

the **Youth's** —instructor—

DECEMBER 10, 1963

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[Sabbath School Lessons for December 14]

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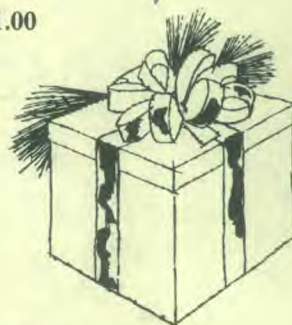
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"Let the parents study to get up something to take the place of more dangerous amusements. Give your children to understand that you have their good and happiness in view."—Testimonies, vol. 1, p. 514.

ORDER FROM YOUR BOOK AND BIBLE HOUSE

IT WAS September of 1962. My husband and I had just parked our travel trailer in an orchard-surrounded mobile-home park in Hollister, California. Upon entering the office to pay my rent, I was confronted with shelves of familiar red books, as well as the Holy Bible, and periodicals such as *Review and Herald*, *Signs of the Times*, and the magazine that you are now reading.

"I see things here that lead me to believe that you are a Seventh-day Adventist," I said to Mrs. Thompson, the manager.

"Oh, yes, we are," she said. "Fairview is both Adventist owned and operated."

I told her that I was of her faith, also that I did free-lance writing for some of the denominational magazines. She was thoughtful for a moment, then said, "In that case, I believe there is a story right here in the park that would interest you. But you'll have to hurry, for these tenants are leaving in the morning. They are gone just now, but when they return for their trailer I will introduce you to them."

It was almost noontime the next day when the Snyders returned for the trailer. They were very much in a hurry, as the time allotted for their vacation had already passed. Thus, amid the hitching up of the trailer, and the testing of brakes and directional signals, I had time for only a short interview. Roy Snyder's story began in 1920.

He was solemn that day more than forty years ago as he snapped shut the suitcase. His clothing hardly filled it, but then he would soon be exchanging civilian clothes for the uniform of the United States Army. Although the first great world war had ended, many troops were still needed to maintain the Army. The soldier-to-be was ready to do his bit.

"Son, I want you to take this with you."

Rosella Bell Snyder handed a small book to him, and continued, "I've written a short note on the flyleaf for you."

He took the small Testament from his mother. As he looked at it he immediately remembered another note that she had written on the back fly-

leaf of the book. It too had been an emergency note. A family problem had arisen. His mother had searched excitedly for a piece of paper on which to write. There had been none.

Roy had been shocked to see his mother pick up the little Testament, turn to the blank white page nearest the back cover, and start to tear it out.

"Mother! You wouldn't write a note on a page from the Bible?"

"It's only a blank page."

"But part of the Revelation is on the inside of the page."

"Well then, I'll only tear half of it off. I wouldn't destroy the writing." Mrs. Snyder carefully tore the blank lower half of the page out, and hurriedly penned her message.

Now, three years later, he glanced at the note she had written on the front flyleaf of the little Book. It read, "Roy, read a chapter in this Book every day. Mother."

After reading the note, he placed his arms around his mother's shoulders, and gave her a warm hug. Without any promise he reopened the suitcase and placed the New Testament among his belongings. He strapped up the suitcase, and with a final good-by, he was on his way to do service for his country.

From Virginia to New York, from New York to New Jersey, from one Army camp to another, Roy was stationed up and down the East Coast of the United States. Like many other inductees, his days were filled with rigid training and drilling. He forgot his mother's written request. The little book lay among his belongings—un-

a voice from the dead

by GLADYS O. MURRY



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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read. In time, the Testament came up missing. He had no idea when or where it had been lost.

At last came the day when he was severed from the military service. Back in the civilian world, he found himself even busier, if possible, than he had been in the Army. He had a career to think of. Like other young veterans, he must establish himself with a means of livelihood. Later he turned his attention to another matter, the selection of a wife.

There was a young woman named Leora Elswick, in Caretta, West Virginia, who appealed to him strongly. They were married and eventually moved to Glendora, California, where, even now, they live happily in a small community under the shadow of the San Gabriel Mountains.

Leora has a fascinating hobby of attending unclaimed freight sales. Ever on the alert for antiques, she has found many good buys in this manner. In late 1959 she persuaded her husband to take her to Pasadena, where the express office was holding a sale of unclaimed goods.

As Roy waited for his wife to search for rare finds, he walked over to a counter that was stacked with old books. Without hesitating, he pulled a small Testament from among the books.

"How much for the Testament?" he asked the clerk.

"Ten cents."

"I'll take it," he said. He handed over the dime and put the Testament into his pocket. Just then, Leora appeared with her "treasures." They went home. After they had eaten, Roy picked up his Testament.

"Think I'll read my little book while you are doing the dishes," he beamed.

"That's fine with me, dear." Leora began clearing the table, then stopped when she heard her husband sobbing.

"Roy! What's wrong?" She hurried to his side.

"This is my own Testament that I bought," he said in a broken voice. "I'd know it anywhere by this note on the flyleaf." For the first time Leora heard how, back in 1920, his mother had given him the Testament with the inscribed note.

"Maybe it's just coincidence," Leora told her husband. "Lots of people are named Roy. After all, it is only signed Mother. No name or date."

He suddenly remembered the other note. He told his wife the story of how his mother had hastily torn away the lower half of the back page.

"Leora," he said, "I haven't opened this Testament to any but the front page. I'm going to turn to the last page right now, and if one half of that back page has been torn out, then I'm certain that this is mother's Bible—which she gave me nearly forty years ago!"

Trembling, he opened the back cover of the Testament. There was the last chapter of Revelation with the blank space underneath torn away. Roy needed no further proof.

"It is like a voice from the dead," Roy said. "My mother passed away in 1932."

The "written voice" is still pleading with Roy, for before this article was scheduled for publication, the editor asked me to get in touch with the Snyders again. It was then I learned that Leora's mother is now a Seventh-day Adventist.

During the course of that second interview I enrolled the Snyders in the Voice of Prophecy correspondence course. If, as they are certain, God led in a little Testament's being lost on the East Coast, and nearly forty years later, being found on the West Coast, there is no doubt that the same Holy Spirit can guide this sincere couple in the way He would have them go.

birthday gift

by BEULAH FENDERSON SMITH

I heard the wind of twelfth month race
Through the infinite reaches of space;
Polishing, buffing, all the night
Until each star, so diamond-bright,
Became a rare, God-given gem
For His celestial diadem.

"your adversary the devil"

Roost The original photo for this week's cover had a branch on the bottom with roosting birds, as well as the one you see at the top. We're sorry that we are not always able to use an over-all picture on our covers. The difference in cost between the usual format and over-all is from \$10-15. So we can use full page pictures only in such instances as the March 5 "Jeep Nurse," and the October 15 spider web. The "tree parking" pix was from Finnish photographer Teuvo Kanerva.

Conference This is for writers: The fourth annual Writers' Conference in the greater Washington area closed with a luncheon Sunday noon, October 20. It was sponsored jointly by the Public Relations Department of the Columbia Union Conference and the Christian Writers Association.

Conference We saw evidence of what a well-conducted conference for writers can do to spur enthusiasm for Christian writing among Seventh-day Adventists. We look with confidence to the day when more such conferences under SDA sponsorship will be on an annual basis throughout the world.

Conference If you are among those who debated whether to attend the conference just closed in Takoma Park, we hope you'll plan ahead now to be here in 1964. Some who attended this year have been in attendance for the past three years. The 1964 schedule will doubtless see an expansion in workshops.

Tab Set Would you like to receive THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR writers' monthly in 1964? It is free to teachers of writing in SDA colleges and academies. Subscription to others is one dollar a year.

Caravan This information will interest Michigan MV's. The Michigan MV Winter Camp is December 26-31. The canoe trip will take place Sunday, the 29th. For what happened last time, see "Winter Canoe Caravan."

Amusement "We cannot innocently indulge in any amusement which will unfit us for the more faithful discharge of ordinary life duties."—2T 587.

Autopsies and postmortems are going to be too late for any who cry for the rocks and the mountains to fall on them at the return of Jesus.² They will be too late for any who participate in that resurrection a thousand years after the second coming.³

Paul as well as Peter was concerned lest professed Christians grow lax at the very hour when they should be most alert to evidence of Jesus' early return. "It is high time to awake out of sleep."⁴ "Awake to righteousness."⁵ "Awake thou that sleepest."⁶ "Let us not sleep . . . but let us watch and be sober."⁷

Can there be any doubt whatsoever but that multitudes of professed Christians are saying "Peace and safety"⁸ by their abundance of leisure and large plans for decades to come?

Today's headlines should be driving every reader to his knees every day. *Time* of October 18, 1963, reported that "By the time Flora finished her ten-day rampage through the Caribbean, she went down in history as one of the most devastating storms ever to strike the Western Hemisphere—a killer comparable to the great Galveston storm and tidal wave that swept the Texas coast in September 1900, claiming more than 6,000 lives."

The same issue of *Time* reported the obliteration of Longarone, Italy, comparing it to the Johnstown, Pennsylvania, flood of 1889. In Johnstown, 2,209 lives were lost.

What do these things mean?

Probation is closing.

The Spirit of God is being withdrawn from the earth.

Satan is being allowed to have his way more frequently, because the restraints that have kept a kind of peace are in God's plan gradually diminishing.

God is trying to wake up Seventh-day Adventists.

He is permitting the devastations of the devil to transpire to awaken the world to ask, "Why are these things happening?"

Some questions:

Do you open the Holy Scriptures every day to prayerfully inquire, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"⁹

Do you consecrate yourself to God every morning, making this "your very first work"?¹⁰

Do you daily review your acts "to see whether conscience approves or condemns"?¹¹

If you answer Yes, then thank God.

If you answer No, won't you turn about right now and do so?

For if you don't, you're going to risk a self-examination one day when it may be too late to restudy the Manual for citizenship in the earth made new.

Martin G. Crouse

¹ 1 Peter 5:8. ² Rev. 6:16. ³ John 5:28, 29. ⁴ Rom. 13:11. ⁵ 1 Cor. 15:34. ⁶ Eph. 5:14. ⁷ 1 Thess. 5:6. ⁸ Verse 3. ⁹ Acts 9:6. ¹⁰ *Steps to Christ*, p. 70. ¹¹ *Testimonies*, vol. 2, p. 512.

coming next week

- "AN EVERYDAY ADVENTURE"—is what Author William I. Rankin terms the period he spent as dean and teacher. His boys made it so.
- "A CLUTCH AND A PRAYER"—carry a unique relationship in Ora Belle Vail's story of breakdown in the African bush.

WINTER Canoe Caravan

by MORTEN JUBERG

Stephan's Bridge signals the end of the winter camp canoe trip down the Au Sable River. This Christmas another outing is anticipated.



Rules of the road apply in canoeing. Such a trip is definitely not for those who love to sit by the fire.



Dorothy Hallock and Dan Walter begin a 17-mile canoe trip down the magic wonderland river.

HIGH LIGHT of Michigan's annual MV winter camp near Grayling is the canoe trip down the famous Au Sable River. This canoe run, ranked as one of the most scenic in America, has a heavy traffic of canoeists during the summer months, but travel tapers off rapidly when snow begins to fall. Some half-dozen canoe liveries do a thriving business in summer when thousands of tourists come from all over America to float down the Au Sable. But when winter comes—that's different.

That's when a hardier type of canoeist takes over. For many of the winter campers who came last year from Michigan and four surrounding States, no visit to the north country is complete without a frosty trip down the Au Sable.

Camp Au Sable, named after the river, is the mecca of winter sports lovers. During the summer the 750 acres of the camp echo with the jubilant shouts of the junior campers. In the spring and fall the churches of the State take over, coming up to enjoy a weekend in the woods. Camp Au Sable has become a year-round resort, being used by church groups in the winter, as well. In 1962, 120 came for the winter camp, held annually between Christmas and New Year's Day.

The trip down the Au Sable River is not for those who love to sit by the fire. Nighttime temperatures in this area often plunge to a bonechilling 25 degrees below zero and only creep up to 10 above in the daytime. Warm protective clothing is a necessity.

Experienced outdoorsmen start with

thermal underclothing, so called because of the fluffy, heat-retaining materials used. Add to this layers of wool—warm and windproof—in the form of trousers or slacks, and jackets. Then comes a warm cap, a lined parka, or even a heavy scarf to keep the ears protected against the biting cold. Pros wear insulated boots, the type popularized in the Korean war, but others wear a couple of pairs of loose-fitting wool socks in shoes or boots. Warm mittens complete the outfit.

Those who have been down the river before will tuck in extra pairs of dry socks and mittens. There is one more necessary item—a heavy blanket to sit on in the canoe. It doesn't take too long for the canoeist seated in the metal canoe to become aware of his proximity to the subfreezing water of the river.

Last year fifty-four hardy campers, including Elder Lawrence A. Skinner, associate MV secretary of the General Conference, made the seventeen-mile, four-hour trip. The start of the canoe run is in Grayling, just a few miles from camp. Even though the temperatures had dipped low, the swift-flowing stream had ice only along the edges at the launching site.

Summer trips on the Au Sable are generally punctuated with friendly paddle splashes from fellow adventurers, but this is not the case in the winter. Everyone is interested in keeping dry, because a spill now might be a disastrous experience. All the canoeists made it safely last year with the exception of two girls who spilled just a few hundred yards out. They were bundled back to camp and suffered no ill effects.

Generally there are no portages to be made, but an unusual cold spell had frozen the river in some wider areas where the waters flowed more slowly. Some unwary travelers, trusting the ice too far when portaging, found themselves with wet feet. This is the time when a pair of dry socks comes in handy.

Many summer homes are found along the river, but these are deserted during the winter months. The curl of smoke from one chimney along the route was the only sign of human life on last year's trip. A sixteen-inch blanket of snow transformed the passing scenery into a magic wonderland that erased all human signs. Even the trees, sheltered from the wind, wore a coat of white.

There were many different types of trees to lend their beauty to the riverside. The white of the birch, the barrenness of the oak, the stately green of the

cedar and pine, made striking contrasts.

For the bird watcher there were many species to be seen. Elder Marvin Walter, a Michigan pastor and experienced naturalist, saw great blue herons, black ducks, cardinals, jays, juncos, and chickadees in his jaunt down the stream. Signs of beaver and muskrat activity could be seen, as well as fox tracks. One group saw six deer bedded down in a natural park, watching with wary eyes the silent forms canoeing down the river.

While the canoeists paddled, there was activity back at camp. The cooks were preparing a lunch to be served at the halfway stopping place, a campground along the river. Hot chocolate headed the menu with sandwiches and brownies comprising the rest of the fare.

The cooks faced the problem of getting to the stopping place with the food. Assistant MV Secretary Bill Ed-

sell solved this with the camp pickup, which was equipped with a snowplow. About one-half mile of road was plowed to provide access to the campground. Leslie Neal, a winter sports enthusiast and layman from Bay City, then drove his car, loaded with wood for the fire, to the stopping place. A large area was cleared of snow, and two fires were kindled. While this was going on, MV Secretary Lawrence Caviness was at camp loading the food into the camp bus to transport it to the waiting, hungry horde.

The fire builders did not have long to wait. Soon faint shouts heralded the coming of the travelers. Beaching their canoes, they stamped their feet to restore circulation and gathered around the roaring fire, waiting for the food to arrive. The unfortunate ones with wet feet took this opportunity to dry their feet and warm cold fingers.

The food arrived, and with appetites

made ravenous by the wintry air the travelers soon disposed of it, and it was time to go. One by one the canoes slipped into the water to complete the last leg of the trip, another two-hour journey.

This, however, was not enough for six of the campers. That night in the men's dormitory there was the usual rehashing of the day's happenings, and then came the suggestion for a further trip down the Au Sable for another seventeen miles past the afternoon's stopping place. This was done, and according to the canoeists this was even more beautiful than the first day's journey.

The canoe trip down the Au Sable is past and lingers only as a memory to be recalled in a pleasant manner. But come this winter, in that vacation space between Christmas and New Year's, another hardy group will again venture down the Au Sable.



Left: Mrs. F. Harder (left) feeds the group. Right: After lunch Robert Tebo (rear) and L. A. Skinner continue on down the river.



IN THE machinery of human endeavor and human relationships, appreciation is the driving thrust that helps make possible man's greatest endeavors.

Words of appreciation should not be withheld when a kindness has been received. Kindness merits an expressed response. Failure to respond can stifle the good in us. Usually we feel uncomfortable unless we are able to express our appreciation for favors. But some seem disposed to suppress expression of appreciation.

If the mores of society relating to man's dealing with man set the expression of gratitude forth as common courtesy, should it not also apply in regard to our obligations to God? His blessings are granted in abundance. Should we be unmindful of our duty to express appreciation?

We would not think of receiving even a morsel of bread from either friend or foe without saying thanks. But our Father in heaven, who grants us 365 days of life and health, who bestows honor and privilege upon us, is often left with no word of thanks—no gift of appreciation.

We feel embarrassed when friends offer some gift and we find ourselves unable to return the kindness. Can we be less grateful to God, who gives so much, than we are to our friends whose gifts may be but slight in comparison? Surely there should be no such blind spot in our expressions of thankfulness.

God has given us a responsive heart, and He desires that we respond to His favors as well as to those of our friends. We need to foster a spirit of appreciation toward Him. David calls upon us to offer unto God our thanksgiving, and he says, "Pay thy vows unto the most High" (Ps. 50:14). Isn't there something wrong with our Christianity when, receiving in such abundance, we disregard our responsibility toward a proper response to Him who has blessed us? How can we receive so much and respond so little? God is not pleased with such a course.

God has made the conduct of His work in the earth quite largely dependent upon the responsiveness of His people for blessings received. We read, "God, in His wise plans, has made the advancement of His cause dependent upon the personal efforts of His people, and upon their freewill offerings."¹

Gratitude- and the Tithe

Generosity springs from a thankful heart. A true child of God will not forsake his obligations.

An appreciative heart is a willing heart. Unwillingness springs from a lack of appreciation. If we would be more mindful of His blessings, we would be more generous in the support of His work. God's work is the natural avenue for expressions of gratitude. Its need is designed to foster the spirit of true appreciation in our hearts.

To withhold such support savors too much of the ungrateful, but the true child of God will not be found forsaking his obligation of appreciation. Hearts filled with God's love seek for avenues of expression and find true joy in generous liberality in the support of God's interests in the world. We first give ourselves in response to His giving Himself, and we give our funds as an expression of gratitude for His bounties received.

In view of the abundance of His gifts it ill becomes us to be narrow-hearted in our giving. We surely would not be so with our friends; why should we be with our all-providing heavenly Father? He reminds us that there is that which "withholdeth more than is meet," and "it tendeth to poverty" (Prov. 11:24). Thus we must deny the spirit of selfishness, demonstrate our thankfulness through liberal-hearted

giving, and foster the spirit of true appreciation. The question should always be, How much can I give God? and not, How much can I keep for myself?

The Lord never deserts a faithful child of His, no matter how difficult the circumstances. I was reminded of this a short time ago as I listened to the experience of a church member. The pastor had explained an emergency need in an important evangelistic undertaking. It was necessary to have \$100 within a very few days. Letters went out to the few members in that town.

To the pastor's surprise the first reply received contained a check for \$100 sent in by one of his faithful, but rather needy, members. An elderly woman, with but little means of support, had taken the money she had planned to use for her winter's coal and for purchasing a winter coat, and she had sent it in to meet the needs of God's work.

Shortly after, when a baptism was being held, the pastor first announced that the candidates had been won and this baptism was possible largely because this woman had sacrificed her own needs to meet the previous emergency in God's work. She

stood to explain that she had been repaid a hundredfold and had more satisfaction for the money spent for God's work than she would have had, had it been spent for her own needs.

Additional to our duty to express thanks in gifts to God, there is another feature we should think about in this matter of duty to God. Besides the bounties given us He grants us supervision of certain of His possessions. For these possessions He has made us His stewards, placing them under our control but not granting us ownership. Of the material possessions given us He maintains ownership over one tenth of all funds bestowed upon us. This portion is not ours. It belongs to God. Whether we return it to God or not, it is still His.

The tithe is the Lord's. We are but stewards over it. It certainly is not fostering a spirit of appreciation when we lay hold of that which has been placed in our care but should never be regarded as our own. Yet we find men claiming this portion too. In business this would be called embezzlement. Would a true child of God knowingly and willfully defraud Him?

Some explain that their personal use of the tithe is unavoidable. They say they do not wish to disobey, but they find it too difficult to do otherwise. The path of disobedience, shorn of God's blessing, cannot possibly be a prosperous course to follow. Satan deceives us into thinking that we must disobey, knowing well that he can then lead us into more complex difficulties.

God always has a better path selected for us than we could select for ourselves. Obedience never leads to disaster.

Skwebele, an African member of the church in Barotseland, was just getting ready to harvest his crop of kaffir corn. The stocks were heavy with ripened seed. Already his heathen neighbors were pounding the drums, beating their gongs, and doing everything possible to frighten away the clouds of hungry birds seeking to gorge themselves on the ripening grain.

But nobody was to be seen or heard in Skwebele's field. Both he and his wife were flat on their backs with terrible fever. "O God," he prayed, "take care of my fields. I claim Your promise, I have faithfully paid my tithe." The villagers were far too busy with their own harvest to help Skwebele and his sick wife.

Shortly Skwebele was better and able to get out into his field. Not a bird was over his drooping kaffir corn. It re-

mained unharmed awaiting his harvesting.

"How can it be?" exclaimed the neighbors. So over they came to see and inquire.

"What kind of medicine did you use?" they asked.

"Oh," said Skwebele, "I have a special Watcher."

"A watcher?" they replied.

"Well, we saw no one around your field at all!" Then Skwebele explained how he had learned of the true God and of His promise to bless and preserve a person's fields from the devourer

Answer

by IRMA B. LIDNER

A brimming cup
will spill
at gain
of one more drop,
and pinpricks
burst a swollen sphere.
It does not take
sledge-hammer blows
on open wounds
to bring
the cry of pain:
knife points do that.

Why wonder then
that hairline breadths
divide the laugh and tear—
that blunt words
crucify?

It is by things
the size of these
we live
or die.

when he is faithful in returning to God His own.

God bestows His blessings on His faithful children, and He reserves only one tenth as His own. This tenth is not ours. It is not an offering. In no way does it belong to us. God has merely given us, as individuals, temporary stewardship over it. Whether we are faithful in our stewardship responsibilities or not, it still remains God's and is not for our use. Selfishly appropriating it as our own hinders and limits God in bestowing His blessing upon us. Indeed, we cannot afford to withhold God's tithe, for such a course would cost us too much in blessings removed. Such a course reveals a great lack of appreciation for His overflowing good-

ness and faithful generosity toward us.

"God speaks to His people in blessings bestowed; and when these are not appreciated, He speaks to them in blessings removed, that they may be led to see their sins, and return to Him with all the heart."²

In other words, using only our own—the nine tenths—will prove far more sufficient for our needs than selfishly appropriating all ten tenths, including that which is not our own.

How can we expect God's blessing when following a course of dishonesty? He designates such action in plain language as robbery. "Will a man rob God?" Then the answer: "Ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings."

A faithful accounting of our responsibilities toward God's possessions is a sure road toward receiving His blessing. A careless disregard, savoring ungratefulness, cannot possibly merit His favor. Any such course requires an immediate turnabout. With sincere repentance we should make full and honest restitution to God for His own possession.

"When men withhold the one tenth, they rob God. . . . Such defraud their Creator; and when this sin of neglect is brought before them, it is not enough for them to change their course and begin to work from that time upon the right principle. This will not correct the figures made in the heavenly record for embezzling the property committed to them in trust to be returned to the Lender. Repentance for unfaithful dealing with God, and for base ingratitude, is required."³

If there should be an error made in calculating the tithe, it cannot be made up by lightly adding a few dollars to some of our offerings. Offerings as gifts to the Lord are due, but they cannot take the place of returning to God that which is His. Withholding from the owner his possessions and offering him something else of our own is not an honest accounting of our responsibilities.

A faithful and meticulous accounting of one's stewardship is an important duty of every one. Presenting our tithes and offerings as a fitting expression of our heartfelt appreciation is likewise an important Christian duty. Appreciation needs expression to be properly fostered; failing such, it soon shrivels and dies.

² *Counsels on Sabbath School Work*, p. 131.

³ *Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 470.

⁴ *Testimonies*, vol. 3, p. 394.

► Research engineers have found a way to put the extremely delicate manufacturing process of a tiny electronic component on a mass-production basis in an environment similar to outer space. A machine performs operations beyond the skill of human hands by duplicating the high degree of vacuum found 135 miles out in space, about the same altitude reached by America's Project Mercury astronauts. In the machine's inner chambers a silent void is created in which air pressure is only two billionths of that on the earth's surface. "Orbiting" continuously into, through, and out of this environment are "space-ships" carrying their delicate cargoes through the manufacturing process. The end result is a virtually "two dimensional" product, highly superior to the most compact of today's conventional circuits. It is named the thin-film circuit.

AT&T

► During the fall migration of waterfowl from nesting grounds in the Alberta and Saskatchewan provinces of Canada and in Alaska, millions of pintail ducks, mallards, Canada geese, and other species of wild fowl converge on Tule Lake National Wildlife Refuge in northern California. There, on 37,000 acres, they feed and rest before continuing their flight southward. Besides providing suitable shelter, food, and general habitat for wild fowl, the refuge program has an important secondary objective—control of crop damage from the birds. Hungry birds used to cause considerable loss of crops in the flyway area.

Friends

► The island of Malta in the Mediterranean has no lakes or rivers, and the average rainfall is about 20 inches a year. All the potable water comes from underground sources. The water supply system consists of long stretches of water galleries driven at sea water level, which collect rain water percolating through rock formations, a large number of pumping stations and reservoirs, and an extensive pipeline network.

International Bank

► In the view of a majority of 439 San Francisco, California, physicians responding to a survey, walking is a simple, nonalcoholic solution to tension. Some 92 per cent of the respondents recommended walking, swimming, golf, or bowling, in that order, as prime tension easers.

AMA

► More than 3,000 varieties of wild mushrooms, edible and poisonous, have been identified in the Western Hemisphere alone.

Friends

► The oldest known paper money was issued in China in the fourteenth century. It was printed on mulberry bark paper and measured 8.5 by 13.5 inches.

National Geographic Society

► Although the weather cools off a bit in late October in Greece, and there are a few cloudy or rainy days in December and January, the winter is dry and sunny. The average year-round temperature in Athens is a temperate 68°.

BEA

► The world's largest natural bridge is Rainbow Natural Bridge in Utah. In perfect rainbow shape, it stands 309 feet high, with a span of 278 feet. The top is 33 feet wide and 42 feet thick. It is said that the Capitol building in Washington, D.C., could be slipped right under the arch opening.

Ford Times

► Two British firms have signed contracts with the Soviet Union for the supply of six complete chemical plants. The two plants to make the ethylene raw material and the four to produce the finished polythene will have a production equal to the entire polythene capacity of Great Britain. The plants are expected to quadruple the Soviet Union's output of polythene.

The Arsenal

► Red, green, and amber pavements have been applied to a busy intersection near Richmond in an experiment by the Virginia Highway Department. A warning area of about 300 feet on a lane approaching an intersection was paved in amber, indicating the need for motorists' caution. The intersection was paved in red, identifying it as an area of potential traffic hazards, and the lane beyond the intersection was done in green pavement, indicating the area of safety.

NHUC

► In the small city of Olney, Illinois, is found a colony of white squirrels, the only one of considerable size in the United States. There are an estimated 650 to 800 of the albino squirrels inhabiting the city. They can be seen along any of the tree-shaded streets and in the city park. The small ermine-white bushytails chase about during the forenoon hours, but usually retire to treetop siestas on hot summer afternoons and in bad weather. The townspeople are aware that the pink-eyed squirrels are near-sighted, and they take care not to injure them as they scamper across city streets. Civic organizations and townspeople donate corn, nuts, and bread to the city to feed the squirrels.

Ford Times



radarscope

Key to source abbreviations published January 15, 1963.

► A bloc of air, two city blocks of it, was bought at auction from New York City for \$1,065,000. In this air space over the new Interstate System depressed expressway leading to the George Washington Bridge on the Manhattan side, a building corporation has erected four 32-story middle-income apartment buildings, providing for 960 families. Each building contains 240 apartments in 30 stories. The two lower floors are devoted to lobbies, garages, boiler rooms, and equipment that is in the basement of ordinary ground-level buildings. There is a 10,000-square-foot public park atop the garage in back of the building fronting one street. All the buildings have play levels between the apartment tower and the garage.

NHUC

► Because of security reasons, few visitors have been in the Mercury Control Center at Cape Canaveral, Florida. However, now millions of Americans who visit the Smithsonian Institution's National Air Museum in Washington, D.C., will be able to see this center in miniature. A highly detailed scale model of the nerve center of the Mercury Manned Orbital flights has been presented to the Smithsonian by the General Dynamics / Electronics Division, which planned and built the original center.

Smithsonian

► Nearly three fourths of the 40,900 motor vehicle deaths in 1962 were in rural accidents, the National Safety Council reports. Most of the 29,400 rural fatalities were occupants of motor vehicles, but in urban areas almost half the victims were pedestrians.

NSC

► According to the American Hospital Association the average cost for each day a patient spends in the hospital has increased from \$18.35 in 1952 to \$36.83 in 1962.

AMA

► During the annual tennis championships at Wimbledon, England, 14,400 balls are used.

BBC

The Last Fox

by **ROBERT LEON MACLEAN**



THE NIGHT was silent.

In The Valley with the throbbing city all around, a wild creature awoke and stirred: a wild thing alone in an alien world. He slipped through the black trees and stopped. The moonlight shone on the stark, bare branches, creating tangled shadows on his dark fur; he stepped lightly into the meadow on silent, graceful paws.

Rarely did the fox bark, but tonight was different—no blaring car horns, no shouting voices or barking dogs, no noise and confusion, broke the silence. The Valley lay below, dark and quiet, with the heavy shadow of North York Branson Hospital, a scant block away, falling over the snow.

He barked. The sound drifted through the night air and echoed off the canyon wall across the Don River. The fox would hunt tonight.

The people in the houses surrounding The Valley shivered and were restless in their sleep. Was this Toronto, the metropolis of more than one and a half million people crowded into 240

square miles of concrete and steel, or was it the wilds of the North? Surely they couldn't be hearing a fox!

But they were. Through this narrow, wooded ravine, about forty-two acres in area, runs the Don River, emptying into Lake Ontario a few miles distant. Crisscrossed by humming power lines, surrounded by countless houses, invaded and mutilated, this ravine is called The Valley by students of Toronto Junior Academy nearby. Here was the home of the fox, who was the last of his kind in the district, and thought to be the last wild red fox of Toronto.

He was a giant among his kind, with a powerful chest, lean flanks, and a strong and graceful neck. He was young, having come to The Valley but three years before.

He sniffed at the tracks of a rabbit and decided that the trail was too old to be of importance. Crossing the meadow, he entered the pine woods and searched the air for a scent. Faintly the smell of a meadow mouse drifted with the wind. He fixed the location in



his mind and followed his nose. Under the gnarled roots of an old pine was the burrow of a white-footed mouse. He waited behind a stump.

Soon a small head peeked out, followed by a small brown body. The mouse proceeded to eat seeds in the blackness of night. The fox rushed. The mouse squeaked and was still.

It was but a morsel for an animal of his size; a rabbit would be more substantial. He trotted into the big meadow beneath the den and crouched in the snow-laden grass beside a burrow that might give up something. Within an hour he had finished breakfast.

*Few in Toronto would have suspected
the drama that was being enacted in a wooded
area bordering the Don River. Here in
The Valley the last fox struggled for survival.*



Two long winters had been passed in The Valley, but this was the harshest of them all. It seemed that wildlife was being crowded out by houses. Every day brought the pounding of hammers and the completion of new buildings, offices, and apartments.

The fox went to his burrow on the hillside and rested. His eyes searched the meadow below. He was lonely. He had known it before, of course. But this loneliness was different. Something was missing. New emotions were awakening with the coming spring, and he realized that he wanted companionship badly. Letting out a sigh, he rested, for the

morning sun was creeping over the hill across the river. Daylight was for sleep. It could mean death to prowl then. The rising of the sun brought men and dogs, and a multitude of strange, deadly things. So he slept.

It was early March, the month of awakening for all the animals. The fox continued to be restless. The Valley seemed too small for his needs. His restive, tense feelings grew until it seemed nothing would still them. He took risks he never would have taken before—going downriver into the heart of the city, under bridges and bellowing factories, following the scant protection of the

wooded Don River. He even climbed out of The Valley and ventured into the nearby streets. The size of the city was amazing—and frightening.

And so it was that March day by the Don. The fox was lying in the mouth of his burrow when suddenly his keen nose caught a scent that was electrifying. He sat upright and sniffed the air. The scent was from the river.

He sprang down the hill into the grass, every fiber trembling. Whatever it was, it was immensely exciting. He ran to the river and stepped behind a bush.

She appeared among the trees opposite, a dainty, light-stepping vixen. Never had he seen such a creature. She saw him, and stopped abruptly. He leaped forward. She moved back, then stopped again. They touched noses timidly, awkwardly. She whirled, barking, and dashed back into the meadow. The fox followed at her heels, a feeling of exuberance bubbling within. No longer would his days and nights be lonely. She would make his life complete.

Two months later, in May, three kits were born in the deep burrow on the hill. At first they could do little but eat and sleep, but on the ninth day their eyes opened, and a strange, fantastic world was revealed to them. Two were small, sturdy females like their mother, the vixen. The third was the biggest of the litter, a male with ridiculously huge ears. He was a daring ad-

Snow Geese

by DOLORES BRADBURY

Wheeling and turning
In a moody sky,
The snow geese, yearning
For the Southland, fly
After their leader
With poignant cry.
Far below,
A cool green lake
Makes the wild heart
Throb and ache
For food and rest;
But the wise old gander
Who leads the band
Honks a warning—
No time to land.
They lift again
On silvered wings,
Through air so thin
It flows and sings,
Yet always in
The feathered breast
There is a longing
For the cool green rest.

venturer, always the first to explore or tackle something new. Their contented father sat on the hill above and watched them play—barking shrilly, rolling over and over in the sunshine. The male kit soon had both the others exhausted with his puppy lunges and fighting tactics.

The kit walked stiff-legged to a big leaf and sniffed inquiringly, sensing a living thing beneath. He extended a paw gingerly, his round eyes puzzled. A grasshopper bounced over his head, erupting from beneath the leaf. The kit followed quickly. The insect jumped again.

The vixen growled deep. To all fox ears it meant, "Come back here at once, or you'll be sorry." The kit turned his fuzzy head inquiringly, then scampered back to her, glancing with longing at the insect behind.

On cool nights in June they would sneak up to the Branson Hospital grounds and hide in the shadows behind the lights. Soon they would hear a *plunk, plunk* of beetles striking the windows and falling to the ground. The fox pounced upon one and returned to the darkness to eat it. The vixen followed; the kits got the hint and snatched the June bugs up, clumsily at first, then more deftly.

This food getting was not unno-

ticed. The hospital night watchman, Al Tupper, saw them and decided to become acquainted. He gathered all the workmen's stale sandwiches and stacked them neatly in back of the hospital. The foxes had no scruples in gobbling down five or six egg-and-lettuce sandwiches every night. In time, they even looked forward to the midnight snacks, taking them for granted.

One night Mr. Tupper tiptoed to the corner and peeked around. There, not three feet in front of him, was the vixen, with hackles raised and displaying long white fangs. It was hard to say who was the more surprised, for the fox had sensed the man an instant before he had seen her. The vixen vanished like a puff of smoke—in the words of Mr. Tupper, "like a streak of lightning." The kits dashed after their mother, learning an important lesson that was to be repeated many times—man was to be feared.

Somehow the kits lived within The Valley, and so skillful did they become in hiding themselves that few people ever saw them, though all had heard of them by word of mouth. Lessons were learned the hard way, and tragedy almost struck several times, leaving one fact uppermost in their minds—their safety and happiness depended on making themselves inconspicuous.

Rabbits were becoming more and more difficult to find, and many nights the whole fox family went to bed hungry. Houses were going up on the choice lots around the little ravine; the hospital was building a nurses' residence and a school of nursing; a church and two schools were erected; and a boys' camp was built in The Valley itself, along with a stable for horses.

There was always the ever-present threat of boys with BB guns, looking for a moving target. Dog packs came into the ravine by the river, and they always welcomed a chase with the alien red fox who lived there. It was no place for fox, yet they stayed.

Then, in August of 1958, tragedy struck.

Rabies was found in dogs roaming the city streets. The people of suburban Toronto became terrified. Children were told to stay away from the ravine because "there's a bad fox there that will hurt you." Policemen shot rabid animals on sight. Even a slight wound inflicted by a rabid animal could be deadly. Dogs roamed the woods with the virus in them, tortured, insane creatures that could not be tolerated alive.

The fox and his small family knew nothing of this. The kits were almost full grown by late summer. They were still guided by their parents, but no longer was it necessary to feed and protect them at every step. Life went on as usual.

One dawn in late August, the fox stirred in his earthen den, and then trotted down the hill to find breakfast for the family. Normally he would not go out in these early daylight hours, but no food had been found the night before and the kits were ravenous. He drifted into the meadow silently. Not a movement or smell greeted him. It was becoming lighter, and he would have to work quickly. He slunk past a twisted oak and searched the hill side. A groundhog's burrow beneath the roots of a maple might promise something. The wily occupant had eluded him before, but perhaps there was a chance now.

He waited patiently. A brown head peeked out of the hole, and suspicious little eyes swept the landscape. Satisfied that all was safe, the groundhog

wit sharpeners

Morning, Noon, Evening, or Night?

by GRACE V. WATKINS

The Bible tells of many wonderful spiritual experiences when people became conscious of God's care and direction. Can you tell whether each of the following such experiences came in the morning, at noon, in the evening, or at night?

1. Abraham started up the mountain to sacrifice his son Isaac, in obedience to God's command.

2. Moses and Aaron appeared before Pharaoh, as God commanded, demanding release of the Israelites and warning that unless they were released the waters would turn to blood.

3. Solomon asked wisdom and knowledge when God appeared to him and asked what was his request.

4. Joseph, reunited with his brothers, told them it was not they who had sent him to Egypt, but God.

5. At Christ's command, Thomas thrust his hand into Christ's side and cried out, "My Lord and my God!"

6. Gideon wrung out the fleece, which was a sign that God would deliver Israel through Gideon's leadership.

7. Saul of Tarsus saw Jesus on the Damascus road and was converted.

8. The angel delivered Peter from prison.

9. Daniel, cast into the den of lions, was not afraid, trusting God.

10. The angel blocked Balaam's way as he rode the ass.

Key on page 16

crawled farther ahead. The fox rushed from the bushes and sprang; the groundhog never knew what hit him. The fox picked the plump body up and started homeward. He crossed a creek in the meadow and passed directly below the den with the sleeping vixen and kits.

Then, in the space of a heartbeat, the bushes rustled behind. He whirled, his body crouching.

The wind was blowing away from him, and no scent disturbed the air. But something—something was there.

He dropped the groundhog and eased into the trees, eyes searching the foliage ahead. Like a ghost he moved around the meadow, blending into the shadows. He worked his way into the bushes, circling to the place where he had first sensed the danger.

Nothing was there. At that instant he caught a strong scent on the breeze, from where he had been before. *Some-where ahead was a dog near the unprotected den!* He dashed forward, all wariness forgotten. He jumped into the clearing—

Only his quick reflexes saved him. A large dark shape burst from the side and sprang at his throat with slaving jaws! The fox rolled hard, turning his neck down, and was up instantly. An ugly black dog flashed by, heavy jaws grinding.

The dog crashed into the thicket and turned, panting heavily. Froth bubbled from his mouth and dripped to the ground. His eyes were horrible, glowing with a mad urge to kill, kill, kill!

The fox met the next rush head-on. The animals reared savagely. The fox tore at the dog's throat, getting only thick black hair. The brute seemed possessed with the strength of a wolf, tearing, chopping, slashing with lightning speed. He crushed the fox into the briars; his heavy jaws found a hold and ground mightily. The fox howled with pain as his leg splintered under the dog's grip. Blood poured from the wound, dyeing the grass red.

The fox wrenched himself from the dog's jaws, one leg dangling. The black one lunged again, teeth snapping. The fox rose high on his back legs and skillfully dived for the vital spot at the neck. The great body heaved beneath him, but he mustered all his strength and sank his fangs deep. The dog howled madly, and sank to the ground, kicking feebly. For a moment they remained as one; the fox released his hold only when assured that his enemy was dead.

Irrevocable Consequences

by KEITH R. MUNDT

DUSK had fallen as the sleek *Dagon Mail* slowly pulled out of Thazi railway station. It had been a hot, stifling July day. The tediously slow train journey from Taunggyi, 4,712 feet up in the Shan State, to the railroad junction at Thazi in the central plains of Burma was wearisome. Nothing would be more welcome than a cold, refreshing bath in the home of the railway doctor before I returned home at three the next morning.

A gust of wind broke my reverie. It was dark now as I listlessly headed for the junior stationmaster's office where my luggage was. Nearing the office I saw through the haze of dim electric lights a crowd scrambling about the closed window of the stationmaster's office. Soon I discovered what was transpiring inside the office as men heaved and jostled one another for vantage ground. Forgetting baggage for the moment, I wormed my way in for a closer view through the already crowded inner door that separated the two offices.

Inside the cluttered room sat an innocent-looking man. It was evident he was nervous as he squatted on the cement floor. By his side, off the left shoulder, dangled a Shan bag, and at his feet lay a small, neatly wrapped plastic-covered bed-roll. In typical Burmese attire the short, dark, and hapless individual sported a brown felt hat. At a table against the wall a railway police officer questioned him. An aide went through his jacket and, among other things, checked his national registration certificate.

The vixen rushed down the hill, sounding her battle cry. She walked stiffly around the dog and nosed his still body, mistrusting the strange odor. Somehow the fox made it to the den, trailing blood after him in a long thin line. He dropped exhausted in the dark sanctuary of the burrow.

Fifteen days passed. The vixen

At this point, however, I realized that if my luggage was left on the sill it would soon disappear, and so pushing my way out I hastened to bring it into the adjoining room. Then I quickly returned to satisfy my mounting curiosity.

In the meantime a khaki-clad excise officer had started searching the prisoner, obviously a smuggler. His shirt had now been removed. Presently the officer began carefully unwinding yards of three-inch bandage which had been meticulously wrapped around the chest. Beneath all the bandaging and over a white T-shirt was a tight-fitting waistcoat with two large pockets on either side. Concealed in pink paper in flat packets, the officer removed from both pockets the contraband he was carrying: opium.

A wave of pity swept through me as I thought of the consequences of this man's illegal act. Whether this was his first attempt in smuggling or whether this was the only occasion he had been caught red-handed I didn't know. Of this I am certain: after serving his time in jail he has the choice of quitting, or continuing in the smuggling trade.

It is unlikely that you or I will ever engage in such business. But in one area of life we are all alike. We are all sinners. Is it possible that we are knowingly, deliberately, willingly "smuggling" sin?

It behooves us to heed the warning, "Be sure your sin will find you out." For where you and I are concerned, the eternal consequences are irrevocable.

helped him as best she could, killing a few mice and once a rabbit. She would drop them in front of him, wagging her tail, then walk slowly back to the kits. He hardly ate. As time lengthened he became moody and surly, lying in the burrow and limping out only at night. Then he would lie on the hill-top above and stare at the dark valley

below, with his weary head resting on his paws.

He became hot and feverish, howling hoarsely at the moon during his long vigil on the hill. Quite suddenly he wanted desperately to be alone.

The vixen sidled up, a mouse held lightly in her jaws. Before she could offer it, he turned on her savagely, barely holding back the flame within. She leaped away; the mouse fell to the ground unheeded. For an instant they stared at each other. The fox turned into the meadow. She followed, puzzled at his behavior. He barked violently, shaking his muzzle. Then, sure she was not following, he limped into the night.

He wandered through The Valley all that night, and the next, and the next, the madness growing and struggling for control. He felt an all-consuming desire to kill anything that moved. He charged awkwardly up and down the Don River, a tortured, deadly animal. A luckless black terrier was slashed to ribbons under his snapping, slashing fangs. He crashed through the meadow in a wild, terrible hunt for a living creature to kill. Only the maimed leg prevented him from going into the streets of Toronto.

The end came suddenly. Weak and

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Pat Boone signed for a show of his own only after turning down the offers of three separate networks. Two of these were to be sponsored by cigarette companies and the third by a brewer.

Said he, "I realized these people wanted me because of my influence with teen-agers. I am personally opposed to both smoking and drinking and do not want to be responsible for influencing anyone else in taking them up."

His ABC deal gave him the privilege of accepting or rejecting sponsors. The \$1 million contract covered a five-year period.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

tottering, he instinctively turned toward the den on the hill where the vixen and kits were sleeping. Halfway there he dropped exhausted. Paralysis seized him. And there in the briers, while the golden moon was high and

the night strangely silent, he died with his head stretched toward the den, not a hundred yards away.

I was hiking in The Valley with my brother, Derryl, and a friend, Delmer Sokol, when I spied the body of a fox in the grass ahead. I shouted to the others and hurried to it—there was thick saliva on his jaws and a dark red wound on his leg. In an instant I knew him as the fox of our Valley. For a long time I stood there, thinking of the past, remembering his life. Now he was gone.

Sorrowfully I left. It was almost like the passing of a good friend. Three nights later, two policemen knocked at my door and asked whether I would guide them to the dead fox, for it was their duty to find and examine all rabid animals. I agreed willingly.

We descended into The Valley, our flashlights creating weird shadows on the dark wall of trees. There was hardly any moonlight, and the night was very silent, with only a faint, melancholy croaking of the frogs, and the occasional little *creeeek* of a lonely cricket. I led the policemen to the meadow where the fox lay. They examined the body. I did not tell them that a vixen and three kits were scarcely a block away, on the hill above.

"Rabies, if I've ever seen it," muttered the tall one.

"Yeah," replied the other. "Paralytic stage. He's a whopper, isn't he?"

"I'm sorry to see him go," I said. "He's been here about three years now. He is—the last, you know? I mean, a certain past has gone with him."

They nodded. "You're right. Not many places like this left, quiet and sorta wild. The last fox, I'll bet."

Carefully they rolled the fox into a blanket and carried him away. They climbed back up the hill and laid him in their patrol car. Then they were gone.

That night, under the covering darkness, the vixen gathered the kits together and left The Valley forever. They followed the Don River north, hiding by day and traveling by night. Within a week they were far and away from The Valley that had been their home.

Perpetual Plan Subscriptions

Question What is a Perpetual Plan subscription to THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR?

Answer A Perpetual Plan subscription to the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is a standing order that stays on the mailing list continuously. Arrangements may be made only through your Book and Bible House to participate in this Plan, and it is agreed that payment will be made promptly each year when the bill is presented by the Book and Bible House.

Question What are the advantages of the Perpetual Plan?

Answer First, you avoid interruption and loss of copies that sometimes occurs at expiration when ordered year by year.

Second, you save money, paying only the lowest price offered at campaign time during the year (paying each year at the time you are billed by your Book and Bible House).

Question If I ask my Book and Bible House to put me on the Plan right now, what will a year of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR cost me?

Answer \$5.75, a saving of more than 10 per cent.

key wit sharpeners

1. Gen. 22:1-13; 2. Ex. 7:15; 3. 2 Chron. 1:7-12; 4. Gen. 43:25; 45:5; 5. John 20:19-29; 6. Judges 6:36-38; 7. Acts 26:13-18; 8. Acts 12:5-9; 9. Dan. 6:14-17; 10. Num. 22:21-35.



To Helderberg come students from South and West Africa, the mission unions, England, Germany, Finland, and the United States.

CANNIBAL, I tell you—an eater of human flesh!”
 “Eats human beings?”
 “Yes, he eats people. The priest told us.”
 “Is that so? Well, I’ll have nothing to do with him.”

With a rumor so gruesome and gross following him around, Missionary T. W. Staples found it extremely difficult to secure workmen. While opening a new mission at Nebasa in the Congo he found that the fears and superstitions of the Africans had been aroused by linking the new Adventist missionary with stories of the cannibalism then still practiced in the Congo.

Summoning all the experience gained as a student at Helderberg College in South Africa, Pastor Staples pressed on in faith. From the chief he secured labor. Soon the trees were felled and the enormous stumps removed. The ground was leveled, and

Helderberg College and AFRICA

by P. J. VAN ECK



The girls' residence is on the left; laundry in the center; Branson Hall (administration) on the right; students coming down the steps are going to their dining room.

Right: The school's St. John Ambulance team won a national contest. Below: A chartered bus, parked by the new gymnasium and dining hall, is loading a cappella choir members for a music tour.



the first mud-and-pole buildings were erected—a home for the missionary and a school building.

Later would come the more substantial brick structures, durable tin roofs, the plumbing, the permanent water supply, and such amenities of civilization as could possibly be provided for the missionary's health and well-being.

Supervising all this activity, the pioneer-builder-missionary could reflect with gratitude on the practical training he had had at Helderberg College.

He had completed all his high school and college work there. By unsparing use of elbow grease he had also learned much about engineering, carpentry, bricklaying, plastering, and plumbing, and much else besides.

What about elephants? His college curriculum had had nothing about those lumbering big brutes that might trample him underfoot as he slept! But, among the "much else besides" of his college training at Helderberg were resourcefulness, application, and exercise of initiative. These he could use now while he was pioneering for God.

He soon had a ring of fires lighted around his camp. He added some thumping African drums to reinforce his defenses. That kept not only the animals away but also his sleep. Of course, one could always use earplugs, and if one was tired enough . . .

Such rugged pioneering is almost a thing of the past in Africa—now no longer so "dark." Modern communications and recent political events in emergent Africa have brought stupen-

dous changes. Good motor roads, fast rail and aircraft services, swiftly carry the missionary workers from every part of the globe into the interior of Africa. Many missions are linked by radio telephone. Newspapers are avidly read everywhere.

Helderberg, however, trains for the needs of the new Africa. Of its five hundred graduates more than two hundred have gone directly into the mission fields as teachers, evangelists, office workers, doctors, and nurses. Others are in training now dedicating their youth and enthusiasm to the challenge that is Africa.

In the nine major training schools of the division former students of Helderberg play an indispensable part, teaching Africans how to work for their own people. Seven of the nine principals are alumni of Helderberg. These leaders were the college boys of yesterday. These are among those who prayed, studied, grumbled at heavy assignments, sometimes failed and tried again, worked with their hands, struggled, rejoiced in success, dated their partners, and eventually married.

The college also keeps close personal contact with the missions of Africa through the large contingent of missionary children. They come from the Rhodesias, the Congo, Rwanda, Burundi, Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika, and Nyasaland. At Helderberg they have every facility for an effective Adventist education, involving the students' development spiritually, intellectually, morally, physically, and socially. After receiving this excellent preparation for this life and the life hereafter, these second-generation missionaries are eager to return to the missions to share their faith.

Helderberg College is situated on four hundred acres of land on the green slopes of towering Helderberg Mountain overlooking majestic False Bay in the Atlantic Ocean. It is close to Cape Town, a major seaport on the southern tip of Africa.

Its students hail from the four provinces of South Africa and South West Africa, as well as from the mission unions—stretching north for three thousand miles to the equator. Students have also come directly from the United States, England, Germany, Finland, and Norway in order to gain firsthand training for the work in this vast continent.

The college motto, "We learn to serve others," finds ready fulfillment in the unlimited opportunities for service in southern Africa today.

ZIMMIE

by BOB HOLLAND

ALL of her closest friends know her as Zimmie. One can never be sure when he may see her coming up the sidewalk for a short visit, perhaps bringing some freshly baked cookies for the children or some delicious whole-wheat bread for their busy mother.

To the younger generation Zimmie appears to be a somewhat strange sight, with her unadorned, simple dress, big purse, and neat little hat. It isn't surprising to discover that she was born in the old country; she came to America when she was seventeen.

But for all of her quaintness, Zimmie is loved by everyone who becomes acquainted with her. Everyone loves her because it is refreshing to know that there is still someone who enjoys living a natural, unperfected, simple life.

Zimmie's place is with the people she loves, the people she has devoted her life to helping. Often she can be seen going to a church member's home in the suburbs of Cincinnati, or more often somewhere downtown, taking a little gift to an unfortunate family with whom she has become acquainted in her canvassing work.

Stairs and hills are no obstacle to Zimmie's tired feet if she knows that at the end of her destination she may be able to assist someone. It would be inspiring to count the discouraged mothers, the faithless fathers, the innocent little street urchins with whom she has prayed during her long years of service. How many in that vast sea of humanity were given new hope for this life and were pointed to a better life to come?

Zimmie knows Jesus. He is her closest friend. Many times He has been the only one who could under-

stand or comfort her when a great burden came into her life. And it is because Zimmie knows Jesus that she knows how to help others to hope.

There is something different about the atmosphere of her neat little apartment. She doesn't have the newest furniture, and she doesn't live in the very finest part of town, but there is nowhere else on earth that one feels so much like making himself at home.

Whenever I go home for vacation I can be sure that Zimmie will invite me to have Sabbath dinner with her. She calls me her "Christian son." Everyone is made to feel as though he or she were a son or daughter of Zimmie. About the middle of the week she calls me to ask what I want for Sabbath dinner and whether I would like to invite anyone else to join us.

And oh, is Sabbath ever a blessed day indeed at Zimmie's house! After a delicious meal everyone gathers in her warm little living room to listen to old hymns on the record player and to study the Sabbath school lesson, or perhaps to read from *The Desire of Ages* or the *Testimonies for the Church*.

One day my uncle, who had just been introduced to Zimmie, asked her from what country she came.

In her broken English she replied, "I was born in Austria-Hungary, I lived in Germany, I am a United States citizen, but this earth is not my home. I am waiting for Jesus to come."

My uncle turned away with tears in his eyes.

Zimmie's simplicity has had a profound effect on many lives.

Why can't there be more Zimmies in the world?

The Magic Beanstalk...



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Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

Youth

XI—Our Lord's Return

(December 14, 1963)

MEMORY GEM: "And now, little children, abide in him; that, when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming" (1 John 2:28).

OUTSIDE READING: *The Great Controversy*, chapter 40; *Early Writings*, pp. 111-114; *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 633-636.

Introduction

"Someday, and soon, a new and awesome spectacle will be seen in the skies. The King will travel in the greatness of His strength. The wide-spreading heavens will open. Down the parted skies the white war horses will come in battle array. There in their midst, clothed in all the dignity and majesty which become Him who presides over the universe and upholds all things by the word of His power, comes riding out of the heavens the King of kings and Lord of lords.

"How magnificent beyond all human description will be the advancing pageantry of the skies! How sublime beyond all human comprehension will be the Lord Jesus when He 'shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels.'"—CARLYLE B. HAYNES, in *Review and Herald*, Jan. 28, 1937.

1—Christ Shall Return

Scriptures: John 14:1-3; Heb. 9:28; Titus 2:13, 14; 1 Thess. 4:16, 17.

Notes:

"Long have we waited for our Saviour's return. But nonetheless sure is the promise. Soon we shall be in our promised home. There Jesus will lead us beside the living stream flowing from the throne of God and will explain to us the dark providences through which on this earth He brought us in order to perfect our characters. There we shall behold with undimmed vision the beauties of Eden restored. Casting at the feet of the Redeemer the crowns that He has placed on our heads, and touching our golden harps, we shall fill all heaven with praise to Him that sitteth on the throne."—*Testimonies*, vol. 8, p. 254.

Christ will appear and bring salvation the second time only to those who "look for him." The importance of looking, waiting, watching, keeping awake, is stressed in many places, particularly in the New Testament.

"To become impatient now would be to lose all our earnest, persevering watching heretofore. The long night of gloom is trying, but the morning is deferred in mercy, because if the Master should come, so many would be found unready. . . . But the coming of the

morning to the faithful, and of the night to the unfaithful, is right upon us. By waiting and watching, God's people are to manifest their peculiar character, their separation from the world."—*Ibid.*, vol. 2, p. 194.

Questions:

1. What precious promise did Jesus make to His disciples the last night He spent with them before His death?

2. To whom will Christ bring salvation when He returns?

3. What "blessed hope" did Paul admonish Christians to cherish? How is the coming Saviour identified?

4. With what stirring words did Paul describe the scene of the coming of Christ to the Thessalonian believers?

2—The Purpose of His Coming

Scriptures: Micah 4:6-8; 1 Cor. 15:52, 53; Rom. 6:23; 1 Thess. 4:13-15; Matt. 16:27; 2 Thess. 1:7, 8.

Notes:

"God's original purpose in the creation of the earth is fulfilled as it is made the eternal abode of the redeemed. 'The righteous shall inherit the land, and dwell therein for ever.' The time has come to which holy men have looked with longing since the flaming sword barred the first pair from Eden—the time for 'the redemption of the purchased possession.' The earth originally given to man as his kingdom, betrayed by him into the hands of Satan, and so long held by the mighty foe, has been brought back by the great plan of redemption.

"All that was lost by the first Adam will be restored by the second. The prophet says, 'O Tower of the flock, the strong hold of the daughter of Zion, unto Thee shall it come, even the first dominion.' . . .

"God created the earth to be the abode of holy, happy beings. That purpose will be fulfilled when, renewed by the power of God and freed from sin and sorrow, it shall become the eternal home of the redeemed."—*The Adventist Home*, p. 540.

"The Life-giver will call up His purchased possession in the first resurrection, and until that triumphant hour, when the last trump shall sound and the vast army shall come forth to eternal victory, every sleeping saint will be kept in safety and will be guarded as a precious jewel, who is known to God by name. By the power of the Saviour that dwelt in them while living and because they were part-takers of the divine nature, they are brought forth from the dead."—Ellen G. White Comments, *The SDA Bible Commentary*, vol. 4, p. 1143.

Questions:

5. How complete will be the restoration of the kingdom lost by Adam?

6. What greatest of all gifts will Christ

bestow on His children when He returns in glory?

7. What comforting assurance did the apostle Paul write to the believers in Thessalonica in regard to their sleeping loved ones?

8. What will be dealt out impartially to the righteous and the wicked in "that day"?

9. Upon what two classes of people in particular does the apostle Paul say vengeance will fall?

3—The Nearness of His Coming

Scriptures: Rev. 22:12, 13; Luke 21:25-27, 34-36; Matt. 24:14; 1 Thess. 5:3; 2 Peter 3:12.

Notes:

"The first and last letters of the Greek alphabet [Alpha and Omega], loosely comparable with the expression 'A-Z.' The phrase indicates completeness, comprehensiveness, and is the same in meaning as 'the beginning and the end, the first and the last.' . . . The expression 'Alpha and Omega' is clearly identified with Christ, who also declares Himself to be 'the first and the last.'"—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Rev. 1:8.

Three times in this last chapter in the Bible, Jesus warns that He is coming quickly (verses 7, 12, 20). This repetition indicates that this is something that the church must never lose sight of.

"The restraining Spirit of God is even now being withdrawn from the world. Hurricanes, storms, tempests, fire and flood, disasters by sea and land, follow each other in quick succession. Science seeks to explain all these. The signs thickening around us, telling of the near approach of the Son of God, are attributed to any other than the true cause. Men cannot discern the sentinel angels restraining the four winds that they shall not blow until the servants of God are sealed; but when God shall bid His angels loose the winds, there will be such a scene of strife as no pen can picture."—*Testimonies*, vol. 6, 408.

"It is the privilege of every Christian not only to look for but to hasten the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. . . . Were all who profess His name bearing fruit to His glory, how quickly the whole world would be sown with the seed of the gospel. Quickly the last great harvest would be ripened, and Christ would come to gather the precious grain."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 69.

Questions:

10. In the book of Revelation what title does Christ apply to Himself? What solemn assurance does He repeatedly make?

11. What signs appear in the physical world indicating that the coming of Christ is near?

12. What did Christ indicate would take place before His return?

13. With what startling suddenness will the Lord appear?

14. How can a follower of Christ on earth today hasten His return?

What Is in This Lesson for Me?

This all makes it pretty certain, doesn't it? Christ said He would return; the apostles said He would come again; the signs in the physical world have been fulfilled, or are being fulfilled today; the gospel of the kingdom is entering land after land; the winds of strife have been held by a miracle in recent years, waiting for the task to be finished and for God's people to get ready. The world is sick unto death; Jesus longs to come and reunite His family. What have I done this week, this month, or any time during 1963 to hasten that coming?

XI—The Bridegroom Cometh

(December 14)

TEXT TO REMEMBER: "And now, little children, abide in him; that, when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming" (1 John 2:28).

AIM: To know with confidence that Jesus will return, and to make sure that the event will not take us by surprise but will find us ready to receive Him.

1. The Promise to Return

READ: John 14:1-3; Hebrews 9:28; Titus 2:13, 14.

"Long have we waited for our Saviour's return. But nonetheless sure is the promise. Soon we shall be in our promised home. There Jesus will lead us beside the living stream flowing from the throne of God and will explain to us the dark providences through which on this earth He brought us in order to perfect our characters. There we shall behold with undimmed vision the beauties of Eden restored. Casting at the feet of the Redeemer the crowns that He has placed on our heads, and touching our golden harps, we shall fill all heaven with praise to Him that sitteth on the throne."—*Testimonies*, vol. 8, p. 254.

"Those who are watching for the Lord are purifying their souls by obedience to the truth. With vigilant watching they combine earnest working. Because they know that the Lord is at the door, their zeal is quickened to co-operate with the divine intelligences in working for the salvation of souls."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 634.

Tell—

how we know Jesus will return.
what we should be doing while we are waiting.
what Jesus has promised us.
how we will show our adoration of Jesus.

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Is the Christian motivated by a selfish purpose in his attempt to live so he may attain eternal life? Is it love for Jesus or a desire to get the benefits of heaven that makes you try to live an acceptable life? Would you do right if there were no reward?

2. The Effects of Sin

READ: Romans 8:22; 2 Timothy 3:1-5; Revelation 11:18.

"In every place and in a thousand forms, Satan is exercising his power. He sweeps away the ripening harvest, and famine and distress follow. He imparts to the air a deadly taint, and thousands perish by the pestilence. These visitations are to become more and more frequent and disastrous. Destruction will be upon both man and beast."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 590.

"We are standing upon the threshold of great and solemn events. Prophecies are fulfilling. Strange, eventful history is being recorded in the books of heaven. Everything in our world is in agitation. There are wars and rumors of wars. The nations are angry, and the time of the dead has come, that they should be

judged. Events are changing to bring about the day of God, which hasteth greatly."—*Testimonies*, vol. 6, p. 14.

In what way—

is Satan spreading disease?
is Satan causing famines?
is the world in agitation?
can we know that the day of God is near?

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Is Satan restricted by God in what he is allowed to do? Can we blame God for the sorrow and calamities that come upon the earth? Why will Satan be allowed to exercise his power in a greater way near the close of time?

3. Events Foreshadowing the Return

READ: Luke 21:25-27.

"The restraining Spirit of God is even now being withdrawn from the world. Hurricanes, storms, tempests, fire and flood, disasters by sea and land, follow each other in quick succession. Science seeks to explain all these. The signs thickening around us, telling of the near approach of the Son of God, are attributed to any other than the true cause. Men cannot discern the sentinel angels restraining the four winds that they shall not blow until the servants of God are sealed; but when God shall bid his angels loose the winds, there will be such a scene of strife as no pen can picture."—*Testimonies*, vol. 6, p. 408.

Why—

are disasters in the world increasing?
do men often refuse to recognize the real significance of world happenings?
is God still restraining the winds of strife?
will the closing events of history be so terrible?

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Is it possible for us to become so accustomed to world disasters and troubles that we fail to understand their meaning? Are you shocked by world news? When the final calamities fall upon mankind will there then be time to make sin right?

4. The Christian's Responsibility

READ: Matthew 24:14; Ephesians 4:30.

"Not upon the ordained minister only rests the responsibility of going forth to fulfil this commission. Every one who has received Christ is called to work for the salvation of his fellow-men. . . .

"It is a fatal mistake to suppose that the work of soul-saving depends alone upon the ministry. The humble, consecrated believer upon whom the Master of the vineyard places a burden for souls, is to be given encouragement by the men upon whom the Lord has laid larger responsibilities." . . .

"When the members of the church of God do their appointed work in the needy fields at home and abroad, in ful-

filment of the gospel commission, the whole world will soon be warned, and the Lord Jesus will return to this earth with power and great glory."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 110, 111.

What if—

the minister alone was to spread the gospel?
the church members become discouraged in gospel work?
all unite together to fulfil the commission of Jesus?
the world is told of Jesus' love?

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

If the lay members are expected to preach the gospel, why are the ministers ordained? Can the members of a church reach people the minister cannot reach? Can the minister do a work the members cannot do? Is a minister's work strengthened by the criticism of his members?

5. The Suddenness of the Return

READ: 2 Peter 3:10.

"The advent of Christ will surprise the false teachers. They are saying, 'Peace and safety.' Like the priests and teachers before the fall of Jerusalem, they look for the church to enjoy earthly prosperity and glory. The signs of the times they interpret as foreshadowing this. But what saith the word of Inspiration? 'Sudden destruction cometh upon them.' 1 Thess. 5:3. Upon all who dwell on the face of the whole earth, upon all who make this world their home, the day of God will come as a snare. It comes to them as a prowling thief."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 635.

Fill in the blanks, then discuss the differences:

False teachers say p and s
Inspiration says s d
False teachers look for the earth to enjoy p and g
Christians look for the earth to be d

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Why do false teachers proclaim a message of peace and safety? Do men want to be comforted or frightened? In what way will the "day of God come as a snare"?

6. The Christian's Preparation

READ: 2 Peter 3:11-14.

"But we must meet all obstacles placed in our way, and overcome them one at a time. If we overcome the first difficulty, we shall be stronger to meet the next, and at every effort will become better able to make advancement. By looking to Jesus, we may be overcomers. It is by fastening our eyes on the difficulties and shrinking from earnest battle for the right, that we become weak and faithless. . . .

"Remember that you are to live but one day at a time, that God has given you one day, and heavenly records will show how you have valued its privileges and opportunities. May you so improve every day given you of God, that at last you may hear the Master say, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'"—*Messengers to Young People*, p. 46.

Complete these statements:

"If we overcome the first difficulty,"
"We must meet all obstacles placed in our way,"
"We become weak and faithless by"
"Remember that you are to live but"

FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

If the Christian life is a moment by moment, day by day experience, why do we so often fail in it? Does a person make a failure of his Christian experience by one great wrong decision, or has he been laying the foundation for failure in many small decisions?

Hand to Mouth

by HELEN FRASER, M.D.

MUMMY, here's the envelope for my school fees. Sister Frances says you must pay for two months. She didn't send the account last month because it was holidays."

I emptied the money box onto the bed.

"There's for Sabbath school offering, and there's for church. If I pay Tommy's school fees, there'll be nothing left to live on. I wonder whether I could pay for just one month. No. He's the only Adventist child at the convent school, and I don't want them to say we don't pay what we owe. Probably Hugh will draw at least part of his salary today." I counted the notes carefully, and closed the envelope.

"Here you are, my big boy. Give it to your teacher as soon as you get to school. Have you taken your lunch? Good-by. Have a happy day!"

Lydie, the cook, was washing up the breakfast dishes. We discussed what she should prepare for the Friday and Sabbath meals.

"Let's have school out under the tree today," I suggested to Margaret and Celia. It was cool in the shade, and the little girls had great fun coloring in their Bible workbooks, and repeating their verses and finger plays.

I'm glad I'm with them and not

working at the hospital, I thought, though it is a struggle to manage sometimes. Hugh will surely get the rest of his pay today. It's terrible to live from hand to mouth like this. Anyway, worrying doesn't do any good.

The business where my husband was accountant was going through a crisis. He and the other employees were paid bit by bit, when money was available.

Hugh came home a short time before sunset.

"Sorry, my dear," he answered my eager query. "No money today. Some money did come in, but not enough to meet our commitments and pay salaries as well."

"Oh, dear! I was so sure you'd be paid. We'll need to market on Sunday. Perhaps I should have paid only half of Tommy's fees. There's just enough for tomorrow's offerings—unless we give less than usual?"

"No. We'll give our regular offering. The Lord won't let us go hungry. You have food for tomorrow?"

"Yes, everything is ready."

"Good. I'll wash my hands and we can open Sabbath."

We had just finished breakfast on Sunday morning when Lydie came to work.

"Madame, please give me money

for rice, sugar, salt, and flour. I'll run up to the shop before I start in the kitchen."

"I'll see if I have any, Lydie," I said. I searched all my handbags and found a few small coins—thirty cents in all.

"I'm sorry, Lydie, this is all I have. You can buy a pound of rice for your lunch and supper. Cook macaroni for us—you'll find a packet in the cupboard. And there are greens in the garden. We'll just have to do without the other things unless the Lord sends some money before the shop closes at midday."

Lydie's incredulous face made me smile. We had never been penniless before; no wonder she found it hard to believe.

As I made the beds and put away the children's pajamas, I wondered what we would do for bus fare for Hugh on Monday morning. A knock called me to the front door. A young Moslem man stood on the steps, while his sari-swathed wife waited in the car.

"Good morning, Doctress. I am so glad to have found your house. Please could you see my wife? We have come from Port Louis. My cousin advised us to see you. You cared for his wife four years ago."

"Yes, certainly. Come in." In the three years since an illness I had done practically no medical work, and we had just moved to a new neighborhood where no one knew I was a doctor. Patients rarely came to our house.

As this couple left a few minutes later, the husband pressed a ten-rupee note into my hand. "Thank you so much, Doctress. You are most kind."

I crossed the dining room and opened the kitchen door.

"You had better go shopping, Lydie," I said. "The good Lord didn't keep us waiting long, did He?"

As she saw what I was holding out to her, Lydie's eyes widened in a look of wonder, as though she had witnessed a miracle. Like a flash of insight a new thought came to me. To live from hand to mouth is to live a privileged life, one full of surprises. For whenever our mouth is empty, He is ready to fill it.



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