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The day the new car came, Jim promised that he would not hot-rod it.

THERE were five more weeks to go till the youth congress special train would leave for Atlantic City. Sixteen-year-old Jim Riley came home from school as glum as a cloudy day in December. No amount of questioning could unearth his problem. He had one, that was sure; but he didn't want to talk about it.

He hoped it wasn't true, but he almost knew for that certain it was. He had had such fun putting the new car through its paces for his friends. Jim was glad to oblige when the fellows asked for a ride. It was fun to show it off a bit, he had to admit. The boys were always full of life, always looking for adventure.

"How fast can this one travel, Jim?" one asked.

"Let's see, Jim! How fast can she go?" another prompted.

They were on a little-used road. Not another car was in sight, and Jim forgot, in his excitement, his promise to dad.

"Come on, boy, floorboard her!"

Thirty, forty miles an hour, a quick grinding shift of gears, and a surge of dynamic power—fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty miles registered on the speedometer. The landscape whizzed by in a blur.

"What a hot rod!" Nathan shouted. Jim's face went chalky white. "Hot rod." Now he remembered his father's words—"You wouldn't hot-rod this car, would you, son?" Jim raised his foot from the accelerator despite the protests of his passengers.

"I'm sorry, fellows. I promised my dad I wouldn't hot-rod this car!" As he remembered the grind when he shifted gears, he feared some damage had already been done.

Now he had let his dad down. He had a hard time facing up to it. For a while he was able to keep silent when mother later complained about her difficulty in shifting into second gear.

"It grinds and makes an awful noise," she said. Dad teased her about learning to drive, which only made Jim feel worse. Then dad drove the car, and he agreed with mother. There was definitely something wrong. So that day he took it to the garage. Later the mechanic reported the evidence to dad at his laboratory.

At home Jim dreaded the word. Restlessly he paced the living-room floor as memories flooded his mind.

On January 26 the car had been delivered. How excited they all were when the dealer finally telephoned. Jim had answered the phone and relayed the news to mother and Fred.

"It's here! The car is finally here!" For days the family had talked about the new car. They felt they were walking dictionaries of automotive information by the time they had finally decided on all the details of their first custom-made car. Jim wanted a V-8 engine for power. Fred liked the picture of the two-toned exterior. Mother thought the foam-rubber seats would be comfortable. She could just picture dad in his new brown-plaid jacket sitting behind the wheel of the new brown-and-white Ford.

Father, being the practical one, suggested that instead of an automatic transmission they should have a stick shift this time. Perhaps it would hold up better than the old car had when pulling the trailer. They could hardly wait to see how their dreams had worked out. They hurried down to the garage.

"Isn't it a beaut, Dad!" Jim and Fred were all over, under and inside the new car in a matter of minutes.

"Mom, come try the comfortable foam-rubber seats. They're really neat," Jim suggested.

"The color scheme is all right, isn't it?" dad asked as he paused beside mother in the front seat.

"Look at that engine!" Dad was an ex-mechanic, and engines still held a fascination for him. His medical lab-

Happy Birthday, DAD!

by VIRGINIA HANSEN



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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oratory took most of his time, but he had saved the family many a dollar with his mechanical skill. He had a real interest in everything, especially anything that concerned his two sons—Pathfinders, school activities, sports, Sabbath school, and church. He wasn't always able to participate, but his heart was there. How hard he tried to make them all happy! No doubt that was why they all loved him so. He was so brave and courageous, never complaining, although his work was most difficult at times.

Jim thought to himself, as he waited dad's call, that if he could just be like his father, he would have a safe entry into heaven.

He remembered how concerned dad had been about his older boy's "heavy foot." He had only had his driver's license about six months.

"You wouldn't hot-rod this car, would you, son?" dad had asked trustingly.

"Not this car!" he remembered saying as he admired its low sleek lines.

Every day he either washed or vacuumed or touched up the new car to keep it showroom bright and sparkling. And what fun it was to drive by the admiring crowd at the school.

Then there was the big day. There was lots of excitement at the roomy yellow farmhouse where the Rileys lived. Jim had come home thrilled.

"Mom! Dad! Guess what! Mr. Halstead has asked me to be in the brass choir! Isn't that great? Just wait till you hear the rest."

"Yes, yes, son. That's wonderful! Catch your breath and tell us the rest." They were impatient to hear.

"Here's the big news. We're going to youth congress! And I'm going!" He almost danced a jig.

The family was exuberant. It was the chance of a lifetime. For many months the 1960 worldwide congress had been the topic of conversation at all the academies and colleges in North America. Every young person wanted to go. To be able to go as a representative of his academy band—it seemed too wonderful.

Jim had a regular job at the community hospital, washing dishes and being handy man around the institution. This paid him a dollar an hour. He also did yard work that paid a dollar an hour. He scanned the calendar. If he saved every penny he would have \$120 by the end of school. Dad had promised to pay the rest of the expenses of the trip to Atlantic City.

Now as he waited for dad's telephone call he realized that the days were growing fewer before the train would leave for youth congress. What fun he had anticipated in sharing experiences with all his fellows at the Festival of the Holy Scriptures! Each payday the hospital check and the lawn-mowing money had gone into the bank. Little by little the total amount grew. He surprised himself at what a miser he could be. Now what? he thought miserably.

The jangling telephone broke in on his unhappy thoughts.

"Hello. Yes, Dad, this is Jim . . . What? . . . Honest?" Then his voice broke and a pale-faced boy had to admit sadly, "I'm sorry, Dad. I guess I must have done it. We did some racing . . . the other day . . . I'm sorry." A stripped second gear was no minor repair.

He had been taught to make things right. Ever since he could remember, he had always taken for granted that

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reminder

by IRMA B. LIDNER

Backdrop for brides and June,
spiraea snow melts not.
The sun, too hot,
but heaps the fragrant foam
more deeply by the fence.
Instead of crystals,
petals froth
behind the regal ranks of iris.
Cascading flakes add to the show
of delicate pretense,
and though their drifting white belies
refreshing chill,
I'll not despise;
I'll feast my fill.
The kind that winter winds dispense
will come again too soon.

work assignment-b

Pattern This week's Photo Mart cover was a Teuvo Kanerva first award in 1961. Creative imagination captures the commonplace.

Idaho "Last year, when I was Sabbath school superintendent, I would dig through my stacks of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR for a story that had especially impressed me and—after condensing it to ten minutes or less—would use it in my Sabbath school program. I had some good programs and acquired the reputation of having an 'endless source' of material. So you see—the secret of my 'success' is THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR." VERA NELSON, Pocatello.

Iowa "Please send me the brochure for the Free Lance Pen League contest. Does it matter how old you are? I'm only twelve, but I like to write stories." GLENDA KLEMENT, Council Bluffs.

• There is no age limit. Only quality writing counts.

Wisconsin "Your series of editorials last year was one factor in my beginning to write. My teachers in college had always encouraged me to write, but every day seemed so full that I kept putting it off. My ten-year-old daughter is also interested in writing, so after reading your editorials we both began. Her first attempt sold, and mine didn't. . . . I began this program on February 12. Yours is the second check so far. We hope that school of journalism is a reality by the time our daughter is ready for it!" MRS. ROSELYN EDWARDS, Arpin.

Tennessee "I want to commend you on the fine spread that you put in the INSTRUCTOR about Fulton Missionary College. As Sabbath school superintendent this year, I was really interested to see some photographs and additional material on our thirteenth Sabbath overflow offering project." RALPH E. WILLIAMS, Crossville.

Witness "When those who profess to serve God follow Christ's example, practising the principles of the law in their daily life; when every act bears witness that they love God supremely and their neighbor as themselves, then will the church have power to move the world."—COL 344.

If the church believed in and practiced the draft, would the gospel commission be nearer completion than it is? We think not. The nation resorts to this method in the caldron of war. Is not the church at war with sin in its efforts to rescue man from Satan?

But force is foreign with God. He will not press you into service. He will not order you either into the organized worker ranks or into the self-employed. He will, however, make plain the place where you can best serve His and your own interests.

The combining of interests in a master objective that should capture everyone is forcefully shown here:

"And if we consent, He will so identify Himself with our thoughts and aims, so blend our hearts and minds into conformity to His will, that when obeying Him we shall be but carrying out our own impulses."¹

Consider Esther. Her reply to her uncle was a reply to God. Because of what Mordecai said, we tend to forget what Esther said.

"If I perish, I perish."²

Isn't that stupendous? God called. And the young woman was ready to make the utter sacrifice, if called for. No reservation. No plea for easier assignment. No questioning of the propriety of it all. No complaining. No tear for easier task. No rebellion. No excuse.

"If I perish, I perish."²

Few men have shown greater courage, finer loyalty.

"There are three ways in which the Lord reveals His will to us, to guide us, and to fit us to guide others. How may we know His voice from that of a stranger? How shall we distinguish it from the voice of a false shepherd?

"God reveals His will to us in His word, the Holy Scriptures.

"His voice is also revealed in His providential workings; and it will be recognized if we do not separate our souls from Him by walking in our own ways, doing according to our own wills, and following the promptings of an unsanctified heart, until the senses have become so confused that eternal things are not discerned, and the voice of Satan is so disguised that it is accepted as the voice of God.

"Another way in which God's voice is heard is through the appeals of His Holy Spirit, making impressions upon the heart, which will be wrought out in the character.

"If you are in doubt upon any subject you must first consult the Scriptures. If you have truly begun the life of faith you have given yourself to the Lord to be wholly His, and He has taken you to mold and fashion according to His purpose, that you may be a vessel unto honor. *You should have an earnest desire to be pliable in His hands and to follow whithersoever He may lead you. You are then trusting Him to work out His designs, while at the same time you are co-operating with Him by working out your own salvation with fear and trembling.*"³

Walter C. Crandall

¹ The Desire of Ages, p. 668. ² Esther 4:16. ³ Testimonies, vol. 5, p. 512. (Paraphrasing and italics supplied.)

coming next week

- "THE YEARS GOD WAS PARTIAL"—were to Author Lois Christian Randolph a time of thrilling dependency on the promises of her heavenly Father.

Kelly Pass Adventure

by LOIS M. PARKER

*A five-day camp-
out and wilderness hike
is a significant proj-
ect for adults, but when two
teen-agers and a one-year-
old little girl
join up, a new set of
methods emerge.*

PLEASE, Mom! Please!" I shook my head. I didn't know how we could do it this summer of 1959. Of course we wanted the new MV Honors, which called for a five-day back-pack hike, but to actually do it was a problem. In June our north Idaho country is rainy. July brings JMV Summer Camp, Mi-Voden, on Hayden Lake, where we were planning to work. In August the forest is so dry the rangers do not encourage camping. Where a back-pack trip could fit into the schedule, I could not see.

"It would be all right to plan, wouldn't it?" coaxed fifteen-year-old Ellen. Bill (thirteen) was sure we should begin to plan.

"All right, but don't get your hopes so high that you will be sick if you are disappointed," I warned.

That planning was real fun. Though snow was deep outside the cabin, summer bloomed in our dreams. Then came a letter from our college friend, Alice Hardy. Once a roommate of Joan, our older daughter, she had become a friend of the whole family, then my "niece-in-law" when our daughter married her cousin.

"DEAR AUNT LOIS:

"Do let me in on it! Ever since Ellen and I stood on the top of Clifty's Peak last summer and looked around I

have wanted to see that country closer. The view to the north that opened out as we climbed upward was of a broad valley of patchwork farms laced through by the Kootenai River and framed on either side by mountains. I enjoyed that peaceful civilized beauty but was looking for something more wild. Then we turned east and south. As far as we could see were mountain peaks, wave after wave of them. There was only one road in sight—a forest service road.

"I will take camping for credit this spring, and learn a lot. Could you send me a map of your country showing the forest trails?"

We could and did find a map for her.

What pages and pages of lists! I found them in the library books, on the tables, under them, even in beds! Each had ideas of what should be taken. Sleeping bags, of course—with an extra blanket in each. We didn't know who said the bags were good for twenty degrees below zero, but we couldn't keep warm in the mountains even in summer without an extra blanket.

Food! Every bite of it would have to be carried, so dehydrated foods had a high priority. Dried fruit, quick rice, pancake mix, dried soup mix, pasteurized cheese—how much would people eat in five days? A hot-drink mix with



The campers at breakfast are, left to right, Joan Yeatts, Doris Yeatts (one year old), Alice Hardy, Ellen Parker, and Bill Parker. Ellen is preparing vitamin drops for Doris.

powdered milk. Lemonade mix (dehydrated lemon powder with added vitamin C and sugar). That really went over big, we found later.

Again we heard from Alice.

"Shall I get some dehydrated apple-sauce here at College Place? It is really good. And a vegetable mixture too? We should have a reflector oven. Do you have packboards?"

Her letters were full of camping. She was in her senior year at college, and the rush was getting her down. School was more strenuous than it ever had been, and she longed for tall pines and mountain trails.

She promised herself that if she stuck to her "knitting" and got good grades, she would reward herself with a real camping trip.

Her enthusiasm increased that of my own family. The plans were becoming more and more definite. June 15 was set as the day to start.

Joan Parker Yeatts wrote from Issaquah, near Seattle, to say that about June 9 she was bringing our year-old granddaughter to see us and would stay two weeks. I couldn't possibly go away for five days while they were visiting. Joan's letter ended by saying, "I am

bringing my sleeping bag." What did the girl mean?

Letters flew thick and fast. From Alice—"Of course we are going!"

"Mom," Ellen wailed, "we've got to go! Joan can keep house for dad."

"We never will get to do it if we don't go when we planned to." Bill was practically limp with despair.

In the meantime, in case we might still go, I mixed a large batch of home-made pancake ingredients and packed it in double plastic freezer bags. Each contained enough for six or seven.

Every few spare moments I got another mix ready. There were neat rows of bags in the cupboard. Since they were not labeled, one had to look closely to see which was biscuit mix and which was breakfast cereal with powdered milk and sugar added. The yellow cornbread was not hard to identify.

Every meal was planned to the last detail—even who was to carry each item, so the weight of packs would decrease evenly. (It was confusing later, of course, but we wanted to start right.)

June began wet and stayed wet. The family watched the sky more earnestly than ever before in their lives. Several Pathfinder Club members had to give

up plans to go with us. For one reason or another, only the family and friend Alice still held out, and packed lemonade mix or stowed away a pair of extra socks, in anticipation—or at least, in hope.

Joan and baby Doris came in on the train. They were pale and tired from an all-night coach ride. Joan held Doris up for a kiss, then asked brightly, "When do we start?"

I could not answer. That year-old child weighed twenty pounds, I was sure! She could not be left with grandpa. Two days later Alice came in on the bus. She was bubbling over, loaded with sleeping bag, cartons, and suitcases.

"When do we start?"

A drop of rain punctuated her question. The clouds were down so far on Clifty, our beautiful mountain peak, that we might as well have been on the plains for all we could see of it. Our prospective trail was on the other side of Clifty, way up high. I didn't answer Alice.

She was a college graduate now! She and Bill were the busiest people on the place. They made a reflector oven of a five-gallon oil can, using tin snips, pliers, and wire hinges. We looked for a packboard at the secondhand store. The man looked at us pityingly.

"At this time of year, they ain't."

Alice sturdily squared her shoulders and looked at Bill.

"We will make some. They cost too much anyway."

So they did. The packboards were good ones, made of dry cedar smoothed into half rounds, fastened with screws and covered with burlap laced tight. When it came to shoulder straps, different members of the party had many different ideas. Ellen made wide straps of sacking folded over many times and stitched firmly with rows and rows of stitching. Alice made narrower ones of the same material. I chose softer knit stuff. That was a mistake.

Between times they devoured the map. Those dotted lines indicating forest trails were fascinating. Alice had plotted a trip for us, and as far as I could see, her plan was fine.

June 13 we drove to the ranger station to get an O.K. on the plans. The ranger was out, so we telephoned him. He was highly approving.

"You may find snow on Kelly Pass. The trail crew hasn't been up this year.

All the trails you plan to take have been cleared within three years, so you should have no trouble. Good luck."

And we forgot to get a new map.

After four days of rest Joan was getting over her tiredness. "Where is my packboard?" she asked. "Doris can sit on top of my pack and we will do fine."

Joan's father thought she was out of her mind. In fact, my husband thought we were all out of our minds.

"You are going to an awful lot of trouble to make yourselves uncomfortable," he laughed. But he had no real objections.

And it rained and rained—everything from showers to day-long soakers. Having a baby along would add to the weight—canned milk and baby food such as she was used to eating, graham crackers, and diapers. Those pounds do add up.

June 14 we made up packs. Joan used the packboard Alice made for herself. Her sleeping bag, poncho, board, jacket, and baby weighed forty-two pounds, far more than the recommended load for a 120-pound woman.

Ellen had thirty-seven pounds of sleeping bag, baby food, baby clothing, poncho, and jacket. She would lose some of that weight along the way, but Joan would not. The baby was the one heaviest item, and one that definitely could not be discarded on the trail!

Bill weighed less than one hundred pounds, and his pack thirty-four. No packboard. There were only three made, so he used a packsack with straps and a horseshoe-shaped roll of blankets around it (no sleeping bag), all supposedly protected by a shelter half.

Alice had a good packsack, which fitted well. Her down-filled sleeping bag balanced nicely across the top of it, and her pack was thirty-five pounds. Mine was thirty-seven, and I was glad there was a lot of food in it, which would disappear along the trail. I tried not to think of the others who were more overloaded than I.

June 15 dawned with broken clouds. Grandpa looked at us in surprise as we began to load the pickup.

"Are you *really* going?"

Joan laughed. "Now, Daddy, you should know by this time that we are completely crazy. We couldn't waste all this planning."

The pickup bed was filled level, full of packs, with young people perched on top. There were five of us to camp, as well as Doris, who squealed with delight. "Go bye-bye baby! Go bye-bye

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A Double Portion

by BRADLEY LITCHFIELD

MY DAD is not a corporation president nor is he the pastor of a large church. He is, rather, the kindest Christian office manager and gentleman I know. Every time I think about my dad I marvel at the kindness that has characterized his life ever since I, as a toddler, could know him as my father.

Never did the end of a busy day find him too tired to help me in my "little boy" play. In the winter he took me sledding on the highest hill in the neighborhood. Swimming and playing ball were the accepted summertime activities. Many times on Sundays there were odd jobs around the yard to do before the time came for play.

In addition to being a kind playmate, my dad was a patient and kindly labor foreman as well. With him as my boss, I developed a friendly attitude toward all types of work. This came about because I was his efficient assistant, and he was my kind manager. Pop, as I've affectionately called him, in his kind manner let me discover a few of the essentials in life by experience.

One day we went into a drugstore, and he gave me a dime to spend as I pleased. I sauntered lazily to the back of the store; then impulsively I turned completely around and fixed my gaze on the rainbow-colored contents of the gum-ball machine in the front of the store. Eventually the dime went into the slot, but I was in for a surprise, for I had not followed the directions printed on the machine. Several minutes but only one piece of gum later I saw dad standing a few feet away, watching intently.

I've known some dads who would have reprimanded their little boys for doing such an idiotic thing. My

dad wasn't that type, and he isn't now; he was kind, but he knew I wouldn't pull that stunt again. A simple story perhaps, but to my dad, kindness was an elementary and real part of his living.

I was no angel child, and discipline was exercised when needed. My dad always administered it in kindness, giving me a reason for every punishment I received. Only on one occasion can I recollect his becoming really disgusted with me. My first thoughts, as I, after being punished, sat in the confinement of my bedroom, were that his punishment was unjustified. As it most often goes, the more I thought, the more deserving of it I really seemed to become. To my astonishment, the next morning he apologized for acting so hastily. Yes, this episode testified to the kindness of "pop."

I'm not the only one who has experienced the kindnesses of my dad. Ask my mom. She's known him for a long time, and she will give you the truth in the matter. My parents have had discussions about home policies, but never have I heard unkind or piercing words exchanged in any of their conversation.

Ask some of the people who have worked for dad in months and years past—his secretaries, his assistants, his shipping clerks, even his janitors. They will tell you that he always has a kind word for each. Consider the records and see how many have quit because he was a heartless and driving taskmaster.

Ask his friends who often experience the warmth of his kind smile and the cordiality of his "Good morning!" Ask my brother and sister who still see him almost every day.

Dear God, may I one day be just half the kind husband and father pop is.

NO RAIN; no tobacco! No money; no books! And it seemed certain that there would be no books, for fields of wilted tobacco spread before us—two dusty colporteurs as wilted as the crops. The hot, muggy atmosphere evidenced that it had been three weeks since rain refreshed these farms.

My feet hurt; perspiration rolled from me freely. Had I done right in accepting this call to canvass? Had I really known how many prospects never became anything more, I would have stayed home and worked at something more profitable for everybody concerned.

Miserably we plodded the dust-coated road, hoping we would find no more homes to work, since no one was buying our books. As another house came into view we could have wished it out of sight.

"Let's try it anyway," I suggested halfheartedly to my brother Barry. We did. We canvassed the phlegmatic occupant ensconced on the sagging porch. We received a languid No.

"Boys," he drawled, "you oughta know there ain't no farmer who can get one of them books when the tobacco's dyin'."

"That's true, sir. But God performs miracles. I believe you can have this book if you are willing to exercise faith," returned Barry.

"Miracles, yeah. Then why don't you try down at Pilot Mountain where there's a miracle called rain?" He sputtered, aiming his next missile of tobacco juice at a plant drooping at the corner of the porch.

Concluding that this man was as hopeless as any we had met, we plodded away, convinced that walking could be no more a waste of time than talking to him.

"You know what we need?" Barry grumbled. "A Geiger counter that finds prospective buyers!" An idea stopped him short. "Say," he challenged on sudden impulse, "are you game for going to Pilot Mountain?"

"Sure; did you read my thoughts? Let's go," I returned, thinking the ride would at least give me a chance to rest and maybe regain some courage. Besides, if there had been rain—With that luring thought we departed.

Thirty-five minutes later we reached our destination only to discover that our surly "friend" had obviously given us a false lead. Rain to this baked countryside was likewise a tantalizing dream. Here again the people were farmers with three to five acres of lan-

guishing tobacco. Soon we came to a typical farmhouse.

"You canvass that one, Barry, and I'll take the next." Our attempts to sell anything to the occupants met with no better success than they had before.

Descending into a tree-rimmed valley, we noticed an old two-story log home set in fields of tobacco. As we entered the parking area, nothing more than a place where the drive curled around to meet itself again, we noticed an old Negro working on the lawn. We were no more than ten feet from the car when a whole pack of dachshunds surrounded us. Soon their mistress, obviously well-to-do and used to making people realize her presence, appeared at the front door. Her air, we detected, was that of one who didn't

care to have salesmen around. She wouldn't buy; that kind never do. She was the type, too, who cared nothing about religion. Oh well, I had five hours to work, and here was a place to begin.

"We are doing a little Christian work and would like to talk with you a few minutes if you please."

With calm and frank deliberation she appraised us. "I suppose," she conceded, not at all graciously. "Come over and sit on these lawn chairs." Pointing the way, she occupied one herself.

Not unchilled by this icy preface, I entered uncertainly into the precavass. But she abruptly cut me off. "Come now, what are you doing? Let's get down to business."

That our "business" and hers would

geiger counter extraordinary

by **DANA ULLOTH**

have very little in common seemed obvious to me by then. Why try? I thought.

Determined, however, to finish what I had begun, I pulled out a book and started the actual canvass. But here again my conversation was terminated suddenly with the demand for a "complete explanation" of what I was doing. I complied. She saw all the books I had, what they were about, and for whom they were written.

Until that time I had never presumed to show all my books at once; but at her prodding I had impulsively emptied my satchel. Recklessly I was launching out to give her in one fell swoop a triple canvass. What difference did it make? She wouldn't buy, and she had asked for it.

She interrupted with a commanding gesture: "Just a minute. I will call my gardener. He knows more about this than I do." In her absence I had the opportunity to notice her house—old (150 years old I later discovered) but marvelously neat. Surrounded by a rustic log fence, the lawn was carefully trimmed and bordered with flowers bravely attempting to brighten the landscape.

"Mr. Wynn," I heard her explain as she guided him back to us, "these are two young fellows who are trying to sell me some books. See what you think of them. Boys, would you like something to drink?"

"We surely would."

We then proceeded to explain to Mr. Wynn some of the good features. "It will be observed that these books have an appeal to the preacher, the layman, and even to the child," I concluded as our refreshment was brought.

"What do you think of them?" asked Mrs. Waterman.

"I like them."

"Would you buy them for your own home?" This woman was making it clear that she was not one to be trifled with.

"If I had the money, I sure would," the old man ventured enthusiastically.

"Then here is what I will do," decided our hostess, with a self-satisfied pat of her upswept hair. "I will buy these books and put them into your custody to be placed in the church library you plan to build. How much are they?" she directed my way.

"Just a minute and I will figure the price." She may have wondered that I didn't know offhand, but I had never sold all the books before at one time. I was so startled that it took me almost five minutes just to figure the price.

Her calm acceptance of the stated figure surprised me even more.

With unruffled composure she went to the house for a check and returned to pay us in full.

We almost floated away.

Only one week later, as we were leaving the only restaurant Pilot Mountain boasted, Barry and I encountered Mr. Wynn with a friend who was visiting him. On a sudden impulse we offered to take them to their destination.

Riding along, we found our conversation turning to our recent meeting with Mr. Wynn. "You fellows don't know how lucky you were," he told us. "Mrs. Waterman has no use for salesmen, and I doubt that she would have bought without the recommendation of someone she knew. That's another thing; I had planned to go to town that day, but she talked me into working for her instead. I feel very lucky, too, in getting those books. You know, everything just seemed to work out as if the Lord had planned it."

His enthusiasm made us wonder whether his friend would be interested in our books. Our offer to demonstrate the material resulted in the scheduling of an appointment that evening.

Then we discovered in the back seat a box that one of the men had left. Thinking it might be needed, Barry and I immediately returned it.

That evening the two men were waiting for us, and after a short chat we proceeded to demonstrate our three books.

The response of our prospect was unexpected and somewhat startling: "Young men, do you realize that you returned a box containing \$78 plus some papers I couldn't replace?"

"You'd better buy those books then," commented Mr. Wynn slyly, "because these boys sure saved you some money."

"I'll agree," I affirmed, sitting up with new vigor for the sale.

Before I could do a thing, though, Mr. Wynn had taken the aggressive role and literally talked his friend into purchasing the set of books from us. Apparently Mr. Wynn was as interested in selling our literature as we were. As a matter of fact, he admitted that he had visited many of his business friends and expounded the virtues of our books.

Returning to the subject of the sale, Mr. Wynn's friend decided his home needed religious books of that quality.

This extraordinary series of sales made it difficult for Barry and me to keep our feet on the ground. The con-

trast between the present situation and that day when every step had seemed valueless made us want to retrace the unusual developments. Had it only been coincidental that on that sultry day Barry and I had been given the apparently false lead to Pilot Mountain? It seemed to me that something above the human element was guiding.

We had arrived at Mrs. Waterman's home the day that Mr. Wynn had changed his plans in order to work there. It was at a time when the unpredictable lady of the house was in a mood to accept visitors. Furthermore, according to several who knew her we were two of the very few salesmen Mrs. Waterman had ever entertained. No, God must have been there. Each one of those books sold was a miracle building just a little higher my faith in an everlasting God who considers the least of His servants.

Feeling that God had given me more than I deserved, I was ready to stop asking for blessings; but He was not through. He sent us, through Mr. Wynn, the self-appointed sponsor of our books, to another home with three children.

"Good evening," we greeted the woman as she invited us into her small abode. This time we gave her the opportunity to see only one book—prepared especially for children. God moved her heart, and here was another sale.

Then came delivery day. The tobacco, now grown, was scanty and poor. We were at Mr. Wynn's house, delivering the order.

"I'm glad to see you again," he welcomed us. "You have my books?"

"We surely do," was our response. Barry and I had already told the assistant working with us of Mr. Wynn and his aid. Now the publishing man discovered an opportunity to complete the story.

"Mr. Wynn, how many people do you have in your church?"

"About forty, sir."

"I have here some enrollment cards for a Bible course that has helped many people. Would you like to take them and give each church member one?"

"I'd be glad to, because I know anything these boys have must be good." Mr. Wynn was pleased to receive such a generous offer.

We were at the end of a summer's experience in God's work with all its blessings. The Master Evangelist did not forget to send His literature salesmen their Geiger counter for finding hungry souls.



Key to source abbreviations published January 15, 1963.

► Search for life on other planets was given top priority in a report of the National Academy of Sciences-National Research Council to the Federal Government. The report emphasized the goals of searching for signs of extra-terrestrial life and of increasing the role of scientists in future U.S. space missions. It stated that the discovery of life on other planets by either the U.S. or the Soviets would have an "enormous and lasting impact on people of every race and culture the world over, whether they are scientists or not." *Science*

► Fastest current ever found in open sea—almost 11 miles an hour—was measured off Florida in the Gulf Stream. A normal current lazes along at ½ mile to a mile, and generally the Gulf Stream does not exceed four to five miles an hour.

National Geographic Society

► During their first year, medical students must learn 13,000 new terms in these areas: anatomy, 62.4 per cent; biochemistry, 7.7 per cent; physiology, 7.7 per cent; histology, 7.7 per cent; neuroanatomy, 11.5 per cent; clinical medicine, 1.5 per cent; and psychiatry, 1.5 per cent. *New Medical Materia*

► Cross-eyes were considered a mark of beauty by the early Mayas of southern Mexico. Mothers tied beads or feathered balls to the front locks of their children's hair in the hope they would develop a beguiling squint.

National Geographic Society

► According to the National Association of Retail Clothiers and Furnishers, the average American man has three suits in his wardrobe. *AMA*

► Although the wolf is a savage, powerful killer, there is no more kindly, devoted mate in the wilds of North America. *IWLA*

► Levi Hutchins of Concord, New Hampshire, made the first alarm clock, in 1787. *Minutes*

► Prairie dogs drink only when showers leave puddles. Between times they do without water, like other dwellers of arid places. *IWLA*

► Some 1,600 showers a year fall on the Caribbean National Forest in Puerto Rico, most of them lasting only 20 minutes. Rainfall averages 180 inches annually. *National Geographic Society*

► A 200-acre site in Spencer County, Indiana, where young Abraham Lincoln grew and matured between the ages of seven and twenty-one, has been incorporated into the National Park Service as a memorial. *Ford Times*

► Felt may have been invented by early pilgrims in Asia. Using sheep's wool to line their hide shoes, pilgrims on long treks created enough pressure in the shoe to cause the fibers to interlock and become a felt fabric.

National Geographic Society

► Astronauts will be trained in field geology at a new field office established in Flagstaff, Arizona, by the U.S. Department of the Interior. It will also be headquarters for testing instruments to be used in lunar exploration. *Science*

► Temple visitors in Burma buy gold leaf to press on statues of Buddha as offerings. To prepare gold leaf for sale, craftsmen beat small lumps of the metal into sheets only 1/200,000 of an inch thick, thinner than the layer of ink on a printed page.

National Geographic Society

► Half of the Ph.D.'s in mathematics are now going into industry, whereas a decade ago virtually all of them went into teaching. Besides a shortage of mathematics teachers, there is a need for more mathematicians in industrial firms. It is estimated that one business machine corporation alone could absorb the entire yearly output of mathematics Ph.D.'s in this country. *UCAL*

► The wild horse, one of the most historically colorful animals of the West, has been given a 435,000-acre haven in southern Nevada. The Interior Department has established the refuge in response to pleas from thousands of admirers of the free-ranging animals, some of which are thought to be remote descendants of the early Spanish mustangs. Once hundreds of thousands of these wild horses ranged over public lands in the West, but epidemics, starvation, and roundups drastically reduced their numbers. It is estimated that there are now less than 15,000 animals in small, scattered herds. *IWLA*

► Because of an unusually severe winter the Roman Colosseum has cracked and crumbled, and the upper part has been closed to protect both visitors and the 1,900-year-old structure. Through the years the magnificent ruin has survived storm, fire, earthquake, pillage, and in recent years, traffic vibration. The Colosseum is an ellipse, more than a third of a mile in circumference and 160 feet high, the amphitheater built in four stories. As in modern stadiums, ancient entrance arcades were numbered and tickets bore corresponding numbers to expedite handling of crowds. Inside, a series of tiers could accommodate 50,000 people. Huge awnings sheltered spectators, and fountains sprayed the air with saffron and other refreshing scents.

National Geographic Society

► When the Rocky Mountain grasshopper swept the Middle West corn belt in 1874, it was observed that the invading swarm averaged a half mile in height, was 100 miles wide and 300 miles long. The swarm remained that thick for six hours and moved about five miles an hour, devouring 99 per cent of all vegetation in its path. It was calculated that more than 124 billion locusts were on the move in that one migration. *Carbide*

► Including the missile's share of research and development and training costs, the cost of launching an inter-continental missile is \$6 million-10 million. Labor consumes approximately 90 per cent of this cost, counting the wages of everyone involved, from men who mine the metal to the airmen at the launching site. *Aerospace*

► Bonds of the U.S. Treasury require 15 million coupons to be clipped a year. Then there are also 112 million from municipal bonds and 156 million from corporates, an annual total of 283 million. Total effort in merely cutting these coupons annually is equivalent to 452 years of manpower. *MLPFS*

► An increasing shortage of clergymen to minister to America's spiritual needs has been forecast by the U.S. Department of Labor. The present force includes 215,000 Protestant ministers, 53,000 Roman Catholic priests, and 4,300 Jewish rabbis. *NAM*

► Only a greyhound can run down a jackrabbit in a fair chase. Coyotes and foxes must resort to their wits to catch it. *IWLA*

► In America there are now 297 nurses per 100,000 population, compared with 282 in 1960. *AMA*

If smokers truly want to stop smoking, here is a plan that bolsters their decision and shows them how to control some of the conditions that accompany addiction.



Dr. William C. Swatek, pathologist, discusses actual cancer specimens with participants.

ME QUIT smoking? No problem at all. I've done it hundreds of times." Earlier this year, on February 24, upward of three hundred smokers who could lay claim to this frustration of quitting their addiction but always going back, mustered up their sagging courage. Coughing, some gasping for breath, the three hundred wheezed into the business and public administration building of the University of Maryland.

There they began what is known as the Five-Day Plan to Stop Smoking, under the direction of Elmer J. Folkenberg and J. Wayne McFarland, M.D., a medical-temperance team who originated the Plan. This was the second of three pilot-training programs. It was sponsored by the Washington Sanitarium and Hospital.

One chain-smoking newspaper re-

porter who took the Plan and reported his day-by-day progress said, "As a more-than-three-packs-a-day chain-smoker (plus cigars), I don't expect to have an easy time of it." He didn't. But in the end he overcame the habit and noted that he and his wife would have an extra \$50 a month from now on.

Another reporter commented on the Five-Day Plan rule that says to avoid friends who smoke. "I don't know about your office, friend," he declared, "but down at the *Star* office this leaves me with the obituary editor, a copy-boy, and an octogenarian rewrite man to pal around with. Of course it could be worse." At the conclusion of the five days he had quit his smoking habit too.

One woman who had smoked up to four packs of cigarettes a day for forty-

five years said she was down to a couple of cigarettes a day. "I'm going to make it," she said.

A former two-packer stated, "Now I don't pant when I play golf."

"I tried to quit many times during the past twenty years. This was the easiest. I beat the craving by the third day," said a man of thirty-nine.

One couple in their thirties told me: "We both feel we have licked this habit." And the man went on to note, "These people have something—perhaps it's their religion—but it is a message that really has helped me. I'm still fighting, but I know I am making it."

How does it work—this Five-Day Plan that enables even smokers who have smoked for forty and fifty years to break this habit?

Those who took the course were

"I CH



"Yesterday I really thought I had been scalped."

ase Not to Smoke"

by **MIKE A. JONES**

greeted by the two smiling codirectors, who proceeded to chill and inspire them. The chilling occurred when the full-color film *One in 20,000* was shown. It is the story of a newspaper man named Bill Johnson.

A heavy smoker, Bill contracted lung cancer, had one lung removed in the Ochsner Clinic in New Orleans. At the conclusion he muses about the thousands who will die annually of this disease.

Students were subsequently inspired by learning that half of them would lose their craving for cigarettes by the third night and seventy-five per cent by the fourth night. Elder Folkenberg told everyone that will power is the big thing. "Say to yourself, 'I CHOOSE not to smoke; I CHOOSE not to smoke,'" he stated. The students repeated it after him twice.

Instructions for the first day of the fight to beat the habit prescribe:

1. Eight glasses of water during the day.
2. Fruit and fruit juices for twenty-four hours (to flush the nicotine poisons from your system).
3. No alcohol; no coffee.
4. Rhythmic deep breathing. Walk a lot.

Each student then chose a buddy—someone he was to call once or twice each day. The idea was that the buddies encourage each other during the day as they wage war on "Lady Nicotine," who, according to Dr. McFarland, is no lady.

The second evening of the Plan opened with the film, *Time Pulls the Trigger*, which graphically depicts the effect of smoking on man's lungs and heart.

One student noted the contrast between the first night and the second. "Sunday night's background noise of coughing had been replaced by another sound—sloshing. Some people were so waterlogged they almost bubbled when they talked, like a water cooler." This was because of the eight to ten glasses of water and/or fruit juice each student was supposed to drink on the first day.

Commenting on why students are asked to drink no coffee during the five days, Dr. McFarland pointed out that "caffeine is a booby trap. First it stimulates the nervous system, then paralyzes it. The lift you get from coffee is only borrowed energy that you'll have to replace in the future. Caffeine forces your nervous system to lie to you."

A substitute for coffee, said Dr. McFarland, is a cold mitten friction. To do this you rub yourself with a friction glove or old towel wrung out in cold water until your skin is pink, after your warm morning shower. "Start with one arm," he said, "and each day rub more and more with colder and colder water until in a week or so you have a trayful of ice and you rub your entire body—and you just love it."

One newspaper reporter dryly commented that this method has another advantage over coffee. "Your screams will rouse people for blocks around who otherwise might have overslept."

Elder Folkenberg noted that the first three days are the toughest. "So hang on," he urged. "Just remember that things could be worse, and they probably will be. But think to yourself, Every cigarette cuts 11.4 minutes off my life.

"You're on the verge of better living. In a few days your wife's cooking will have improved immeasurably, you will have insomnia licked, and even more important you will have the knowledge that you are doing right."

Rules for the second day include:

1. A warm shower, followed by a cold mitten friction.
2. A hearty breakfast with plenty of fruit and no coffee. A five-minute walk.
3. If tension mounts at work, breathe deeply, get a drink of water, and remind yourself, "I choose not to smoke."
4. At lunch avoid spiced meats and fried foods. Eat more fruit.
5. Call your buddy for mutual encouragement in midafternoon.
6. Don't overeat at dinner.
7. Get some fresh air before sitting down to watch television or read the



Esther Renner quit under the Plan in 1961.



Even for those who have smoked as long as twenty-six years, there is help that will work.

paper. Take a warm shower and get to bed early.

On the third night Elder Folkenberg told of one man who claimed he had little will power and so used his wife's. He kept repeating again and again: "Dorothy chooses I shall not smoke. Dorothy chooses I shall not smoke."

When he went into the audience with a portable microphone for some symptom swapping, he came up with some unique occurrences. "How long have you been smoking?" he asked one man.

"Twenty-four years and up to two packs a day."

"And have you noticed any withdrawal symptoms?"

"Yes, sir. Yesterday I thought I had been scalped. The whole top of my head seemed to be coming off. Today everything's all right, though."

Another man who had smoked for three years said he had no withdrawal symptoms at all.

But the gamut of the replies ran all the way from dizziness, headache, pressure on the temples, drowsiness, and pain in the eyes to no problems at all.

One woman twenty years wed to the weed declared, "Today was awful. I got mad at the way they put in my kitchen and I called the State's attorney and bawled him out. I'm a Hohen-

zollern and I've got their temper." Dr. McFarland said she was well on her way to victory, however.

A newspaper reporter wrote of the battle he had with his rationalizing subconscious mind. One theory ostensibly offered by his subconscious goes that smoking prevents colds because the heat of the smoke kills germs in the mouth. "The theory is based on the fact that I once caught a cold after I had sworn off cigarettes for two days," he confessed.

"Every time you light up and inhale, the habit of smoking is ingrained deeper and deeper into your mind," said Elder Folkenberg. He went on to declare that "your physical habits can weaken your will power."

1. Overeating is one of the prime destroyers of a keen will power.

2. The one who stays up too late weakens his will power.

3. People who overwork also have weakened will power. Do not overreach your capacity at work during these five days.

The third day of the Five-Day Plan is the critical time. Each student was urged to be on guard every minute. Third-day rules included:

1. A nourishing breakfast.
2. Continue to repeat "I choose not to smoke."

3. Ask for divine aid.

4. At work, avoid major problems, if possible. Try to postpone big decisions for a day or two.

5. If the urge to smoke seems to be irresistible, say to yourself, "I choose to hold out for 30 seconds." Then extend it to one minute, then a minute and a half, and finally two minutes. If you can keep holding out, the urge will pass.

6. Continue with nourishing meals, fresh air, deep breathing, and don't overeat.

"You will have a battle on your hands for some time yet," said Elder Folkenberg, "but you can win it. After you leave here and go home someone will offer you a cigarette. Publish your intention: 'No thanks. I've stopped smoking.'"

"You can tell them the doctor told you to quit," Dr. McFarland added.

Elder Folkenberg also urged the students to keep in touch with their buddies from time to time and to return to their normal routines gradually. "Take it slow and easy, and you will find it will go over much better," he said.

When the students trooped in for the final night of the Five-Day Plan there was scarcely a cough or a croak anywhere. Most, however, had picked up



This couple discuss prospects for overcoming their habit; and then (lower picture) exult in the awareness that they have won.



Her dismal background included eight years of addiction to nicotine. She was never able to quit for more than three hours at a time.

"I feel much healthier and look better. I'm not so nervous. I can taste better, and I licked my weight problem," she declared.

"How about your work output?" Dr. McFarland asked.

"Way up," she smiled.

One couple in their thirties decided to take the Plan after having tried unsuccessfully to quit several times before. Both had smoked up to two packs of cigarettes a day for nearly fifteen years. The man related (he had a chocolate bar in his hand) that his appetite had picked up tremendously since he had quit and that he was getting paunchy around the midsection.

"I had dinner only a short time ago, and I could easily eat again right now," he admitted.

The woman had abandoned her smoking habit by the last day, but she said she got "quite aggravated on the third day and smoked a little." Earlier in the Plan she had complained of being "hungry, groggy, and sleepy."

"The last time I smoked, however, I became quite ill," she declared. "So now when I'm tempted I just imagine how awful I'll feel if I do. And so I don't."

To lose weight, smokers were asked to follow these suggestions by Dr. McFarland:

1. Don't skip breakfast—eat a hearty one.
2. No eating between meals.
3. Eat a substantial noon meal.
4. Have a light supper (only an apple for those with weight problems).
5. Limit your intake of fluids.
6. Limit your intake of salt.
7. Limit (preferably *delete*) desserts.

Some may have to eliminate salt from their food, except for what is used in cooking, Dr. McFarland noted. "In fact," he went on, "we find a few who become big bags of salt water."

Perhaps the most appropriate comment on the Five-Day Plan to Stop Smoking came from the wife of one of the newspaper reporters who successfully completed the Plan. After the completion of his series of articles for five days, she told her side of the story, also noting how she took the Plan in absentia along with him.

"I viewed my husband's proposed

some unwanted weight due to an increased appetite from nonsmoking.

As one news reporter put it: "Now that I've given up (pass the chocolate eclairs, please) smoking, I find myself (now the crackers) with another problem. The people who (cheese, please) ran the Five-Day Plan to Stop Smoking (pass the bread and butter) goaded about four hundred of us heavy (milk, please) smokers into quitting or at least cutting down on tobacco."

"Naturally, our sense of smell and our appetites improved, and some of us put on a bit of weight."

One woman reported a gain of eight pounds in four days. Others concurred that they had similar problems because of their recently revived abilities to smell and taste.

But Dr. McFarland was prepared. His final lecture was largely devoted to the necessary adjustment in diet. "Eat hearty breakfasts and lunches, folks," he stated, "but have light suppers. If you still don't return to normal weight in a few weeks, limit yourself to four glasses of water a day. Cut down on salt and desserts. And exercise."

"Try sit-ups and push-ups—especially push-ups away from the table," he said. "And another important exercise is the rotation of the head in a 'no thank you' when someone offers you that next piece of pie."

By way of inspiration Dr. McFarland introduced Esther Renner, a graduate of the class of November, 1961. Miss Renner, an attractive and poised blonde, was an "old grad" who had made good.

withdrawal from tobacco with skepticism from the start. He has seldom been without a cigarette since I've known him, and once he smoked five packs during a day and sleepless night.

"He used to have quite a repertoire of cigarette-type stunts. He could pull a crew-neck sweater over his head without taking the lighted cigarette from his mouth. He could take a shower without dousing his cigarette.

"The rug around his chair was always covered with ashes. He burned holes in five pairs of slacks that I know about.

"While all this seems humorous in retrospect, my husband's stained teeth and his hacking cough were not. Our family doctor had long ago suggested that we both stop smoking. So I decided to follow the Five-Day Plan in absentia with Sam.

"He relayed to me the horrors of a lung-cancer-operation film (*One in 20,000*) and filled me in on the silly—but apparently effective—cold mitten friction rubdown technique."

She went on to offer the following suggestions to women whose husbands are trying to quit smoking:

1. Stop smoking along with him. Then he can't blame you if he doesn't make it.

2. Lay in a supply of fruit juices, fresh fruit, candy, and peanuts. Don't let the children eat them.

3. Don't ask him to do any chores, during the course, more complicated than emptying the trash. I made the mistake of asking Sam to fix a light switch, and he almost went to pieces.

Since this reporter and his wife estimate they save some \$12 a week (about \$50 a month), it might be logical to conclude that all who successfully take the Five-Day Plan not only live longer, healthier lives but they also save a lot of money.

As they offer this public service to thousands, perhaps millions, of smokers in the foreseeable future, Seventh-day Adventists can well conclude that they have been instrumental in leading multitudes closer to God.

"Remember that you do not work alone. Ministering angels unite in service with every truehearted son and daughter of God. And Christ is the Restorer."*

Perhaps this is what caused one man taking the Five-Day Plan to say: "I don't know what is happening here, but something is. It's strange how much easier I am finding it to quit."

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DAD!

From page 4

the result of his carelessness was his responsibility. His parents didn't realize how well he had learned his lesson.

Jim fought a real battle with himself. His parents saw him change. His teachers knew something was wrong. His grades, which had always been straight A's, took a drop. How disappointed his parents were when they looked at his report card.

He finally decided he'd take his problem to his Friend. When he got up from his knees by his quiet bedside he had made his decision.

The band director was amazed.

"Jim! You mean you are not going to youth congress? You can't let us down at this late date." Jim's only answer was that he couldn't afford it.

His mother and dad were surprised that he would not go. His cousin who was to meet him on the train was disappointed. Grandpa and grandma couldn't understand why he would turn down an opportunity like that. Everyone tried to persuade him to change his mind. But his decision was made.

Then Jim seemed to take a new lease on life. He wished he had made up his mind sooner. He couldn't blame Mr. Halstead for being upset. The director couldn't be expected to understand how he felt about his dad and how he had to make things right. He hoped his folks would understand too.

Now he must get to work. He washed the hospital dishes, scrubbed the hospital floors, mowed the lawns, ran errands. His strong body responded to his directions when there was work to be done. This had to be. Those dollars must come.

The once long-awaited day came and went. The youth congress train was on its way. Jim Riley was not on it. The family had accepted the fact and tried to hide their disappointment. They still wondered exactly what had caused Jim to decide against going, but then "all things work together for good to them that love God." It must be God's will after all that it be this way.

However, the little puzzle kept scratching at the back of their minds. Then four days after the train's departure it all became clear.

Dad's birthday came a few days before mother, Fred, and Jim were to go to Pinecrest Summer Camp. Mother would be one of the camp nurses, Jim would teach models, and Freddy would

be a camper. They all loved it each year, but they did so hate to leave dad home alone. Because of the coming separation they tried extra hard to give dad a happy birthday. All three were planning presents.

"Freddy," mother asked, "would you like to buy a shirt for dad for his birthday? He'll need extra ones while we're away at camp."

"Sure thing, Mom. You choose it and I'll pay for it." He earned his money mowing lawns, and he was proud to pay for his present for dad. He didn't have the money problems of his big brother.

"Jim, how about a shirt for your birthday gift to dad?" mother wanted to know. Mothers can be so blind sometimes.

"I have other plans, Mother, if you don't mind," he answered from the depths of dad's big chair, his face hidden in a book.

Then came the birthday. Jim and Fred and mother scurried about getting everything arranged. Grandma baked a cake and covered it with dad's favorite frosting. Mother and the boys set the table with the prettiest china, the best silver. They even used the Irish linen tablecloth, the one that took so long to iron. This was special. It had to be just right for dad.

The table looked lovely; the food was delicious; the presents were wrapped attractively. Dad did appreciate each one, so much, but the one that touched his heart, way down deep, was in a simple envelope addressed in Jim's handwriting.

The note, which dad read aloud, said, "Have a Happy Birthday, Dad. With love from your son Jim." Just that, nothing more. But enclosed with the note was the money to pay for the damage to the car.

Dad's eyes didn't seem to focus too well, and there was a big lump that got in his way when he tried to talk.

"Why, son," he stammered. "You didn't need to do this! If you have just learned your lesson, that is all that is necessary!"

Dad's and Jim's eyes met and held for a long moment.

Jim knew he would never regret his decision. It even was worth missing youth congress.

There would be another someday, but never another understanding dad like his.

* *Temperance*, p. 129.

*Occasionally marriage partners are thoroughly disillusioned by what they see
after the excitement of courtship has passed and life is routine.*

"So this is the person I married!"

by HAROLD SHRYOCK, M.D.

Marriage for keeps

JOYCE was a quiet girl—a lonely type who made friends slowly and found it difficult to fit into the social activities of her classmates in the academy. Others admired her for being a good student, but she wished she could be more popular.

The summer after her senior year Arthur came into the picture. He was a poor boy who was trying to work his way through one of our denominational colleges. Joyce's father had offered him work for the summer and had arranged for him to board and room at their house.

Arthur's childhood had been unhappy. His mother had died when he was a young child. His first stepmother lived with his father only a few months and then suddenly disappeared. His second stepmother was not an Adventist and there was constant quarreling about religion. Arthur left home when he was fourteen and had made his own way ever since.

After the members of Joyce's family heard Arthur's story he became their hero. He was not treated like a hired man but like a regular member of the family. This was the first time in Arthur's experience that he had enjoyed

congenial, happy family life. He was as appreciative as he knew how to be and he took full advantage of all the confidence that was placed in him—yes, even to the extent of becoming fond of Joyce.

Having seen the sterner side of life, he welcomed the companionship of one who was gentle and innocent. Joyce found in him the fulfillment of her dreams of romance and social acceptance. By the end of July they had set their wedding date for the first of September. Joyce's parents approved because they were fully confident that Arthur was the kind of boy who was trustworthy and who would appreciate the kind of home she would be able to keep.

It was ten years later that Joyce came to say, "I am married to a man who seems entirely different from the one I promised to marry. I knew he had had an unhappy childhood. But I supposed this would make him appreciate our home all the more. He was so stalwart, so self-reliant, so romantic. He was majoring in religion at college and told me of his desire to be a minister. I was so sure that ours would be a happy home that it is hard for me to believe, even now, that Arthur is the kind of person he has proved to be.

"Not only did he give up his plan to be a minister but he actually became irreligious—even agnostic, I would say. He has tried several jobs but he was unhappy with each one, for he feels that merely working for wages is beneath his dignity. He has tried two or three ventures in business, but each time he lost more than he gained. If it were not for my working as a nurse aid, we would have to live on welfare."

I felt sorry for her but there was

nothing I could do to roll back the pages of her life. Even trying to point out to her how she had made a wrong choice in accepting his proposal for marriage would not remedy her present situation. But on analyzing her experience it becomes clear that she made at least four mistakes.

First, her initial attraction to him was based on sympathy for him because he had had such an unfortunate childhood background. Sympathy is never a sufficient reason for marrying a person.

Her second mistake consisted of being too eager to accept his proposal of marriage. Just because she had been unpopular with the young people of her own age, his personal interest in her caught her off guard, as it were, and caused her to feel that at last she was appreciated and was in line for social acceptance.

Her third mistake was her willingness to accept Arthur's statement of his good qualities at face value. She accepted him for what she thought he was rather than what he had demonstrated that he was. She was too willing to believe the best without insisting on proof.

The final mistake was in agreeing to marriage at such an early date. She had known him for only seven weeks when she promised to become his wife. Such brief courtships do not allow time enough for a proper evaluation of personality and character.

Sometimes it is the husband rather than the wife who is disillusioned after marriage. Dunbar came with tears in his eyes to tell me of the problems he faced.

"I still love Cathy," he assured me. "But she is surely a different girl than I thought she was. We went together

for two years before we were married. I admired her because she was pretty. I visited in her home and she visited in mine.

"One of the things that cuts me now is that she is always making comparisons between me and her father. I admit that he was successful in business, and I do not blame her for admiring him as a fine person. I am sure, however, that when he was my age, he too had to struggle to make a living. I feel that I can make a success in due time, but she seems to be impatient in the matter.

"She isn't interested in what I do from day to day. When I come home from work and begin to tell her about what has happened during the day she interrupts by saying, 'Don't tell me about that. Leave your problems at work; don't bring them home to me. I have enough problems of my own!'

"Another thing that bothers me is that Cathy won't participate with me in having family worship. I guess her folks didn't bother to have family worship in their home. She tells me that they believed in private devotions. But she visited in my parents' home several times before we were married, and family worship always was held each morning and evening. Before we were married she seemed to appreciate the fact that I had an interest in religion. Now she says, 'Say your own prayers if you want to; I'll say mine.'

"I have tried to talk to her about these matters, but she just clams up. I have suggested that we ought to go to a marriage counselor, but she says, 'We have brains of our own and we ought to be able to settle our own problems.' But when we come to settling them, I find that the only arrangement suitable to her is for me to agree to do as she wants to do."

Dunbar's situation was pathetic but not hopeless. In listening to his side of the story, it would seem that he was very much abused and misunderstood. I dare say, however, that Cathy's story would sound almost as pathetic. No doubt he had been indifferent to some of the responsibilities a husband should carry, and this had caused her to remember favorably the success her father enjoyed.

Even so, there seem to be certain characteristics in her personality that he should have detected before their marriage. He probably would have gone ahead with his plans for marriage, but at least he would have been prepared to deal with these problems once they came into the picture afterward.

During courtship he had been so absorbed with the thoughts of romance that he had not been alert to the evidences that she was fundamentally a selfish person. He had been so eager to please that he had overlooked her characteristic of being unwilling to give and take.

Dunbar and Cathy should have spent more time during courtship in talking over their preferences and in planning the policies of their home of the future. Had they done this, her insistence that their home should be patterned after her parents' home would have come to his attention.

Now married, he needed to become fond of the real Cathy, objectionable traits included, and find ways of win-

New House

by DOLORES BRADBURY

Little new house,
Shimmery as a bride,
With windows like eyes,
Starry and wide,
I hesitate to step inside
Your door of knotty pine;
I am amazed that you are mine.
It seems you should belong
To one whose heart
Is still in tune
With a wedding song,
And the month of June.

ning her cooperation in a pattern of family life that would preserve his individuality as well as hers and at the same time provide common interests enjoyable to them both.

Violet came for counsel on how to smooth out the rough spots in her adjustment to marriage. She and Mark were devoted to each other and were still completely convinced that their home would be as happy as it is possible for a home to be. She admitted, however, that she now saw some traits in Mark's personality that were surprising to her.

"There is no question about his loyalty to me," she assured me. "Throughout our courtship he was as faithful and honest as a lover could ever be, and I know he will always remain that way. The trouble is that now we are married he is very possessive. He feels that for us to be together is all the social life that is necessary. I appreciate his being contented this way, but I do feel that we should not neglect our

friends. I am such an extrovert myself that it is hard for me to forgo the pleasures of social contacts.

"Another thing that surprises me is that his personality is so inflexible. I have no desire to dominate or rule our home, but I do believe that marriage should be a partnership. He interprets his being 'head of the house' in a very literal manner and feels that I should accept his preferences and decisions without questions.

"There is one other thing that bothers me. It is that Mark continues to be such a dutiful son to his parents. I realized before we were married that he had great respect for his parents and their wishes, but I supposed that when we established our own home we would be able to set our own policies and do as we decided to do without having to follow instructions handed down by his parents. I find, however, that many of the things he wants to do are the very things his parents have told him to do. His parents have good judgment, but if I understand the Bible correctly, when a man is married his first allegiance goes to his wife rather than to his parents."

Violet's situation was not serious. I have full confidence that she and Mark will be able to work out their problems in a way that will allow them to enjoy the full measure of happiness they each desire to have. In one sense, she is expecting too much of her young husband. She is expecting him to have maturity of judgment that will come only with the passing of years. As yet, he is feeling his way into the responsibilities that properly devolve upon a husband.

If she can be tactful and patient, he will doubtless prove to be understanding and sympathetic with her. For the time being, however, he wants to be sure she has no reason to doubt his good judgment, and therefore he is dominating and overpossessive.

It is unfortunate that he has not yet realized that successful marriage requires an emancipation from the direct control by the parents of either party. He and she are now partners in the venture of homemaking, and they two should plan together.

The case of Ernest and Claudia appears to be serious. Claudia insists on a straightforward answer to her question, "What can I do to change my husband and help him to become the kind of person he really should be?" This question betrays Claudia's belief that she has better judgment than Ernest and that his personality needs to be rebuilt completely.

They met when he was twenty-one and she was eighteen. In her opinion at that time, he was exactly the kind of man she wanted for a husband. He was a good Christian; he was clean and neat; and he was interested in continuing his education. She recognized even then that he was quiet and bashful and that he was not particularly interested in the social graces. Even so, she had no doubt of his ability to develop into the kind of person her mental image of a husband specified.

But when Claudia wrote to me she had been completely disillusioned. It was not that Ernest had changed from what he had been at the time of their courtship. In fact, this was the trouble—he had not changed as she had expected he would. She pitied herself and felt that she had married beneath her.

It was hard for me to understand why she felt she was superior to Ernest. He still possessed the qualities of sterling character and consistent integrity. She complained, however, "He bores me to death. He makes a reasonable living, but he is not outstanding in his field. I feel so disappointed that he doesn't have the capacity to mingle socially with the class of friends we should associate with. He embarrasses me in public with his stupid remarks. He doesn't have what it takes to catch on. He has no push, no gumption. He is plain stupid."

From these remarks it seems clear that she is the one who needs new insight. It is probably true that he is not the type of person that will become president of a college. But I wonder what it is in her mind that makes her feel that she has been cheated in life simply because her husband does not have the particular qualities she expected he would have. He still possesses the same good traits he had during their courtship. He has not deceived her nor has he betrayed her confidence.

Now that Claudia finds that her husband does not measure up to the creation of her own fantasy, she has learned to focus on his faults rather than on his good qualities. No wonder she is unhappy! Any marriage partner can be thus unhappy if he gives attention only to the other's weaknesses and deficiencies. One of the important secrets of happiness in marriage is for each partner to look for the other's desirable traits and put emphasis on these rather than on the shortcomings.

She had built up such a sorrowful case in her own thinking that by the

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time she wrote to me her thoughts were filled with self-pity. It is such an attitude that the devil can use most effectively to drive a wedge of dissatisfaction between a husband and wife.

If Claudia continues in her attitude

of self-pity she can succumb easily to the next step in the devil's strategy of breaking up homes. Being dissatisfied with what her husband has turned out to be, her mind will provide fertile soil for the disastrous thought, My marriage is so unfortunate that I am justified in taking steps toward divorce.

We have examined four cases in which husbands or wives became disappointed in marriage and discovered, to their own regret, that they were married to a different kind of person than they had supposed. It is now logical to consider, How can such regrets and disappointments be avoided?

Many disappointments over what a husband or wife proves to be could be avoided if young people, before marriage, would make an honest effort to be realistic in their appraisal of each other. Rapid courtship and hasty marriage is a decided handicap in making an honest appraisal. Even with a more deliberate courtship, there remains the possibility of being deceived if a person closes his mind to the facts of the case. Christian young people should pray for discernment, particularly during the period of courtship, that they may see each other as they really are rather than as their imagination wants things to appear.

A second vital consideration centers around the question, What can a husband or wife do to improve the situation once he is married to a person whose traits are disappointing?

We must recognize here that human personalities do not change suddenly and decidedly. The secret of happiness in marriage is to look for the desirable traits in one's partner and to overlook, as far as possible, the disappointing ones. By encouragement and tact it is possible for a husband and wife to help each other to improve their personalities. For either one to take it upon himself to reform the other, however, brings in tensions that do more harm than good.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but according to *Wine, Beer and Spirits*, a magazine devoted to the manufacture, distribution, and sale of beverage alcohol in Canada, "the word 'teetotaler' originated in or about the year 1826, about the time of the formation of the American Temperance Society.

"The organization," continued the writer, "in 1830 had a membership of about 100,000, and more than 1,000 local groups. It caused the closing of 50 distilleries."

There was a branch of the American Temperance Society operating in the State of Michigan, according to this writer, that was responsible for adding this new word to the English language.

They listed members in two general categories: the "O T" members, and the "T T" members. The "O T" members signed the older pledge, which included only hard liquor, but did not include beer and light wines. The "T T" members, however, signed the pledge that included all alcoholic beverages, including beer and light wines. This latter group soon became known as "teetotalers," for the pledge they signed was the total abstinence pledge.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

From page 8

baby!" It was almost her whole vocabulary.

There was a long drive to the starting point of our trail straight across the mountain range from home, but it was twenty-six miles of narrow road to go around. None of them were dusty! We were going into areas unexplored by our group, and we were thrilled beyond words.

Patches of blue were seen between puffy cumulus clouds. It really might clear away. On the divide at 10:30 A.M. we unloaded the pickup and loaded ourselves. Grandpa took black-and-white pictures of the pack train, then drove to turn around. It was only a mile to Twenty-Mile Cabin, sort of a shakedown cruise to see how we traveled before really taking off.

Doris sat on top of her mother's pack with legs around Joan's neck. A strap kept her from sliding too close, and her ankles were handy to Joan's hands.

"Go bye-bye baby!" And she bounced up and down, which did not help the balance of the pack.

In a few minutes the pickup came back up the road. Grandpa leaned out

to laugh at us while we slogged through puddles left from yesterday. "Ready to go home?"

Howls of derision answered him, so he waved and drove on. We were really on our way!

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

Hearts by MARY A. ROUSE

I walk alone—and yet as with a Friend—
Along the lane that leads to my loved bower
To view the bleeding heart, a fragile flower!
With elegant finesse the long stems send
Their heartlets in succession to the end,
So tender, even in a sudden shower!
Crushed by love, *His* heart that could not cower,
Once broke for me.

And now I comprehend
That His great love remains a constant link.
As drooping heartlets on the long raceme
Scintillate through leafage of green lace,
So Christ, who tints the bleeding hearts deep pink,
Removes red dye from *ours* until they gleam,
Redeemed and blanched, by reason of His grace!

SUNRISE OVER AFRICA

By YVONNE DAVY

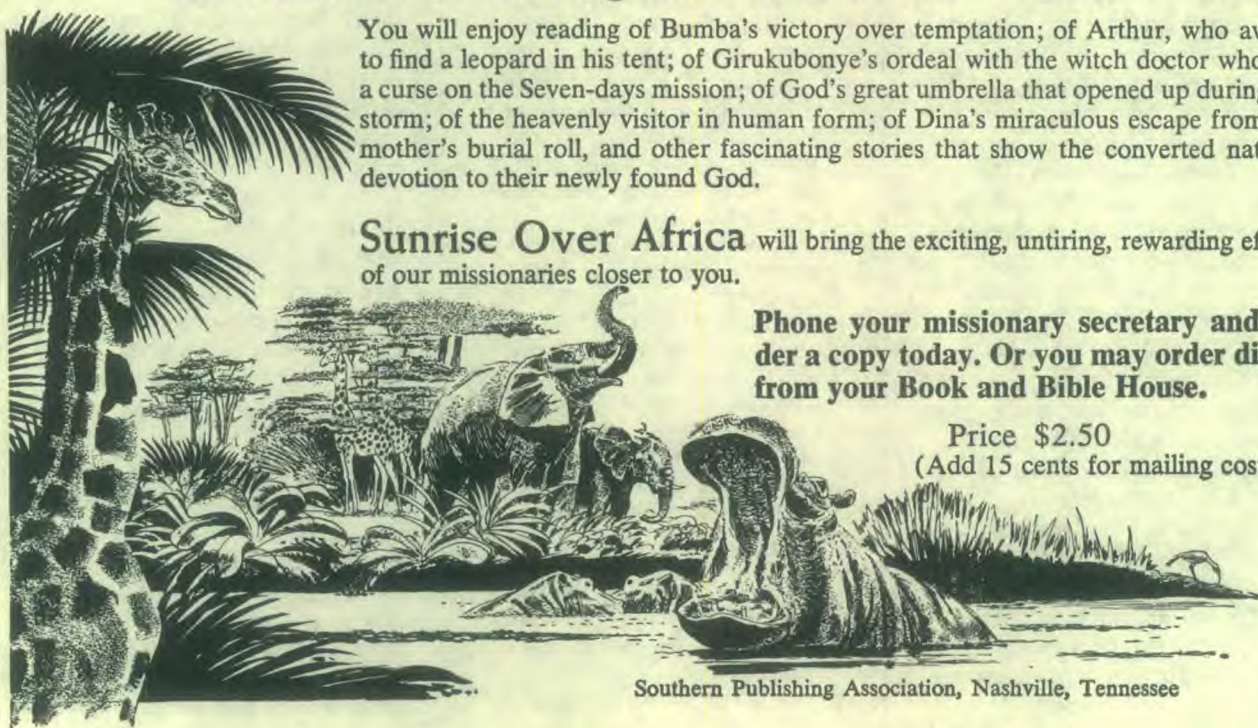
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Sabbath School Lessons

Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

Youth

XI—The Time of the Cleansing of the Heavenly Sanctuary

(June 15, 1963)

MEMORY GEM: "Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us" (Heb. 9:24).

OUTSIDE READING: *Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation*, on Dan. 8, 9; *The Great Controversy*, pp. 324-329; *Prophets and Kings*, pp. 698, 699.

Introduction

As you go through this lesson, will you prepare to face up to the question, Do we dare preach and teach that the 2300-day prophecy of Daniel 8:14 ended in 1844 now that so much time has gone by? Are we now confronted with the necessity of admitting we were wrong? Do we need to streamline the third angel's message and bring it into step with these changing times? Are the days of evangelism and missions gone forever? Can we now work through the Peace Corps and other social agencies and accomplish God's purposes for His church? What, if anything, is the matter with the ancient landmarks?

1—Daniel's Long-Time Prophecy

Scriptures: Dan. 8:13, 14, 17; 9:17, 20-25; Eze. 4:1-6; Num. 24:22, 23, 30-34.

Notes:

"The angel had been sent to Daniel for the express purpose of explaining to him the point which he had failed to understand in the vision of the eighth chapter, the statement relative to time,—'Unto two thousand and three hundred days; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed.' After bidding Daniel 'understand the matter, and consider the vision,' the very first words of the angel are, 'Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people and upon thy holy city.' The word here translated 'determined,' literally signifies 'cut off.' Seventy weeks, representing 490 years, are declared by the angel to be cut off, as especially pertaining to the Jews. But from what were they cut off? As the 2300 days was the only period of time mentioned in chapter eight, it must be the period from which the seventy weeks were cut off; the seventy weeks must therefore be a part of the 2300 days, and the two periods must begin together."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 326.

On the Day of Atonement the people were brought back to one-ness (at-onement) with God. Their sins, which since the last Day of Atonement a year ago, had accumulated in the Most Holy Place, and which had been typified by the offering of blood sacrifices, were cleared or cleaned out of the way. The sanctuary was

cleansed. And the people marked the day by clearing or cleaning out their hearts, or searching them, and afflicting their souls. This is the only service performed in the Most Holy Place of the sanctuary during the entire year. And it all typifies God and man getting together again.

Questions:

1. What event marked the close of the 2300-day prophecy?

2. What was the only sanctuary left in 1844?

3. Why do Adventists teach that the cleansing of the sanctuary means the investigative judgment in which the records of each life are examined at the heavenly court?

2—The Seventy Weeks

Scriptures: Dan. 9:25; Acts 10:36-38.

Notes:

"A starting-point for this period is given. . . . The commandment to restore and build Jerusalem, as completed by the decree of Artaxerxes Longimanus (Ezra 6:14; 7:1, 9), went into effect in the autumn of B.C. 457."—*Prophets and Kings*, pp. 698, 699.

"These three kings [Cyrus, Darius, and Artaxerxes], in originating, reaffirming, and completing the decree, brought it to the perfection required by the prophecy to mark the beginning of the 2300 years."—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 326, 327.

"From the going forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem unto the Messiah the Prince shall be seven weeks, and three score and two weeks,—namely, sixty-nine weeks, or 483 years. The decree of Artaxerxes went into effect in the autumn of B.C. 457. From this date, 483 years extend to the autumn of A.D. 27. At that time this prophecy was fulfilled."—*Ibid.*, p. 327.

"According to the prophecy, this period was to reach to the Messiah, the Anointed One. In A.D. 27, Jesus at His baptism received the anointing of the Holy Spirit, and soon afterward began His ministry. Then the message was proclaimed, 'The time is fulfilled.'"—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 699.

3—The Last Week of the Seventy

Scriptures: Dan. 9:26, 27; Heb. 8:1-3; 9:1, 9-12, 23, 24; Lev. 16:16, 30, 33.

Notes:

"In the midst of the week He shall cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease." In A.D. 31, three and a half years after His baptism, our Lord was crucified. With the great sacrifice offered upon Calvary, ended that system of of-

ferings which for four thousand years had pointed forward to the Lamb of God. Type had met antitype, and all the sacrifices and oblations of the ceremonial system were there to cease."—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 327, 328.

"In vain were the efforts of Titus to save the temple; One greater than he had declared that not one stone was to be left upon another.

"The blind obstinacy of the Jewish leaders, and the detestable crimes perpetrated within the besieged city, excited the horror and indignation of the Romans, and Titus at last decided to take the temple by storm. He determined, however, that if possible it should be saved from destruction. But his commands were disregarded. . . .

"After the destruction of the temple, the whole city soon fell into the hands of the Romans. The leaders of the Jews forsook their impregnable towers, and Titus found them solitary. He gazed upon them with amazement, and declared that God had given them into his hands; for no engines, however powerful, could have prevailed against those stupendous battlements. Both the city and the temple were razed to their foundations, and the ground upon which the holy house had stood was 'plowed like a field' (Jer. 26:18)."—*Ibid.*, pp. 33-35.

"The question, What is the sanctuary? is clearly answered in the Scriptures. The term 'sanctuary,' as used in the Bible, refers, first, to the tabernacle built by Moses, as a pattern of heavenly things; and, secondly, to the 'true tabernacle' in heaven, to which the earthly sanctuary pointed. At the death of Christ the typical service ended. The 'true tabernacle' in heaven is the sanctuary of the new covenant. And as the prophecy of Dan. 8:14 is fulfilled in this dispensation, the sanctuary to which it refers must be the sanctuary of the new covenant. At the termination of the 2300 days, in 1844, there had been no sanctuary on earth for many centuries. Thus the prophecy, 'Unto two thousand and three hundred days; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed,' unquestionably points to the sanctuary in heaven."—*Ibid.*, p. 417.

"The blood of Christ, while it was to release the repentant sinner from the condemnation of the law, was not to cancel the sin; it would stand on record in the sanctuary until the final atonement; so in the type the blood of the sin-offering removed the sin from the penitent, but it rested in the sanctuary until the day of atonement.

"In the great day of final award, the dead are to be judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." Then by virtue of the atoning blood of Christ, the sins of all the truly penitent will be blotted from the books of heaven. Thus the sanctuary will be freed, or cleansed, from the record of sin."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 357, 358.

Questions:

4. What were the seventy weeks for?

5. When did they close?

6. What marked the last week of the 70?

7. What happened in the midst of the last week?

8. When the Jews rejected the Saviour, what did He do?

9. What is the significance of the passing of the earthly sanctuary?

10. Who is salvation for?

What Is in This Lesson for Me?

This is partly a problem of arithmetic. From where we stand now we can look on it and see the infinite precision with which God diagramed His plans for our salvation. It is an impressive thing to see the hand of the Omnipotent at work on a problem that is so important to me.

XI—The Cleansing of the Heavenly Sanctuary

(June 15)

TEXT TO REMEMBER: "Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us" (Hebrews 9:24).

AIM: To show the significance of the 2300-day prophecy, the surety and exactness with which God foretells future events, and the meaning of this prophecy to us personally.

1. Daniel's Vision

READ: Daniel 8:1, 13, 14, 17; 9:1, 2, 21, 22.

In the third year of the reign of Belshazzar, Daniel was given a vision concerning the future, which he did not understand. The angel Gabriel was sent to explain parts of it to him, and Daniel was deeply concerned and troubled by what he had seen. Then in the first year of King Darius, Daniel was studying the prophecies of Jeremiah concerning the deliverance of the Jews, and he pleaded with the Lord not to delay their liberation. While Daniel was thus praying the angel Gabriel was again sent to him to explain further the prophecies and to comfort him. The events recorded in Daniel 8 and 9 are closely connected.

"Daniel did not understand the 2300-day time period, the only part of the vision not yet explained . . . , and evidently feared that it implied an extension of the Captivity and the continued desolation of the sanctuary."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Dan. 9:21.

Who—
were the rulers mentioned in the texts you read?
was given the vision?
was sent to explain the vision?
was in captivity?

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Daniel had been taken into Babylon as a captive when a young man. He had spent most of his life among those who did not believe in the true God; yet his life is one of strict devotion and sincerity. Moses, Abraham, Jacob, and David all have sins recorded against them, but not Daniel. What do you think was the secret of Daniel's life? Describe his relationship with God.

2. Seventy Weeks Are Cut Off

READ: Daniel 9:24.

"The angel had been sent to Daniel for the express purpose of explaining to him the point which he had failed to understand in the vision of the eighth chapter, the statement relative to time, 'Unto two thousand and three hundred days; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed.'"

"After bidding Daniel 'understand the matter, and consider the vision,' the very first words of the angel are, 'Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people and upon thy holy city.' The word here translated 'determined,' literally signifies 'cut off.' Seventy weeks, representing 490 years, are declared by the angel to be cut off, as especially pertaining to the Jews. But from what were they cut off? As the

2300 days was the only period of time mentioned in chapter eight, it must be the period from which the seventy weeks were cut off; the seventy weeks must therefore be a part of the 2300 days, and the two periods must begin together." *The Great Controversy*, p. 326.

"A day in prophecy stands for a year."—*"Prophets and Kings,"* p. 698.

In Bible prophecy figure out what the following stand for: 1 day, 2300 days, 70 weeks, 2300 days minus 70 weeks.

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

This vision had been given to Daniel some time before. Gabriel had explained part of it to him shortly after he had received the vision. Why do you think Daniel was not given a complete explanation at that time? Daniel said he was much troubled by the vision. Why was it necessary that Gabriel should come twice to Daniel?

3. The Seventy Weeks

READ: Daniel 9:25.

"A starting-point for this period is given. . . . The commandment to restore and build Jerusalem, as completed by the decree of Artaxerxes Longimanus (Ezra 6:14; 7:1, 9), went into effect in the autumn of B.C. 457."—*Prophets and Kings*, pp. 698, 699.

"These three kings [Cyrus, Darius, and Artaxerxes], in originating, re-affirming, and completing the decree, brought it to the perfection required by the prophecy to mark the beginning of the 2300 years."—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 326, 327.

At the end of the first 69 weeks of the 70-week period, Christ was to appear. "From the going forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem unto the Messiah the Prince shall be seven weeks, and threescore and two weeks,"—namely, sixty-nine weeks, or 483 years. The decree of Artaxerxes went into effect in the autumn of B.C. 457. From this date, 483 years extend to the autumn of A.D. 27. At that time this prophecy was fulfilled."—*Ibid.*, p. 327.

Explain—

how the 69 weeks are computed.

how the 483 years are computed.

Draw a diagram of the 69 and 70 weeks, giving the dates for the beginning and ending of each period.

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

This was a definite time prophecy. Its beginning was marked by an exact event. Its duration was given in precise terms. The time of the ministry of the Messiah was stated. When Jesus was born, did the scholars and students of the Scriptures know that the time of His birth had come? Why was He not received by the religious leaders who had access to the prophetic scrolls?

4. The Crucifixion of Christ

READ: Daniel 9:27.

"According to the prophecy, this period was to reach to the Messiah, the Anointed One. In A.D. 27, Jesus at His baptism received the anointing of the Holy Spirit, and soon afterward began His ministry. Then the message was pro-

claimed, 'The time is fulfilled.'"—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 699.

"In the midst of the week He shall cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease." In A.D. 31, three and a half years after His baptism, our Lord was crucified. With the great sacrifice offered upon Calvary, ended that system of offerings which for four thousand years had pointed forward to the Lamb of God. Type had met antitype, and all the sacrifices and oblations of the ceremonial system were there to cease."—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 327, 328.

When—

were the sacrifice and the oblation to cease?

was Christ anointed?

did type meet antitype?

was the date of Christ's crucifixion?

was the date of Christ's baptism?

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

What was the calendar year of Christ's birth? How old was He when He was baptized? How old was He when He was crucified? When did He actually accomplish the most, in the preparatory years or in the years of His ministry?

5. The Sanctuary and Its Cleansing

READ: Leviticus 16:16; Hebrews 9:23, 24.

"At the termination of the 2300 days, in 1844, there had been no sanctuary on earth for many centuries. Thus the prophecy, 'Unto two thousand and three hundred days; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed,' unquestionably points to the sanctuary in heaven."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 417.

"The blood of Christ, while it was to release the repentant sinner from the condemnation of the law, was not to cancel the sin; it would stand on record in the sanctuary until the final atonement; so in the type the blood of the sin-offering removed the sin from the penitent, but it rested in the sanctuary until the day of atonement.

"In the great day of final award, the dead are to be 'judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.' Then by virtue of the atoning blood of Christ, the sins of all the truly penitent will be blotted from the books of heaven. Thus the sanctuary will be freed, or cleansed, from the record of sin."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 357, 358.

Where—

was the sanctuary in 1844?

are sins of repentant sinners today?

did the sins of Israel rest until the Day of Atonement?

are sins recorded?

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

If we repent of our sins and they are forgiven, but later we backslide and are finally lost, will we have to give account for those sins that were once forgiven?

6. Where Are Our Sins?

READ: 1 Peter 4:17.

"In the typical service, only those who had come before God with confession and repentance, and whose sins, through the blood of the sin-offering, were transferred to the sanctuary, had a part in the service of the day of atonement. So in the great day of final atonement and investigative judgment, the only cases considered are those of the professed people of God. The judgment of the wicked is a distinct and separate work, and takes place at a later period. 'Judgment must begin at the house of God: and if it first begin at us, what shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel?' (1 Peter 4:17)."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 480.

What had those done who had a part in Israel's Day of Atonement service? (Confessed, repented, had their sins transferred to the sanctuary.) Whose cases will be considered in the day of the final atonement? Will your case be considered then?

Questing Minds in Cambodia

by BEATRICE SHORT NEALL

THERE was something different about this particular Cambodian house. True, it had the usual thatch roof, woven bamboo walls, and dirt floor. The customary pigpen was at the front door, and the family's carabao was tied to a tree nearby. Inside was the year's harvest of corn and yams piled high in bins. Up in a high place was a shrine to the ancestors.

But it was the walls that fascinated us. Displayed in bewildering array were family portraits, both ancient and recent; magazine pictures of modern American homes; expired Pan American Airlines calendars; evangelistic handbills; and covers from clipped issues of *The Youth's Instructor* and the *Review and Herald*. It seemed that someone had access to an Adventist wastebasket.

And that was true. Ah Hooay, the oldest daughter, had come to work for the Adventist missionary in the big city of Phnom Penh. She accepted the message slowly, point by point, as she was able to understand it.

On her trips home she pinned her salvaged pictures on the wall and read to her family from the Bible. But her family were more impressed with her newly acquired ability to read than they were with the message she brought. "They don't know how to listen," she said sadly.

Missionary Ralph Neall and his family decided it was about time to go to Ah Hooay's village for several days and explain the gospel to the people living there. They loaded up their car with screen, projector, the unwieldy home electric generator, and all the paraphernalia it takes to camp out for several days. Then they drove the forty kilometers over twenty-six wooden bridges to Ah Hooay's house.

Their arrival created quite a stir in the sleepy little shanty town. Everywhere they walked a flock of children followed them. When they sat around the little table and ate their strange food, the door and windows were full of eyes. When they bathed at the village well, wrapped rather uncertainly in sarongs, they had an interested audience.

And when they set up their screen and projector, the crowds were there in full force. They were there with all their might and lung power.

"Sit down, sit down!" called the ones in the back who couldn't see.

"Be quiet, close your mouth!" shouted the ones in front who couldn't hear.

The generator sounded off with equal energy, and Mr. Neall, who was not a Whitefield or a Wesley when it came to outdoor preaching, burned out his vocal chords and not a little of his enthusiasm. But his

courage revived when an old grandfather came up to him and said, "Do you have any books for me to read? I like the story of Jesus."

After putting the equipment away, he arrived all tired out at the hut. But another audience was there awaiting him. Almost all the monks from the Buddhist temple down the road had come to visit. Ah Hooay's mother had assured them that they need not join the crowd outside: Mr. Neall would give them a private showing when he got through. But Mr. Neall didn't have the strength to heave a sigh.

At this moment Mrs. Neall stepped up with Arthur Maxwell's *Bible Story* book and told the story, with illustration, of the great God who made the world and came down to save it when it was lost. Ah Hooay's mother sat outside and chewed her betel nut. She wondered whether the monks would like to shield themselves from the ardor of the missionary.

"Do you want to listen to all that?" she asked.

"Yes, yes, we like to listen!" they responded.

The monks did not argue, as they usually do, about where God came from, or about the sinfulness of killing animals. They were deeply impressed. The Spirit of God was present, revealing to them the greatness and love of the God they had never known. They were amazed at the thought that God can forgive sins. For in the Buddhist religion there is no forgiveness, only the inexorable law that you reap what you sow. All your trouble in this life comes from your sins in your previous existences. The only way out is by building up merit through good deeds.

"But can God forgive great sins, like murder?" asked a monk. Mrs. Neall told them the story of Sam, the murderer, who was converted in prison.

"You mean you can sin all you want, and God will forgive?" asked another.

"Of course not," answered the third. "God helps you stop sinning!"

It was late when the monks said good-by with their pocket Gospels tucked under their yellow robes. But as the missionaries knelt to pray, it was with joy in their hearts, and they were aware of another audience watching them—an unseen one which never sleeps or grows weary. And their tired spirits revived.

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