

The Youth's Instructor

SEPTEMBER 29, 1964

"You can have anything," she had told me, "if you will work and pray hard enough."

Earning a College Education

[Sabbath School Lessons for October 3]

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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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Enemy Faces

by BEATRICE JENSEN SMITH

MILLY HOPE had said good-bye once and started home. Now grandma heard the screen door open again. The child was back, tugging at her grandfather's hand. "Grandpa, Grandpa, please will you walk me home?" Her voice urged like an overly insistent alarm clock.

From her place at the ironing board grandma saw the newspaper avalanche from the weary man's lap to the floor. His head lay back, eyes closed.

"Sleepy, honey," he mumbled, clutching the blissful remnants of an interrupted nap. "Couldn't you—ask Uncle Arnold?"

Grandma saw the four-year-old's eyes lower to regard her sprawling teen-age uncle doubtfully. Looking up from maps and train schedules, he frowned. "Aw, Hopie, what d'you want somebody to take you home for? You're back and forth a hundred times a day."

Grandma stood the iron on end and disconnected the cord, "I'll go with you, Milly Hope," she said.

"Oh, goody, Grandma." Milly Hope seized the larger hand. "I thought you were too busy." Opening the screen door, the two cut into the darkness together, the child drawing her grandmother's arm about her like a cloak as they walked.

"Now, Milly Hope," grandma's voice reached downward companionably, "was there a special reason why you wanted somebody to take you home tonight?"

The answer began with a tug on grandma's arm that drew her within

whispering range. Then two round blue eyes under a pale sweep of hair looked up confidently. "'Cause I'm 'fraid, Grandma." She barely mouthed the words.

"Why, Milly Hope, you're not afraid of the Roberts' dog, are you? I didn't think you were afraid of anything."

For reply, accusing blue eyes turned in a slow arc to a point beyond the neighboring houses, then back to the trusted face. "Grandma," the child whispered, "I'm 'fraid of that moon!"

Hearing this incident later from grandma, I smiled over the picture of my young niece cautiously confessing her fear of the low-hung moon's giant face. But as my first amusement ebbed I thought how often older earth children lie awake in the night troubled by the hovering visage of some moon of fear.

Loneliness, failure, incurable illness—death? All these have glaring faces.

How many of us, whispering such fears to a knowing, listening Friend, have heard Him say: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, . . . I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness"? *

Milly Hope was not a timid child, but in view of the awesome orange ball she thought it judicious to seek escort. She was in good company. Abraham, Joshua, David, Gideon—to how many of earth's bravest has a trusted hand brought courage?

* Isa. 41:10.

A SUMMER EVENING

by GEORGE L. EHRMAN

A blue haze lingers on the hills;
 The birds have gone to rest;
 Coral-colored crayon marks
 Are streaked across the west.
 The wild grape's fragrance steals from woods
 To fields to greet the night,
 As fireflies trim their little lamps
 To make our pathways bright.

The Youth's Instructor, September 29, 1964

by ROBERTA J. MOORE

I HAD only five dollars in cash, but I had been brought up to believe in the effectiveness of hard work coupled with earnest prayer.

I slid my five dollars across the counter and said simply, "I'd like to go to school. This is all the money I have, but I'm willing to work."

The business manager looked at me steadily for a long moment and ran his hand back over his sparse hair. I wondered a little at my own presumption. Although I had chosen a school whose welcome to students without much money was kindly, I well knew that even here one needed more than five dollars to begin college.

Finally the business manager smiled.

"What kind of work can you do?" he asked.

"I'll do anything," I said earnestly.

"Somehow I think you mean that," the man across the counter said at last. "You look honest; I'll take a chance on you."

And so I entered college, working that first semester in a village home for my room and board, and for my books, fees, and tuition, correcting English papers at eighteen cents an hour.

It took me five years to finish college.

One Sunday morning in June, holding my diploma close, I stood in line to receive the congratulations of friends. Far down the line I could see my mother, her rusty black hat nodding proudly.

As the business manager shook my hand, he asked, "Is it worth the hours of work it cost you?" I was too radiantly happy for words; I would go to his office later to tell him how glad I was that he had given me a chance. Was it worth it! I looked down at the tiny gold honors key the president had given me a few moments before.

My mother reached me.

"I told you so," she said. All the time I was growing up she had hammered her philosophy home to me, while I was struggling with square root, when I dreaded the four-mile walk to high school in the long Vermont winter, when I rebelled at nighttime practice on the old typewriter in the marble quarry office a mile from home. "You can have anything," she had told me, "if you will work and pray hard enough."

And how I had worked and prayed, and prayed and worked. I prayed not for the miraculous outpouring of the treasures of heaven, but for continued health and the day-to-day strength and courage to keep going when the way was hard. Once there came more than I had thought to ask—from my home church and conference, a check for seventy-five dollars, enough to keep me in school until the end of the term.

In that five years I had done just about everything, for my education cost me probably more than ten thousand hours of work. After I moved into the dormitory in the middle of my first year, six hours of reading papers in the English department each day wasn't enough to keep me out of debt; I still ran behind even

I worked my way through college



after I had taken the monitor's job on third floor, where I could study when things were quiet.

I was tempted to give up each time the statements were issued. Then I would remember my mother's formula of hard work and earnest prayer. I would get up from my knees and go back to work feeling that nothing was impossible. I did most of my studying in the parlor after lights were out in the rest of the building, standing in the corner facing the wall when I was too tired to stay awake in my chair. Since I had to stay up to study, I asked for the night clerk's job, with the idea that I could study between rounds of the dormitory. Thereafter I worked until two on alternate nights. I needed the nights off—I had been chosen editor of the college paper.

That summer I stayed at school, but asked for outside work as a change. The business manager, agreeing that I needed sunlight and fresh air, sent me to the superintendent of the grounds crew, and for two glorious months I dug dandelions (with lists of irregular French verbs taped to my wrists), trimmed hedges, and weeded flower beds. Having learned to make the moments count, I finished intermediate French and geometry that summer.

Sitting at a table in the dining room while some students dawdled through their meals had always seemed a waste of time to me, but that summer mealtime became profitable: I had another new job, that of dining room hostess.

And that wasn't all. Sometimes embarrassed at seeing breakfast egg on the dinner plates stacked in the center of the tables, I wandered now and then into the kitchen, where dishes were washed by the younger girls. Before long I was helping them. The overworked director of the food service sighed with relief and told me to punch the time clock.

Luckily I had friends who made a point of seeing that I did not become a grind. One of them taught me to play tennis at six o'clock in the morning. Though I sometimes had to do collateral reading during the intermission, I usually went to the Saturday night programs. I joined the Writers' Club and the Record Guild and took an art class in which I dabbled happily in water colors. I learned to love good books.

During the week I sometimes looked longingly out into the New England Indian summer, or the world white and faintly blue with snow and shadows, or the haze of early spring with all the

fragrance from the Thayer orchards on George Hill. But one day at the end of the week was mine, and between church and vespers were several hours for walking through the fascinating little paths that students had made.

It was a busy life but a happy one, though I grumbled sometimes when responsibility sat heavily on me. For there was always more work than I could do. At the end of the first semester of my third year I had seven jobs. I never knew how I had stumbled into some of them. How did an English major get into the business of tutoring premedical students in biology, or brooding over cultures in the bacteriology lab, or superintending the dissection of giant frogs in anatomy?

"No, no," he exploded. "He could never do it on that amount of money. Write him that he needs . . ."

I felt suddenly sick—so many intelligent young men and women wanting to go to college and willing to work. Couldn't something be done to help them?

"Look," I said, pointing to the discarded application. "He says he'll do anything. You took me in with only five dollars."

The manager thoughtfully rubbed his receding hairline. "You think he should have a chance? Well, if he's willing to work, perhaps we should try to find a place for him."

I had never heard of the boy, but I wished I could tell him that he must

Glowing Day

by DOLORES BRADBURY

On every hill
Vines are twining,
And leaves of copper
Catch the sun.
Sumac flames at will
Where small brooks run,
And along each rill
Ripe clusters of elderberries
Rival the blue of the jay.
From the rim of this glowing day
I gather a burnished bouquet
To place in the niche of memory
And bring forth when skies are gray.

My last year followed a great upheaval in the teaching staff. I felt like the Old Testament patriarch when "a new king arose who knew not Joseph." In four years I had made some good friends among the men and women who had challenged me to think and to do, and now most of them were gone.

I went to work for the registrar, one of the few old friends left on the staff. Gradually during the year I took over the routine correspondence with prospective students. I had a special burden for those with no money but a willingness to work. From the eighteen cents an hour with which I started, it had been a slow climb to the dizzy height of seventy-five, in that last year.

One day I took a stack of applications to the business manager, several of them having requests for work to help meet expenses. He was harassed. One application he put aside impatiently.

forget how to say No when there is work that needs doing; he must learn how to make the moments count. I wanted to tell him that he could have anything if he would pray and work hard enough for it. And I wanted to add that when all was said and done, his education would be worth everything it cost him.

In the twenty years since I slid my five dollars across the counter, some things have changed. Costs have risen; enrollments have grown so that few jobs go begging. But there are now scholarships and subsidies and government loans, and the students who grade papers for me work no harder than I did, but get five times as much. Granted, some things have changed.

But other things haven't changed at all. Hard work and earnest prayer are still effective. And when all is said and done, education is worth every bit it costs—as mine was.

All-out Commitment

Camp The information was incomplete, but Teuvo Kanerva identified his cover scene this week as "Västeräng (Swedish youth camp)." The body of water near which the camp must be situated was not mentioned, but there can be no doubt as to its scenic attraction.

Tennessee "Here it is Friday, and I must hurry with my preparation work. But I can wait no longer to tell you that surely everyone knows that the longer you enjoy anything the more dear and valuable it becomes. I am in my thirties and have enjoyed THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR since my teens. The special articles on marriage have been a great help in mine. How can anyone in their teens really appreciate the INSTRUCTOR when they are just beginning to read it! I say we that are older and have enjoyed it longer are the ones who really appreciate it! I'm glad I can depend on it in this world of sin. May the INSTRUCTOR help hasten our Lord's return." Mrs. LOREN E. BISHOP, Portland.

California "For many months now as we have been working with academy- and college-age folks, there has been one topic consistently discussed. 1. Too many articles in one issue on how to adopt a child, happiness for husbands and wives, how to raise your children. . . . 2. What happened to the good 'collector's items' poems I saved as a child? Spiritual, uplifting, with a good lesson or food for thought. I refer not to a ditty about an umbrella, a convertible, a teen-age party, a bird, etc. . . . 3. Why so much space wasted (or taken up) by 'New Book, was \$0.00; now for a limited time only \$0.00. Hear Ye! Hear Ye! New type of meatless chicken, turkey, beef, etc. . . .' Are young people not going to read such on Sabbath? . . . 4. Who particularly cares about the exact location of Manpower Sue's place of employment right down to the fact of its place in relation to a particular dairy? . . . How about more stories about occupations and professions? . . ." Mrs. CARL D. ANDERSON, Vacaville.

Insurance "It is safe for you to be just where Christ has said He would be."—MYP 140.

You can live eternally. But Satan is determined that you won't.

The promise of eternal life is indelibly engraved in that classic verse, John 3:16. Christ gave His own body as pledge to the promise.

It will cost a struggle. No honest minister has ever said it would be easy. Christ Himself said it would involve a cross, and self-denial, not for just a day, but daily. He foretold that false christs and false prophets would, if it were possible, deceive the very elect. Peter visualized this conflict over man's destiny when he likened Satan's efforts to that of a lion, roaring.

A weapon in Satan's arsenal is the false idea that we are better equipped to succeed as Christians now than were men and women of past generations. It is true that increasing numbers of Christians can now study the Bible in their own languages. Increased numbers in our ranks have had the opportunities of Christian education.

Meanwhile, what of Satan's present power in the controversy?

In 1860 this appeared in *Spiritual Gifts*, by Ellen G. White:

"I have been shown that Satan has not been stupid and careless these many years, since his fall, but has been learning. He has grown more artful. His plans are laid deeper, and are more covered with a religious garment to hide their deformity. The power of Satan now to tempt and deceive is ten-fold greater than it was in the days of the apostles. His power has increased, and it will increase, until it is taken away. His wrath and hate grow stronger as his time to work draws near its close."¹

Thirteen years later, on August 12, 1873, the same writer revealed what had happened to Satan's power since the time he fell from heaven.

"Notwithstanding the infinite power and majesty of God and Christ, angels became disaffected. The insinuations of Satan took effect, and they really came to believe that the Father and the Son were their enemies and that Satan was their benefactor. Satan has the same power and the same control over minds now, only it has increased a hundredfold by exercise and experience."²

Christian education alone cannot ensure our hope of life eternal. Entire commitment to the pattern of Christlikeness is needed. We dare not say that our sanctification is completed, that we are sinless. We must develop our love of Jesus to that point where He can daily show us what next we are to overcome or accomplish in order to be like Him. With our wills wholly His, He can work out His way in us.

WTC

¹ *Spiritual Gifts*, vol. 2, p. 277. ² *Testimonies*, vol. 3, p. 328.

coming next week

- "THE MISSIONARY VISIT"—Jane Richards had planned to make the visit. In fact, she would put it off no longer; it must be made this very morning. The little old lady was just waiting. But—By Roselyn Edwards.
- "I'LL WAIT HERE, PHIL"—Grim tragedy in the mission field is reported by Ted R. Torkelson in the murder of Ruby Nelson, cruelly beaten to death as she and her husband set out on furlough. Yet her faithfulness shines on.

RECIPES Are to Follow

by ROSELYN EDWARDS

THE University of Wisconsin Extension Division offered a lesson on breadmaking through its network of homemaker groups. A series of leader-training meetings was held, training more than a hundred women to present the lesson to individual clubs in our county.

Realizing the importance of improving my homemaking skills whenever possible, I was eager for the lesson. As president of our local club I tried to promote the lesson as much as possible, in hopes of a good attendance in our neighborhood.

The day of the lesson arrived with howling winds and below-zero temperatures. As I hurried to do up my housework and get ready for the meeting I was frequently interrupted by the telephone as one after another of our members called to tell me that their roads were drifting full and they wouldn't be able to come.

Only six of us were able to brave the storm. Each person attending was given a recipe sheet, and detailed step-by-step instructions for making the bread. We all gathered round and watched as each step was demonstrated.

At noon we had a potluck lunch. Previously made breads were on the table, demonstrating the products made from the various recipes on the recipe sheet. How good the samples were!

At the end of the afternoon golden-brown demonstration loaves were taken from the oven. How beautiful they were! I went home inspired to try the new recipes and to put into practice all that I had learned at the meeting.

The women giving the demonstration had made white bread. I had tried to make white bread only four or five times in all my remembrance, and on each of these occasions I had been disappointed. Since my family and friends kept saying nice things about my whole-wheat bread, I had found it better to stick to the kind I made best.

Now I found myself eager to try the white bread again. It would be a change for the lunches, I thought, and certainly if I followed those step-by-step instructions and the recipe that had been used

at the meeting, my bread would turn out all right.

On the recipe sheet, proportions were given for two different-sized batches of bread. On the left was the recipe for two small loaves. On the right was the same recipe given in amounts for eight loaves. I did not want to make just two loaves; that would not be enough. On the other hand, eight loaves would be too many for my oven. I decided on four.

To make four loaves, I would simply double the amount of each item in the smaller recipe. The first item was one pint milk, scalded. I paused to consider this a moment. I was not accustomed to using milk when making bread. I had always used water. So I measured out two pints of water. But would that be enough? The recipe that I had always used called for five cups of water. I added another cup of water. Now I would have to multiply everything by two and a half. Rejecting that as being too complicated for my mood that day, I decided to add still another cup of water, and multiply by three. So I was ready to begin with six cups of water in my pan.

Looking down at the step-by-step instructions, I saw that the first step was to measure the salt and sweetening into the mixing bowl. This presumably should have been done while the milk was scalding, if I had used milk. Well, I already had the water in. I quickly added the salt. Now for the sweetening. The recipe said two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Should I go ahead and use sugar? I had always used sorghum. I wondered how much sorghum would be equal to three times two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Finally I just put in the amount that I was in the habit of using, plus a little bit more for the extra cup of water.

The second step on the instruction sheet was to add the scalded milk and let it cool to lukewarm. That had already been accomplished, or rather my substitute for it had, so I went on to the third step. "While the milk is cooling, soften yeast in lukewarm water."

I went for my yeast. There was no use bothering to measure the yeast, as

there was only that one piece in the refrigerator—just the size I always used for a batch of bread.

My small son was standing by all this time waiting for the moment when he could do something to help. He got out the flour can for me, and according to the next step in the instructions, we added flour to make a sponge. Then I covered the pan and put it on the stool behind the stove.

Usually when we reach this point Jonathan gets out the other can with the whole-wheat flour. He was eager now to do his part.

"Not this time, son," I told him. "The bread is going to be different this time."

But was it? So far, the only difference at all was that it would be a slightly larger batch than I was in the habit of making. If I went ahead with the whole-wheat flour, my bread would be exactly the same product that we were accustomed to. If I put in the white flour, the only difference between this batch and my previous batches of white bread would be whatever difference in texture might be accomplished in the kneading.

I did not want to end up with bread exactly the same as I had been making week after week. I did not want my family to find my white bread the same as before and conclude that my time at the breadmaking lesson had been wasted. And I couldn't throw out what I had already done, and begin fresh, for I had no more yeast. The only thing to do was to go on.

When the loaves came from the oven they looked just as good as the bread had looked at the demonstration. Later, when I served it to my family they declared it good. But they had not seen the inside of the perfect loaf as I had seen it at the lesson. I could compare mentally my own attempt with the bread I had seen prepared by the directions.

How like our lives, I thought. God has given us the Bible, containing His recipe and step-by-step instructions for our lives. Sometimes we read the instructions and then go on and do just the way we have always done. Sometimes we follow the instructions partially, and from the outside we may even seem to be a "perfect loaf," but He who is able to look into our hearts knows the difference.

"Be ye therefore perfect," He has told us. How can we expect perfect results in the end product if we do not follow the directions explicitly?

by LIN ROBERTSON

PANIC

YOUR attention please: We interrupt this program to bring you a special news bulletin. Ground observers have spotted enemy aircraft heading for key cities of our nation. You are advised to go straight to the nearest bomb shelter and tune to your conelrad alerting station. I repeat: Ground observers have spotted enemy aircraft heading for key cities of our nation. You are advised to go straight to the nearest bomb shelter and tune to your conelrad alerting station." Panic!

Mr. John Q. Public was on his way to work in the city ten miles from his home. A beautiful day for driving, thought John Q. as he glanced into his rear-view mirror. When his eyes came back to the road, he saw ahead of him an oncoming car. Suddenly he realized that he would meet the car on the one-lane bridge ahead. "Car! Car coming! Bridge! Brake! Where's that——." Panic!

Sue Jones was crossing the Atlantic in an airplane when she suddenly smelled the faint odor of smoke. The plane's emergency light blinked on. Sue grabbed for her safety belt and—panic!

Panic: a sudden overpowering state of fear. Can it be controlled?

A fire broke out on the second floor of a large public school. Many times before, the students had undergone fire drills; everyone had left the building calmly. This was the real thing! Smoke filled the halls while the students dashed to get out of the burning building. Cries for help echoed from wall to wall as a mass of humanity flowed from the windows and doors of the building. Many lives that were lost could have been saved if those involved had not panicked. What is the answer to this problem—more fire drills?

Daniel was a young Hebrew boy who lived in the time of the Babylonian Empire. At the age of eighteen he was taken captive by the colorful conqueror of Jerusalem, King Nebuchadnezzar. Daniel and his three companions were from the royal line of the Jewish nation. Because Nebuchadnezzar saw the promise of

remarkable ability in them, they were to be trained to fill important positions in the kingdom.

To this select group the king provided meat and wine from his own table. This food had been offered to the Chaldean gods, and Daniel and his three companions felt that they could not eat any of this meat and wine. To eat this food would dishonor their God, and to refuse to eat it would win disfavor with the king. In this dilemma Daniel did not panic.

Later he finished his studies and emerged at the top of his class. He was given a job in the government and quickly made advancement; but from one success to another, Daniel had his enemies. They changed his books to make it

look as though he had cheated; they lied about the things he did; and they talked behind his back.

A few years after this, Darius the Mede conquered the Babylonian Empire. He reorganized the government and appointed Daniel as one of the chief princes. Daniel had many enemies among the leading men of the kingdom, and they tried to find fault with him. They grew more and more tired of his consistency. They began to hate him. Every time he came near them they felt guilty. His very presence condemned them. Man cannot live with guilt, so they plotted to get rid of him. Operation Annihilation took some heavy planning. But the trap was set, and Daniel was right in the middle of it.

Darius, taken in by cheap flattery, had unknowingly sentenced Daniel to the lions' den. Daniel was taken to the den; the closer he got, the slower he walked. His pulse began to beat faster. One could almost hear his heart beating. He heard the lions, and shuddered. No! this is not the way it happened. Daniel walked calmly to the lions' den; he never flinched a muscle. He was not in the least upset as he stood in the midst of the lions. Daniel used his secret power over panic.

There were three other youth who stood with Daniel in the courts of the king: Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. They too were despised by the others in the court for their honest ways.

A plot was devised to condemn them through their allegiance to their God. Those who would not worship the king's image were to receive an official inspection tour through the fiery furnace. Naturally the three Hebrews were trapped in this dilemma. These men of God could not be moved from their decision for their Master.

The music played and all bowed to the image—all except the Hebrews. These God-fearing men stood alone, daring to disobey the king's command.

"Now look here, fellows," said the king, "let's pretend that you didn't hear the music, and try this thing

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Animals of the Bible

on Stamps—

THE BEAR

by ERNEST N. WENDTH

WORD of the translation of the prophet Elijah near Mount Pisgah and the selection of his servant Elisha to take his place had reached Bethel. Elisha had already parted the waters of the river Jordan with Elijah's mantle and had crossed to the other side on dry land. He had also miraculously sweetened the waters of the city of Jericho.

Now as he was nearing Bethel there appeared running behind him a group of unruly young men deriding his work as a messenger of God by shouting, "Go up, thou bald head; go up." They were making fun of his story of Elijah's going to heaven in a fiery chariot and were telling him to "go up" too.

Elisha could not permit his work for God to become the laughingstock of the country, so he turned and pronounced the curse of God upon the group. Just then two female bears came ambling out of the woods, and the mocking ceased. The laughter now turned to screams of terror as the boys fled for their lives, with the bears in close pursuit. They caught up with the

fleeing group and "tare forty and two children of them."¹

As a rule bears are good-natured, but there are times when they may attack human beings. Proverbs 17:12 suggests that a bear robbed of her cubs can be very dangerous. There is, however, no foundation for the stories of bears killing by means of a "bear-hug,"² but these animals can be very destructive with their claws. When a bear is angry, one swipe of its paws can easily mutilate a person.

The bear of the Bible is the Syrian bear, a small light-colored animal now limited to the forest areas of the Lebanon Mountains.³ It is a member of the family of brown bears of Europe and Asia and is most often the kind found in zoos and circuses.

Brown bears feed on berries, roots, grass, vegetation, mice, and small animals. They occasionally kill larger animals and are destructive to stock.⁴ David, as did the shepherds of old, had to fight off attacks of bears, using only heavy wooden clubs.

The brown bear is an excellent fisherman. It will wade out into a stream and stand motionless until a fish swims by. With one swift stroke of the paw it will scoop up the fish and carry it to the bank for a meal.

For their size, bears are the strongest of animals. They fear no other creature. The Himalayan bear will even drive a tiger away from its meal.⁵

During the autumn months most bears fatten themselves on nuts and

berries for their long winter sleep. The time of hibernation is tied in with the amount of fat they have. In tests, scientists have "induced" bears to go to sleep earlier by fattening them more quickly.⁶

The hibernating bear is a dormant animal with life at a very low ebb. It eats no food, drinks no water, and breathes so quietly that it can scarcely be noticed. The animals feel cold to the touch and are so unconscious that they can be carried away by hand and even pricked with a needle without coming to.⁷

In Isaiah 11:7 we read that the "cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together." This points to the days of the new earth, when the basic instincts of the animal world will be entirely transformed and there will be no carnivorous, or flesh-eating, animals. All creatures will live on terms of perfect trust in one another.

Bears are animals of the Northern Hemisphere; only one type ranges south of the equator. This is the spectacled bear, and is featured on the eighty-centavos Ecuadorian issue of 1959. Two attractive stamps picturing brown bears are the forty-fillér value Hungarian issue of 1961 as pictured, and the eighty-stotinki Bulgarian issue of 1958.

¹ 2 Kings 2.

² *Wonder Book of Wild Animals*, p. 19.

³ *SDA Bible Dictionary*, article, "Bear."

⁴ *Book of Knowledge*, vol. 3, pp. 865, 866.

⁵ *Wonder Book of Wild Animals*, p. 18.

⁶ B. H. Phipps, *Day Unto Day*, p. 233.

⁷ *Book of Knowledge*, vol. 3, p. 869.

AT LAST Balkar's mother said, "There is nothing else for it, my son. You owe it to the girl to go through with the betrothal. The story is already noised abroad, and no one else will ever consider her as a wife if you refuse her. She is as good as dead while she lives. Tell the man you will marry his daughter, and then let us pray that something may happen during the month of probation before the contract is signed."

So the letter was written. Mother and son impatiently waited for the preliminary period to pass before the contract was ratified—waited with but forlorn hope as to what the outcome would be. Just before sunset of the appointed day, when despair had settled like a thick cloud over Balkar's heart, a servant appeared bearing a chit from the father of the girl. Very briefly it told of his decision to cancel the marriage negotiations. No reason was given, but most probably in the meantime he had heard of an even better match for his daughter.

Balkar was not worried about reasons. All he knew was that the great God had delivered him from a miserable existence, and he was thankful. With sparkling eyes he bounded into the room where his mother was listlessly preparing the evening meal.

"Listen," he commanded, and then read to her the words that many another would have counted as a slight directed against his ancestry and heritage. Tears of relief flowed down the woman's cheeks as the letter was concluded. "God is good, my son," she said brokenly. "Let us forget the subject of marriage for a while."

Years passed. Balkar left the army to serve in a government post nearer to his home. His mother began to feel the pains of old age overtaking her and longed for someone younger to help her carry the burdens of the home. Once more the subject of her son's marriage came up.

Sobered by the nerve-racking experience he had passed through, the young man was reluctant to contemplate taking the necessary steps, but urged on by his mother's needs, he began making tentative inquiries. He still dreamed of the kind of young woman he desired to be his life companion. But how to make that dream come true?

Shortly afterward a portly gentleman

called and suggested that his daughter would make an ideal wife for a young gentleman of means. He was self-assured and slightly arrogant, and when the young man hesitantly suggested that he would like to see the girl, the portly one laughed him to scorn. Intimidated by bitter memories of his former experience, Balkar did not press the point, but promised to think the matter over.

He was still thinking it over next day when a much younger man than the father called on him and introduced himself as uncle of the girl in question. This young man bore evident signs of culture and education, and Balkar was drawn to him as a product of his own generation, one to whom he could open his heart and tell a little of his hopes and plans for the future.

The uncle listened sympathetically, and then nodded. "I understand just how you feel. We are heralds of the new movement. We must break away from the old and useless traditions of the elders, but we must hasten slowly or our freedom will be lost ere it is properly won. You have succeeded in breaking down many of the old prejudices already, but do not go too far or your cause will be drowned in the slough of public opinion.

"I have come to see you personally because I agree with your ideas, and I can vouch for this girl. She comes from a very respected family, not rich; but then you do not ask for dowry. You can take my word for it, she would suit you in every way."

"Her education?" queried Balkar anxiously.

"I will be honest with you," replied the uncle. "She has her matriculation but has studied no further."

"That is well," said the young man, relieved. "Matriculation is a good starting point. I can see to her college education at my own expense."

So the marriage preparations went on apace. Balkar did not care for the man who was to be his father-in-law, but any questions he asked were answered satisfactorily. Encouraged by the recommendations of the girl's uncle, he looked forward happily to the day of his wedding.

A problem arose over the question of the ceremonies connected with the marriage itself. It was customary for the bridegroom to arrive with a great retinue of friends and relatives, displaying

Long Journey Into Light

by **GOLDIE DOWN**

expensive ornamentations, and the bride's family frequently went deeply into debt in order to provide decorations, music, feasting, and gifts for all the host of relatives and friends who gathered to honor the bridal pair. On this score Balkar was firm.

"Our country is at war," he said. "This is no time for useless extravagances. I will come alone to claim my wife, and you must see to it that the wedding preparations are kept within the limits of reason." He won his point against the protests of the father, and the wedding ceremonies, the feasting, and the felicitations were kept within

the confines of the immediate family.

At last the long-drawn-out function was ended and the couple was free to leave for home. As the taxi felt its way between the ruts and potholes of the country road, Balkar spoke for the first time to the heavily veiled girl seated so nervously beside him.

"I hope we will be happy together," he said in English so that the taxi driver would not understand his words. She did not reply, but he thought she was perhaps too shy to answer him. Presently he asked whether she had attended school or had all her education been by private tutor in her home? His only answer was a quick intake of breath, and he wondered what species of excessive modesty would prevent her from replying to such a neutral question as that.

Soon they reached the house, and as he assisted her to alight he told her that his mother would shortly be arriving in another taxi.

"Will you wait and meet my mother tonight or do you prefer to go straight to your room?" he asked. Again the girl did not reply, though it was evident she had heard him speak. Seized with a sudden terrible suspicion Balkar repeated the words in Punjabi, and his heart turned to stone as the girl answered quietly that she would wait to meet his mother.

So! She was not educated! She had not matriculated! She could not have studied past the fourth standard, if at all, or she would have understood him when he spoke to her in English. Most of the textbooks were written in English, and a knowledge of that language was a prerequisite to any form of higher education in their land.

Swallowing his disappointment, Balkar led his bride through the flower-bedecked doorway and into the bare, spacious rooms that were his home, their home. Gently he lifted her veil to behold for the first time the face of the girl who was his wife. The room seemed to sway about him as he gazed in fascinated horror—this girl was not plain, she was ugly; the ugliest woman he had ever seen in his life!

Quickly he dropped the veil and strode from the room. He had been tricked, duped by the man he had thought trustworthy, deceived by one of his own compatriots!

This was no mere stratagem to relieve him of some of his wealth, else he could have borne such a wily plan. This was a sly, despicable act, the results of which would be with him for life.

Wildly he stepped out into the night. He must get away alone, he must try and think sanely and sensibly. The girl was already his wife by law. True, he could send her back to her father tomorrow if he chose, but she would thus be condemned to a life of widowhood. No other man would take her as wife. Her shame would be a constant reproach to him. It was not her fault. He was honorable and could not allow her to suffer so.

Why had this happened to him? He had tried so hard to break with the cruel practices of his forebears. He had done all in his power to ensure that his marriage would be a happy one. This must be his fate. Was there no God to mete out justice? Was there no way out of this predicament? His words seemed to mock him, "No way out, no way out."

On and on he walked until the gray-ing sky warned him that another day would soon begin. Hurriedly he retraced his steps lest some early risen peasant should see him and recognize the erstwhile bridegroom. He smiled wryly. What a tasty morsel that would make for all the long-tongued villagers!

His mother met him at the door. He could see at a glance that she too had found out the truth. Her red-rimmed, swollen eyes told of sleeplessness and weeping. Putting her hands on his shoulders, she bowed her graying head upon his breast.

"It is fate, my son. We have done all in our power, but your destiny was settled before you were born. There is no God, there cannot be, or He would have honored our struggles for freedom, for ourselves and for our country. This is your fate; you must make the best of it. We can do nothing more. You come from a long line of honorable men. You must not divorce the girl or take another wife. She is yours until death, and may the fates be kind to you both."

Time passed. Although Balkar tried hard, he could find no point of contact upon which he could be in harmony with his wife. Her lack of education haunted him; her ugliness was a constant shock to him; her laziness was an ever-present thorn in the flesh to him and his energetic mother. True, the girl tried hard to be a good wife. She was obedient and did as she was bidden, but used as she was to a life of idleness, she could not easily fit into the busy routine of a progressive farmer. She was clumsy and awkward, and there was constant friction between his wife

and his mother. He knew no solution.

Balkar was thankful that his government position kept him away from home most of the time and that the women were left to carry on the farm. He had told his wife after the first dreadful meeting was over, how her father had deceived him into believing that she was someone quite different, and how he felt that his life had been ruined by this duplicity.

"I am a wealthy man," he had said to her. "I can give you everything you want. The house and land are yours, the servants are under your command, you can have money enough and to spare; but one thing I cannot give you, I cannot give you love."

"I recognize that this marriage is not your fault, and that is why I did not send you back to your father immediately, as our law would have allowed. I shall abide by the contract and treat you as my wife, but love you I cannot," Balkar had emphasized.

What woman could be happy under such conditions! The innocent girl, betrayed by her father's avarice, was desperately unhappy. Many times she railed against her father and her uncle for treacherously dealing with her. A daughter was born of the marriage, but her presence did not unite the mismatched parents.

Then came the terror of 1947, when the British withdrew their rule over India, and Hindus and Moslems fought for supremacy. The country was punctuated with bloody massacre and fearful uprising. Every man's hand was against his neighbor. Thousands pretended to change their religion in the hope of saving life and property, but such conversions were unlawful. In the Punjab, where the Sikhs predominated, thousands of Moslems were murdered and their bodies tossed into the canals. The land was literally watered with their blood.

At last a compromise was reached between the leaders, and the country was divided between the two warring factors. The two divisions became known as Pakistan ("Land of the Peaceful") and India. Half of the Punjab was given to the Moslems, and the Sikhs residing there had to evacuate. Balkar broke the news gently to his mother.

"We must leave our home, Mother," he said. "Our property, our cattle, our house, all our possessions must remain. Our lives are all that we own now."

"How can we leave just now?" she demanded with the unreasonableness of age. "The crops will be ruined without

care. It is August, so very hot—and the dreadful monsoon rains. Your child is but an infant. She will die if exposed to hardship. We cannot leave now."

"It is now or never, Mother," replied Balkar. "You and my wife must pack up your things, taking only what can be carried by person. The untouchable servants are allowed to accompany us, but we cannot take any beasts of burden. We have three hundred miles to walk—if we live to reach East Punjab," he muttered under his breath.

So the two women carefully hid their jewels and valuable ornaments under the clothing they wore. Balkar stuffed his turban and shoes with bank notes, and the little family joined a caravan of fleeing Sikhs that stretched for sixteen miles along the country road.

They were not searched, and the money they had brought hidden on their persons enabled them to purchase help to survive that dreadful march. Moslem civilians capitalized on their misery by charging exorbitant prices

even for water. Food was dropped to the refugees from hovering planes. Moslem soldiers guarded them from molestation for the first 150 miles, but despite the five jeeploads of soldiers constantly patrolling the sixteen miles of fugitives, one man was murdered during that forty-five-day trek. Old and infirm died along the way and more were left where they fell. There was no time to halt for burning or burying.

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

PAY LATER

by CLARK B. MC CALL

HAVE you ever been enticed by a fabulous offer promising nothing down, and small monthly payments starting too far into the future to awaken your realistic compunctions? Today's salesmanship is based on such highly successful bait. Everything from automobiles to dental plates may be obtained with no budget-bursting down payment to shatter our present security.

Don and Evelyn Scott were typical newlweds who had launched with adventurous abandon on a spree of installment-plan buying. By combining two modest salaries these bright-eyed financial magicians managed monthly checks to creditors that made them part owners in a house, furniture, a de luxe hi-fi, a television set, a shiny eight-cylinder behemoth, and a host of other easily purchased luxuries.

One day the bubble burst. The prospering business concern of Don and Evelyn Scott discovered that their firm was to be enlarged but their financial resources would have to be divided in half. In desperation Don sought a second job. The added burdens created tensions that threatened to topple their empire. The story of Don and Evelyn does not yet have an appropriate conclusion. If there is to be a happy ending it is doubtless many chapters ahead.

When I was twelve I ran full speed ahead one evening into a taut barbed-wire fence. I can still vividly visualize that unyielding barrier and can appreciate the warning of God's

servant to "God's workmen" at the publishing house in Nashville, when she urged, "Let them guard themselves as with a fence of barbed wire against the inclination to go into debt."¹

One warm July afternoon a few years ago I learned how easily one can be involved in a transaction almost without realizing it. Harold and I had just turned the corner leading to the hospital where we both worked after Seminary classes. A shabbily dressed man flagged our car over to the side of the road.

"Hey, boys, try these out!" he offered with enthusiasm as he tossed a half-dozen "samples" into the car. "Thanks very much!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, we sure appreciate these boxes, Mister!" echoed Harold.

Soon we were engulfed in more than a dozen small boxes of soap bearing a brand name of extraordinary promise. Our expressions of gratitude had reached an unprecedented peak when, in a matter-of-fact tone, the pseudo philanthropist said, "You fellas can have all these boxes for just two dollars."

By this time the salesman had become too ingratiating for us to break his friendly spell. Besides we were too embarrassed to refuse his offer after his apparent humanitarian display. We each meekly handed him a dollar.

The transaction took place so quickly that for several minutes we were too stunned to analyze what had happened. Of one fact we were

certain. We had been taken in by a slick operator, and we predicted the soap powder was probably unfit for washing-machine consumption. And we were right.

If you ever find yourself engulfed in tempting pastimes adorned with attractive ribbons labeled "No down payment," remember that sin's salesman has camouflaged the fine print in your long-term contract, which says, "Pay later."

¹ Testimonies, vol. 7, pp. 234, 235.

Wit Sharpeners

What People Said About God

by GRACE V. WATKINS

Can you match the Bible characters with the Bible quotations given?

1. "God is not a man."
2. "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons."
3. "For God is my King of old, working salvation in the midst of the earth."
4. "God is mighty, and despiseth not any."
5. "The Lord is the true God, . . . and an everlasting king."
6. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"
7. "God is a Spirit."
8. "He is the living God, and stedfast for ever."
9. "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."
10. "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all."

- a. Paul
- b. Moses
- c. Balaam
- d. Peter
- e. Elihu
- f. David
- g. John
- h. Christ
- i. Jeremiah
- j. King Darius

Key on page 17

DEAN LAWSON, I know I have taken up a lot of your time with these student lists, but I have one more personal question I would like to ask you."

He looked at me.

"What is it, Betty?"

"Dean Lawson, do you think I should marry Rodney?"

His eyes turned to me from his glass-topped desk, pondering my question.

"Betty, I think the two of you should wait at least until you have finished your education. When did you begin to question your future plans?"

In deepest thought I moved across the green-carpeted floor toward the chair near the dean's desk. My head dropped and my thoughts began to wander back to incidents of the past few days that had caused my feelings for my betrothed to waver.

"First of all," I began, "yesterday Mrs. Richards came to me. I hadn't even finished my day's work in the cafeteria when she said, 'Betty, I want you to think quite a bit about your future plans.' At first I didn't know how to accept this. It seemed as though she was trying to help me, in a way, but still, in another way, it seemed that she wasn't.

"Dean Lawson, it may seem strange to you, but she really didn't say anything else; she just walked out the door. But I knew what she was thinking; oh, yes, I knew very well. You see, I had heard the same thing three months past from my folks.

"You remember I had to go home because of financial stress at the beginning of second semester.

"Dean Lawson, my folks didn't like Rodney from the very beginning. They had met him here on campus, but it seemed—well—it seemed that they would find small things to talk over with me about him, little things that to me really weren't important, but maybe to them they were. I don't see it yet, but possibly in time I will. I know this is the same type of thing to which Mrs. Richards was referring. She is a mother; she knows what two young people should look out for when they are going to be married. It did hurt though, I can't deny that. I won't even try. It hurt because—well, she could have been a little more kind."

Dean Lawson looked at me. He didn't say anything at first; he just looked, then he nodded his head that he understood.

"Go ahead, Betty," he said. "Is that

all? Are you finished with the story?"

"No, Dean Lawson, I'm not finished. You see, after I had talked with Mrs. Richards I was stopped by Mrs. Green, and she said the same thing—well, almost the same. You see, I hadn't seen her since I returned to school either, and it seemed that she was saying—I don't know, I just can't explain it exactly.

"The things that kept running through my mind were the things that I had heard at home, the same reasons why we shouldn't be married. I had heard this over and over for three months, for three long months. The things my folks had kept telling me were so important for a home, they said. To me, it just didn't seem that they were all this important. Rodney had always been there when I had needed him, and it didn't seem important that I have anyone else, at least not at the time.

"My folks said that for two people to be happily married it was very important for them to be compatible. They specifically emphasized the significance of the same social background, or almost the same; but as you know, Rodney is from a broken home. I know it's not any fault of his. He couldn't help

Let's Journey Down

Taking my pen, I began, "Dearest Rodney." My mind was confused. "I have something I feel I must tell you, but I don't know how." In twenty minutes the lights would go out.



This Road

it if his folks separated and his mom had to work. I know this, but it seemed my folks just didn't understand. They told me that I really didn't know anything about a situation like this, since my home had always been happy, and oh, it always has been. There were other differences they pointed out, but what stuck with me was the fact that they said our characters really weren't alike. They have told me this for so long that I believe it; it is sort of hard for me to see, but I think that possibly I will see it—in time.

"You know, I have never seen my folks so disturbed about anything I was going to do, and—well, I am an only child, and what I have wanted to do before, they simply went along with, unless there was something wrong with it, of course. From the very beginning they didn't seem to like Rodney."

"Betty," Dean Lawson began, "I too want you to think about marrying Rodney. Is he the one with whom you would like to spend your lifetime?"

This I didn't exactly understand. Why should he ask me this too?

"Betty, have you talked with Elder Thomas about this?" asked Dean Lawson.

"Yes, sir, I have," was my reply. "I was on my way to talk over the whole situation with him when I was stopped by Mrs. Green."

"We did talk about my circumstances generally, but he said he didn't know Rodney very well and that he didn't really feel qualified to give me advice. This was when I decided to come to you. You have known both of us from the first semester."

"You may laugh at me for what I am going to say; it is very personal, but I want a home of my own. I have always wanted a home. I've thought of it ever since I was only a small girl playing with dolls—under the sewing machine because that seemed like my house. As I played I would visualize what my home would be like, but somehow I never thought of who my husband would be, or what he would be like. But at five, I don't suppose one would, would she? You know, there just isn't the closeness in my association with Rodney that I pictured there would be when I was small."

Dean Lawson spoke again. "I do think the two of you should wait until you have finished your education. You may not get this opportunity again."

This was all the information he could really give me. He could only tell me what he thought, so I thanked

him again for his time and crossed the green rug to the door. Opening it, I walked out to the steps leading toward the girls' dormitory.

The long descent to the foot of the staircase was the only thing of which I was aware. The beauties of nature did not impress me, nor the long winding road that beckoned with its innumerable pastel colors.

On my way down, thoughts kept racing through my mind.

"Your backgrounds aren't anything alike, you aren't tempered the same," came the first voice through my thoughts.

"And you love him?" came another voice.

"How many things do you really have in common?" whispered a third.

"There are many, many adjustments both partners will have to work out in the first few months of marriage, Betty," came Dean Lawson's kind voice through my thoughts.

That evening I wrote my folks a short letter and again reached into my desk drawer, pulling from it another piece of stationery.

I have to write to Rodney; I have to tell him the things in my mind. I can't remember ever doing anything that was this hard before.

It seems as though—well, maybe when I get started I can find the right words, I thought to myself.

Taking my pen, I began, "Dearest Rodney."

Where do I go from here? Well, he knows how my folks feel. I can't tell him the names of the faculty who spoke to me; he knows them. Can't do that—

I began to write.

"I have something I feel I must tell you, but I don't know how."

Now where do I go? I must write something; I just can't sit and look at this blank piece of paper. There are only about twenty minutes left before the lights go out.

Rereading what I had written, I continued.

"Rodney, I had almost dismissed the counsel my parents have given to me in the past three months, but just yesterday and today several of the faculty have talked with me about our plans for marriage. Rodney, I am unsure; I need more time to think. They are presenting to me the same things my folks did when I was at home. Something must be wrong; it just must be. What it is, I don't know."

That doesn't sound right; it really

doesn't make too much sense. What am I going to say now? I really don't have anything else I can say.

"Rodney, I think at least we should wait and not be married this summer."

"I have thoroughly enjoyed our friendship up to this point, but because of the reasons my parents have given me (I have written about them to you before), perhaps we should wait until a later time to be married."

"This is a very important step, and I would like to have just a little longer to think about it, to be sure these people aren't right."

"Marriage is very sacred; it is something that is important and something that will last throughout eternity."

Does that really say what I think? Yes, I guess it does.

The lights blinked. I had only five minutes. I must get it in the envelope or I won't mail it at all.

Now, how am I going to sign this? Best regards? No, that sounds too formal. Love? No, I'm not sure I still love him. Let's see . . . service . . . yes.

"In His service, Betty."

As I reread the letter I thought, "Oh, no, that's not right; it's too abrupt."

The lights blinked again. I pushed the letter into an envelope.

Have I done the right thing? I thought.

The lights flicked off. I knelt by my bed and prayed that I had done the right thing. In time I knew God would reveal His will to me.

Almost a week passed before I received an answer from Rodney. He was in a state of complete confusion, and all through his reply was the word "Why . . . why?"

Now I was confused too. Everything seemed to be a total mess. What had I done?

I have thrown my entire lifetime away! I thought. My life won't ever be complete again without Rodney.

I frantically raced to my dresser drawer and fumbled in my billfold, withdrawing from it money to telephone Rodney.

"Young gentlemen are never to be called by young ladies," I had been told since I was young. But this was different; this was an emergency.

I began to cry, not just a few tears but unlimited tears. Tears which, at the time, I thought would never stop coming.

I made my way down the three flights of stairs, practically falling on each step. Opening the door on the

first floor, I raced toward the telephones. I ran into something.

"Oh, excuse me," I said.

"What is the matter, little lady?" came a kind and familiar voice from atop a ladder.

"O Paul," I blurted out from my tears as I ran into the chapel to compose myself.

"Why is Paul there?" I thought. "My, it is at least six o'clock. Why isn't he at supper? You know, Paul could talk to me. I have always thought a lot of Paul. He is a person in whom I could confide."

I never had confided in him before, but I always thought I could. He had such high Christian standards. I wonder if Paul could help me?

Let me see—how could I ask him? It would sound dumb if I should tell him I needed some help. Well, why not? He's taking religion; he would understand.

I do think a lot of him, I think possibly—well, I don't know—why is he here—why isn't he at supper?

"Paul," I began as I returned to the hallway, "will you talk with me—just—just a minute?"

"Yes, Betty, but first let me finish putting this light in the fixture."

I turned and went out to sit on the steps at the side of the dorm. After what seemed to be hours, he joined me.

"Paul, I don't know where to begin," I stammered.

He sat quietly and I tried again to collect my thoughts.

"It's about Rodney. You know him, you know what type of a man he is, don't you?"

Without waiting for an answer, I proceeded.

"Paul, my folks don't approve of my oncoming marriage—that is, they just don't like the whole idea at all.

"I wrote Rodney a letter explaining that I wasn't going to marry him this summer, because of the advice three of the faculty had given me and the advice my folks had given me while I was home. I'm not—I'm so confused. Paul, what can I do?"

The tears again began to flow, my voice becoming uncontrollable.

"Betty, do you love Rodney?"

"I don't really know whether I do or not. I—I do feel something, but I don't think that all of these people would have stopped to admonish me if they didn't see something wrong with our relationship."

He dropped his head and began to think.

"Betty, I wonder," he stopped a moment, rewording the thought in his mind. "I wonder whether you are really doing what God wants you to do. Are you putting marriage and your plans for a family ahead of Him? Are you putting your plans ahead of what He wants for your life?"

Maybe—just maybe this was what I had been doing. Maybe I had made an idol of my future plans, actually leaving God out of them.

"Paul, I can't imagine myself going along in this world and not being married. Ever since I was small I have played house with dolls, and—oh, everything that little girls do play with—but to me, it was something special, something almost sacred, because it was to me the thought that someday I would be married. Someday I would have a home and children of my own, just as I had been pretending."

"Yes, Betty, I feel very sure that this is what you have been doing, and in itself this is all right, but you can't put your plans first and God's will for your life second. Remember, He wants to be first in everything. He won't take second place."

The words he uttered were stabbing at my heart, but I began to see that this is what I had been doing all along. I would be going against the wishes of my parents and also the advice the faculty had sought to give me.

The faculty meant quite a bit to me, even though right now I didn't understand. They were older and wiser. It must be that my eyes were so blinded that I could not really see the right way to go.

Perhaps God was giving me this test to see if I could find Him.

I hadn't felt *really* close to God in months. But, was it important? Of course it was important. It was the most important thing there was or ever could be.

Paul and I talked almost an hour, discussing the different roads I could travel in search of a well-rounded education, but the only thing he said that stuck with me was that our denomination was in desperate need of Bible instructors.

I laughed at the idea at first. Why, I still had a few questions of my own to be answered. How could I help someone else?

My tears finally ceased, and after a few more moments we had prayer together and I walked slowly up the stairs and back to my room.

Oh, if only God would answer me, I

thought. If He would only let me know He is here.

I wonder whether I could get God to hear me and answer me. There is always a possibility, and I am so willing to try.

Entering my room, I knelt beside my bed and prayed that the Lord would hear me, would answer me.

I now knew I needed help, and I knew it could come only from Him.

I asked Him what I should do as an occupation, but there was no answer.

Arising from my knees and looking out of the window, I could see couples gathering in front of the dorm going to the recreation area for the night's entertainment.

Again I began to shed tears, and again I knelt beside my bed.

"Our Father," I began anew, "I know Thou hast heard me. I know Thou wilt answer my prayer—if my heart is right. Father, forgive me for the evil things I have done. Forgive me for everything I have done that was displeasing in Thy sight. Please hear my prayer—and answer me."

It was like death in my room. There was not a noise anywhere on campus, it seemed. I was all alone, and it appeared that even God didn't care.

Getting to my feet, I reached for my Bible, which was lying on the table beside my bed. Its pages fell open in my lap as I lowered myself into a chair. My eyes fell on the twenty-eighth verse of the eighth chapter of Romans: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."

Here I had a promise from God. If I loved Him enough, all things would work out.

With the inspired hope of receiving an answer to my prayer, I once again knelt by my bed. I waited to hear a voice speak to me, but it didn't.

Tears again began to form and I felt as though I would die of loneliness.

"Dear God," I pleaded aloud, "why don't You hear me? Why won't You answer me? I know You are there. I can almost touch Your hand it seems, and yet I can't. Don't leave me, please don't leave me."

I hesitated. A thought was forming in my confused mind. Yes, I thought, even that if need be. I continued.

"My God, I *will* give You my all, if You will just accept it. It's nothing to You. You can find someone else to do my job very easily, but I *want* to be trained to do Your work, if that is what

You want for me. But most of all, I want to be Your child and walk with my hand in Yours. Please answer me."

I became almost unconscious it seemed, but my thoughts became clear and I thought I heard a voice saying, "Peace be with you, Betty. I know it was hard on you having to go through this, but now, maybe in a small way you can know something of what it was like when I was in the Garden of Gethsemane. You see, I was all alone too."

"You had to give Me your *whole* life in surrender before you could hear My voice."

"It's not going to be easy for me," I stammered. "You will have to give me a little time. You know I haven't been as close to You as I should have

been, since the time of my baptism."

It seemed as though He just smiled an understanding smile.

"I'll help you," He assured me. "Just call on your heavenly Father to be with you in times of tribulation—pray it in My name—He will hear you."

I rose from my knees a new person. I had a goal in life, one that I was sure had the endorsement of my heavenly Father.

Now as I think back, why did I say, "Come on, Lord, this is the way I want to go"?

If I had only waited to hear the still small voice from within my heart telling me: "Come, let's journey down *this* road."



Question *Is it right to play with the ouija board? Why do some people become so frightened and terrified when they put their hands on it, and for others it answers every question?*

Counsel The name *ouija* is a compound word meaning "yes" in French and German. The word is really a "trademark—for a board marked with the alphabet and various signs, used with a planchette to obtain mediumistic messages."—*Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary*.

In the absence of a spiritualistic medium, the layman turns to the ouija

board. However, the professional spiritist medium may use the board to obtain guidance from the spirits.

It is obvious, therefore, that the ouija board is a device controlled by occult influences, a device of Satan. Christians are to seek counsel from God's Word and the Spirit of Prophecy. In these inspired books we will find the answers to our problems. "Sanctify the Lord of hosts himself; and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread." "And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits," you may reply, "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them" (Isa. 8:13, 19, 20).

The devil used the lying serpent in the Garden of Eden as his medium to deceive the woman into sin. His medium today is the ouija board, the empty cup with a pattern of tea grounds on the bottom, or the eerie crystal ball in the hands of the gypsy palmist.

The fright experienced by some when they put their hands on the top of a ouija board is caused by the presence of the great adversary or one of his wicked spirit agents. Add to this a sense of strained conscience, outraged by resort to such satanic agencies, and you have the explanation. God's restraining presence prevents the device from working. When the mind is



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The Youth's Instructor, September 29, 1964

Day Without Meaning

by CECILIA STANLEY HILL

This day—
Begun in weariness—
Was blurred with grief,
Until my soul cried for relief
From bitterness
And pain.
To find the reason for this day
I search in vain,
Until I turn to Him
On whom my soul is leaning.
When He returns
This day will find its meaning.

yielded to the evil influences, the device may work and answers may be obtained, Yes or No. With the gullible, with the uninformed, the planchette of the ouija board may move without emotional storms to obscure responses. Those who seriously doubt the activity of the ouija board do well to ponder these words:

"Many endeavor to account for spiritual manifestations by attributing them wholly to fraud and sleight of hand on the part of the medium. But while it is true that the results of trickery have often been palmed off as genuine manifestations, there have been, also, marked exhibitions of supernatural power."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 553.

"There are few who have any just conception of the deceptive power of Spiritualism and the danger of coming under its influence. Many tamper with it, merely to gratify their curiosity. They have no real faith in it, and would be filled with horror at the thought of yielding themselves to the spirits' control. But they venture upon the forbidden ground, and the mighty destroyer exercises his power upon them against their will. Let them once be induced to submit their minds to his direction, and he holds them captive. It is impossible, in their own strength, to break away from the bewitching, alluring spell. Nothing but the power of God, granted in answer to the earnest prayer of faith, can deliver these ensnared souls."—*Ibid.*, p. 558.

One thing is sure—the ouija board is a device of the devil, and therefore its possession in your home or room at the academy or college is evidence of disloyalty to God. Nothing could be more patently a denial of faith in God's guidance and an evidence of devotion to the devil. Get rid of it. Do so immediately. If your disturbed conscience awakens you at three in the morning, get rid of it. And ask God to forgive you for your presumption. It may be that the Lord will be merciful and deliver you from this evil influence before it is too late.

Key Wit Sharpeners

1. c (Num. 23:19); 2. d (Acts 10:34); 3. f (Ps. 74:12); 4. e (Job 36:5); 5. i (Jer. 10:10); 6. a (Rom. 8:31); 7. b (John 4:24); 8. j (Dan. 6:26); 9. b (Deut. 33:27); 10. g (1 John 1:5).

The Youth's Instructor, September 29, 1964

The Greater Art

by ELIZABETH WHITNEY

What can I give to God?
Maybe a song.
But will it be enough,
Though sweet and strong?

What can I give to God?
Maybe my life—
One lived for Him through peace
Or fervent strife.

Painting or poem that come
Out of the heart
May be superb, but still,
Life is the art.

Question *I am one of four women on a church social committee. We are building a church and are wondering if, when the upstairs is ready for our church service, it would be all right to have our church socials downstairs where we are now meeting for services. We have a social once a month. Would church suppers be permissible just for fellowshiping together?*

Counsel I would assume that the downstairs portion of the church, which is now being used for worship services, would still be used for Sabbath school and other church functions when the upstairs is completed. Assuming this to be true, I think it would not be best to have church socials in these quarters.

As for church suppers being permissible in this part of the church, I again feel that this would not be the best. Please note Paul's statements in 1 Corinthians 11:20-22, in which he indicates that eating (other than the Lord's Supper) is not to be done in the church. Other pertinent comments on this matter are found in *Child Guidance*, pages 542, 543. Especially to the point is this statement: "That place should not be used as a lunchroom or as a business room, but simply for the worship of God. . . . The sacred and common are so blended that it is difficult to distinguish them." With a little planning a place can be found for social fellowship other than quarters used for worship and special communion with God. This is "the better way."

Question *I am a great horse lover and have a quarter horse mare. My cousin has a horse also, and I would*

like to know if it is wrong to ride them on the Sabbath.

Counsel In making decisions concerning what is good Sabbathkeeping we must remember that the principle of loyalty to God and love for His revealed will is paramount. There are certain activities that no Christian can perform on any day—betting on the races, for instance. On the other hand, feeding horses on the Sabbath is not only permissible but imperative. Then there are areas of Sabbath activity in which each person must decide for himself what is in keeping with a good conscience, and it would seem that Sabbath horseback riding is one of these. In some countries there are people who must go to church that way.

Paul sets forth important precepts in the matter of Christian conduct, in Romans 14, and concludes with the observation, "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth" (verse 22). But we must also keep in mind what the apostle says about the expediency of our acts (1 Cor. 6:12). We may have a clear conscience in pursuing a pleasurable activity on the Sabbath, but if we know it to offend others, Paul's counsel is pertinent: "Take heed lest by any means this liberty of your's become a stumblingblock to them that are weak" (1 Cor. 8:9). Remember, your influence is always showing.

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

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

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Sabbath School Lessons

OCTOBER 3, 1964

Prepared for publication by the General
Conference Sabbath School Department

YOUTH—I—The Nature of Worship

MEMORY GEM: "O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker" (Ps. 95:6).

AIM: To show that man is a worshipful creature by nature, and that the church has been organized that he might better know and understand God and to give direction to his worship.

1—Early Attempts to Worship

References: Isa. 43:7-13; 44:6-20; Rom. 1:20-23.

Notes:

Many of the ancient gods had a connection with the phenomena of nature and showed traces of this relationship. Sometimes the connection was very definite. The Egyptian Ra and the Babylonian Shamash were sun gods. The Greek Zeus, to whom corresponded the Roman god Jupiter, was a sky god. Under different names, the same gods were often worshiped by the various nations of old.

"But while the greater phenomena of nature, by the fact that they possess a kind of physical universality, were a means of helping the mind to rise to the conception of deities of wider range and power, all gods are not to be explained thus. For some of them have their origin in the cult. The Hindu Soma is the power of the sacrificial libation, and Brahma the power of the sacrificial prayer personified. The Greek Hestia and the Roman Vesta . . . have grown out of the sacred hearth as the center of family life."—Article "Religion," *Encyclopedia Britannica*, p. 107 (1956 ed.).

It has often been observed that man is naturally religious. It is in this area that man is most widely set apart from all animals. God's plan in the beginning was that man should worship his Creator. Not long after the heavens and the earth had been made, man began to worship that which had been created rather than its Maker. Worship of the sun, moon, and stars and other created objects became common. Heathen deities were chosen to represent them, and images were carved to give men a visible object for worship. Gradually the Creator was lost sight of as men abandoned themselves to many forms of worship alien to the worship of the true God.

Questions:

1. Why did nature worship become popular so early in history?
2. How did Isaiah and David point out the foolishness of idol makers and worshippers?
3. What was God's intent so far as man and worship were concerned?
4. What results followed the worship of nature above the God of nature?
5. In what ways did early attempts to worship manifest themselves?

PROBLEM FOR CLASS DISCUSSION:

What were the implications of the Creator's assertion: "I, even I, am the Lord; and beside me there is no saviour"?

2—Improper Worship Leads Men Away From God

References: Ps. 115:1-9; *Prophets and Kings*, pp. 281, 282.

Notes:

Some of the earliest forms of worship involved evil rites. Others called for the sacrifice

of small children upon heathen altars. But regardless of their origin and practice, these systems had one thing in common—they all led men away from the worship of the true and only living God.

Ellen G. White forcibly points out: "The exaltation of nature above the God of nature, the worship of the creature instead of the Creator, has always resulted in the grossest of evils."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 281.

It has always been Satan's purpose to substitute the spurious for the genuine; nature was intended to reveal God, but it has been used subtly to lead men away from God.

Early attempts at worship included (1) thinking to honor the true God by erecting altars and offering sacrifices; (2) worship of nature and manifestations of nature; (3) tribal or group worship, which often involved pagan rites and rituals; (4) erection of idols of wood and stone to give simple-minded heathen something tangible to worship.

Questions:

1. What was the one thing held in common by all heathen systems of worship?
2. What four things did early attempts at worship include?
3. What did God intend nature should do?

PROBLEM FOR CLASS DISCUSSION:

What features of heathen worship continue to manifest themselves in some forms of modern worship?

3—The Foundation of the Church

References: Ps. 96; *The Desire of Ages*, p. 189.

Notes:

Worship, to be significant, must honor the Creator. Otherwise it is only a meaningless ritual. David captures the spirit of worship in a number of his psalms. The true child of God will recognize that worship which is not acceptable to God is of no value to him who offers it.

"Not by seeking a holy mountain or a sacred temple are men brought into communion with heaven. Religion is not to be confined to external forms and ceremonies. The religion that comes from God is the only religion that will lead to God. In order to serve Him aright, we must be born of the divine Spirit. This will purify the heart and renew the mind, giving us a new capacity for knowing and loving God. It will give us a willing obedience to all His requirements. This is true worship. It is the fruit of the working of the Holy Spirit. By the Spirit every sincere prayer is indited, and such prayer is acceptable to God. Wherever a soul reaches out after God, there the Spirit's working is manifest, and God will reveal Himself to that soul. For such worshippers He is seeking. He waits to receive them, and to make them His sons and daughters."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 189.

The word *church* is not used in the Old Testament, but in essence that is what the congregation of Israel was. The ritual of offerings and sacrifices, all pointing to the sacrifice of the Lamb of God, that God required of the Israelites might well be considered the church services in the congregation of God's people in ancient times.

"In Acts 7:38 the word is used for the congregation of the Israelites. When used of the Christian church it has several shades of meaning: (1) a church meeting (1 Cor 11:18), (2) the total number of Christians living in one place (ch. 4:17), (3) the church universal (Mt 16:18). . . .

"The church was intended to take up, and fulfill, the work that Israel failed to do—that of representing God's character to the world (see Mt 28:19; Rom 2:28, 29; Gal 3:28, 29; Eph 2:8-22; 1 Pe 2:5-10), and of preparing itself for the return of its Lord (1 Cor. 1:7, 8; 2 Pe 3:14; Rev 14:5; etc.)."—*SDA Bible Dictionary*, p. 210.

Questions:

1. What is the object of worship?
2. What do you understand the word *church* to mean?
3. When and for what purpose was the Seventh-day Adventist Church organized?

PROBLEM FOR CLASS DISCUSSION:

In what ways do you think true worship leads to obedience?

4—The Organization of the Church

References: Eph. 2:10; 4:11-13; *Testimonies*, vol. 7, p. 16.

Note:

The smallest (but by no means least important) unit of the church is the church member. The members constitute the next unit—the church itself. The churches in a given area are organized into conferences. Several conferences make up a union conference. The unions are a part of thirteen world divisions. Finally, giving over-all direction to the work of the church is the General Conference.

Questions:

1. What is the name of my individual church, my local conference, union conference, and division?
2. What gifts did Jesus give to the church?
3. For what purpose were these gifts placed in the church?

PROBLEM FOR CLASS DISCUSSION:

In what ways do you think the organization of the church into various administrative units helps in the giving of the gospel to all the world?

5—The Ministry of the Church in Worship, and the Church Departments

References: Ps. 95:1-6; *Messages to Young People*, pp. 25, 26.

Notes:

"The church of God is made up of vessels large and small. The Lord does not ask for anything unreasonable. He does not expect the smaller vessels to hold the contents of the larger ones. He looks for returns according to what a man has, not according to what he has not. Do your best, and God will accept your efforts. Take up the duty lying nearest you, and perform it with fidelity, and your work will be wholly acceptable to the Master. Do not, in your desire to do something great, overlook the smaller tasks awaiting you."—*Messages to Young People*, p. 96.

To better enable the church to conduct its worldwide work, departments have been organized. These begin at the church level and are carried through the various administrative units of the church to the General Conference. Among these are the Sabbath School, Home Missionary, Medical, Ministerial Association, Temperance, Missionary Volunteer, Religious Liberty, and the Department of Education.

Questions:

1. List five departments of the church and show how they are helping to spread the gospel in all the world.
2. What blessings have come to the church from organization?

PROBLEM FOR CLASS DISCUSSION:

In what ways has organization helped the denomination grow and prosper during its growth. Note specific examples.

6—Cooperating to Advance the Gospel Cause

References: Ex. 25:8, 9; *Gospel Workers*, p. 487; *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 11, 12.

Notes:

Genuine worship is described by David in his admonition: "O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our maker." This calls for more than a mere outward form and ritual. It implies a complete devotion to Christ, which in turn will result in consecrated service. The departments of the

church provide for a variety of activities and make it possible to use every individual in sharing the glad news of a risen, soon-coming Saviour. The writings of the Spirit of Prophecy point out that every person is different from every other. No two persons possess the same talents. Each member of the church, looking over the various departments designed to speed its message to the far corners of the globe, can choose the area in which he would like to make his contribution to the progress of the cause of God.

Emphasizing the importance of cooperation in advancing the cause of the gospel Ellen G. White states: "The stars of heaven are all under law, each influencing the other to do the will of God, yielding their common obedience to the

law that controls their action. And, in order that the Lord's work may advance healthfully and solidly, His people must draw together."—*Gospel Workers*, p. 487.

Questions:

1. Why has God led to the organization of so many different types of work in the church?
2. What is the relationship between worship and service?

PROBLEM FOR CLASS DISCUSSION:

What can young people do to forward the progress of the gospel? Which type of work interests me most?

SENIOR — I—Historical Background of the Epistle

General Introduction

Paul's Epistle to the Galatians is a small book, only six chapters, but a book large with meaning to the Christian church. The book of Galatians will require close study, but its message of justification through faith in Christ's righteousness, as opposed to justification by law keeping, is the very heart of Christianity.

There has been considerable discussion throughout the decades as to the identity of the "law" in Galatians. In the book *The Acts of the Apostles*, pages 383-388, Mrs. White discusses the background of the Galatian epistle. She identifies the basic problem in the Galatian churches as being the influence of certain Jewish teachers who "urged upon the Gentile converts the observance of the ceremonial law."—Page 383. "Christ, the true foundation of the faith, was virtually renounced for the obsolete ceremonies of Judaism."—Page 385.

"Their [the false teachers'] religion was made up of a round of ceremonies, through the performance of which they expected to gain the favor of God."—Page 386. These teachers, also known as Judaizers, were urging that Gentile converts, in addition to accepting Jesus Christ, should adopt various practices of Judaism, including that of circumcision.

Paul's letter to the Galatians was his answer to the claims of these Judaizers. In his forceful style Paul explained to the Galatians the sublime truth that men are justified by faith in Jesus Christ, not by their compliance with legal requirements, even the requirements God Himself had made at one time or another in ages past. The Judaizers claimed that men would have to do something to earn justification; specifically, they would have to comply with the legal requirements of the Jewish religion. Paul said No! Justification comes as a free gift from God, not as a man's due because he has done something to merit it. The idea that a man could do something to earn justification makes Christ's death on the cross superfluous. That is why Paul exclaims in Galatians 6:14, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The great central truth of the Epistle to the Galatians, then, is that a sinner cannot earn justification by compliance with any legal requirements, be they ceremonial or moral. "I am asked concerning the law in Galatians. What law is the schoolmaster to bring us to Christ? I answer: Both the ceremonial and the moral code of Ten Commandments."—*Selected Messages*, book 1, p. 233.

In Paul's day, it was by compliance with the Jewish religious requirements that some were

attempting to earn salvation. It was with these false teachers in mind particularly that Paul wrote to the Galatians. The great central truth set forth in Galatians is as true today as it was in Paul's time. No Christians today are tempted to think that they can earn justification by adopting the practices of Judaism. There is the very real danger, however, that some may think that by a rigorous compliance with the requirements of the Decalogue, with the payment of their tithes and offerings, with certain dietary practices, and other things, they earn God's favor. They think that if they rigorously do all these things, comply with all the jots and tittles of the law, they will earn justification, and that God will be obliged to admit them into heaven.

The book of Galatians stands forth as a solemn warning to all such that a man is not justified by what he does, but by faith in Jesus Christ and a wholehearted commitment of the will and the life to Christ. So, for us today, "the Holy Spirit through the apostle is speaking especially of the moral law."—*Ibid.*, p. 234. As Paul makes clear in Galatians 5 and 6, a man who has already found justification in Christ will live by the law of Christ. He will faithfully comply with all that Christ requires of him, not as a means to salvation but because of his soul-consuming love for Christ. Then and only then will the glorious fruit of the Spirit reach maturity in his life.

MEMORY VERSE: "And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified" (Acts 20:32).

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Acts 9 and 13 to 20.

STUDY HELPS: *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 123-130, 155-200; *The SDA Bible Commentary*, vol. 6, pp. 30-33, "Judaism in the Christian Church."

AIM: To provide the historical background to the writing of Galatians, and to remind us that there is only one means of salvation—faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

Introduction

The first apostles, as Jews, restricted their early evangelism almost exclusively to Jews. It was difficult for them to grasp the universal nature of Christ's redemptive plan. But the Lord called Saul of Tarsus and commissioned him to be a special apostle to the Gentiles. To him the Saviour revealed Himself as the One whose atoning sacrifice was efficacious for all, irrespective of race or nationality, and without observance of Jewish ritual.

This knowledge given by divine revelation led Paul to preach "the unsearchable riches of Christ" throughout the Gentile world. In time he reached Galatia, and there founded the churches to which he later wrote the Epistle we shall be studying this quarter. This first lesson swiftly traces the outline of the apostle's Gentile ministry, and gives the general setting in which the Gentile churches were established.

The Epistle was written while Paul was at Corinth on his third missionary journey about A.D. 57 or 58. See *The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 383.

Paul's Early Ministry

1. At the time of Paul's conversion, to what special form of service was he called? Acts 9:15.

NOTE:—Saul's encounter with the ascended Lord, on the road to Damascus, resulted in his immediate conversion, and his being called to a work that God had clearly marked out for him. The Lord had chosen him to bear His name, or to preach before Gentiles, kings and Jews—a broad commission, which Paul faithfully fulfilled. It would appear, however, that he at first concentrated on Jewish congregations, and only later devoted himself largely to non-Jewish audiences. The full realization of God's intention gradually dawned upon him until he was glad to accept the title "Apostle to the Gentiles."

2. Where did Paul begin his Christian ministry? Acts 9:19, 20, 22.

3. Where else did Paul labor before setting out on his major missionary journeys? Acts 9:26-30; Gal. 1:15-21; Acts 11:25, 26.

Paul's First Missionary Journey

4. On Paul's first missionary tour, what places did he visit?

ANSWER: Acts 13 and 14 show that on his first great journey Paul, with his companion Barnabas, visited, among other places, the island of Cyprus; then, on the mainland of Asia Minor, Perga in Pamphylia, Antioch in Pisidia, Iconium, Lystra, and Derbe. He then retraced his steps to his headquarters, Antioch in Syria. Identify these towns on a map of Paul's journeys in your Bible, or in *The SDA Bible Commentary*, vol. 6, p. 280.

5. How was Paul led to evangelize the Gentiles? Acts 13:42-48.

NOTE:—Jewish rejection of the gospel caused Paul and Barnabas to study the divine plan for mankind's salvation more closely. Their eyes, previously half closed by their faithful adherence to Jewish tradition, now opened and allowed them to see that God wanted all men, even Gentiles, to be saved. The envy, contradiction, and blasphemy of the unbelieving Jews encouraged them to give the Gentiles the opportunity to hear and accept the gospel. The apostles saw this development as a fulfillment of prophecy of the Lord's special commission to Paul. Isa. 42:6; 49:6; Acts 9:15. The exclusiveness of these Jews concerning salvation was broken down, and the Gentiles were publicly invited to share in God's mercies. This generous act was historic: It saved Christianity from being a mere offshoot of Judaism and enabled it to grow into a universal religion.

The Youth's Instructor, September 29, 1964

6. While Paul and Barnabas were preaching the gospel to the Gentiles, what message were certain Jewish Christians proclaiming? Acts 15:1, 5.

NOTE.—For centuries the Jewish people had been accustomed to a ritualistic religion. They had come to believe that salvation was dependent on their fulfillment of the Mosaic ceremonial laws, prominent among which was the law of circumcision. Under this ever-thickening crust of legalism they had lost sight of Heaven's plan of redemption and had substituted a system of salvation by works.

Paul was given a clear understanding of the way of salvation, and boldly proclaimed it to Jew and Gentile. His concept of the gospel went beyond that of many early Jewish Christians, and led some of them to oppose him bitterly. His insistence on salvation by faith in Christ alone appeared to be destructive of their treasured Judaism.

7. When the leaders of the church considered the problem, what conclusion did they reach? Acts 15:6, 10, 11, 19, 20.

NOTE.—These scriptures reveal that the doctrine of salvation by faith was not taught by Paul alone, but was believed and taught by the other apostles also.

8. Armed with this apostolic answer, where did Paul continue his ministry? Acts 15:30, 35.

Paul's Subsequent Journeys

9. What missionary urge led Paul to take up his travels again? Acts 15:36.

NOTE.—Paul never acquired a detached professionalism toward his converts. When once he had brought them to Christ, he continued to be interested in their welfare and never neglected to visit as opportunity was given. This abiding interest in the well-being of his spiritual children led him, under the influence of the Spirit, to write to those whom he could not visit, and thus his incomparable epistles were

born. We are still benefiting from his dedicated care for his converts.

10. Where did his second missionary journey take Paul? Acts 15:41; 16:1, 6-8.

NOTE.—After revisiting several of the towns where he had preached during his first journey, Paul, with Silas, entered into new territory. They went northward "into Phrygia and the region of Galatia," where with mighty power they proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation. The Galatians were given up to the worship of idols; but, as the apostles preached to them, they rejoiced in the message that promised freedom from the thralldom of sin. Paul and his fellow workers proclaimed the doctrine of righteousness by faith in the atoning sacrifice of Christ. . . . Paul's manner of life while among the Galatians was such that he could afterward say, "I beseech you, be as I am." Galatians 4:12.—*The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 207, 208.

11. What class of people continued to pursue Paul and seek to disrupt his work? Acts 17:1, 5, 10, 13; 18:1, 4, 6.

12. After his next return to Antioch, where did Paul's third journey lead him? Acts 18:22, 23.

NOTE.—Following his earlier pattern of visiting his converts to confirm their newfound faith, Paul returned to "the country of Galatia." It seems probable that during his absence, certain Jewish Christian teachers had gone in to urge upon the Galatian Christians the need for observing all the rites enjoined in the Mosaic law, with special emphasis upon circumcision. Such erroneous teaching must have caused Paul great anxiety. This, together with later reports from others who had passed through the district, led him to appeal to the Galatians, by letter, to hold to the simplicities of the gospel he had first taught them.

Danger Foreseen and Averted

13. What danger did Paul foresee would

confront the churches he had founded? Acts 20:29, 30.

NOTE.—"I know. By his knowledge of human nature and by experience, as well as by the light given him by the Spirit of God.

"After my departing, Paul had been a guardian to the churches he had gathered together. Their danger would increase in his absence. So Israel was faithful during the days of Joshua and of the elders who outlived him (Judges 2:7), but afterward came apostasy.

"Grievous wolves. Here Paul is paralleling Christ's allegory of the good shepherd. The hireling is no match for the wolf (John 10:12), but the true shepherd of the flock stands his ground in defense of the helpless sheep. Christ, knowing the acute danger of such attacks, warned of it (Matt. 7:15)."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Acts 20:29.

The apostle Paul foresees and warns the church of grievous wolves that will trouble the church. These wolves of verse 29 "which were to attack the flock from without, represent the Judaizing and paganizing influences that by A.D. 400 had radically changed popular Christianity. Now Paul [also] warns of apostatizing influences coming from within, like Demas (2 Tim. 4:10), and Hymenaeus and Philetus (2 Tim. 2:17), whose words ate 'as doth a canker,' and who overthrew 'the faith of some.'"—*Ibid.*, on Acts 20:30.

14. What counsel did the apostle give for safeguarding the believers' faith? Acts 20:28, 31, 32.

NOTE.—This counsel is still valid today. The Christian's best protection against deception is prayerful, diligent study of God's Word.

Questions for Meditation

1. Have I personally met Jesus on my Damascus road?
2. Am I as dedicated in my service as Paul was in his?
3. Am I being built up in the Christian faith by daily study of the Word?

give them; for they know not what they do." ⁴ There was no panic in His life. He stayed completely calm in the midst of persecution.

Like Christ, Daniel found his strength by knowing in whom he believed. He believed in God because he had proved His promises, and had found God to be true to His word. He knew Him because he spent time with Him.

Elijah had power to stand before the prophets of Baal because he took time to listen to the still small voice. Moses had knowledge and strength to lead the hosts of Israel out of Egypt because he took time to listen to God's teaching in the wilderness. Daniel had the control to stand calm before the lions, because he spent time with God, and Christ was able to endure Calvary, because He took time to commune with His heavenly Father and to follow His will.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee." ⁵

¹ *Prophets and Kings*, p. 545.

² *Testimonies*, vol. 4, p. 570.

³ Dan. 6:10, R.S.V.

⁴ Luke 23:34.

⁵ Isa. 26:3.

PANIC

From page 7

over again. You go back out to the image, and we'll play the music again, and everything will be all right."

"King Nebuchadnezzar," spoke up Shadrach in a calm voice, "we don't want to cause any trouble, but we cannot worship your image. Besides, if it is His will, our God is able to deliver us from your furnace." They too had power over panic.

How can one find and use the secret of Daniel and his friends? Is it possible to be calm when one's life is threatened? Mrs. White says: "A man whose heart is stayed upon God will be the same in the hour of his greatest trial as he is in prosperity, when the light and favor of God and of man beam upon him. Faith reaches to the unseen, and grasps eternal realities."¹

Daniel walked with God. When his enemies pressed down upon him, he turned to his Master for help. "He made God his strength, and was not forsaken of Him in his time of greatest need."² Daniel did not dare stand in his own strength, but turned his life

over to God and stood in the strength of the Creator of the universe. By staying in contact with his Master he found his power. Daniel planned his relationship with God.

"He went to his house where he had windows in his upper chamber open toward Jerusalem; and got down upon his knees three times a day and prayed and gave thanks before his God."³

He would not allow any pressure to keep him from his appointment. He would leave his friends, his work, and all the burdens of the day to spend time with his heavenly Father. Daniel did not *have* time—he *made* time for God.

Christ, when He was here on the earth, would often spend the whole night in prayer. When the mob, led by Judas, came for Him in the Garden of Gethsemane they found Him in prayer. He was taken to the courts and falsely accused; He answered them not. He was spit upon, called names, struck in the face, and finally crucified on the cross; and all He said was, "Father, for-

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► About two thirds of the people on the earth live on about seven per cent of the land area. Eastern Asia, south central Asia, Europe, and north-eastern United States are the areas of great population concentration, the result of adjustment of population to world resources. In 1650, Asia contained 61 per cent of the world's people. Africa and Europe each had 18 per cent, and the remaining continents—North America, Latin America, and Oceania combined had less than three per cent. By 1950, Asia's share of the world's total population had shrunk to 54 per cent and Africa's share to only 8 per cent. Europe's share had increased to 23 per cent, and the areas of European colonization in North America, South America, and Oceania to 14 per cent.

Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists

► To build 3,000 schools around the world in the coming three years, the United States Peace Corps is establishing an international self-help program. The School-to-School program will work with existing educational and civic organizations. A school in the United States wishing to participate by sponsoring the building of a school overseas must raise \$1,000 to buy construction materials. Citizens of the host country, working with Peace Corps volunteers, will perform the actual construction. There will be no paid labor.

Peace Corps

► An estimated 5,000 professional and amateur musicians in the United States are currently playing the harp. This celebrated instrument in history is a descendant of the hunting bow and has been used by practically every culture since it was invented 5,000 years ago. Although the harp is one of the very first musical instruments created, the modern concert version is less than 150 years old.

AMC

► In the English Channel five-foot waves are normal 90 per cent of the time. Eight-foot waves occur 5 per cent of the time. Waves higher than 13 feet occur rarely, and when they do, all passenger services by sea are usually cancelled.

The Arsenal

► Largest of American land birds, the California condor requires a huge wilderness area in which to nest. It lays but one egg and nests only every other year.

AMNH

► The port of Houston, Texas, 52 miles from open water, handles more cargo tonnage each year than any other United States port except New York.

THD



Key to source abbreviations published January 14, 1964.

► Attracting almost three million people a year, the world's largest permanent telephone exhibit is housed in the Chicago, Illinois, Museum of Science and Industry.

C and P Call

► France's President Charles de Gaulle and the Bishop of Seo de Urgel, Spain, are the personal protectors of Andorra. This tiny republic in the Pyrenees has had undisturbed sovereignty since 1278.

National Geographic Society

► Cold cream is based on a formula concocted originally in ancient Rome by the physician Galen. He mixed almond oil, beeswax, and rosewater, and used the compound to soothe irritated skin. The evaporation of the rosewater produced a cooling sensation; hence, the name *cold* cream.

Minutes

► Sailing from Belém, Brazil, to Port of Spain, Trinidad, *Stormvogel*, South Africa's international racing ketch, has established what is believed to be a new cruising record for her size. The yacht covered the 302 nautical miles in 24 hours. With her light-weather canvas set, *Stormvogel* carries over 3,000 sq. ft. of sail.

ISSA

► From the President's Council on Aging, reports indicate that nearly 18 million Americans are 65 or older. Of these, nearly 1.5 million live on farms; almost 2 million work full time; over 2.3 million are war veterans; over 12.5 million get Social Security benefits; more than 3 million came originally from Europe; and more than 10,000 are over 100 years of age.

Minutes

► Destroying weeds more efficiently than man, mechanical weeders, or herbicides, some one million geese waddle through Southern cottonfields. Geese are credited with reducing the cost of growing an acre of cotton from \$124 to \$98. In Washington and Oregon thousands of geese weed peppermint fields. They are retired after two seasons, having by then developed a taste for young mint plants.

National Geographic Society

► Two new particles of matter have been discovered by physicists, and have been named A-1 and A-2. The A-2 may be the first of a new family of eight previously undetected strongly interacting particles. The A-2 has a mass of 1,310 million electron volts (Mev) and the A-1 a mass of 1,090 Mev (for comparison, the familiar proton has a mass of 938 Mev). Both particles are created by the same nuclear reaction—the bombardment of protons by high energy pi mesons generated in giant accelerators.

UCAL

► Now on the job in the Gulf of Mexico is the first nuclear deep-ocean automatic weather station. The unattended weather station went into operation early in 1964. It was anchored in 1,875 fathoms of water. Up to now the equipment at this station was powered by Coast Guard lead-acid batteries and had to be serviced every six months. The new nuclear version is engineered for servicing about every two years and will have an estimated life of ten years.

Sealift

► Gustave Eiffel, designer of the Eiffel Tower, noted French landmark, built himself an apartment above the tower's top public platform, where he studied aerodynamics and entertained such celebrities as Thomas A. Edison, Edward VII, and Sarah Bernhardt. Eiffel credited his long life (he died at 91) to the fine, high air he breathed there.

National Geographic Society

► During 1963 an average of 2.7 million enlisted men and officers were on active duty in the armed services. The services thus provided full-time employment for 2.7 million persons last year, nearly 4 per cent of the labor force. An additional million actively participated in paid drill training in Reserve and National Guard units.

USDL

► Except in the polar regions, there are about 1,800 thunderstorms raging throughout the world at any given moment. Their lightning frees nitrogen from the air, and their rains wash it into the soil at the rate of a hundred million tons each year.

National Geographic Society

► Africa's weaverbirds allow the pygmy falcon to use their nests. The falcon, which preys on other birds, shows its gratitude by not eating its hosts.

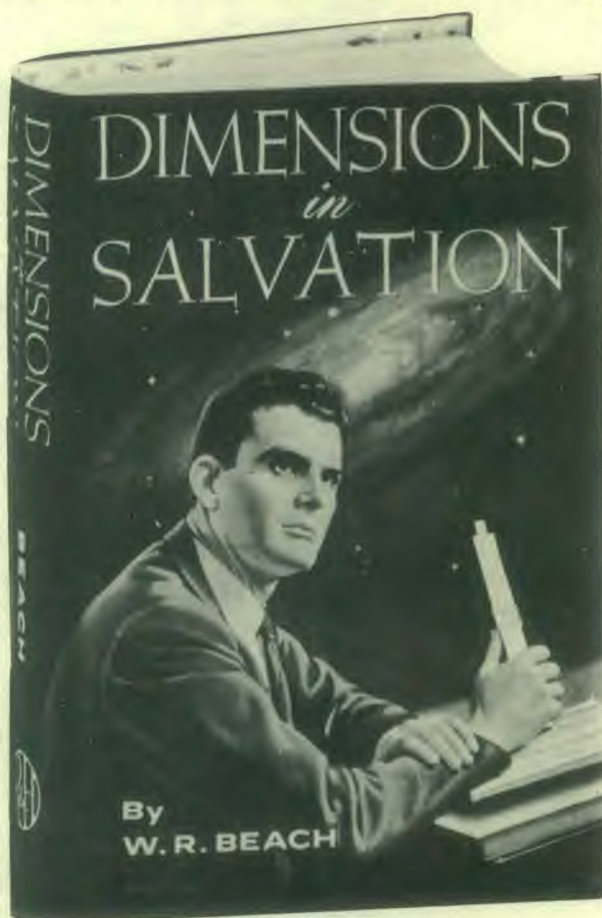
Sinclair

► Dolly Madison was White House hostess for two presidents, the widower Thomas Jefferson, and her husband, James Madison.

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