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The illustration is a watercolor-style drawing. In the foreground, a young man with dark hair, wearing a light-colored short-sleeved shirt and dark trousers, is sitting on the grass, leaning back on his hands and looking towards the left. In the middle ground, a small, dark silhouette of a person is walking away from the viewer on a path that leads towards the background. The background features several tall palm trees against a bright, hazy sky, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. Long, dark shadows are cast across the lawn from the trees and the man in the foreground. The overall mood is contemplative and nostalgic.

SHADOWS

by M. JAYAKARAN MOSES

AS I SIT here on the lawn of the college campus, the gold and crimson of another winter sunset is quickly fading away. Silhouettes of royal palms are swaying in the evening breeze, and as daylight fades in the west the moon rises in the east. All is beautiful, but I have no peace, for my heart throbs with remorse. I am thinking of Gupte. I am thinking of the young Hindu from Bombay who came to this college to find truth.

I remember when I first saw him. He was very late in registering, and so, just when we thought we were familiar with all the faces on the campus, here came another new one. Nobody could miss him, and no one did. He was tall and very thin. I saw him first in the cafeteria. He wore thick-rimmed glasses, and his hair was so unkempt that in the careless way undergraduates have, I remarked to a friend, "I think his barber must have died."

It was his figure that everyone joked about. Some called him "the walking physiology class," while others even told him that they could hear his bones creak as he walked. No matter what he said or did, he was the object of ridicule. The funniest jokes in the college were about Gupte and his figure.

But Gupte took it all. He never became angry or uttered a word of complaint. His sense of humor seemed invulnerable, but how he really felt inside no one could tell. Was it because he was outnumbered and very weak, or was it because he had a magnanimous heart that he was so tolerant? One can only guess. The more tolerant he became, the more advantage the others took.

We were classmates. He was a brilliant student and topped the class with ease, leaving a big gap between

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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him and the second. Whenever any of us needed help with our studies we went to him, because he could explain things so well and was never stingy with tips on how to study. The essays he wrote for English class were so good that the teacher used to read them aloud to the class. Some of the thoughts in his compositions were too deep for me to understand.

And the Gupte who created those ideas was the one no one ever knew, the inner Gupte who was searching for truth, for a fuller life, a happier experience. As we hoed weeds at work time, I'd watch him lapse into silence and his brow would furrow with thought. "It is not anything a person does or says that is good or bad, Jake," he told me once as he wiped his glasses with a handkerchief. "It is the intentions of the heart that make the action good or bad."

As the days passed, Gupte became more and more inclined to seclusion. I could see that there was a struggle going on within him. I wondered what his problem was. He once briefly expressed himself in a prayer at worship time. "Lord, help us understand the One You sent to us," he prayed. That prayer impressed me greatly then, for it had that true note of sincerity one could not miss. Thinking back on those days, I wondered whether for a brief moment he caught a glimpse of the peace of the Christian life, or, if because

of our meanness and apathy, he saw only a travesty of Christianity.

I am filled with remorse when I think of the time I drew a cartoon of Gupte playing soccer. I emphasized his thinness and exaggerated his height. Somebody stuck it on the bulletin board so that everyone returning from the library might see it—including Gupte. He did not say a word to me, but I could see that he was hurt. Then, when I heard everyone laugh, I laughed too. That was all I cared for at the time. The next day the cartoon was forgotten and nobody talked about it. Gupte seemed just as friendly as before, but how he really felt inside he never showed. Perhaps in my meanness he saw more of that travesty of Christianity.

Thinking of that experience, I know that what I did was wrong, and I wish I could see Gupte now. I would like to take him by the hand and say, "Gupte, I am sorry for being so mean. I am sorry if by my behavior I have not helped you to understand Christ. Please, Gupte, forgive me. Forgive me, forgive me..."

There is a source of peace I know—the perfect Source—where I can find forgiveness and where my remorse can be wiped away, but Gupte I cannot see.

The moon is up in the sky, and it bathes the campus in its pale light. Great patches of shadow are everywhere. It was on a night like this that Gupte committed suicide.

Stretching a Point

by JEAN CARPENTER MERGARD

Because most children have a way
Of breaking toys, outgrowing clothes,
Some manufacturers today,
As every parent knows,
Have taken steps considered drastic,
And fashioned playthings out of plastic,
And made apparel stretch-elastic
To last as each child grows.

Along with this then, it would seem
There should be someone who could start
To figure out a clever scheme,
Some formula or chart
Whereby such attributes as these—
Breakproof and strong elastic-ease—
Could be infused as qualities
In each parental heart.

a Faith of Your Own

Hound We remember with what glee certain members of the Photo Mart contest judges exclaimed over this week's cover. It was natural, we think, that John Krell of Lynwood, California, should have captioned his award-winning entry, "Sad Sack."

Fourth The fourth annual writers' conference of the Columbia Union Conference will be held October 16-20, 1963, in Takoma Park, Maryland. For further information write the Public Relations Office, Columbia Union Conference, 7710 Carroll Avenue, Takoma Park, Maryland. Attendants at earlier conferences will know that the conference time is longer this year, allowing for extended workshops.

Second A second writers' conference was held on the campus of Southwestern Union College last spring. The conference idea was first sponsored on Seventh-day Adventist college campuses by THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR from 1958-1960. The first writers' conference in America was held in 1926 on the campus of Middlebury College, Vermont, and has been held annually since.

World It is sobering to admit that the world is head and shoulders ahead of our church in the encouragement of writers. Last summer we attended the fifteenth Christian Writers Conference in Chicago. It is sponsored by the Christian Writers Institute, a division of *Christian Life* magazine. Both editors of THE INSTRUCTOR have attended a session of the even older writers' conference designed especially for Christian writers, the Christian Writers and Editors' Conference at Green Lake, Wisconsin.

California "Having been a regular reader of the INSTRUCTOR since 1893, I do not think it has ever been better edited than now. . . . In your 'work assignment-b' of June 11, you take Josephus' statement as to the relationship between Mordecai and Queen Esther. She was his cousin." H. J. SHELDON, Temple City.

Portrait "Christ is sitting for His portrait in every disciple."—DA 827.

The Youth's Instructor, September 10, 1963

The Sabbath sermon cannot take the place of your personal investigation of Scripture. Family worship in the household or the worships in school homes will not supply all the counsel that each youth needs for meeting Satan's final assaults. Neither Friday night MV meetings nor Wednesday night prayer bands were ever designed to supplant the individual's periodic encounters with his God.

We believe that a reason some have gone through four or eight or twelve or sixteen years of Seventh-day Adventist education, and have afterward apostatized, is that they depended on others to provide their daily spiritual nourishment. They forgot, or never learned, that important as are the services of worship, they cannot give that intimate, contact-acquaintance with Jesus that welds partnership between the human and the divine.

Through extraordinary emphasis, Ezekiel makes it indelibly clear that each must have a faith of his own. Verses 14, 16, 18, and 20 of his fifteenth chapter repeat this sobering truth.

"Though Noah, Daniel, and Job, were in it, as I live, saith the Lord God, they shall deliver neither son nor daughter; they shall but deliver their own souls by their righteousness."¹

Here are pertinent remarks on this theme:

"The fact that your parents keep the Sabbath, and obey the truth, will not insure your salvation."²

"No one will be borne upward without stern, persevering effort in his own behalf. All must engage in this warfare for themselves; no one else can fight our battles. Individually we are responsible for the issues of the struggle."³

"So long as we choose the easy path of self-indulgence and are frightened at self-denial, our faith will never become firm, and we cannot know the peace of Jesus nor the joy that comes through conscious victory. . . . Those who have yielded to circumstances rather than engage in this conflict will not know how to stand in that day when anguish will be upon every soul."⁴

"We are on the great battlefield of life, and let it never be forgotten that we are individually responsible for the issue of the struggle."⁵

"Character is not transferable. No man can believe for another. No man can receive the Spirit for another. No man can impart to another the character which is the fruit of the Spirit's working."⁶

"It is often the case that trouble is greater in anticipation than in reality; but this is not true of the crisis before us. The most vivid presentation cannot reach the magnitude of the ordeal. In that time of trial, every soul must stand for himself before God."⁷

Walter D. Crandall

¹ Eze. 14:20. ² *The Adventist Home*, p. 298. ³ *The Ministry of Healing*, p. 453. ⁴ *Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 215. ⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 337, 338. ⁶ *Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 412. ⁷ *The Great Controversy*, p. 622.

coming next week

- "DON'T BLAME ME!" is the cry of many whose own errors of judgment have brought them into difficulty. By Arthur L. Bietz.
- "BASEBALL WITNESS"—The convictions of the young star became known to fans as well as to managers of the teams. By Margaret D. Clarke.

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The Youth's Instructor, September 10, 1963

Why Chastity?

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

IN DRAWING the line between right and wrong, there is developing throughout the world a marked and progressive "shift to the left." Matters that a few years ago were considered immoral now meet with popular tolerance and approval. The growing tendency to explain away sin causes serious-minded young people to be confused in their standards of conduct. Some are even questioning whether the moral code of Christianity should still be taken seriously.

A Seventh-day Adventist teacher of a twelfth-grade sociology class in a public high school writes to say that her students are asking: "What about premarital relations? Why shouldn't a boy and girl who love each other indulge before marriage?" One student says that her parents' remarks indicate that "premarital relations are necessary to determine whether two people who are interested in marriage are physically compatible."

Among college students there is an increasing clamor for "social freedom" with no questions asked as to how this freedom is used. Within recent months Sarah Gibson Blanding, president of Vassar, the famed women's college,

made a courageous declaration to the effect that social immorality would not be tolerated at her college. The statement met with approval by the trustees and by many of the parents, but student comments across the nation, as reflected by editorials in college and university publications, ridiculed Dr. Blanding as "Victorian," "puritanical," and "prudish."

This general decline of morals among modern young people is both a fulfillment of the prophecies of the Bible relating to the end of the world and an indication of how successful the devil has been in setting his trap for souls of human beings.

Satan tries to glamorize wrongdoing. In the name of art, on the pretext of encouragement to rise above personal inhibitions, and on the strength of arguments favoring individual fulfillment and emancipation from tradition, he makes his subtle appeals to moral laxity. But once the guise of clever persuasion is torn away, these unholy bids for worldly freedom are nothing more than bold attempts to popularize lust and to encourage sensual gratification.

The strategy Satan uses to snare the

unwary is the same he used successfully in the Garden of Eden. It worked then and it still works in millions of cases. Notice how, in principle, the serpent's appeal to Eve was comparable, point by point, to the appeal the devil makes nowadays to all young people.

First he raised a question on what God had said: "And he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?"

In his modern appeal to youth, Satan raises the question on whether the Bible really condemns premarital relations. One Seventh-day Adventist college student wrote, "I have heard that intimate relations before marriage are all right because the commandment says, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery,' and premarital relations are called fornication, not adultery." This narrow line of dangerous reasoning overlooks the broad interpretation that Jesus placed on adultery when He condemned even the lustful desire.

In response to the serpent's question Eve replied, "God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die."

Then came the same lie from the mouth of the serpent that the devil uses now: "Ye shall not surely die."

The devil is influencing people today to minimize the sinfulness of sin and to rationalize away the guilt that follows a transgression of God's law. He is still saying, "Ye shall not surely die."

Finally, the serpent pointed out to Eve the supposed advantages of transgressing God's law. He assured her, "God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil."

So today the devil has popularized "social freedoms" to the extent that he tries to make young people believe that their lives are thwarted unless they indulge in immoral conduct. He still beckons as he whispers, "Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil."

A letter from a Seventh-day Adventist young woman indicates how subtle the devil's temptation can be. "I have a problem," she wrote. "My fiancé and I have been engaged for about fourteen months. We would have been married before this had it not been that he had a serious illness and the hospital bill

became so large that he is still seriously in debt. This forced us to postpone for several months our plans for marriage.

"It is getting harder and harder for each of us to wait. I have read that engagements should not be planned for longer than a few months, and now I can understand the reason for such advice. My husband-to-be thinks it would be all right for us to have intimate relations now, inasmuch as we would have been married by this time had it not been for his illness. He says that in God's sight we are the same as married. If we were to go ahead with his suggestion we would be doing it only in love—love for each other. I am sure that nothing could come between us, between now and our marriage, unless it would be death. Therefore I am wondering whether he is perhaps correct, after all, in his reasoning.

"I was almost ready to agree with him, and then I read a statement in *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* to the effect that it is a sin for engaged persons to be intimate. But I cannot prove this point to him. What is the basis on which such a relationship would be sinful?"

In reply I pointed out to this young woman that many passages in the Bible condemn fornication as a sin. One of the clearest admonitions is: "Flee fornication. Every sin that a man doeth is without the body; but he that committeth fornication sinneth against his own body. What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?"¹

"Love is a plant of heavenly origin. It is not unreasonable; it is not blind. It is pure and holy. But the passion of the natural heart is another thing altogether. While pure love will take God into all its plans, and will be in perfect harmony with the Spirit of God, passion will be headstrong, rash, unreasonable, defiant of all restraint, and will make the object of its choice an idol.

"In all the deportment of one who possesses true love, the grace of God will be shown. Modesty, simplicity, sincerity, morality, and religion will characterize every step toward an alliance in marriage."²

It is quite natural for a young man who is engaged to be married to become impatient for the time when he can be in total possession of his bride. This desire is of divine origin, for God intended that husband and wife should be attracted to each other. The desire, of itself, is neither right nor wrong, but

the manner in which the desire is permitted to influence conduct may be either right or wrong.

When the desire for intimate companionship leads a couple to a premature sampling of marital privileges, then the outworking of this desire is sinful. But when this same desire serves as a foundation on which a young person builds the qualities of personality and character that contribute to successful Christian living—that make a young man worthy of the pure love of his bride and that make a young woman lovable as well for her intellectual and spiritual attainments as for her physical beauty—then this attraction between man and woman serves the purpose that God intended.

The young woman who wrote for advice had been influenced, obviously, by the sincerity of her intention and that of her husband-to-be to be married as soon as their circumstances permitted. But this did not change the fact that they were still unmarried.

In matters of morals, as in other matters involving conscience, there must be clear dividing lines in order for individuals to determine their proper course of action. Just as the Sabbath begins at sundown, rather than at any convenient time on Friday afternoon or evening, so marriage and its privileges of intimate companionship begin when the minister says, "I pronounce you man and wife," and not before.

The insistence of this young man that his wife-to-be accede to his desires was fundamentally selfish. He was weighing his own cravings for immediate satisfaction against her self-

respect and her peace of mind at the level of conscience. He was asking her to pay an incalculably high price in order to bring him momentary pleasure.

I could wish that these young people could look over my shoulder as I read the many letters that come from married people who are unhappy and in which the problems date back to indiscretions similar to or identical with the one that these young people have contemplated. Self-control and conservative Christian conduct during courtship and engagement is the only sure foundation on which to build future happiness.

If this young man and young woman are completely convinced that they are properly suited for each other, if they have prayed over the matter and now believe that their marriage will be the means of their fulfilling the Lord's purposes in their lives, and if their problem of finances constitutes the only barrier to their marriage, then I think the proper solution to their present problem is for them to find a way to marry within the next few weeks rather than further prolong their engagement.

The thought some young people harbor that intimacies before marriage are sacred in nature, is a myth and a delusion. It is prompted by the same adversary who told Eve, "Ye shall be as gods."

It is true that the expression of intimate love by a husband and wife is part of a sacred relationship. But within the bond of marriage intimate love is expressed in a very different

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Of Many Moods

by CORINA R. PIERCEY

When laughter lights your face with careless mirth
And summer splashes sunshine in your smile,
My spirit trembles, knowing yet awhile
Despair shall strike your castles to the earth.
When sorrow strews a veil before your eyes
And torture scores your features with its pain,
My spirit weeps, and weeping, knows again
The ache of age in youth's unfair disguise.
But when absorbed in pure creative art
And inner light your solemn glance unmasks,
My spirit sings. The joy your talent asks
Returns fulfillment to a quiet heart.
Be still, dear child, the man you are to be
Looks through your art to full maturity.

Syrian Witnesses

by VINCENT A. FENN

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

THIS IS the story of Samir Mousa, soldier in the armed forces of his country for one year and three months. It is also the story of Samir Mousa, soldier in the army of the Lord Jesus from the date of his baptism to the present. Being a soldier in both armies at the same time can be difficult—and for Samir it was.

The difficulties first began in his home. He was born in a small Syrian village in the 1920's. When his older brother became a Seventh-day Adventist, the father was furious. After a brief period of persecution, the father accepted the older son's choice and permitted him to remain at home, perhaps because he was able to help with the family expenses. There were six sons and two daughters. Surely no more than one of his children would dishonor the family!

But who can predict the effect of God's Spirit upon the heart? Samir was baptized in 1945. Persecution now came, not only from the father but from the people in the village. The Seventh-day Adventists were taken to court so many times the procedure became a regular one. The opposition group would be on one side of the courtroom and the Adventists on the other.

"Are you Jews or Christians?" the judge asked on one occasion.

"We are Christians," was the answer.

"Well, why are you always troubling us, and causing so much difficulty?" asked the perplexed jurist, to which

the Adventists replied, "We are not causing trouble."

"Well, then give me proof that the Lord expects you to keep Saturday instead of Sunday."

So the young Adventists opened the Bible and read it to the judge. At first he couldn't believe it. He never knew there were such statements in the Bible. After satisfying himself he dismissed them with the admonition, "Please make your activities less energetic so the people won't be so annoyed and keep bringing you to court."

But God uses many strange and often troublesome incidents to witness for His Word. The army was involved in one of these. At the age of eighteen Samir was notified that in one year he would be called to military service. Having some idea what this could mean to one who could not bear arms or serve on the Sabbath, he spent the year in preparation.

What kind of preparation? Prayer, Bible study, reading and absorbing all the information he could find on the historic position taken by his church on military action.

Samir entered the army on schedule—and he was ready. The first test came at once. He was asked to appear before an examining board on the Sabbath. He appeared on Sunday. When asked why he had not come on Saturday he explained the reason. He stated further that he could not bear arms, and asked to be assigned to a noncombatant unit. Samir courteously explained that he was willing to do any kind of work, no matter how humble, but he could not prepare to take the life of others.

"You are just a coward," said the officer. "We will teach you how to be courageous. You will be assigned to the heavy artillery unit. That will teach you to be brave." They handed Samir his papers. On them was stamped the Arabic words meaning "bearer of arms." This was a harbinger of future conflicts.

He was shown his barracks and warned that discussing religion was absolutely forbidden. Near the barracks



After the Damascus church was closed, believers met under the olive tree for services.



For a number of years, the church at Damascus has been closed to its members.

he noticed a small building that was empty and apparently not in use. Each morning, an hour or more before the rising bugle, Samir would get up, take his Bible to this building, and spend the time in study and prayer. Jesus had warned the sleeping disciples, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." Samir heeded the counsel of his Commander in Chief. It was the key to later victories.

When the soldiers were ordered to begin drilling, Samir asked his corporal for permission to see the commanding officer. The corporal replied, "It is impossible. How could you go now? You are just a beginner. Wait until you have a problem."

"But," said Samir, "I want to see him before the problem arises. I must present to him my convictions so he will understand when I refuse to drill on the Sabbath or bear arms."

The corporal suggested that it would be better if Samir started by talking with him and then proceeding through the proper channels. After hearing Samir's explanation the corporal discouraged him from going further with his request at that time.

Two Adventist pastors soon came to see him. He told them what had happened. They suggested he go with them and see the commander. After hearing the pastors relate the problem, the officer shook his head.

"I consider this cowardice. I am a Moslem. Yesterday was the great feast of my religion, and I did not attend. Army life is different. Sabbath, Sunday, Friday—any day—they are all the same. And everyone must bear arms.

How can you be a good soldier and not bear arms?"

Finally, the commander suggested that special exemption from bearing arms might be requested from the Minister of Defense. He said, "Bring me a letter from him authorizing exemption; otherwise it is impossible."

"Well," said the pastors, after leaving the commander's office, "it looks as though we can't do much for you."

"All I ask is that you pray for me. I will do what the Lord helps me to

Letter to Joppa

by **FRANCES OETTEL**

Dear Dorcas,
Your warm coats embrace
Stranger's child
And neighbor's.
My dear,
You do Jehovah Himself
These gentle favors.

do," replied Samir. With that he bade them good-by. The rest of the week there was no drilling.

On the next Sabbath morning he arose earlier than usual and went to his special place for prayer and meditation. Returning to the barracks after breakfast, he sat on his bed studying and reading. The bugle sounded, and all the soldiers rushed out to fall in line for inspection. An officer, sent to inspect the barracks, found the Adventist soldier.

"What are you doing here?"

"I am studying my Bible as you see. This is the Lord's day and I am keeping it as He commanded."

The officer became impatient. Who ever heard of such foolishness in the army!

"Get up quickly. Go out to the line immediately."

Putting his Bible in his coat pocket Samir went out. As soon as he reached the line the sergeant asked, "Where were you? Why were you absent from the line?"

As he attempted to explain, the sergeant became furious and rushed toward him savagely. The soldier stood his ground, and raising his voice, warned him, "Before you touch me just know what you are doing. This is no slight matter. When this comes to the attention of the court you will be in serious trouble."

Glowering at this troublesome soldier, yet respecting his courage, the sergeant threatened, "All right for now, but I will show you who is in charge!"

"Please, sergeant," Samir said, "before you dismiss me turn me over to the commanding officer. I must find a solution to my problem."

For several days nothing much happened. The regiment was preparing for a special training maneuver. It fell on Sabbath. Three groups were ordered out for inspection and preparation to march. Samir was in the third group, and the commanding general was present to observe.

As soon as the command was given, "March," Samir fell out of line. The general shouted at him, "In line, soldier, get back in line."

"I am sorry, sir, I cannot," he replied.

He then noticed that about ten officers of all ranks were coming toward him, embarrassed and angry. Imagine a soldier of Syria carrying on like this in the presence of the general! They would get him back in line—and quickly! Meanwhile they apologized to the general. But Samir told the officers that he wished to speak to the general himself.

Overhearing the request, the general motioned for the officers to permit him to come and speak. Samir thanked the general and then continued, "Sir, this is the Lord's day and I cannot work. I would like permission to worship and pray."

"All right," said the officer, "take your Bible and go with the soldiers, and when they remove their coats to train, you sit under a tree and read and pray."

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Key to source abbreviations published January 15, 1963.

► On a national basis only one per cent of the total alcoholic population of the United States is being rehabilitated. *ITA*

► Arabians were the first to cultivate coffee trees, possibly as early as A.D. 575. A decoction made by boiling coffee leaves and berries was so stimulating that Moslem religious leaders tried to ban it. *National Geographic Society*

► A complex camera contained in a balsa-wood ball scheduled to land on the moon in the not-too-distant future will photograph the moon's surface in such fine detail that it will be possible to see even grains of sand when the photograph is transmitted back to earth.

Ford Times

► A new kind of glue, a single layer of molecules one ten-millionth of an inch thick, is joining metals to plastics. The atoms in the molecules lock chemically with the metal and are imprisoned by the plastic to form a bond more permanent than any before achieved between two such materials.

AT&T

► Called the New York of Italy, Milan is a commercial, financial, and industrial center. Skyscrapers ring the Piazza del Duomo, overshadowing the massive Milan Cathedral. Pride of Milan is the 31-story Pirelli Building, a graceful flattened hexagon. It is supported by only six large "tree columns," which permit open interior space and tapered end walls. *National Geographic Society*

► Enabling a blind person to operate a telephone switchboard efficiently, a new device has been developed to increase employment opportunities for the handicapped. Basically, the device guides a blind person's hand by sound signals to the correct location, or jack, on a switchboard. A special probe equipped with a tiny photo transistor "sees" the face of the switchboard by converting light signals to sounds, which are heard in the blind attendant's phone headset.

AMA

► A dual set of organs is involved in the hearing of fish: the inner ear and a system of small sound detectors on the surface of the head and sides of the body. The inner ear is capable of its best hearing in the range of frequencies from 300 to 800 cycles per second, but cannot detect sounds higher than 2,000 cycles. The surface sound detectors respond to very low-pitched sounds or vibrations, so low that they can detect minor currents of water produced by the movements of various objects, including other fish.

Naval Research Reviews

► Pea-sized sensors that can handle data like a computer will be studied for the U.S. Air Force. Heart of the study will be the strain-transducer, which can sense a minute mechanical pressure or vibration and convert it instantly into an understandable electrical signal. Aboard an interplanetary spacecraft, the device could feel pressure, gravitational force, and acceleration. It would instantly change these stimuli into a digital form best suited for pulse-code modulation or other telemetering system.

Raytheon

► Used by Soviet Union physicians to treat brain hemorrhages, high blood pressure, glaucoma, and other illnesses, leeches are in short supply in Russia, according to a Russian medical publication. The supply is said to meet only 20 to 25 per cent of the demand for the next two or three years.

AMA

► The bald eagle mates for life and returns annually to its huge nest. In Ohio a nest weighing two tons was used for 35 years. One eagle furnished its eyrie with scavenged light bulbs, spark plugs, candles, sheets, magazines, and a family photograph in a heavy frame. *National Geographic Society*

► Although the redheaded woodpecker may annoy city and suburban residents by his drilling for food or for a nesting site, his prodigious appetite makes him one of the farmer's best friends. He requires some 3,000 insects and grubs every 24 hours.

Vaco

► In Holland tourists use special telephones to obtain sight-seeing information in English, French, German, and Dutch. With each call, a drawer at the base of the instrument pops open to dispense folders and maps.

National Geographic Society

► An exotic metallic compound so unstable that it turns to powder at room temperature has been produced in a UCAL laboratory.

UCAL

► Some horses rarely lie down. They sleep standing up, with their leg joints locked.

Vaco

► Re-entry of a space vehicle into the atmosphere may produce shock waves that heat gases to 18,000° or more.

Harvard

► Of all the people who have ever lived in the United States since Colonial times, at least 40 per cent are alive today.

New Medical Materia

► Goodwill Industries sponsors autonomous "sheltered workshops" in 125 cities in the United States, serving more than 50,000 handicapped persons. The annual payroll is about \$22 million.

NAM

► The present record for a manned balloon is 21½ miles, set in May, 1961, by two Navy men. High-flying balloons are now being used to probe the upper atmosphere, bringing back valuable data on astrophysics, meteorology, and aeromedicine.

National Geographic Society

► Although less than 10 per cent of the American labor force work on the farm and work fewer acres each year, they presently produce enough to feed 12,000 calories to each American every day, or enough to feed a billion people an adequate daily ration.

Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists

► The Tennessee Valley Authority will develop a National Recreation Area as a demonstration in resource development in the 170,000-acre Between-the-Lakes region that lies between TVA's Kentucky Reservoir and the Army Corps of Engineers' Barkley Reservoir. Two thirds of the area lies in western Kentucky and the remainder in Tennessee. It is estimated that the recreation project will be completed in 10 years.

White House

► The fastest-growing countries in the world today as a group are Central America (Costa Rica, El Salvador, Guatemala, Nicaragua) and Panama. Their annual rate of increase now is 3.6 per cent, sufficient to double their population in 20 years. In 38 years it will have quadrupled while that of the world will have doubled. Middle America, which includes the foregoing group and Mexico, has increased in population from 34.5 million in 1950 to 51.4 million at present. Its projected total for 1980 is more than 82.1 million. The lowered death rate resulting from public-health work and the continued high birth rate are considered the reasons for the speedy growth.

NAM



NEW YORK is a remarkable city. With hotels and shops, railroads, buses, and airlines, hospitals, colleges, parks, and museums, it offers a bewildering variety of attractions—and occasional repulsions!

To me the greatest of its wonders is the subway. Burrowing under the streets, often fifty feet beneath the surface, surrounded and intertwined with a fantastic network of water lines, sewerage lines, gas pipes, electric cables, telephone conduits, building foundations, and other subway tunnels, it is a source of wonder, of soul-saturating

noise—and of terrible perplexity to the stranger.

On a business visit to New York some years ago, when Sabbath came I sought out the address of the Adventist church in Brooklyn. Duly informed by the ticket agent at the nearest subway station to take an "A" train, I inspected the map and awaited my train. Lurching slightly, the lead car roared past me at thirty miles an hour and amazingly came to a stop within six car lengths. With a loud sigh of released air the padded-edge doors parted, and I rushed in, carried along by a torrent of fellow hurriers.

Having been told to take the Eighth Avenue local, I casually inspected the label in the window, and discovered to my chagrin that I was on the Seventh Avenue Broadway Express. As we blasted through one white-tiled station after another, I finally deduced from the map that I could transfer free at Fifty-ninth Street, so I awaited the stop at that point. But behold, we roared through the station as if it were not there.

My perplexity mounted. At forty miles an hour, a novice in this subway business has little time for nail chewing, but a frantic perusal of the map revealed

The RIGHT Start

by CARROL S. SMALL, M.D.

another free transfer point at Forty-second Street, where every train stops, but not for long! Off I dashed, and hopefully accosted the platform policeman. As he studied my problem, he concluded, "No. You must go to Thirty-fourth Street, go upstairs, and take a Sixth Avenue Express."

Since I had traveled New York's subways on previous visits and thought I knew something about them, I vaguely sensed that he had given me wrong instructions, but nevertheless I started off. Let's see, now, Thirty-fourth Street. Where do I go? An octopus of tunnels is available at Forty-second Street, so choosing what I thought was the proper one, I plunged in and discovered that I now had entered BMT territory instead of IRT, and to retrieve my situation I must retrace my steps and pay a new fare. Here I was told to go to Fourteenth Street and take an "A" car. (How I envied my friends back in Loma Linda who were quietly strolling beside the orange trees to Sabbath school, listening on the way to the linnets!)

At Fourteenth Street I walked down endless stairs to the block-long grimy platform and awaited an "A" car. As the flanges squealed their way around the curve, and train after train rumbled to a stop, I began to suspect I was wrong again. Only "D" trains passed through, and never an "A." What now?

The ever-patient ticket man pondered a moment and concluded that I must take the "D" train down to Fourth Street, and there I could find the elusive

"A." Having had no outside air for an hour, I began to sympathize with the occupants of air-raid shelters, but dutifully I set off.

Wonder of wonders! At Fourth Street an "A" train appeared, and after a ten-minute ride I emerged into the welcome sunshine, walked four blocks, and entered the church with my fellow Adventists just as the superintendent said, "Let us stand for the benediction."

What a morning! Ninety minutes of mole-dom to get to church! And I had a distinct memory of making the trip some years before from farther up in Manhattan, in twenty-five minutes. But how?

My hospitable former-CME-student friends at church invited me home to lunch, and what do you think was the first question I asked them? With their lifelong experience in New York, they studied my subway map and in three minutes showed me that if I had taken the Eighth Avenue line at the beginning, I could have gotten on the "A" car within three blocks of my hotel, and need not have transferred at all!

Well, I got there—finally! But the right start would certainly have made a difference!

When the coming of Samson was announced by the angel, Manoah asked, "How shall we order the child, and how shall we do unto him?" and the angel gave instructions on diet for the child's mother long before he was born. Why? So he could have the *right start* in life.

"The effect of prenatal influences is

by many parents looked upon as a matter of little moment; but heaven does not so regard it. . . . The well-being of the child will be affected by the habits of the mother."—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 372. The right start—how important, how far-reaching!

Many an Adventist soldier has learned the virtue of starting proper Sabbath observance his first week in the service. Even non-Christian officers respect conscientious consistency. A right start helps, while a bad one hurts beyond computation.

An alumnus of the College of Medical Evangelists was assigned, as a resident physician, to a certain department in a large public hospital. He and the chief of the department comprised the whole staff of that specialty section. Our Adventist friend immediately explained to his new boss his convictions about Sabbathkeeping. The boss was irritated and uncomprehending.

"Young man," he said, "I have not come here on Saturdays for some time, and I do not propose to begin now. You be here, prepared to work." The young doctor tactfully explained why he could not work on Sabbath morning, but the chief only grew more firm. "I'll report you to the superintendent and have you dismissed from the residency," was his parting threat. In my resident friend's position, what would you do?

The young doctor telephoned me, two thousand miles away, for aid and comfort. All I could tell him was, "Don't violate your conscience." I heard no more from him for several months, but

later received a letter. He had done as good work as possible six days a week, including Sundays, and simply did not appear on Sabbath. The chief never mentioned the subject again, and when the Sabbatarian doctor's three-month stint ended, gave him a good recommendation.

A right start paid well. I visited him a few years ago in his mission station hospital, and found him happy and useful, still firm in faith.

When Daniel and his friends arrived in Babylon no civic welcoming committee greeted them. Theirs was the hard lot of prisoners. Since Daniel at least was of the Judean royalty, he was under strict surveillance as a potential troublemaker. But Daniel's parents had given him a right start in Judea, and he resolved to go straight in Babylon. So he "purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank."

The results of his experiment in diet are recorded for all to read. The result?

Plenty of publicity for his diet and his manner of life, a sharp mind which delighted the king, and quick promotion and reward, not to mention good health and the approbation of God. What if Daniel had hesitated and compromised before taking a firm position? The world admires courageous consistency, but despises dawdling timidity. A right start certainly helps.

It takes a good man to run a hundred yards in ten seconds. And competition in track events is so keen that each runner needs determination to win. What is the secret of winning? Speed? Yes. Endurance? Yes. But many a hundred-yard dash has been lost, not in the last seconds, but at the very beginning, because someone did not get a right start! A false move, a slip of the foot, a tiny stumble or hesitation, and the laggard, be he ever so fast, never quite catches up. The right start helps, nay, it is indispensable!

Recently a father approached me, asking my advice about his son, who wished to study medicine.

"How much schooling has he?" I asked.

"Four years of college," the father replied. "He applied for medicine several years ago, but was not accepted."

"Why not?"

"Oh, he had good grades for his last two years of college, but the first two he rather played around and didn't study. But don't you think he could get in now?" It is a familiar and plaintive plea.

"I know my early grades are poor, but midway through I gained more incentive, and look, my last two years were good. And when I stayed on for a fifth year, I did very well."

But knowing that the medical school in question takes little note of make-up fifth-year grades, and that the early college marks are as important as later ones, I could offer the disappointed father little comfort and the distraught late-starter no more.

Have you ever gone target shooting? You shoot. "Oh, oh, I missed the bull's eye that time, but I'll try again." You shoot again. Missed again! Why? Inspection reveals sometimes that the sights on the gun are maladjusted, and the aim is wrong. Does the bullet curve after it leaves the gun? Not much, at least at short range. Shall we blame the bullet? No, it follows well-known laws of ballistics. What is wrong? The gun was not aimed right, so the bullet did not get the right start. A right start does help!

Knitting may be *passé* in these days of TV and convertibles. But how many knitters have been frustrated by letting the cat play with the skein of yarn. What a tangle! And how much time is wasted straightening the yarn and re-winding it before one can really get started right!

I used to fly kites. The neighborhood boy's status depended on the size of his ball of kite string. And when the string had to be rewound he had just better start right, and wind it smoothly! The times I got it all into knots and impatiently pulled hard, I later regretted. Starting it right helps, and following through is essential.

Have you ever begun to memorize a poem, and halfway through discovered that you were memorizing the wrong words in places? How difficult it was to retreat and start again—right! The old errors cropped up at the most awkward times!

How often must we tell our students that a good start helps? It would have helped me that Sabbath morning on the subway. It would have helped the

FAMILY FARE

the growing process

by ANNA MAE BARRETT

WITH THE enthusiastic help of Little Son the weekly wash was finished. Lugging the mounds of wet, clean-smelling clothes outside, we marched them to the lines. While Little Son handed me the pins, I secured the clothes in place, singing as I worked.

Listening quietly for long was not one of Little Son's best qualities, and soon he attempted to join me in the chorus of "Bringing in the Sheaves." Failing to do more than catch the melody, he was soon tugging at my skirt with the request, "Teach me, Mommy, teach me."

So, slowly and accurately, I thought, I repeated the words of the chorus. We chanted them together, phrase by phrase several times, then sang them, again phrase by phrase. Finally we put them all together. I complimented myself on how easily I had taught him and how quickly he had learned. Turning to the further duties of the day, I left him singing at his play.

Several days slipped by. Little Son was entertaining himself outside. As he played I noticed he was singing. I stopped my work to listen. With a pleased smile I recognized the song of the previous washday. What a marvelous little singer he is going to be, I thought to myself; but as I came closer to the window and could hear his words, I stopped short. Instead of "Bringing in the sheaves," he was singing "Bringing in the sheets."

I had to smile, but later as I attempted to teach him to say "sheaves" instead of "sheets" I was perplexed as to how to get the word across to him, and my amusement changed to consternation. "sheaves" sounds so similar to "sheets," especially to a little boy. Sheaves he knew nothing about; sheets he could understand. Why, the very day he had learned the song he had seen me "bringing in the sheets."

How important that our example match our words!

disappointed premedic, rejected, discouraged, now the father of teen-agers and beyond hope of entering professional school. A good start helped Samson, even though he finished poorly. It helped Daniel; it helped my young doctor friend with his Sabbath problem.

Students ask, "When shall we start studying for the finals?"

Invariably I answer, "The first day of school." This is no joke. The right start contributes vital information at a time when the mind is in its most receptive condition, and even more important, it sets a study habit that helps every day of the course. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."¹ "And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord, and not unto men."² "Well done, thou good and faithful servant" will never be spoken to sluggards.

William James, the psychologist, gave as the first rule of success in new ventures, "We must take care to launch ourselves with as strong an initiative as possible."³ The weak-kneed, halfhearted, lackadaisical beginner is as a rule a poor finisher, if indeed he finishes at all.

An Indian proverb says, "You cannot jump halfway across a well." How many agonized "plunks" into cold water we see all about us as many fail because they are not masters of initial impetus!

The boy who aims to be a doctor or an engineer, or the girl who intends to be a nurse or a secretary, must know that in grade school it is necessary to study from the very beginning. In academy it is necessary to aim to do one's very best. Indifference and under-par performance lead nowhere.

The owner of a certain bakery wished to flatter his customers, telling them that the best was not too good for *them*, so he put a sign in his window: "Our best is none too good!" Sad commentary! How true of late and poor starters!

The average American young person's best need not be "none too good." It is his second best that hurts. And a slow start must certainly contribute to second best.

Quit playing around in September! Study those assignments *now*. The time to study for finals is *now*. A right start would have gotten me to Sabbath school in New York sooner—cleaner and happier. A right start will get you where you want to go sooner and happier and with better recommendations from God and man.

WHY CHASTITY?

From page 8

context, by necessity, than it is before marriage. It is the physical phase of the total blending of the mental, spiritual, and physical components of their personalities. It is part of the total setting in which happiness in marriage flourishes. In order to make its contribution to the lasting happiness of the marriage there must be an attitude of security, a mutual respect of each for the other, and a freedom from fear and anxiety.

But when the human desire for the complete expression of physical love is indulged before marriage, there is an attitude of fear, of apprehension, of awkwardness, and an overshadowing need for secrecy. It is only the physical side of the union of two lives that is blended in such an experience. The mental and the spiritual components of the personalities rebel, thus depriving the couple of that which they want most—the evidence that they really belong to each other.

What are the results? The results are disillusionment and disappointment. With the passing of time it becomes clear that it was fundamental selfishness rather than genuine love that prompted the indiscretion. There is a loss of respect, one for the other. There develops a fear of disloyalty centering around the haunting question, If my partner was willing to break the moral code in one instance, what assurance do I have that he will not break it in some other circumstance? Thus, after marriage, there often develops a suspicion of unfaithfulness.

And as for the continuing pleasure that a husband and wife should enjoy in close companionship, this becomes repulsive to the couple who have indulged prior to marriage. The premarital experience has become linked in their memories with the awareness of guilt. Even though they are now married and properly belong to each other, this attitude of guilt carries over, robbing them of the pleasure and happiness that a husband and wife should enjoy.

In the discussion up to this point we have assumed that the young people who allow their human cravings to carry them into sin eventually become husband and wife. In many cases, this is not true, however, for the personal resentments that crop out of premature intimacies often have the effect of changing the plans for marriage. In

such a case, the young people concerned still carry the cloud of their misstep into their futures. The following comments, taken from an actual letter, speak for themselves. The wording of the quotation has been changed only enough to avoid disclosing the identity of the young woman who wrote the letter.

"Several years ago a young man and I became very much in love and were planning to be married. The time of our marriage was delayed, however, and somehow, things got out of control and we sinned. How I ever did this I do not know. We went to church and prayed for divine guidance, but we let our feelings rule our conduct.

"After this happened I felt that I could not marry anyone else. But as things turned out, he met another girl and was married to her. I am also married now and am happy except that I regret the past and feel so ashamed about it when I realize that my husband does not suspect that my record is blemished.

"I have prayed to the Lord and have asked Him to wash my sins away and give me a pure and clean heart. I am sure that He knows how truly sorry I am. But I keep feeling that I am deceiving my husband. If I should tell him about the incident, however, it might wreck our marriage, for my husband would lose his trust in me."

This young wife needed to be reassured that the plan of forgiveness made possible by the sacrifice of our Saviour is broad enough and comprehensive enough to include all circumstances of life. The Master referred to such as she when He said, "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more."³

There is no discount on the Lord's willingness to accept us where we are and, by His grace, to help us live victoriously in the future. But the adequacy of the plan of forgiveness does not, in any way, weaken the provisions of God's law. Sin is sin, and God has given us His law as a means of saving us, if we will have it so, from the consequences of transgression.

Returning to our title, "Why Chastity?" we can now see that the reason God forbids a violation of the sacredness of the human body is to guard the marriage relationship in such a manner that it will be most rewarding.

¹ Eccl. 9:10.

² Col. 3:23.

³ Quoted in *Psychology: Briefer Course* (New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1920).

¹ 1 Cor. 6:18, 19.

² Ellen G. White, *Messages to Young People*, p. 459.

³ John 8:11.



Ghazel Geshlagh was nearly completed in February, 1963. Ten units contained three rooms each, and had a door in the center of the three rooms. The new village was built near the old foundations, but on new land, of bricks that were hauled from Teheran, some 150 miles away.

OUR mission bus had now reached Gholam-ali's village, and we soon were busy distributing clothing to his people. Some had not even a tent to call home. One old grandma was sleeping outdoors under a single blanket. She was shivering under the chill of that autumn night. I can't help wondering as I write, whether she is still alive. Did she make it through the freezing winter? Many didn't.

A few minutes before we picked up Gholam-ali, I had stood on a pile of ruins that had been a typical two-story Persian dwelling. A pile of flattened articles lay nearby. There was a samovar, an expensive piece of equipment used to make tea, smashed flat. A kerosene lamp, flattened, was lying on an old copper cooking pot, also flat. Nearby, a bicycle, back wheel grotesquely out of shape, leaned against a broken wall.

A villager joined me. "This was my house," he sadly explained. "My mother and my daughter were killed right here." He pointed to the base of the debris pile.

And so story after story could be told of what we saw while we roamed around the earthquake area—stories of tragedy and heartache; stories of suffering and death. As we recalled the things that we had seen and heard in the past weeks, our hearts were sad.

Meanwhile, the work in Ghazel Geshlagh was continuing. The piles of brick grew smaller and disappeared; the walls heightened by the minute. The subfreezing cold of the night gave way to the warmth of the sunny day,

enabling the workers to continue pouring concrete forms.

Things were busily stirring around Ghazel Geshlagh the morning of December 13, 1962. This was the day that R. R. Figuhr, president of the General Conference, was to join us on a visit to the Red Mountain.

I had arranged for a jeep, and together with mission and division officers we made the river trip into the village. We stopped all too frequently to dry ignition parts that had been doused with water.

President Figuhr jokingly turned to me and commented, "You're the first river pilot I've seen who tries to avoid the deep water."

After seeing the work progressing on the village, and having a few words with Contractor Mansour, Elder Figuhr met the village chief.

December 13 was a happy day for the two chiefs, Ali Ackbar, chief of Ghazel Geshlagh, and R. R. Figuhr, chief of worldwide Adventist activities. In this, the first meeting of the two, Ali Ackbar tried to express in Turkish, in a way that Elder Figuhr could understand, the feeling of gratitude he and his people felt toward the Adventist Church for their kind help in this time of grief and loss.

Elder Figuhr expressed gratification in seeing funds sent from the General Conference being used in such a practical way.

Making another trip into the village some days later with Mission President Harding, we found that the village was completed, and would soon be ready for the ceremony that would turn it

over to the villagers, free of cost to them.

Plans began to take shape for this important day. Dr. Khatibi passed on to us his suggestions. I got in contact with the United States ambassador, Mr. Julius Holmes, who had followed with interest the church's activities at Ghazel Geshlagh.

Also we invited representatives of the United States Information Service to be present for the ceremony. Numbers of invitations went out to other prominent people of the city of Teheran.

February 22, 1963, dawned crisp and clear. Many station wagons, jeeps, and carryalls had made the two-hour drive to Buin-zaran, and we now stood at the village landing strip where we would meet Dr. Khatibi and the United States ambassador's representative. We soon spotted a small, blue speck in the sky, which grew larger. Then a neat little Tri-pacer kicked up dust as it taxied toward our cars.

From the airplane emerged Dr. Khatibi, the nation's number one man of relief, a man who is answerable only to one superior, the king's sister, Shams-e-Pahlavi. He greeted us cordially.

We waited a few minutes longer until a larger craft, bearing the star of the United States Air Force, landed, and the ambassador's representative, Mr. Jim Swihart, walked down the plane's ramp.

The United States Information Service was covering the meeting of the officials well. Dr. Khatibi and Mr. Swihart and I then rode by Chevrolet carryall to Ghazel Geshlagh, about twenty-two miles away.

Sunrise

on a Persian Village

by LYNDON DE WITT

PART THREE—CONCLUSION



Written in Arabic, the plaque acknowledges the part played by churches of the Adventist mission in Iran, the group that built a new village for survivors of the September, 1962, disaster.

The trip took about an hour and a half, a period of time I was grateful to share with my companions. I felt that it had not been in vain that I had struggled with the difficult Farsi language for some two years, nearly full time. I was able to explain to Dr. Khatibi what Seventh-day Adventists did and stood for. I was able to tell him in the Farsi language of the hope that lay within us, the blessed hope, of a returning Saviour, and the signs that indicate that this great event will occur soon.

Actually the second coming of Jesus is a belief which we hold in common with all the Moslem world.

Arriving about noon, we lunched and then arranged the chairs in a circle. A rusty barrel, draped with a beautiful Persian tapestry, served well as a speaker's lecturn. Villagers brought their blankets and rugs and sat at the edge of the circle, watching every move with interest.

Mission President Harding spoke first. "Seventh-day Adventists," he be-

gan, "believe in following in the footsteps of Jesus, who went about doing good, helping all. For this reason, when the news of the earthquake reached our mission headquarters, our church made a decided effort to help those who through this misfortune were left homeless.

"When we first heard of the disaster we wondered what we could do, in a material and lasting way, to demonstrate the compassion of Jesus to those who had lost everything. Some money had been made available to us from our church in America, as well as from other Adventist groups in other countries, and we wanted to use this in the best possible way.

"We got in contact with Dr. Khatibi, your national director of relief, and he suggested that we build houses for the people—well-built houses—that could serve the people for a lifetime.

"We made many trips into the area, looking for just the right place to build. One village after another was considered, but finally turned down. Either it was not the right size, or we felt that there was perhaps somewhere a village in greater need. We wanted to find one far away from the help that many of the others were already receiving.

"We were guided into this area by a local gendarme. He told us that he knew the very place that might well fit our description. After making several trips into this village, our committees decided to choose Ghazel Geshlagh as a target for our activities.

"There have been many of us working for weeks on this project. But I want to mention one, especially, who has not only worked on this project but lived with it, eaten with it, slept in a freezing tent with it. We want especially to thank Contractor Mansour Motalleh, member of Teheran's Farsi Seventh-day Adventist church, for his work, which has made this village possible today.

"Now, after these few weeks have passed, in the place where there stood only ruin and chaos, a well-built, comfortable village is ready to be turned over to you, the people of Ghazel Geshlagh."

As Elder Y. O. Sangerloo, mission worker, finished translating this last into Turkish, a shout of joy went up from the people. With upraised arms, they knelt, thanking God and the Adventist mission for their extraordinary and costly gift.

Dr. Khatibi next spoke. "As a representative of Her Imperial Highness Princess Shams-e-Pahlavi, and as direc-

tor of the Red Lion and Sun of Iran, I want to thank the Seventh-day Adventist mission for their kind interest in demonstrating the principles of their religion so practically before the people of Iran."

But the ceremony was not yet complete when Elder Kenneth Oster offered the closing prayer. Back in a tent was a neat pile of new shoes, new sweaters, and new trousers. Richard Fenn, of Takoma Park, Maryland, United States, had encouraged Adventist students to have a part in the dedication of the village. The money they had saved and passed on to the Iran Mission had made possible the giving of a complete new outfit of clothing to each child in the village of Ghazel Geshlagh.

It would be hard to put on paper the joy in the faces of the children as many of them, no doubt for the first time in their lives, slipped their feet into shiny new pairs of shoes. Some of us older ones had to brush away tears as we entered into the happiness of the occasion. Cameras whirled and bulbs flashed, recording a scene never to be forgotten.

One after another, the names of the children were called out. One after another, the boys and girls accepted their gift with outstretched arms and smiling faces.

Finally, as we conducted visitors through the new village of Ghazel Geshlagh, we called their attention to a marble slab set in the wall of one section of the village.

"This village, built by Iran Mission of Seventh-day Adventists, was given to the people of Ghazel Geshlagh following the earthquake disaster of September 1, 1962."

Back in the nation's capital, the word was not long in getting out. Radio, TV coverage, newsreels, newspapers—all told the story of the rebuilt village.

Reflecting on the experience, I vividly remembered the statement of the chief of a nearby village.

"God sends His judgments," he observed, "but His mercies are greater than His judgments."

I considered this statement. Some 10,000 dead, untold numbers homeless, but His mercy is still greater. We well know that God didn't send the earthquake to destroy the people, but through this experience shines His mercy.

For instance: Prior to last September, Adventist missionaries would have faced a difficult, if not an impossible, situation in attempting to reach the people of the villages. They would have

been counted as spies and intruders, not only by the villagers but by the government. "Why have you come? Who sent you here? What are you trying to get out of our people?" could have greeted their every action.

Now things are different. Adventists are welcomed with open arms. Their reception could not be more complete or heart warming.

One room of the village of Ghazel Geshlagh has been reserved by the Adventists for future possible use. However, this one room will probably remain empty for a long time.

You say, "Take up an offering and send a teacher to these people."

A teacher could well serve in Ghazel Geshlagh, and draw a sizeable group of students from a number of surrounding villages, for there is no school in this area. Scores of youngsters would sit at his feet as he recounted the stories of Jesus, for the Moslems love to hear the stories of Jesus. But unfortunately, money is not the answer to the opening up of the work in this mountain area of Iran, a new mission appropriation will not meet the need.

"The greatest want of the world is

the want of men," Ellen G. White wrote back about the turn of the century. This "want" has not changed. The people of the mountains use not Farsi, but the Turkish language, and in all Iran—to my knowledge, in all the world—we do not have a man able to speak the truth in the Turkish language available to go into the door that God in His mercy has opened for us. May God raise up such a person! A million-dollar grant wouldn't send a teacher into this isolated mountain area, *for there is no teacher to send.*

Actually, 300 stricken villages of Iran still wait for physical help. Thousands of villages wait for spiritual help. Were we to enter a new village with the story of the gospel every day, it would still take us 350 years to reach them all.

So the light of a new day begins to break, slowly, but surely. True, the husbands cannot be brought back to their families. Mothers cannot be restored to their nursing infants. Children's voices will never ring again in some homes. But the Adventists have come. And their coming means sunrise to a certain Persian village named Ghazel Geshlagh high up in the mountains.

SYRIAN WITNESSES

From page 10

He knew that God had heard and answered. This gave him strength for new trials.

They came the following Sabbath. He had remained in the barracks. There must come a real showdown! It wasn't long delayed. An officer, finding him there, was very severe and said, "Do you think you can fight the army?"

He humbly replied, "Well, sir, before I was called into the army, my God had called me to serve Him. I can do nothing but obey."

At this the officer became angry and ordered Samir to the prison, asking a soldier to lead him away.

Samir objected. "You won't need to guard me. Just tell me where the prison is. I will go by myself. I am happy to go to prison or to be persecuted in any way for my Saviour." He was stripped of all insignia and committed to a military prison.

When the other prisoners saw him they laughed at him. "We have done all sorts of bad things. How about you? Why are you here? You don't look like a criminal."

Samir took out his Bible and began to read, "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake." Then he explained simply why he was there. The men were speechless. They had never seen or heard anything like this in their lives.

Meanwhile the officer in charge of the prisoners noticed how quiet it had become. "Very unusual," he thought. As he listened he could hear Samir reading and talking to the men. He opened the door, and in a rough voice told Samir to step out of the cell.

"Give me all the literature you have." Samir gave the officer everything except his Bible.

"What else do you have?"

"I have my Bible."

"Give me that too," said the officer.

"How can I give you that?" pleaded Samir. "That is my most precious possession. The whole world respects it."

To the amazement of the soldier the officer replied, his tone and manner changing, "I respect it too. Just hand it to me." The Moslem officer took the

Book, kissed it gently, and with a reverent motion touched the Bible to his forehead, then put it in his pocket.

The commanding officer came to the prison to inquire about this strange fellow—this disrupter of army routine. After hearing the report he ordered Samir to be given his uniform, insignia, and his Bible, and come at once to his office. When Samir arrived, another soldier was waiting who had been accused of immorality. The officer said, "Let the *Sebti* ["Sabbathkeeper"] come in first. His case is less serious." He entered the office, saluted, and stood at attention, awaiting the worst. But the commander said in a kind voice, "Now today it is raining. The soldiers are all in their barracks listening to a lecture. Why can't you go and join them?"

"You see, sir, it is like this," he replied. "I can agree when they tell me to obey those in authority, to love my fellow soldiers. But, sir, my Bible tells me more. It tells me to love my enemies. It also says that we must obey God before man." The officer seemed to be meditating. At last he asked, "What do you do on Sabbath?"

"I read my Bible, sing praises to God, and I pray."

"What do you pray about?"

"I pray that the Lord will give me strength to be faithful, honest, and true. I also pray for my friends and loved ones."

The commanding officer looked at the young soldier kindly and said, "You may go, and don't forget to pray for me."

A few days later Samir heard that his commander had been called to Aleppo and there was a rumor that some men from each regiment would be chosen for special training in the military hospital in Damascus. How earnestly he prayed that he might be selected!

One day some medical officers came. Samir was the first to be chosen. He was very happy. When the officer came to tell him he said, "Sir, it was not only you, but God who made the choice." He thought that now his problems would be solved. But this was not to be. Others still must observe the faithful witness of a soldier in God's army.

After completing his medical training he returned to his regiment, and discovered that all the officers had been changed. Now he would have to begin again. One day they had to go out on maneuvers near the Lebanon-Syria border. He was responsible for the medical supplies.

wit sharpeners

Triple Proportions

by HELEN PETTIGREW

In each of the sentences below there is one proportion that is incorrect. Which is it?

1. Samson is to strong as Abraham is to faithful as Moses is to bold.

2. Deborah is to judge as Esther is to deaconess as Anna is to prophetess.

3. Hannah is to Samuel as Lois is to Timothy as Rachel is to Benjamin.

4. Naomi is to Ruth as Sarah is to Rebekah as Hagar is to Ishmael.

5. Esau is to hunter as Paul is to tent-maker as Cain is to shepherd.

6. Disciples is to 12 as deacons is to 14 as commandments is to 10.

7. Joshua is to Kish as David is to Jesse as Obed is to Boaz.

8. Genesis is to law as Exodus is to going out as Psalms is to hymns.

9. Elah is to valley as Jordan is to river as Nebo is to brook.

10. James is to John as David is to Jonathan as Peter is to Andrew.

11. Martha is to Bethany as Lydia is to Thyatira as Rahab is to Corinth.

Key on page 20

When they arrived, an officer asked Samir to help unload the arms and ammunition. But he felt that if he yielded now the next step would be to bear arms. So he explained to the officer his convictions. The explanation only served to make the officer angry, and he threatened, "Today we are going to force you to carry arms and drill."

Calling a soldier nearby, he said, "Bring that gun over there." And he placed it on Samir's shoulder. "Ah! Who said you wouldn't carry a gun? You are carrying one now."

"But," said Samir, "I did not put it there and I cannot drill with it, nor will I carry it." The officer commanded him to carry it, but the soldier refused, respectfully, humbly.

"All right," said the exasperated officer, "because you have disobeyed my orders you must run a mile and bring me a pack of cigarettes."

"I am sorry, sir," said Samir. "But I cannot."

"What is wrong with you, boy? Why are you so obstinate?"

"Sir, I would do anything for you, but cigarettes will harm you, and my conscience will not permit me to do anything that will be bad for you."

"Come now, soldier, explain. Where in the Bible does it say you cannot smoke?"

So Samir explained, "'Thou shalt not kill.' Cigarettes are poison, and it is a form of killing. Of course, you are not killing anyone else, but you are killing yourself."

The officer was amazed. "You mean, soldier, that you don't even drink good wine?"

"No, sir." And Samir opened his Bible and read several texts about the evil effects of alcohol. The officer was very interested. He even took the Bible in his hands and read several texts himself. Just then a messenger came, telling the medic that someone had been injured and he should go and care for him.

After he had been in the army a year and one month he was transferred to the pharmacy. The officer in charge liked Samir and had full confidence in him. He even asked him to sleep there so he could guard the drug supplies.

One day the president of the republic was to visit the camp. The soldiers were ordered out to practice drilling and to parade for the occasion. Samir was on duty at the pharmacy but was ordered to come, as everyone was required to prepare for and take part in this special event. Upon arrival at the drilling field he noticed that all of the officers were new. There was not one whom he had known. He had his medic pack on and his red crescent insignia, setting him apart as a medical man.

"Where is your gun?" asked an officer.

"Sir, I do not carry a gun."

"Well, you have to carry one today."

"But," he answered, "I have never carried a gun. I don't know how to carry one. I was sent for special training as a medic so that I could serve without carrying arms."

"But you will carry arms today. We will teach you." Calling to a soldier, the officer said, "Bring that machine gun." The heavy weapon was brought to him.

"Now you carry it, soldier," the officer ordered.

"But I cannot, sir. I am sorry, but I have to refuse."

Turning to a couple of soldiers nearby, the officer commanded, "Beat him."

They beat him as bidden, and next they were ordered to place two packs on his back. The packs were filled with rocks. He was ordered to run around a certain area until he heard the whistle, then he was to get down on his knees, and at the sound of the whistle the next time he should stand.

So he started running. He ran and

ran. The packs became more and more heavy. Oh, if only the whistle would blow, he thought. But he heard no sound.

Finally he was so exhausted he couldn't take another step. The officer started whistling and shouting, "Down. Up. Down. Up." Some of the rocks fell out of the pack. He was nearly insensible.

In his daze he heard a voice, "Come here, son." A Christian officer had been watching and told Samir he had pleaded with the other officer to be more kind, but was told that because the soldier had disobeyed his command it was impossible to show mercy. Samir noticed that the Christian officer's eyes were moist with tears.

The first officer next handed a knife to Samir. "Now I am going to cut you with my knife. I may cut off your ear."

"Help yourself," the young Adventist replied.

"Aren't you going to defend yourself? Why do you accept the knife? You could kill many people with a knife." The officer was both angry and disgusted with Samir.

"I can carry a knife," answered Samir, "because it has many uses and is not principally for killing as is a gun."

"Who teaches you such foolishness?" And the officer started to beat Samir with savage blows on the face and head. His face bled, and his eyes were soon closed from the blows. Finally he fell unconscious. Then they laid a gun across his chest and forced his fingers around it. They shouted, "He's carrying it! He's carrying a gun!"

Carrying him to the prison, they removed his shoes and socks and beat him on the bottom of his feet thirty times with the handle of a pick, and then he

was thrown on the cold concrete floor and left in solitary confinement.

Because of the severe treatment and exposure he developed pneumonia and requested to be taken to the hospital. But the officer said he had vowed to kill him and why should he be sent to the hospital for treatment! Later Samir was actually hospitalized, however.

One day his tormenter came to see Samir. "What have you decided? Do you still refuse to obey?"

"I have not changed, sir. I cannot bear arms."

"But," said the officer, "you did carry arms. I saw it."

"Yes," said Samir, "but I was unconscious and the Lord will not count that against me. They forced my hand to hold the gun."

"All right, so you cannot do it. I am going to see that you are court-martialed and sentenced to death." With that he left.

"Ye are my witnesses." Yes, that is what the Bible says. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whither shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." For Samir, the faithful witness, his time of reward was near at hand.

While he was recuperating in the hospital, the officer in charge said to him one day, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Thank you, sir," he said, peering at his questioner through eyes still black and swollen. "Please get in touch with these two ministers for me." And he gave him their names and addresses. "Tell them what has happened, but ask them not to tell my parents, as they would be so troubled. Also, ask these ministers to pray for me. That is all I want."

key wit sharpeners

1. bold (Judges 16:6; Gal. 3:9; Num. 12:3); 2. deaconess (Judges 4:14; Esther 5:2; Luke 2:36); 3. Timothy (1 Sam. 1:20; 2 Tim. 1:5; Gen. 35:18); 4. Ishmael (Ruth 1:2; 4; Gen. 21:3; 24:6, 7; 16:15); 5. shepherd (Gen. 25:27; Acts 18:3; Gen. 4:2); 6. 14 (Acts 6:5); 7. Kish (Ex. 33:11; 1 Sam. 16:20; Ruth 4:13-17); 8. law (dictionary); 9. brook (1 Sam. 17:2; Gen. 13:10; Deut. 34:1); 10. Jonathan (Matt. 4:21; 1 Sam. 20:16, 17; Matt. 4:18); 11. Corinth (John 11:1; Acts 16:14; Joshua 2:1).

The officer wrote the letter himself. It wasn't long before letters and cables were on their way to officials in Damascus, and soon the two ministers came to see the patient. They scarcely knew him, for his face and eyes were still badly swollen and discolored. Samir then learned that after the officials had received word about the beating and mistreatment, orders had come through censuring the officer responsible for the affair. It was apparent that they were embarrassed by what had happened and were endeavoring to rectify the matter as quickly as possible.

After his recovery he was reinstated as a medic in the hospital. Here he completed the last one and a half months in the army without further trouble.

On the day of his discharge he checked in all of his equipment and received his receipt. There were three officers present, and they told him they wanted him to know how much they respected him and were sincerely sorry for the way he had been treated.

"I hold no grudge or ill feeling whatever," he replied. "I love you and have forgiven everyone for any unkindness." The officers stood, saluted, bade him farewell, and shook his hand, thanking him for his service and example.

Today, this young stalwart is still a soldier in the army of his Lord. He continues to bear cheerful and radiant testimony of God's goodness to him. Who can compute the ultimate reaping from his unwavering witness?

There are many wonderful youth in this ancient land who must also be given opportunity to know about the Saviour and bear witness to His saving power. There is no witness more effective than that of our national young men and women.

The Thirteenth Sabbath Offering overflow can greatly strengthen the work in Damascus. We must purchase land and erect an office and evangelistic center in this, the oldest continuously inhabited city in the world. Such a center can discover other workers and witnesses of the caliber of Samir and Nabil.

Manifestation

by
FLORENCE

B.
JACOBS

"A miracle," I begged, "today.
Like Moses' tablet, Aaron's rod,
clear evidence direct from God."

And when the sun kept on its course,
the mountains did not move, no force
parted the sea, I turned away
despairing—crushing tender spears
in their green witness to God's law,
that miracle without a flaw,
that pattern for the intricate years.

Sabbath School Lessons

Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

Youth

XI—Haggai, Prophet of Courage, Action, and Victory

(September 14, 1963)

MEMORY GEM: "Yet now be strong, O Zerubbabel, saith the Lord; and be strong, O Joshua, son of Josedech, the high priest; and be strong, all ye people of the land, saith the Lord, and work: for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts" (Haggai 2:4).

OUTSIDE READING: Book of Haggai; Ezra 3-6; *Prophets and Kings*, pp. 567-579; *The SDA Bible Commentary*, vol. 4, pp. 1073-1081.

Introduction

When Cyrus, king of Persia, issued his decree permitting the Jews to return to their homeland and rebuild their Temple, only about fifty thousand responded and went. One of the first things they did was to lay the foundation of the Temple. The people who were living at the time in what was once the northern kingdom were a mixed race, being partly descended from the Jews of the land, and partly from the foreign peoples introduced into the land in the days of the Assyrian kings. Their religion was also a mixed one, and when they offered to help in building the Temple at Jerusalem, they were plainly told to keep out. The seventy years' captivity in Babylon had effectively cured the Jews of wanting to associate themselves with idolaters.

From professed friends, these people, later to be called the Samaritans in the times of Jesus, became steadfast enemies, and the next seventy years were to see them doing everything in their power to hinder the Jews in their restoration work at Jerusalem.

1—Experience of the Returned Exiles

Scriptures: Haggai 1:2, 4, 6, 9-11.

Notes:

"Haggai's courageous ministry was responsible for the resumption of the rebuilding of the Temple in the time of Darius I, after the work had ceased for some time. . . . The consecutive order of the book of Haggai would indicate that his whole recorded ministry lasted

not longer than 3½ months, beginning (ch. 1:1) on Aug. 29, 520 B.C., and extending, in his last two recorded speeches (ch. 2:10, 20), to Dec. 18, 520. The work of no other prophet can be dated so definitely as that of Haggai."

—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, vol. 4, p. 24.

"God rebukes the Jews for allowing their comfortable living in well-appointed houses to blind them to the need of rebuilding the Temple. How often men are alert to their own material needs and blind to their spiritual needs and to the needs of God's work on earth. So long as men postpone the building of the Lord's spiritual house (1 Peter 2:5) so long will its completion be delayed."—*Ibid.*, on Haggai 1:4.

Questions:

1. At the time when Haggai began his prophetic work, what was the attitude of the returned exiles to rebuilding the Temple?

2. While the Temple lay in ruins, in what kind of homes were the exiles living?

3. How did the prophet point out to the people the results of their failure to make God's work and His house first?

2—God's Advice Through Haggai

Scriptures: Haggai 1:7, 8, 12, 13; compare Ezra 6:14, 15.

Notes:

"The message of counsel and reproof given through Haggai was taken to heart by the leaders and people of Israel. They felt that God was in earnest with them. They dared not disregard the repeated instruction sent them,—that their prosperity, both temporal and spiritual, was dependent on faithful obedience to God's commands. Aroused by the warnings of the prophet, Zerubbabel and Joshua, 'with all the remnant of the people, obeyed the voice of the Lord their God, and the words of Haggai the prophet.'—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 575.

Questions:

4. What advice did God send to the discouraged men of Judah?

5. What encouraging response did the people make? What two men led out in the reform movement?

6. As soon as the people moved forward and began to obey God, what encouraging word did He immediately send them?

3—Status of the Jews

Scriptures: Haggai 2:12-14, 17-19.

Notes:

The Jews had come to think that simply living in the land of promise made them God's peculiar people, and entitled them to all of the promised blessings, regardless of whether they were doing His will or not. By a simple illustration, Haggai pointed out that if a priest who was holy, picked up something which was common, that did not sanctify the article. The Jews were to be holy, a prosperous and successful people, because they were walking in the way of obedience.

"With heartfelt repentance and a willingness to advance by faith, came the promise of temporal prosperity. 'From this day,' the Lord declared, 'will I bless you.'—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 577.

Questions:

7. By what illustration did Haggai show the people that simply living in the Promised Land was not enough to make a disobedient people acceptable to God?

8. Why had God permitted calamities to fall upon them?

9. As the people indicated their willingness to advance in faith, what did God graciously promise to do for them?

4—Zerubbabel's Temple

Scriptures: Haggai 2:3, 4, 7, 9; compare Ezra 3:12, 13.

Notes:

"The second temple did not equal the first in magnificence, nor was it hallowed by those visible tokens of the divine presence which pertained to the first temple. There was no manifestation of supernatural power to mark its dedication. No cloud of glory was seen to fill the newly erected sanctuary. No fire from heaven descended to consume the sacrifice upon its altar. The shekinah no longer abode between the cherubim in the most holy place; the ark, the mercy-seat, and the tables of testimony were not found there. No sign from heaven made known to the inquiring priest the will of Jehovah."—*Prophets and Kings*, pp. 596, 597.

Questions:

10. When they laid the foundation of the new Temple, how did it appear in the eyes of the old men who had seen Solomon's Temple?

11. What watchword did God give to young and old? How did God promise to honor the second Temple, and when was this fulfilled?

5—In the Future

Scriptures: Haggai 2:21, 22, 23; compare Mal. 3:17.

Notes:

The prophet Haggai, like so many of those who had gone before him, ends his prophecy on a triumphant note. The stone which Daniel described in Nebuchadnezzar's dream is to strike the nations of this world and utterly overthrow and destroy them. This makes way for the setting up of Christ's kingdom which "shall fill the whole earth."

The precious relationship that exists between God and His people is brought to view here. He regards Zerubbabel as the signet ring on His finger. In Isaiah the people of God are said to be written on the palms of God's hands so He can never forget them (see Isa. 49:16).

"Think you not that Christ values those who live wholly for Him? Think you not that He visits those who, like the beloved John in exile, are for His sake in hard and trying places? God will not suffer one of His true-

hearted workers to be left alone, to struggle against great odds and be overcome. He preserves as a precious jewel everyone whose life is hid with Christ in Him. Of every such one He says: 'I . . . will make thee as a signet: for I have chosen thee.' Haggai 2:23.—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 488.

Questions:

12. What fate did God intimate was

in store for the nations of the world?

13. What did God say He would do for Zerubbabel as an illustration of what He will do for all His obedient servants?

What Is in This Lesson for Me?

Does this apply to me today? Am I

faithful in performing the spiritual tasks God gives me? What about my income? Do I say that when I am engaged in regular work on a regular salary, that will be time enough to work out satisfactory financial arrangements with God? Should I consider my ways? Do I really dare to make God first in EVERYTHING in my life, and see what happens?

5. "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors"

READ: Matthew 6:12; 18:35.

"How can we pray, 'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors,' and yet indulge an unforgiving spirit? If we expect our own prayers to be heard, we must forgive others in the same manner, and to the same extent, as we hope to be forgiven."—*Steps to Christ*, p. 97.

"We cannot repeat this prayer from the heart and dare to be unforgiving, for we ask the Lord to forgive our trespasses against Him in the same manner that we forgive those who trespass against us. But few realize the true import of this prayer. If those who are unforgiving did comprehend the depth of its meaning they would not dare to repeat it and ask God to deal with them as they deal with their fellow mortals."—*Testimonies*, vol. 3, p. 95.

A debt may be (a) money that we owe, (b) a moral obligation, (c) a shortcoming in obedience.

A debtor may be (a) someone who owes us money, (b) someone who has wronged us, (c) a sinner.

God has promised to forgive us our sins (a) freely, (b) only if we repent and confess them, (c) only if we also have a forgiving spirit.

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Discuss Christ's attitude toward His enemies. If Christ lives in us, what will be our attitude toward our enemies? Is it generally true that a person who asks to be forgiven is forgiving in spirit?

6. Blessed Are the Merciful

READ: Matthew 5:7; 18:23-35; Psalm 18:25.

"In the parable of the unmerciful debtor, the servant to whom his lord forgave ten thousand talents was naturally expected to exercise the small measure of the same compassion required for forgiving his fellow-servant's debt of a hundred pence; and it is only when, instead of this, he relentlessly imprisoned him till he should pay it up, that his lord's indignation was roused, and he who was designed for a vessel of mercy is treated as a vessel of wrath."—*Critical and Experimental Commentary*, on Matthew 5:7.

"The heart of man is by nature cold and dark and unloving; whenever one manifests a spirit of mercy and forgiveness, he does it not of himself, but through the influence of the divine Spirit moving upon his heart. . . .

"God is Himself the source of all mercy."—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, pp. 21, 22.

In Psalm 18:25 who does God say He will show mercy to?

In the parable of the Unforgiving Servant how much did he owe his lord? What was the custom for forcing payment of debts in those days?

How much did a fellow servant owe him?

How did he try to collect? What were the results?

In what ways can youth be merciful? Will you accept the following verse as a goal for your life?

"Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving each other, even as God also in Christ forgave you" (Eph. 4:32, A.R.V.).

Earlteen

XI—How to Treat Your Enemies

(September 14)

TEXT TO REMEMBER: "Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you" (Ephesians 4:32).

AIM: To show how to win enemies to be our friends.

1. Melt Your Enemies Into Friends

READ: Proverbs 25:21, 22; Romans 12:20; Ephesians 4:32; Matthew 5:44.

"As metals are melted by heaping coals upon them, so is the heart softened by kindness."—*Critical and Experimental Commentary*, on Prov. 25:21, 22.

"This is the most sublime precept ever delivered to man: a false religion durst not give a precept of this nature, because, without supernatural influence, it must be for ever impracticable."—*Clarke's Commentary*, on Luke 6:35 (1831 ed.).

Solomon said, "If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread." True ☐ False ☐

Paul said, "If he [thine enemy] thirst, give him drink." True ☐ False ☐

Jesus said, "Bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you." True ☐ False ☐

"In so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head" means that your enemy will blush with shame for what he has done. True ☐ False ☐

It takes a great deal of the grace of God to make us kind and forgiving to our enemies. True ☐ False ☐

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Recall some experience in your own life where kindness has turned an enemy into a friend.

2. How Bible Men Applied the Golden Rule

READ: Acts 7:60; 2 Kings 6:13-23; 1 Samuel 24:3-12, 17; 26:10-12, 23; Luke 22:50, 51.

In a short sentence tell how the following Bible characters applied the golden rule: Stephen, Elisha, David on the hills of Jeshimon, David in the cave of Engedi, Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane.

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

What is wrong with this popular statement: "Revenge is sweet"?

3. Treat Your Enemies With Kindness

READ: Matthew 25:34-40; Luke 6:27, 28, 31; Romans 12:20.

"It is most evident, from the whole connection of the place and the apostles use

of it, that the *heaping of the coals of fire upon the head of the enemy* is intended to produce not an evil, but the most beneficial effect."—*Clarke's Commentary*, on Rom. 12:20 (1831 ed.).

"*Thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head*, is a metaphor taken from *smelting metals*. The ore is put into the furnace, and fire put both *under and over*, that the metal may be liquefied, and, leaving the scoria and dross, may fall down pure to the bottom of the furnace."—*Ibid*.

"Do not withhold from any man the offices of mercy and kindness; *you* have been God's enemy, and yet God fed, clothed, and preserved you alive: do to your enemy as God has done to you."—*Ibid*.

Who said?

"Pray for them which despitefully use you."

"Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him."

"Do good to them which hate you."

"When saw we thee an hungered."

"Ye have done it unto me."

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

How do we forget after forgiving? Have we really forgiven if we cannot forget?

4. Forgive Your Enemy

READ: Matthew 6:14, 15; Acts 7:60; Luke 6:27, 28; Jeremiah 31:34.

"To ask God for what we ourselves refuse to men, is to insult Him. So much stress does our Lord put on this, that immediately after the close of this prayer, it is the one point in it which He comes back upon (v. 14, 15), for the purpose of solemnly assuring us that the Divine procedure in this matter of forgiveness will be exactly what our own is."—*Critical and Experimental Commentary*, on Matt. 6:12.

"As we hope to be pardoned for our offenses against God we are to pardon all who have done evil to us."—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, p. 114.

Complete these thoughts:

Stephen knew the secret of forgiveness.

"Lord, . . ."

God tells us what to do with hard feelings. "Love your . . ."

What does God say about forgiving but never forgetting? How does God forgive?

"And I will . . ."

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

A man of the world can imitate the Christian by being honest, moral, and kind. Why can't he imitate the Christian in forgiving his enemies?

Through

Drought and Fire

by HULDA CROOKS

IT WAS September in southern California. There had been but little rain for several years. Summer is our dry season, and now there had been no rain for five months. Everything was crackling dry and the day was hot.

From my front yard the sagebrush and small shrubs on the hills looked parched. These plants and the evergreen, leathery-leaved chaparral form a dwarfed, mixed woodland that covers the slopes to 8,000 feet and more, and create a priceless watershed. Without it, the rains would run off instead of soaking into the ground. I wanted to see how our midget forest was faring.

So I drove slowly through the hills for several miles, scanning them for signs of survival. My concern deepened when I remembered that the leaves already had been curling or dropping from drought at the lower levels as early as April. I stopped several times and walked out among the bushes to see if they were as dry as they looked. They were. Some of the leaves crumbled like cornflakes between my fingers. Only by breaking twigs could I tell that life persisted.

Much of the sunflowerlike *encelia* stood bare, its silvery robe fallen at its feet, leaf by leaf. The dark, crinkly foliage of the black sage had turned its edges under to escape the burning sun. The tangy aroma of the browned sagebrush was weak. Should the approaching winter fail to replenish the water supply, how many plants could survive?

As the road wound upward through the canyon, larger, chaparral-type shrubs appeared, then slender-stemmed greasewood with needlelike leaves, rigid scrub oak, holly-leaf wild cherry, and leathery

California sumac. Farther on, the road turned and the car nosed uphill. When it leveled out, I had emerged to a broader view. But what a view!

Tinder and spark had met! Nothing remained but the bare hills with a scattering of burned stems and ashes.

The view across the hills was like that of the skeleton of a giant. Charred limbs littered the uneven landscape. As I walked among them, the remains of many little plants, like graveyard pencils, marked my legs with the black of their own disaster. Long, narrow cracks fissured the earth, gaping for water. Exposed to the burning sun, the hard ground was hot—so hot that even the ever-busy ants were taking a midday break.

Life and beauty, "which to day is, and to morrow is cast into the oven," were gone. Fast-growing plants quickly cover burned areas once the rains come. But as long as the drought continues, little can be expected. It would be months before nature's mantle could cover the scars. I surveyed the scene regretfully, and returned to the car. I was about to open the door and get in when I turned back for a last look.

As my eyes swept the wasted area they were arrested by a silvery-green clump against the black of a near hillside. Could anything have escaped the devouring flames, or already have recovered? Incredible! It couldn't be! I hastened uphill.

Ferny young shoots, more than a foot high, stirred gently in the breeze as I approached. Their light green was as clean and cool as if not a thing had happened to disturb their serenity. *Dicentra*, or Dutchman's-breeches, related to bleeding heart, had pushed through the brick-dry

surface to reclaim the landscape from utter abandon.

I touched the silvery foliage rising from the unbroken harshness. How could it be? From whence had it drawn moisture on this blistered slope? Wherein lay its secret of survival and recovery, of beauty and grace amid charcoal and ashes? I had to find out. I, too, must survive come pleasant hours today and the oven tomorrow.

With a piece of sharp rock in my hand, I dropped on my knees beside the plant. The root—it links the hidden resources within the unseen depths to the growing cells. Here must be the secret!

So I began to dig away the caked soil from the base of the plant. Hard clay and stones slowed my efforts. The piece of rock broke and I had to find another. With the intensity that is mine by nature, I persisted, loosening a bit of soil here and a stone there until the upper portion of the root was bared. And what a root!

I had uncovered, not the untried growth of one season, but a stout perennial—a root that had drunk freely of many a refreshing rain and laid up a store against a season of drought and a day of disaster. Every year fresh rootlets had gone farther and deeper in search of water and food. The stalk had multiplied branches with flowers and seeds. Each challenge met had made the root stouter and more able to endure the next.

The depths and breadth to which it extended, my poor piece of rock could not uncover. The soil was too hard to dig far. But it was evident that when the flames consumed leaf and stem, recovery was not dependent on the changing fortunes of the parched topsoil. No. *Dicentra's* root, anchored deep beneath the tortured surface, sustained its life from its hidden storehouse. In a few more weeks buds would swell. Long before the shrubs could recover their stand, bright sulfur-yellow panicles would cheer the hillside.

There on that devastated slope I saw how daily growth develops stout, well-grounded roots. Then, come what will to sweep away the stalk and branches of a lifetime, the essence survives. Faith will not then lie dormant and wait for rains to pour down. No. It will spring up fresh from charcoal and ashes, to bloom and bear flowers and fruit in spite of drought and fire.

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