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June dreamed of a modern efficient office
where she would preside as
personal secretary to a suc-
cessful, competent man.

Afterthought

by JUNE RODGERS

THANK YOU," I offered the receptionist as she indicated a chair and turned to leave. "Oh, this office has just been redecorated, hasn't it?" I added.

"No, it hasn't," came the blunt reply. Then before I could continue, she slipped from the office.

"Well, that was a feeble attempt to make conversation," I reprimanded myself. "Just exactly what Mr. Woods, in office-practice class, told us not to do! And I must quit biting my lip——"

My nervous glance took in all parts of the office—an office that had a definite masculine flavor. From the paneled walls to the sleek modern furniture, originality and neatness were both evident. Surely no boss with taste such as this could ever be hard to work for, I assured myself. I always knew the business world would be glamorous.

I could hold the reins of my mind no longer. Imagine Bev slaving away at college, viewing life out of a textbook. Not for me! I was ready to be a career girl—now! What classroom could possibly compare with this office?

H'm-m-m—an electric typewriter. Good! Only hope I don't drum on the *j* key as I did in typing class last year. Dictaphone over in the corner too. Wonder if his secretary keeps all his letters up to date? Wouldn't complain about that with this setup!

"Good morning!" The greeting seemed to hit the walls and bounce back at me. The room came alive at once, as if it knew and had been awaiting the arrival of this vibrant personality.

"Don't stand up," continued the voice as I laid aside the *Sports Illustrated* and indicated I was about to rise. Three strides carried him to position behind the walnut desk. "I'm Ted Johnson," he offered, together with a gripping, yet composed handshake. "You're . . . Ju——"

"June Rodgers." Our voices blended together for a duet, causing us both to smile. The tenseness that had been building up inside vanished immediately in response to the warmth of his greeting.

"Yes, June. I was expecting you, and I'm so glad you came. I feel that I know you already just from studying your application blank. I thought a personal interview would do us both good, though. Tell me, do you like people?"

"Why, yes," came my somewhat surprised answer.

"You like a challenge, too, don't



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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4

you!" This was more a statement than a question. His confident manner almost unnerved me momentarily.

The answer was revealed in my face, and before I could verbally reply he went on. "And you're not afraid of hard work either, are you?" His brown eyes twinkled, but steadily held my gaze.

Shaking my head, I began: "I don't understand. Aren't you interested in how fast I take shorthand or type? Wouldn't you like a demonstration? I also have a recommendation you haven't seen from my high school commercial teacher." He seemed to be avoiding what I thought should be the main topic of our conversation.

Was I dense? I couldn't see the connection. In addition to working, must a secretary—or at least *his* secretary—also be a walking, talking human-interest machine?

"No, I know all about your abilities: Typing speed eighty words per minute; 110 words per minute in shorthand; A average in all commercial subjects; excellent command of business machines. I'm sure you'd be the perfect one for our job vacancy."

Excitement and anticipation welled up within me as I leaned forward, eager to reveal my interest and desire. This was it! Me—on the brink of the sea of independence. A dream

come true with the swiftness of a Gregg speed test. With all the composure I could command, I waited breathlessly for his next words. "I've thought about this quite a lot before I came to this decision." His face sobered as he continued. "The world needs people like you, June, and I would be selfish to keep you from developing your talents. You should be making preparations for life by going to college. You've got every trait needed to be a success. This job may be appealing at the moment, but there's not much chance for advancement, and you're too ambitious to settle for that."

The disrupting conviction in his voice and the open friendliness of his face clashed wildly against the instinctive wall of resistance my mind elevated. What an absolute turn from what I had expected. But unmistakably this was it!

Mumbling a few words, I shook hands, and started to leave. First I caught the wise look in his knowing eye, and at that moment the narrowness of my own concept of life hit me full force. In just five minutes' time this unique person had shattered my youthful dream, and with one quick twist had erected a new castle of aspiration. Not until later would I fully comprehend exactly what this man had done for me. But I began to "think on these things."

At Sunset

by ENOLA CHAMBERLIN

Now trees and hills and houses lie
In gloom beneath a gloomy sky.
No shadows at this end of day
Spread on the earth an appliqué.
No beams of light like fingers run
In pointed brilliance from the sun.
No sharp-drawn lines, just monotone
Of gray and rust and leaden roan.
This almost nothing, while the breeze
Lies down to rest among the trees.
This almost nothing—then a start
As if a hand had clutched the heart.
For rolling up above the hill
The moon, a full-blown daffodil,
Sends out soft petals one by one
To light the places where the sun
Had lately lain. To once more break
The world with shadow, stir awake
The dreaming wind and bring to birth
New beauty for the waiting earth.

The Youth's Instructor, June 25, 1963

work assignment—d

Calico Have you ever wanted to shoot a picture like our cover? The question is addressed to photographers. The picture is a 1961 Photo Mart award, by Teuvo Kanerva.

Oregon "Would you let me know if THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR will carry another French article, and if it will appear each week? I saw it in the January 1-8 issue, and the cover was green and white, very attractive." MRS. C. B. HAROLD, Medford.

• When our circulation grows another five or ten thousand, we'll have more pages occasionally, and more foreign-language articles.

Alabama "The sample copy looks good [January 1-8]. The past have been good also. Referring to stamps, I have a cut of five 4-cent stamps in a vertical row, new stamps with President Lincoln's picture and in the margin the number 27038. Would some collector like to have this?" CLARENCE E. SHELDT, Mobile.

California "Seems that THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR gets better all the time." EARL R. REYNOLDS, Loma Linda.

North Carolina "Believe your YI has come a long way toward filling a real gap in our young people's Sabbath reading. Our children, 10, 11, and 13, can read most of the articles to some benefit, and I find that there are few that do not appeal to me in most respects of reading." LESLIE A. SMART, M.D., Asheville.

California "How pleased I am with 'Jeep Nurse.' Ella and I went to Kentucky together. We were classmates in training. The article only covers a small portion of the good she did while in Kentucky. There are just no words to explain it. I worked in the hospital. On my days off I went with Ella in the jeep. Her simple 'Hello' won her way into the hearts of the mountain people." CAROLYN BUCK, Glendale.

Hazard "The influence most to be feared by the church is not that of open opposers, infidels, and blasphemers, but of inconsistent professors of Christ."—4T 493.

Is it wrong to ask some questions about the ingredients of your call, once the formal preparation is essentially complete?

Peter was the sort to ask questions that even James and John hesitated to frame.

"Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed thee; what shall we have therefore?"¹

Jesus had just concluded His interview with the rich young ruler who had come running with a serious question.

We're informed that as Jesus studied the youth He loved him. What tremendous potential this wealthy young ruler possessed! "A member of the honored council of the Jews," what help and influence he might have rendered had he been willing to accept Jesus' call.²

Listening to Jesus' summary comment, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" Peter thought of his own situation. "Behold, . . . what shall we have therefore?"

Did Jesus say, "You've no right to ask such questions"? Not at all.

He proceeded to spell out some of the rewards. And He did not confine His spelling to the heavenly rewards.

"Verily I say unto you, There is not man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold *now in this time*, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life."³

In the fourteenth chapter of his Gospel, Dr. Luke records the principle Jesus set forward as basic to discipleship. As always, Jesus underscored His principles with a concrete example.

"For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? Lest haply, after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him, saying, This man began to build, and was not able to finish."⁴

"God calls young men in the vigor and strength of their youth to share with Him self-denial, sacrifice, and suffering. If they accept the call, He will make them His instruments to save souls for whom He died. But he would have them count the cost and enter upon their work with a full knowledge of the conditions upon which they serve a crucified Redeemer."⁵

To those who seek not great things for themselves; who thoroughly understand that the retention or the accumulation of great possessions is inconsistent with the Saviour's example, a "full knowledge of the conditions upon which they serve" will enhance, and not impede, the accomplishment of their assignment.

Walter C. Crandall

¹ Matt. 19:27. ² *The Desire of Ages*, p. 520. ³ Mark 10:29-30. ⁴ Luke 14:28-30. ⁵ *Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 87.

coming next week

- "FIRST . . . THEN . . . THEN . . ." is perhaps an unusual title for a poem, but its meaning will become plain to all who read. By Irma B. Lidner.

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THE POPULAR author Hannah Lees, in expressing her opinion on how a husband and wife may live congenially, remarks that "marriage should be a democracy."¹

I like the use of the word *democracy* in relation to marriage. It makes recognition of the need for equal rights, of the need for each party to take an active interest in the family's affairs and give first allegiance to its interests, of the need for free communication between husband and wife, and of the need for equal status.

It is significant that Hannah Lees amplifies her concept of democracy at home—"a democracy which has voluntarily elected the husband president." By this she does not mean that a husband should be arbitrary or that he should interpret his status as "head of the house" as a justification for dominating or overruling his wife.

Such dominance is out of harmony with the idea of democracy. In a democracy, even the president should not act on his own whims and preferences. His authority is a vested authority by which it becomes his duty to be impartial and unselfish.

I believe sincerely that many families would be happier if husband and wife gave studious thought to this matter of how they should relate to each other. In too many marriages there is a rivalry by which each party tries to supersede the other in gaining control. Such rivalry causes tensions, misunderstandings, and unhappiness. In contrast, there should be an attitude by which husband and wife unite their efforts to promote the family's welfare.

In some cases it is the husband, and in others the wife, who is prone to violate the principles of democracy. Whichever it is, both parties suffer when this occurs.

One husband wrote to tell of the great difficulty he was having in making his wife happy. He told of his long struggle to build a new home and of how he had done most of the carpenter work, working evenings and holidays until the task was finally completed. He told of how critical his wife had been, a little later, when he decided that they must move to another community. In relating the experience, he

Is Your Marriage a Democracy?

by HAROLD SHRYOCK, M.D.

gave himself away when he recalled that his wife's unhappiness reached its climax when she learned *from the real estate agent* that their new home had been listed for sale.

Even though this husband had built their new home with his own hands, he failed to realize that his wife's contribution had doubtless been as great as his. She had endured many hardships during the months that the house had been under construction. Not the least of these hardships resulted from the husband's being so busy that he had not given of his time for companionship with his wife.

It had been a glad day when the house was finished. The wife had hoped that now they could settle down to a normal, happy pattern of living.

Maybe there were good reasons why it was advisable for this family to move to another community soon after they had settled in their new home. But by the husband's own statement, it was he only who had made the decision that they should move. And by his own admission, it was he who had listed their home for sale without his wife's knowledge.

Obviously, then, this husband was not following the principles of democracy, even though he thought he was diligent in his efforts to do well by his family. No wonder this wife was unhappy! She had not had a vote in mak-

ing the decisions by which the family's affairs were determined. Her life was influenced as much by these decisions as was her husband's, but she had not been consulted.

In another marriage, it seemed to be the wife who was most indifferent to the principles of democracy. The fault was not entirely hers, however. The husband had set the stage for her to become the dictator of their family affairs.

He told me of a previous, unhappy romance in which he had lost the admiration of the girl he had courted, because he had been inconsiderate of her.

"So when I became acquainted with Cynthia," he admitted, "I tried to profit by my previous mistake, and I allowed her complete freedom to do as she pleased. Even since our marriage I have lived in fear of crossing her will, for fear that she will become critical of me. I realize now that this was a mistake, for I find that Cynthia does not respect me. She feels that I lack initiative and that I do not manifest the leadership in our home that a husband should."

Each week as George received his pay check, he dutifully handed it over to Cynthia. That was the last, he told me, that he saw of the money. When he needed shoes, Cynthia would count out for him the exact price of the cheapest pair she had seen in the store window.



Voice of Prophecy Topics for July

July 7	Missionaries to Mars?
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July 28	Here's Your Answer

It was not that she was a better business manager than he was. But she tried to use the handling of their money as a means of control. One day when the bill collector told him of an unpaid bill, he mustered the courage to mention this to his wife. To his surprise, he found that she was not even able to account for the ways their money was being spent.

It was not only in money matters that she violated the principles of democracy in their marriage. Some Sabbath mornings she would decide that they would not go to church that day. If he insisted, she would fall back on the excuse, "I feel sick."

George's original desire to make his bride happy was commendable. But he had the mistaken notion that he could promote their happiness by being passive. No democracy, whether it be in the home or in the nation, can succeed when its members surrender their active interest in its success. George thought he was doing his wife a favor to trust her completely with the control of their affairs. But as it worked out, she was not only incapable of making wise decisions on her own but she was handicapped by the lack of counsel and direction that her husband should have given. In the ultimate, she lost respect for him and blamed him for a "don't care" attitude.

In order for a democracy to succeed, its members must give it their first allegiance. The citizens of a democratic government are able to vote wisely only when they have the government's best interest at heart. Should a citizen become so selfish that he objects to carrying his share of the tax burden, he is, to this extent, handicapping his country.

So also in the democracy of marriage. For a marriage to succeed, each member must give his best effort to the interests of the family unit.

One wife told of her discouragement. For three years after the family

had moved into their new home her husband refused to cooperate in landscaping their yard. He used the excuse that he could not afford to do it just yet. But in the meantime, he bought new equipment for the business, which, in the wife's estimation, wasn't needed for another several months. When she protested, his reply was, "But the business must always come first."

I am not in a position to take sides, of course, on whether the new business equipment was needed at just that time. I am impressed unfavorably, however, by this husband's contention that the business should take priority over the interests of their home. Had he accepted the concept of marriage as a democracy, he would have taken his wife into his confidence by explaining to her the reasons for the urgent need for business equipment.

As it was, she interpreted her husband's three-year unwillingness to fix up their yard as an indication that he thought more of his business than he did of her. And she had good reason for feeling this way. Had he been sincerely interested in their home, he could have spent time in beautifying the yard without having to spend any considerable amount of money. Such a token on his part would have helped his wife to understand that he still loved her. His efforts would have served as a symbol of his continuing devotion to her.

For the members of a democracy to do their parts intelligently, each must know about the affairs of the whole. There must be free communication among them.

One wife reported, "When things do not go as my husband wants them to go he gets mad and refuses to say anything to me for several days." Such a lack of willingness to talk things over is as devastating in family life as is the breakdown of communications in a democratic government. What does a husband or wife gain by refusing to discuss matters that are of common interest?

The unhappy tendency to keep one's thoughts to himself is an evidence of immaturity. It is prompted by the same juvenile attitude that causes a child on the playground to say, "I won't play with you any more because you won't play the way I want you to."

In a Christian home there should be an attitude of companionship, a willingness to share, a desire to benefit by the counsel that each can receive from the other. "Love cannot long exist without expression. Let not the heart of one

connected with you starve for the want of kindness and sympathy. . . .

"Let each give love rather than exact it. Cultivate that which is noblest in yourselves, and be quick to recognize the good qualities in each other. The consciousness of being appreciated is a wonderful stimulus and satisfaction. Sympathy and respect encourage the striving after excellence, and love itself increases as it stimulates to nobler aims."²

Equal status requires that husband and wife respect each other, that they have equal privileges and opportunities, and that neither one become a slave to the selfish demands of the other.

Fred and Myrtle Spangler lived in what amounted to two separate levels of society. He liked to play golf, go deep-sea fishing with the fellows at the office, and otherwise "live it up" with friends who belonged to the elite of his community.

Fred's fancy tastes in recreation were not so bad in themselves, but they worked a hardship on Myrtle in two respects: They deprived her and the children of the companionship he should have given to them, and they cost more than Fred's earnings could support, thus requiring that Myrtle work in a factory to keep the family's budget in balance.

Her day began about seven each morning, when she had to get breakfast for the family and get the four children off to school. The rest of the morning she used for homemaking duties including washing, ironing, and grocery shopping.

On school days the children didn't come home at noon, so the wife and mother often worked right through into the early afternoon before she took time out to eat a bite. She also made the girls' dresses and the boys' shirts, and so she really had to hurry in order to be ready to go to work at four o'clock.

Yes, and she put up a lunch for herself because Fred insisted that it was cheaper for her to carry a lunch than to patronize the delicatessen wagon that called at the factory each evening.

Incidentally, the husband reasoned differently about his own lunch at noon. He explained to his wife that the boss would think he was queer if he brought a homemade lunch to work. "Anyway," he told her, "I owe it to the boys to take them out to lunch occasionally."

He had agreed to be home soon after Myrtle had had to go to work each

afternoon, so he could supervise the children and care for the yard work. The neighbors told her, however, that the children got into a lot of mischief before their father came home. This worried her, and she spoke to her husband about it.

"You can't expect a man to be a housewife," he argued. "Sometimes that's the only time I have for a game of golf. Other times the boss calls a committee meeting that holds over beyond quitting time. Can't you realize that if I'm going to be in line for promotion, I must keep in good with the office crowd?"

Her shift at the factory ended between eleven and twelve at night, depending on when she finished the piecework that had been laid out for her.

But her day didn't end just yet. Her last chore before retiring was to press her husband's suit. "A man's personal appearance makes a lot of difference, you know," was his excuse for insisting that she keep his clothes in top condition.

"Sometimes I get so tired by the time I get around to pressing his suit," she admitted to me, "that I wouldn't care much if I accidentally burned the cloth. It's kind of hard to take—knowing that he has already been asleep a couple hours before I get around to doing his suit."

I talked to him and told him that he was expecting too much of his wife. "She doesn't have any time to participate in social life," I reminded him. "She doesn't even become acquainted with your associates at the office; she doesn't have any recreation; she isn't getting enough sleep to maintain her health. You are making a regular slave of her," I accused.

A month or two later she reported, "Fred is doing a little better. He's getting so he helps me with the housework and he's actually taking more interest in our yard. We talked about my cutting down on the hours I work each week, and I had hopes that someday I could quit the factory and just stay at home. But just yesterday he announced that he had bought a speed boat, so I suppose I'll have to keep on full time in order to make the payments on that."

It is a selfish disregard for the principles of Christianity that causes a husband to treat his wife as Fred treated Myrtle. "It is a hard matter to adjust family difficulties, even when husband and wife seek to make a fair and just settlement in regard to their several

duties, if they have failed to submit the heart to God. How can husband and wife divide the interests of their home life and still keep a loving, firm hold upon each other? They should have a united interest in all that concerns their homemaking."¹

Let us return now to Hannah Lees's remark quoted at the beginning of the article—"Marriage should be a democracy." This concept of a democracy implies that both marriage partners will carry responsibility for the affairs of

their home. It provides that neither will make major decisions without the knowledge of the other. It suggests that the home's policies must be developed and carried out cooperatively. It indicates that there is an organization within the family unit, by which husband and wife carry on unitedly, not independently. It requires that neither one will take advantage of the other.

¹ Hannah Lees, *Help Your Husband Stay Alive*, p. 140.

² *The Adventist Home*, p. 107.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 119.

Allegory of the Shoe Polish

by ROBERT H. PARR

THE sales manager was concerned. And he had good reason to be. The sales of his company's shoe polish had fallen away alarmingly. Grocers who formerly ordered by the gross now talked in dozens; merchants who had talked in terms of case lots contented themselves with a gross or two.

There was nothing wrong with the product. It maintained its same-as-usual standard. There had not been a campaign of advertising or price cutting by the opposition firms; there was no evidence that the retailers or the consumers were dissatisfied with the goods as they were marketed. The whole thing caused the sales manager to decide that it was time for a conference.

Accordingly, he called in the eleven salesmen of his area. He planned the meeting ahead and had his secretary prepare figures and facts which, he felt, would indicate trends and which would serve as a pertinent starting point for the analysis he intended to make. From there he planned to let them know the seriousness of the position, and then he would call for the salesmen, the men who were in the field, to put forward their theories to explain this sudden falling away in sales.

The night of the meeting arrived, and the salesmen, the sales manager, and his secretary were standing sipping a little liquid refreshment before proceedings began. "Suddenly," said my friend who told me this story, "the sales manager gives a yell that

almost makes me spill my orange juice. Out of the blue he yells, 'I've got it! I've got it!' and we all stand around in a circle and gape at him."

It was obviously a tense moment; gone were all the plans and preparations the sales manager had made; the reasons, sixteen of them, were staring dully up at him. It was not, however, quite so obvious to the salesmen. They did not have long to wonder.

"Gentlemen," said the sales manager, "I have called you together to discuss the possible reasons for our falling sales in shoe polish; I don't need to look at figures or trends or anything else; I have the answer now. Look at your feet!"

Eleven salesmen peered in the direction of their own feet, and then allowed their eyes to travel along the line of shoes. Eight of the eleven of them were wearing suede shoes!

"Were our faces—including mine—red?" Alex, who was telling me the story, asked rhetorically. "Fancy selling boot polish and then sabotaging your own product!"

And it occurs to me that the point is well taken, whether you are purveying shoe polish or, say, religion; if you do not use your own product yourself consistently, it should not surprise you if others are indifferent about it.

Or to put the same thought in slightly different terms, if your own feet are not "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," small wonder if your friends are slipshod.

THE NIGHT was dark. In a small cavern among the rocks of a heaped-up mass, Cacomistle, the ring-tailed cat, yawned himself awake. Stretching luxuriously, he crept to the entrance of the small cave and gazed for a few moments into the darkness, though to his large and lustrous eyes the dark was not so deep nor so obscuring as it is to many of the other animals. Cacomistle, the ringtail (*Bassariscus astutus*), was about to begin his nightly round of hunting that would carry him down onto the desert floor from the hill at whose top was situated the small cavern that was his daytime boudoir.

He was a slender, graceful figure, thirty inches from tip of delicate, whiskered nose to tip of fluffy, broad-striped tail. The tail constituted almost one half of his entire length, for it was more than fourteen inches long.

It is the mark that distinguishes him from the marten, whom he resembles in some ways. The tail bears some similarity also to that of his relative the raccoon, though it is much longer and more gracefully plumelike. The agility and grace with which he leaps about has also been likened by the great naturalist Audubon to the squirrel. The tail is in colors of black and brown with seven wide bands of white. A truly magnificent adornment.

His catlike body, a light-buff color beneath, was wood brown above, although the long hairs were dark on the tips. His large eyes were made to seem even larger, encircled as they were by dark brown, then again circled with light gray. His ears were larger than a cat's, and they, with his sharp nose and long plumelike tail, gave him a slightly foxlike appearance.

If a description of the ringtail constitutes a series of comparisons to other animals, it does not mean that the ringtail is just like any one of them, or that he does not have a distinct personality all his own. There is no other quite so charming, so graceful, or so brightly intelligent of facial expression in the animal kingdom as little Cacomistle.

His movements were light and easy as he ran across the floor of the desert toward the home of a pack rat that he had watched for some time the night before. His watching had been without success, however, so far as catching

Cacomistle, the Ring-tailed Cat

by MABEL EARP CASON

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

any of its occupants was concerned. He especially enjoyed pack rat as food, although he could be well satisfied with any other small rodent.

Now Neotoma, the pack rat, the ringtail's favorite food, is not a true rat. A gentle little creature with a mania for moving things from here to there and from there to here, he is well known on the desert for his great mound of materials, often the spiny joints of the cholla cactus, which he heaps up at the entrance of his burrow. In his foraging he may climb up the trunk of the desert shrubs or trees. This, however, does not protect him from Cacomistle, who is an agile climber too.

Ringtail now waited alongside an ancient runway of Neotoma's family, one that led across rocks, wound among brush and bunches of grass and through sandy washes. It was a runway used by Neotoma's family for many generations. Ringtail knew that Neotoma was likely to come along

there at some time during the night. Once he had waited alongside another of Neotoma's runways, but had been compelled to seek his food elsewhere. Perhaps Neotoma had seen him first and had backtracked from the trail, or perhaps he had just not used that particular path during that night. Ringtail had made his supper on a white-footed mouse that he had run to earth and a round-tailed ground squirrel that he had outdistanced in a chase.

Ringtail, who is no digger, would not attempt to brave the spines of the cactus joints in the heap at the entrance of Neotoma's runway, though Neotoma, strangely enough, can carry the spiny joints in his mouth and run over them with impunity. So, patiently, Ringtail waited half hidden behind a sheltering bush, until Neotoma, busy with his trading of this for that, came along carrying a shiny cartridge case in his mouth. That cartridge shell, for which Neotoma had exchanged the

To page 18



► Danish ships bound for Greenland are painted bright red for maximum visibility in the foggy northern waters.

National Geographic Society

► During New York's severe water shortage of 1949-50 an estimated 200 million gallons of water a day dripped from leaky faucets and pipes alone.

The Arsenal

► In 1940, replacing a right-front fender on a new medium-priced car cost \$17.15 (\$12.75 for parts and \$4.40 for labor). The 1961 cost for the same type of repair was \$75.00 (\$47.50 for parts and \$28 for labor).

Minutes

► A Basque, Juan Sebastian del Can, was the first sea captain to circle the globe. Under Magellan's command, he took over the fleet after Magellan was killed in the Philippines, and completed the round-the-world voyage in 1522.

National Geographic Society

► The Sherman Minton Bridge, which extends across the Ohio River between Louisville, Kentucky, and New Albany, Indiana, was selected as the most beautiful bridge in the United States by the American Institute of Steel Construction. A part of Interstate 64, the new \$14.8 million, 1,600-foot, twin-tied arch structure was selected on the basis of unique design techniques, construction procedures, materials used, and appearance.

NHUC

► To promote the use of broadcast television for communications among scientists and engineers, an experimental project was initiated in December, 1962, with a weekly TV series, *Science and Engineering Television Journal*. The topics are of professional interest and are presented on a level comparable to that of professional journals and meetings. Two-way question-and-answer facilities between viewers and participants are being studied.

Science

► Spider webs, once widely used for cross hairs in optical instruments, are now giving way to a new development—the etching of infinitely fine lines directly into glass. Space-age tolerances have made demands that nature cannot fulfill. While the cross hairs of the spider web (the black widow having the premium web) range in thickness between 70 and 100 millionths of an inch, etch hairlines are between 100 and 120 millionths of an inch in diameter. Spider webs also are almost impossible to reflect through a mirror because of their microscopic construction. The etched lines are sharp and clear.

Chrysler

► Although six years ago there was not a single big nuclear power plant in full-time operation, today there are more than a dozen capable of producing more than 700,000 kilowatts of power and serving the needs of several hundred thousand American families. It is expected that nuclear power will be economically competitive with conventional power sources in the 1970's, but it would be many decades before atomic energy could substitute for, rather than merely supplement, present power plants.

UCAL

► An estimated 25 per cent of all crimes in the United States are committed by narcotics addicts, who annually spend \$350 million on illegal drugs. In New York City the average addict spends some \$10,000 a year to support his habit, or \$50,000 in stolen goods, which are sold at one fifth their value.

New Medical Materia



Key to source abbreviations published January 15, 1963.

► Classroom instruction of school children at the elementary and secondary level will require about 2.2 million teachers by 1970, one-half million more than in 1960. In college teaching, personnel needs will be 80 per cent greater than the 1960 total of 175,000 college and university teachers.

USDL

► In Denmark a person under the influence of liquor can be merely headed toward his car, and if there is evidence he is planning to drive, he can be prosecuted. During one month last year Copenhagen police arrested 28 bicycle riders on a charge of drunken bicycle riding.

ITA

► While four in ten persons with deep personal and emotional problems turn to clergymen, fewer than two in ten look to psychiatrists and psychologists.

Hearst

► The giraffe and the mouse have the same number of bones in their neck—seven.

Minutes

► Street lighting originated in early fifteenth-century London. All shop and house owners on certain streets were required to hang out lanterns at sunset.

National Geographic Society

► Establishments in the United States that are licensed to sell beer, wine, or liquor exceed by more than 131,000 the total of all churches, synagogues, and other places of religious worship.

Listen

► A new preconstructed, three-bedroom dwelling can be folded into a compact cargo measuring 10' by 40' for transporting on a trailer. The house can be unfolded and set in place at a camping site in a few hours.

AMA

► States requiring installation of front seat belts and the model car year for which the laws are effective include Wisconsin, 1962; Mississippi, 1963; Virginia, 1963; District of Columbia, 1964; Rhode Island, 1964; and New York, 1965.

AIHSC

► Since 1941 the number of visitors to the outdoors has jumped tenfold, yet the total number of man-caused fires has decreased from 210,000 to 83,000 in 1961. Last year there were 80,000 man-caused forest fires throughout the United States, which means about 220 forest fires every day, with the cost in excess of 100 million dollars, still a major problem for preventionists.

Advertising Council

► Washington's Library of Congress through its Division for the Blind distributes reading materials for the blind through 31 regional libraries. In all, some 600,000 volumes in Braille and more than 480,000 talking books have been produced. Nearly 6,000 separate titles are available to readers, with about 400 talking books and 300 in Braille added each year. Latest addition to the list of periodicals transcribed into Braille is the *National Geographic* magazine.

National Geographic Society

► The number of polio cases in the United States declined 35 per cent in 1962 from the comparable figure for 1961. There were 886 cases in 1962, compared with 1,364 a year earlier. Five years ago, in 1958, there were 6,092 cases. Since 1955, polio has occurred primarily in unimmunized, preschool-age children. The British Ministry of Health has also reported a decline in polio during 1962. Only 325 cases were recorded in England and Wales last year, the lowest number in almost 50 years.

AMA

The illustration is a black and white drawing. The upper half shows a majestic mountain range with snow-capped peaks and a dense forest of evergreen trees. A calm lake reflects the scene. In the lower half, a group of soldiers in uniform are gathered around a campfire. One soldier is kneeling and cooking on a tray, while others are sitting or standing, some looking towards the fire. A soldier on the right is carrying a bundle of logs. The overall mood is one of a quiet moment in a rugged, natural setting.

to travel a twisted

by **BONNIE MAC MILLAN**

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BAERG

trail

In his last letter Billy told of his studies, for he was a candidate for the Master's degree. In the days since he had been a Pathfinder, he had learned well how to handle his handicap.

THERE IS a kind of courage that shows itself in the face of danger. There is another in the silent determination of the mind's will to attain a goal, or simply plodding, to just hang on.

We were having a meeting of Pathfinder leaders and counselors, and the talk was about bravery. Joe Walski was being inspired to conversation. Joe never said much usually, but when he did, everybody listened. It was just a way he had, and most people didn't even know that he had been cited for bravery in action during the Korean conflict. He was telling the story in his calm, unhurried way.

Now there was a brave boy. I remember the first time I saw him. The Pathfinder Club was meeting at Cal's house that night. I was really proud of the boys in my unit because they all worked so well together. We made a good team.

The director came to me and said, "Joe, got a new boy for your gang. Pathfinding can do a lot for him; he needs us. I'm giving him to you because I figure you can handle the situation."

So what is this boy, I wondered, a juvenile delinquent?

He clapped his hand on my shoulder and steered me to the other side of the room where the new member sat.

"Joe," he said, "this is Billy."

I remember his eyes—big and brown and soft, like a half-grown fawn's. Looking up through the maverick strands of hair that flopped on his forehead, he smiled in a twitching, grimacing way. With effort he forced himself from the chair and extended a knotted spasm of hand. He was a spastic paralytic.

I drew a quick breath. "Billy," I managed, "we're glad to have you in our club."

After the meeting we all crowded into the kitchen, where Cal's mom served milk and gingerbread. I was appalled to see that Billy's coordination was so poor he could hardly feed himself. He grasped his glass in a tangled clutch of clawlike fingers, pressed it against his wrists for stability, then slopped and spilled half of it on his shirt front in the process of drinking.

"There goes our unit rating," I sighed, watching him. But I was wrong.

It was winter, and my boys were working out at the high school pool for their swimming requirements. Billy gamely came along with the rest. I wondered how he would make out. I thought probably he'd had some aquatic instruction from the physical therapist at the children's hospital where he had spent some time. Even so, I was a bit apprehensive for him.

I saw him dash out of the locker room, then falter his way to the pool. Teeth clenched, lips working convulsively, he flung his body into the water. He couldn't swim. I dived from the other side, came up beneath him, and nudged him the few inches to the edge. He clung frantically to my neck as I swam alongside and pulled him out. His teeth chattered, every bone shook, his stomach knotted in a washboard of tension.

I threw a thick towel around him and rubbed him down. While I talked and joked he gradually relaxed. Then I coaxed him into the water again. We went slowly, as if he were a very young child.

The next time he tried, it was the same thing all over again, the tension and the chills; but back he went, time after time. After months of agonizing effort he learned to swim a jerky, flailing combination of crawl stroke, dog paddle, and frog kick. It was a real victory when he swam his fifty yards for the Pathfinder requirement.

The boys accepted him with the openheartedness of children, although it takes time to get used to the grimacing and jerking of a spastic. He picked out a nickname—he wanted to be called Shotgun. This seemed to him to be the supreme token of acceptance, and it was pure joy for me to watch the twisted little grin that lit his face whenever he heard it.

The boys and I planned a week-long campout on the wild shores of Lone Loon Lake. As we jolted over the rough road in the back of dad's old pickup I dozed on a heap of sleeping bags and camp gear that was stacked against the cab. Snatches of mumbled conversation penetrated my consciousness.

"Who, me? Oh, no, not me!"

"Me neither!"

"Well, how about—"

"Yeah, yeah! Hey, Joe!"

I opened an eye. "We've just elected Shotgun camp cook!"

And how he cooked! He made hot-cakes, fried potatoes, beans, anything-goes stew, even a wild blackberry pie baked in the old black-iron Dutch oven heaped over with coals and hot ashes. We awarded him an Honor in camp cookery.

When we got home from camp his coordination had smoothed out amazingly. He could hold a cup of hot chocolate in his hands and drink it without slopping. He could hold his silverware properly and feed himself at the table in a mannerly way. He was self-confidently eager to accept every new challenge.

He would throw himself into any job with an intensity that would have accomplished miracles for a normal boy. And that's how he wanted to be thought of. He didn't want to be considered handicapped.

I remember the time I clocked him while he paced the mile around the high school track. His movements were so spasmodic and unpredictable that it was hard to settle on a set pace. In his loppity-hop fashion he lunged out on the track. Fifty walk, fifty trot. It was to be done in twelve minutes, not varying more than fifteen seconds either way. Three laps around the track made a mile.

On the first try he was too slow. The second try he was too fast. I wanted to say, "That's good enough, Billy, you've passed your test," but that would have offended him.

So we kept at it. Three more laps, another mile. He was tiring. On the fourth try he paced his mile in exactly twelve minutes. Of course I praised him.

Slowly we bicycled home together, but from the look of triumph on his face I don't think he even noticed his fatigue.

We played baseball a lot during the summer months. Billy could manage to hit the ball, but he would be so excited he would knot up and his leg muscles wouldn't cooperate. One of the boys would usually run for him. One special day we were playing in the vacant lot. Billy was at bat, and I was supposed to run. The pitch was good and he swung. As soon as I heard the solid crack of the bat I knew that this time it would be a homer.

"Billy! Run!" I gave him a shove, and he took off. First, second, on to third; amid the cheers and yells of the

whole team he came scrambling around the bases to home plate. It was a day to remember. After that he did his own running.

He earned twenty-two Honors, more than any other fourteen-year-old in the club. I think he memorized the *MV Handbook*. There was hardly an item that he hadn't scored, checked, or underlined. "By the grace of God I will be pure and kind and true . . . I will be a servant of God and a friend to man."

Billy had a private connection with Heaven. It showed when he was attempting something extra hard, and it glowed during worship time. You could hear it when he sang—and how he loved to sing! It gave him courage and drive to try again. It gave him a vision of helping others who had some of the same troubles he had.

I had reached the age for military service. I was called into the Army and I had to go. Billy gripped my hand in a wordless farewell. If he spoke, the dam might break. Tears are not for strong men.

When I saw him again he was going to college, majoring in social work and rehabilitation. He was earning his own expenses by working in a home for handicapped and crippled children. He was still the same sweet simple youngster I had taught to swim; still looked at me with those big soulful eyes. I felt unworthy of what seemed to be his adoration.

Then Billy was away at school studying for his Master's degree. He wrote occasional letters scrawled in his shaky script about his studies and struggles, but mostly about the summer camp for crippled children where he was counseling.

Many of these children were much worse off than he ever was, and I knew he would pack them on his back to the various activities. I felt a vague discomfort that my own life had become so prosaic.

Jane and I were expecting our second child to be born in a few weeks when I received a letter from my mother. Enclosed was a clipping from the Mayfield paper, a news item about Billy. He had been riding his bicycle to a meeting of crippled Boy Scouts when he was struck and killed by a hit-and-run driver.

When my baby son was born I named him Billy. He was beautiful and perfect, and does it seem strange that his eyes were huge and brown and soft as a newborn fawn's?

But naming my son Billy wasn't

enough. I felt I should give something of myself, but what had I to offer? I had no college education. I wasn't trained to work with crippled youth. "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, . . . and it shall be given him," we read. We asked Him what I should do.

The very next Sabbath THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR had a story about physical therapy in it. Within a few weeks' time I picked up three different publications with articles on the same subject, describing the need for therapists and giving sources of information about training and scholarships available.

"Now there's your answer," Jane declared. "Couldn't it be that the Lord wants you to go to school and study physical therapy?"

Well, I puzzled about it. Women always think they have intuition. But a man with children must be practical. My chance to go to school on the GI Bill had expired. I didn't see how I could do it. We were just living hand-to-mouth on my pay check of several hundred a month. What would we do if I left my job?

Then everything happened at once. The plant where I worked went on strike. I got a job in a small sawmill and nearly lost my leg in an accident with the carriage machinery. When I recovered from that mishap I tried construction. It was a seasonal job, and I got in on the tail end of the season. I got a job in a mine. The mining company went bankrupt. I contracted pneumonia. Two more jobs folded up on me.

"You see," said Jane earnestly, "God wants you to go to school."

But, the way I saw it, the situation was completely impossible. "Just who is going to feed these children?" I asked.

Then I thought of Billy's bravery and unwavering faith in the Lord's help. I felt ashamed. After a few more months of circumstantial evidence I was convinced that He wanted me to train for His service in physical therapy.

We sold our ranch, packed our gear, and hit the trail. And as you see, here I am in school. For me, this takes some courage. It's a long, hard road I have to travel, but I know that God is with me as He was with Billy. When a man undertakes a task, dare he try it alone?

For Billy the trail of twisted bodies has ended. For me it has just begun.



Kelly Pass Adventure

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

by LOIS M. PARKER

Five sleeping bags filled the crude shelter that afforded protection from the rains.

WE WERE adjusted to packs now, each clinging to his own style, no two of the five alike. Alice's was broad, making her turn sideways in narrow places. Ellen and Joan had compact up-and-down packs, on pack boards, with year-old Doris sitting straddle of Joan's neck, her weight on the sleeping bag. Bill and I wore horseshoe bedrolls with other equipment tied here and there—messy looking, but fairly comfortable. Next trip, however, we all wanted pack boards.

There was a crispness to the air in the shadows, and the next leveling-off place showed why. A drift of snow lay between walls of brush. There was no way around. We waded it, with snow nearly to our knees.

The bushes along this north Idaho trail were pressed flat by the weight

of winter. They were barely starting to form leaves, each twig tip clubbed with buds of pale green. At the edge of the snow were a few yellow violets. We really were pushing up into spring—early spring in the middle of June.

The air felt different. It was not heavy cold, as down on Boulder Creek, but bracing. And it really looked as though we were coming to Kelly Pass. There were peaks on both sides, the north slopes still white with snow, but our trail rose more gently now.

"Look back!"

What a vast panorama we could see to the east! Boulder Creek canyon was a little wrinkle far below, backed by range beyond range of mountains. It is one of the last great wilderness areas of our country, with not a smoke of civilization in view.

"Now look ahead," Alice Hardy suggested quietly.

Blue sky showed between the trees at eye level. A hundred yards farther along, our view was limited only by the Selkirks thirty miles away. We could see nothing of the narrow valley containing highway and villages, which divided us from the far mountains. From all appearances we could be a hundred miles from the nearest human being, until—

"Highway 95," Bill read.

"What?" I asked, and he pointed.

Some soul with an overdeveloped sense of humor had packed one of Uncle Sam's signs clear up here to the ridgepole of the mountains!

We unburdened ourselves to look for a camping site. There was a dandy place, sheltered from wind by two clumps of alpine fir. I stopped abruptly.

Bounding up the slope was a creature about medium collie size. Its motion was as graceful and flowing as the flight of a bird; it seemed scarcely to touch the ground at each ten-foot leap.

It halted about thirty feet away and turned a dark foxy face to stare at me. The slender legs were black, the back dark blue gray, and the sweeping brush of tail almost black. The belly was lighter and creamy tinged. It was not a coyote or a wolf, but surely a fox could not be so large. Our little red foxes are cat-sized.

I dared not call to the other campers, though two girls were in plain sight.

They did not hear my finger snapping. After long moments, the lovely animal coursed on up the hill. I found that I had been holding my breath. How I wished the others had seen that beautiful animal.

"Why wasn't I there!" Bill wailed. He raced off with Alice's binoculars. We were well along with making camp when he returned.

"I saw it!" he exclaimed with shining eyes. "It was running through the brush, but I got one good look."

When we returned home later, many hours of search and inquiry finally turned up one meager paragraph in *Idaho Wild Life*. "A long-legged black-and-gray fox lives in the mountains of Idaho," was the essence of it. What a little bit to say of such a lovely creature.

Our camp was warmer than the one by the creek, though there was a snow-bank about fifty feet across the swale. We made frames for suspending the poncho tents by tying one end of a pole to the trunk of a little fir and supporting the other by an "A" of short poles.

Ellen and I had ours up first. Doris sat on one foot and watched. As soon as the tent began to take form she brightened, and the sagging peak was scarcely up before she scuttled in, chuckling to herself. She had the camping idea now. Home was where the tent went up!

Noon camp had been cold lunch, with only a tiny fire to heat the baby's food. Tonight we had a real camp meal with reflector-oven gingerbread and dehydrated applesauce to top it. Luscious!

In the morning I entertained Doris while other people got breakfast. She was happy as a sunbeam. The sun was warm on our backs, and a chipmunk came boldly up to my feet. The baby's hands clenched and twisted with her excitement. Even when she squealed the striped animal was not disturbed.

We were in the alpine zone, little above us but granite, moss, and grass. To the west of us a canyon deepened and widened, down, down, down.

"I'd like to stay here all summer," Alice spoke. "Right there on that bench on the side of the canyon. And all winter too." She added that as I grinned at her.

"Snow slides and all? It gets twenty feet deep or more here."

"Well," she reluctantly decided, "at least all summer."

The trail was marked now by rocks, for there were no trees on the naked shoulder of the mountain.

"Take every right-hand trail from Kelly Pass to Twenty-Mile," the ranger had said.

We carefully watched for a right-hand trail, but the mountainside showed no sign that a human foot had ever touched a spot other than the faint trace we followed. There was a deep canyon, then a massive heap of granite and timber to the north between us and the little cabin where we expected to end our trail. We must go around that barrier some way.

As we dropped into that deep north canyon, Doris lay back on her mother's pack and cuddled her bottle.

"Private dining car!" Bill grinned.

He was ahead of us when we crossed a series of snowdrifts, then precariously edged a tiny stream that preferred the trail to its own bed.

"Hey! Come quick!" he yelled. His outstretched hand was trembling with excitement.

In the edge of a puddle, the water was running into a big bear track, mud and clear water swirling in the hole. In a moment we were looking all directions. That giant must be no more than barely out of sight. There was no crashing in the brush. Perhaps he had stopped to watch us! If we had begun to be bored by the monotony of a brush-walled trail, we lost the boredom for good.

Now we were climbing again, turning west along the next mountainside. This was not the direction we intended to go, but we had seen no trail to the right. In fact, *no* other trail.

The timber was enormous, hemlocks standing so tall that one's neck felt kinked when trying to see the tops. Forty feet of column to the first branch, then a canopy so dense that it was twilight at noon beneath them. Our bird-watching specialist, Alice, listened and looked while we all kept silent. How still it was! Not even the faintest note to be heard. She and Bill had quite a list of birds seen and heard, but they added nothing in this still forest. We were glad to get out into sunshine and song again.

But still we were going west, and Twenty-Mile Cabin was behind us. The mountain curved so imperceptibly that we surely were miles out of our way already. And the food packs were getting light!

"We aren't lost," Alice sturdily asserted. "We know where we are; it is the trail that is lost."

"Yes, we are only in the wrong place," Joan sighed.

Just then Bill called from way ahead.

He was always almost out of sight.

"Trail to the right!" Then after following it for a few yards, he added dubiously, "Don't think anyone has been over it for ten years!"

Ten years is a long time in this fast-growing country. It was not so bad at first, then down timber crisscrossed the trail until we crawled under, over, around, and through an amazing tangle while trying to follow the blazes.

Ellen and Alice pored over the map while Joan wiped the baby's face. Poor little girl! She had a scratch on her



A brilliant day followed the heavy rains.

forehead, a sunburn flush, and mosquito bites popping out here and there.

"The map shows a trail all right. See here is where we came along the mountainside, and here we turned north."

So it said. But the ranger said all the trails would have been brushed out within the past three years.

"Not getting anywhere sitting," Joan asserted, sliding into her straps.

"Go bye-bye baby," Doris encouraged.

In a moment she began to whimper. Joan approached a narrow opening and tried to duck low enough so Doris would miss a branch. The baby curled down as small as possible with her arms around her head. Then they were past it, and Doris popped up straight with a chuckle.

That little chorus kept up for a weary two miles or so. On nearing the brush, a whimper, then when past it a laugh.

All at once we came out onto a wide graded road—brand new, no tracks since the construction crew left.

We were on the north side of the mountain now, and at our feet was *another* canyon dropping down—down.

And on the other side, up, up, and up, a jungle, trackless, just like the story-books. And way over there was where we were supposed to be.

Bill shed his pack.

"Why don't you get supper while I explore?"

"Me too," Alice added.

The rest of us were glad enough to let them look for that elusive trail. We dug into the packs, then looked at one another in dismay.

"Whose idea was it to leave our last day's food at Twenty-Mile?"

Joan upended a pack sack and shook it.

"The milk in Doris' bottle is the last of that. Here is pancake mix, and one box of butterscotch pudding. And some dehydrated vegetable stew. Did we decide we did not like that vegetable stew?"

"Vegetable stew for supper. If we don't like it we are not quite hungry enough yet."

The road was the only level spot on the mountainside. The sleeping bags were rolled out by the time our scouts reappeared. They reported, "No trail. That is, an old one worse than this was, and the road ends just around the bend." We ate our stew in silence, and tumbled into those sleeping bags without discussion.

Someone had told me that sand was the poorest bed material of all. "Never," they said, "make your bed on sand." No downy soft mattress ever

felt as good as that sand at the edge of the road! We were too tired to find anything for padding, and we did not need it.

In the bright dawn at four o'clock in the morning, I raised my head to find Joan looking at me.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"That Doris better not be dragged through any more of that brush. I don't think we could make it across the canyon and to Twenty-Mile by noon when grandpa is to meet us."

"If we weren't along, you could make it all right." Joan sounded depressed. She was rolling out of her bag and gathering a bit of firewood from under the edge of her poncho ground-sheet where it was safe from dew.

"I have had about enough brush myself," I commented as I pulled on my shoes.

"Second it."

"Third it." The comments came from the depths of two more sleeping bags.

"We can hike down this road, for it must end at Naples, where there is a telephone, and we can call grandpa to meet us there. That means about 15 miles before noon."

Then things flew. Joan filled the baby's bottle with warm water. Doris looked at it reproachfully after the first taste.

"Baby, that is all there is," Joan told her.

Doris puckered her mouth for a mo-

ment, then smiled as she drank water.

Thin butterscotch pudding makes fairly good pancake dressing. We heated the remainder of the vegetables, but no one ate any.

"I'd rather be hungry," Bill stated. He dumped the stew over the bank. "Maybe the chipmunks would like it. Might be all right if it were cooked two days, but right now it tastes like wood chips."

It was a relief to stride down that road at full walking speed. We took turns counting paces for nine miles, all slightly downhill. From spring into summer, leaving the violets and trilliums, coming to lupine and roses.

"Were we really up there in the snow just yesterday?" Ellen dreamily looked back at the peaks from a sunny bank that supported her pack.

Before she could answer, the chugging of a car interrupted. Around the bend below came a trail crew aboard a Forest Service car. Bill groaned.

"Too late! Why didn't they get up here before we did, and mark the trails so we would have known where we were going?"

We looked at one another. Each of us began to smile, and finally to laugh. No wonder the trail crew had seemed amused. Sunburned, dusty, mosquito-bitten, frayed at the edges—had we actually been on the trail only five days?

"Time to go, if we are to reach civilization by noon."

Joan slipped on her pack. Doris galloped toward her on hands and knees, panting in eagerness.

"Go bye-bye baby!"

Next evening at home, all of us sprawled around the living room in various limp positions. Grandpa grinned.

"Who wants to start a camping trip tomorrow?"

A few heavy eyelids were raised, but no one spoke, until Doris pulled herself up at his knee and hopefully asked, "Go bye-bye baby?"

Her mother sat up then.

"We proved we could do it! I've wondered whether I really could 'take to the mountains' if necessary—now I know I could. It was wonderful, Daddy—but let's wait until next week before we start out again!"

"Get out the lists." Two of them spoke at once. Come rain, snow, brush, and mountains, what splendid camping companions!



Although both food and trails ran out on the way home, the trek held rich rewards.

From page 10

bright feather from a cardinal's wing, was never deposited on his heap as he had intended. There was one less pack rat on the desert that night and one more cacomistle with a satisfied stomach.

Licking his whiskers and his soft-furred, catlike paws, Ringtail took himself off for a drink of water. As he approached the small, deep spring where a coyote had dug out a hole into which some water flowed, Ringtail saw his old enemy the coyote was already there. He turned to run, but the coyote was after him. Leaping and running as fast as he could go down the gravelly arroyo, Ringtail was barely able to reach an ironwood tree before the coyote overtook him. Springing lightly into the branches, Ringtail climbed swiftly from one to another until he was well beyond the reach of the hunter who likes cat meat as well as a ring-tailed cat likes pack rat.

Here he composed himself until his predator, tired of waiting for him to come to earth again, went about his business, which at the moment was following the scent of a cottontail rabbit that had hopped across the line of his vision and into the night. Ringtail came down then and slaked his thirst, after which he set out on an unhurried hunt for some companionship of his own kind.

Many writers of natural history tell us that ring-tailed cats are seldom taken in traps and that they are very rare. But this presents food for thought, since each pair produces on the average four young a year, and it seems strange that they should really be rare.

Dean Priddy, who for years trapped fur-bearing animals—mink, marten, and fox—in the mountains of northern California, maintains that along the timbered creeks and canyons of the mountains ring-tailed cats are very numerous, though they are seldom seen. He caught many of them in his traps, as many as one in three of all animals taken. On the other hand, a man whom we knew who did a great deal of trapping on the Southwestern desert where the little cats are numerous, never got one in his traps.

Ringtail has enemies to keep his numbers down. The coyote is one of them, and bobcats too are cannibalistic enough to dine off a relative.

On a night in the early desert spring Ringtail met his mate. She was a beau-

tiful creature, with much the same appearance as he, except for an even more dainty air and smaller body. They made a nest in the hollow of an old cottonwood tree that overhung the banks of the Salt River. Lacking such a site, they might have made their nest among the boulders on any of several hillsides where the brush was thick among the rocks, or even in the small cavern where Ringtail had been in the habit of spending his days.

This hollow in the old tree seemed safe, though they had to travel some distance from their usual haunts on the desert to reach it. Here, late in May, four babies were born to them, blind and helpless at first. But they grew rapidly on their mother's milk. Ringtail was kept busy supplying first his mate, then his young family, after their weaning, with food. But it was not long until the young ones were able to saunter forth with their parents each night.

Ringtail had a hoarse, foxlike way of barking to call his mate and their young ones. In almost no time at all the babies would be grown and able to go abroad on their own.

Though the ring-tailed cat is a nocturnal creature and seldom seen by man, now and again it is given to the solitary wanderer in the wilds of his habitat, which extends from Texas through Arizona, California, and Nevada to Oregon, to see the bright eyes and striped plume of the ringtail, and it is not always in the night. I had that fleeting opportunity one afternoon on a Texas hillside. I was walking stealthily down a rocky draw following the flash of a painted bunting's wing. As I rounded a curve there before me stood a daintily lively creature, sharp nose sifting the air and pointed directly toward me, one small foot poised in graceful expectancy.

But only for a moment did he remain thus. In a twinkling he had turned and was running down the bed of the draw, heading either for one of the numerous openings in the high rocky walls or for a clump of scrub oaks that stood just ahead on the banks.

Hurry as I might, and both the ringtail and I by this time were confined within the rocky sides of the arroyo, I could catch only a flash of a brightly striped tail now and then until he disappeared, and I was never able to see him again.

What a feeling of replete satisfaction one experiences after seeing such a natural creature of wild beauty, alive, vital, attending his own affairs in his own habitat! Only once in a lifetime does it need to happen to one to form a cherished memory of a lovely, fragile moment.

Though few have the opportunity to observe the cacomistle in the wilds, it happened that in Yuba City, California, not long ago, the family of Dr. "Pete" Heinrich had a close look at one right in their own home. Their house is situated in the midst of an area of fruit orchards that extend for miles in one direction, but not far from a recently built residential section.

On a Friday morning when Mrs. Heinrich was cleaning house, she noticed that dust fell now and then into the cold fireplace from above. The house has two stories, so she thought that the wind was blowing some of the soot from the upper part of the brick chimney.

That evening, with a good fire burning in the fireplace, Dr. Heinrich was stretched out on the hearth rug, basking in its warmth, while fifteen-year-old Ira and eleven-year-old Kathy read nearby and Mrs. Heinrich was reading to four-year-old Holly. Soot began falling down the chimney again. Then suddenly—

"What is that!" Ira asked as a little animal fell into the fireplace from the

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chimney, dashing out of the flames too rapidly to be burned.

"A cat!" Dr. Heinrich exclaimed.

"No, it's a weasel!" Kathy cried.

Ira ran for a box, which he set behind the television set under which the small animal had taken refuge. Dr. Heinrich then took a golf club and nudged the little fellow out of his hiding place. It went into the box, which was quickly closed. In the back yard was a large cage in which the children had kept some guinea pigs. Into this the small intruder was released.

"Well, what is it anyway?" Kathy asked when she had had a good look at it.

"It's a ring-tailed cat," her brother Ira told her. "But how did he ever get into our chimney?"

"That we'll never know," Dr. Heinrich said.

The little cacomistle, a beautiful bright-eyed creature could not be tamed, for all their efforts, and fought viciously whenever anyone made an attempt at friendliness. A pencil thrust between the bars was quickly seized and bitten in half. It would eat nothing and in a day or two made its escape. The Heinrich family had decided to release it anyway, since it would have nothing of their friendly advances.

"I've always heard," said Ira, "that ring-tailed cats are easy to catch and tame."

"That is probably true of young ones," his father surmised. "This one is quite mature, and I suppose they don't take to gentling so easily when they are older."

But the Heinrich family was left with the fleeting memory of a beautiful wild creature that by some chance had fallen right into their midst.

Into a library in a northern California town not long ago a young man came with a lively creature clinging to his arm. Its large gentle eyes were wide with curiosity and tinged with a little fear. A crowd soon gathered to examine the pet ring-tailed cat who rode his forearm with all confidence. He had caught the cacomistle in the deep woods of the nearby mountains when it was a baby. It was now several months old and apparently in excellent health, well adjusted to its life among humankind.

The great naturalist John James Audubon said, "The first impression made by this little animal is that he has met with a little fox. Ears, sharp nose and cunning look are all foxlike, but its long and movable muzzle approaches the Civets, Genets, and Coatis. It is

lively, playful and nimble and leaps about on the trees."

He tells of an Indian who hunted with him who had seen one kept as a pet in a camp of the Comanches, and he himself had seen one running about in the streets of a Mexican village.

It is said that when greatly disturbed or when dying from violence the ring-tail emits an odor much like that of the weasel, though perhaps not so strong.

At Horse Mesa Dam on the Salt River in southern Arizona, the schoolteacher, Mrs. Imogene Hansberry, had a visitor every night in her small

put out for him with a relish that indicated his belief that it was only his just due.

From childhood my husband had enjoyed the out-of-doors and experienced many of those intriguing moments of fleeting contact with unafraid nature. He remembers as one of his most delightful sights that of the ringtail at home.

At the time he was up a Texas creek near his farm home, following the trail of a cottontail rabbit. As a boy will, he went with eyes open, observing, thinking, and without conscious thought registering in his memory the

The Hard Veneer

by CORINA R. PIERCEY

The hard veneer that hides our inner selves
Must sometime fall away, the soul revealing—
How apt are we, to judge without this knowledge
(The human face is ever so concealing)
And sometimes, just a little chips away;
We see the real behind the broken mask—
But in such close proximity we lose perspective,
We grow confused—how can we judge, I ask?

If each could see the soul beside us, naked,
And stripped of every artificial sign—
Could read the mind and know the slightest motive,
For every action read the heart's design,
O friend, I cannot think that we would linger
To criticize or press the cutting thrust,
For we should find so many so much better
Than we ourselves—who also are but dust.

wooden cabin. This visitor ate any of her food supplies that he could get into. One night she discovered the little marauder, a ring-tailed cat, on top of her refrigerator. Since the roof was of tin, he could not have entered through it, but she found a hole in the paper ceiling of the kitchen and decided that he was entering through the ventilator, dropping to her drainboard to begin his night's foraging.

After that she sealed her food in tins, but left a snack for him each night—apples, marshmallows, nuts, and crackers. She watched him at his supper from the adjoining room, apparently without disturbing his serenity. If he found her alone in the house he stayed and ate his food deliberately. If others were present he grabbed a quick lunch and ran.

For four years, as long as Mrs. Hansberry remained at Horse Mesa Dam, the little cacomistle came and went in her cabin unmolested, eating the food she

beauty of the whole creation. Suddenly, having left the trail of the cottontail to the dogs, his eye was drawn to a spot no higher than his head, on a nearby tree.

Three small bright faces crowded an opening in the hollow tree; six eyes fastened upon him with intent curiosity; three sharp little noses sifted the strange odor from the air. They were three young ring-tailed cats. The boy and the little wild creatures were akin for one shining moment of time. Then the little faces disappeared. All his life, those intently curious eyes and sharp little faces have remained lovely gems in the jewelbox of his memory, to be taken out and enjoyed again and again.

The flash of a ringed tail, the sparkle of a bright eye, the impression of wild grace—no better reasons are needed by the ring-tailed cat, or cacomistle, or bassarisk, for his existence on our harassed planet.

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Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

Youth

XIII—The End of the Line for Sin

(June 29, 1963)

MEMORY GEM: "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith" (Heb. 12:1, 2).

OUTSIDE READING: *The Great Controversy*, pp. 613, 614, 658-660, 673-678.

Introduction

Jesus' way will be established here in our world one day soon. Probation, or proving time, is running out. There will come a time when there will be no more time. Preparation time, that is, will be over. There will be literally no more time in which to prepare to meet Jesus. As probation runs out and we come up to that fateful moment, that moment in time when there will be no more time, we must be sure that Christ is in complete and absolute control of our lives. This is exactly where He wants to be. He came for this purpose, to get us out of this world, into the next—His world.

1—Cleansing the Soul Temple

Scriptures: 2 Cor. 6:16; Lev. 16:29; Heb. 12:1-4.

Notes:

"While the investigative judgment is going forward in heaven, while the sins of penitent believers are being removed from the sanctuary, there is to be a special work of purification, of putting away sin, among God's people on earth."—ELLEN G. WHITE in *Review and Herald*, Jan. 17, 1907.

The saved sinner becomes a sanctuary; that is, a place where Jesus dwells. This is simply a projection of what Jesus did when He was here in the flesh. He dwelt then in human flesh, His own. Now He dwells in human flesh, ours. He wants to make a sanctuary of you.

"Afflict your souls, and do no work at all" (Lev. 16:29).

This is the Bible way of saying you can't do two things at their best and also at once. And this is the reason the Sabbath is at its best when work, and everything else which might possibly distract, are banished.

Questions:

1. How can a sinner be a temple of God?

2. What is the relationship between "afflict your souls" and "do no work"?

2—The Close of Probation

Scriptures: Rev. 22:11, 12; Mark 13:33-37; Matt. 24:44.

Notes:

"I saw angels hurrying to and fro in heaven. An angel returned from the earth with a writer's ink-horn by his side, and reported to Jesus that his work was done, that the saints were numbered and sealed. Then I saw Jesus, who had been ministering before the ark containing the ten commandments, throw down the censor. He raised his hands upward, and with a loud voice said, *It is done*. And all the angelic host laid off their crowns as Jesus made the solemn declaration, He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still.

"I saw that every case was then decided for life or death. Jesus had blotted out the sins of his people. He had received his kingdom, and the atonement had been made for the subjects of his kingdom. While Jesus had been ministering in the Sanctuary, the judgment had been going on for the righteous dead, and then for the righteous living. The subjects of the kingdom were made up. The marriage of the Lamb was finished. And the kingdom, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, was given to Jesus, and the heirs of salvation, and Jesus was to reign as King of kings, and Lord of lords."—*Spiritual Gifts*, vol. 1, pp. 197, 198.

"[Mark 13:35-37, quoted.] We are waiting and watching for the return of the Master, who is to bring the morning, lest coming suddenly He find us sleeping. What time is here referred to? Not to the revelation of Christ in the clouds of heaven to find a people asleep. No; but to His return from His ministration in the most holy place of the heavenly sanctuary, when He lays off His priestly attire and clothes Himself with garments of vengeance, and when the mandate goes forth: 'He that is unjust, let him be unjust still.' . . . When Jesus ceases to plead for man, the cases of all are forever decided. . . . This time finally comes suddenly upon all."—*Testimonies*, vol. 2, pp. 190, 191.

Questions:

3. How will Jesus reward every one?

4. Why is it important for us to be watching when Jesus comes?

5. What do you think "watching" means?

3—The Final Disposition of Sin and Sinners

Scriptures: Lev. 16:20-22; Rev. 20:1-3, 8, 9, 10, 14, 15.

Notes:

"Now the event takes place, foreshadowed in the last solemn service of the day of atonement. When the ministration in the holy of holies had been completed, and the sins of Israel had been removed from the sanctuary by virtue of the blood of the sin-offering, then the scapegoat was presented alive before the Lord; and in presence of the congregation the high priest confessed over him 'all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat.' In like manner, when the work of atonement in the heavenly sanctuary has been completed, then in the presence of God and heavenly angels, and the host of the redeemed, the sins of God's people will be placed upon Satan; he will be declared guilty of all the evil which he has caused them to commit. And as the scapegoat was sent away into a land not inhabited, so Satan will be banished to the desolate earth, an uninhabited and dreary wilderness."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 658.

"Since Satan is the originator of sin, the direct instigator of all the sins that caused the death of the Son of God, justice demands that Satan shall suffer the final punishment. Christ's work for the redemption of men and the purification of the universe from sin, will be closed by the removal of sin from the heavenly sanctuary and the placing of these sins upon Satan, who will bear the final penalty."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 358.

"Satan rushes into the midst of his followers and tries to stir up the multitude to action. But fire from God out of heaven is rained upon them, and the great men, and mighty men, the noble, the poor and miserable, are all consumed together. I saw that some were quickly destroyed, while others suffered longer. They were punished according to the deeds done in the body. . . . Satan and his angels suffered long. Satan bore not only the weight and punishment of his own sins, but also of the sins of the redeemed host, which had been placed upon him; and he must also suffer for the ruin of souls which he had caused."—*Early Writings*, pp. 294, 295.

"The wicked receive their recompense in the earth. They 'shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts.' Some are destroyed as in a moment, while others suffer many days. All are punished 'according to their deeds.' The sins of the righteous having been transferred to Satan, he is made to suffer not only for his own rebellion, but for all the sins which he has caused God's people to commit. His punishment is to be far greater than that of those whom he has deceived. After all have perished who fell by his deceptions, he is still to live and suffer on."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 673.

"For a thousand years, Satan will wander to and fro in the desolate earth, to behold the results of his rebellion against the law of God. During this time his sufferings are intense. Since his fall, his life of unceasing activity has banished reflection; but he is now deprived of his power, and left to contemplate the part which he has acted since first he rebelled against the government of heaven, and to look forward with trembling and terror to the dreadful future, when he must suffer for all the evil that he has done, and be punished for the sins that he caused to be committed."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 660.

Questions:

6. What is it that constitutes the binding of Satan during the millennium?

7. What will be the final end of Satan?

8. What will be the final end of his followers?

4—The Universe Clean Again

Scriptures: Rev. 20:4; 21:1, 3, 27; 22:1, 2, 3-5.

Notes:

"The people of God are privileged to hold open communion with the Father and the Son. 'Now we see through a glass, darkly.' We behold the image of God reflected, as in a mirror, in the works of nature and in His dealings with

men; but then we shall see Him face to face, without a dimming veil between. We shall stand in His presence, and behold the glory of His countenance."—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 676, 677.

"The great controversy is ended. Sin and sinners are no more. The entire universe is clean. One pulse of harmony and gladness beats through the vast creation. From Him who created all, flow life and light and gladness, throughout the realms of illimitable space. From the minutest atom to the greatest world,

all things, animate and inanimate, in their unshadowed beauty and perfect joy, declare that God is love."—*Ibid.*, p. 678.

Questions:

9. What do you know for sure about the future?

10. Is this something you eagerly look

forward to, or do you view it with resignation?

What Is in This Lesson for Me?

There remain three big questions, How much do I want to be with Jesus? If I had my way would I put it off until I've had my fill of this world's big deals? Is Jesus really my all in all?

we expect that His work there may soon be completed?

4. The Banishment of Satan

READ: Leviticus 16:20-22; Revelation 20:1-3.

As in the earthly sanctuary service when the ministration in the Most Holy Place was completed, the sins were placed upon the scapegoat, so "when the work of atonement in the heavenly sanctuary has been completed, . . . the sins of God's people will be placed upon Satan; he will be declared guilty of all the evil which he has caused them to commit. And as the scapegoat was sent away into a land not inhabited, so Satan will be banished to the desolate earth."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 658.

"For a thousand years, Satan will wander to and fro . . . to behold the results of his rebellion against the law of God. During this time his sufferings are intense. . . . He is now deprived of his power, and left to contemplate the part which he has acted since first he rebelled . . . , and to look forward with trembling and terror to the dreadful future, when he must suffer for all the evil that he has done."—*Ibid.*, p. 660.

What—
is done with the sins of the saved?
is the place of Satan's banishment?
is the length of his banishment?
is to be his occupation during this time?
is he to look forward to?

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Why will Satan's suffering be so intense? This earth has been Satan's dominion since he was cast from heaven. Why is his confinement here then considered a banishment? Satan has known for thousands of years what his final punishment will be. Why is he not destroyed immediately rather than "banished" for the thousand years?

5. The Universe Cleansed From Sin

READ: Revelation 20:9, 10, 14, 15; 21:1, 27; 22:1-5.

"The wicked receive their recompense in the earth. . . . Some are destroyed as in a moment, while others suffer many days. . . . Satan . . . is made to suffer not only for his own rebellion, but for all the sins which he has caused God's people to commit. His punishment is to be far greater than that of those whom he has deceived. After all have perished who fell by his deceptions, he is still to live and suffer on."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 673.

"The great controversy is ended. Sin and sinners are no more. The entire universe is clean. One pulse of harmony and gladness beats through the vast creation. . . . From the minutest atom to the greatest world, all things, animate and inanimate, in their unshadowed beauty and perfect joy, declare that God is love."—*Ibid.*, p. 678.

Compare—

- (a) the punishment of Satan with the punishment of the sinner.
- (b) the punishment of one sinner with that of another sinner.
- (c) the reward for sin and the reward for obedience.
- (d) the earth before and after it is cleansed of sin.
- (e) the worth of earthly pleasure with the worth of eternal life.

Earlteen

XIII—The Close of Probation

(June 29)

TEXT TO REMEMBER: "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith" (Hebrews 12:1, 2).

AIM: To show how the symbolism of the earthly sanctuary system carries through to the closing events of this world's history, and to show what the close of probation and final events mean to us individually in our struggle to overcome sin.

1. Cleansing the Soul Temple

READ: 2 Corinthians 6:16; Hebrews 12:1-4.

"While the investigative judgment is going forward in heaven, while the sins of penitent believers are being removed from the sanctuary, there is to be a special work of purification, of putting away sin, among God's people on earth."—ELLEN G. WHITE in *Review and Herald*, Jan. 17, 1907.

"While Christ is cleansing the sanctuary, the worshippers on earth should carefully review their life, and compare their character with the standard of righteousness. As they see their defects, they should seek the aid of the Spirit of God to enable them to have moral strength to resist the temptations of Satan, and to reach the perfection of the standard. They may be victors over the very temptations which seemed too strong for humanity to bear; for the divine power will be combined with their human effort, and Satan cannot overcome them."—ELLEN G. WHITE in *Review and Herald*, April 8, 1890.

Arrange the following statements of Christian warfare in Paul's suggested order:

- Looking unto Jesus.
- Let us lay aside every weight.
- Let us run with patience.

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Are we living in the time of the cleansing of the sanctuary? What should we be doing in our own lives? What about the sin "which doth so easily beset us"? How can such a sin be overcome?

2. The Close of Probation

READ: Revelation 22:11, 12.

"I saw angels hurrying to and fro in heaven. An angel returned from the earth . . . and reported to Jesus that his work was done, that the saints were numbered and sealed. Then I saw Jesus, who had been ministering before the ark containing the ten commandments, throw down the censer. He raised his hands upward,

and with a loud voice said, *It is done.* . . . Jesus made the solemn declaration, He that is unjust, let him be unjust still. . . .

"I saw that every case was then decided for life or death. Jesus had blotted out the sins of His people. . . . While Jesus had been ministering in the Sanctuary, the judgment had been going on for the righteous dead, and then for the righteous living. The subjects of the kingdom were made up. The marriage of the Lamb was finished."—*Spiritual Gifts*, vol. 1, pp. 197, 198.

Repeat the pronouncement of Jesus upon the people at the close of probation.

What had been taking place while Jesus was ministering in the sanctuary?

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Can we know when the judgment of the righteous dead is finished and the judgment of the living begins? Do the two overlap? Do you think probation closes for all at the same time?

3. A Warning of the Suddenness of Closing Events

READ: Mark 13:35-37.

"We are waiting and watching for the return of the Master, who is to bring the morning, lest coming suddenly he find us sleeping. What time is here referred to? Not to the revelation of Christ in the clouds of heaven to find a people asleep. No; but to His return from His ministration in the most holy place of the heavenly sanctuary, when He lays off His priestly attire and clothes Himself with garments of vengeance, and when the mandate goes forth: 'He that is unjust, let him be unjust still.' . . . When Jesus ceases to plead for man, the cases of all are forever decided. . . . This time finally comes suddenly upon all."—*Testimonies*, vol. 2, pp. 190, 191.

Mark 13:35-37 refers to the second coming of Christ. True ☐ False ☐

When Jesus ceases to plead for man, the cases of all are decided. True ☐ False ☐

The close of probation will come suddenly. True ☐ False ☐

We may know when probation will close. True ☐ False ☐

Jesus lays off His priestly garments and ceases His intercession for us when probation closes. True ☐ False ☐

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Christ told us to watch and wait. How can we do that? What does watching mean? How long has it been since Christ went into the heavenly sanctuary? Can

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Is God merciful even in His punishment of the sinner? Does Satan receive as severe a penalty for his sin as he deserves? What is the real punishment for sin—the suffering the sinner bears when he is destroyed or the loss of eternal life?

6. Our Relation to the Closing Events

READ: Mark 13:33.

"All who would have their names retained in the book of life, should now,

in the few remaining days of their probation, afflict their souls before God by sorrow for sin and true repentance. There must be deep, faithful searching of heart. The light, frivolous spirit indulged by so many professed Christians must be put away. . . . The work of preparation is an individual work. We are not saved in groups. . . .

"The judgment is now passing in the sanctuary above. For many years this work has been in progress. Soon—none know how soon—it will pass to the cases of the living. In the awful presence of God our lives are to come up in review. . . .

"When the work of the investigative judgment closes, the destiny of all will have been decided for life or death. Probation is ended a short time before the appearing of the Lord in the clouds of heaven."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 490.

Do you believe you are really living in the last hours of this world?

Do you ever actually search your heart looking for sin?

Do you want the Lord to come or do you have plans you hope to fulfill here on the earth before He comes?

Do you have anything in your heart you don't want to give up?



Question *Is the acceptance of a State scholarship to be used in a Seventh-day Adventist college a violation of the principle of separation of church and state?*

Counsel The Government is interested in developing to the full the potential of its youth. Any special training the student can secure will make him a more valuable asset to his country. The Government scholarship is given to develop the student and not to be used as a tool to gain control of the college.

However, if the student is preparing for the ministry the acceptance of a State scholarship would definitely be a use of tax money for the propagation of religion.

Question *My husband, a dental technician in the Navy, is required to stand duty every fourth Sabbath. It is possible for him to get off, but he insists that he is only doing good by taking care of emergencies. I believe it is not necessary for him to be there, because someone else will take care of the emergencies. The television and radio are on, and the other men have no consideration for Sabbath or Sabbathkeepers. I have no way of getting to church without him. By accepting duty on Sabbath he is depriving himself and me of a complete Sabbath-day's blessing.*

Counsel If your husband can get off work on Sabbaths, that would seem to be the wise thing to do. However, I would be hesitant to condemn him for taking care of emergencies every fourth Sabbath. That is a reasonable arrangement so far as Sabbath work is

concerned, provided he does *only work essential* to the health of the men.

Perhaps he feels that if he does not take his share of the Sabbath work, it would be unfair to the other technicians, or they would hold resentment. In that case he would have to make the decision conscientiously.

Certainly he would have to consider the effect of the environment on his spiritual life and on his regard for the Sabbath.

If he can make satisfactory arrangements to get off on the Sabbath, that would seem to be desirable. While it is lawful to do good on the Sabbath, this does not mean that all good deeds are appropriate on the Sabbath, such as helping your neighbor weed his garden, for instance. I am sure your husband is doing good on the Sabbath, and I can see how he would reason that it is all right.

I am wondering whether he is enthusiastic about church attendance and church obligations and privileges on the other three Sabbaths. If he is, that is one thing; if he is not, that is another.

Without knowing all the facts in this case, it is a little difficult for me to be dogmatic about it; but from the information you have given, it does seem preferable for him to leave the emergencies to others.

Question *I am seventeen years old and have been reared an Adventist, but I cannot see what is wrong with wearing an engagement ring or wedding band. Many people in our churches wear them. Could you please explain why it is not recommended and why many people wear them.*

Counsel Every Christian believer has an individual relationship to God. His witness to the world of that relationship is a sacred stewardship for which he is accountable. What others do or do not do should not be the standard for his own conduct, but rather a conscience enlightened by God's Word as to what Heaven approves or condemns. Jesus made this principle clear when Peter asked the Lord concerning John, "Lord, and what shall this man do?" The reply of the Saviour indicated that Peter's query was out of place, "What is that to thee? follow thou me."

In *Testimonies to Ministers*, pages 180, 181, the wearing of rings and, in *Testimonies*, volume 4, pages 640-648, the matter of personal adornment are presented in understandable language. Those who live contrary to this counsel are responsible to God for their actions and influence.

The Lord has not made us judges or arbiters, either as individuals or as a church, of the attire of those who profess to serve Him—however grievous to us their seeming disregard for God's counsel may be.

This much is certain: those who truly love Jesus and want to be His representatives in the earth find real joy in denying themselves those vanities and frivolities that are so dear to the world. Compromise with doubtful practices always disturbs our happiness and peace. Paul's counsel is pertinent to your query, "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth" (Rom. 14:22).

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

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

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

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