reading and by thinking of other people. Second, I think that if you feel a sense of anxiety when in the presence of people of your own age you might increase your exposure to people of your own age in situations that do not demand

too much conversation. With experience you will find a growing capacity for conversation.

Question *What view does the church take of its young men playing professional basketball or running track in the Olympics?*

Counsel I do not believe that the church has expressed an official view on playing professional games, except that it has recognized the problems that would be associated with such activity. So far as I know, there are no Seventh-day Adventist young men actively engaged in professional sports.

I believe it is easy to see the problems a Seventh-day Adventist would have in such a program. Games are often scheduled for Friday night or Sabbath. Pressures would be placed on a young man to participate in these games. The atmosphere of professional sports is not good today. Beer and tobacco sponsors for radio and TV coverage, betting, the wrong concept of competition, make the profession objectionable for a Seventh-day Adventist young man.

We admire the Seventh-day Adventist young man who has been sought out for professional sports, and has refused to participate so as to prepare his life for service to God.

As far as the Olympics are concerned there is probably a more wholesome view toward the objectives, but I am sure practice and participation schedules would create a problem.

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.

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