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The Youth's Instructor

Truth can be not only stranger
than fiction but stronger too
as demonstrated in

Because It's True

[Sabbath School Lessons for May 16]



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 1964. 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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I MUST Write

by E. ROBERT REYNOLDS

MINE is just a little candle, but it must burn. All around it is night, and it is so dark. Storm-clouds blot out the stars, and even the moon cannot break through. Millions of people, hundreds of millions, thousands of millions, groping, groping, groping in the dark, are longing for morning. Even the flash of lightning, for all its terrifying peal of thunder, provides for some a moment of hope, for its finger of light points out a path or silhouettes a shelter. But then it is gone. My pen is my little candle. So I must write.

"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." The purpose of a candle is to burn. The function of a pen is to write. So I must write.

Beneath a bushel basket my little light is useless. It must be shared to go on burning. So I must write.

The night is not only dark. It is cold. What can a candle do? It is so small. But it is more than a light; it is an open flame. As a flame it can kindle other candles, or it can ignite a bonfire and warm a shivering wayfarer. And that bonfire, with its bigger light, will dispel some of the gross darkness, draw others to its warmth, melting the frigidity of the dark, until the Sun of Righteousness

rises in the dawn of a never-ending day. Then my candlelight will be swallowed up in that greater brilliance. But it must burn. So I must write.

My quill is not only a candle. It is an arrow. O for a quiver of such quills—phosphorous-tipped arrows, shining as they fly, catching fire where they alight, burning deeply into the hearts they strike! Spirit impelled, constrained by love, they may be flame-thrown tongues of fire to ignite a conflagration of hearts that will light the world to the glory of God. So I must write.

Steel-pointed, tempered in the forge of heaven, dipped in 24-carat gold, its ink the pulse of warm blood, it calls for the pouring of my life into its fountain. The world requires it. Christ in me demands it. Time, at the threshold of eternity, compels it. So I must write.

That pen in your hand, the one you use day after day—is it nap-kined and buried, or put out for interest? The Lord of this world will soon call for accounts. What have you done with your talent for writing? Unaware, were you, of your great mission? Then let your candle catch fire from mine. For I must write.

by MARION DOYLE

Let us plant a tree today—

Not merely as a duty,
For harvests of the fruit it bears,
But also for its beauty
In every season—bloom in spring,
Cool emerald leaves in summer,
Rainbow glory in the fall.

And for every comer
Who has eyes for loveliness,
Beauty will be seen
In black lace boughs on winter skies
With jewel-stars between.

Arbor Day

Photo credits: Cover, Bob Trickett; p. 9, courtesy of Paul T. Gibbs; p. 11, Kiff Achord; p. 16, Frank L. Remington.

CONNIE'S pretty blonde head snuggled into the curve of my arm as our family sat relaxing in the living room of the apartment provided by the General Conference for us as outgoing missionaries.

"Tomorrow," daddy had just announced, "we will visit the Book and Bible House and select a few new books to read on the boat as we travel toward Pakistan."

"Mommy," Connie's blue eyes lifted to mine, "may I buy one or two of those exciting nurses' books? You know—like the ones I have?"

I hugged her close. Connie had been our girl for only a few short months of her fourteen years. When she had arranged her belongings and settled in with her sister, I had noticed the half dozen or so books featuring a popular fictitious nurse. They looked inviting as she neatly fitted them onto her shelf of the bookcase. Their jackets were gay, with stiffly starched nurses flitting about their duties, and their titles were almost irresistible—*Cherry Ames, Private Duty Nurse*; *Cherry Ames, Surgical Nurse*; and others just as enticing. Connie's chief ambition, I had already learned, was to become a nurse. She talked, played, and dreamed nursing from rising sun to rising sun!

"We'll see, dear," I told her now, secretly offering a prayer that we might find some true stories next day during our Book and Bible House visit, stories that might take her mind off the highly exciting and somewhat unlikely "everyday life" of her nurse heroine, *Cherry Ames*.

"We'll have to buy a special suitcase for our books," quipped dad the next day as we piled them one by one on the cashier's counter. Serious-minded David had chosen *A Brand From the Burning*; Al, our oldest, had chosen *Decision on the Campus*; Sharilyn came running with *A Date for Dana*; but Connie and I together had found the prize—a new book we had not seen before. It was dressed in an attractive jacket depicting a young girl on campus, and its short but catching title was *Jeannie*. A few other books had been added by daddy and me and carefully hidden beneath the children's own choices.

"For Christmas presents over there," daddy smiled at me.

A day or so later, after the tearful parting with loved ones and the excitement of watching the big boat steer its way out of New York Harbor, we established a routine for lessons on board the S.S. *Steel Apprentice*, which was to be our floating home for more than a month. Since ours were the only children among the eleven passengers, with the exception of a fifteen-month-old boy, it was not hard to corral our youngsters. Dad taught the science and math classes and I taught the English and Bible, but I also conducted our story hour.

"Each night," I promised the children, "we will read a chapter from one of the books we have selected." Connie's *Jeannie* unanimously received the vote to be first. She was visibly pleased; it was delightful to have her new foster brothers and sister approve of her choice.

"Mother," suggested David on the second day, "couldn't we have two story hours? This book is getting so interesting it's hard to wait all day long to hear what comes next. Besides," he added, true to his mathematical mind, "if you read only one chapter a day we'll be in Pakistan before we get to my book!" And so we began the noon story hour, also.

Lessons were usually finished on time. No dawdling along with papers

by

ELIZABETH

SPALDING

MC FADDEN

"...Because It's True"

*Connie gave her cherished book
an honored place between the book ends on her
dresser along with her white Bible.*

that were due in to either teacher, for the penalty was having to finish it while the others listened to mother read. True, you could read the missed chapter later to yourself, but then you wouldn't see the others' reactions, and it wasn't nearly so much fun.

After about a week at sea Connie came to me with questioning voice. "Mother, do you really think all these things that happened to Jeannie are true?"

"Of course, dear," I assured her.

"But how do you know? Maybe they were just made up like in the Cherry Ames books."

"No, Connie—look here." I pointed to the name of the publishing house in the front of the book. "That company is one of our own Seventh-day Adventist publishing houses. It is the policy of all our publishing houses to print only true stories, just as it is the policy of the editors of our church papers, such as the *Guide* and *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*."

"Oh." Connie's eyes were thoughtful. Then she said with a contented sigh as she handed me the book, "I love these Jeannie stories."

As the days stretched into weeks, and our boat plowed steadily through the Atlantic and into the Mediterranean Sea, our carefully chosen books did much to banish the restless hours. David's book, *A Brand From the Burning*, we had decided to reserve for Sabbath reading, since it seemed more appropriate, but as our interest deepened we found it impossible to wait a whole week to find out what happened next! When we finished *Jeannie* we took *A Brand From the Burning* as our next story hour selection. But I noticed that on the side, whenever she could squeeze in a spare moment, Connie was rereading *Jeannie*.

After thirty-two days at sea we reached Karachi, West Pakistan, and the mission hospital to which we were to be assigned. When the excitement of seeing a new country and getting settled had worn off, our story hour began again, along with the lessons by correspondence. We had lost our chief teacher—dad. His work in the hospital took him away from us except for a few moments in the evening, when he would help the boys unknot difficult math problems. We also missed him in our story hour, but each evening he received an enthusiastic book review of the high points of the story we were currently reading.

Finishing *Decision on the Campus* one evening, the children began to dis-

cuss it. Al said, "This book really makes a fellow think, doesn't it? I guess when you get into college there will be lots of important decisions to make, and each one of them will affect your life for good or evil."

"Yes," said David; "that guy, Bart—well, he made mostly the right decisions, but what if he hadn't?"

"How can we be sure that that is actually the way Bart decided those things?" Connie wanted to know. "What if the author just smoothed things over a bit for the hero to make it sound good?"

"That's a good question, Connie," I told her. "It shows you are thinking, but I can assure you that the book is true—all true."

"Well, how do you know, Mother?"

"Because I am an author too. I have read the rules for entering the Pen League contests sponsored by *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, and for submitting award-winning books such as this one. They are very strict, Connie. An author must send in a certified statement, if possible, from the hero or heroine of the story that the facts in the story are true, and that conversation used in the story to liven it up is very near to the actual conversation that took place during the events covered by the story. If the hero or heroine is dead, the author must give his sources of information or a statement from someone who knew the individual at the time the story took place, some-

one who was well acquainted with the facts. If the author decides to use fictitious names to hide the identity of any characters in the book, he must furnish on a separate sheet the pseudonyms used, and the actual names of the characters being depicted. And he must sign a statement that the work submitted is an original manuscript written by himself and that it is a true story."

"All that!" exclaimed Connie, her talkative eyes rounding into zeroes of wonder.

"Yes, all that—and more too," I answered. "You see, dear, writing is very hard work, especially for those of us who feel it is not right to make up a story. First of all we must interview the person we are going to write about. Sometimes, when we hear a few facts about someone and 'smell' a good story that we think would help some young person to live a better life, it takes us a year or more to collect all the information needed to write the story or book. It would be much easier, of course, to make up the story or at least to fill in between the facts with interesting 'make believe,' but an honest Christian writer cannot do that."

"Why not, Mother?"

"Because he believes that his talent for writing is given to him by God, and this makes it imperative that he use it to help others. Young people who are serious-minded, and who

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Repeat Performance

by JEAN CARPENTER MERGARD

"There is a green cathedral . . ." Girlish voices,
Spattered with sunlight of the song they sing,
Soar now, as when a mockingbird rejoices
That it is May again. And my eyes cling
To one face glowing dearer than the others
For me. Her eyes seek mine among the crowd
Of parents, little sisters, older brothers,
Who try in vain to hide that they are proud.

I am transported back to yesterday
When I stood flushed with the chorus of this song,
Watching my mother try to mask away
Her pride in me, not knowing all along
Her heart was whispering to her eager ears
That one voice lifted with the truest tone;
As my child singing, only in future years
Will learn, blessed with a daughter of her own.

Age Need Not Count

The article began, "Recently in the market news of a magazine for writers, an editor gave some requirements for acceptable material for his journal, one intended for older readers."¹

The article was definitely for that group, but I saw it in a magazine intended for readers of all ages—*The Saturday Evening Post*. Mary Van Tuyl's opening sentence captured my curiosity. I read "I Live in a New Kind of 'Home'" with growing admiration for the writing skill of its seventy-five-year-old author.

Example:

"I had already learned the cost of these accommodations, and I knew I could just about afford it, provided I didn't live to too great an old age."

There is no substitute for experience. Christian youth who train their writing talent while still young will discover that the experiences of living give endless multiplication of topics on which they can write after the active service years have passed.

A center-spread article we published last year was written by a fifteen-year-old. You already know from this column last week that if you have worked a Bert Rhoads puzzle, it had been produced by a ninety-two-year-old. Age is immaterial to authorship, *provided you begin when you are young*.

The pupils in our church schools should be required to perform definite writing requirements from the fifth grade on. By graduation four years later every pupil should have written an acceptable manuscript of not less than three full pages.

If elementary pupils are taught the rudiments of writing; if academy students are expected to produce publishable manuscripts for their school papers or Pen League by the time they are seniors; if college students are required to complete at least one writing course beyond Freshman English, then those with trainable talent will be equipped to write the thousands of manuscripts the Adventist press consumes each year.

We don't write it, so we can say without boasting that some of the finest poetry our magazines use is to be found in *The Youth's Instructor*. Yet the bulk of the poetry we publish has been composed by non-Adventist poets. Why should this be?

Poetry was a chief subject for study in the ancient schools of the prophets.² Certainly in the ranks of those whose lives are constantly conforming to the Creator's there must be some who could write poetry that is as relevant to the space age as that which we publish from other sources.

Our need for significant, pertinent, challenging writing will be greater tomorrow. Are you one who should be training to provide it?

WTC

¹ *The Saturday Evening Post*, Nov. 8, 1958.

² *Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 593.

Promise The promise pictured on this week's cover would have been even more appealing had we been able to add the blue to the four robin's eggs. Your imagination will have to suffice. Bob Trickett took the picture and a third award in the 1963 Photo Mart. The nest was located about a thousand feet east of the Garland Apartments at Andrews University. Here's how the promise was fulfilled: eggs hatched—100 per cent; survivors—75 per cent.

Calendar In the Church Calendar of Seventh-day Adventists, May 16 is Spirit of Prophecy Day. This year we are publishing articles before and after the date for emphasis on the writings of the inspired messenger to our church. April 7 you had opportunity to read "Not Ashamed" by Joe Engelkemier. If you haven't done so, get that issue and read the center spread. Next month the June 2 and 9 issues carry a two-part story, "Sister White Was My Friend." It is a first-person account from Alma McKibbin as told to Clark B. McCall.

Writer E. Robert Reynolds, on leave from his mission post in Pakistan to complete his doctorate at Maryland University, attended the fourth annual writers' conference last fall, sponsored by the Columbia Union Conference PR department. In the workshop conducted by Cecil Coffey, book editor of the Southern Publishing Association, he wrote the piece as an assignment that occupies page two this week. Later in the conference Elder Reynolds showed me the manuscript, and I bought it for use in this issue.

Writer Elizabeth Spalding McFadden and her M.D. husband, medical director of the Karachi Hospital in West Pakistan, reached America for furlough just at the outset of the CUC writers' conference. Mrs. McFadden related to me the experience you will read in lead position, "... Because It's True." Even though on short furlough, she accepted the assignment and left the manuscript with us for our use. We hope it inspires you as it inspired us.

Twins "Duty, stern duty, has a twin sister, which is kindness."—3T 108.

coming next week

- "MATCHING THE MOLD"—Marianne Miller was sobered to think that even a seemingly small act on her part might have completely destroyed the image her traveling companion had of all Christians, especially Adventists.
- "PLEA FOR READY WRITERS"—"Writing is a unique ministry in this generation of high literacy," states writer Harry Moyle Tippet.

Open Letter

to a Student-2

by ELIZABETH REEVES

YOUR question of how to temper your budget with your beliefs is a thought-provoking one and certainly one with which every Seventh-day Adventist should be concerned.

How should a Christian use his money? If one word can answer this ubiquitous question it is the word *responsibly*. However, responsible handling of finances for anyone who has declared himself for Christ entails much more than meeting personal obligations.

It embraces the Christian's concept of his church. He must be involved with it. He must sense the importance of its work. He must be keenly aware of, and concerned with, its needs. In so doing he is not limited by an offering goal for Sabbath school or two per cent for church expense or ten per cent for tithe. He is not concerned with the minimum; he is striving for the maximum and hoping to surpass even that. He gives cheerfully for the finishing work in which he and his Creator are engaged.

The keynote to Adventism, or Christianity in any form, is giving. And whether an individual is the owner of a successful business or a student working his entire way through school, he is motivated by the love of God to give as much of himself, his time, and his money as he can. The amounts are not important; the spirit of generosity is.

When we speak of giving we can hardly concern ourselves solely with tithes and offerings. Our giving begins with our spending. Our involvement with Christianity is written into every budget and makes us accountable for every expenditure.

We may sometimes manifest a generous spirit by conforming to the customs of the times and places in which we live. I might cite, as an example of this, the often-told story concerning

one of our youth congresses. A newspaper in the city in which the congress was held affirmed that Seventh-day Adventist young people had descended upon the city with the Ten Commandments and a ten-dollar bill, and had left with both intact. This might be considered a compliment if it had been in reference to their failure to frequent costly amusements. It was, however, referring to their failure to offer gratuities for maid, bellhop, or table service. Since in many cases the salaries of workers in these capacities are lowered to allow for tipping, it is understandable that these workers were highly displeased with the delegates' omission.

We are too prone to feel that our allegiance to God's remnant church relieves us of responsibility in many

such details of modern living, but our allegiance only serves to render us *more* responsible. We should show consideration for others in every possible way. Attention to the details of everyday living in order to live blamelessly and helpfully before all men is one of the most telling witnesses of Christian living we can offer.

We are part of a worldwide message, but we cannot be misers hoarding gold for Sabbath mornings. Christian service—and Christian giving—is perpetual. It is not money offered; it is a way of offering money or time or friendship or whatever may be requested by a world that needs Christ. It was Christ's way of life, and it must be ours if we are to represent Him in these last fateful days.

A Mother Playing Hymns

by MARY LOUISE CHEATHAM

Nothing could ever really break her heart,
Long as she had her hymnbook and ten fingers.
She had a way of working out her part
Of any trouble. Lovingly, there lingers
Over the yellowed keys a strength of spirit,
Converting into faith and peaceful quiet
(Though they might scoff and outwardly deny it)
The turmoiled thoughts of all who chanced to
hear it.

Though childish tongues that shrilled in joyous
voices,

Since grown preoccupied with daily living,
Are now aloof, her patient songs keep giving
More help, she knows (and knowing, she rejoices),
Than could be offered in persistent words.
And when her dusky parlor fades and dims
Through sun's last rays and dark, in echoed chords
They'll hear again a mother playing hymns.

Examine Thyself

SUPPOSE I said to you, "Henceforth there will be no loneliness for you. Would that be the good word for you? Suppose I said, "Henceforth there will be no more regrets; you do everything perfectly, you make no mistakes." Would that be the good word for you? Suppose I said, "There will be no more defeats for you, no more need of apologies, no more need to say 'I'm sorry.'" Would that be the good word for you? Suppose I said, "There will be no more struggle for you, no more anguish, no more agony, no more pain." Would that be the good word for you?

The best word that could come to any of us would be a little different from what I have been mentioning. Many of these life experiences are actually those that cause us pain, but they're not the source of our discouragement. One person said, "If I could know that God is at work in me toward some good ultimate purpose, all the rest wouldn't matter very much." *God is at work! At work in you!*

Despite all your defeats, your limitations, God is working out His purpose in you. All the doing, the planning, the hoping, the action, all the success, is of no avail unless we believe that God is at work within us to accomplish His purpose. We do not understand or fully comprehend the mysteries of life, the mysteries of God, or the mysteries of the experience in which we are involved. We are incapable, our theoretical competence cannot comprehend it all; but if we know that God is at work and that there is something being achieved with respect to God's ultimate purpose in our lives, then all is well.

I was one of those fortunate persons who was reared in a Christian home with Christian parents under Christian influence, prayers, love, fellowship, understanding, and mutuality. Because of this I have always had a great sensitivity to the need for closeness, understanding, and sympathy; this is the heart of it all. But all of this would be of no avail unless there was an individualized feeling that God is with me.

I believe everything that has hap-

pened to me has not really *happened*—God has been at work. There are some of the leadings of God that I do not comprehend. Some pathways in which God has asked me to walk from the viewpoint of comfort I might not have chosen. But all is well if one can believe that God is at work, seeking to achieve something. I don't know exactly what He's going to achieve in you, but I do know that He is achieving something. I don't know what you are going to add to the culmination of the glory of God. But this I am sure of—if faithful, you are going to be in that final mosaic of God's glory; this I believe!

It has been my privilege to share closely in the sorrows and hopes of many people. Those who have gone through these experiences have not understood what may have been happening to them, but I have believed that God was at work.

I cannot understand world affairs, but I believe God is at work, and what else is really important but this? Why else did Jesus come into the world but to show us that God is at work? "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." There is a teleological movement, a purposive movement in history, and God is in it!

The magnificence, the omnipotence, the omniscience of God encircles all that is, and all other circles are within that great circle. You are within that great circle. Your pain is God's pain, your joy is God's joy, your planning and thinking are also related to God's planning and thinking. When we give ourselves to God we say, "You lead now."

You can take the pain. You can take the disappointments. If you know this even your sadness has joy already creeping through it, because your joy and sadness are overarched and overshadowed by the great truth that God is at work and all is well. This is the great truth that Jesus brings forth in Matthew 13:31-33 in two beautiful and succinct stories.

The kingdom is present, God is present, God's action is present, the king-

GOD Is at Work

by ARTHUR L. BIETZ

dom of God is at work in the whole universe, and all is moving toward some great glorious vindication of the nature of God. That's all we need to know. The rest will be all right. We can be patient if we know this. We may have pain, but the pain will not bring complete despair.

The Old Testament God is sometimes misconceived as a machine instead of One who suffers. Some people still have this completely impersonal concept of God. But God suffers because He can be touched with the feelings of our infirmities. He can be touched with our life and our experi-

ences whether of joy or of sorrow.

"The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed which a man took and sowed in his field. As a seed it is the smallest of them all, a speck. But it grows to be the biggest of all plants, it becomes a tree big enough for birds to come and nest in its branches." Another parable He told them: "The kingdom of heaven is like yeast taken by a woman and put into three basins of flour until the whole lot has risen." Unfortunately those of you who are younger cannot appreciate this illustration as perfectly as some of us who had mothers who did their own baking. Sometimes Christians feel a little sad and discouraged because there's a lot of the lump of their personality that isn't yet leavened. Don't be over-anxious about the lump. We'll get there if the yeast is there; if God is at work all will be well.

"But I lost my temper last week; I did something I shouldn't have done." That's not the problem! Don't become a fragmented kind of individual chasing after one mistake and then another. God is at work, and the leavening goes on. None of us are completely what we ought to be, nor is it necessary for our peace and joy that we are already completely leavened; but it is necessary to know that God is at work. If you become impatient with yourself, impatient with the growth processes within your life, then you bottle up, you compartmentalize, and at that point the movement of God is inhibited.

You might say, "I have no evidence

of it; I've had a bad week." We have days like this, but don't let those days discourage you, because it's not the days that are your courage or your discouragement. Your courage is the belief, trust, and confidence that God is at work. Maybe it's just a little speck, but it will grow, it will move. Maybe it's just a little seed, but that will grow into a glorious tree, and there will be shade.

Jesus' stories show the magnificent reaches of the human being under the influence of the indwelling God. The kingdom is a symbol of God's activity, His creation, and His creatures. There are many who despair of the fact that God is with them. I say that God is at work in you, and don't ever disbelieve it!

"I don't think I'm going to be able to make it," some will say. There are persons who are leaving the Christian way of life because they do not believe that God has a purpose He is working out. Think of the life of Jesus. Suppose for a moment that when everything went wrong He had thought God was not at work. That would have been a sad day; there were so many disappointments in His life. He had great hopes for many people, but they weren't fulfilled. He had great plans for so many that didn't work out, and He said one day, "Are you going to leave Me too? Am I going to be left completely alone?" As I read the New Testament and see the statements of Jesus, there comes a radiant confidence that He is one with the Father, and that God is at work in Him.

Jesus emphasizes the fact that the least of us has infinite possibilities and worth in the sight of God. God is doing something worth while with people. When the kingdom of heaven begins, then a man will find that his confidence is changed. He'll be able to go through many a problem without capitulation, because he believes that God is at work. This is the kind of thing we have in Philippians 2:13—"For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." You're willing, God's willing. Your thinking becomes God's thinking. Your problems, your defeats, are not your own. In chapter 4, verse 13, we read, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." You're not doing things outside of God—you're doing things in God, and that's the difference.

If a husband could believe that God is at work in his wife for the building of a person, if a wife could believe this about the husband, if the parents could believe this about their children, we would stop being the kind of persons who are everlastingly problem-centered.

Who are the persons who have helped you? Are they not the persons who have pointed out the good within you? who have believed in you? who have overlooked those little things that might be annoying and then have seen the good in you? Aren't they the persons who have helped you? God helps me because I believe God is less interested in my mistakes but very much interested in my person! I believe God has confidence in me. Do you believe this? If you don't, aren't you denying His love? Don't you say in effect, deep down inside, "God doesn't mean what He says when He says He loves me"?

The kingdom of God never comes by watching for it. Men cannot say, "Look, here it is," or, "There it is." The kingdom of God is inside you. That's why, when you begin to be a watchdog on yourself, a watchdog on what everybody else does, you begin to be panicky about every little thing that may go on whether according to your likes or dislikes. You're simply a watchdog. Either you can be a watchdog, and jump from one crisis to another, or you can believe that God is at work in you even though you're incapable of seeing at a given moment what may be happening. Our confidence should not be in our growth or our success, nor should we be too greatly dismayed about our failures. God is at work in our lives—and don't ever forget it!

Spring Storm

With angry hands this wild spring storm
Has torn the pussy willows;
Has whipped our quiet lake into
A whirl of froth and billows.

by

ENOLA
CHAMBERLIN

Has sent the pellet rain to make
The early robins shiver;
And caused our little stream to brawl
And boast it is a river.

But this will pass, and when it does,
The earth's great arms will hold
A hillside sketched in lupine blue,
A meadow poppy-gold.



The Treasure Hunter

by PAUL T. GIBBS



John Jones, prepared for a deep-sea dive. He served three years on the Orion.

ALONE in his Pontiac under a winter sky, Diver Jones set out from Louisville, Kentucky, one Friday of the following January to rejoin his *Orion* in Norfolk, seven hundred miles away. This had been one of his few visits home since his mother had become a Seventh-day Adventist. For her sake he had paid a fragment of tithe and contributed something to a fund she called *Ingathering*. Tithing had been part of his boyhood Baptist training, and John had contributed willingly. The gifts pleased his mother, and they added a unit to his own sense of church respectability. But something was unusual the following morning, Saturday, as Mr. Jones sped along Highway 60 among wooded green hills and tobacco patches. He felt like singing. Not "pop" songs. Nor bar tunes. Nor even songs of

the sea and ships. He sang hymns. This man of the Navy was not in the habit of hymn singing. He knew of no special reason for singing them this morning except that he felt like doing so. He started with an old favorite:

On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
The emblem of suffering and shame,
And I love that old cross where the dearest
and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain.

But one hymn was not enough. Not even when it had been repeated. He wondered whether birds sing because they feel about their twitter as he did about his hymns. He tried another, and found that the words in part came easily.

When we walk with the Lord
In the light of His word,
What a glory He sheds on our way!
While we do His good will,
He abides with us still,
And with all who will trust and obey.

Echoes these were from childhood Sunday school. Singing made him more comfortable, and he came to feel that he was not alone. He became conscious of a Presence with him. Going all the way back to "Jesus loves me, this I know, For the Bible tells me so," he continued with his hymns. Long it had been since John had sung these songs. He wondered at himself now for this strange feeling that made him sing.

Presently, while driving steadily, John Jones heard what seemed to him an audible voice. He did not call it an inner impression or the promptings of imagination. From nearby, and with him in the car, he seemed to hear the words "Investigate your mother's religion." And John sensed a powerful urge to do just that. Now he wished, as he sped onward through town and countryside, that he had talked more

with his mother about spiritual things. But there was no turning back. His short emergency leave from Navy duty was ending. He must report to his station. And a second time he heard that voice, speaking the same message, "Investigate your mother's religion."

Now John felt a powerful curiosity to know more about that religion. He had experienced hunger. He had felt thirst. But his impatience to find out the teachings of Seventh-day Adventists seemed more compelling than ever hunger or thirst had been. Since turning back to Louisville was not possible, he hurried his car toward Norfolk, hoping that someone in that sailor-saturated city could do for him what Ananias one time had done for Paul.

In Norfolk on Saturday evening John Jones took up the search for Seventh-day Adventists. No form of the word *Adventist* appeared in the telephone directory, nor in the city directory. The desk sergeant at police headquarters could tell him nothing. The Y.M.C.A. had no information about an Adventist church or its pastor. Searching for one of these people in Norfolk seemed like hunting a coin on the ocean floor. Once in a practice dive Mr. Jones had descended three hundred and forty-five feet to the bottom of the Pacific. He had found no coins there. Instead there was sand, and mussel shells, and a sea urchin or two. Now he was persuaded that Adventists might be as absent from Norfolk as treasures at the ocean bottom. The young woman in charge at the Y.W.C.A. knew nothing about Seventh-day Adventists either. But a caller, standing by and hearing one end of the conversation, volunteered a helpful lead.

And so on the following Wednesday evening John Jones attended an Adventist prayer meeting. Elder A. C. Marple spoke—on tithing. But John was content. From his boyhood Baptist contacts he had convictions in favor of tithing. And the whole atmosphere of the place was comforting. In fact, he agreed with all he heard that evening. Although he had never been in a Seventh-day Adventist meeting before and had met none of the people there, he felt like a prodigal returned home. He had the sense of a great weight—a diving suit, or even a battleship—lifted off his shoulders. It was as though he had been searching all his life for this very experience. He was tired of shows. Since he did not drink, he had no drinking pals. Cheap stories bored him. Here, in contrast, was an attitude,

a viewpoint, that drew him like an undertow. It comforted him like soft warmth and security after diving in a winter sea.

With the least of hesitation John resolved to become a Seventh-day Adventist. But life is never so simple as that. He was a second-time volunteer in the Navy, and he loved it. He loved that weird and fascinating marine world he had discovered as a diver. He was more than half done with the twenty years' service that would entitle him to retire on a life pension. But he had no legal claim to release from Sabbath duty or to freedom from bearing arms. "Must I sacrifice my Navy career?" he questioned Elder Marple. "Must I resign from my Navy?" The two men studied the problem and prayed about it.

At Elder Marple's evangelistic meetings Mr. Jones met two colporteurs—enthusiastic young fellows. They told of helping folks in their homes. They told of talking with people about spiritual problems. They prayed with many who felt the need and sold them helpful books. Diver Jones felt he would like such an experience, but Elder Marple saw the possibility of a unique service by his remaining in the Navy.

"You are already in the Navy," the elder pointed out. "You have the advantage of a prestige that comes from a long and excellent service record. You may be the one who can bring about a better understanding in the Navy toward young men who discover after enlisting that they cannot forget their religion. Your willingness to work extra hours to make up for time off on Sabbath will open the way for others to secure Sabbath privileges."

Mr. Jones looked Elder Marple in the eye, steadily. At neither corner of his

mouth was there any smile now. Instead, he supported his chin on his right hand, exploring the end of it with his thumb. Already he was resolved to become an Adventist, but it was not yet clear that he should leave the Navy. Possibly he had come to the Navy for such a time as this.

The chaplain on the *Orion* was a stout gentleman with tousled hair. "So you're going to be one of those foot washers, are you," he commented when Seventh-day Adventist Jones solicited his aid in securing relief from Sabbath duties. "Well, I'll look up in my book about Adventists. But I can tell you right now," he continued, "you can never get every Saturday off. Maybe every other one. Have to be satisfied with half a loaf. You're in the Navy now. We can't reorganize the Government to match every new religion that comes by."

John found Carpenter Vaden, of the U.S.S. *Orion* in 1951, his superior officer, standing by a deck rail, watching two tugs maneuver a ship into port. He meant to smile when the officer looked up, but his effort was defeated by a sense of high seriousness. "So you want to be an Adventist?" the officer mused when he had heard John's statement. "I knew one of those people years ago. Maybe twenty-five years ago. She was the most godly woman in our town. First one on hand with help when anyone got into trouble. No difference who." There was a long silence while Officer Vaden seemed to be looking at the pompous, puffing little tugs without seeing or hearing them. "If you want Saturdays off to join *that* church," he resumed presently, "you'll have no trouble as long as I am here." From this point it looked as though

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FAMILY FARE

Our Refuge

by BERTHA WAY KING

THE STILL summer morning was rent with the wild shriek of a flashing jet. Small earth-bound Terry made a quick dash for the house.

"Mother, are you taking care of me?" was his frightened cry.

When given calm assurance, Terry resumed his outdoor play.

Fearful noises on every hand cause the Christian to cry, "Heavenly Father, are You taking care of me?"

His peaceful "Yes, My child" stills the sin-tossed soul.



Literature Evangelist K. Achord

One Book— Its Harvest

by KIFF ACHORD

MY TEACHERS in Franklin High School told me I was making a mistake if I tried to sell books the summer after my graduation. They offered me a multiplicity of reasons why door-to-door selling offered no financial security for a boy who wanted to receive a college education at a private school. Of course, to them it was just regular sales work, but to me the colporteur work meant much more.

I remembered very well the day Rose Nelson stopped at our Nebraska home. Mrs. Nelson sold mother *The Great Controversy*, and later came back for Bible studies. Shortly thereafter my mother, my two brothers, and I were baptized into the Adventist Church. At the time I thought it was amazing that one woman with one book could do so much for one family. I told myself that day, at the age of ten years, that someday I wanted to share with others the joy that a colporteur had brought to us.

When I was ready to graduate from Franklin in 1961, I realized the time had come to begin my sales career. Somehow the devil had convinced me that I couldn't sell anything to anybody, but I knew I had to try. The least I could do was to give the Lord a chance.

Soon after graduation I said good-by to my family and drove across Nebraska to central Iowa. I was greatly encouraged by making a sale on my first canvass. It included *The Bible Story*, *Ways to Health and Happiness*,

and, I believe, a subscription to *Life and Health*. For a few moments that day I even thought selling books would be easy. By the end of the summer I knew that it was the hardest but most rewarding work I had ever done. With the help of the Lord and the dedicated workers in Iowa, my brother Tad and I both went to Union College with good scholarships.

The following summers Tad and I canvassed in Minnesota and North Dakota. Each year the Lord gave us bigger scholarships, and the immeasurable inspiration of associating with the finest group of people we have ever known. We feel that the Northern Union is our second home because of the friends we have there and the kindness they have shared with us during the years.

God has blessed me with a scholarship each of the three summers I have worked, and I believe that He will bless Tad and me with scholarships again during the summer of 1964.

The first summer I earned a little more than one thousand dollars, and the last two, about two thousand dollars each. I will sell the unit I have sold for the past two summers—*The Bible Story*, *The Great Controversy*, *Ways to Health and Happiness*, picture

of Christ, and a one-year subscription to *Life and Health*. I usually make a gift of the small book *Your Bible and You* or *Love Unlimited*. These books are traded for names of friends who might be interested in my product.

I wish I could express what the colporteur work has meant to my life. Besides bringing my family into the church, it has given me a college education. In fact, by the time my older brother, Tad, has finished medical school, I have finished graduate school, and my younger brother, Bill, has finished his education, we will owe approximately sixteen years of Christian education to the colporteur work.

I know that I have gained a knowledge of people that will assist me as I finish school and begin my chosen profession of teaching. And most important of all, perhaps some of the books I have left in homes will serve to bring others into the truth and finish our task on this earth.

I wish I could say it is easy to succeed in the colporteur work, but it isn't. The devil doesn't intend to allow it to be easy for anyone. But with the Lord on our side, who can defeat us? You should enter the colporteur work and give the Lord a chance!



Opportunities

by LINDA HALSTED

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY BARNES

Days wading around the lake, and nights under sack tents, were spent getting a collection of marine life.

In Bruce, Mr. Clark found a boy to counsel, to teach, and to love. The scientist and the boy were often seen together studying over a microscope, a fish, or a picture as details of natural science were scrutinized.

portunity



BRUCE shoved aside the drift of correspondence, brochures, and periodicals on his desk. As he picked up a small bulletin, the walrus mustache, the discriminating, wise eyes, and the lined face of an antiquated gentleman met his glance. Beside the photograph he read the words "In the passing of Mr. Clark, the world has lost a remarkable naturalist, and literally hundreds, if not even thousands, of persons of all ages and from all walks of life have lost a kindly and unselfish friend." Although the obituary had been printed twenty years

before, Bruce knew those words would never grow old to him.

Mr. Clark glanced at his watch, placed the glassy-eyed fish in a bottle, and hurriedly dogtrotted up the long, dark basement hallway of the California Academy of Sciences. Ever attentive to the eager curiosities of youth, he ardently anticipated an opportunity such as this to introduce the academy's pickled fish collection to a class of young biology students. As he talked, dead specimens became living things—throbbing, pulsating objects of mystery and intrigue to the budding biologists.

He spoke of magnificent and unending variety of submarine life in far-away places, as well as in the humble nearby tidal pools: "Here, as nowhere else, is the theater of concentrated forces and activities, where the streams bring down their tribute of fertilizing elements to the sea, and the waves deposit their polished jewels of pebbles on the shore."

As he talked with the students he noted their varied interests and observations. His study of natural history was often stretched to include a study of human nature. Toward the end of his brief discourse he mentioned that he needed a boy to help him take care of the growing fish collection.

That afternoon a young Abe Lincoln-type boy of sixteen years stepped into Mr. Clark's office. "Good afternoon, sir. I—I want to become a scientist like you, and I would like that job you spoke of this morning in your talk to our biology class."

"What's your name, son?" Mr. Clark stretched out his hand, indicating that an introduction might be in order.

"My name is Bruce Halstead," responded the adolescent.

"Well, Bruce, there is no pay for this job. You see, we are just poor scientists here at the museum, and money is hard to come by, with the depression and all—"

"I didn't come to ask for pay, Mr.

Clark," the boy broke in, his gray-blue eyes reflecting his earnestness. "All I want is scientific experience—the opportunity to learn something about fish and how one becomes a scientist."

The older man studied the boy's face. "Apparently this kid means business," he thought. "Well, son, you're hired. If knowledge is sufficient pay for you, then you will have the opportunity to become wealthy, because we have more than two hundred thousand fish from all over the world in this collection. Before you finish, you will handle every one of these specimens and learn something about where they came from, how they live, and many other intriguing facts about these underwater creatures."

So began a fascinating six-year apprenticeship. During this time the learned professor and the spirited schoolboy became quite close. In Bruce, Mr. Clark found a boy to counsel, to teach, and to love; someone to take the place of the son he never had. The scientist's salt-and-pepper-gray hair and the boy's unruly black thatch were often seen together over a microscope, a fish, or a picture, as Mr. Clark explained some of the details of natural science. To prevent boredom as Bruce alcoholized fish, Mr. Clark disclosed to him the ways of mammals, birds, and fishes; and as he explained the meanings of their scientific names and other technical terms, Bruce scribbled out pages of notes.

One notable day Mr. Clark gave Bruce a fish to identify. He was unable to, so continued with his routine work. Two years passed before he was given another try. This time he had better success. Mr. Clark's record of that occasion read: "Memo—Here is a paper that will have to be thrown away, but I hate to have it born to blush unseen. It is like a proposition in non-Euclidian geometry—the logic faultless, but the premise false. I found a catfish on which I could find no trace of barbels.*"

* Threadlike growth hanging from lips of certain catfish.

To play a joke on Bruce, I handed him another specimen. By means of the little light and the microscope, which I had not used, he found a minute barbel hidden in a very unusual cleft where one would hardly look for it, and where considerable magnification was required, and had the specimen properly identified in a short time."

Mr. Clark wanted Bruce to experience every phase of science possible. He showed him the dirty, hard work, the technical research, the unlimited study, and the honor that comes to a true scientist. He personally introduced the lanky youth (as his "associate") to outstanding visiting scientists and lecturers who came to the museum, and to the specialists who worked there, so Bruce could talk with them about their work.

Their association lasted beyond office hours, although it was sedately referred to as business transactions, scientific expeditions, and field trips. One such "business transaction" consisted of buying Bruce his first car—a 1931 model-A—at the extravagant price of five dollars. Because the boy was financially dependent upon county aid and the venerable scientist had no knowledge of automobile engineering, neither one had owned a car before. Now Mr. Clark provided financially for the buying, upkeep, and housing of the car; Bruce willingly accepted the position of part-time chauffeur.

This arrangement made possible many field trips on dewy Sunday mornings to the Golden Gate Park, hunting

mushrooms. As they came across the various kinds, the differences between poisonous and nonpoisonous varieties were pointed out.

If the two were not looking for mushrooms, they might be watching birds. They planned out a schedule of the flights of migrating birds. Mr. Clark taught Bruce to identify the birds not only by their song or color but by their personalities. There were quiet, friendly, comic, solemn, talkative, cocky, or mean ones.

They sometimes walked in the fields and discussed the habits of field mice and other rodents. Other mornings were spent visiting the local water pools to study microscopic creatures and water plants.

On the first scientific expedition, the model-A took them north to Clear Lake, where they made a collection of specimens from the lake. Several nights were passed under homemade burlap sack tents. The days were spent wading or rowing around the lake until a thorough collection of marine life was made.

These years influenced Bruce's choice of a profession and formed his philosophy of life. As he observed, worked, or just collected with his devoted supervisor, he began to realize some of life's important lessons. One of the greatest of these he learned as he watched the professor work. Mr. Clark treated the janitor with as much courtesy as he did the director of the museum. No man was too humble to deserve respect.

As the young scientist-to-be examined fish or swept the floor, he pondered the wise counsel of his superior: "If you really believe in what you are doing, no matter what is going wrong or what everyone is telling you, don't give up or become discouraged." When wading in the lake or tramping in the fields, they often discussed various religious topics. Although Mr. Clark was not of the same religion as Bruce, he did not try to force any of his principles on the young mind. But instead he would challenge various doctrines, such as creationism, making Bruce defend and strengthen his own belief.

The sudden voice of the secretary's telephone brought Bruce's thoughts back to the present. "I wonder whether the secretary has finished that letter to Ethiopia about my suggestions for economic development of their natural resources. I still have to write our mission in Peru about the botanical materials they are collecting for me. Oh, say! I have to give a speech to the naval officers' group tonight on dangerous marine animals. And tomorrow night it is a lecture on education to the university group. I really better get busy!"

But he paused a moment longer to look out the large window of his office at the building that housed the scientific laboratories of which he was director. If he had listened to his well-meaning friends, he would never have taken "such a drastic step" and founded this research institute. At times it had been a close struggle between him and the creditors, but now the institute was over the hump and on the uphill road.

Bruce's reflections shifted to his office. Here were files containing correspondence from great scientists all over the world. The large collection of books on natural science filled the shelves on one wall. The incomplete monograph on the fourth shelf arrested his attention. That was his own project—a work of twenty years of extensive research, expeditions throughout the world, and involving more than 15 million dollars. It was a complete encyclopedia of the poisonous and venomous marine animals of the world.

Bruce reached for the first volume of carefully typed sheets. Without opening it, the words of the first page came to his mind, "Dedicated to the memory of Howard Walton Clark, Curator of Fishes, California Academy of Sciences, a man who was willing to take the time to introduce a small boy to the wonders of the creatures of the sea."

Tribute

by BEULAH FENDERSON SMITH

She said she could not write poetry,
But, oh, the kindness in her eyes of blue,
The wealth of gentleness in her two hands,
Her loyalty, unswerving, deep, and true.
She said she could not write poetry,
But she was ever there, in times of stress;
Even the wild folk, maimed or lost in fear,
Found healing in her careful tenderness.
Although she never found the time to sit
And pen her heart in careful, metered line,
My mother made of every day a poem.
Hers was the living; now the writing, mine.

From page 10

Providence had made a smooth path for Jones. His Navy rating was unimpaired. And for the time at least his Sabbath privileges were assured.

Before his conversion he had taken competitive examinations. In recognition of these he was now promoted to the rank of warrant officer, and in this capacity was transferred as Carpenter Jones to Bremerton, Washington, where the Navy maintains a reserve fleet and shipbuilding facilities. Here for two years life ran smoothly. It looked as though he had in congenial coexistence his recently chosen religion and his formerly chosen career. Sabbath presented no problem here. Other officers were happy to exchange Sunday duties for Saturday. And as for a side arm when he stood watch, Officer Jones's senior watch officer conveniently ignored its absence. Life looked good.

An incident at this time strengthened the illusion that the Adventist religion and a military career can, unlike the lion and the lamb, feed peacefully in the same green pasture. While in Bremerton, Carpenter Jones learned of a young man who had been transferred to that station from the Korean war zone. Hilton Nelson, reared an Adventist, had volunteered into the Navy without his 1-A-O classification. But under stress of battle he had come to realize that his mother's religion, which he thought he had dismissed forever from his life, was after all dearer to him than life itself. Jones and Pastor C. R. Aimes befriended this young man. Jones helped him in the proper manner of approaching his superiors. He helped to clarify his understanding of the principles of noncombatancy. And in time he had the satisfaction of seeing this volunteer—who had spent time in the brig and had been threatened with court-martial—granted an honorable discharge. This, using his advantageous position to help other Adventist boys in the Navy, had been one of Carpenter Jones's aspirations from the time of his decision to remain in the Navy. It was this purpose that had persuaded him to remain in the Navy instead of joining his newly acquired colporteur friends in Norfolk.

But the stream that flows smoothly between green mountain meadows may break into turmoil in its descent to the plains. So it was with the stream of John's life. The crisis came when the commanding officer at Bremerton was

preparing to retire. In process of putting his house in order Carpenter Jones's refusal to carry a side arm came to the captain's attention. He summoned officer John Woodrow Jones. Captain T. D. Wilson, resplendent behind brass buttons, acknowledged John's salute and ordered him to be at ease.

An Evening Prayer

by ROSELYN EDWARDS

Dear Lord, in weariness
I kneel before Thee to confess
I've failed again today.

I've tried in my own might
To do the things I knew were right,
And yet I lost the way.

I need Thy help and grace
To keep unruly thoughts in place.
Renew my heart, I pray.

After an exchange of questions and answers he observed, "Carpenter Jones, this is the United States Navy. As an officer you must carry a side arm on watch. You had better forget this religious quirk of yours until your naval career is ended."

"I'm sorry, sir, but that is impossible. The commandment is, 'Thou shalt not kill.' A pistol at my side would bear false testimony that I was willing to

kill. My conscience does not permit me to carry an instrument whose only purpose is to take life."

By the simple expedient of buckling a pistol at his hip when standing watch, a weapon he seemed most unlikely ever to need, Brother Jones could have remained in the Navy. In six more years, at the age of forty, he could have retired on a pension of more than \$200 a month for life. He liked his work. In Sabbath observance, in non-combatancy, in diet, in other respects, he was witnessing to men not otherwise easily reached. His helping the boy from Korea had averted a personal disaster. Other like opportunities seemed probable by his remaining in the Navy. And the only point at issue was that of bearing arms. Refusal pointed to discharge. By compromising on that one point, a point that could be rationalized into a mere technicality, Jones could expect to complete his naval term under circumstances like those of the past two peaceful years.

But unwilling to resign from the Navy, Seventh-day Adventist Jones also refused to bear arms. The Navy called him to Washington, D.C., to show cause why he should not be honorably discharged. The late Carlisle B. Haynes, then of the War Service Commission, joined in planning a defense. By a favorable ruling they hoped to set a precedent helpful to other boys like Hilton Nelson. Instances similar to his are numerous. By a favorable decision in this test case they hoped to establish the precedent of a man remaining in the Navy even with a conscience that would not allow him to bear arms.

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

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R. G. CAMPBELL, *Manager*
Periodical Department
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Scourge of the Living Tanks

by FRANK L. REMINGTON

GENERALLY regarded as a symbol of slowness, the snail, nonetheless, is no slouch when it comes to covering ground. The giant African snail has managed to travel almost around the world from his native haunts in East Africa—and with most unfortunate results.

The largest species of snail in the world, the giant African, known technically as *Achatina fulica*, ranges from the size of an orange to larger than a grapefruit. The animal itself averages five to six inches in length and weighs a pound or more at maturity. A voracious eater, its appetite matches its bulk, and, still worse, it is virtually indestructible unless smothered with live steam for hours or sprayed with a strong poison.

What's more, these beautifully shelled creatures reproduce prodigiously. Scientists estimate that one of these monsters can establish a clan that will total more than 11-million-pound-size descendants within five years.

The giant African snails broke loose from their native habitat where natural enemies, such as a wide variety of tropical snakes and small animals, kept them under control. They are now on a rampage in many areas of the globe. Many millions of dollars' worth of damage has occurred wherever they have gained a foothold. *Achatina fulica* in astronomical numbers have devastated parts of Hawaii, India, and China. Two small beachheads were established briefly in California several years ago. Only quick action by alert port officials, who discovered the invaders clinging to returned surplus war materials, prevented the pests from establishing a firm foothold.

The original cradle of the giant snail is the east coast of Africa from Natal and Mozambique in the south to Kenya

and Italian Somaliland in the north. In these localities they are neither abundant nor rare. Like most creatures in natural habitat, they are kept by nature in equilibrium with other animals of their environment. Indeed, vegetarian *Achatina fulica* are an important source of food for Africans of the region, who also make good use of their shells as cups, utensils, and ornaments.

On the island of Ceylon the earliest recorded migration of *Achatina fulica* revealed their devastating possibilities when removed from their natural habitat. This migration occurred in 1900 and is still an unexplained mystery. The pests appeared in vast numbers one summer morning, and by nightfall several thousand acres of farm land literally

were crawling with the beasts. They ate everything in sight, including the thatched roofs of farmhouses.

Then they were gone, nobody knows where. Next day not a live snail could be found on the island. Some empty shells and an efficiently denuded countryside remained as the only evidence of their brief visit. It is guessed the snails, impelled by some strange urge, committed mass suicide in the sea. Whatever happened, the Ceylonese still regard their miraculous deliverance as Heaven-sent.

In the next four decades the snails emerged and overran many parts of the Orient. Singapore and other sections of Malaya have often felt the brunt of their attack. Borneo was their target in 1928 when the living tanks became such a pest that a bounty was placed on both snails and their eggs. Within two weeks half a million snails and an estimated 20 million eggs were destroyed. But it was like trying to sweep back the ocean with a broom. They remained as numerous as ever, and the bounty was withdrawn to save the government from certain bankruptcy.

In November, 1936, eight specimens arrived by mail at a small Hawaiian island. They were addressed to an enterprising Japanese merchant who anticipated making a fortune by raising and selling the creatures as a delicacy and medicinal ingredient. Fortu-



California State Department of Agriculture inspectors are shown here examining giant African snails that stowed away in a shipment of returned war material.

nately, an eminent malacologist, or snail specialist, heard of the plan and appealed to agricultural authorities to investigate.

The investigators found that the original eight specimens had produced, within a few months, nearly two thousand large snails and countless smaller ones as well as more than a million eggs. Though all these were promptly destroyed, *Achatina fulica* reappeared a year later in the area with all the spreading devastation of a forest fire. The battle still rages between man and this snail. Thousands of dollars have been spent since then in an effort to stamp out this one small pocket of *Achatina fulica*, but the snails are reported to be as thick as ever on the island.

At one time there was danger of a scourge such as this getting started in North America. Surplus war material returned from *Achatina fulica*-infested regions of the Pacific was one hazard, though steps were taken to reduce that possibility. In April, 1948, a ship carrying crated machinery anchored at Los Angeles. The crates had been standing on a Pacific jungle island for years and the snails had made themselves right at home.

Agricultural authorities immediately ordered the shipments carted to an isolated cement strip constructed for the purpose and there gave the crates and their contents a steam bath that caused these snails to bubble up and die. A solution of lye was added to the steam to make sure all eggs were destroyed as well. These eggs are the size of peas and pearly gray in color. They have the

bounce of a rubber ball and will hatch under almost any warm weather conditions.

A few years later another shipload of war material was put through a different decontamination treatment. This time fumigation consisted of a strong spray of methyl bromide applied steadily for thirty-six hours, after which the shipment was placed under a rubberized tarpaulin where a high temperature was maintained for several days more. Thousands of gaily colored—and safely dead—African giants rolled out onto the ground.

The biggest worry of agriculturists springs from the fact that the pests are pretty creatures. Tourists returning from Hawaii or the Orient may be tempted to bring them in without declaring them. To head off this possibility both State and Federal laws make importation of *Achatina fulica* a serious offense.

Authorities warn that a real invasion of this country by the living tanks could occur. They must not enter by any port. Utmost vigilance must be exercised and maintained lest another area have to face the scourge of the living tanks.

teen & twenty...

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Wit Sharpeners

Match Meet

by OLLIE JAMES ROBERTSON

Match the object on the left with the proper Biblical location on the right and give a reason for putting these two together.

- | | |
|------------|---------------|
| 1. Boat | a. Nain |
| 2. Trumpet | b. Bethsaida |
| 3. Ladder | c. Galilee |
| 4. Altar | d. Bethel |
| 5. Loaf | e. Gaza |
| 6. Gate | f. Gilboa |
| 7. Casket | g. Jericho |
| 8. Tent | h. Hebron |
| 9. Soldier | i. Caesarea |
| 10. Sword | j. Mt. Carmel |

Key on page 21



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Sabbath School Lessons

MAY 16, 1964

Prepared for publication by the General
Conference Sabbath School Department

YOUTH—VII—The Two Ways

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Psalm 1.

MEMORY GEM: "For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish" (Ps. 1:6).

ILLUMINATION OF THE TOPIC: *Steps to Christ*, chapter "Consecration"; *Testimonies*, vol. 4, pp. 526, 527, 587-591; *The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Psalm 1.

TARGET: To show that happiness and joy both in this life and in the life to come are the result of obedience and consecration to God.

Introduction

This psalm consists of two stanzas set in sharp contrast, the first vividly likening the good man to a tree—stable, fruitful, and flourishing; and the second likening the evil man to chaff—unstable and fruitless. Its message is "Choose you this day whom ye will serve" (Joshua 24:15). God never compels. He made us free moral agents, to choose "the way of the righteous."

"It is as true now as when the words were spoken to Israel of obedience to His commandments: 'This is your wisdom and your understanding in the sight of the nations.' Here is the only safeguard for individual integrity, for the purity of the home, the well-being of society, or the stability of the nation. Amidst all life's perplexities and dangers and conflicting claims, the one safe and sure rule is to do what God says."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 83.

1—The Happiness of the Godly Man

1. What is the meaning of the first word of this psalm? Psalm 1:1.

The Hebrew words translated "Blessed is the man" might well be rendered "Oh, the happiness of the man!"

"Happiness comprehends material and spiritual blessings, both of which come as a result of following God's way. The word 'blessed,' used in the Beatitudes in the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. 5:3-11), is a translation of the same word . . . that is used in the LXX Septuagint to translate the 'blessed' of Psalm 1."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, vol. 3, p. 630.

2. What three successive steps in a life of evil does the godly man avoid? Verse 1, second, third, and fourth phrases.

"If the youth could be persuaded to associate with the pure, the thoughtful, and the amiable, the effect would be most salutary. If choice is

made of companions who fear the Lord, the influence will lead to truth, to duty, and to holiness. A truly Christian life is a power for good. But, on the other hand, those who associate with men and women of questionable morals, of bad principles and practices, will soon be walking in the same path. The tendencies of the natural heart are downward. He who associates with the skeptic will soon become skeptical; he who chooses the companionship of the vile will most assuredly become vile. To walk in the counsel of the ungodly is the first step toward standing in the way of sinners and sitting in the seat of the scornful."—*Testimonies*, vol. 4, p. 587.

3. In what does the godly man find constant pleasure? Verse 2, first clause.

This is a favorite theme of the psalmist, as we have seen in lesson 2 dealing with a perfect God revealed in a perfect law. Remember that the word translated "law" refers to more than just the commands of God. It "must be taken to include the whole of revelation—all that God has made known of His nature, character, and purpose, and of what He would have man be and do."—GEORGE FOOT MOORE, *Judaism*, vol. 1, p. 263.

4. On what does the good man think? Verse 2, second clause. Compare Joshua 1:8; Phil. 4:8.

"Those who read and study with an earnest desire for divine light, whether they are ministers or not, will soon discover in the Scriptures a beauty and harmony which will captivate their attention, elevate their thoughts, and give them an inspiration and an energy of argument that will be powerful to convict and convert souls. . . . The psalmist declares of the good man: 'His delight is in the law of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night.'"—*Testimonies*, vol. 4, p. 526.

2—The Effect of Blessedness

5. To what does the psalmist compare the life of the righteous? Verse 3, first clause. Compare Jer. 17:8.

"Seek to be an evergreen tree. Wear the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. Cherish the grace of love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. This is the fruit of the Christian tree. Planted by the rivers of water, it always brings forth its fruit in due season."—Ellen G. White *Comments*, *The SDA Bible Commentary*, vol. 3, p. 1142.

6. What is the source of strength to a living, growing Christian experience? Verse 3, second clause.

In semidesert lands it is often possible to stand upon a high mountain, and in the sweltering valley below, trace the course of a stream by the line of trees which winds and twists about. So in a world barren of spirituality it is possible to discern those Christians who are planted by the rivers of water, who daily refresh their souls by partaking of the water of life that Jesus gives, allowing Him to be that fountain of living water, springing up in the heart and keeping it perpetually fresh and sweet.

7. What will be seen in the life of the individual who perpetually waters his soul from the spiritual streams available in God's Word? Verse 3, third clause. Compare Gal. 5:22, 23; Heb. 12:11.

"Prayer and effort, effort and prayer, will be the business of your life. You must pray as though the efficiency and praise were all due to God, and labor as though duty were all your own. If you want power you may have it; it is waiting your draught upon it. Only believe in God, take Him at His word, act by faith, and blessings will come. . . .

"Their work being always urgent, it is difficult for some to secure time for meditation and prayer; but this they should not fail to do. The blessing of heaven, obtained by daily supplication, will be as the bread of life to the soul and will cause them to increase in moral and spiritual strength, like a tree planted by the river of waters, whose leaf will be always green and whose fruit will appear in due time."—*Testimonies*, vol. 4, pp. 538, 539.

8. What is promised in regard to the foliage of the righteous? Verse 3, fourth clause.

If the Christian is daily drawing nourishment from the Word of God, there will be a freshness and living vitality visible in his Christian experience which his friends and companions cannot fail to notice.

9. What is the final and ultimate blessing? Verse 3, fifth clause.

"What is prosperity? Does the psalmist merely mean to preach the more vulgar form of the doctrine that religion makes the best of both worlds? or are his hopes to be harmonized with experience, by giving a deeper meaning to 'prosperity'? They to whom the will of God is delight can never be hurt by evil, for all that meets them expresses and serves that will, and the fellow-servants of the King do not wound one another. If a life be rooted in God and a heart delight in His law, that life will be prosperous and that heart will be at rest."—ALEXANDER MACLEARN, *The Book of Psalms*, p. 6.

3—The Unhappiness of the Ungodly Man

10. To what is the life of the ungodly compared? Verse 4, first clause. Compare Job 21:18; Isa. 17:13.

11. What happens to the chaff? Verse 4, last clause.

"In contrast to a tree, the chaff has no root, no fixed place. Dead, dry, helpless, it is at the mercy of the elements. The ungodly are attached to nothing; they lack stability and cannot endure. In Palestine grain was threshed on a flat, exposed piece of ground, often on a wind-swept hill. The precious kernel remained while the chaff was carried away. Had the psalmist lived in certain other parts of the world, he might have employed the figure of the tumbleweed. . . .

"There is a paradox in the use of the two figures of speech. Outwardly, the tree appears to be held prisoner; in reality, it is free, grows, and bears fruit. Outwardly, the chaff appears to be free; in reality, it is a slave to environment. The Christian, attached to God, his source of life and strength, grows and produces fruit; the chaff, unattached, cut off from its source of strength, produces nothing. It has a freedom not worth possessing. Compare Jesus' figure of the two houses. (Matt. 7:24-27.)"—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, vol. 3, pp. 631, 632.

12. In the day of decision where will the sinners be unable to stand? Verse 5.

13. With what fundamental truth does the psalmist close these observations? Verse 6.

"The way or course of life which God does not know perishes. A path perishes when like some dim forest track, it dies out, leaving the traveller bewildered amid impenetrable forests,

or when, like some treacherous Alpine track among rotten rocks, it crumbles beneath the tread. Every course of life but that of the man who delights in and keeps the law of the Lord comes to a fatal end, and leads to the brink of a precipice, over which the impetus of descent carries the reluctant foot."—ALEXANDER MACLEARN, *The Book of Psalms*, p. 10.

SENIOR—VII—The Two Ways

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Psalm 1.

MEMORY VERSE: "For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish." Psalm 1:6.

STUDY HELPS: *Steps to Christ*, chapter "Consecration;" *Testimonies*, vol. 4, pages 526, 257, 587-591; *SDA Bible Commentary*, on Psalm 1.

AIM: To show that the happiness of this life and the blessedness in the life to come are the result of our complete consecration to God.

Introduction

This "Threshold Psalm," as it has been called, constitutes an instructional or didactic introduction to the book of Psalms. It is a brief and exquisitely constructed poem on the theme that in the end righteousness succeeds and unrighteousness fails.

"It is an OT sermon on the happiness of the man who lives a life wholly consecrated to God, and the utter destruction awaiting the man who leaves God out of his life" (*S.D.A. Bible Commentary*, on Psalm 1), a topic very prominent in the book of Deuteronomy (Deut. 30:15-20). The psalm consists of two stanzas set in sharp contrast, the first vividly likening the good man to a tree, stable, fruitful, and flourishing, and the second likening the evil man to the chaff, unstable and fruitless. Its message is "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." Josh. 24:15. God never compels. He made us free moral agents, to choose "the way of the righteous."

The Happiness of the Godly Man

1. What is the meaning of the first word of this psalm? Ps. 1:1, first phrase.

NOTE.—The Hebrew words translated "Blessed is the man" might well be rendered "Oh, the happiness of the man!"

"Happiness comprehends material and spiritual blessings, both of which come as a result of following God's way. The word 'blessed,' used in the Beatitudes in the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. 5:3-11), is a translation of the same word . . . that is used in the LXX to translate the 'blessed' of Ps. 1."—*S.D.A. Bible Commentary*, on Ps. 1:1.

"The Hebrew word *ashrê*, usually rendered 'blessed' or 'happy,' probably derives from a root meaning 'to go forth,' 'to advance' and, in one of its forms, 'to lead the way.' The happiness of the Bible is not motionless but dynamic, and it has social implications. It goes somewhere, it has a purpose, and it opens a path to others."—Samuel Terrien, in *The Psalms and Their Meaning for Today*, page 240.

2. What three successive steps in a life of evil does the godly man avoid? Verse 1, second, third, and fourth phrases.

NOTE.—The psalmist first describes the way of the godly man in negative terms. By a process of self-control he says No to wrong. He wills to avoid contamination with evil. "Evil communications cor-

What Is in This Lesson for Me?

It looks as if there are only two classes of people. Let's be honest about it—to which group do we belong? If I continue as I am now, am I going to come out all

rupt good manners." 1 Cor. 15:33. "Everything depends on the right action of the will."—*Steps to Christ*, page 47.

"Ungodly" suggests willful violation of God's requirements; "sinners" are those who fall short of the goal of righteousness through ignorance or moral weakness; "scorners" are those who deliberately sin and find satisfaction in corrupting others.

3. Wherein does the godly man find his constant pleasure? Verse 2, first clause. Compare Jer. 15:16; Col. 3:16.

NOTE.—Whereas the godly man says No to wrong, he says Yes to righteousness. "He finds constant pleasure in reflecting on God's law. His study of God's Word is habitual and regular; it is not irksome. The psalmist's personal experience of delight is expressed in Ps. 119:16, 35, 47; etc."—*S.D.A. Bible Commentary*, on Ps. 1:2. "We must know the law if we are to perceive its beauty and appreciate its worth, and the more we know of it, the greater shall be our joy in it. Many skim the Bible as a novel, when they should ponder it, and master it, line by line, like a grammar."—W. L. Watkinson, *The Preacher's Homiletical Commentary*, "The Psalms," vol. 1, p. 2.

The word "law" is translated from the Hebrew *torah*, which means instruction in general; it must not be restricted to the Ten Commandments. It comprehends God's will as revealed in His Word.

"The true Christian will never complain that the yoke of Christ is galling to the neck. He accounts the service of Jesus as the truest freedom. The law of God is his delight."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 220.

4. On what does the godly man meditate? Ps. 1:2, second clause. Compare Ps. 119:15, 97, 148; Deut. 6:6-9; Josh. 1:8; Phil. 4:8.

NOTE.—Moffatt translates this clause, "pouring over it day and night." (The Bible: A New Translation by James Moffatt. Copyright by James Moffatt, 1954. Used by permission of Harper and Row, Publishers, Inc.) Russell A. Peterson's translation in Basic English reads: "He dwells in it both day and night." Preoccupying the mind with good is one of the God-given means of meeting and resisting temptation.

"My brethren and sisters, old and young, when you have an hour of leisure, open the Bible and store the mind with its precious truths. When engaged in labor, guard the mind, keep it stayed upon God, talk less, and meditate more."—*Testimonies*, vol. 4, p. 588.

The Effect of Blessedness

5. To what is the life of the godly man likened? Ps. 1:3, first clause. Compare Jer. 17:8.

NOTE.—"Their work being always urgent, it is difficult for some to secure time for meditation and prayer; but this they should not fail to do. The blessing of heaven, obtained by daily supplication, . . . will cause them to increase in moral and spiritual strength, like a tree planted by the river of waters, whose leaf will be always green and whose fruit will appear in due time."—*Testimonies*, vol. 4, p. 539.

6. How carefully is the godly man nurtured? Ps. 1:3, second clause.

NOTE.—The tree used here by way of illustration is set in a place favorable for cultivation, where clear, flowing streams supply an abundance of water. See Ezek. 31:3, 4.

right in the end? If I am not enjoying a living, growing, fruit-bearing Christian experience, whose fault is it? If I envy some other young person his deep Christian life, am I fair to him or to myself? Has he access to anything that is denied to me?

"As the tree is rooted in the solid earth and draws its moisture from the ever-flowing stream, so the godly man sends his roots and derives sustenance from the water springs of salvation. He is steadfast, fixed, anchored. Thus, though he may be assailed by trouble and temptation, he stands firm; and the greater the trial, the deeper the root, and the stronger his hold on God."—*S.D.A. Bible Commentary*, on Ps. 1:3.

"The soul 'rooted' in Christ (Col. 2:7) is as the pine, sending down so strong a taproot that the avalanche may break the trunk, but cannot uproot it."—*The Pulpit Commentary*, 1950 ed., vol. 8, p. 3.

7. What is the first blessing resulting from the godly man's devotion to God's Word? Verse 3, third clause. Compare Gal. 5:22, 23; Heb. 12:11.

NOTE.—"We are as trees planted in the garden of the Lord; and He comes to us seeking the fruit He has a right to expect."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 423.

8. What is the second blessing? Ps. 1:3, fourth clause. Compare Ps. 92:12, 13.

NOTE.—Compare Isaiah's contrary observation regarding the wicked: "Ye shall be as an oak whose leaf fadeth, and as a garden that hath no water." Isa. 1:30.

9. What is the third and ultimate blessing? Ps. 1:3, fifth clause.

NOTE.—"Regardless of the success or failure of the undertaking, his trust in God empowers him to draw life from the eternal Source and ultimately to reach his goal."—*S.D.A. Bible Commentary*, on Ps. 1:3.

"Sickness, accident, hard times, losses through the failure or dishonesty of others, may befall the child of God as well as the child of the world; but the natural tendency of thorough integrity, of the diligence of one who does everything with his might as unto the Lord, and of the wisdom, courage, and good temper which are among the fruits of the Spirit, and the guidance of God's providence in answer to prayer, is to bring prosperity (Ps. 37:4-7; Phil. 4:4-7)."—*The Pulpit Commentary*, vol. 8, p. 4.

The Unhappiness of the Ungodly Man

10. To what is the ungodly man's life likened? Verse 4, first clause. Compare Job 21:18; Isa. 17:13.

NOTE.—"In the figure of the chaff, the psalmist shows the result of a life of wickedness."—*S.D.A. Bible Commentary*, on Ps. 1:4.

11. What happened to the chaff of the psalmist's figure? Ps. 1:4, last clause.

NOTE.—"In contrast to a tree, the chaff has no root, no fixed place. Dead, dry, helpless, it is at the mercy of the elements. The ungodly are attached to nothing; they lack stability and cannot endure. In Palestine grain was threshed on a flat, exposed piece of ground, often on a wind-swept hill. The precious kernel remained while the chaff was carried away. Had the psalmist lived in certain other parts of the world, he might have employed the figure of the tumbleweed. . . .

"There is a paradox in the use of the two figures of speech. Outwardly, the tree appears to be held prisoner; in reality, it is free, grows, and bears fruit. Outwardly, the chaff appears to be free; in reality, it is a slave to environment. The Christian, attached to God, his source of life and strength, grows and produces fruit; the chaff, unattached, cut off from its source of strength, produces nothing. It has a freedom not worth possessing. Compare Jesus' figure of the two houses (Matt. 7:24-27)."—*S.D.A. Bible Commentary*, on Ps. 1:4.

12. What is the ultimate end of ungodliness? Verse 5.

NOTE.—In this life there must be a separation of the righteous from the wicked; but "this will be especially true in the last judgment when the wicked are separated from the righteous at the end of their respective ways (see Matt. 25:31-46)."—S.D.A. Bible Commentary, on Ps. 1:5.

"... BECAUSE IT'S TRUE"

From page 4

spend their reading time with the idea in mind of bettering their Christian experience, do not want to wade through volumes of untrue material just to glean a few morsels of truth. Truth comes much faster, and drives home with a straighter dagger, when the story actually happened. The Bible is full of dramatic stories, all true, but each one carries a lesson, and sometimes several lessons, in actual everyday living."

"Mother," asked David, "why are there so many stories in the Bible about the bad things folks did? You'd think God would have wanted us to think about the good things."

"I think our Master was being very practical when He inspired the men who wrote the Bible, David. After all, there is both good and evil in human beings today, and wouldn't we be terribly discouraged if we read of only the good things that happened in Bible times? We'd think those people were better than we are now, and that there was little hope for us. But when we read about the great work that the man you were named after, King David of Israel, did for God despite the terrible sins he had committed, which are also faithfully recorded, then we get a picture of what God can do for us and with us if only we yield ourselves completely to Him. Sure, we'll make mistakes, but He forgave King David for his mistakes and still used him in a mighty way, and He will do the same for us."

"I never thought of it that way," said David, "but it does sound logical. Yes, and it really is encouraging too. Maybe I'll make the ministry yet, someday."

"Of course you will make it!" I as-

13. With what universal lesson does the psalmist conclude his instruction? Verse 6.

NOTE.—This is the final reason for the opposite endings of the two ways open to every man: "Since God knows, He discriminates, and He approves or condemns according to the eternal standards."—S.D.A. Bible Commentary, on Ps. 1:6.

sured him gently. "Now let's get at our lessons."

In the spring when the new school year began at Vincent Hill Academy in Mussoorie, India, we decided to send our children there, along with the others from Karachi. Correspondence work did not furnish the necessary companionship needed by children in their teens, my husband and I felt. So with heavy hearts at the coming separation, we helped them ready their clothes and pack their suitcases.

Nine children, including our four, were going from Karachi, and because I had never seen their boarding school, the conference decided to send me as guardian for them on the long train trip. I was thankful for this opportunity, and a little less sad than daddy as he bade us good-bye at the train depot that late afternoon in March.

Two nights and a day we traveled by slow Pakistani and Indian trains, finally reaching Dehra Dune, India. Three chartered buses waited there to take us and the other school parties arriving from all over Southern Asia (and even a few from Africa and other faraway places) the twenty-two remaining miles up the mountainside to the school.

From the little town of Mussoorie we had to hike the last four miles, as there were no roads wide enough for cars to travel. Our trunks, suitcases, and bedding rolls were gladly carried by poor coolies eager for a few *niapiece* (around twenty cents) for each eight-mile trip! Small patches of snow still clung to niches in the curves of the mountain trail, and exotic Indian birds flitted through trees bursting into spring regalia.

"What a beautiful place to go to school," I told the young people as we scaled the crest of the mountain and received our first view of the buildings and campus set on small plateaus dug into the mountainside below us.

"Yes, Mother, if you and dad could only be here with us," said Connie. Poor child, I thought. She had had a real home so short a time; it really was

For Meditation

1. Do I rightly estimate the value of positive thinking in my own experience? Am I learning to preoccupy the mind with good?

2. Do I really take delight in dwelling on the things of God? Do I find my chief pleasure in God's way?

going to be hard on her, and I must write frequently to her and to all of them.

I spent a week at the school, helping them settle into their rooms. As I was leaving Connie's room for the last time, I noticed she had placed her *Jeannie* book in an honored place—between book ends on her dresser, along with her white Bible and her Morning Watch booklet. I smiled to myself, remembering how in her room back in the States she had arranged a series of less desirable books in the same cheerful way.

"You really like that book *Jeannie* don't you, Connie?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered with a smile. "It's the best book I ever read. It's even better than the Cherry Ames books, only I wish whoever wrote it would write some more books about Jeannie. Do you suppose they ever will?"

"Maybe. We'll have to wait and see. But tell me, Connie, why do you think it is better than the Cherry Ames books?"

"Oh, that's easy, Mother. It's because I *know* it's true."

I smiled at my pretty young daughter, so eagerly embarking on a new life. In my heart I prayed that she might always be able to find good, true books to guide her along the Christian pathway.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but Dr. George Gallup, while being interviewed on a recent television program, was asked concerning some of his unusual polls that he has conducted. One poll called for the finding of that group the members of which were the most happy people.

"Our survey," said Dr. Gallup, "showed the most happy people are those who have a real religious experience. The most unhappy are those who frequent taverns."

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

Key Wit Sharpeners

1. *c* calling of the fishermen; 2. *g* fall of Jericho; 3. *d* Jacob's dream; 4. *j* Elijah's contest; 5. *b* feeding of the multitude; 6. *e* story of Samson; 7. *a* Jesus raises widow's son; 8. *b* Abraham's home; 9. *i* story of Cornelius; 10. *f* death of Saul.

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Columbia Union College
Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

Glendale Sanitarium and Hospital
Glendale, California

Hinsdale Sanitarium and Hospital
Hinsdale, Illinois

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ENROLL IN THE NURSING SCHOOL OF YOUR CHOICE

► Perhaps the most challenging salvage operation in making way for the High Dam in the Nubia area of Egypt is that of Abu Simbel. Two shrines at Abu Simbel were carved into the mountain 3,200 years ago by the best stone-masons of the Pharaoh Ramses II. The larger honored the rising sun, the god Re-Harakhte, as well as Ramses himself, like all pharaohs a god in the eyes of his subjects. The smaller temple nearby was dedicated to Hathor, goddess of love, music, and the dance, and to Ramses' wife Nefertari. These temples will be cut out and reconstructed on the desert plateau overlooking the present site. This operation will require an estimated 33 million to 39 million dollars, most of the cost to be met by contributions from Unesco member-states, private institutions, and individuals.

UAR

► From a lonely outpost in Puerto Rico's rugged limestone hill country, scientists are probing into space through a new radio telescope, believed to be the largest of its kind. Built by the United States Government and operated by Cornell University, the deep-dish 18½-acre reflector can pick up radio emissions from stars 12 million light years away. It can bounce radar beams off the moon and planets for an unprecedented close-up view of earth's neighbors in the solar system. However, primary purpose of the telescope is to study the ionosphere.

National Geographic Society

► Represented at the New York World's Fair are 58 nations, 26 States, 80 industries, and 300 companies. They have invested one billion dollars in 150 pavilions spread across the 646 acres that comprise the fair site. Among the extraordinary exhibits is the first public demonstration of thermonuclear fusion. Here is created a man-made sun in which, for an instant, atoms fuse as they do in the sun.

NYCCVB

► Mechanical toys were known to the ancient Greeks. They made a wooden pigeon that flew. Air escaping from an animal bladder as from a balloon propelled the toy.

National Geographic Society

► Bedouin tribesmen in the Arabian Desert still consider their horses part of the family and entitled to a shelter in their tents in inclement weather.

Ford Times

► New in some of the 1964 automobiles is a strong, light-weight, bendable glass being used in convertible tops.

Snell

► The President of the United States receives an average of 5,000 pieces of mail each day, of which 5 per cent reaches him.

Vaco

► The earth's atmosphere serves as a shield against dangerous radiation, including far-ultraviolet and cosmic rays from space.

National Geographic Society

► Common in the open fields of the northeastern United States, the woodchuck or ground hog is a vegetarian rodent that sometimes bothers farmers by its raids on alfalfa, clover, and other crops.

AMNH



Radarscope

Key to source abbreviations published January 14, 1964.

► The Hiroshima Atomic Casualties Hospital in Japan reported that 41 persons died in 1963 of illnesses attributed to the 1945 atomic bomb drop on Hiroshima. Latest victim was a girl born two days after the bomb was dropped. This was the first "atomic disease" patient who was unborn at the time of the nuclear explosion.

AMA

► Newly built at the base of the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor is the American Museum of Immigration. Exhibit halls, an auditorium for films and patriotic ceremonies, a library, study rooms for visiting scholars, and a hall of records will be grouped within the walls of star-shaped Fort Wood, which encompasses the statue.

National Geographic Society

► Wolves are not cruel, according to Farley Mowat, biologist for the Canadian Government. Mowat lived among wolves as an experiment and never once was bothered by them. Those he observed lived mostly on field mice and not the caribou, whom many thought were being decimated by wolves. On one occasion the biologist crawled alone into a wolf's den to measure its interior; a mother and a cub in the far end made no hostile gesture toward him, but waited patiently for him to leave.

IWLA

► The annual cleanup job of the United States Capitol building is one of colossal proportions. Crews scour, dust, mop, and polish 540 rooms, 16½ acres of floor space, more than 100 elaborate chandeliers, 160 paintings, 83 statues, 64 marble and bronze busts, and other works of art. Chandeliers made up of hundreds of individual pieces of crystal, receive special attention. A crew of men takes the fragments down, one by one, and turns them over to a group of women for washing. Then the cascades of crystal must be put together again. Most painstaking is the cleaning and restoration of the Brumidi Corridor on the ground floor of the Senate wing, where every square foot of wall and ceiling is covered with painted birds, flowers, medallion portraits, and landscapes. By the time highly skilled craftsmen finish the entire corridor, they must start again.

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► Original prints may be borrowed from the University of California at Berkeley library on a basis similar to withdrawing books. The library lends prints for a semester in the fall and spring on a first-come, first-served basis, with a limit of one per student. Fee is \$1, though the value of most of the prints is 20 to 30 times that amount or more. The collection includes 375 lithographs, engravings, etchings, and water colors by more than 160 American and foreign artists.

UCAL

► From a total of 700 nominations submitted by librarians in 39 American libraries, 50 titles have been chosen by the Notable Books Council of the American Library Association as outstanding in the 1963 publication year. Of these, five were fiction books, three of which were translations from three European languages, German, Spanish, and Russian.

ALA

► Martin Luther is credited with putting up in his home the first lighted Christmas tree some 400 years ago, but the giant trees displayed in public were popularized in America.

National Geographic Society

► Glass fibers are being tested in Europe as superior replacements for rayon, nylon, and steel fibers in rubber tires, and will be marketed here when tests prove their efficiency.

Snell

► Ancient Palestine's port of Ascalon shipped onions to markets of the Mediterranean and gave us the word "scalion."

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