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# the **Youth's** instructor

A doctor reviews a chapter of his  
childhood, then paints some paral-  
lels in his

## Opening the Gifts

[Sabbath School Lessons for December 28]





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**M**AMMA, how many more days to Christmas?"

My six-year-old heart remembered vividly the sweets, the Christmas tree, the jingle bells, the hanging stockings, the tinsel, and the glittering gifts of the previous Christmas—and longed for more.

The days of November, warm or cool, rainy or occasionally snowy, were climaxed by the Thanksgiving holiday, but after that only one major goal loomed ahead—Christmas! Well I knew that my ever-generous parents, poor as they were, would lavish at least a few dollars on their only son for Christmas gifts.

Too young to comprehend their self-sacrifice or to feel any obligation in return, I eagerly anticipated the opening of my gifts.

The first of December stirred me to produce a list in my best first-grade script, of the bounties I desired. A mechanical train? By all means. A ball? Of course. A coaster wagon? Surely. Picture books? Yes, plenty, especially since I had recently begun to read. And so it went.

My parents somewhat furtively imported mysterious parcels tied in red ribbon. But I was straitly warned not to peer, poke, or explore into certain corners of cupboards, and when I did by chance see suspicious-looking boxes, I laboriously spelled out "Not to Be Opened Until Christmas."

The suspense grew. Always eager to achieve, and impatient of delays, I chafed the days away.

## Opening the Gifts

by CARROL S. SMALL, M.D.

"Mamma, how many more days?"

"Days to what, son?"

Days to what, indeed! Didn't she know? There was only one significant date pending—Christmas!

How well I remember the tall candle printed on page one of the *Indianapolis News*. The candle burned slowly away, beginning with "23 days till Christmas" and finally reducing to a mere stub—"2 days till Christmas!"

Hooray! Only two more days!

It may surprise Northern Hemisphere astronomers to hear it, but December 23 was the longest day of the year! The urge to know what was in those boxes was almost overpowering. Vainly did mom and dad try to divert my young thoughts, but like a pendulum they quickly returned to the main theme of contemplation—Christmas. Then we would actually open the gifts!

December 24 was somewhat better. Anyone could wait *one* day, and be-

sides, the doings in the kitchen were almost as good as Christmas. The pies and the tall coconut-frosted cake, the candy and nuts, the sweet potatoes simmering on the back of the kitchen stove, the scraps of raw pie dough doled out to my eager palate—all were a delight.

And then on Christmas Eve mom got out the six-quart iron kettle and heated up the Crisco for that ultimate treat—doughnuts. I stood as close as safety permitted, and in spite of the red glow of iron around the kettle, shivered with joy. Christmas Eve and doughnuts! Few of the little buttons of dough from the doughnut holes reached the pot of boiling fat, being prematurely lapped up by my indiscriminating appetite. The flat rings of pale-yellow dough were plopped into the pot, and sinking only momentarily, rose in a rustling rush of steam bubbles to swell and float on the surface, and after two or three min-



# 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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Published by the Seventh-day Adventists. Printed every Tuesday by the Review and Herald Publishing Association, at Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C., U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at Washington, D.C. Copyright, 1963, Review and Herald Publishing Association, Washington 12, D.C.

Subscription rates to U.S. and U.S. possessions: one year, \$6.50; two years, \$11.50; three years, \$15.75; perpetual (annual payment), \$5.75; introductory three months (new subscribers only), \$1.00; in clubs of three or more, one year, each \$5.25. All rates slightly higher in Canada. All other countries: add 80 cents postage each year per copy.

A month before you move, notify THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR of both your old and new address. Any correspondence about your subscription should enclose the address label from the magazine or wrapper. If the post office is unable to make delivery, your subscription will be suspended until a correct address is supplied.

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VOLUME 111, NUMBER 51 DECEMBER 24, 1963

utes be forked—plump, firm, and brown—onto the waiting plate. Ah, Christmas!

The pleasure of doughnut-making distracted me for an hour from thoughts of the gifts. Only ten hours now, but mom was firm. "To bed you go!"

The trundle bed usually was welcome, but tonight, who wanted to sleep? *Tomorrow* we would open the gifts! Suspense would be suspended during sleep, I knew, so off to bed I trudged and soon was in carefree oblivion.

Mom was prone to wonder how the same boy who had to be dragged from bed on July mornings was up before the chickens on Christmas. But no boy would wonder. Only one day in July merited early rising. But Christmas had built-in incentives.

On Christmas morning, with firm injunctions to "Keep your head covered,

## open fire

by BEULAH FENDERSON SMITH

When I burn spruce and hemlock,  
I hear them snap and shout.  
Their diction fairly crackles!  
What oratory they spout!

And when they hurl upon my rug  
Their sudden torrid sparks,  
I feel that I am treading on  
Their punctuation marks!

young man," mom and dad, still droopy-eyed with sleep, put the last touches on the tissue-paper fireplace, lighted the perilous open candles on the tree, and *finally* said, "All right, you may get up now, and dress." Dress? Who waits to put on clothes when pajamas are already on?

At last! My eyes would wander in delight from one treasure to another. The red-ribbon knots resisted my best efforts but yielded to mother's aid. A train! And books with pictures, and a stocking full of nuts, and oranges and candy and gewgaws. What a joy! Where to begin?

Christmas at last had come!

At that age I did not sense the real purpose of Christmas, but viewed it merely as a cornucopia to be emptied out for my benefit.

Did the rewards justify the anticipation and the suspense? Oh, yes! A hun-

dred times. Even the anticipation was pleasurable, though the suspense was irksome.

How much have I now to show for all my Christmas anticipations and realizations? Not one tangible vestige persists. All the gifts have been worn out, lost, broken, abandoned, stolen, or forgotten many years ago. They were of the stuff that "perishes with the using."

But what if Christmas had never come? What if my hopes had been raised, the joyous catalog searches and frustrated curiosity indulged in, and on, say, December 20, mom had said, "Sorry, son, no Christmas this year."

What? No Christmas? How can that be? Christmas just *comes*!

"No, son, circumstances forbid us celebrating Christmas season this year. Perhaps we can later, but I can't tell you just when."

What a letdown! Indefinite postponement to a child, is complete cancellation. But in this world's history there have been delays more momentous than a lost Christmas season.

Abraham was promised children—at least a son—to make him the father of a multitude, as many as the stars. But Sarah was barren, and Abraham was old, and God after many months had said no more about the promised progeny. Abraham felt frustrated, like a child with a postponed Christmas. He had to wait thirteen years and more to see his hopes fulfilled—to open his gifts.

When Israel left Egypt, God wished to see them safe in Canaan within a few weeks. He had power to guide, guard, and nourish them on the way, and to expel the Amorite inhabitants who barred their possession of the Promised Land. But there was a delay. How the Israelites yearned to open this lavish gift—their new home of freedom and plenty! But the opening was postponed, in spite of their impatient eagerness. And their frustrated tantrums finally forced God to stamp the box "Not to Be Opened Until the End of Forty Years." Moses had to face the impatient horde, and tell them "Sorry, God says thirty-eight more years in the desert."

What a letdown! The fact that their faithlessness caused their frustration only made the delay more painful, and for most of the group the opening of gifts never did occur.

When Jesus was on earth, He had a host of gifts for His disciples. But the opening of many of them was long delayed, and some awaited the postresurrection period. "I have yet many things

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The Youth's Instructor, December 24, 1963



## The Greater Dimension

**Tracks** We think Teuvo Kanerva deserves some sort of medal for the underwriting used in his caption for this week's cover. Unless you are very, very old mentally, "Tracks" will set your mind in motion for at least a little while. We suppose there are those who can look at such a scene and feel no awakening of memory or revival of dream. They must be few, however. The Photo Mart cover was captured in 1962, somewhere in Finland.

**Lessons** Beginning next week, THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR begins publication of the Sabbath school lessons for the senior division, in addition to those of the youth division. Earliteen lessons from now on will appear in *Guide*.

**Nebraska** "I disagree wholeheartedly with the reader who feels the face of 'an ugly mongrel' has no place on the cover of YI. I ask him *why* not? Didn't the same God who created him (or her) make that dog, in whatever form of beauty it exists? Besides, who wants the cluttered cover presentations of a past era; I would choose any day the single-object type of cover with its starkness and simplicity. It seems much more in line with today's realism. . . . Wrap-around covers are nice too!" FLORENCE L. CARLSON, Lincoln.

**1963** Readers of this magazine owe a debt of gratitude to scores and hundreds of authors, living in every part of the world, for their contributions in 1963. Those who are acquainted with authors attending the same school or church find opportunity to express their appreciation in person. How many take five minutes and a five cent stamp and write a word of thanks? We are glad to forward letters addressed in our care.

**1964** The same standard of excellence that contributed to your reading enjoyment in 1963 continues in 1964. Whether poetry or puzzle, sermon or story, your YI reading menu will be stimulating. Weekly Sabbath school lessons, monthly Share, frequent Counsel Clinic, and our columnists continue.

**Sin** "It is a shame to sin, but always an honor to confess sin."—2T 300.

Everest shoulders out every other mountain in all the Himalayas. It towers above every other mountain in all the world. Have you ever wondered whether, in God's view, the foreign missionary holds such rank among all His workmen?

In self-abnegation, in selfless service, who can honestly claim to compare with these who form the thin red line of heroes on the outposts of Adventism? These form a company to whom comfort and ease pale before the staggering needs of the Christless of earth.

Missions today are not always as rugged as they were when the first and second and third waves of pioneers set forth. But the very advances of civilization in more enlightened lands widen the contrast between home and mission field.

Those who, on some Damascus road, responded to a shaft of light and yielded their last defense against going on God's journeys, reflect the character of the first twelve to be sent.

Concrete markings border a small grave at Ikizu Training School in Tanganyika. George and Esther, mother and dad of little Carolyn Pursley, who sleeps there, still serve the cause they love, miles and miles removed from that memory-hallowed spot.

I believe with unshakable conviction that a man or woman who has seen his Christ and caught a glimpse of utter giving, will be stiffened for, and not discouraged from, mission living. They who respond to such a call are the kind to whom familiar places are outweighed by a knowledge of what their lives can mean to hopeless neighbors far away.

It is satisfying to work in a publishing house, or sanitarium, or school, or conference office, or health food plant, or pastorate in America. It is incomparably easier than serving similar posts in many mission lands.

Yet the Christian satisfactions that spring from pouring your talent into areas of service beyond the homeland are hard to equal. The comparison is valid whether applied to the experience of the potential mission recruits from Europe or Australia or New Zealand or South Africa or America.

Our church spends millions, year in, year out, in dollars and man hours, reworking areas of the civilized world, giving specific witness to the brand of Christianity proffered by Seventh-day Adventists. Yet millions in the world, some living in concentrated areas, have never heard a gospel broadcast, or seen a gospel telecast, or been visited by a literature evangelist, or been on the mailing list of a missionary magazine.

The home bases must be strong. But never at the cost of weakened front lines. God may call you to serve in some cozy homeland spot. But if He sees in you the makings of a Livingstone or an Andrews, a Mary Moffat or a Ruth Carnahan, accept His call to serve in the greater dimension.

*Walter C. Crandall*

## coming next week

- "ONE DOOR AFTER ANOTHER"—opened for Cheryle Chisholm although medical specialists had warned her parents that their child had no future.
- "FOLLOWING THE CHAPLAIN"—was an eye-opening experience for Author Robert L. Sheldon.



# Happy Holidays !



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# Friendship Motivates

by ARTHUR L. BIETZ

*"Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you."*

THE Christian life is really a great adventure in friendship. It captures a warm, glowing closeness of people with people, and people with God. If it were not for this restorative friendship, the isolation and separation in this world would be too great for man to bear. He would be crushed by its awful weight.

This is why sin is so devastating. Sin separates, it cleaves asunder. It puts a separating wedge that would draw men apart and put distance between them and their God. The greatest lie is the delusion that it is possible for man to be self-sufficient. "Our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ."<sup>1</sup>

When men say that religion is stifling, narrowing, and dictatorial, they know not of what they speak, for the aim of Christ in our lives is for each of us to have an ever-growing capacity for friendship—a boundless growth and exercise of enlarging relationships. When we become Christians we do not restrict our relationships, rather we become a member of a fast-growing family. "Who is my mother, or my brethren? . . . Whosoever shall do the will of

God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother."<sup>2</sup>

To stand alone is to give Satan an opportunity. That is what Satan wants—for us to withdraw from the love of fellowship until we are warped and weakened. A person who stands alone, without human or divine relationship, is not able to follow the good life. His fight for right will either be too violent and sudden, or too brief and vacillating. He will resemble a lonely beast of the forest who struggles and fights for survival, while those animals who dwell in herds live contentedly and purposefully. To be strong requires unity and relationships, for these are much deeper and stronger than the divisive forces of separation, and it is only in friendship that we can survive.

What, then, is true friendship? What are its identifying qualities and what are its requisites?

First of all, the qualities of friendship between man and man are the very same as those between man and God. To be a friend of God requires the same basis as to be a friend of people. Both are based on the same firm foundations.

Friendship is based on confidence and trust, for confidence is the very heart of life. It is inconceivable to think of a friend as one who is not trustworthy or faithful. If he is not, then he can no longer be considered a friend. "Confidence in an unfaithful

man in time of trouble is like a broken tooth, and a foot out of joint."<sup>3</sup>

While Calvin Coolidge was President he was once asked what he understood friendship to mean. His reply: "A condition of perfect trust." That is exactly the way it is. One trusts another and is willing to believe in him, take risks on him without ever doubting his loyalty, always looking toward him with complete confidence.

Ellen G. White contributes some enlightening counsel on how to be a trusting friend: "Cultivate the habit of speaking well of others. Dwell upon the good qualities of those with whom you associate, and see as little as possible of their errors and failings. When tempted to complain of what some one has said or done, praise something in that person's life or character."<sup>4</sup>

As a friend, do you love and express trust, or are you bent upon stinging and being malicious? Only the first two qualities make for the genuine article. The others only stir up hate and malice.

There is a little fable that paints a clear picture of corrupted friendship, and it could serve as a lesson to many people.

A scorpion, being a very poor swimmer, asked a turtle to carry him on his back across a river.

"Are you mad?" exclaimed the turtle. "You'll sting me while I'm swimming and I'll drown."

"My dear turtle," laughed the scorpion, "if I were to sting you, you would drown and I would go down with you. Now, where is the logic in that?"

"You're right," cried the turtle, "hop on!"

The scorpion climbed aboard, and halfway across the river gave the turtle a mighty sting. As both sank to the bottom, the turtle resignedly said, "Do you mind if I ask you something? You said there'd be no logic in your stinging me. Why did you do it?"

"It hasn't anything to do with logic," the drowning scorpion sadly replied. "It's just my nature."

The togetherness of friendship must be a two-lane highway on which trust travels back and forth unhampered.

Sharing is another aspect. I am al-



ways profoundly moved and thrilled as I read the history of the early Christian church. It seems to me that one of their outstanding characteristics was that they shared one another's good news. Jesus Himself withheld nothing. To His disciples He said, "For all things that I have heard of my Father, I have made known unto you."<sup>5</sup>

A Christian is so thrilled with the good news of salvation that he cannot withhold it from others. He must tell this one and that one so they too may unburden their sorrows and rejoice in what is yet to come.

There are some people who keep a closed fist on everything good that they have discovered. They are so afraid someone else might profit from what they have found. Christ was not that way. With an open hand He shared and shared. It is only when we show that we enjoy doing a good deed that this deed does any good. If it is done grudgingly, it is worse than if it had not been done at all.

When you are ill, it is a comfort to have a friend come and stay with you. Appreciation wells up in your heart for his unselfish gesture; but if he comes and does nothing but drop hints about the pleasures he could be enjoying elsewhere, he completely spoils the flavor of his visit. It is only radiant goodness that leaves a warm glow.

Christ has heaped before us glorious discoveries which we alone could never have made. Read His Word. In it you will see a treasure chest of costly gems! He has shared with us the secrets of heaven. But that is not all. God not only reveals His life to us, but with patience and full understanding He waits for us to reveal our lives to Him! He delights in mutual sharing.

Francois Fenelon, the French prelate and writer, had this to say: "Tell [God] all that is in your heart, as one unloads one's heart to a dear friend. People who have no secrets from each other never want subjects of conversation; they do not weigh back, neither do they seek for something to say; they talk out of the abundance of their heart without consideration, just what they think. Blessed are they who attain to such familiar, unreserved intercourse with God."

Ask yourself, "Am I being tightfisted with my friends, or am I openhanded and constantly increasing my capacity for sharing?"

Togetherness results in partnership, a partnership where there is mutual give and take. Partnership means that you hold all things in common. You

will find people everywhere who have the habit of looking for a "gimme" relationship. They are never happy unless they feel they are getting something for nothing. This is not partnership, for in a partnership both parties keep their resources at the disposal of the other.

When true partnership exists in a church, the members no longer think of tithe as one tenth of their income; they no longer look at Sabbath with the idea that it is only the seventh day of the week. That was what the Jews did. They counted their money rigidly and carefully to make sure that no one was cheated. They looked at the seventh day with a legalistic eye.

When we have attained partnership we shall give a tithe gladly, we shall keep the seventh-day Sabbath. But we shall do these things with the idea in mind that a tithe shows that all things are at God's disposal and the Sabbath indicates that all hours of the week are for fellowship with God. It will never be, one tenth is God's, and nine tenths are mine, or one day is God's, but the rest of the week is mine!

One of the best things about friendship is that it means being safe with someone. How inexpressibly comforting it is to feel safe with another person. With such, one does not need to weigh every thought or measure every word. With such people, words flow freely and one feels that the chaff will be separated from the wheat and blown away by a loving heart that means only kindness. Such is the way of true friendship.

Never take information at random and disburse it carelessly. I once read a very appropriate admonition: "Warning! Following are the names of seven mischievous misses responsible for most of our troubles—Miss Information, Miss Quotation, Miss Representation, Miss Interpretation, Miss Construction, Miss Conception, Miss Understanding." Avoid the seven mischievous misses as you would avoid poison.

When you can feel safe with a person you drop all sham and pretense. The people of Samaria and Judah felt safe with Jesus. Some tried to put on false appearances at first, but He saw straight into their innermost hearts, and they knew that any false front they might put on was recognized as such.

Do you pray with careful, stilted phrases? Do you refrain from showing God the whole picture of yourself? Do you hold back? If you do, you are cutting yourself off from the safest friend you have.

Tell Him all your griefs, doubts, fears, and heartaches. Tell Him when you feel let down and so disillusioned that you wonder if anything will ever turn out good again. He will be patient, loving, and tender. He will take the grain and blow the chaff away. And He will help you to listen to others just as patiently and lovingly.

Friendship means healing and enrichment. All the power and wealth in the world would be worth nothing if you had no friends with whom to share it.

The noted German poet, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, penned this subtle and delicate definition of friendship when he became closely acquainted with a true friend: "For the first time I carried on a conversation; for the first time was the inmost sense of my words returned to me more rich, more full, more comprehensive from another mouth. What I had been groping for was returned clear to me. What I had been thinking, I have been taught to see."

This is the wonder of friendship. A friend will repeat what you have said and make it richer than you had ever hoped to say. Somewhat like the wife who wistfully watched one of her girl friends leave the house in a Cadillac. Her husband saw her and cheerfully said, "Someday, honey, we'll be rich too."

Then the wife reached out, took his hand, and answered, "Darling, we are rich; someday we'll have money." This is what it means to take what one has said and return it even richer.

It is a wonderful thing to know that you can be safe with God. When we pray, our great divine Friend returns true meanings and enriched answers instead of the awkward probings we uttered. "The Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered."<sup>6</sup>

Probably the most direct result of friendship is union—overcoming the dreadful feeling of separation and aloneness. Jesus expressed the desire for union with mankind in a prayer to His heavenly Father: "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one."<sup>7</sup> God desires such a perfect union with His children that one begins where the

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*Satan tries in every way to cause unrest and confusion in families.*

REVERENCE filled the room. The entire family joined hands in a small circle as Mr. Dalton opened family worship with a word of prayer. When he had finished, his wife and children also offered prayer, even little Bernie, the baby of the family.

"Dear God," Bernie prayed, "I am talking to You. Are You listening? I can't hear You talking back to me."

The Daltons were often amused at little Bernie's prayers, but he did not mean them to be funny. He was serious. Bernie's cute inquiries and impressions of God and the Bible, no matter how amusing, have had a definite influence on the others in his family. Bernie's actions show his childlike faith, the kind of faith that the Bible tells us we should all have. Bernie is only three, but he knows and loves God because he is being brought up in a home where family worship is held every day.

When I think of all the influences that a Christian home such as Bernie's can have on its members and those outside the family circle, I wonder how a home can exist without exercising the God-given privilege of family worship.

The advantages that family worship has given Bernie are the advantages that I shall want my children to have also. Although I have been an Adventist for only a short time, it has always been my wish to establish a family altar in my home. I became engaged about a year ago, and my fiancé and I have discussed the matter of family worship several times.

Next summer we are being married, and one of the first things we intend to do is to establish a family altar in our new home. We feel that it is extremely important that a home be established on a religious foundation, with Christ as the cornerstone.

There is no commandment in the Bible for family worship; it is simply a



## *Families* that stay together

by JUDY MATHIS

Christian act, necessary, we believe, to strengthen and sustain family life. Family worship is mentioned several times in the Bible, since most of the old patriarchs had family altars. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob set up altars at every encampment. Job rose early in the morning and offered burnt offerings in behalf of his children.

Joshua, when he spoke to the tribes at Shechem, told them to choose whom they would serve. Then he committed himself and his family to the Lord by saying, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." King David, after he had blessed the people in the name of the Lord, returned and blessed his own household.<sup>2</sup>

Paul's helpers, Aquila and Priscilla, knew the Scriptures so well that they were able to teach young ministers the way of the Lord. One reason why they could do this was that they had a church "in their house,"<sup>3</sup> or a family altar.<sup>4</sup> Paul speaks in several places in the Bible of "the church in thy house"; in other words, he was telling each family to be like a little church.<sup>5</sup>

When God gave the law to the Israelites, He also mentioned home training. He said: "And ye shall teach them [the commandments] your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."<sup>6</sup>



Some other Biblical men brought up in Christian homes were Joseph, Moses, and Daniel. When they were small children their parents taught them about God. From family worship they learned to rely on divine strength and guidance, and as a result became shining examples for God among the heathen people about them. We, too, can be shining examples for God if we follow the examples of God's inspired men.

Years ago family worship was a more common practice. Nowadays, parents and children seldom see one another, let alone find time for family worship. It seems that the home is only a place to visit when there is nowhere else to go. As a result, divorce and juvenile delinquency are major problems.

Satan is trying in every way to cause confusion and unrest in families. He knows that if he succeeds then he will have such a strong hold on man that he will never stand. If we want to overcome the snares of Satan in our home—and my fiancé and I certainly do—then we need the presence of Jesus Christ. Families need to pray together, for “families that pray together stay together.”

Family worship establishes unity in a home. God is love; therefore His presence causes more love among the members of a family circle. Family consciousness develops, and each member wishes to help the others. The home where family worship is held can become a miniature heaven on earth. By gathering together to worship the Lord, each family member receives peace, purpose, sweet assurance, and power. All the promises that the Word gives are brought upon the home.<sup>7</sup>

When right principles are presented to children through family worship, good habits are formed instead of bad ones. “When the day is opened and closed in the name of the Lord, each little one grows up with a feeling that God must be honoured in everything; that no business of life can proceed without Him.”<sup>8</sup> In homes where family worship is held, children learn to speak with ease of religious matters. They learn to pray and to know their Bibles. “They become familiar with the sources which will sustain them throughout life.”<sup>9</sup>

Family worship is also necessary for each member's own spiritual welfare. Every day Satan tempts God's children. We were born in sin, and God knows that we are prone to leave Him, but “He kindly gives to us many outward means of grace, the faithful use of

which are great helps to keep us in the Christian life.”<sup>10</sup> Family worship is one of these helps. A family that studies the Bible together is drawn to its great truths and to a closer walk with God. The Scriptures reveal what is right and wrong; therefore, each family member goes out each day with a renewed desire to live and act right.

Another reason for family worship is the effect it may have on others outside the family circle. Many times friends and neighbors visit our homes, and they notice the atmosphere in our homes. These friends and neighbors may not be Christians, but if they drop in during family worship, they may come to know Christ. “The mission of the home extends beyond its own members. The Christian home is to be an object lesson, illustrating the excellence of the true principles of life. Such an illustration will be a power for good in the world. Far more powerful than any sermon that can be preached is the influence of a true home upon human hearts and lives.”<sup>11</sup>

Mary Richards, an unwanted little girl, at the age of three came to live with an Adventist family. She remained in this home until she was seven, then she was taken into the care of another family.

As a teen-ager Mary had an unhappy and coarse life. After she was grown she married and had three children. One day fire struck her home, and her three children were killed. This was the biggest catastrophe of Mary's life, but it was not the only one, for her life had been full of tragedy and heartbreak. Suddenly Mary started going to the Adventist church in her home town. She attended every meeting, and it was not long before she was baptized.

One day the minister asked her, “How did you learn about Adventism?”

She told him, “When I think back

## STOIC

by JANE MERCHANT

“Grief made me hard,” I heard her say.

“I want it clearly understood.

If others suffer, well and good.

If I can bear it, so can they.”

I wondered how she would have borne

Her grief, if she had ever heard

Another speaking such a word

Of her, in bitterness and scorn.

over my life, the happiest time I can remember was when I lived in an Adventist home. I can still remember gathering for family worship in the upstairs room when the sun was setting. This was the most inspiring time of my life, and I would like to lead a life like that of that Adventist family.”

When my fiancé and I establish our family altar, we shall establish it upon definite principles so as to make it a lasting and happy part of home life. A definite time should be set aside each day at which all members of the family can meet together. The length of the worship period should be agreed upon by each one of the family.

Family worship should always include prayer and Bible reading, but much more can be done to add to its interest. For instance, hymns can be sung, religious books read, discussions participated in, Bible verses and books of the Bible memorized. Families with young children need to adapt family worship to their needs as well as to those of the older members.

Even small children can be given a chance to plan and lead the worship period. Worship is most effective when the entire family has part in its planning.

“The well-being of society, the success of the church, the prosperity of the nation, depend upon home influences.”<sup>12</sup> If the family is of such vital importance, it should have a religious foundation, and it will have if there is an altar in the home. We shall have one in ours.

<sup>7</sup> Joshua 24:15.

<sup>8</sup> James W. Alexander, *Family Worship*, p. 14.

<sup>9</sup> Rom. 16:5.

<sup>10</sup> Alexander, *op. cit.*, p. 17.

<sup>11</sup> R. T. Cross, *Home Duties*, p. 81.

<sup>12</sup> Deut. 11:19.

<sup>13</sup> P. D. Brown, *The Christian Home*, p. 81.

<sup>14</sup> Alexander, *op. cit.*, p. 59.

<sup>15</sup> Brown, *loc. cit.*

<sup>16</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>17</sup> Ellen G. White, *The Ministry of Healing*, p. 352.

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 349.



► Among occupations, the fastest-growing group of the future will be the professional and technical occupations, which are expected to grow by nearly two thirds in the 15-year period 1960-1975. Numbers of engineers and natural scientists may roughly double in this period to a total of 2.4 million. The largest profession, teaching, may increase to nearly 2.5 million, an increase of almost one-half million over the number of full-time teachers in 1960. Clerical and office workers are expected to increase by 45 per cent. An increase of one third is expected in administrative workers, sales workers, and skilled craftsmen. Smallest increase of all, 18 per cent, is expected for the largest occupational group in America today, semiskilled workers in industry. No increase is expected for laborers, and a decrease is expected for farm workers.

USDL

► An ice "island" 11 miles long, five miles across, and 160 feet thick now lies athwart Kennedy Channel, which connects the Arctic Ocean and Baffin Bay. The huge mass of ice became an island when it separated from an ice shelf on the northern part of Ellesmere Island and drifted southward to its present position in late February of this year. It became firmly lodged, blocking the southward flow of surface water and floe ice.

*Naval Research Reviews*

► A new type of substitute heart which kept dogs alive for more than a day, the longest survival time recorded with artificial replacements, has been reported by a Cleveland team of investigators. Made of synthetic (silastic), the artificial organ was also said to have sustained circulation for several hours in calves. The apparatus is driven by compressed air.

AHA

► In 1893 America's first successful gasoline engine motor vehicle was in operation in Springfield, Massachusetts. The vehicle was designed and built by Frank and Charles Duryea and was the first American-made car to have an electric ignition and spray carburetor.

*Automotive Information*

► Compared with \$6,300 for the average American family headed by a high school graduate, the average family headed by a college graduate has an income of \$9,300 a year.

AMA

► Vandalism, it is reported, is responsible for a \$100,000-a-year expenditure in Kentucky to replace traffic signs. One in every eight traffic signs is deliberately destroyed.

NHUC

► Coral must have some sunshine for survival. It will flourish at 90 feet below the surface, but does not usually grow below 150 feet.

*National Geographic Society*

► Liquor sales in the United States were higher in 1962 for the fifth consecutive year. Americans drank about 255 million gallons of distilled spirits, up more than four per cent over 1961.

*California's Health*

► Grasshoppers were universally eaten by the Indians of Western North America. Roasted grasshoppers were stored away in bulk, or strung on sticks to be eaten as part of the winter's food supply. On occasion they were ground into a kind of flour, mixed with acorn meal, and boiled.

UCAL

► Highly sensitive echo-ranging organs enable whales to emit a wide range of sounds, including ultrasonic clicks that are apparently used in the same way that ships use the sonic "pings" of fish-finders and depth-sounders. The whales are believed to use their sonars to avoid collisions, maintain orderly formations, navigate, and find prey.

IWLA

► A deepfreeze eye bank, the first of its kind in the world, is being opened at the Queen Victoria Hospital, East Grinstead, England. A new method of refrigeration has been devised by a London research team, which will enable donor eyes to be kept for as long as six weeks in perfect condition. The eyes are stored in individual containers in carbon dioxide snow at a constant temperature of minus 79° F. Medical authorities declare that this branch of surgery has progressed from a 10 per cent to a 90 per cent success rate in 20 years.

BIS

► Radioactive fallout from past nuclear tests is becoming an increasingly valuable tool for tracing the interaction between the atmosphere and the ocean. Scientists have already learned much about wind patterns, cloud formation, and air mixing from past fallout studies. It is hoped that studies on air-ocean mixing and ocean currents will help in the understanding of major climatic changes. Scientists will track the fallout, mainly through thermonuclear explosions, from the series of 1961-1962 tests. This fallout, in the form of radioactive carbon dioxide and tritium, was first picked up by air masses in the stratosphere. It then started circling the earth, gradually descending during the following few years to the earth's surface and oceans.

UCAL

► More than 24,000 publicly owned, nonurban areas encompassing 283 million acres are available in the United States for recreation use. The total includes some 15,000 small areas, such as roadside picnic grounds. One sixth of these 283 million acres are in Alaska. Seventy-two per cent of the remainder are in the West, where only 15 per cent of the people live. The Northeast, which has one quarter of the U.S. population, has only 4 per cent of the recreation acreage of the 48 contiguous States. Eighty-four per cent of the areas are managed by the Federal Government, 14 per cent by the State governments, and two per cent by local communities.

*Outdoor Recreation*

► As they have been to primitive and civilized peoples in Asia, Africa, North and South America, Australia, and islands in the Pacific, locusts are a part of the dietary today in Mexico, the Philippines, and Japan, where they are sold in large numbers in the public markets. In modern China they are a part of the poor man's diet, and city people of Tientsin and Peking buy them in restaurants, where they are served in salty water.

UCAL

► An FBI survey indicates that over half the automobiles stolen are taken from private residences, apartments, or streets in residential areas. Two thirds of the thefts occur at night, and more than 40 per cent of the vehicles stolen have the key in the car or the ignition unlocked. Police agencies recover more than 90 per cent of the vehicles stolen during the course of a year.

NHUC

► With a population of 11.7 million, Taiwan extends over an area of 13,866 square miles. More than half of the people depend on agriculture for a livelihood, working mainly on 2.2 million acres of the western coastal plain. In recent years the fishing industry has been developed as an added source of employment.

*International Bank*



**radarscope**

Key to source abbreviations published January 15, 1963.



**I** SPOKE ONLY ONE WORD—but the startled look upon the Arab's face made me wonder what I had really said to him.

We were touring Jerusalem and its environs. Right at that moment we were emerging from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where it is claimed by some that Jesus was buried. Grouped around the doorway waited the beggar boys—the inevitable beggar boys!

They can spot a tourist as far as they can see. Western clothing, wide-eyed curiosity, arms crammed with souvenirs, a camera slung around the neck—it all adds up in their estimation to someone fabulously rich. And what well-fed American witnessing their poverty would question their reckoning?

They followed us through the courtyard, plucking at our sleeves, crowding in front of us with beseeching looks and the ever-present plea for baksheesh. They were so pitiful, so poor, so ragged and dirty.

My heart was nearly broken every time our taxis stopped at a spot famous for association with Biblical history. From every direction they swarmed, thrusting grimy hands through the windows, and into our faces, pushing and shoving, impeding our movements, each one crying loudly until the din and clamor sometimes made it impossible to keep our attention upon the scene our guide was pointing out.

Explanations were drowned in the noise. Picture taking was hindered or well-nigh impossible. Always the foreground was an assortment of frowzy heads with eager, plaintive, desperate, or scheming faces.

Striding ahead of me was one of my American traveling companions who appeared to be quite successful in banishing the persistent throngs to a respectful distance. He, alone, seemed to be able to walk without their constant interference.

Hurrying a bit, I fell into step at his side and asked his secret.

"Oh," he laughed, "just say '*Imshi*,' and they'll scatter!" He demonstrated his technique by dispatching several ragged urchins that had already collected at our elbows.

Slowly, carefully, I pronounced the unfamiliar syllables—*Im-shi*. Easy! With that magic formula, perhaps I could enjoy my sightseeing!

A few moments later I experimented as we re-entered our taxis. Immediately we were ringed about with the circle of importuning faces. Begging palms were everywhere. Knuckles rapped on closed windows. The now all-too-familiar cry of baksheesh came from every side at once.

Quickly rolling down the car window, I used the Arabic word I had just added to my vocabulary.

"*Imshi*!" I said with emphasis.

"Well, lady," the tallest and nearest person retorted

in perfect English, "you don't have to get so tough about it!"

The group of shocked faces disappeared, merging into the gathering twilight. Now this was even better than I had hoped! Without them harassing us, we could really enjoy ourselves!

But somehow I felt guilty. Their expressions had become resentful as they forsook us. Later I questioned our handsome young taxi driver, with whom we had become well acquainted during our tours.

"Amlah, what does *Imshi* mean?"

"Well, madam, as you would say in your American slang, 'Beat it!'"





My fellow taxi passengers laughed as they discussed the effectiveness of the phrase. But I wasn't happy about it.

The bitter, disappointed looks that had been cast over retreating shoulders haunted me.

Later I sought out my friend who had taught me the Arabic word.

"Isn't there something less severe that we can say to them?"

"Yes, there certainly is!" he exulted. "I've learned a better phrase. *Itrikni Wahdi*. It means 'I want to walk alone,' or 'Leave me alone.'"

I was delighted with his help. More courteous than

*Imshi*, this phrase proved equally useful, and for the rest of that day we had fewer obstacle courses to run as we crowded the hours with enthusiastic shopping and eager viewing of each fascinating scene in this strange and different world we were in.

And thus we came to the high point of our trip—Christmas Eve in Bethlehem, city of the Saviour's birth. In fulfillment of a lifelong dream, I found myself at Shepherd's Fields, the place where it is thought the angels appeared to announce to the startled shepherds the birth of the Holy One. Here was the cave where reputedly shepherds warmed themselves on the chill Judean winter nights. Near the cave entrance Christian

# IMSHI

CELIA STANLEY HILL

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS DUNBEIN





services were to be held in commemoration of the angelic visit.

We arrived in plenty of time to find a varied assortment of humanity thronging through the ancient walled-in passageway leading to the cave that early-century believers had converted into a shrine. With numerous others, we jostled our way through the crowded enclosure, finally scrambling up to a location atop a crumbling section of wall. From our vantage point, we could view the mass of people below us.

Jordanian soldiers in red headdress stalked silently with folded arms. National police in pointed helmets authoritatively strode up and down. Christian visitors from everywhere mingled with Arab youth bent on making the most of any excitement, bearded patriarchs in flowing garments, ragged urchins shivering in the cold, scantily shawled women clutching sleeping babies—the devout, the indifferent, the curious. Even the beggars were present, their pinched faces and thinly clad bodies starkly painful to me in the semidarkness.

Lighted only by a couple of lanterns mounted on poles, the scene was strange, weird, frightening. For me, no Christmas Eve had ever been like this! Ten thousand miles from home, a stranger in a strange land, I crouched on a large rock, watching as the conglomeration of people restlessly elbowed and shouldered their way back and forth.

A Greek Orthodox priest in black robes and cap was speaking, but I could not hear. Far in the distance twinkled the lights of Bethlehem, and I knew that never again would I hear the words "O little town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie!" without remembering this night!

Someone else was speaking now, but the words were lost on the air. The crowd shuffled to and fro. Above, the "silent stars" were going by—perhaps the very stars that shone down upon this spot that night so long ago when angels sang to frightened shepherds. The speaker finished. Then high and thinly sweet, came some of the most sublime singing I have ever heard:

"It came upon a midnight clear . . ."

"These are blind children from a school close by," whispered a fellow tourist who had been circulating around the edges. Unbelievably lovely, the old refrain swept up on the crisp night air, drenching the listeners with beauty, quieting the restless people.

Stripped on Christmas Eve of all that was familiar, I sat engulfed in sober reflection. What was the meaning of Christmas anyway? Was it a place on a

## Chicanery

by NORENE LYON CREIGHTON

Ferns in December?

Tall corn when it's cold?

That's what I see

In patterns bold

Formed by frost on my windowpane—

Defying the snow that drifts in the lane.

My frosted breath

Paints on the glass

Delicate flowers

And long-stemmed grass.

I see where frost has crystallized—

That *summer* is immortalized!

map, associated with an event? A date on a calendar? A holiday from labor? A tree? Presents? Goodies to eat? One's family gathering together? Endless shopping and gift wrapping until one was weary of the whole business?

"... Peace on the earth, good will to men..."

The angels had sung it. Many times I had read the words in my Bible. But now, softly, delicately, like echoes from a seraph chorus, the treble voices of these handicapped children carried it heavenward. I closed my eyes. I *must* keep this moment! I must find the meaning of that phrase and treasure it forever!

Here, in this far-away-from-home place called the Holy Land there was ample evidence that the long-sought-for "peace on earth" was not yet achieved. We had seen the tangles of barbed wire marking the division of the city of Jerusalem into two hostile camps—Israel and Jordan. Everywhere we went, armed soldiers stood silent and somber.

Our travel folders stated plainly, "Israel and Jordan are at war." We had been warned of the dire consequences should we trespass too close to the Israeli boundary lines. One of our party had found the warnings reality when he had roamed off alone to a distant spot in the city, too close to the Israeli side, and had been detained for hours while passport and camera were investigated.

And we had watched unmasked hatred rise on the face of a guide whose indignantly aimed forefinger pointed us to the rooftop on a hillside that had once sheltered him and his family, but was now home to an Israeli citizen. No, there was no peace here.

And "good will toward men"? Was it just a phrase in a song? A wornout cliché? Or could it be real?

Wars, rumors of wars, poverty, hatred, violence—the poor tired old world knows so little of the meaning of peace or good will. And certainly locale has nothing to do with it. Only to the heart surrendered completely to that Saviour who was born that long-ago night could the words "good will" really have meaning. Only the person imbued by the Spirit of God could love as Jesus loved—could know the thrill of feeling *good* will to all men!

Suddenly my musings were interrupted by an accusing conscience, "Those beggar boys! What about them?"

"Oh, but they are such a nuisance!" I protested silently. "And there are so many of them! And they get in one's way—and some of them are so dirty! Haven't we been warned of the germs, and the possibility of contracting disease? Besides, we have such a tight schedule to see all the interesting things for which we have traveled so far! We just haven't time to *bother* with them!"

But my conscience was in no mood to give up.

"You are a Christian—a *Seventh-day Adventist* Christian. Perhaps you will be the only one ever to show them what good will to men actually means. There were beggars when Jesus walked these streets. They were cold and hungry and dirty then, just the same as they are now. And they must have hindered Him greatly. But He had compassion upon them! He healed them! Doubtless He fed hundreds of them along with the people who came to listen to His sermon



on the mountainside that day. Surely, they would have mobbed around Him after that!

"But you could hardly picture Jesus saying *Imshi* or even *Itriḳni Wahdi* to them! These days, just as then, they are probably used to contempt and unkindness. What would it mean to them if you'd just be understanding and tender and Christlike? Isn't that the real test that Jesus gave—'By this shall *all* men *know* that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another'?"

"Good will toward men," toward *all* men—those who loved me; those who didn't! those easy to love; those not so easy. (Jesus could love every one of them struggling with temptation in a world of sin. He could help me to love them—even the beggars!)

The music had ended. The people were leaving. Numb with cold, I arose from my hard, uncomfortable seat and silently, prayerfully, followed my companions back to our taxis. My heart was lighter than it had been in years. I had found the meaning of the angels' song!

I can see them yet as they surrounded us in Hebron, in Nablus, in Shechem, in Amman, in Sychar, in Jericho. They still plucked at our sleeves. They still followed us with pleading eyes. But I was no longer annoyed. I found them interesting. I loved every one of them!

I remember the tall slender boy who pursued me, urging that I buy a broken shell, which he extended on a palm that had not known soap or water for a long time, then when I declined, pressed it into my hand, urging, "You take. For present."

### BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but Turkey is planning plush service for drunks. Two special protection stations, according to OB report, will be built. When the imbibers are picked up by the police they will get a private room with a soft bed, running water, and toilet, and walls padded with sponge rubber. There will be no air conditioning or heating to encourage undue patronage. Some rooms will have tape recorders, so the sobered guests can remorsefully tune in the morning after and listen to what they said and how they sounded the night before.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

... that little waif, no more than four, who trudged by my side chanting the only English words he knew, "You wanna ride?" "You wanna ride?" (His father owned camels and sold rides for fifty fils each.)

... that big girl with the much-too-large dress, and bare feet, who came to beg, but stayed to put her hand over the camera lens when I attempted to photograph women at a watering place.

... the little "doubting Thomas" who shook his head and backed away with frightened eyes and hands behind him, when I offered a penny Hershey bar from my purse—then returned hopefully after seeing his little friends happily munching chocolate.

... that clean, neatly dressed little

boy, weeping wildly in pretended grief, who stopped suddenly when he saw that I detected his make-believe.

... the sad-eyed, old-for-her-age, girl-child, toiling diligently over the family wash in the town watering trough, who hesitated only long enough to cast an appealing glance my way, then turned again to her task.

... the fair-haired lad tenderly carrying his sleeping sister, urging that I give "baksheesh for the baby."

I think of them often as I look at the pictures I took on that never-to-be-forgotten trip. Their faces look out at me from the foreground of almost every one. I shall never forget them. They taught me one of the most important lessons I have ever learned!

### OPENING THE GIFTS

*From page 4*

to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." How disappointed He was to have to wait—and wait—and wait for the sluggish comprehension of the twelve, not to mention the other followers who were even duller, to become ready for certain truths. Why the delay? How impatient the angels must have become as they saw the glacial slowness of men's spiritual understanding. A long delay, years in many instances, occurred before the gifts could be opened.

When the two disciples' hearts burned within them on the twilight walk to Emmaus, do you think the Saviour's heart was cold? With what eagerness He had awaited a time when He could really unburden Himself! Don't you think His heart burned within Him as, after almost intolerable delay, He at last opened the gifts of scriptural understanding He had been so eager to unfold? The tenseness of a child's month-before-Christmas is to adult eyes trivial. But there was nothing trivial about Jesus' tenseness when He opened the Scriptures to the two travelers.

The era of the great apostasy in Christendom must have been intolerably trying to Jesus' witnesses, or martyrs. (The Greek uses one word for the two English ideas.) But after a few decades they died and their disappointments rested. But what about Jesus? Possessing immortality, He suffered throughout the whole millennium and a quarter.

True, He sees the end from the beginning and He knew when the era of

supreme iniquity and wretchedness would end. But by the same token, His prescience told Him how long it must continue. How He longed to end it all and to open His priceless eternal-life gift for His children! But no, He had authorized Daniel and John to predict 1260 years of travail for His church, and He and they must see it through. This delay was predictable, and was in the plan, and so perhaps it was not so frustrating.

In 1798 began "the time of the end." At last the opening of the gifts could be expected soon! But a great reformation must be accomplished, and how slow men are to reform! The angels must often have quoted the psalmist, "How long, Lord? wilt thou hide thyself for ever?"<sup>1</sup>

One more time deadline must be yet fulfilled—the sanctuary cleansing. At last 1844 arrived, and the limits of finite time could be lifted. How eagerly Jesus anticipates the grand climax, and awaits the Father's word, "All done, My Son. Bring them home." He knows what must happen, and when, but His eagerness, I am sure, mounts nevertheless.

Jesus has a glittering array of gifts to unwrap when the day arrives. Of course, there is the New Jerusalem, shining, but largely unoccupied, a scintillating prize. But real estate is not the Redeemer's chief concern.

He has other gifts to place on display in His house. Adam, for instance—once perfect, sadly marred, redeemed, repolished, resurrected, perfect. How



proudly Jesus will tell His people, "Here is Adam. Behold the fruit of My sacrifice." On parade also will be Abraham. After four thousand years in the dust of the cave of Machpelah, how joyous the reunion between him and his Lord, and how gladly Jesus displays the great man of faith!

Here is Jonathan, one of sacred history's great heroes. How glad Jesus is to show what the Holy Spirit did for a humble man in a time of great corruption.

Look, there is Uriah, a son of a heathen nation, but loyal to principle to his dying breath, and saved for eternity! The Lord gladly introduces Jeremiah, faithful through apostasy and invasion, safe now alike from Jewish and Babylonian enemies.

But there are too many to name, all priceless gifts Jesus has been waiting for millenniums to unwrap and display—Joshua, Isaiah the martyr, Lazarus, Peter, John, Stephen, Paul, Huss, Luther, Tyndale, William Miller, Ellen White. I would hope my mother will be among them. For thirty years she has slept. How eagerly Jesus, the Father, the holy angels, and Enoch, Elijah, Moses, and the twenty-four elders have awaited the great opening of the gifts.

A host of loyal angels have marked the graves of the righteous dead and will be the first to greet them on "that bright and cloudless morning." Can they abide with equanimity the slowness of time, the delay before they may partake in the opening of the gifts? They too echo, "How long, Lord?"

The child who is told to expect no Christmas, asks, "Why, Mamma, why?" Well might we ask, "Why, O Lord, don't You open the gifts?"

Why, indeed?

Certain prophecies await fulfillment—oppressive religious laws, Armageddon, the shaking of the powers of heaven, for instance. But none of them have rigid time labels on them. What else?

"And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come."<sup>1</sup> Who is to preach this gospel? You know as well as I do. Why don't we do it? Are we eager for Jesus to come? Are we any more eager than He is?

Could Jesus have come earlier? Could He have opened the gifts sooner?

"If all who had labored unitedly in the work in 1844, had received the third angel's message and proclaimed it in the power of the Holy Spirit, the Lord

would have wrought mightily with their efforts. . . . Years ago the inhabitants of the earth would have been warned, . . . and Christ would have come for the redemption of His people."<sup>2</sup> "Years ago"! My copy of the book quoted is dated 1888! So some eighty years of unnecessary suffering and sin and delay have elapsed. Jesus has waited. Why?

Read on. "It was not the will of God that Israel should wander forty years in the wilderness: He desired to lead them directly to the land of Canaan. . . . But 'they could not enter in because of unbelief.' . . . In like manner, it was not the will of God that the coming of Christ should be so long delayed. . . . But unbelief separated them from God. As they refused to do the work which He had appointed them, others were raised up to proclaim the message. In mercy to the world, Jesus delays His coming, that sinners may have an opportunity to hear the warning."<sup>3</sup>

So that is why the gifts are still wrapped and waiting, why the grand opening is delayed! We are the laggards. God forbid! Because of our slowness, Jesus has very little tangible reward for all His travail, patience, and delay. Indefinitely delayed is His gift opening. How much longer?

One other critical necessity must be attended to before Jesus can come. The time prophecies have all culminated. The preaching of the gospel has made progress, yet much remains to do. But this final task is more difficult and yet even more needed. "Christ is waiting with longing desire for the manifestation of Himself in His church. When the character of Christ shall be perfectly reproduced in His people, then He will come to claim them as His own."<sup>4</sup>

As we approach the end of time, "The season of distress and anguish before us will require a faith that can endure weariness, delay, and hunger,—a faith that will not faint, though severely tried."<sup>5</sup>

In such a time we shall cry out, "How long, Lord? wilt thou hide thyself for ever?"

But Jesus, in His eagerness to open His gifts, cries *now*, "How long, O Church?"

How much longer shall we wait?

How much longer shall we make Him wait?

## 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.

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**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.

<sup>1</sup> Ps. 89:46.

<sup>2</sup> Matt. 24:14.

<sup>3</sup> *The Great Controversy*, p. 458.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>5</sup> *Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 69.

<sup>6</sup> *The Great Controversy*, p. 621.





# the Reservations of the Righteous

by CLARK B. MC CALL

**W**HAT would you do if the local Ford dealer stepped into our chapel and offered a new automobile free to the first man who could get down to his showroom?" The questioner paused to weigh the impact of the hypothetical proposition on our student body.

Hastily we calculated the distance from our assembly room to the automobile showroom. Then we evaluated our potential opportunity to be first in the light of our geographical seating position and the location of the doors marked "EXIT." Each realized that his chances would be slim to get ahead of the thundering mass of humanity that would attempt to plunge through the doors as a unit. I envisioned a possible broken leg or at least a few painful bruises imparted by a surging wall of charging hopefuls. Most of us agreed, however, that we'd at least attempt to get to the showroom first.

Then our speaker settled the matter with a somewhat embarrassing second question. As far as I was concerned, the lecture was over. The point was made, and in the two questions there was sufficient spiritual food for many hours of meditative feasting.

"If you men here at the theological Seminary received such an offer, would you immediately get into a huddle and seek to find the most needy student with the largest family, the least employment, and no car, then urge him

to claim the wonderful prize?" We then realized that many Christians are willing to be self-sacrificing, dedicated servants—with reservations, of course!

"Anyone is foolish who doesn't take care of his own interests first in this dog-eat-dog world of competition for survival" was the philosophy of the rich young ruler. He could boast that he had kept the commandments from his childhood. Yet Jesus said, "One thing thou lackest." When the Saviour declared that discipleship was conditional on a complete sacrifice for the needs of his neighbors, the rich young ruler chose to reserve a little respectable selfishness in his heart.

Like many today, the rich young ruler placed a boundary on his pledge of service. He wanted to enter into a covenant of discipleship with attached limitations. This type reaches a certain point in righteousness and then decides that there is no need to become better than the socially acceptable status quo. It becomes all too easy to reason that there is practical wisdom in subtle selfishness when it can be disguised as self-preservation.

How can we detect if we are paying "tithe of mint, anise, and cummin" and yet neglecting "the weightier matters of the law"? The what's-in-it-for-me attitude is reflected in the epidemic of severe muscular pains that strikes at the time a missionary project is launched.

It is seen in the "Sure, I'll go In-

gathering if Bill will go too," and in the classic I heard a church officer voice: "I guess I hate Ingathering as much as anyone else, but I go because it's my Christian duty"! Perhaps we should not mention those who stop coming out on caroling nights when some other solicitor begins to bring in more money.

The summons to crucify less-noble motives is contained in this gem from the pen of one who always experienced what she advocated: "The life must be cast into the furrow of the world's need. Self-love, self-interest, must perish. And the law of self-sacrifice is the law of self-preservation."<sup>1</sup>

Some time ago I heard about a doctor whose healing ministry beautifully illustrates the true spirit of service that God desires to find in our hearts today. A mother with a five-year-old blind son longed for the time when she could save enough money to pay for a special operation to restore his sight.

A specialist heard about the boy and arranged for an examination. The mother gave her consent for a proposed operation but explained she did not have the money yet. The surgeon replied, "I look upon my skill not as an ownership but a stewardship. My ability is a trust, not a gift. You must not think about money for my work."

The operation was performed and proved successful. When the boy was finally ready to return home, he handed the doctor a little brown



Teddy bear that had one arm gone, one leg broken, and one eye missing. It was the boy's most prized possession. "We haven't any money, so I'm giving you my Teddy bear instead to pay for the operation," he explained. The doctor accepted the Teddy bear graciously and bade his little patient good-bye.

A few days later when the mother and her little son reached home, they discovered a box marked "Special Delivery" waiting for them. Inside was the largest and finest Teddy bear the child had ever dreamed about. Back in the office of the surgeon is a showcase. Inside is a battered and broken little brown Teddy bear. At the base of the showcase is a small plaque: "The largest single fee I have ever received for professional services."

The spiritual maturity possessed by prospective residents of the New Jerusalem is simply summarized in this monumental sentence: "The completeness of Christian character is attained when the impulse to help and bless others springs constantly from within

—when the sunshine of heaven fills the heart and is revealed in the countenance."

Those who meet this qualification will step from the popular level of Christianity labeled SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE STATUS QUO to the plateau in front of the gates of pearl marked RIGHTEOUS WITHOUT RESERVATIONS. While conquering this spiritual Everest they will learn that these words have been etched in blood by One who struggled in Gethsemane and suffered on Calvary. Each will enter his own Gethsemane and experience self's painful crucifixion. Having weighed the cost, however, every true candidate for citizenship will accept the reality that "heaven will be for those who desire it with intense desire, who put forth efforts in proportion to the value of the object which they seek."

Will you choose to be righteous without reservations?

<sup>1</sup> *The Desire of Ages*, p. 623.

<sup>2</sup> *Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 384.

<sup>3</sup> ELLEN G. WHITE in *Review and Herald*, May 13, 1890.

## FRIENDSHIP MOTIVATES

From page 8

other ends and there is no separation in between.

This is how John Dryden described friendship between him and his best friend: "We were so mixed up as meeting streams, both to ourselves were lost. We were one mass. We could not give or take but for the same, for he was I, I he." This does not mean that one must submerge his individual personality and give up personal thinking. It merely means that true friendship is based on understanding and unity.

Unfortunately, cooperation, as it is practiced by some, is very much like the story of a little boy who wandered out into the yard and was asked by a neighbor where his brother was. "Oh," he answered casually, "my brother's in the house playing a duet. I finished first!"

Christian friendship means, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." This is ideal unity. Unity is Christianity and Christianity is unity—a unity with God and fellow men.

I sought my soul,  
But my soul I could not see.  
I sought God,  
But God eluded me.  
I sought my brother,  
And I found all three.

Another quality of friendship is gen-

tleness. "Thy gentleness hath made me great," the psalmist cries out. Why should this be so? It is only natural, because gentleness is in reality strength. God is gentle. Jesus is gentle. How tenderly and softly He dealt with people's feelings, always careful to use tact and kindness! It is only through gentleness that we can ever rise to power.

What is a successful marriage? One wise man gave this answer: "It is where the husband meets a marital crisis with a firm hand—full of candy or flowers!" This is just another way of saying that happy marriage is based on tenderness. And that is how friendship works. Friends are gentle toward one another, for Jesus is gentle with His children.

I love to picture how it may have been when Enoch walked with God. I always think of it more as God walking with Enoch—God, strong, like a father, speedy as the wind; yet walking along gently and slowly, keeping pace with Enoch—protecting him like a father protects his child when he walks by his side. This is what friendship with God is. He always accommodates Himself to our halting pace. And we will do the same for our friends when we achieve the capacity for the real thing.

A friend always has patience. He is

not in a hurry to make revolutionary changes in another's character. He is always willing to say, "Don't hurry. I have plenty of time; I can wait." How many times God has had to say this to us! God is never rushed. In His sight a thousand years are as a day, and a day as a thousand years. He is longsuffering with all of us—not willing that any should perish but that each of us should have eternal life.

How can we ever appreciate one another if we do not take time to learn to know one another? How can we learn to know God if we do not take time to study His creation, from the green hills to the clouded sky?

Friendship can grow in silence as well as speech; in fact, often silence is more of a test than speech. The deepest experiences of life may well be "expressed in silence." When you are with a beloved companion, you need not always talk. He'll understand your silence.

There are times when God will be silent, and you must learn to trust His silence. The moment you become frantic and demand a sign, you reveal your doubts. God's truest friends are those to whom He can be silent.

When He is silent it does not mean that the lights have gone out and you are walking alone in a terrible darkness. Don't be afraid of silence; silence is often the greatest healer. God is always present. You need not ask for outward signs of reassurance every moment. "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." The atheist wrote, "God is nowhere," but his little daughter read it, "God is now here."

We have touched on only a few of the main characteristics of togetherness—friendship. There are others, and as we grow in friendship we shall learn to discern them all. For now, let us realize that togetherness is our deepest desire.

Abraham was a friend of God; God spoke to Abraham as to a friend. And He is still speaking to us today. The only trouble is, so many of us are not listening.

Will we receive the friendship of God into our heart and the friendship of man?

The Lord of lords calls, "Come unto me. I have called you friends."

<sup>1</sup> 1 John 1:3.

<sup>2</sup> Mark 3:33-35.

<sup>3</sup> Prov. 25:19.

<sup>4</sup> *Gospel Workers*, p. 479.

<sup>5</sup> John 15:15.

<sup>6</sup> Rom. 8:26.

<sup>7</sup> John 17:21, 22.

<sup>8</sup> Gal. 2:20.

<sup>9</sup> Ps. 18:35.



# Christmas Eve Ferry

by RAY LEADBETTER

**W**E CROSSED the Narrows Bridge at Tacoma and drove toward the ferry at Lofall on the Kitsap Peninsula. Christmas Eve, 1960, found highways jammed with late shoppers and holiday travelers. We were going to grandmother's house at Sequim on Washington's Olympic Peninsula. Clara bounced Merl on her knee, while Irene, our three-year-old, exclaimed over Christmas decorations in houses and on small-town streets along the way.

"Think we can make the seven-ten ferry?" asked Clara, as we moved around a slow truck.

"It'll be close," I answered, and pulled into the right lane to avoid a string of cars traveling in the opposite direction. Making the seven-ten was not a matter of great consequence. Ferries left every forty minutes and one was as good as another.

The car negotiated a left turn, then a right, and wound down a hill toward the ferry toll station.

"The seven-ten just left, but another will be in at seven-fifty," the woman told us as we bought our tickets.

We slowly rolled the remaining feet to the terminal. Lights of the departing ferry shimmered on small waves and merged with the clean smell of salt water.

We were grateful that only one car was ahead of ours. Across the road a car that had just disembarked from the ferry seemed in trouble. A man lifted the hood, muttered something about new-fangled automobiles, and walked to the trunk for tools. We watched as he worked with no success. Inside the car his wife and four children waited in stoic silence. Christmas presents were piled to the windows and in the trunk.

"A fine Christmas they'll have if they don't get where they're going," Clara remarked.

Vaguely the thought of helping them asserted itself. There was a service station two miles up the road. But if we pushed them to the station, what would happen to our place in line? Since no other cars were behind us yet, we decided to take the chance.

A Christmas smile beamed on the man's face as we offered to push. The children thought it would be fun. Laboriously the cars wound up a hill, and soon the station's lights appeared. As we stopped, the man and his family thanked us, and we felt the glow that comes when one helps another.

We quickly turned and drove toward the terminal again. Surpris-

ingly, no cars had come in our absence, and we took our place in line, smiling at our good fortune.

A water fountain in the lobby of the terminal suggested a drink. As I entered the building, a woman in a red coat and jaunty hat was reading a paper. I mentally identified her as the driver of the car ahead of ours. The water was cool and fresh.

"I see you have done your Boy Scout deed for the day," put in the woman as I finished drinking. I turned toward her and smiled.

So someone had noticed. I felt pleased at her compliment but at the same time embarrassed about my original reluctance to help the people. It was a relief to know that she was aware only of my actions and not my thoughts.

"Yes, those people wouldn't have enjoyed spending Christmas Eve in a stalled car," I remarked and then changed the subject. "It looks as though we both missed the seven-ten." We watched through the window the lights of the ferry as it neared the terminal on the other side of Hood Canal.

"I usually catch that ferry every night on my way home from work," she said. "But tonight a woman in town asked me to help her carry some packages to her car. We had to wait for the clerk to gift wrap them, and that extra time made me miss the ferry. I'm not complaining though. She would have had a hard time by herself."

My good deed began to lose its luster. I had been concerned about my place in line, but she wasn't concerned about missing her regular ferry. I had acted from a sense of propriety. Her deed had been prompted by compassion.

As our car boarded the seven-fifty ferry in the darkness of a cloudy night, the lights of houses on the shore beamed toward us. My mind pondered the events of the past hour. The parable of the Good Samaritan pervaded my thoughts, and its application found me somewhat lacking.

With a rumbling of diesel engines and a clamoring of gangplanks, the ferry nosed into the canal.



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# Sabbath School Lessons

Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

## Youth

### XIII—The Judgment

(December 28, 1963)

**MEMORY GEM:** "Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet" (Isa. 28:17).

**OUTSIDE READING:** *The Great Controversy*, chapters 28 and 42; *Patriarchs and Prophets*, chapter 7.

#### Introduction

The idea of a judgment was firmly believed by ancient Egyptians. On the death of the individual, he was brought before Osiris in whose presence stood a pair of balances. In one side were placed all the deeds done, and balanced over against them was truth. If the evil deeds outweighed truth, punishment followed. God used the same thought when pronouncing judgment upon Belshazzar. He had been weighed in the balances and been found wanting. Daniel was shown the time when "the judgment was set and the books were opened" (Dan. 7:10). John adds, "and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works" (Rev. 20:12). That work is going on now.

#### 1—The Coming Judgment

**Scriptures:** Rom. 5:1; 14:10-12; 2 Cor. 5:10; Eccl. 12:14; Dan. 7:9, 10; Rev. 14:6, 7 (compare Mark 16:13); James 2:10-12; Matt. 7:21-27.

##### Notes:

There is nothing more certain than that a day of judgment is coming. "And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. 9:27). Paul warned the heathen Athenians, "Because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness" (Acts 17:31).

"Every man's work passes in review before God, and is registered for faithfulness or unfaithfulness. Opposite each name in the books of heaven is entered, with terrible exactness, every wrong word, every selfish act, every unfulfilled duty, and every secret sin, with every artful dissembling. Heaven-sent warnings or reproofs neglected, wasted moments, unimproved opportunities, the influence exerted for good or for evil, with its far-reaching results, all are chronicled by the recording angel."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 482.

Every good deed and every loving word has likewise been chronicled in heaven. Jesus said that not even the giving of a cup of cold water would fail of receiving a reward, indicating that a record is made of such acts. Job

could rest in peace because, as he said, "my witness is in heaven, and my record is on high" (Job 16:19).

##### Questions:

1. In what words does Paul indicate that the day of judgment is certain?
2. How much will be examined in this judgment work?
3. How does the prophet Daniel describe the judgment scene?
4. What message was to herald to the world the arrival of the judgment hour?
5. What is to be the standard of measurement in the judgment?
6. What two-fold experience is necessary in order to meet divine approval in the judgment?

#### 2—The Judged and Judgment-bound

**Scriptures:** Matt. 24:38, 39; 2 Cor. 6:2.

##### Notes:

"The point is fast being reached when the iniquity of transgressors will be to the full. God gives nations a certain time of probation. He sends light and evidence, that, if received, will save them, but if refused as the Jews refused light, indignation and punishment will fall upon them. If men refuse to be benefited, and choose darkness rather than light, they will reap the results of their choice. . . . The professed Christian world is advancing, as did the Jewish nation, from one degree of sinfulness to a greater degree, refusing warning after warning, and rejecting a Thus saith the Lord, while crediting the fables of men. The Lord God will soon arise in His wrath, and pour out His judgments upon those who are repeating the sins of the inhabitants of the Noachic world."—Ellen G. White Comments, *The SDA Bible Commentary*, vol. 4, pp. 1143, 1144.

"When great and wise men had proved to their satisfaction that it was impossible for the world to be destroyed by water, when the fears of the people were quieted, when all regarded Noah's prophecy as a delusion, and looked upon him as a fanatic,—then it was that God's time had come."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 103, 104.

"Watch ye therefore: . . . lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping." Perilous is the condition of those who, growing weary of their watch, turn to the attractions of the world. While the man of business is absorbed in the pursuit of gain, while the pleasure-lover is seeking indulgence, while the daughter

of fashion is arranging her adornments,—it may be in that hour the Judge of all the earth will pronounce the sentence, 'Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.'"—*The Great Controversy*, p. 491.

##### Questions:

7. In what ways will the last days resemble those of Noah?

8. What urgent message is addressed to sinners while the door to the ark of salvation remains open?

#### 3—God's Strange Act

**Scriptures:** Rev. 20:9, 15; 21:27; Mal. 4:1; 2 Peter 3:13, 14, 17, 18.

##### Notes:

"This is not an act of arbitrary power on the part of God. The rejecters of His mercy reap that which they have sown. God is the fountain of life; and when one chooses the service of sin, he separates from God, and thus cuts himself off from life. He is 'alienated from the life of God.' Christ says, 'All they that hate Me love death.' Eph. 4:18; Prov. 8:36. God gives them existence for a time that they may develop their character and reveal their principles. This accomplished, they receive the results of their own choice. By a life of rebellion, Satan and all who unite with him place themselves so out of harmony with God that His very presence is to them a consuming fire. The glory of Him who is love will destroy them."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 764.

"The earth looked like a desolate wilderness. Cities and villages, shaken down by the earthquake, lay in heaps. Mountains had been moved out of their places, leaving large caverns. Ragged rocks, thrown out by the sea, or torn out of the earth itself, were scattered all over its surface. Large trees had been uprooted and were strewn over the land."—*Early Writings*, p. 290.

"Satan's work of ruin is forever ended. For six thousand years he has wrought his will, filling the earth with woe, and causing grief throughout the universe. The whole creation has groaned and travailed together in pain. Now God's creatures are forever delivered from his presence and temptations. 'The whole earth is at rest, and is quiet: they [the righteous] break forth into singing.'"—*The Great Controversy*, p. 673.

##### Questions:

9. How is the earth to be purified from the curse of sin?

10. How complete will this work of destruction be? How many sinners will survive in that day?

11. How complete will be the eradication of sin?

12. In view of the imminence of these things, what course of action does the apostle Peter urge for all Christians?

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

Many a court case on earth has been lost because the client kept back something from his lawyer. It is court week in heaven. Is my case ready? I stand before the Judge, guilty of breaking the King's laws. My Advocate is there. Have I told Him everything; have I placed myself unreservedly in His hands? If I have, then I need have no worries, for He has never lost a case. If I have not—if I have continued to cherish some pet sin—am I not tying His hands, making it impossible for Him to help me?



## XIII—The Judgment

(December 28)

TEXT TO REMEMBER: "Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet" (Isaiah 28:17).

AIM: To realize that we must stand individually before God in the judgment and that the daily choices we are now making will determine whether we enter into the Holy City or are among those eternally destroyed in the lake of fire.

### 1. The Certainty of the Judgment

READ: Romans 14:10-12; 2 Corinthians 5:10; Ecclesiastes 12:14.

"On that great day men will not only put in an appearance at the bar of justice, but will stand revealed as to what manner of persons they are."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on 2 Cor. 5:10.

"Every man's work passes in review before God, and is registered for faithfulness or unfaithfulness. Opposite each name in the books of heaven is entered, with terrible exactness, every wrong word, every selfish act, every unfulfilled duty, and every secret sin, with every artful dissembling. Heaven-sent warnings or reproofs neglected, wasted moments, unimproved opportunities, the influence exerted for good or for evil, with its far-reaching results, all are chronicled by the recording angel."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 482.

#### The recording angel chronicles—

every ..... word.  
every ..... duty.  
every ..... sin.  
every ..... act.  
every ..... dissembling.

#### FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Mrs. White says the angel records with "terrible exactness" the wrongs we do. Why is a full revelation of our deeds and motives so terrible? In the judgment will we be able to make excuses for our sins or gloss over our acts as we do now?

### 2. As in the Days of Noah

READ: Matthew 24:38, 39.

"As the time of their probation was closing, the antediluvians gave themselves up to exciting amusements and festivities. Those who possessed influence and power were bent on keeping the minds of the people engrossed with mirth and pleasure, lest any should be impressed by the last solemn warning."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 103.

"When the professed people of God are uniting with the world, living as they live, and joining with them in forbidden pleasure; when the luxury of the world becomes the luxury of the church; when the marriage bells are chiming, and all are looking forward to many years of worldly prosperity,—then, suddenly as the lightning flashes from the heavens, will come the end of their bright visions and delusive hopes."—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 338, 339.

#### Tell—

who the antediluvians were.  
what the people in the days of Noah were doing.  
why luxury may be an evil.  
how some of the professed believers will be living in the last days.

#### FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Eating, drinking, and marrying are mentioned as evils of Noah's day that will be repeated at the end of the world. Haven't people always done these things? What is evil about them? Just how are the last days and the days of Noah alike?

### 3. The Earth Purified

READ: Revelation 20:9, 15.

"This is not an act of arbitrary power on the part of God. The rejectors of His mercy reap that which they have sown. God is the fountain of life; and when one chooses the service of sin, he separates from God, and thus cuts himself off from life. He is 'alienated from the life of God.' Christ says, 'All they that hate Me love death.' . . . God gives them existence for a time that they may develop their character and reveal their principles. This accomplished, they receive the results of their own choice. By a life of rebellion, Satan and all who unite with him place themselves so out of harmony with God that His very presence is to them a consuming fire. The glory of Him who is love will destroy them."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 764.

The sinner chooses death for himself when he rejects God. True ☐ False ☐  
The fountain of life is God. True ☐ False ☐

The destruction of the wicked is an act of arbitrary power on the part of God. True ☐ False ☐

Christ says, "All that hate Me love death." True ☐ False ☐

#### FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Are the wicked destroyed because God does not want them in heaven, or because they have not chosen to be there? Will some be lost who had hoped to be saved? Can one have both this earth and the new earth?

### 4. A Complete Destruction

READ: Malachi 4:1.

"In the mad strife of their own fierce passions, and by the awful outpouring of God's unmingled wrath, fall the wicked inhabitants of the earth,—priests, rulers, and people, rich and poor, high and low. . . .

"At the coming of Christ the wicked are blotted from the face of the whole earth,—consumed with the spirit of His mouth, and destroyed by the brightness of His glory. . . .

"The whole earth appears like a desolate wilderness. The ruins of cities and

villages destroyed by the earthquake, uprooted trees, ragged rocks thrown out by the sea or torn out of the earth itself, are scattered over its surface, while vast caverns mark the spot where the mountains have been rent from their foundations."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 657.

Describe the appearance of (a) the mountains, (b) the cities and villages, (c) the rocks, (d) the entire earth, (e) the wicked.

#### FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Why will the earth be completely torn asunder and devastated? How do you think the other beings in the universe will feel when they witness the last terrible upheaval on this earth and the final complete removal of sin?

### 5. Sin Forever Removed

READ: 2 Peter 3:13; Revelation 21:27.

"Satan's work of ruin is forever ended. For six thousand years he has wrought his will. . . . Now God's creatures are forever delivered from his presence and temptations. 'The whole earth is at rest, and is quiet: they [the righteous] break forth into singing.' . . .

"The fire that consumes the wicked purifies the earth. Every trace of the curse is swept away. No eternally burning hell will keep before the ransomed the fearful consequences of sin.

"One reminder alone remains: our Redeemer will ever bear the marks of His crucifixion. Upon His wounded head, upon His side, His hands and feet, are the only traces of the cruel work that sin has wrought."—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 673, 674.

#### What—

alone will remain as a reminder of sin?  
will be forever at an end?  
happens to the consuming fire?  
is the reason the righteous sing?  
will pervade the whole earth?

#### FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Does the belief in an everlasting hell fire fit with the belief that heaven will be a happy, joyous place? that all sin is to be blotted out? that God is a kind Father?

### 6. Counsel for Us

READ: 2 Peter 3:14, 17, 18.

"It is now that we must keep ourselves . . . unspotted from the world. It is now that we must wash our robes of character and make them white in the blood of the Lamb. It is now that we must overcome pride, passion, and spiritual slothfulness. It is now that we must awake and make determined effort for symmetry of character. 'Today if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.' We are in a most trying position, waiting, watching for our Lord's appearing. The world is in darkness. . . . It is ever God's purpose to bring light out of darkness, joy out of sorrow, and rest out of weariness for the waiting, longing soul."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, pp. 215, 216.

Fill in the blanks with the proper numbers:

Now we must—  
keep ourselves .....  
overcome .....  
make determined effort for .....  
wash our .....

1. robes
2. symmetry of character
3. spiritual slothfulness
4. passion
5. unspotted
6. pride

#### FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Why is it hard to put away all sin now? Why is it imperative that your life be right before God now? When is now?





**T**HE literal visible return of Jesus was once made very realistic to me, and the experience filled my heart with longing for that event.

The third of September, 1911, was a perfect blue-bird day without a cloud in the sky. Aviation was still in its infancy. To encourage air-minded pilots to take the risk of flying and to enlighten the public on the advantages of air transportation, Boston papers had pooled a purse of \$50,000. They were offering as first prize \$25,000 to the pilot who would fly his plane over a pre-arranged course that began and ended at Boston. Extensive publicity was given to this promised spectacle.

I was in New England at that time. So I went to the Worcester Fairgrounds, one of the stops on the circuit flight, to see what many skeptical minds were doubting. Curiosity was rampant as countless thousands from all over New England gathered in the city to see whether man's inventive genius could develop an internal combustion engine with sufficient horsepower to overcome the law of gravitation.

I have seen large crowds on inaugural occasions, and Fourth of July celebrations, but none compare with the vast throng I saw at the fairgrounds. The center of the race track had been cleared, and police guarded it for a landing field. Horse racing, and circus performers kept the crowd entertained while the tension of anticipation mounted.

At about ten a man on the roof of the grandstand walked to the edge, and announced through a giant megaphone that the contestants in the race were off. Earl B.

## ***Rendezvous***

by H. LESLIE SHOUP

Ovington, flying a monoplane, was leading, followed by a Naval officer in a biplane. Minutes later it was announced that Mr. Ovington had made a successful flight to his first stop, and that as soon as his plane could be inspected and refueled he would be on his way to Worcester.

What emotional thrills and heart-throbs stirred that crowd as a large gas balloon, anchored by a cable, was sent aloft to help sky pilots locate their landing field! Mortars frequently sent up bombs, which exploded with terrific blasts while smoke floated away in the atmosphere like giant balls of cotton.

Sometime between eleven o'clock and noon, the man with the megaphone announced, "Mr. Ovington is now on his way to Worcester." At intervals, as the pilot followed the old Boston and Maine railroad, the announcer would tell the cheering throng, "Mr. Ovington is now flying over Fitchburg . . . He is now over Leominster . . . Now over Lancaster . . . Now over Clinton . . . Now he is flying over Boylston."

With that last announcement all eyes focused on the northeastern horizon, and there appeared a small black speck.

Instinctively there went up a hoarse roar from the throng, "There he is!"

On he came to circle the fairgrounds, seeming to poise like a hummingbird, and then gently gliding to a three-point landing in the center of the race track.

The crowd went wild with excitement, while servicemen, reporters, and photographers raced to be the first to congratulate the pilot.

Mrs. Ovington, who had sat in suspense by the telegrapher while her husband was in the air, did her best to keep up with the sprinters. She was handicapped by hobble skirts, which were then the style, and brought up the rear with her tiptoe prancing pace. Not willing to be outdone by her competitors, she threw up her hands appealingly saying, "Me first, Ovie." Not until Mr. Ovington had embraced his wife did the reception committee get to greet the hero. Ovington won the race and the prize money, while others received lesser sums for their effort.

Jesus put Himself on record before the universe when He promised to return, and He will not back down on that pledge. May Christians everywhere keep that rendezvous.





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