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# the **Youth's** instructor



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# LIMBUS

by CORAMAE THOMAS

**G**LUED to the outside of the refrigerator door was a life-sized poster of a circus fat lady dressed for her side-show act. A slimmer but plump replica of that picture stood before the refrigerator and the picture. The moment was one of decision. The choice was not "Shall I diet today or tomorrow?" but rather, "Do I want to stay on my diet or look like that?"

A boy sits at his desk before a stack of note cards and an unfinished research paper. Outside his door his friends are engaged in a heated discussion on one of his favorite topics. He rises to close his door. He hesitates. The choice is not "Shall I get at that paper now or later?" but, "Shall I get down to work or fail?"

"Listen, Joan, this is a real cool character. I'm sure you'll like him. Yes, I know you don't date boys outside of your church, but just this once won't matter."

The choice? Not "Shall I stay at home or go just this once?" No, the choice is "Shall I stay at home or shall I marry a non-Adventist?"

The car full of boys stops at a drive-in. "What'll you have?"

"Bud's Blue Ribbon!"

"A bottle of Twirl, please!"

"Yellow Yax."

The choice? Not "Shall I drink just this once or be chicken?" but "Shall I take a Seven-Up or become an alcoholic?"

My boys are building an electronic brain. When a button or combination

of buttons is pressed, electrical impulses fly along the wires in a patterned reaction. The "brain" can give the correct answer only because this pattern has been previously established.

The human brain reacts in much the same way. Every time the synapses of the brain connect in response to a stimulus, a pattern of reaction is established. That response, called an engram, is a thought or an action. Every time that thought or action is repeated, the pattern is strengthened, making that particular response come more readily the next time.

There is no such thing, so far as the brain is concerned, as saying, "One time won't matter" or "I won't count this time." The brain doesn't know how to react just this one time without creating or strengthening a pattern or response that will require more effort to resist next time.

This fact can work against us to create obese persons who can't stay on diets, procrastinators who habitually miss deadlines, drunkards, or moral weaklings. It can work for us to make saints in the spiritual realm and experts in the technical or professional world. If we build in and strengthen the right pattern of responses until self-discipline, diligence, and courage are our natural reaction to the problem before us, we are assured of ultimate success in any of the numerous goals we may set for ourselves.

## 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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VOLUME 111, NUMBER 17 APRIL 30, 1963

# Ann—and a business manager

by JOAN MARIE COOK

SOCIOLOGISTS are saying that the "fad" of working one's way through college is past. It's simply not the thing to do now, as it was a generation or less ago. In fact, they point out that on today's campuses it is next to impossible for a student to pay his own way.

My friend, Ann, is smiling proof that a girl can still go through college successfully all on her own. Her mother was widowed when her large family was still young, and although she worked hard to provide for her children, she could not, understandably, finance college educations for them. While in her teens, Ann became a Seventh-day Adventist and determined to prepare herself to be an able worker for God.

Out of high school, Ann could find no work in her small home town. And so she moved to a city, near a married brother. The work she found was not particularly interesting, to say the least, but she kept at it for the year following graduation. She carried her lunch. She relaxed at her desk during work breaks, forgoing refreshments. She learned to sew in order to save clothing dollars. Often when the girls with whom she shared an apartment went to the hairdresser's, or out for a restaurant meal, she stayed home alone. She played no martyr act, but her goal seemed always with her, in every plan, in every prayer.

Once in college, the hard work did not end. During a recent vacation when I invited her to visit me, she could scarcely get away from her job for one day, so conscientious is she.

However hard she has worked, she insists that God has helped her in many very direct ways. For instance, she would be the first to say she is no genius, yet her scores on aptitude tests in her chosen field of elementary education came out exceptionally high. These impressive ratings made her eligible for tuition help from a conference on one of those we-help-you-now, you-teach-for-us-later plans.

There have been crises. One day it was discovered that she must take a

correspondence course to obtain some extra, necessary credits. Now, to order a correspondence course, one must have cash—money for the lessons, money for the textbooks. Ann had no cash. She had been to the business manager's office so many times that it was with reluctance that she went there again. Sometimes it seemed to Ann that she and the precise, matter-of-fact business manager spoke different languages.

He spoke in terms of realities and cash; she talked of faith and dreams. This time her problem looked more hopeless than ever. I suppose he was tempted to advise again that she drop school and work for a time. What else could he suggest? Work more? Out of the question. Borrow? Who would risk the loan? As he surveyed Ann's account and her worried, yet hopeful face, I think he recognized in her the kind of student for whom he had given up a lucrative career outside the church.

He wrote a personal check and gave it to her. It would cover the correspondence course. He gave it without fanfare, without admonitions—no "great guy" bit. He only said, "Next summer when you are working you will probably have some extra money. If you do, you can repay me then."

Isn't that a beautiful story? Sort of like hearing of a doctor who weeps over a patient's pain. We don't expect that sort of personal involvement from a business manager, of all people—he who hears the financial problems day after day of hundreds of students. How could he remain sensitive to their aspirations and disappointments? I believe that only one who loves the meek and lowly Jesus could keep a heart so tender. And only a Christian college could keep a man like that on its faculty.

Although not half so mysteriously touching, this story puts me in mind of a heavenly Father, who through centuries of hearing and answering prayers still waits, more willing to impart than we are to receive, for your next prayer, for mine.

The Youth's Instructor, April 30, 1963

## The Beautiful Kind

**Breakfast** Russell Rottmann lived at Joshua Tree, California, when he entered the picture for this week's cover. A 1960 Photo Mart submission, "Snatching Hoppy's Breakfast" took an award in class C. Photographers will find some new classifications in the 1963 contest. Brochures and entry forms are available on request. Whether novice or professional, any reader of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is eligible to participate.

**Secretary** The author of this week's center spread hopes someday to become an editorial secretary. By training and experience, Miss Cross should be well qualified for such a post. She graduated from college with study concentrations in English and secretarial science. She was literary editor of the 1962 *Cardinal* of Emmanuel Missionary College. She was copy editor of the 1961 *Mountain Ash* of Walla Walla College. From 1959 to 1961 she was assistant editor and copy editor of the Walla Walla *Collegian*. *Gadfly* is the English club publication, and she had her turn as its editor. Earning more than 75 per cent of her school expenses as an undergraduate, she worked at different times as secretary to an assistant business manager, director of student finance, and dean of students.

**Limbus** You may not have seen the by-line before, but you will from now on. Coramae Thomas is both prose writer and poet, and several of her manuscripts in both fields have been purchased for publication in issues to come. Mrs. Thomas heads the department of English at Southwestern Union College, formerly known as Southwestern Junior College.

**Michigan** "THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR seems to be getting better every year. The recent article 'Dust on My Bible' [February 5, 1963] certainly was good for so many of us mothers, busy every day with our little ones, not finding the time that we should for our devotions. I know that I for one at times find myself guilty of the same busy whirl, and am endeavoring to correct it now." ARLENE MORRIS WAGONER, Royal Oak.

**Resources** "Our heavenly Father has a thousand ways to provide for us of which we know nothing."—MH 481.

"Death of My Heart" has drawn more letters to the editor than is usual for a story. In late summer or fall we hope to give readers a cross section of the letter reaction to the problem set forth in this anonymously published serial.

The author of the Spirit of Prophecy writings seldom uses italics for emphasis. In one instance she has written: "But most of that which the youth of our day term *love* is only blind impulse, which originates with Satan to compass their destruction."<sup>1</sup>

Isn't it to be expected that if many marriages are made on a false foundation, the outcomes of many such marriages will be less than ideal? True love is outgoing, unselfish, preserving. "Blind impulse," the counterfeit brand of love, is selfish, demanding, devastating.

Is it any wonder that Satan's successful attack on the underlying ingredient of the happy home brought forth some startling statements from the Spirit of Prophecy writer? "The majority of the marriages of our time, and the way in which they are conducted, make them one of the signs of the last days."<sup>2</sup> Again, "There is not one marriage in one hundred that results happily, that bears the sanction of God, and places the parties in a position better to glorify Him. The evil consequences of poor marriages are numberless."<sup>3</sup>

You are young. You want a happy marriage. Have you faith to believe that the validity of our church counsels are being demonstrated in the after years of every Seventh-day Adventist marriage?

In preparing a study for a class of nursing students, we found some amazing parallels between a religious and a secular writer. The study revolved around principles discussed in a chapter on "The Builders of the Home" from Ellen G. White's *The Ministry of Healing*. Prior to this assignment we had come into possession of a Macmillan publication by Robert Foster entitled *Marriage and Family Relationships*. The chapter on "Mate Selection" covered essentially the same considerations as those in "The Builders of the Home."

Among the comparable guides recommended for happy marriages were such factors as common religious backgrounds, good health, attitudes toward parents, and age and maturity. One set of parallels will illustrate, with Mrs. White given first, and Mr. Foster second.

"Early marriages are not to be encouraged."<sup>4</sup>

"There is little doubt that couples of eighteen or nineteen years of age are biologically ready to mate, but biological mating and marriage are two quite different things."<sup>5</sup>

Love, true love, is a beautiful thing. When a young man and woman are possessed of an affection for each other that is without sham, Heaven smiles. The couple's first concern becomes to so behave that no taint of the common or vulgar will overshadow. A possession matured out of the heritage bequeathed to the couple in a Garden, and its preservation in purity and holiness, is precious to behold.

*Martin J. Crandall*

<sup>1</sup> Testimonies, vol. 5, p. 109. <sup>2</sup> Messages to Young People, p. 460. <sup>3</sup> Testimonies, vol. 4, p. 504. <sup>4</sup> The Ministry of Healing, p. 358. <sup>5</sup> Marriage and Family Relationships, p. 83.

## coming next week

- "SALES FOR SOULS"—What began as employment to pay college expenses became career for Pauline Goddard. A profile by Mike A. Jones.
- "OPERATION APPLE"—is the story of Adventist school projects that have proved valuable to community and school alike. By Joyce W. Hopp.

SHE FOUND herself possessed by a sort of dreaminess; it had crept upon her with the coming of October. Sundays like this seemed few and far between. She leaned far over the old steel fence to watch an ant make its way into the now dying grass. The late afternoon sunlight cast a tiny shadow twice as long as the wee body. Synchronized movement of body and shadow disappeared into the grass. Blankly she stared at the spot.

She didn't hear the footsteps at first, not even when the steady sound dully penetrated her subconscious mind. They were somewhere far away, a little louder now. She was half aware of someone's coming, but she didn't look up. The sun, still warm on her back, imparted to the day some feeling of completeness; yet as it dropped lower, it brought another feeling. She couldn't quite understand what it was. Just an Indian-summer fever, she supposed.

"Jan?" She looked up. The gray eyes of the questioner searched her face. "Did I interrupt anything very special?" the old man asked, his eyes hiding a half-twinkle.

"No. Oh, no," she assured him. "Just thinking. Daydreaming."

He grinned. "Sure is a perfect day for it, I reckon. Just a while ago I told myself I oughta get out and walk a bit before the weather turns cold."

She agreed. "No better time than October for walks."

"Sure ain't, sure ain't," he muttered, more to himself than to her. He continued walking down the sidewalk, leaving her to her autumn musing.

Kindly old fellow, she thought. Paul Wassner. Always friendly. He lived four houses up the street, by himself now. Mrs. Wassner had died four, or was it five, years ago? He'd taken it hard. Almost got him too. But then, that's the way it is. Always someone left alone. He was only one of the people here on this street who had heart-aches. Only one.

Her eyes reached down to the end of the five blocks called Spruce Street. Streets like this were everywhere, in every town, city, and village. Thousands of them, both paved and unpaved. She felt an increasing affection for her own Spruce Street. It followed the slope of a gentle hill and halted abruptly in a clump of shrubbery on the bank of the Powell River. By day it was a humming concentration of common people's activities; by night, a slumbering maiden, freshened and bathed by cool night winds from the river.

*The street welcomed and accepted its people  
in an easy way, gradually fashioning them into  
vital parts of its being. Each  
person, so important. The  
street connoted home.*

# Spruce Street

by CARMEN HUNTER

The street welcomed and accepted its people in an easy way, gradually fashioning them into vital parts of its being. Each person, so important. The street sported a row of their humble frame dwellings on each of its sides, providing for them both a place to be from and a place to return to.

She pushed back into place the stray wisp of hair that kept falling onto her forehead, but it wouldn't stay. She understood now what made up the world. It was just people—people of all sizes, shapes, and descriptions. Like right here. Spruce Street.

The street was an alive creature. It depended on its heart to keep pumping life-giving blood day in, day out, to all parts of its body. Remove this heart and there it would lie beneath the constantly changing skies, a cold, pale corpse, forever staring an empty stare.

No! It wasn't that way. Not her own dear Spruce Street. It was alive—so very much alive. Like she was. And because it was alive it craved the same things she craved. Love, affection, understanding, and warmth. Pain could slash a gaping wound across its sensitive heart the same as it could across hers. Happiness could creep in like a tiny kitten, into massive arms, and curl itself into a purring, fuzzy ball of fur.

Her Spruce Street. Alive because it housed human beings—the heart of any street.

Why had it taken her so long to find this out? But now—since *she knew* it—that was it! Spruce Street was *her* own personal challenge.

That's why she loved it so much. She remembered when she'd first begun to be aware of the need for something more on the street. A year ago at the football game between Appalachia High's Bulldogs and the Big Stone Gap Tigers. That was every season's toughest game.

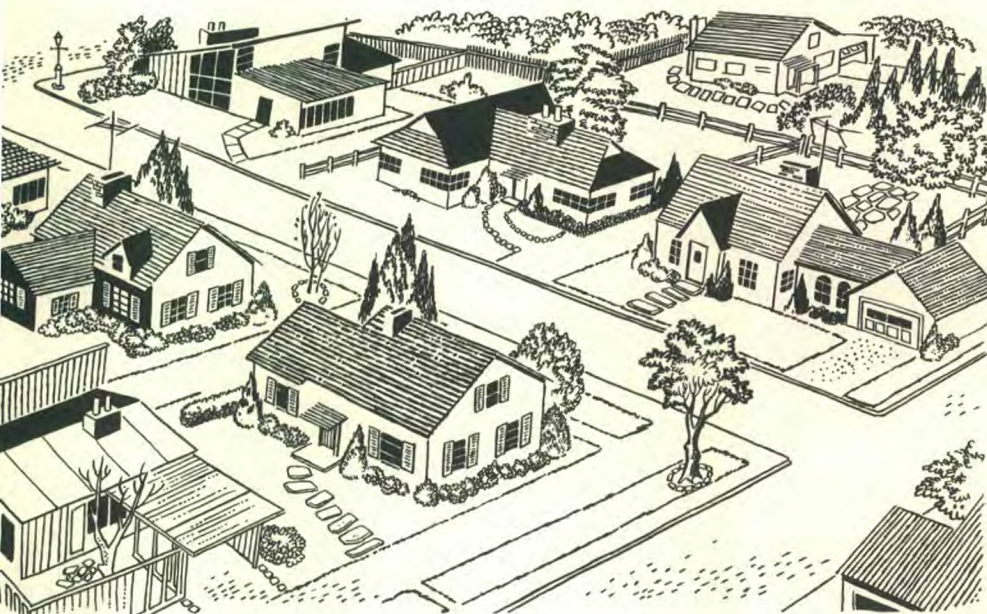
Lonnie Rodgers sat on a bench down on the field. Lips pursed, face taut, the scrawny side-liner followed each play eagerly. He tackled; he beat the Big Stone Tigers into smithereens. He silently crushed every play they made.

Always he had wanted to play football; to be included with the physi-

cally strong. But he had sat there that night, as he had at all the other games—momentarily forgetting that he had been born with a clubfoot—lost in his beloved game of football.

Her heart had soundlessly breathed pity for him. She had wanted to assure him that better things would come in a better world, if he would only consent. She had wanted to whisper in his ear that Jesus loved him tenderly, that Jesus needed him. Needed boys who had clubfeet.

Lonnie lived on Spruce Street. He had made her aware of its urgent longing for something more. And she knew that only her Jesus could give what Spruce Street wanted.



Her eyes scanned the houses. TV antennas rose high into the air. Were they desperately reaching upward for the waves that would bring a counterfeit peace, a makeshift happiness into the homes? But yet, the makeshift happiness was a little more than what she had offered. She had offered nothing. Nothing, when she had so much.

The trouble was, she'd never been particularly proud of her religion. She hadn't exactly been ashamed of it, but then, she had always been cautious when she met people who might ask questions. That was all.

Seeing Lonnie, such a lonely fellow in a crowd, changed her feelings. She was challenged by Spruce Street—challenged by the need of those five blocks for a missionary. She wanted to reach out to clasp the hands of heartsick people. How? How was it possible?

Yet, there was a way. She would have

to have a strategy—an intricate plan with which to work, because nobody with any sense should undertake a task without a plan. Yes, she had decided to meddle and tamper with the heart of a living being.

"Acquaint now thyself with him." That's where her plan had had to start. It was indeed strange how different being acquainted with Jesus had made her feel toward life. She suddenly had no reason ever again to be cowardly about her religion. She could only be proud, for there was an abundance of things demanding pride of ownership: Life. Love to give. Two strong legs. Vitality. Eyes. Ears. The companionship of Jesus Christ.

Then it came—that I-can't-sit-still feeling. She was young, and because she was young she was able to hurtle her heart into the project of Spruce Street. She discovered within herself the fact that youth was earth's most colossal power, imbued with the constant urge to go, go, GO! So GO, she told herself. Give your vigor full rein—just let God channel it and move the world.

Her whole body tingled with pride and joy. She wanted to sing; but somehow, that wasn't enough. She wanted to reach out her arms and encompass Spruce Street, crushing it with joy, smothering it with the wonderful love of God, sheltering it from painful hurts and fears.

In order to do this she would need to go back and undo a lot of foolish things she had done. Such as giving Mrs. Ford the wrong impression. Dear,

dear Mrs. Ford. Thirty-one years old, poised and sure of herself.

The sun was lower now, casting long, cursive shadows of the maple trees lining the street across the gray pavement. She could smell the aroma of brewing coffee coming from the house next door. Mrs. Ford always preferred her coffee strong and black.

Mrs. Ford had her peculiarities, as well as does everyone else. Chipped fingernail polish or a run in one's hose stood as far greater moral evils than smoking in public, to her. Those imperfections were unforgivable.

She hated housework and loved TV, "especially good drama" she would say. "Drama seems to add something to a person's life that he wouldn't have otherwise."

Jan had given the immaculate woman the wrong impression of a Seventh-day Adventist. It was only a dab of lipstick she had worn—"not enough to hurt."

Now, when she looked back at it, she could see the real reason for just a dab of lipstick. She hadn't wanted to incriminate herself by answering any questions Mrs. Ford or anyone else might have asked.

But she had been so foolish. She knew good and well that lipstick didn't belong on the face of one of Christ's representatives. She had been a skimpy hypocrite, afraid to stand on her own two feet; afraid to be proud for once in her life that she knew Jesus Christ.

She should have been telling the world that she knew Him. Instead of avoiding questions or any reference to her religion, she should have been ready to shout the story of redemption from the highest hill, as she would want to do were she in love. She should have been getting unimaginable pleasure out of living a *real* Christian life, and what's more, she should have been helping everyone else to get the same pleasure out of living.

But no. She had forgotten that Spruce Street was the home of human hearts constantly struggling against indomitable forces—forces that suppressed joys and hopes and which would often cast every suggestion of light into deepest shadow.

A little less criticism and a little more understanding of human nature might help her to come out more on top of things. And understanding of human beings came only by love. Love was of God. She sought that Source of life, earnestly, pleading with her Father to give it to her abundantly.

He not only sent her love but He

also taught her how to use it. So patient was He. She made mistakes and met discouragements on every hand. Then sometimes she got tired, exhausted from head to toe. Many times she felt that she was too weary to move ever again, but she did move. She put everything she had into a task that needed to be done. Share, Jan, share, she reminded herself time and time again. Share your faith!

She looked down the street at house number 207. It was a flimsy white frame, third house from the corner on the right if you were going down the hill. Really, gray house would be a better description of it, for coal smoke and dirt had removed all its rights to be called white. The place looked eager to be painted, but no one ever bothered to oblige it.

The Williams family lived there, including Ralph Williams, who used the house as home base for the many activities of a lanky seventeen-year-old. A distinct personage of the wide-eyed and the bewildered generation, he neither knew what to think about life nor what to do about it.

Last Tuesday she had eaten supper with the Williams family. She chuckled to herself as she remembered it. That Ralph! Unmercifully he had teased his

two younger sisters. He had picked his face nervously. He had restlessly shuffled his feet under the table and had squirmed constantly in his chair.

But that wasn't what she remembered most. She remembered how he had shyly offered to walk her home. And the question he had asked her so earnestly.

"Listen, Jan, I—er—I'm not trying to get nosy or anything, but Larry Jenkins told me that you don't go to th' show."

"He's right," she answered quickly with a smile. "I don't."

He became silent and thoughtful for a minute or two as they walked. She remained quiet and let him think.

"Why, Jan?" he finally asked.

"I'm glad you asked that," she had answered. "It's a matter of what you want from life, Ralph. I mean what you want yourself to be after it's all over."

And then she had explained to Ralph, as well as she knew how, about how she wanted to go to heaven and that she wanted to go because she wanted to see Jesus.

They had stood out in front of this very fence for more than an hour talking. Ralph's natural curiosity had pelted her with questions. She had shared her

philosophy of life with him, patiently directing the conversation toward him. She had hunted his particular need. Ralph was restless because he had no real goal to work for in life.

Intently he had listened as she had proudly told him that love was under it all—that God's love motivated her actions.

When Ralph left her that night she knew that he would return for more. He left with only a taste of what Christian life could offer. Now he was eager to be filled.

She also knew that Ralph would be embarrassed if anyone found out that he was interested in the Seventh-day Adventist religion. She had to remember this as she instructed him.

There were others, all wanting something to satisfy; something they didn't have. The lonely Patty Moore who was constantly self-conscious about her acne. She needed a friend.

And Mr. Edwards. His persistent misunderstanding of human nature squelched his every opportunity for friendship. He needed to be understood.

Even little Timmy Meyer had experienced a heartache when Todo, his little black cocker spaniel, had been killed by a car.

Mr. Firestone, the city editor, who was faced with the death of his little girl. Leukemia had gone one step too far.

Yes, every Spruce Street would continue to harbor its bits of life. A street. This one christened her own special challenge.

She had taken it as her pleasurable duty to let every single human being on that street know that her God was a God of love. For the first time she felt that she was playing her rightful role in life. She had left childhood behind her as she squared her shoulders against the world, against intrusions of evil. Unflinchingly she was learning now to meet each challenge that came to her, learning day by day that there is no weakness when one properly uses the means that God has placed in his power.

The sun was almost gone, leaving the long shadows calmly gathering in preparation for evening. Spruce Street was quieting down from the day's activities. Such an ordinary street, like any street anywhere; remaining so until someone who was a part of its inner soul should accept the challenge with understanding and with the magnanimous love of God. Waiting until someone should catch the vision of the street and tamper with its heart.

## You thought me Irreverent

by MARCELLA HENRY MILLER

As you sat beside me in church  
You thought me irreverent, no doubt.  
I rustled my white church program  
And turned it about and about.

I opened my enormous purse  
To take out my red fountain pen,  
Then I pressed the snaps together  
And noisily closed it again.

I craned my head toward the ceiling,  
I shuffled my feet on the floor,  
I stared at the stained-glass window,  
Then focused my gaze on the door.

How could you know that these movements  
Were only a protective blind  
Against the arrows of Scripture  
Upon the target of my mind?

*By describing three visits  
she made to those who needed professional  
care, a nurse sums up what she finds*

## All in the day's work

by LOIS M. PARKER

FOR a few moments after the knock, there was silence, then a tap-tap-tap, and a dragging shuffle. When the door opened, I lowered my eyes a full foot from the expected height, to meet a steady gaze from sharp blue eyes in a wrinkled face.

She was supported on two canes, her gnarled hands quivering with the strain. And I do mean that they were gnarled—the knuckles knotted and fingers twisted into a semblance more of roots than fingers.

"I am the public health nurse. May I—"

There was no time to finish the sentence. Her face looked as if a light was turned on inside.

"Come in! Come in! Don't stand there in the cold!"

She was apologizing profusely for dust and disorder, but I could see neither. It was a tiny three-room house, with a couch, two chairs, and a table in the living room; a worn Bible centered exactly on the crocheted doily. The kitchen was as sparsely furnished, I found, when she led me in to see her medicines.

On the way back to chairs, I caught a glimpse of the bedroom that was almost filled by the neat white double bed. There were a few photographs on a shelf.

Such a cheerful, smiling face she had. She talked animatedly with an accent

that made me concentrate on every word.

"It is nice that you come, yah. I do fine, but the doctor says someone should stop in. I say No, I need no one, but he says you come, and here you are!"

We laughed together.

"I enjoy visiting with someone who is not sick, for a change," I answered.

"Then we have a good visit. It is lonesome between Sundays. My children come effery Sunday to do my work, but the days between are long, long days."

I stayed about two hours, much longer than planned. Not that I did any nursing! I listened while she talked.

Mrs. Lahti had come from Finland when newly married. The couple found a homestead in North Idaho on a timbered slope, where they cleared a field and built a little log house. Five children came to their home, and the farm was not big enough to support them. Andrew went to work in the mines, while Anna stayed home and tended the farm and family.

The school bus stopped for the children across the turbulent little river. In spring and fall it was fun to take a row-boat across the short smooth stretch near the house, and moor it on the other side, to return when school was out for the day.

During the severe cold season it was less amusing, with a rim of ice to

pound away from the side of the boat and the edge of the river. Many times the children were wet by spray before they climbed aboard the bus to ride seven miles to town, then were wet again on the way home.

One by one the youngsters grew out of grade school into high school, and out of high school into college. Anna was determined that they be given the best education possible. Andrew worked hard, long hours in the depths of the mine. He got home only occasionally, but his pay check came to them minus only what he absolutely must have.

By the time the last child was in college, his lungs gave out, filled with rock dust. The health of the miners was not well protected then.

Anna took care of the sick man, old before his time, until he died. Every day there was milking and cream separating to do, besides the other chores. When the five-gallon cream can was full, she rowed across the river and caught a bus into town to do her shopping. More often, she could not spare bus fare or the river was too icy. Anna wrapped strips of gunny sacking around her feet and legs for warmth, and walked to town by the railroad track on her side of the river, with the five-gallon can on her back. Sometimes a train would stop and pick her up. She must have made a quaint figure in her sheepskin coat, black wool scarf, and homemade leggings, but her appearance was the least of her worries.

At last the youngest was through school (medical school!), and her long ordeal eased.

"Just to think," she sighed happily, one crippled hand resting peacefully on the other. "Just to think! I haff a doctor son, a college professor son, a lawyer son, a nurse daughter *with* a degree, and a businesswoman daughter. All married, all haff children. It is well."

I looked at the worn Bible.

"Oh, yah. I did not do it alone," she said serenely.

"And they do come see you?" I asked, a little diffidently. (Sometimes children climb or are boosted so far beyond their parents that they cannot remember who helped them to their high position!)

Her smile was beautiful.

"Effery Sunday, two or three are

here. They clean my house, bake bread, wash the clothes—if the girls do not come, the boys do it as well! They hoe the garden, mow the lawn, and fix the fence. They leave it in such state that I need not to turn my hand!"

She chuckled.

"Always, they fuss at me—I must come live with one of them—something might happen to me, in the night maybe. Ach, once a week grandma is a treat. Effery day, not! I stay here!"

This was far from my last visit with Mrs. Lahti. Talking was the therapy ordered by the doctor. I sometimes wonder which of us received the most benefit from those calls!

So many of my visits were made to very modest dwellings that this fine one gave me a queer feeling. It did not last long, for the greeting I received at the door made me quite comfortable.

"You are Mrs. Parker, aren't you? I am so glad you came!" Her voice dropped to a murmur. "I can't do a thing with him, and he hasn't had a bath for a week!"

The white-headed old giant in the rented hospital bed glared at me as I entered the room.

"You don't need to think you are going to put anything over on me either, young woman!"

"Young—oh, what flattery!" I gasped, then laughed. After a moment, he managed a wintry smile, while his wife introduced us. In minutes, he was bellowing his complaints about the side rails on the bed (they were fencing him in), the bedpans (never had used one in his life, and didn't intend to start now), the food he was offered (pap fit for a two-week-old infant), and on, and on.

I leaned on the bedrail and listened with interest, while his wife edged out the kitchen door with her hands over her ears. She had heard it too many times before.

"That looks like a bad wrinkle in the sheet under your back. Let me give it a pull," I interrupted.

He ended his harangue by condemning the doctor, in a normal tone of voice, for sending nurses in to wait on him when he could very well get up and wait on himself. He wriggled a shoulder experimentally, then nodded. "That is better, all right. Now what are you going to do?"

"What do you suggest?" I asked. "I've got to do something, now that I'm here."

"Oh, well," he grumbled, "you can clean me up, I suppose. I don't mind

you doing it, but I can't stand those little fliberty-gibbets who think they know everything and try to push me around as soon as they come in the door."

In an hour and a half, he was clean, comfortable, fed, and in very good spirits.

"Leave the side rails up. As you said, they make a good handgrip for turning over. If I have to lie here for a couple more weeks, I'd just as well get used to all this stuff. Coming back tomorrow, hey?"

"If you like," I smiled.

"Twice a day, if you want," he invited gruffly, his bristly eyebrows twitching.

His wife accompanied me to the door.

"Bless you! Bless you!" she whispered, as she patted my shoulder.

## Plum Blossoms

by CLEORAL LOVELL

Fluffy and white

In the fragrant morn,

Bursting like kernels

Of popping corn,

Plum blossoms announce

That Spring is born.

It was a late fall day, with a bright sun shining from a cold blue sky. In the shadow it was definitely frosty. The dwelling was an abandoned school-house.

A tousled black head poked out from the quilt hung over the outer opening of the entryway, in lieu of a door. One black head followed another until a half dozen of all sizes of Garcias were there. Then the oldest daughter came out in conscious dignity of being the interpreter. The younger children giggled and hid behind her and behind one another.

"Come in, nurse," Juanita invited, courteously holding back the quilt.

Inside the big room, a giant cast-iron stove valiantly pushed back the frosty air. A tiny baby lay in a box. A bigger one, a yearling, sat in a puddle on the floor, sucking her thumb. On one of the beds a twelve-year-old boy reclined against the pillows, sightless eyes closed while he strummed a battered little ukulele.

"The nurse came, Mamma," proudly announced Juanita.

A tiny middle-aged woman pulled

her red hands out of the tub of clothes she bent over. She barely lifted her eyes, turning her head shyly as she spoke very softly.

"Com' 'sta."

"Mamma doesn't speak English ver' much," one of the younger children volunteered. I was sorry my Spanish was so limited.

"Now, here is my baby, and here is my mother's baby," Juanita last pointed to the one on the floor, who tried to hide behind the foot of the bed. She squalled in terror when hauled out for me to see.

This Mexican family was a long way from their place of origin in the far Southwest. The wash water was ice cold, just as it came from the well. The poor little mamma with the chilblained hands was pathetically grateful when I suggested that we put the tub on the stove and heat the water.

"We never lived in a cold place before," Juanita explained. "Where we came from, we don't have to heat the water."

The father of the family came in just then, and ate an enormous bowl of beans before going back to work on the big farm. He graciously offered a share to me, but I had eaten just previously. His English was very good.

"We came here to get a better life. I don't like for my children to grow up like Maria and me. I want them to go to school, to get educated. Down there, everybody laugh at me for sending my kids to school. Now, maybe they amount to something."

I looked thoughtfully at the blind boy. Him, I could help, certainly. (In a few weeks he was off to the State school for the blind, his family tearfully happy for him.) There were white specks in the hair of the school children—the reason for their absence from school, and the schoolteacher's request for my visit. And the babies needed medical care. They could be brought to our baby clinic. Yes, indeed, here was a good place for a public health nurse!

Before long, Juanita was learning how to bathe her fatherless baby.

"Next time, you bet, I'm going to get married *first*!" she declared earnestly. I agreed that it was a much better plan.

By the time all the heads were dusted with a powder to kill head lice, we were all good friends. The children could go back to school in a few days, and mamma had begun to venture a few English words.

Is public health nursing rewarding? Surely—for nurse as well as patients.

► Eight of the earth's highest mountains, including 29,028-foot Mount Everest, rise within Nepal or along the northern border.

National Geographic Society

► A projected White House library will be composed of some 2,000 to 2,500 volumes carefully chosen from a Library of Congress book list. This is to be a working library for the use of the President and his staff. It will be the property of the White House Historical Association and will remain in perpetuity in the White House. It is proposed that gifts of books or money for books come from the American people. UCAL

► Termites alone destroy more standing timber each year than all forest fires put together. In combination with other insects who infest trees, they cause seven to ten times as much damage as fire. Termites have also been known to destroy a collection of rare books and papers in Illinois, a school library in South Carolina during the summer recess, and a Government vault. In California a termite-infested service station came crashing down when triggered by a truck's noise. Carbide

► If oil companies had pumps similar to those that will be used to feed fuel to the mighty engines of the Saturn space booster, they could load a railway tank car, which is normally filled in 30 minutes at the refinery, in only 12.5 seconds. These same pumps could move enough gasoline in one second to drive a full-sized automobile halfway around the world. Powered by a gas generator and a turbine, these pumps will, during the space flight of the Saturn booster, move an amount of fuel that would fill 13 railway tank cars.

Chrysler

► In 1912 the population in the United States was 95,300,000 and an estimated 78,400 Americans died in accidents. In 1961, with a population of 182,950,000, accidents killed 91,500. This was a decrease in fatality rate of 39 per cent. In 1912 an estimated 18,000 to 21,000 of those killed by accident were workers who were lost while producing 100 billion dollars' worth of gross national product. In 1961 in a work force double in size and producing more than four times as much, there were 13,500 on-the-job deaths, a decrease in fatality rate of 63 per cent. In 1912 there were 950,000 registered vehicles and 3,100 motor vehicle fatalities. In 1961 there were 76 million registered vehicles and 38,000 motor vehicle fatalities, a rate decrease of 85 per cent. National Safety Council

► Radio transmitting tubes that are as big as fire hydrants and that boil water to cool off have been tested for the world's largest and most powerful broadcasting station complex. The new fireplug-sized tubes are being installed in transmitters at the Voice of America's newest station near Greenville, North Carolina. The 6,100-acre complex, will have a total power capacity of almost 5,000,000 watts, or nearly 100 times greater than the most powerful commercial radio station in the United States. This station is an important facility in the U.S. Information Agency's network of broadcasting stations that serve listeners in Europe, Africa, the Middle East, and South America.

Raytheon

► The level of education in the United States has been rising among all groups of workers. The Bureau of Labor statistics estimates that 7 out of 10 young workers entering the labor force in the 1960's will have a high school education or better, as compared with 6 out of 10 in the 1950's. The proportion of workers graduated from high school in 1959 was 51 per cent, and of these 9.7 per cent had also completed four years of college as compared with only 5.7 per cent in 1940. USDL

► Evidence of poison gas on the planet Mars challenges the popular theory that there is life there. Recent spectroscopic studies indicate that Mars's atmosphere, which is largely nitrogen, also contains poisonous nitrogen peroxide. If the gas should be present on Mars, there could be no life as it exists on earth. It would possibly also explain the planet's shifting polar caps, seasonal variation of its dark areas, the so-called dust storms, and perhaps its red color.

National Geographic Society

► The Protestant church in Latin America is growing at the rate of 15.79 per cent annually, while the population grows 3.15 per cent. However, from 1952 to 1961 the increase in the Protestant community was 3,600,832, while the total population increased 47,463,000. In other words, in 10 years there are 44 million more people in Latin America outside the Protestant church. ABS

► During one of their huge migrations, a herd of caribou has been seen to form an unbroken line four miles long, with the large animals walking 12 to 15 abreast. IWLA

► One out of every 2,000 admissions to United States hospitals is for barbiturate poisoning. ITA

► Of the top 25 national outdoor advertisers, nine represent the liquor industry. NTL

► The Isle of Man, perched in the middle of the Irish Sea off the west coast of northern England, has its own Parliament. The House of Keys, or lower chamber, outdates the Parliament at Westminster, London, by several hundred years, making it the world's oldest. BOAC

► It took more than 5,000 years of human history, up to 1820, to reach a world population of 1.1 billion. In the next century, population doubled. At present, according to United Nations figures, the world population exceeds 3 billion, which means that in less than 50 years there has been an increase in population equivalent to that which occurred during the first 50 centuries. Dow

► In an effort to find a safer system of airport runway lighting, experiments are being conducted in a cavernous facility at the University of California Richmond Field Station. Inside the 800-by 30-foot building are a model asphalt runway, fog generators, and an overhead tramway carrying a two-place cockpit down an incline that represents an aircraft approach path. Commercial jet pilots act as test observers and fly through the test building. UCAL

► High light of the National Geographic Society's seventy-fifth anniversary this year will be the dedication of its new headquarters building in Washington, D.C., a marble structure a few blocks north of the White House. Within two and a half years of its founding on January 27, 1888, the society sent to Alaska the first of some 200 explorations and research projects it has sponsored or aided. It is now supporting the first attempt by Americans to climb Mount Everest and explore its mysteries for science.

National Geographic Society



Key to source abbreviations published January 15, 1963.



by MARILYN CROSS

**M**ARCH, 1947, declared the calendar, Edward Cross walked across the campus of New York City's School of Aviation Trades, where he taught mechanical drafting.

In his pocket he carried a letter—a letter that had traveled three thousand miles east.

"Your name," wrote President G. W.

Bowers, "has been given me by Prof. Ernest S. Booth of our college as a candidate for a position here at Walla Walla College.

"The coming year we plan to establish a department of engineering at the college . . ."

Engineering education in a Seventh-day Adventist college. To comprehend the idea was difficult. To picture *himself* as part of that idea proved even more difficult. New York City meant home, friends, professional success, church ties, security: his life.

Arriving home that evening, Edward stopped in the kitchen to kiss his wife, Helen, before preparing to eat supper. Mealtime conversation settled on the missive from Walla Walla College.

"Why should you work for the denomination?" asked Helen, posing Edward's unspoken question. "You're already church elder. You participate in church activities. You even preach when the minister is absent. Both of us help in the Young People's Society and Sabbath school departments."

"Yes," replied Edward, "I know. The college would pay me only half my current salary, too. I don't see how the value of my service to the school could outweigh the financial support I give the church here."

Through an open window his eyes searched the sky. He almost hoped to find there answers to the questions crowding his mind. Instead, he saw only a mental picture of the new Hemp-

# Suburb or Sagebrush

stead church, its quiet sanctuary and its stained-glass representation of the Good Shepherd. *He* had helped conceive the building plans. His money had built part of the structure. He had participated in lay evangelistic meetings, and were it not for those meetings no congregation would exist to need a church.

"Edward," he turned to hear Helen's query, "how could we ever live in a town of three thousand after spending more than thirty years in New York City? Where will you find money for the children's tuition if your salary is cut in half?"

Without responding, Edward recalled the time three years earlier when he had first thought of working for the Adventist denomination. Because of a nervous breakdown he had been hospitalized for ten weeks. Lonely weeks they were—thinking weeks. He had promised the Lord that were his health restored and should the denomination request his services, he would consider accepting. But this promise did not represent unconditional consent to fill just *any* position. The need would have to be for his particular education and experience.

Edward broke the silence with a sigh. "If only Walla Walla were closer to New York. Surely I could witness

for my God no better there than here."

Behind a furrowed brow thoughts gnawed at his conscience. He read again President Bowers' official invitation to join the faculty of Walla Walla College, an invitation to pioneer, to establish an engineering department.

In harmony with postwar attitudes, Walla Walla College demonstrated increased interest in science education. Soldiers returned from World War II to a nation eager for scientific advancement. Industry demanded engineers in numbers that previously had been thought unrealistic. Adventist veterans faced this new age unable to obtain an engineering degree except at non-Adventist institutions. Largely for this reason WWC had decided to include a four-year engineering course in its curriculum.

"We already have a major in the mechanical arts, which is chiefly concerned with the building trades. Now we want to widen this and make the manual arts a part of the engineering department . . ." In the familiarity of their suburban apartment Edward scrutinized President Bowers' explanation. Helen darned socks nearby.

"We are interested," the letter continued, "in developing the mechanical and electrical phases of the department.

We would like to have you, if the board sees fit, lead out in the work of the department by heading it."

No Adventist college had yet ventured such a project. Edward had never headed a department. Neither had he taught many of the courses necessary to an engineering curriculum. An abandoned army barracks would provide space. The college also had a little laboratory equipment in hand right then.

President Bowers did not understate the facts, however, when he wrote, "The work would have to be started from scratch."

The position at Walla Walla College demanded three basic qualifications: a college degree in engineering, teaching experience, membership in the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Dr. Bowers had found very few Adventist engineers and almost none who had taught. His letters expressed the wish that Edward respond favorably so that students at Walla Walla College might satisfy a growing desire for engineering education.

A sense of urgency prevailed at 50-18 Ninety-fourth Street, Elmhurst, New York. Only five months remained before September would hail the opening of the 1947-1948 school year. But the more real grew the opportunity at Walla Walla College, the more concrete appeared Edward's reasons for staying in New York. Opposition from his family, as well as Helen's, a newly purchased though as yet unoccupied home on Long Island, two sick children, and pending minor surgery did not lessen the dilemma.

Daily, Helen sent Edward to his classes with an assuring hug and kiss. And often in the subway's privacy Edward reconstructed events of his life that might help indicate how he should answer Walla Walla College.

Edward had achieved a lifelong goal and unwittingly fulfilled WWC's first requirement when he had graduated as a mechanical engineer in June, 1929, from Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, New Jersey. High scholarship had brought him election to Tau Beta Pi, the national engineering honor society. In addition his alma mater had requested that he join the faculty for the 1929-1930 college year, at a salary of \$50 a week. The crash of 1929 had not yet come in June when Edward declined with the declaration, "I wouldn't teach for \$50 a day."

Three years later a "Bible correspondence course" that Edward studied with his Adventist sweetheart resulted in his rejecting the religion of his youth, to

# Spring Gets Under Way

by FRANCES OETTEL

Idling dynamos  
Increase their speed;  
And out of earth's secret core,  
Quickening currents spur  
The hidden hosts  
Of poppy seeds  
To abound in golden deeds.

be baptized into the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Reviewing the qualifications President Bowers had specified, Edward began to wonder whether it was Helen or the Lord who had prodded him into the classroom. Certainly he would never have entered the teaching profession voluntarily. And if he had not been prodded, Walla Walla College would not now be seeking his services.

In order to qualify for a position in the New York City school system, he had taken the teacher-in-training examination. He had passed with only half a point to spare. But he passed. All but seven others of the 1,200 examinees failed. For a weekly salary of \$22.50 Edward had begun to teach. He had refused a salary more than twice that amount previously, but that was before the depression of the 1930's swept the country.

Had the Lord written answers to a later examination taken to achieve promotion? Out of the 450 participants only 50 passed. "But why was I one of the 50?" he asked himself. He had reason so to question, for during the two days of that test a continued migraine headache impaired vision, prevented concentration, and killed any lasting impression of what questions had been asked and how they had been answered. Nevertheless, the test had been passed. Through miraculous intervention, he believed. And the resulting employment had been rewarding.

Even this experience had not led to the conclusion that for this man the Lord's plan was to teach. He still wanted primarily to be an engineer. Bad working environment at the School of Aviation Trades and the resultant nervous breakdown all but drove him from the profession of teaching back to his beloved engineering.

The battle of heart versus head—a battle induced by the invitation from WWC—raged on in full force. For a

man whose illness had at times made him afraid to walk around the block alone, a 3,000-mile move was like a trip into outer space.

Subway wheels clacked against rails. Ignoring the distractions common to commuters, Edward mused that the Lord must have had a part in matching his qualifications to WWC's requirements. But did he, Edward Cross, want to accept this call? "The work would certainly combine engineering and teaching," he admitted inwardly.

"But could a man not fully recovered from a long illness cope with the problems of establishing a new department? Would a lack of knowledge regarding denominational educational philosophies and procedures prove too great a detriment? Was the college herself prepared to cope with the problems of integrating engineering and liberal arts education?"

Holding a half-washed pot, one evening Helen contemplated the pros and cons of the now-customary topic for conversation. "You could write several of our close friends to find out how they would handle our problem" she ventured.

"I think I'll do that this very night," he declared as he dried the last dish. "Won't it be helpful to know what other people think about this matter?"

Late in March, Elder V. G. Anderson, chairman of the Walla Walla College board of trustees, stopped in New York City en route to Africa. Visiting with him, Edward learned more definitely what would be awaiting, should he go to the college. He tentatively agreed to Elder Anderson's suggestion that he fly to Walla Walla and observe the school firsthand. The trip would come in April, provided that Edward recovered rapidly from minor surgery, which had been scheduled for April 13.

Together the Crosses prayed for guidance. Together they waited for answers to their letters. Together they listened to parents who did not understand why anyone should consider traveling three thousand miles from the city of his birth, from an established pattern of life, for nothing but a new teaching position and added responsibility at half price.

"Of course, our prayer contained requests for 'signs,'" Edward recalls. "Wouldn't they prove conclusive? But there were no signs. And opinions didn't arrive from distant Adventist friends." Gradually Edward and Helen realized that God wanted *them* to decide how they would answer the invitation to join the faculty of a Christian college. Their prayers changed to requests only

that God open and close doors and anoint their eyes sufficiently to permit perceptive vision.

Monday night, April 12, Helen greeted Edward with the day's mail in hand. "Here's one from Long Island, dear. Maybe we can move into our new home after all."

Edward sank into the nearest chair and soon frowned an answer to Helen's questioning look. "That woman just isn't going to move. Wartime housing regulations forbid our evicting her. And I guess she can't understand reasoning."

The second letter, from President Bowers, stated that the board of trustees had met. "The committee was unanimous in advising me to secure your service . . . as head of the engineering department at a salary of \$49.50 a week."

Edward's surgery, which had been scheduled for the following day, could not be performed. This cleared the way to arrange a flight to Walla Walla.

Wednesday brought notice from the Crosses' landlord that they were no longer wanted as tenants. Although the landlord was not allowed to evict them, it was obvious that Edward and Helen

## wit sharpeners

### Step-O-Gram

by EARL HILLIARD

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

#### Definitions

1. A figure of speech.
2. It unfitted one for a priestly office.
3. City on frontiers of Moab.
4. A daughter of Omri, king of Israel.
5. Precious stones, green in color.
6. Rahab's house was built on one.
7. Unfaithful.

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Key on page 18

would prefer to arrange for a different residence.

The telephone startled Edward out of the chair where mentally he had been looking for apartments, teaching engineering, designing buildings, and attributing to New York its virtues. "Yes, Mother . . ." A lengthy conversation revealed that she still did not want her son to move. But if he was convinced, she would accept his decision without further objection. Later that evening Helen's mother also relented in her efforts to keep Edward and Helen in New York.

On Thursday he sent to President Bowers a telegram containing his tentative acceptance and setting a time for him to telephone the following Sunday evening. The telephone call was to provide opportunity for discussing still hazy features of the proposed engineering program.

Wondering how much more one week could hold, he stared at the stack of letters on the dining-room table. All were answers to the letters he had sent close friends several weeks before. All encouraged him to go to Walla Walla College. "But Helen," he protested, "are you sure all of these letters came just today? Look, this one was mailed March 31. This one April 2. And this one not until April 10. Some have been in the mail two weeks! And they didn't come across the ocean either."

Seeking additional assurance that his decision to leave New York City was wise, he spent several hours talking with former professors at his alma mater, as well as with colleagues at the School of Aviation Trades. These men sat behind the security of desks and well-filled ash trays. "Surprisingly enough they told me I would be crazy not to accept such an offer," Edward laughs. "In fact, one of my old profs offered to work for me if I would accept the position. These men considered that relief from the pressures of life in New York City was worth while at any cost. Life on a small college campus, they maintained, would prove attractive."

One problem, health, still had to be cleared. It was presented to Edward's doctor for his consideration. "Throughout your illness," the man responded, balancing his glasses in one hand, "I have been convinced you were not suffering from any psychiatric disturbance. But there is no comparison between the existence you're forced to endure here and the much more satisfying life that this opportunity will afford you. By all means, accept."

*The Youth's Instructor, April 30, 1963*

## The Curtain Rises

by VIRGINIA HALENZ

**V**IBRANT tension lived with the performers backstage at South Bend as the expectant audience waited for the curtain to rise. It was the evening of the marimba concert. But Judy was trembling as she thought of her solo, the one she had been practicing only in nervous spells throughout the past three weeks.

"Prepare, Judy. Prepare well," her teacher, Mrs. Read, had urged. Yet the lure of dates and girl-talk kept Judy from the regular routine of practicing.

"Next on the program is Judy Dana, our favorite soloist," the MC was saying. And she hesitantly stepped to left center stage to acknowledge the applause.

"Dear Lord, help me!" prayed Judy. "Forgive me for not practicing harder. Please . . . please help me to get through this piece without forgetting it."

The accompanist began, and Judy fiercely gripped her mallets tighter in determination. The first few bars danced happily from the marimba as the well-practiced first page was

played. In the next few seconds, however, the marimba seemed to become an unfamiliar distortion in front of her as the keys intermingled in a loss of identity.

"What is the next part? Oh, help me, Jesus! I must play . . . something!" So Judy, showman that she was, heroically composed a not-so-familiar cadenza in the middle of the piece.

The number finally came to an end. Smiling her uncertain thanks to the applauding audience, she weakly stumbled off the stage, collapsing in tears into the arms of the nearest fellow player. "Why didn't I prepare better?" she sobbed. "Why, why? It was so terrible! I only forgot a little part, but it ruined the entire piece!"

As the curtain rises on the scene of the coming of the Lord, the world trembles at its judgment, which is so irrevocable. "Prepare, My children. Prepare well," the Master Teacher urges. But are we, like Judy, finding the appeals and excitement of this life too engrossing?

Sunday, April 16, 1947. "I am calling President G. W. Bowers, Walla Walla College, College Place, Washington. The number . . ." Electrical impulses sped across the continent. Edward Cross accepted WWC's invitation, promising to confirm that acceptance by letter. Realizing that if College Place were in the middle of the Mojave Desert, his answer would remain constant, Edward canceled his tentative plane trip to the college.

The receiver clicked back into its

cradle. Then it dawned upon Edward and Helen that only an hour or so remained before a scheduled strike of all long-distance telephone operators. Had they planned to call but a short while later, they could not have spoken to President Bowers. But it mattered little. The decision had been made. The answer had been given.

Fifteen years ago Mr. and Mrs. Cross swept dust and debris from the engineering building, an unremodeled Army barracks, before classes could convene. Today Edward watches from his "new" office as several department graduates, now staff members, design a three-story engineering-physics building to be built under the supervision of another alumnus. More than one hundred graduate engineers testify to the wisdom of his decision to pioneer. And numerous campus building projects have enabled him to be a practicing professional engineer. Four full-time instructors now assist with the departmental teaching load, and the future spells progress and further expansion.



*Voice of Prophecy Radio Topics for May*

May 5  
May 12  
May 19  
May 26

The Promise of the Spirit  
The Coming of the Spirit  
The Sword of the Spirit  
The Filling of the Spirit

*Insufficient food and clothing are not  
the lot of orphans only. Rather their  
needs are indicative of the needs of all  
who must withstand freezing temperatures  
and subsist on a minimum of simple food.*

I WAS cold as I waited there at East Gate, Seoul, Korea, for a bus—so cold that it was difficult to keep back the tears. I looked for a sheltered spot where I might find protection from the icy wind, but there was none. East Gate is a huge round structure with no little corner where one can hide. Five minutes went by, then ten, and twenty, but still among the numerous buses that passed me none turned out to be mine.

Wearing typical American pumps—for I had not yet purchased those flannel-lined shoes that would later be such a comfort to me—I thought my feet would freeze solid. The icy ground on which I stood mocked my thin soles, and resisted all my efforts to stamp out the cold.

The wind too was determined to quick-freeze me. As I bent my head to hide my cold nose in the collar of my coat, I looked down and saw an incredibly ragged and grimy little boy walking toward me with outstretched hand, his little face lighted up with a typically Korean smile.

There is something about the Korean smile that is most appealing. It was one of the characteristics that instantly attracted me upon my arrival in the Land of the Morning Calm. I do not know exactly what it is that makes it so delightful. Perhaps it's the perfect teeth that most Koreans have. I remember that at first I thought the people were all wearing dentures, and marveled that Korea had so many skillful dentists. But I think it is really the warm sweetness behind the smile that produces love at first sight when one meets a Korean. I had come to this land because my doctor husband had volunteered to assist at the Seoul Sanitarium and Hospital for a short while.

I longed to empty my purse into the little hand before me, but someone had told me that money given to child beggars was taken away by older men who exploited them. Pondering the problem of what to do, I noticed at a little distance a man with a pushcart. As I smelled the roasting chestnuts I decided to buy the youngster a big bagful.





*Clothing is often supplied  
by welfare groups outside the country.*

through her solemnity, but she just gazed at me pensively as if to say, "How can the American lady possibly understand my misery?" I longed to talk to her, but since communication was impossible, I just slipped a little money in her pocket and hoped it might at least buy her a few meals. Her infinitely melancholy little face haunts me still.

But I was soon to learn that insufficient food and inadequate clothing were not merely the lot of orphans. When a couple of our young men\* from the sanitarium invited me to attend their branch Sabbath school one bitterly cold afternoon, I gladly accompanied them after bundling myself in the warmest clothes I had, for the thermometer registered 12° F.

The ice crackled under our feet as we walked along the narrow paths separating the frozen rice paddies on the outskirts of the city. The boys, Sang Moon and Han Pyung, cheerfully sang familiar hymns with unfamiliar words.

# Winter in Korea

by RUTH GORDON SHORT

Just then, however, I saw my bus coming around the circle, and fearful of missing it and having to shiver another half hour in the Siberian wind, I flung some money on the pushcart, pointed to the chestnuts and then to the boy (for I could not speak the language), and boarded my bus.

As I stepped into it, the dismal thought occurred to me that perhaps the vendor would just keep the money and ignore the child. It distressed me. But when I looked out the window, there was my little boy jumping up and down, laughing ecstatically and holding up a large bag of chestnuts for

me to see. He evidently divined my thoughts and wanted me to know he was grateful.

Inside the bus I was fortunate enough to get a seat. I had not been there long when an unaccompanied little girl came aboard and stood in front of me. She was just as filthy and bedraggled as the little boy had been, but she was extraordinarily beautiful. I suppose she was one of the thousands of orphans that wander about the city of Seoul unloved and uncared for. Her intelligent little face had the saddest expression I had ever seen on a child.

I smiled at her, hoping to break

Their voices were delightful, and it was a pleasure to hear them sing. But I marveled that they could express such joy, for just looking at them made me shiver. One wore the typical black cotton suit of Korean students. The other was attired in a flannel shirt and slacks. Neither had on any sweater, scarf, jacket, cap, or gloves.

When we came to a little settlement, the children began running toward us in response to the singing. One little five-year-old came out of a structure

\* These boys have assumed the American names, Reuben and George. Reuben is now in prison for refusing to bear arms.

about the size of a typical American newsstand, in which the whole family lived. The youngster had on two cotton T-shirts and a pair of corduroy pants, nothing more. His little face was screwed up with the cold, but he didn't want to miss Sabbath school for anything.

And Sabbath school was held outdoors! Sang Moon threw up his arms toward the heavens and smilingly said, "You see, Mrs. Short, we have the largest church in Seoul!" And then I knew that the sky was the roof and the surrounding hills were the walls.

Some of the thirty children who gathered together were clothed in three-piece outfits such as American children wear, but they were in the minority. And yet they all listened to the stories, sang the songs, and answered the questions as if this were the greatest and



*Even children who have inadequate clothing for outdoor wear attend the open-air meetings.*



most enjoyable privilege they could desire.

Sang Moon and Han Pyung took time out to lead them to the road and race up and down with them in order that they all might warm up a bit, and then the program continued.

After a while the leaders asked permission of a woman to finish the session in her unheated home, and we all gratefully accepted her hospitality.

On this venture I had been caught unprepared with any warm garments to distribute among the cold children, but on a later date it was my privilege to be able to give our workers and others quantities of good warm clothing sent by kindhearted Dorcas welfare workers in North America. When the privilege of receiving these boxes through the A.P.O. was denied us, one

of these women and others sent us sufficient money to buy what they could not mail.

I cannot help feeling proud to belong to an organization such as the Seventh-day Adventist denomination, especially when I see what an efficient and well-regulated program it has for disaster and famine relief. In Korea I rejoiced to see one of the large storehouses built to stock supplies for the needy.

Our people individually and collectively as a denomination do well to remember the inheritance promised to those who feed the hungry and clothe the naked. From my own heart-warming experiences I cannot imagine a much more rewarding privilege than having a part in the Disaster and Famine Relief Offering to be taken on May 11.



**key**

**wit sharpeners**

ALLEGORY  
BALDNESS  
BAAL-MEON  
ATHALIAH  
EMERALDS  
TOWNWALL  
DISLOYAL



*Although electronics was not his business, the inventor experimented with numerous types of radio receivers and finally devised a very tiny unit.*

# Without Benefit of Medals

by JAY A. KAPLAN

**E**ARLY in 1960, Mr. Khrushchev presented an award to a young Russian scientist for producing the "smallest radio in the world." The miniaturized receiver was, according to the citation, "small enough to fit inside a walnut." The inventor got a medal.

In Englewood, New Jersey, recently, a youngish man named Charles Wolthoff has produced a radio receiver that is a good deal smaller than the Russian version, but it is highly unlikely he will get any medals.

He is, however, getting orders—lots of them—for what is probably the most advanced example of miniaturization yet achieved in the field.

The Micro-Ceiver, as it is called, weighs less than an ounce and fits over the ear. It is scarcely bigger than the tiniest hearing aid.

It receives signals from distances up to 20 miles, utilizes four transistors, and operates for 100 hours on two "penlite" batteries. With full volume control, it plays from a mere whisper to a sound that will fill a good-sized room.

What is most amazing about the development, perhaps, is the inventor himself. Wolthoff is not an electronics engineer, he doesn't even work in the electronics industry. He never went to college and has had no technical or engineering education.

He's thirty-five—looks younger—and was born in Brooklyn. After high school, he joined the Army during World War II and found himself in the Field Artillery.

Discharged in 1945, he went through a variety of jobs. He assembled TV sets, built houses, owned and operated a theater, studied law, and sold insurance. But at night, when most people were in bed, he tinkered with miniature radios as a hobby.

In these hobby-riding hours, he built radio sets into rings, fountain pens, thimbles. Because few parts were available for such tiny sets, he wound coils, shaved down magnets, made transistors, and fabricated

## ARE YOU AN

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various parts he needed but which were not manufactured.

One day in 1960, he conceived the idea of devising a small radio that would be almost invisible when "worn," was inaudible to others when played, and inconspicuous enough to be used in a library, at a job, during study periods, riding in a public conveyance. The result was the Micro-Ceiver.

The receiver itself is no larger than a cube of sugar. But two dry-cell batteries take up most of the size.

The assembled receiver contains more than forty individual elements, including a one-inch-long built-in "aerial." And the elements themselves are assembled from parts, some of which are no bigger than the head of a pin, each carefully engineered to fill its role in the receiver's operation.

Wolthoff still winds many coils that cannot be bought, using wire no thicker than a baby's hair. And even this wire, fine as it is, is coated with insulation so it can be wound in a coil. Actually, there are nearly four hundred feet of wire in the Micro-Ceiver!

Hundreds have written Wolthoff to secure one as soon as production permits. Scientists, school children, housewives, commuters, researchers, and people in all activities and walks of life seem to fancy them.

Manufactured in a room no bigger than a large living room, the Micro-Ceiver's "assembly line" consists of fifteen girls, all trained by Wolthoff himself. Many of the parts have to be assembled under a magnifying glass, the worker using small tweezers. Every part, however tiny, is tested before being used.

In terms of craftsmanship, it is hard to compare the Micro-Ceiver with anything produced commercially these days. Nearest to it might

be the old art of miniature painting. Here the artist sometimes used a brush made of a single hair.

You may have seen miniatures in museums. Some portraits are painted on round slivers of ivory

no more than two inches in diameter.

Wolthoff scowls when somebody calls his Micro-Ceiver a "conversation piece," although, in fact, it is. To the contrary, he feels that his creation may yet open up areas undreamed of.

For example, he cites modern tactics in warfare. These often involve wide deployment and rapid communication. At some point in warfare of the future, he feels, a platoon may require deployment over several miles. Yet instant contact with the commander or field officer may be necessary. He thinks the Micro-Ceiver may facilitate that.

Wolthoff's achievement is doubtless an epochal one—even if he hasn't a chance of getting a medal for it!

## Street Impressions

by SHARON BOUCHER

**W**HEN approaching or leaving the bus station, out-of-town buses so often travel through the most dilapidated part of a community. The bus that took me into a large West Coast city one morning was no exception; we drove three or four blocks through the heart of skid row. The human flotsam and jetsam aimlessly milling there collectively held my sympathy, but as we turned to leave the street of derelicts I saw one man headed toward it. Being alone, he drew my undivided attention.

He wasn't an old man, yet judging by his walk, I'm sure he felt old and tired and beaten. His clothes were baggy, his whole appearance unkempt. For a moment I pondered some of the reasons why a man might let life buffet him about to the extent that he sought such company and aimlessness as is found on skid row. Then I saw his coat sleeve—the left one. It was empty, and flapped with each step.

It would be hard for a man with only one arm to find work. Perhaps he lost his arm in an accident. Perhaps his wife left him because of it. These thoughts crowded my mind as we passed him and turned again to enter the bus station. In the jostling and activity of leaving the bus I put thoughts of him aside.

I enjoy studying faces, and as I approached the heart of the business section, I particularly noticed one man walking toward me. He was the type of person who would demand at least a second glance from anyone, man or woman. He was taller than average, and stood tall. Some would not call him handsome, but there was a ruggedness about him, not only in his build and in his features but in the character that showed through.

His well-cut suit enhanced his air of competence. I could easily picture his wife and children bidding him a lingering farewell as he left a well-kept suburban home to travel to his uptown place of business. I judged him to be a successful professional man by the large expensive looking brief case he carried in his left hand. It was his right arm that was missing. The empty sleeve was neatly folded and pinned. No flapping banners to call attention to his handicap.

I didn't notice the missing arm until we had almost passed each other. When I did, somehow it seemed quite inconsequential, as though other, bigger things entered into the building of a successful life.

The first man still held my sympathy.

The second my admiration.

# Sabbath School Lessons

Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

## Youth

### V—The Sanctuary Services

(May 4, 1963)

**MEMORY GEM:** "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service" (Rom. 12:1).

**OUTSIDE READING:** *Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 352-355; *The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Scripture references.

#### Introduction

Did you ever wonder how the round of sanctuary services and ritual appealed to the young people of that day? It probably took a lot of doing to get it across to each oncoming generation for hundreds of years, that these things symbolized their only hope of salvation, but they did it, by and large, fairly well; at least in the light of the "progress" we moderns are making in the same direction. It is important now that Adventist youth understand these things. Why? Because God was in them then, not only to show our forebears the way out of this world and into the next, but also to show us.

The closer we approach these ancient standards and landmarks, the stronger, livelier, and more successful our church will be. These lessons are far from new, sensational, dazzling, thrilling, modern. But they still show forth God's way to life here and to the world to come. They exemplify His perfect plan. They fill in the details of this assurance: "I know the thoughts I think concerning you, says the Lord, thoughts of peace and not of hurt, to give you a future and a hope" (Jer. 29:11, Berkeley).

#### 1—The Sacrificial System Pointed Forward

**Scriptures:** Gen. 3:15; 1 Peter 1:18, 19; Heb. 9:22; 10:1-4.

##### Notes:

"From the day our first parents lost their Eden home, to the time the Son of God appeared as the Saviour of sinners, the hope of

the fallen race was centered in the coming of a Deliverer to free men and women from the bondage of sin and the grave.

"The first intimation of such a hope was given to Adam and Eve in the sentence pronounced upon the serpent in Eden. . . . As the guilty pair listened to these words, they were inspired with hope; for in the prophecy concerning the breaking of Satan's power they discerned a promise of deliverance from the ruin wrought through transgression."—*Prophets and Kings*, pp. 681, 682.

"Many have expressed wonder that God demanded so many slain victims in the sacrificial offerings of the Jewish people; but it was to rivet in their minds the great truth that without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins. A lesson was embodied in every sacrifice, impressed in every ceremony, solemnly preached by the priest in his holy office, and inculcated by God Himself,—that through the blood of Christ alone is there forgiveness of sins. . . .

"The sacrifice of our Saviour had made ample provision for every repenting, believing soul. We are saved because God loves the purchase of the blood of Christ."—ELLEN G. WHITE, *Review and Herald*, Sept. 21, 1886.

"The sacrificial offerings were established by infinite wisdom to impress upon the fallen race the solemn truth that it was sin which caused death. Every time the life of a sacrificial offering was taken, they were reminded that if there had been no sin, there would have been no death. 'The wages of sin is death.'"—*Ibid.*, March 2, 1886.

##### Questions:

1. What is the meaning of Genesis 3:15?
2. What do we inherit from our ancestors?
3. Is this a hopeless burden?
4. What is the instrument of forgiveness?

#### 2—The Daily Ministration

**Scriptures:** Num. 28:3-8; Lev. 4:27-29, 34, 35; 6:25, 26.

##### Notes:

"Every morning and evening a lamb of a year old was burned upon the altar, with its appropriate meat-offering, thus symbolizing the daily consecration of the nation to Jehovah, and their constant dependence upon the atoning blood of Christ."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 352.

"The hours appointed for the morning and the evening sacrifice were regarded as sacred, and came to be observed as the set time for worship throughout the Jewish nation. . . . In this custom, Christians have an example for morning and evening prayer. . . .

"The repentant sinner brought his offering to the door of the tabernacle, and placing his hand upon the victim's head, confessed his sins, thus in figure transferring them from himself to the innocent sacrifice. By his own hand the animal was then slain, and the blood was carried by the priest into the holy place and sprinkled before the veil, behind which was the ark containing the law that the sinner had transgressed. . . . In some cases the blood was not taken into the holy place; but the flesh was then to be eaten by the priest, as Moses directed the sons of Aaron, saying, 'God hath given it you to bear the iniquity of the congregation.'"—*Ibid.*, pp. 353-355.

"The sins of the people were transferred in figure to the officiating priest, who was a mediator for the people. The priest could not himself become an offering for sin, and make an atonement with his life, for he was also a sinner. Therefore, instead of suffering death himself, he killed a lamb without blemish; the penalty of sin was transferred to the innocent beast, which thus became his immediate substitute, and typified the perfect offering of Jesus Christ."—*Selected Messages*, book 1, p. 230.

A careful reading of Leviticus 4 will reveal that only the sacrifices where a priest might be involved—a priestly sin or a national sin—resulted in blood being sprinkled before the veil in the first apartment. In the case of all individual sacrifices by rulers or people, the priest was required to eat of the sacrifice and to place the blood on the horns of the altar of burnt offering. Of these arrangements, we read: "Both ceremonies alike symbolized the transfer of the sin from the penitent to the sanctuary."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 355.

##### Questions:

5. Was "the repentant sinner" always repentant?
6. What difference did this make?

#### 3—Confession and Restitution

**Scriptures:** Lev. 5:1-5; 6:1-7.

##### Notes:

Confession is not to serve primarily as a means of enlightenment to God; He knows all about our record. He knows the low state to which our race has fallen. Confession is a means of self-examination, the soul coming up close to the record, facing up to the matter of doing something about the salvation Jesus offers.

This is where confession begins. It ends in action. If another has been wronged in one way or another, that wrong is made right. If money has been taken, that money is restored.

One more thing. Sin is a bloody business. This fact was kept at the very center of Hebrew thinking by the slaying of countless lambs and goats. They got used to the sight of blood. It is likely that many of them got too used to it, so that it lost much of its meaning—that "without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. 9:22). But they did not need to let this happen. And that it happened at all suggests only that they found it easy, like we do, to let the mind wander, to demand a new and different thrill level, always in advance of the last one.

##### Questions:

5. What place did "informing" have?
6. What did "restoration" involve?

#### 4—Additional Lessons

**Scriptures:** Lev. 17:11; 2:13; 4:3, 23, 28; Ex. 30:7-9.

##### Notes:

"In the plan of redemption there must be the shedding of blood, for death must come in consequence of man's sin. The beasts for sacrificial

offerings were to prefigure Christ. In the slain victim, man was to see the fulfillment for the time being of God's word, 'Ye shall surely die.' . . . But the shedding of the blood of beasts was to point forward to a Redeemer who would one day come to the world and die for the sins of men. And thus Christ would fully vindicate His Father's law."—ELLEN G. WHITE in *Review and Herald*, March 3, 1874.

"In the ritual service, salt was added to every sacrifice. This, like the offering of incense, signified that only the righteousness of Christ could make the service acceptable to God. Referring to this practice, Jesus said, 'Every sacrifice shall be salted with salt.' 'Have salt in yourselves, and have peace one with another.' All who would present themselves 'a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God' must receive the saving salt, the righteousness of our Saviour."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 439.

"The incense, ascending with the prayers of Israel, represents the merits and intercession of Christ, His perfect righteousness, which through

faith is imputed to His people, and which can alone make the worship of sinful beings acceptable to God."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 353.

"The priests were to examine all animals brought as a sacrifice, and were to reject every one in which a defect was discovered. Only an offering 'without blemish' could be a symbol of His perfect purity who was to offer Himself as 'a lamb without blemish and without spot.' "—*Ibid.*, p. 352.

#### Questions:

7. Specifically, what was it that made atonement?

8. What part did salt play, and why?

9. What was the incense for?

#### 10. Were the priests sinners too?

#### What Is in This Lesson for Me?

Details, details, details—why does religion have to be so much concerned with details? Why can't we devote our attention to the broad principles? Maybe these things were all right three thousand years ago when people lived the simple life, but how about now, when times and everything else have changed?

Times have changed, certainly. Unquestionably. But the way of salvation has not changed, nor the principles of God's truth, nor our need of a Saviour. It is very important for me to learn all I can about God's first things.

nation to Jehovah, and their constant dependence upon the atoning blood of Christ."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 352.

"The hours appointed for the morning and the evening sacrifice were regarded as sacred, and they came to be observed as the set time for worship throughout the Jewish nation. And when in later times the Jews were scattered as captives in distant lands, they still at the appointed hour turned their faces toward Jerusalem, and offered up their petitions to the God of Israel. In this custom, Christians have an example for morning and evening prayer."—*Ibid.*, pp. 353, 354.

What far-reaching influence did the morning and evening sacrifices have on the—

- (a) Jewish nation?
- (b) Jewish captives scattered in distant lands?
- (c) Christians of today?

#### FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

God wanted His people to come to Him in worship at both the beginning of the day and its close. Which time do you think it is more imperative that we seek the Lord's special direction, morning or evening? At which time do you think your mind is the clearest for communion with your Maker? Why do you think most people only pray at bedtime?

#### 4. The Sinner Obtains Forgiveness

READ: Leviticus 4:27-29.

"The most important part of the daily ministration was the service performed in behalf of individuals. The repentant sinner brought his offering to the door of the tabernacle, and placing his hand upon the victim's head, confessed his sins, thus in figure transferring them from himself to the innocent sacrifice. By his own hand the animal was then slain, and the blood was carried by the priest into the holy place and sprinkled before the veil, behind which was the ark containing the law that the sinner had transgressed. By this ceremony the sin was, through the blood, transferred in figure to the sanctuary."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 354.

In the following list place P in the blank if the rite was performed by the priest and RS in the blank if it was performed by a repentant sinner:

- ..... Brought offering to the tabernacle door.
- ..... Placed hand on the victim's head.
- ..... Confessed his sins.
- ..... Killed the animal.
- ..... Carried blood into the holy place.

#### FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

We are told that this service for the individual sinner was the most important of the daily services. Do you think God is more concerned about us as a group or as individuals? Is salvation really an individual matter or can we blame someone else if we lose it? How much re-

## Earliteen

### V—The Sanctuary System of Sacrifices

(May 4)

TEXT TO REMEMBER: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service" (Romans 12:1).

AIM: To show that the lessons of the ancient sanctuary and its system of sacrifices held a lesson not only for the Israelites but for us today in our daily living.

#### 1. The First Promise of a Redeemer

READ: Genesis 3:15.

"From the day our first parents lost their Eden home, to the time the Son of God appeared as the Saviour of sinners, the hope of the fallen race was centered in the coming of a Deliverer to free men and women from the bondage of sin and the grave.

"The first intimation of such a hope was given to Adam and Eve in the sentence pronounced upon the serpent in Eden. . . . As the guilty pair listened to these words, they were inspired with hope; for in the prophecy concerning the breaking of Satan's power they discerned a promise of deliverance from the ruin wrought through transgression."—*Prophecies and Kings*, pp. 681, 682.

Write the opposites of the following words:

- freedom ..... despair
- innocent ..... found
- enslavement .....

#### FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

In one act of disobedience Adam and Eve changed their scheme of living to its opposite. Where there had been life, there was death; where happiness had abounded, there was sorrow; their freedom they exchanged for enslavement; their innocence became guiltiness. How small the sin! How great the penalty! Do we ever cast aside our chances for happiness by very small wrong acts and decl-

sions? Why do you think the penalty that fell upon Adam and Eve was so great for such a small deed? Why is the price of sin so high?

#### 2. Animal Sacrifices Ordained

READ: 1 Peter 1:18, 19; Hebrews 9:22.

"Many have expressed wonder that God demanded so many slain victims in the sacrificial offerings of the Jewish people; but it was to rivet in their minds the great truth that without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins."—ELLEN G. WHITE in *Review and Herald*, Sept. 21, 1886.

"The sacrificial offerings were established by infinite wisdom to impress upon the fallen race the solemn truth that it was sin which caused death. Every time the life of a sacrificial offering was taken, they were reminded that if there had been no sin, there would have been no death. 'The wages of sin is death.' "—*Ibid.*, March 2, 1886.

#### Complete the following sentences:

- If there had been no sin .....
- The wages of sin .....
- Ye were not redeemed with ..... things, as .....
- Without shedding of blood is .....

#### FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

The sacrificial system was a very bloody form of worship. Do you think you would look forward to going to church to such a service today? Do you think the Old Testament worshippers really enjoyed offering sacrifices? Do you think it made sin seem more offensive to them than it is to us today?

#### 3. Morning and Evening Sacrifices

READ: Numbers 28:3, 4.

"Every morning and evening a lamb of a year old was burned upon the altar, with its appropriate meat-offering, thus symbolizing the daily consecration of the

sponsibility do others actually have in whether we are saved or not?

### 5. Confession and Restitution

READ: Leviticus 5:5; 6:4, 5.

"True confession is always of a specific character, and acknowledges particular sins. They may be of such a nature as to be brought before God only; they may be wrongs that should be confessed to individuals who have suffered injury through them; or they may be of a public character, and should then be as publicly confessed. But all confession should be definite and to the point, acknowledging the very sins of which you are guilty."—*Steps to Christ*, p. 38.

"The Christian in his business life is to represent to the world the manner in which our Lord would conduct business enterprises. . . .

"If we have injured others through any unjust business transaction, . . . or defrauded any man, even though it be within the pale of the law, we should confess our wrong, and make restitution as far as lies in our power. It is right for us

to restore not only that which we have taken, but all that it would have accumulated if put to a right and wise use during the time it has been in our possession."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 556.

Name three types of confession.

Name two principles of true restitution.

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

To right an injury against a fellow man, we must confess the wrong and make it right before our record in heaven can be clear. When is it easier to right a wrong—after a long time or as quickly as possible after it is done? Why is it so hard to go to someone and confess that we have been at fault? Have you ever confessed a wrong to someone and been surprised by how understanding he was about it?

### 6. Our Offerings Today

READ: Romans 12:1.

"God expressly directed that every offering presented for the service of the sanctuary should be 'without blemish.'

The priests were to examine all animals brought as a sacrifice, and were to reject every one in which a defect was discovered. Only an offering 'without blemish' could be a symbol of His perfect purity who was to offer himself as a 'lamb without blemish and without spot.' The apostle Paul points to these sacrifices. . . . He says, 'I beseech you . . . that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God.' . . . We are to give ourselves to the service of God, and we should seek to make the offering as nearly perfect as possible. God will not be pleased with anything less than the best we can offer. Those who love Him with all the heart, will desire to give Him the best service of the life."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 352, 353.

What is the greatest offering we can give to our God?

Why does God want only an offering without "spot" or "blemish"?

Why does God today want a living sacrifice rather than a dead one?

What living sacrifice are we to present to Him?

## Your Amazing Brain

from THE UPJOHN COMPANY

THE size of your brain may have less to do with your intelligence than the shape it's in.

Did you know that a man's brain weighs more than a woman's? That idiots may have larger brains than geniuses?

These are but a few of the odd facts about the most complex of all living organs—a fantastically arranged mass of thought centers and nerve fibers made up of billions of microscopic cells.

In an average male adult the brain weighs about three pounds; in a woman a few ounces less. The mere weight, however, isn't a reliable index of intelligence.

Baron Cuvier, a French scientist of a century ago, had a brain that weighed nearly four pounds. But his compatriot Anatole France, a nineteenth-century novelist, had "greater insight" although his brain weighed only two and a half pounds, according to Prof. Norman J. Berrill of McGill University.

Based on its anatomical structure, the brain has been compared to such diverse things as a telephone switchboard and a mushroom on a stalk. Anatomical models make it possible to study this structure in accurate detail, but science still has much to learn.

New information in this area was summed up recently in a gigantic electronic model developed by The Up-

john Company of Kalamazoo, Michigan. Designed for the edification of physicians, the model shows how the brain reacts to everyday sights and sounds and then "files" the information for future reference.

Without attempting to reproduce actual physical shape and appearance, the model shows that the cerebrum—the largest division of the brain—is divided into two hemispheres, or halves, each of which controls activities on the opposite side of the body.

That's why an injury to the left hemisphere may paralyze the right side of the body. This also explains why only six persons out of 100 are left-handed; in the other 94 the left hemisphere of the brain is dominant.

Prof. Ralph E. Gibson of Johns Hopkins University says that human minds are of at least five different types. Here are his classifications: promethean mind, thinks up radically new ideas; critical mind, takes nothing for granted; cumulative and inductive, collects facts, tries to put them in order; cumulative and descriptive, remembers what it sees and describes it clearly for others; routine-industrious mind, follows through a project relentlessly.

Research into the structure of the brain and how it works is vital to an understanding of why so many persons become mentally ill. Also it makes pos-

sible the discovery of new and better ways to help them.

At this moment it is estimated that one person in twenty has some serious mental or nervous disorder, and that one person in ten will be hospitalized sometime during his lifetime because of a mental breakdown.

Mental illness may wear many faces, but one of the most frequent types is depression—an intense and long-lasting feeling of sadness. Depression is one of the commonest of all illnesses, Dr. H. Bruce Sloane, head of the department of psychiatry at Queen's University in Ontario, told a recent Upjohn-sponsored symposium on depression.

Others estimate that the average physician is unable to find any specific disease in four out of ten of the patients he sees. Often their complaints, from backache to inability to concentrate, can be blamed on mental depression.

More often than not, patients recover from depression without medical help. But some will consider suicide, and a surprisingly large number will actually attempt it.

For seventeen years electric shock treatments have been beneficial in treating many types of mental cases. Today, however, the amazing tranquilizer compounds have replaced electroshock to a large degree.

There are some interesting theories about how the "psychic energizers" perform their medical magic. The most widely accepted one is that they help to preserve chemicals called monoamines, which are believed to have a stimulating effect on the brain. It is believed that even under normal conditions the monoamines are destroyed almost as fast as they are formed in the brain.



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