

The Youth's Instructor

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Bible Biographer Paul Gibbs takes
a penetrating look into the
heart of Mary of Nazareth

Sword and Cross

[Sabbath School Lessons for January 21]



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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VOLUME 112, NUMBER 52 DECEMBER 29, 1964

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Sword

by PAUL T. GIBBS

BABE in arms, a young mother accompanies her bearded husband into the Temple. By the better dressed and more sophisticated who jostle them, they are ignored. Indifference of the people may wound Mary's anticipation, but she does not yet recognize as a cross the burden that comes to rest on her heart. If her Galilean brogue sounds strange in Jerusalem, if her peasant garments confess poverty, if her husband brings for the dedication of the infant only the "poor's offering," two turtledoves, if in the esteem of an officiating priest this family bears the curse of ignorance—in spite of all this, Mary's heart may be full of a divine anticipation.

What visions of glory and grandeur does Mary entertain? Does she hope the priest, at the sight of her Babe, may open eyes wide in inspired astonishment? Does she imagine his calling other worshipers to behold the infant Messiah, their newborn King? Does she visualize a hubbub of envious but adoring mothers clustering about to view her Babe and to call His mother blessed?

Mary has basis for towering expectation. The angel Gabriel told her—and she has treasured these things in her heart—he assured her that "the Lord God will give to him the throne of his father David, and he will reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there will be no end."¹ Fellow Jews even now ignoring her share these beliefs. And they are ready to share her inspired conviction that God "has put down the mighty [the hated Romans] . . . and exalted those of low degree [the Hebrews among nations; despised Galileans among Jews]."²

But Mary treasures the stimulating fact that this Messiah has now been born, and that she, Mary of Nazareth, is the proud mother. She must make her way to the place of dedication.

With Joseph, Mary offers the infant Saviour in dedication. The officiating priest sees "only a man and woman dressed as Galileans, and in the humblest garments."³ This want of recognition may shock Mary. But Simeon, a devout worshiper in Jerusalem, speaking by inspiration when he sees the child, ascribes "glory to thy people Israel."

Yet Simeon's message presents a strange new element, one that Mary does not comprehend: "Behold," he continues, "this child is set for the fall and rising of many in Israel, and for a sign that is spoken against (and a sword will pierce through your own soul also)."⁴ Mary ponders. What sword can pierce the sacred joy of mothering the newborn King who will sit on David's throne? Presumably she is disappointed at the present lack of recognition. But Mary knows. Gabriel has assured her. And his promise is confirmed to her by the miracle of the Messiah's birth.

This sword is a strange new element added to the words of Gabriel and of the shepherds. Their messages had seemed to herald only joy and peace. With the Saviour and Deliverer assuredly come, what can Simeon mean by "the fall . . . of many in Israel"? and by "a sign that is spoken against"? These phrases seem to cut directly across the aspiring assurances of the angel. And now that Mary is honored in being the mother of Israel's King, how can any "sword" pierce her soul? The word employed by Simeon indicates not the short Roman sword but the long one such as David used in killing Goliath.

A cloud of confusion may cast a shadow over the sunrise of Mary's hopes. She does not comprehend. Yet, smiling, no doubt, at the Babe in her arms, her heart is full of grateful joy. As she has done with the words of Gabriel and of

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and Cross

A cloud of confusion may cast a shadow over the sunrise of Mary's hopes. Yet, smiling, her heart is joyous.

the shepherds, she keeps "on keeping these things" and "pondering them in her heart."

Until maturity prepares Him to occupy Jerusalem, the city of the Great King, Mary anticipates rearing her royal Son in Bethlehem, the city of David. Nursing Him under some friendly Bethlehem roof, she may conjure imaginary domestic incidents—such as scenes of doting neighbor women in morning light encircling the child. Or she may envision emissaries from the Sanhedrin intent on plans for the coronation.

But the imagined brightness in her future suddenly turns dark. In a dream by night the warning angel visits Joseph. To escape a murderous Herod the family must flee under darkness to shadowed Egypt. With only mellow stars to soften the night, the family sets forth. Mother and child may feel some patient beast plod and stumble under them. And just ahead Mary may see the upright figure of Joseph intersect the southern horizon. In this reversal of domestic plans she may not realize that the long sword of Simeon's prophecy is pricking her heart.

Twelve years have circled past. With Joseph, Mary has brought Jesus to His first Passover. And now, after a day's journey toward their home in Nazareth, the parents have returned in anxiety to Jerusalem. A massive wall surrounds the Temple. Through one of its nine two-storied gates Mary can see up a footway until the face of the white marble Temple cuts across it. She is "seeking" her twelve-year-old Son, lost for three days. She and Joseph may search the twenty-six-acre Temple complex before entering the Temple proper.

Mary had been hoping that at this Passover Jesus would learn to reverence the rabbis. On the way to Jerusalem she may have first told Him the story of His own infancy. And now He

has not accompanied His parents when they set out for home. Apparently, for the first time in twelve years, He has become indifferent to parental authority. And, what is more disturbing, Mary may have been remembering with foreboding the time when Herod attempted the child's life. A heavy heart bears down the bright hope that had cheered her on the way to celebrate the Passover.

At the end of a three-day search Jesus' parents find Him in the Temple. And His mother protests, "Son, why have you treated us so? Behold, your father and I have been looking for you anxiously."

And Jesus replies, "How is it that you sought me? Did you not know that I must be in my Father's house?"⁵

By this Mary knows that Jesus has "disclaimed kinship to Joseph" and has asserted sonship to God.⁶ If she fears this may make Him restive under parental authority, that fear is a painful thrust of Simeon's sword. So there may be reflected an unheard sigh of relief in the assurance that He accompanies them to Nazareth and is "obedient to them."

During His youthful years Mary finds Jesus a mystery. Sometimes her faith in Him wavers. And His brothers, sons of Joseph by a former marriage, ridicule His way of life. As for Jesus, His faith, even before He is grown, points like an arrow toward heaven. But the earth-level doubts of the brothers, crossing it, pierce Mary's heart. These painful conflicts have taken residence in her soul.

Wine has failed in the wedding at Cana. Having helped with arrangements, Mary must shield the principals from embarrassment. And Jesus with His disciples is present. Anticipation beats with hammer strokes in Mary's breast. Is this at last the moment? Will her Son perform a miracle that will disclose His power and His identity?

Will cynical neighbors now be compelled to share glorious secrets long concealed in her own troubled heart?

For three decades have these secrets refused to challenge an unbelieving world. Yet Mary longs for recognition. And may not a sign, a miracle, convince? She may have learned from Jesus earlier something of the credentials He will offer. Elsewhere, already, His identity has been recognized. May this be the moment when her Son's glory, like a bud in spring, will burst into blossom within her own sphere?

Suppressed excitement spreads from one to another. Guests gather in threes and fives, casting glances at Jesus. Mary makes bold to tell her Son, "They have no wine" and to the servants she adds, "Do whatever he tells you" (John 2:3, 5). A miracle, Mary hopes, may convince the doubters. Then perhaps a long-time chill of suspicion will turn into the warmth of admiration. And may not, then, those painful thrusts of Simeon's sword quit her life forever?

But the sword must stir again when Jesus says, "O woman, what have you to do with me?" His words warn that the period of subjection to her is ended. He now belongs, not to His family but to His work. He provides the wine. But when the people mean to praise their Guest for this helpful miracle, He has departed.

When the home-town synagogue congregation tries to murder Jesus, what is the measure of Mary's horror? Inspiration does not answer. Neither does it explain why His family goes with Him "for a few days" down to Capernaum. But what choking pain must such an insult deal to a fond mother! And it is after Jesus has been so dishonored that Mary goes with Him. She goes, I believe, bearing an unseen and unrecognized cross: If former neighbors will expel her royal Son, she will share His humiliation. Going proclaims her sympathy with Him and her abhorrence of former neighbors.

The Pharisees are saying that Jesus is "out of His mind"; or even devil possessed. So Mary and the brothers come to take charge of Him. But of the house where He is teaching, every door is obstructed. And no one moves aside to make way. So the family stands "outside, asking to speak to him." Eventually a man tells Jesus who are waiting.

But Jesus replies, "Who is my mother, and who are my brothers?" And stretching out his hand toward his disciples, He says, "Here are my mother and my brothers! For whoever does the will of my Father in heaven

is my brother, and sister, and mother.'"⁷ At Cana, Mary learned that her Son's lifework must take precedence over her personal interests. And now Jesus has pointed to *people* whose claim upon Him is higher than hers. Spiritual ties must transcend those of nature. That extended arm as He points to His disciples crosses Mary's slender figure at the level of her wounded heart.

This incident rebukes veneration of the Lord's mother. And its importance is attested by its being recorded in three Gospels. Besides this, the same principle rises to the surface of gospel narrative when a woman in another crowd exclaims, "'Blessed is the womb that bore you.'" Jesus does not approve of this testimony as He does when Peter acknowledges Him to be the Son of God. Instead He says, "'Blessed rather . . .'"⁸ Mary has not been made righteous by bearing a divine Son. Like all others she is dependent for salvation on the Lamb of God. In herself she possesses no special merit.

Later Jesus is to reveal the tenderness He would have every son bestow upon every mother when He bequeaths Mary as His only legacy to the loving arms of His disciple John. But the impulse to worship the Lord's mother finds no support in Scripture.

Mercifully, Mary seems not to be present on an occasion when the Jews taunt Jesus with illegitimacy. "'We were not born of fornication,'" they sneer; "'we have one Father, even God.'"⁹ But this convenient insult must be often indulged in. And nowhere else is gossip more ready to gloat than in one's home community. Sometimes by chance. Sometimes by design. For those who want to throw Jesus over a cliff one day will subject His mother to mental torture on other days. Many a slur. Many an innuendo. Many a lifted eyebrow or tilted head or scorn-curved lip. Such insinuation is hard for a virtuous woman to bear. And, cruelly, such insinuation frequently evades refutation.

The cynicism of Jesus' own brothers may well reflect the impossibility of Mary's making them understand the circumstances of His birth. She keeps "All these things [the sacred secrets of His infancy] in her heart." She cannot bring herself to tell others. And to whom would they be harder to tell than to these older brothers? Mary can only endure the insinuating shrug.

As every sinner must, the mother of Jesus follows Him all the way to Calvary. With the disciples she keeps hoping that He will deliver Himself by

some miracle. And in gazing at the cross which He is unable to carry she may experience a strange shock of recognition. She may comprehend in that wooden cross the material likeness of the burden that she has borne, more and more through the years, ever since she first thought of telling Joseph about the angel Gabriel's visit. Like the disciples, Mary does not yet understand the Saviour's kingdom. But more fully than they, I believe, she knows His suffering.

When Mary is entrusted to John, she accompanies that disciple to his own house "from that hour." But she cannot "endure to remain away."¹⁰ Returning to the scene, she suffers with her Son. She does "not know the scripture, that he must rise from the dead." Her hopes perish with His body. With Him Mary comes to Calvary—to her calvary. Like Him she bears her grief—her cross at the foot of His cross.

When the crucifixion has passed, when the certainty of the resurrection has been comprehended, . . . when Jesus has "presented himself alive after his passion by many proofs, appearing to them during forty days, and speaking of the kingdom of God," . . . when, as the believers were "looking on," He has been "lifted up" and a cloud has taken Him "out of their sight," then they "all . . . with one accord" devote "themselves to prayer, together with the women and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with his brothers."

A thousand doubts are erased, a thousand questions answered. Mary sees as by noonday what she has formerly seen as through mists of dawn. And does she now complain because

she carried the sword in her heart and the cross in her life? Or have these experiences become the hiding of her joy as the scars in her Saviour's hands are the hiding of His power? Have the memories of those sorrows now blossomed into joys? And may they yield a gracious fruitage throughout eternity? May those hardships in the path of righteousness be but the birth pangs of eternal joys?

Acts 1:14 is the final Scripture record of the Saviour's mother. In it she appears not as an object of adoration but as a sinner among sinners—at a prayer meeting.

And Mary's family at last is united in spirit. Jesus' brothers are at this prayer meeting. "Mary the mother of Jesus, and . . . his brothers" are "with one accord devoted . . . to prayer."¹⁰ Proofs have convinced the brothers; memories have won them. They are to become workers. The Judas of Matthew 13:55 will write the Epistle of Jude. And James, another brother, is to become the first "General Conference president." He will write the Epistle of James.

The cross that once shadowed Mary's way has lifted up the Sun of Righteousness to bless her and the whole earth. This cross that was the badge of her shame has become the symbol of her glory. And the sword that pierced her heart has become a treasured memory.

¹ Luke 1:32, 33. (All Scripture quotations are from the Revised Standard Version.)

² Verse 52.

³ *The Desire of Ages*, p. 52.

⁴ Luke 2:34, 35.

⁵ Verses 48, 49.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 82.

⁷ Matt. 12:48-50.

⁸ John 8:41.

⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 752.

¹⁰ Acts 1:14.

Busybody

by JANE MERCHANT

Snow whirled around the house today
And all the wildlings hid away—
Except for one quick chickadee
Who searched the kitchen apple tree
For insects with a jaunty zeal.
He meant to have a proper meal,
Since that was what he came to do,
No matter how the stiff wind blew.
Though hardly larger than one big flake
He had no least complaint to make,
Being too busy altogether
For pausing to deplore the weather.

Grace Notes

and letters to the editor

Homestead Our Harvey Hansen cover photo was happily captioned "Farm at Rest." The De Vitto farm is situated near Eagle River, Wisconsin. No windmill rends the sky, but a television aerial bears witness to the inroads of city life in a rural setting. Even so—the landscape captures peace for the homestead.

Mountain Lorraine Mittleider and Bill Gates collaborate in recounting the story of the death of his father and a brother. On December 27 last year, Prof. Horace Gates and his son Frank perished from exposure and fatigue while on a mountain hike. The tragedy occurred on the snow-covered slope of Mount Index in the Cascades, east of Everett, Washington. For more than a decade Professor Gates's by-lines appeared in this magazine. He was a featured speaker at the first writers' conference to be held among Seventh-day Adventists, at Walla Walla College, in November, 1958.

112 With this number, THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR staff concludes the 112th year of the magazine. Volume 1 began with the August 1852 issue, skipped the September and November issues that year, and continued through the August 1853 issue, doubling the size of this number and calling it "Nos. 11 and 12." Next week, Volume 113, Number 1, will be reaching you. Is your subscription all in order, so that this old-new publication will maintain its weekly appointments in your home?

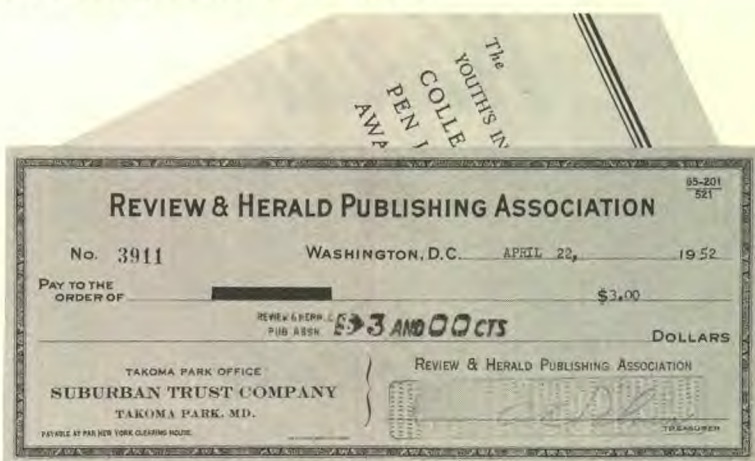
Perpetual If you haven't yet gone on the perpetual subscription plan for THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, now is an excellent time to start. Once on the plan with your Book and Bible House, you can forget the bother of renewals. The Book and Bible House will remember for you. All you need do thereafter is to remit when they bill you annually. The perpetual plan is the economy plan, too.

113 January 1965 begins a satisfying series of articles on the Holy Spirit by Joe Engelkemier, written to hold the interest of young adults.

Balance "The Redeemer of the world has warned us against the pride of life, but not against its grace and natural beauty."—3T 375.

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We Hold These Truths



"Nothing Between"

The person to whom the above check was sent will enter 1965 with a marked sense of relief. How we wish every reader might enter the new year with that lift of freedom that comes from having made things right with God and their fellow men.

The check was for an Honorable Mention award received in the 1952 Pen League program. It returned to our offices October 12, 1964.*

"While going through some old letters yesterday I came across this almost forgotten check and award, which brought again to my mind the story submitted in college those many years ago. I am returning the award and check, which, as you can see, was never cashed. I received so much help from my mother that I never really felt that the award was merited. I offer my apologies and ask for your forgiveness. Such sobering times we live in makes me want to be sure to have 'nothing between.'"

Our reply of October 13 carried this sentence: "Most assuredly you have my forgiveness for what you feel was improper help in preparing the manuscript for this contest."

Do you carry the burden of sins, still unconfessed, unrectified? Don't carry them into 1965! Ask Jesus to help you clear the record heaven keeps. He will be prompt to assure you of His forgiveness if the honesty of your request is demonstrated by whatever restitution is appropriate and possible. Most human beings will be prompt to tell you that you are forgiven, if deed, as well as word, shows the genuineness of your repentance.

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city. For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie."

WTC

* The correspondent from whose letter the excerpt is used above gave permission for such use.

coming next week

- "I WANT TO LIVE A THOUSAND YEARS"—Gus H. Hoehn, M.D., attends a dermatology convention in Chicago and experiences unanticipated happenings. This scientific session brings him new insights into the present and the future.
- "WHAT DOES RELIGIOUS LIBERTY MEAN TO YOU?"—Marvin E. Loewen questions youth to discover their thinking on religious liberty. Their responses and his comments make interesting reading in this vital modern field.

Written in the Snow

by VIOLA M. NASH

LAST NIGHT, while the moon painted dark shadows on the snow and the pond ice cracked in the near-zero cold, and we slept unknowing in our beds, tragedy slipped out of the woods beyond the pasture and wrote heartache across our lives. You won't read about it in the papers—it isn't that important. And it is temporary. No one grieves forever over a pet rabbit, no matter how well he was loved. Temporary though it may be, however, the heartache is real as we spell out the story this morning from the footprints in the snow.

I think mine is the greatest grief because I have regrets. It was all my fault. If I had acted more wisely I could have prevented the whole thing. But there is one consolation. Losing Rabbit this way may teach a lesson that could save the lives of those who loved him.

Love a rabbit? Oh, yes! I'm perhaps rather strange about any living creature. The reason our dog fits so well into my heart as well as our home is that she doesn't harm any creature, except fleas. She pursues those enthusiastically. Anything else—birds, toads, chipmunks, cats, and a tiny ebony-and-silver baby rabbit—is perfectly safe with her.

We smile when strangers say, "That dog is a frightening-looking thing. She looks like a fox."

She does look like a fox, but her nature is definitely not foxlike. She is a Shetland sheep dog, bred to protect, not destroy. But I was talking about rabbits, not dogs. Our Rabbit in particular.

He lived in a fine house under the hazelnut bush in our back yard. He lived there from the day he left his

mother until one morning last October. He often went on short excursions with me around the yard. Sometimes while I worked among my flowers he scampered and romped with his friend Dog. But he always went back to his house, and I closed the door when his excursion was over.

Then one night in October a sad message came to us over a thousand miles of telephone wire. Without any time to make careful arrangements we would have to be gone for several days.

The pets were my biggest worry. I knew how miserable I would be if I wasn't sure they were comfortable. I woke up several times during the few hours we had to sleep, trying to figure out what to do: "I'll have to do the best I can when the time comes, and that's all I can do," I told myself, and dozed off again.

It was barely light enough to see when I started the rounds of the outdoor pets. The fish and parakeet had already been provided for. The ducks and dog were easy. A big dish of food in a sheltered place would last them, and they could get water from the spring-fed creek at the edge of the lawn. But Rabbit! What could I do about him? I could put enough food in his pen, but there wasn't a water dish made that he couldn't tip over. The rest of the family were waiting for me. I would have to hurry and do something.

I filled Rabbit's dishes with food and water and then I propped open the door to his pen. If he needed to he could lunch on grass, and I hoped his instinct would lead him to the creek for water.

When we came home several weary days and nights later we found all the

pets alive and wild with joyful welcome. We were amused to find that Rabbit had abandoned his carpenter-built house and had burrowed under the wall of the shed. He had set up house-keeping in the straw in a corner inside. He was still tame; he still stayed nearby; he still came at our call, so I let him have his own way—his freedom.

This morning, just outside the door to Rabbit's new house, the tracks in the snow spell out the cost of his freedom and of my thoughtlessness.

The tracks come into sight on the pasture hill. They cross under the lane's barbed-wire fence and go along the edge of the garden. They are the dainty footprints of a fox. There is a flattened place in the snow—jumping distance from the door to safety—where Rabbit sat in his warm fur coat to enjoy the clear winter night.

The tracks show clearly that Rabbit's actions were of his own choosing. He was not forced into anything. Not yet. He could have run to safety. But there are his tracks as he went to meet Fox as he came into sight on the brilliant moon-lit snow. There is scarcely any sign of a struggle. It is evident to my remorse-filled mind that Rabbit thought this copper-and-white night visitor was his friend Dog, whom strangers have said looks like a fox. As our trusting little pet went out to greet the counterfeit of his friend, he was snatched up and carried by flying leaps to the fox's home in a rock pile in the woods, and he is gone forever. I am sure in my own mind that Rabbit sincerely believed that the fox was Dog. But no matter how sincerely he believed it, his belief could not endow the fox with the lovely attributes of the dog.

Now, as I write, I am watching the children who loved Rabbit as they play in the snow. I wonder whether they understand that the bars of restriction around them are not put there to keep them unhappy, but to keep them safe.

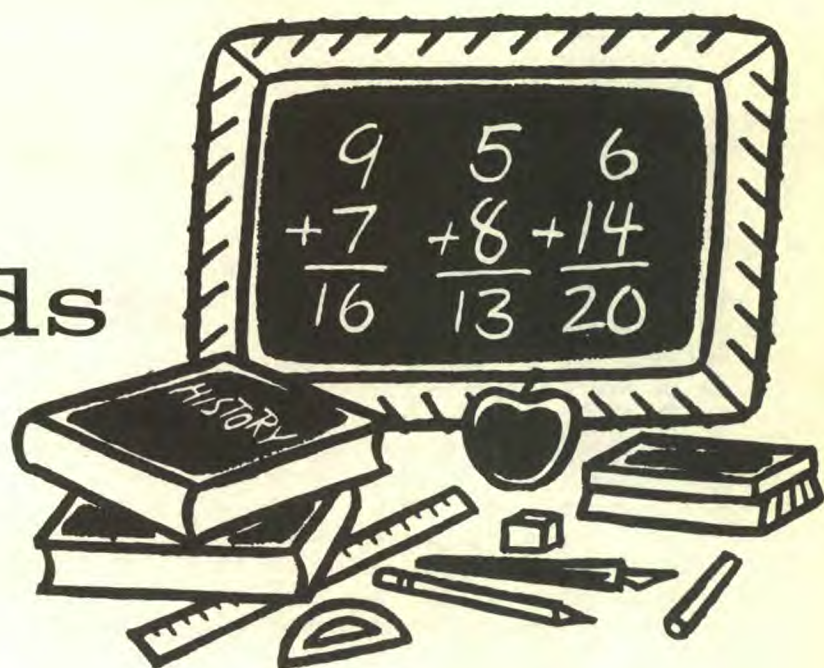
I wonder—if someone should appear to them, claiming to be their Friend, looking exactly the way we expect Him to look, performing the wonders we expect Him to perform, could they tell for *sure* whether that person was the Friend or the counterfeit?

Rabbit couldn't help what happened to him. He had only a rabbit brain.

But we who loved him are the masters of our destiny. If we are deceived when the impostor appears in his last great attempt to deceive God's children, what we shall lose will be life everlasting.

He Leads

by RUTH MASCHMEYER



BUT, FATHER, how can you do it? This is too much! If *she* comes here, I'm leaving." The tall, lean, impetuous young man with the unruly forelock spoke decisively.

"We're sorry you feel that way, Tom," his father answered with equal decision, "but the girls must have a Christian education."

A church school education! To Tom Smith's father this seemed almost unimaginably wonderful. Could what had seemed an utter impossibility until a few months ago be actually coming to pass? For weeks now it seemed that God had been opening the way for the family in that modest farm home high in the mountains of up-State New York. Miles from town it was, up a beautiful steep hill, slick and icy in wintertime and thick with mud in time of thaw or rain. Almost a mile separated them from the nearest neighbor, and multiplied miles from their nearest fellow believers. Sabbath services were held in their front room. It was a special day when a neighbor family accepted the repeated invitation to join in worship, and swelled the number in attendance at the little home church.

The two sons were grown, and the three daughters were rapidly growing up. Life was pleasant for this thrifty, hard-working family, but one problem had perplexed the parents deeply. They felt a keen need to provide their girls with an education—with the very best in education. They knew that a Christian education was the best, but

was not it impossible to achieve this?

"Mother, we must meet our responsibility. Surely somehow there is a way."

"But, Father, with our expenses so heavy, we do well to care for ourselves. Remember the mortgage payments we must make on the farm. And we need so many things for ourselves and the children. We have no assurance that we will be able to feed our young ones through the winter or properly care for the cattle. Besides, with only three children we couldn't start a school even if we could afford it. And where would we find a teacher willing to come to this isolated spot? Where would the school be held? Oh, I don't see how we can provide a Christian education for our girls."

"Mother, all you have said is only too true. But I know this is the thing to do. We must step out in faith. Who knows what the results of such a school might be? what our children, raised as God has ordained, might accomplish for Him?"

"And, Father," Mrs. Smith interjected, catching her husband's enthusiastic spirit, "if we don't try this, what might be the end result? Do you think we could make it a missionary project and enroll neighbor children? Oh, we must have this school—but how?"

How indeed? When a person believes with sure conviction that God wishes him to pursue a certain course, he must prepare in faith to pursue it, trusting God to open the way as he

steps into his individual "Jordan." The Smiths did just this as they faced numerous and seemingly insurmountable problems. They talked with their neighbors and found another family who wanted to send their three children to the school if it could be established. This would make six students. Next they set to work preparing a little schoolhouse some distance from the farm home.

The greatest problem remained—would they find a teacher? The educational secretary of the conference must have been surprised as he opened his mail and read the letter: "We would surely appreciate it if you would send a teacher for our school. There will be six students. The schoolhouse is ready, and we will provide the teacher with board, room, and salary. It is our earnest desire that our children receive an education that will fit them to stand through to the end. We pray that you will be able to find a teacher who will respond to our request."

The secretary took a deep breath. The letter intrigued him, but the idea seemed preposterous. With the ever-present shortage of teachers, how could he spare one for such a small school? And where would he find a teacher willing to isolate herself on a remote mountain farm through a long, lonely, cold up-State New York winter?

Such questions do not reckon with the power of God. Say the Scriptures, "Before they call, I will answer." God had heard the prayers of these faithful

parents before they were uttered, and had made provision to meet this need. In another section of New York State lived a capable teacher whose work had been temporarily halted by dreaded tuberculosis. This year she would not be teaching. She had been advised to rest for a time, and then was to resume activity gradually.

The conference educational secretary discussed the Smiths' need for a teacher with a number of people. Somehow Miss Olsen heard of their request and the simple eloquence of their plea stirred her heart. In the mountains? There the air would be pure. Simple farm living? There would be fresh milk and cream and other wholesome food. Six students to teach? Surely this load would not overtax her healing lungs. She was troubled. She prayed. She thought. She sought counsel. It would mean leaving her family and her pleasant home in the city, but this situation did seem ideal for her present circumstances. In another year, when she would be stronger, such a proposition would scarcely arouse her attention, this attractive young city girl reasoned. But this was her hour. She felt the promptings of God and responded with "Here am I, send me."

She would accept! The conference secretary was delighted, for Miss Olsen was one of his best teachers, and he was happy that she would be able to teach again. Delighted he was, too, that the faith of this country family could be rewarded, and he smiled as he sent out the letter that was to arouse so much controversy when it reached its destination.

Back on the farm the girls were excited. Soon the teacher would come! But the feelings of the parents, while joyous, were mixed with sadness, for they knew of Tom's deep resentment. "Who could stand," he said, "having to live every day under the eye of a schoolteacher!" A teacher might come to share the home of his parents, but not while he lived there. Since they appeared adamant, he would leave. His attitude caused great perplexity for his parents, but they felt sure that their course was the right one. They would continue to follow it and trust in God.

Now the longed-for and dreaded day was here. The fall evening sparkled with chilly frost. Tom watched the preparations in rebellious silence as the girls and their parents bundled up and climbed into the faithful old model-T Ford. He had intended to be moved far away from home before

now, but had been delayed. Never mind. His bags were packed and in a few days he would be gone. The family had hoped he would accompany them to the station, but nothing could be further from his plans. In fact, he would see that he wasn't home when they returned. He would spend the evening with a neighbor.

Down the steep hill the model-T descended, and soon was at the station. The clear, mournful tones of the steam whistle, faintly heard across the frosty miles, heralded the approaching train. Again it came as the train curved into view, puffing and slowing to its stop. Steam and smoke curled in the clear, crisp air as one by one the passengers alighted and went off with the little groups who had come to welcome them.

The family from the mountain farm were bitterly disappointed. Were their hopes to go unrealized after all? The letter *had* said Monday night, hadn't it? Yes. They kept looking at the lone figure still on the platform. She could not be the one. But there were no others. Hesitantly they approached and asked, "Could you be Miss Olsen?"

"Yes. Are you the Smith family?"

The father and mother paused abruptly. The mouths of the girls flew open as they stood in wide-eyed amazement. All could scarcely believe that this beautiful, smartly dressed young woman was the schoolteacher; but it must be so! As the train moved off into the night the excited group climbed into the model-T and soon were on their way back up the long hill.

As the family approached the farmhouse yard, Tom was just coming out the gate. For a moment curiosity overcame resentment as he endeavored to catch a view of the new teacher. He paused abruptly, then looked again, this time with intense interest. Were

his eyes playing deceptive tricks in this half light? Without hesitation he followed the car into the yard and opened the doors for his family—and for the teacher. In the clear yellow gleam streaming from the unshaded windows his first impressions were confirmed, and he regretted his carefully contrived appointment of the evening that made it necessary for him to leave the happy group.

As he walked, scarcely aware of time or distance, his mind was a turmoil. But he had caught a vision of Christian womanhood that would change his life forever.

Several months later, in the deep snow and cold of February, stones were heated in the oven and wrapped carefully, and blankets were warmed before the fire. The cutter was brought out and prepared, and the horse hitched to it for the trip down the long, icy mountain slope to the little town. When it returned to the farm, with Tom and the schoolteacher, "they twain were one flesh," for Tom had claimed the lovely young woman as his bride.

I would like to be able to tell all of this story, but it is not yet complete. That young couple are now my parents. Their influence has blessed the lives of thousands of Seventh-day Adventist young people in all countries of the world, and together they still walk, hand in hand, serving the cause of God as they have through the years.

I pause and trace the hand of God in their meeting. So many improbable factors were involved, and so much of providence was necessary. First there was the faith of my grandparents, who believed in Christian education deeply enough to pay a high price in planning and sacrifice. Next, the fact that my mother was recovering from tuberculosis was used by Providence as a means of helping her to accept the call to this small school in the mountains when the need arose, and the conference officials permitting her to go there. Then, my father was thwarted in his plans to move away from home before the teacher arrived.

As I see God's guiding hand at work in the lives of those who mean so much to me, I realize anew how precious is my privilege to be a child of my parents, and also a child of my heavenly Father. I can trust Him always, for whether the path is clear and bright or shadows hide the steps ahead, I know that He leads.



Voice of Prophecy Topics for January

January 3	A Million Years From Now!
January 10	Something New for Everybody
January 17	What Jesus Said About God
January 24	The Everlasting Gospel
January 31	Christ Is the Answer

*Marriage
for Keeps*

In Courtship and Marriage

A MAN of my acquaintance, not a church member, sued for an annulment of his recent marriage. Why? Because his bride had deceived him. She had not told him of her previous marriage and she had stated her age to be younger than it actually was.

Deception weakens or destroys the very foundations of marriage. Telling lies and being happily married just do not go together.

Ideal marriage involves a blending of two lives—a blending by which husband and wife become counterparts, each providing what the other lacks, each contributing to the other's welfare, and each spending himself unstintingly for the good of them both. Ideal marriage requires husband and wife to combine their talents and energies in a cooperative effort to make life together more rewarding than life would be if each were alone.

In marriage, as in a business partnership, there must be mutual trust and confidence. One of the important rewards of successful marriage is the peace and contentment that comes from being trusted and being able to trust. Husband and wife should have no fear that their confidence will be betrayed; they should not need to be on guard lest the other take unfair advantage. In working toward the same goals and in upholding the same ideals there is no excuse for dealings that are less than forthright.

When deception does occur between sweethearts or between husband and wife, it is evidence of some serious, deep-lying problem. Deception is not in the interest of successful marriage. The only interpretation that can be made, therefore, is that deception is an indication of some attitude or circumstance that endangers the marriage.

The telling of lies is a manifestation of character weakness. Lying is mentioned twice in Solomon's list of seven things that the Lord hates (Prov. 6: 16-19). It is forbidden by the ninth commandment. It is included in the same verse with stealing and false dealing in the prohibitions of the code of conduct God gave through Moses to the children of Israel (Lev. 19:11). It is



mentioned by the apostle Paul as one of the characteristics of the unconverted "old man" of sin (Col. 3:9).

What about the woman, then, who failed to tell her prospective husband that she had been married before? What about her statement to him that she was twenty-three, even though she had had thirty-three birthdays? Was this serious enough to disqualify her for marriage?

Obviously her first concern was to get married to this man. She was selfishly determined to make herself appear as favorable as possible in his eyes, risking his disfavor after marriage if even by deception she could get him to go through with the wedding ceremony.

In view of this, it could be predicted that if at some later time her selfish interests conflicted with those of anyone else, even her husband, she would re-

sort again to deception. With such a lack of loyalty to the man whose life should be a part of her own, even the vows of marriage would not deter her from resorting to foul means to further her own desires. The fabric of her character was so weak as to be easily broken. How do we know? Because she lied.

In another case a widower told the woman he hoped to marry that he was fifty-three years old. After she had promised to become his wife and the day of their wedding drew near, he said, "I am sorry that I deceived you a little in the matter of my age. I am actually sixty-three, but I don't feel a day older than fifty-three. Please believe me that I love you dearly even though I was a little naughty." (It is a coincidence that in both cases cited the deception amounted to a ten-year difference in age.)

This wedding took place as scheduled, but the wife found, to her regret, that the "naughty" little lie about his age was one of many deceptions that her husband used for convenience.

You ask, "Is there no justice? Is there not some way by which a person can avoid being deceived in such matters as these?"

The evil trait of lying does not begin suddenly during adult years. The outcropping of a character weakness, it has its origin during the formative years of childhood. It is then that a person develops the pattern of telling untruths rather than facing life's difficult situations squarely and honestly.

Some children begin to lie in an effort to escape punishment. Some lie to attract attention to themselves as they take false credit for interesting exploits. Some lie because their parents did not require them, in early childhood, to make a clear distinction between fact and fancy. At any rate, the usual background of lying is that beginning in childhood it becomes a pattern to which the person resorts whenever he finds himself in trouble. As years pass, this pattern becomes so firmly ingrained in the personality that the only genuine hope of rising above it is through the miracle of spiritual conversion.

The way to determine before marriage whether the prospective partner has this weakness of character is to look for its pattern. It may take time and patience to learn whether it is present, but if it is, there will be telltale clues.

Watch your friend's reactions under circumstances of embarrassment, and notice whether he has a tendency to cushion his feelings by some small "white" lie. Observe whether he thinks it is clever to cheat a little in playing a game. Watch to see whether he admits his mistakes when they occur or whether he resorts to an explanation that is a little too plausible.

Notice whether he keeps the extra change he receives by mistake. This form of cutting honesty's corners is a close cousin to telling lies. See how your friend reacts when mention is made of some dishonest practice. Does he recoil in disgust or does he seem tolerant of it? Does his conscience force him to seek out the person who is handicapped by an oversight of his or does he do so only when he thinks his implication might be known?

Strangely, one of the most hazardous of the lies spoken in courtship is, "I love you."

Marlon told Sandra that he loved her dearly. He was the first boy who had asked her for dates, and she believed his assurances that "Of all the girls I have known, you are the only one who comes up to my ideal. I love you so dearly that I can hardly wait for the time to come when we can have our own home."

He soon led her through their "private ceremony" of engagement, but emphasized more than once that they must keep it as a guarded secret. "Don't tell your folks," he admonished, "for they might not understand how deeply we love each other."

It was a wiser but heartbroken Sandra who, six months later, realized that Marlon's "deep love" had been the lie by which he had persuaded her that it was all right to conduct their courtship "the way engaged couples do."

The same words—I love you—can be either the untruthful snare of the playboy or the sincere commitment of an honest lover. How can a girl know?

Again there are telltale clues. First is the evidence provided by the boy's established way of life. Has he been stable or fickle, honest or shady? What is his reputation with older church members who know him? Ask them. If he is unknown to reliable people of your acquaintance, then beware.

Second is the indirect evidence of the way he behaves. If he is conservative, conducts himself as a Christian gentleman, gives first thought to your comfort and to the preservation of your good name, and is respectful and frank in dealing with your parents, then the evidence is favorable. But if he wants the friendship to be hush-hush, if he insists on being with you alone, and if he is more interested in your person than in your personality, then look out.

One special circumstance in which deception before marriage commonly occurs is when one of the parties has been previously married and is now divorced. The person who has been married will usually so state. But the

December

by MARY LOUISE CHEATHAM

The season moves indoors.

Storm windows flout the wind.

The thought turns now to warmth,

To lamp, to book, to friend.

The home calls back its own

**From field, from hill, from shore,
And tucks them safe and sound**

Within its walls once more.

deception may come when he gives the reason for the divorce. It is quite understandable that a person who has been divorced will tell his story in such a way that his own faults are minimized and those of his previous partner are emphasized.

A case in point is that of a talented Seventh-day Adventist girl who was courted by a divorced man who told a sad story of his former wife's unfaithfulness to him. The young woman accepted his statements at face value only to find after their marriage that his record was seriously blemished and that according to Bible standards he did not qualify for remarriage.

She had failed to take the precautions of double-checking on her suitor's record, of consulting persons who were informed on the circumstances.

Perhaps the lies that husbands and wives tell to each other most commonly are those that pertain to money and purchases. "He lies to me about the cost of the things he buys," one wife complained. "Sometimes he lies about the amount of the payments when he

has bought something on credit. Then the 'due' notice comes in the mail, and I learn the truth."

At first we wonder why a husband is tempted to lie to his wife about the money he spends. Why does he want to deceive her? Are not the family's funds as much hers as they are his? Ah, that is the point!

He realizes, vaguely though it may be, that she is properly entitled to share with him in the planning and handling of their finances. So when some personal desire tempts him to spend money selfishly, he resorts to deception, if his character is weak, rather than admit his selfishness.

One distraught wife was worried for fear her husband was being unfaithful to her. "I have no direct evidence of his disloyalty to me," she said, "but I know he tells lies about the way he uses money, and if he lies to me about one thing, how can I trust him in other matters?"

And this wife is right. The significance of lying is even deeper than the matter about which the lie is told. The character weakness revealed by lying may show up without warning in some other kind of sinful conduct.

Usually the first evidence of a developing unfaithfulness within the bond of marriage is a lie about one's whereabouts. "My wife said she had to be on duty last evening," a young husband told me. "But when I had occasion to call her at her place of work, I found she had not been there all evening."

"My husband tells me when he will be home at night, but he will not tell me where he is going to be in the meantime" is the way a wife recited the evidence that carries a strong suspicion of unfaithfulness.

It is not that a husband or wife must report to each other on everything they do each day. But when a husband or wife is deceptive or deliberately secretive about where he or she is or has been, it is only natural for the partner to question the motives and conduct. Married persons owe their partners the courtesy of providing the kind of information that answers the questions of where and why.

The apostle Paul indicates that victory over lying is an important characteristic of the converted Christian: "And that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness. Wherefore putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbour: for we are members one of another." *

* Eph. 4:24, 25.

Second Largest in the World

by ROBERT H. PARR

MY ASSOCIATION with the emu goes back a long way. As a small boy I remember being fascinated by three emu eggs that decorated the mantelpiece of our home for many a year. The eggs (blown, of course, and hence merely the shells) were a common ornament on mantelpieces in the area in which I lived.

The eggs were 5-by-3-inch greenish-black football-shaped things, which, I suppose, had a certain, though indefinable, charm about them as ornaments.

My other early memory of the bird itself is a clear mental picture of a small flock of emus pacing along beside the train in which I was traveling in western Queensland, whose plain land is emu country. These great birds have been clocked at 35 mph and their giant strides measure nine and one-half feet.

The emu (or *Dromaeus novaehollandiae*, to give its zoological name) is the world's largest bird after the ostrich, to which it is supposed to be some kind of cousin. Like the ostrich, its wings are small and useless for flight.

The life span of the emu is interesting and different from many angles. The eggs, described above, are laid from May to September on a flat platform of grass on the ground. The usual clutch

is 7 to 12 eggs, but as many as 18 have been found in a single nest, although experts believe that this may represent two families. The eggs, laid at two-day intervals, take seven or eight weeks to hatch, most of the incubation being done by the male, although it is believed that the female relieves her mate on the nest

gist who writes that one emu "dined well off a shovelful of pure cement laid down for a path—with no ill effects."

Not only is the bird an omnivorous feeder but a prodigious one as well. Left to himself, he will feed most of the time, usually on wild fruits and berries and insects. The South Australian entomologist, A. M. Lea, took 2,991 caterpillars from the stomach of one emu.

No one seems to have undertaken the mammoth task of taking a census of Australia's emu population. It is certain, however, that the numbers are decreasing. Time was when the natural habitat of the emu was almost all of mainland Australia; the exception is in the heavily timbered country areas and in the waterless deserts.

As settlement has pushed farther inland, so the flocks of emus have been confined to the less favorable areas. Nevertheless, there are still large flocks of the birds, and they present a formidable problem to sheep and cattlemen. In order to combat the overwhelming hordes—and to stop the spread of some noxious weeds in which spread the emu was a suspected factor—57,034 birds were killed in the state of Western Australia alone in 1935, while a couple of years later 121,768 birds and 109,345 eggs were destroyed in two years in the eastern states. In spite of this wholesale killing, the species is in no danger of extinction.

The emu seems to have no commercial possibilities. The aborigines of Australia eat the flesh of the bird, which is said to be like beef, and they eat the eggs, which take twenty minutes to cook. Each egg weighs on the average twenty-five ounces, which is equivalent to about fourteen eggs of the domestic fowl. Attempts have been made to market the blown eggs as ornaments, sugar basins, and milk jugs, but at present the emu egg seems to have disappeared from mantelpieces in Australian homes.

Perhaps, however, there are unexploited possibilities. It is on record that in 1860 a Dr. G. Bennett took six or seven quarts of golden-colored oil from the skin of a full-grown emu. He declared the oil to be a valuable remedy for rheumatism. It could be that there may yet be emu farms set up when the potential of this inscrutable-looking bird is more fully comprehended.



for about two hours during the night.

Emu chicks when born can only be described as "cute." They are brown-and-white striped, which is nature's camouflage. By the sixth month of their life, when they are about half grown, they lose these stripes, and they are then self-reliant. By about eighteen months they are fully grown, and their life span is usually ten to fifteen years, although one emu in the San Diego zoo lived to the ripe old age of thirty-one years.

It is a wonder that the bird lives as long as it does, considering its omnivorous feeding habits. Seldom, if ever, has there been a creature that has such a lack of discrimination when it comes to food. Emus have been observed eating blackberry bushes, cardboard, ice-cream cones, teaspoons, watches, bottle tops, broken glass, coins, keys, and earrings. If you wonder how they obtain some of these unusual items, you should be warned not to stand too near these birds if you are viewing them in a zoological park. One enterprising bird is known to have picked the earring from a woman's ear when she stood too close to the wire fence. Perhaps the most noteworthy gastronomic feat on record is described by one well-known ornitholo-



Night on the Mountain

by BILL GATES as told to LORRAINE MITTLEIDER

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS DUNBESIN

I KNEW we had to find the trail, and quick.

At least the cliff sheltered us from the wind, but there was no shelter from the snow, which now covered the way we had come around the lake. Over on the other side of the cliff, somewhere in the darkness, was the trail to our car.

"Keep cool; don't panic," dad reminded us. At summer camp I had often heard him say this to campcraft classes. "There's nothing else we can do but follow the cliff over there. There'll be a way out." Dad started. My two brothers and I followed.

"This snow's really soft," puffed twelve-year-old Frank. "Every step I take I sink to my hips. Can't we rest a minute, Dad?"

"Fine. I'm tired too." Dad scanned the cliff with his flashlight beam, then evidently changed his mind as he saw nothing but steeper protruding rock. "We'd better keep going." Again we started, in snow to our hips.

Without difficulty we had circled Lake Serene, in the rugged Cascade range south of the Stevens Pass area about fifty miles from Seattle. Now we were in trouble; each of us knew it. Darkness had fallen swiftly, and with it had come heavy snow, whipped in our faces by a bitter wind.

"Hey, isn't that a chimney?" In the

beam of my flashlight I saw a three-sided semicircular tunnel (mountaineers call it a "chimney") extending approximately thirty feet from bottom to top.

"We could get to the top. I've done it in my mountain climbing course." I had taken three sessions of the basic mountain climbing course taught by the Washington Conference Outdoor Club.

"Bill, why don't you show us how and we'll try it." My dad was an experienced woodsman but did not know much about mountain climbing. Now dad's role and my role changed. With my little training I must lead and find a way out.

"O.K. Now watch." I set down my small pack containing dry clothing, food, matches, and other items woodsmen commonly carry in a wilderness survival kit.

I showed how to start up the chimney. "You wedge yourself in by pressing your back against this side and your feet and hands against the other side."

A moment later found me suspended in the base of the chimney. "Move your hands up a little and push with your feet, then slide your back up the same distance you moved your hands." I repeated this cycle several times.

"It's as simple as that." I slid down to the bottom of the damp, muddy

chimney. "Now, Louis, think you can do it?"

"I'll try. It looks easy enough." Louis was thirteen years old and eager to try anything.

"That's it. Now put your feet against the other side and I'll get under you and push you." He slowly worked his way beyond my reach. Minutes passed in silence.

"Louis, you're almost to the top!" Frank watched Louis carefully in the flashlight beam. He would be next.

"Easy does it," I shouted up to Louis. "Now put your hands over the top and pull yourself out. Easy now."

"I made it! Frank, it's easy. You can do it." Louis sat on the top and watched Frank wedge himself into the tunnel.

"O.K., Frank. I'll push you up by your legs." Slowly he progressed until he was out of my reach.

"Move your hands up a little, like Bill said," dad urged him on.

"Keep comin', Frank," Louis urged from the top.

But Frank fell back into my arms.

"I guess the walls are too slick."

"Frank, you've got to make it! We'll try again. Take it slow." Again I pushed him.

"I'm sorry. I'm just too tired." Frank again fell back.

"Frank, please, you must make it!"

Without difficulty we had circled Lake Serene, in the rugged Cascade range south of the Stevens Pass area about fifty miles from Seattle. Now we were in trouble; each of us knew it. Darkness had come swiftly.

He tried again and again. Each time he fell back into my arms. The three of us pleaded, Louis from above and dad and I from below.

"I just can't do it. The mud's too slick and I'm too tired." Frank sat down in the snow, exhausted.

"O.K., Frank. We won't make you try any more." Dad sat down beside him.

"Well, Dad, I'll go on up and see if I can find the trail." I started up the chimney to Louis.

"Bill, I'll see if I can find a different way up." I looked back as dad struggled to his feet in the heavy snow. "We'll see you in a little while."

"Is it ever snowing up here!" Louis called to me. Then I was over the top and standing beside him.

We stood on a plateau shaped like a rough triangle. The surface sloped upward from us to about a forty-five degree angle. The sides of the triangle were sheer cliffs.

"Hey, Bill, there are four trees up there!" Louis moved his flashlight wildly at what looked like four upright cedar trees.

"There's no other shelter up here, so we'd better go to the trees, don't you think?"

"All right."

We sank deep in the snow as we started for the trees. I walked a few



feet behind Louis so I could stop him if he should slip.

We walked in silence. What could we say? All I knew was that dad, Frank, and Louis were cold and exhausted. I was stronger than the others; I worked outside at the Auburn Academy mill. I was in charge now. I must not let them down.

"Bill, there are only three trees!"

One branched into two heads a few feet up; it had looked like four in the distance.

"The wind's really ripping through here!" I had to yell for Louis to hear me only a few feet away.

"Here are some roots and dry branches," said Louis. The wind kept the snow off them.

"Let's build a fire here," I told him. Those would make good kindling and the cedar branches good firewood.

"All right!" We started to clear the snow away with our hands. Thanks to the wind, only about two inches of snow remained under the trees.

"Louis, why don't you start making some shavings? I'll clear away the rest of the snow." Louis started making shavings as dad had taught him.

When I had about a four-foot square cleared, I took a hatchet from my pack and climbed the two-headed tree.

"Here, Louis, hold the flashlight so I can see what I'm doing." Louis stood at the base of the tree with the light as I chinned myself to the crotch where the tree divided.

The wind and snow had turned into a blizzard, and it was almost impossible to hear each other.

With my hatchet I started to chop a limb off. "Timbe-e-er!" I yelled.

"What?" The branch fell squarely on Louis, knocking him to the ground. I did not yell when the next three branches fell, but Louis watched more carefully.

Louis assembled the four branches at the cleared area as I climbed down and got my candle and matches out of my pack.

I knelt by the shavings with my back to the wind and struck a waterproofed match. It went out. I tried another, then another, until several had gone out.

"There's too much wax on the matches, Bill." We had waterproofed them at home by dipping them in melted wax.

"We'll have to scrape some off, I guess." I scraped some off with my fingernail and tried again. Louis knelt beside me, helping all he could.

I held the flame to the candlewick.

It lighted! Slowly I bent over the shavings and extended the candle's flame. They must light! Louis' whole body shook from the cold.

Just as the flame spread to a shaving an ugly gust of wind and snow stole it away.

Again I lighted the candle and sheltered the shavings and flame with my body.

"It's useless, Bill." The wind again whipped out the flame from the shavings.

"No, it's not." Again I extended the flickering flame to the shavings. Again the wind and snow snuffed it out.

"We're not going to give up, Louis." Again and again we lighted the candle only to have it blown out.

"O.K., Louis, shoulder it here." We hovered together, attempting to outsmart the wind. Perhaps twenty minutes passed.

"Bill, what are we going to do?"

"We'll keep trying. It has to work!" The hands of my watch were approaching 10:30. We lighted the candle still another time, and bent over the shavings to shelter the flame.

"There, the shavings have caught," Louis whispered.

"Careful now, hand me some twigs." Slowly they too caught. "Now a branch."

"At last!" Louis and I stood back. The bright flames shot up into the dark night. It was the most beautiful fire we had ever seen.

"Bill, if only dad and Frank could get up here to the fire!"

"Fire! Fire!" I yelled over the cliff.

Dad answered, but all I could hear was something about Frank.

"There's something wrong with Frank," I told Louis. "I'd better go down and see what it is."

"Maybe you should."

"Keep the fire going." I pulled my mittens on and started for the chimney, walking along the cliff ledge. My feet slipped. I slid toward the edge of the cliff. I dug my feet in. It was too late. I bounced off an ice-covered rock six feet below, only to be bounced onto another rock a few feet below it. I must have fallen about thirty feet, and I did not miss one of the six stairsteps.

"You all right?" Now dad was above me in the snowy darkness.

"I'm O.K. What's wrong with Frank?" I asked as I covered the snowy slope between dad and me.

"I don't know. He's asleep."

"He's asleep! What a time to go to sleep!" Dad and Frank had not moved from the base of the chimney since

Louis and I had left them waiting.

"I climbed up the chimney and tried to pull Frank up by a rope. But I couldn't." Dad's voice quivered from the cold.

"Frankie, wake up! It's time to go!" I rubbed snow on his face in a vain attempt to awaken him.

I glanced down the steep slope. There were trees beyond the rock where I had landed a few minutes before. We could build a fire there.

I tied a rope around my waist and put Frank on my back. From his position by the chimney dad held the other end of the rope as I stumbled toward the trees.

When I reached the rock I stopped to rest and to rub snow again on Frank's face. He did not respond. Dad came down and sat beside us. He too was being overcome with the cold. In the beam of my flashlight I watched him keep going to sleep. I was bewildered. Why should the cold be affecting them already? I gave up trying to get Frank and dad to where I could build a fire.

Frank moaned. I thought he stopped breathing. Dad roused; both of us reached for Frank's arm. We could feel no pulse. Not already!

"Dad, I think I'd better go for help."

"No, Bill, we'd better stay together."

I sat silently thinking for about ten minutes. We needed help. I could not think of any alternative. Someone must go and get help before we all froze to death.

"Where are the car keys, Dad?"

"They're on my belt."

Dad offered no resistance as I reached over and took the keys.

"How are you going out?"

"I'll find some way." I rested in silence ten minutes longer. Even after resting I was utterly exhausted.

"Well, I'm going now." I sank to my hips in the snow as I moved away from the rock on which dad and Frank rested in the lonely night. I hated to leave them, but I did not know what else to do. I would see if Louis was all right. Then I would start out.

I looked for a passageway up the cliff. Something inside drove me on. I found an ice-covered ledge leading to the top of the cliff. I started up only to slip back.

I tried talking to myself. "Look here, Bill. You'd better not get hurt. There's a long way to go, and haste makes waste."

Again I started inching my way on the ice. When I had gone about seventy-five feet I could see the fire. Fifty

yards farther and I was at the fireside with Louis. In the flickering light his questioning eyes met mine.

"I don't know, Louis. I couldn't feel Frank's pulse. I'm going out. If I can get to it, I think I can follow the ridge down. I've lost my compass; can I use yours?"

"Yes. It's on my belt."

I took the compass from his belt and placed it on mine, then loaded my pack onto my back and called over the cliff to dad. I could not understand his reply.

"Louis, keep the fire going and keep warm."

I worked my way down the now-familiar plateau and crossed a little valley between it and the cliff, only to find myself confronted with another cliff. With my flashlight I combed its face. It must have been 150 feet high.

Then I saw a chimney from the cliff's base to the top. I made my way to it. It was about sixteen inches wide and a small stream ran down the walls. There was no better way up that I could see.

I wedged myself against the damp, muddy walls and slowly started up. My clothes absorbed more and more of the mountain stream until the water ran down my back. I was about thirty feet from the top. The walls were too slick with mud to trust any longer. I must find another way. Slowly I descended.

From the chimney I groped along the base of the cliff for about a half hour; I was losing all track of time. My legs sank deeper and deeper into the snow. I sat down under a tree. I was cold and sleepy.

I awoke with a start. I knew that I could freeze to death in no time. "Get up and move!" I told myself. I started to search for a passageway again.

A few steps farther on I found a canyon leading up over the cliff. A stream ran through it. I stumbled and fell at the creek edge, but quickly got up. Then I could see that I was nearing the top.

My mind filled with hope. Here was the top of a ridge. Stumbling and tumbling I half ran along it, going down. A new moon shone faintly on the snow as my stumbling feet kicked it up. White fluffy clouds hovered over the valleys below me and beyond.

Then I stopped. The lights of nearby cities were visible through a break in the clouds. I knew the territory well enough to know that I should not be in this position to them. I was not on the right ridge.

I quickly dropped down the slope, crossed the separating valley, and started up the side of another ridge. I could not make much progress. With every step I took I slid back in the loose snow. I sat down and in spite of myself I dozed. Then I roused and started again.

The slope became so steep that I had to put my flashlight in my hip pocket and crawl on my hands and knees. When I reached the top I discovered I was directly above the chimney I had attempted earlier. I could see Louis' roaring fire. I knew now that I was on the right ridge.

I broke into a run along the de-



Wonderland

by GEORGE L. EHRMAN

Snow is what the Artist chose
As paint for winter art
When making winter wonderlands
To captivate each heart.
He mixes it with lovely gems
To shine in winter sun,
Then tops it with a magic glaze
So children's sleds will run!



scending ridge and in only a few minutes was at our dinner campsite at the head of the trail. I sat down where we had eaten our lunch, dozed for a few minutes, and woke again. I tucked my pants into my boots; they were torn at one knee. Then I discovered that my knee was cut. I remembered my fall at the creek; my knee had been so numb that I had not realized it was cut.

Pulling my cap snugly over my ears, I started down the trail to the road, then followed the nearly snow-filled tracks we had made going up the trail the morning before.

Again I ran. The car was a half mile down the road from the trail. It was fortunate that I was sixteen and knew how to drive, I thought.

I looked at my watch; it was about 3:00 A.M. As I approached the car I saw a big flashing red light. Confused and benumbed I paused and thought. Then I realized that help was already here. I would not have to go farther. Mother had reported to the police that we were long overdue.

Briefly I told the sheriff in the car the situation. He radioed out, "One walked out; one unconscious." The rescue team would be prepared to start in about an hour. I did not want to wait; I wanted to go back now. My dad and two brothers must get out safely.

Reluctantly I obeyed the sheriff's order, and in the back of the car I removed my wet, torn clothes and wrapped myself in a blanket. Warm and dry, I fell asleep. An hour or so later the rescue team arrived—thirty-one men equipped with ropes, stretchers, and first-aid supplies. They waited while I put on the dry clothing they had brought me.

About four-thirty I began to lead them in. It was still dark, and each man of the rescue team behind me carried a light.

At seven-thirty we were at the top of the chimney I had attempted earlier that night.

Beyond and below was Louis, huddled by a dead fire. I saw one of the rescuers lowered on ropes 120 feet down the cliff at my feet. I watched him struggle across the snow field and up the side of the plateau to Louis.

The man stayed with Louis until an Air Force helicopter came; I could see him strap Louis onto the stretcher lowered from the hovering bird. Then Louis was drawn up into the helicopter and taken to a waiting ambulance that sped him to a hospital.

"A few more hours and Louis wouldn't have made it," the doctors said later.

I sat above the chimney most of the day and watched the rescue team; the men would not allow me to go any farther. One by one they went over the cliff on ropes, struggled across the snow field, climbed and crossed the plateau from which the helicopter had taken Louis.

Then one by one they went over the second cliff to dad and Frank. Dad's arm was around Frank as they lay motionless at the spot where I had left them. I had done the best I could. It had not been enough.

I was too exhausted to worry about mother. Days later I realized that at sixteen I was the man of the family, responsible for mother and the four younger children.

But I feel another responsibility too.

I still love the mountains—I am still climbing; I am still learning. Someday I want to be able to save someone else's father or brother.

The mountain has taken mine.



The Cabrerias live in a small mud-and-thatch house with simple homemade furniture.

ABANDONED but Not Forsaken

by MINON HIEBERT HAMM

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

ESTHER and Elías hurried over to the old mansion that houses the church and school in Villavicencio and where the workers from Colegio Elcampo stay when they are on business in the state capital.

"I can think of only one possible solution," the missionary told them after hearing about the mix-up. "You know, the priests are the ones who are really entrusted with the keeping of records and the granting of certificates here in the country. They issue the *fé de bautismo*, which is used in place of the

birth certificate, and they are empowered to act as agents of the state and grant marriage certificates.

"I've been told that there are priests who will marry Protestants without requiring confession, or anything like that, simply in their role of agents of the state. You could try the priest at La Granja, the church on the highway going out of town. He was very nice when Esther took him her baptismal certificate to register. Remember? And he knows we're Protestants. Why don't you go there and see what happens?"

So they hurried over to the cathedral. They had to wait for the priest, but when he came in he received them kindly. But after they had stated their errand and produced the documents the priest answered, "You've come to the wrong door, folks. If they wouldn't marry you over at the courthouse, well, I surely can't help you. Unless, of course, you decide to come back to the true faith," he added with a bit of a smile.

Now what to do was the problem. After another conversation with the pastor they decided to make a trip to Tolima, where they had heard there were several priests in some of the smaller towns who had performed marriages for Adventists. Money was a problem, but the pastor gave them a few hundred pesos and sent them off with a prayer.

"We'll be looking for you on the next boat down at the school," he said. "We'll have everything ready for the wedding. May the Lord bless you."

The young people traveled to Bogotá and then on to the state of Tolima. On reaching their first destination they learned that the priest had recently been removed, precisely because his superiors had learned that he was marrying Adventists. They tried several more villages, but always the answer at the cathedral was negative.

Even though they stayed with Elías' parents between bus trips and practiced the strictest economy, their cash was running low. They needed still another document that could be obtained only in Esther's birthplace, Natagaima, a mountain town eight hours away by bus. Friends warned them that there had been considerable bandit activity in that area. In fact, a car had been held up and the occupants robbed and killed only about twenty-four hours before. They should think seriously before venturing into those mountains, for even buses were being stopped.

But they decided to go ahead. "Let's start in the evening; that way we'll reach Natagaima in the morning," suggested Esther.

The bus trip began without incident. But near midnight the driver stopped, and all the men were ordered outside. Soldiers in uniform were checking their papers. But were they soldiers or bandits? Esther's heart jumped as Elías stepped off the bus and presented his army service record. But everything was in order and soon they were on their way.

At five in the morning they arrived at Natagaima. A cold rain was falling,

and Esther, who had developed a severe cough during these days of stress, wrapped her red wool *ruana* closer around her. As they stepped off the bus in front of the police check booth they noticed fresh stains on the rain-wet pavement.

"Hey, what happened here?" questioned the bus driver of an old man selling newspapers in the shelter of the booth.

"That's where the bandits killed the policeman who was on duty here a couple of hours ago," he replied almost nonchalantly. One learns to live with anything, even violence. Esther shivered and grasped Elías arm more tightly. They lost no time in obtaining the paper they needed, but the priest was just as adamant as his fellows had been in refusing to marry the couple. Esther was ill with nervousness and fear. Elías fingered the two or three small bills that remained in his pocket and made the only decision that was left to him.

"Come on, dear, let's catch the next bus to Bogotá and get back to the school." His voice revealed his dejection. "We'll just have to give up our plans for this year."

It was necessary to spend the night in Bogotá, so they dropped in on Elías' married sister, a non-Adventist. That evening they told her the whole disheartening story.

"Why, you should have come here first!" their brother-in-law scolded. "You'd have saved yourselves all that time and money. Our priest is very obliging. I'm sure he'll marry you. I'll run you over there in the morning. Don't worry—all your troubles are over!"

Esther and Elías were not at all sure that their troubles were over. To please their brother-in-law they went to the church the next day. The young priest was friendly. He asked them many questions.

"I think I understand your problem," he said at length. "You are Protestants, your convictions do not permit you to take part in the mass or to receive confession, and you are not prepared to promise to rear your children in the Catholic faith, right? You are asking me as an agent of the government to marry you without any of these conditions. Well, as an agent of the government I'm going to do it.

"But," he paused, smiling, "I want you to consider very seriously coming back to the holy faith to which you were born. There's no future for a Protestant in our country—don't you know that?"

Both young people were too dazed to answer coherently. They glanced at each other, breath tightening in their throats, afraid the priest would change his mind.

Esther's fun-loving nature is sometimes irrepressible. She was tired and scared, but she just could not help herself.

"Señorita, do you take this man Elías as your lawfully wedded husband?" asked the priest.

"No!" the girl answered him in a firm voice.

Elías shot her a terrified glance. The

priest raised his eyebrows. She went on quickly. "*No hay duda* ["There is no doubt of it"]!"

The priest went on with even tone, trying hard not to look amused. Elías' knees were weak with relief. Would he ever get used to this girl's jokes? Or was her humor part of what attracted him to her?

When at last the ceremony was over and they had taken leave of the kind priest, the young couple laughed and cried with relief. Were they really legally married, free to go ahead with their plans?

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STUFFED TOMATOES

1/2 cup Loma Linda VegeBurger	1 1/2 cups cooked brown rice
7 medium size tomatoes (green peppers or onions may be used)	1 cup tomato pulp (use tomato sauce with peppers)
3 Tbsp. chopped onion	1 Tbsp. melted butter or margarine
1/2 tsp. salt	

Scoop out tomatoes and drain thoroughly (chop and use for tomato pulp). Mix ingredients and fill tomatoes. Bake in moderate oven (350 F.) for 30 minutes.

YOUR DENOMINATIONALLY-OWNED FOOD COMPANY

On the happy boat trip back to the school Esther was bubbling over with excitement.

"Elías, I'm going to do it again!" she stated.

"Do what again, dear?" He was puzzled.

"When the boat lands and they all come down to the river to greet us, you just keep quiet. The very first thing they'll ask is whether we are married. I'm going to say *No*. Then when they all look sad and disappointed I'll say, '*No hay duda!*'"

But when the moment of arrival came neither of them was able to keep a serious face. "You were successful—you're married!" cried their friends. Esther's "*No—no hay duda!*" was drowned out by their cheers.

Two nights later, January 30, 1963, the little school—Esther's school—turned chapel was illuminated by the new light plant. It was filled with loving friends as amid palms, to the strains of familiar organ music, the bridal procession entered. The tall missionary who had been a father to Esther for five years, since the rainy night she arrived alone at the Bogotá airport, opened his Bible. "Dearly beloved," he began. The words were familiar. But they were for her this time. For her and Elías. And now it was Esther's turn to feel a quick heartbeat of surprise

when in the midst of the service the organ began to play again and that rich tenor voice that had first won her love began:

Because you come to me

With naught save love—

"I want to give you something, dear, but I have no present," he had said. "That is, except for a little surprise." So this was it! What a surprise—what a gift! No one had ever sung it like that!

Thus they were married. "Why don't you come back to the city?" Elías' relatives in Bogotá had asked. "You're not making anything down there, and that's no life for your new wife. You can make good money building here. Don't be a fool."

But Esther and Elías have their plans well laid. They know where they are going. Elías has another year at El-campo and Esther is needed more than ever. This year her school has grown. She has a helper teacher and there are forty-three students. It doesn't matter that they are living in a thatch house with dirt floor. It doesn't matter that their income is so small that it's almost invisible. Their clothes may be shabby, but their courage is bright.

"And what are you going to do next year when Elías graduates?" their friends ask.

"We may go on to Medellín for advanced training. Or perhaps we'll have

the opportunity to serve as teachers and leaders of a group and perhaps direct a church-building project," they answer. "At any rate we want to serve. We want to answer the call."

A short time ago a group of Esther's older students waited for her after classes. "We've learned the truth here at school," they told her, "and now we want to be Adventists."

It was hard to find words to express her joy. "I'm so happy you've made this decision, students," she said. "But I want you to know it will cost you something. You may have to give up a great deal." Her eyes clouded in a far-away gaze. She was seeing a girl of fifteen with long black braids who stood before a closed door. Again she heard the words, "You're nothing to us—nothing."

Again she smiled at the eager young faces. "But one who has forsaken doesn't look back," she explained, "and gains—" she tried to put it into words—"a missionary father and mother, loving fellow students and friends, material necessities, the dearest husband in the world, and most of all a Saviour's love." There just wasn't any satisfactory way to express it.

"Yes," she finished, more to herself than to the circle of boys and girls about her, "he gains an hundredfold and he inherits eternal life."

Wit Sharpeners

Simon Peter, Andrew, Philip,
Nathanael, Find Jesus

John 1

Across

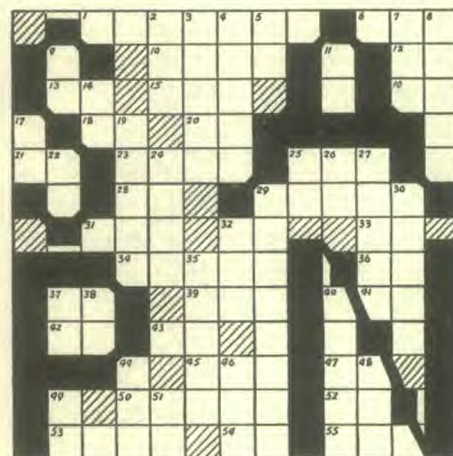
- 1 "Andrew, Simon Peter's . . ." :40
- 6 "Jesus . . . Nathanael coming to him" :47
- 10 ". . . thou wast under the fig tree" :48
- 12 New England State (abbr.)
- 13 Exclamation of inquiry
- 15 National Education Association (abbr.)
- 16 Doctor of Entomology (abbr.)
- 18 Each (abbr.)
- 20 Senior (abbr.)
- 21 Printer's measure
- 23 "Behold an Israelite in . . ." :47
- 25 African antelope
- 28 Measure of length (abbr.)
- 29 "We have . . . the Messias" :41
- 31 Dined
- 32 Therefore
- 33 Dead weight (abbr.)
- 34 "and the . . . of God ascending and descending" :51
- 36 Electrical Engineer (abbr.)

- 37 "Rabbi (which is . . . say, being interpreted, Master)," :38
- 39 Son of Bani Ezra 10:34
- 41 Right line (Math. abbr.)
- 42 Whether
- 43 Third tone of the scale
- 45 "of whom Moses, in the . . . , and the prophets, did write" :45
- 47 Alleged force
- 50 "Can . . . any good thing come out of Nazareth" :46
- 52 Western continent (abbr.)
- 53 "saith unto them, . . . seek ye" :38
- 54 Territorial Decoration (abbr.)
- 55 Organ of sight

Down

- 2 "He first findeth his . . . brother Simon" :41
- 3 "thou shalt see greater things than . . ." :50
- 4 "the two disciples . . . him speak" :37
- 5 Half an em
- 7 "Jesus turned, . . . saw them following" :38
- 8 ". . . dwellest thou" :38
- 9 "there standeth one among you, whom . . . know not" :26
- 11 "thou shalt . . . called Cephas" :42
- 14 "And . . . brought him to Jesus" :42
- 17 ". . . have found him, of whom Moses" :45
- 19 The innermost shrines in ancient temples
- 22 "findeth Philip, and saith unto him, Follow . . ." :43
- 24 Paradise
- 25 "The day following Jesus would . . . forth into Galilee" :43
- 26 Greek letter

- 27 "I saw thee . . . the fig tree" :50
- 29 "and they . . . Jesus" :37
- 30 "They came and saw where he . . ." :39
- 32 "He saith unto them, Come and . . ." :39
- 35 "in whom is no . . ." :47
- 37 Seventh tone in the scale
- 38 "Jesus . . . Nazareth, the son . . . Joseph" :45
- 40 "Cephas, which is by interpretation, A . . ." :42
- 44 Greek letter
- 46 "thou . . . the Son of God" :49
- 48 "and abode with him that . . ." :39
- 49 Exclamation of mild remonstrance
- 51 Height (abbr.)



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Key on page 22

Sabbath School Lessons

JANUARY 2, 1965

Prepared for publication by the General
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SENIOR — I—God Is Fitting Men for His Eternal Kingdom

General Introduction

The most powerful argument for Christianity is a loving and lovable Christian, one who knows what the Bible says about him and who lives out that instruction in his everyday life. The world is looking for such people, is expecting such a life from them, and is disappointed when realization falls short of expectation. This series of Sabbath school lessons on *Fundamentals of Christian Living* is designed to set forth the instruction of the Bible and the Spirit of Prophecy on various phases of the Christian life. May the study of these lessons be a blessing to all Sabbath school members.

MEMORY VERSE: "Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" (2 Peter 3:11).

STUDY HELPS: *The Great Controversy*, pp. 647-652; *Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 281, 406-411.

AIM: To show that the supreme purpose of this life is preparation for the next.

Introduction

"The Lord is fitting a people for heaven. The defects of character, the stubborn will, the selfish idolatry, the indulgence of fault-finding, hatred, and contention, provoke the wrath of God and must be put away from His commandment-keeping people. Those living in these sins are deceived and blinded by the wiles of Satan."—*Testimonies*, vol. 4, p. 180.

A Better World to Come

1. What contrasting attitudes should the Christian maintain toward the kingdom of God and toward this world, and for what reason? Matt. 6:33; 1 John 2:15-17.

2. For what did Abraham look, and with what assurance? Heb. 11:10, 13, 14, 16.

3. What glimpses of a new heaven and a new earth are given by Isaiah and John? Isa. 65:17-19, 21, 22; Rev. 21:1-4.

NOTE.—In the Bible the inheritance of the saved is called "a country." There the heavenly

Shepherd leads His flock to fountains of living waters. The tree of life yields its fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree are for the service of the nations. There are ever-flowing streams, clear as crystal, and beside them waving trees cast their shadows upon the paths prepared for the ransomed of the Lord. There the wide-spreading plains swell into hills of beauty, and the mountains of God rear their lofty summits. On those peaceful plains, beside those living streams, God's people, so long pilgrims and wanderers, shall find a home.—*The Great Controversy*, p. 675.

4. What kind of people will inherit God's kingdom, and what kind will be excluded? Rev. 21:7, 8.

NOTE.—A man is estimated at his true value by the Lord of heaven. If he is unkind in his earthly home, he is unfit for the heavenly home. If he will have his own way, no matter whom it grieves, he would not be content in heaven, unless he could rule there.—*My Life Today*, p. 98.

As God Sees Mankind

5. In the judgment, into how many classes does God divide mankind? Matt. 25:31-33.

NOTE.—There are only two classes in the world today, and only two classes will be recognized in the judgment—those who violate God's law and those who obey it. Christ gives the test by which to prove our loyalty or disloyalty.—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 283.

The eternal God has drawn the line of distinction between the saints and the sinners, the converted and the unconverted. The two classes do not blend into each other imperceptibly, like the colors of the rainbow. They are as distinct as midday and midnight.—*Testimonies to Ministers*, p. 87. See also pages 133, 139; *The Desire of Ages*, p. 763.

6. How are these two classes contrasted in the present life? Rom. 8:7-10.

NOTE.—Those who receive Christ by faith as their personal Saviour cannot be in harmony with the world. There are two distinct classes: One is loyal to God, keeping His commandments, while the other talks and acts like the world, casting away the Word of God, which is truth, and accepting the words of the apostate, who rejected Jesus.—*Ibid.*, p. 139.

7. Of the two ways the Lord anciently set before His people, which did He plead with them to choose? Deut. 30:15, 19.

NOTE.—God had set before Israel "life and death, blessing and cursing"; and how repeatedly they had been urged to choose the way of life,

that they might become a praise in the earth, a blessing to all nations.—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 393.

The Need of Self-examination

8. What earnest counsel did Paul give with reference to the Corinthians' personal experience? 2 Cor. 13:5.

NOTE.—There must be persevering effort to overcome selfishness and self-confidence. Self-examination must be thorough, that there be no danger of self-deception. A little catechizing of self on special occasions is not sufficient. Daily examine the foundation of your hope, and see whether you are indeed in the love of Christ. Deal truly with your own hearts, for you cannot afford to run any risk here. Count the cost of being a wholehearted Christian, and then gird on the armor. Study the Pattern; look to Jesus, and be like Him. Your peace of mind, your hope of eternal salvation, depend on faithfulness in this work. As Christians we are less thorough in self-examination than in anything else; it is no wonder, then, that we make such slow advancement in understanding self.—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, pp. 332, 333.

9. How does the Laodicean church appear before God? Rev. 3:15-17.

10. In view of this condition, what counsel is given? Rev. 3:18, 19.

NOTE.—Come with your whole heart to Jesus. Repent of your sins, make confession to God, forsake all iniquity, and you may appropriate to yourself all His promises. "Look unto Me, and be ye saved" is His gracious invitation.

The day will come when the awful denunciation of God's wrath will be uttered against all who have persisted in their disloyalty to Him. This will be when God must speak and do terrible things in righteousness against the transgressors of His law. But you need not be among those who will come under the wrath of God. It is now the day of His salvation. The light from the cross of Calvary is now shining forth in clear, bright rays, revealing Jesus, our Sacrifice for sin.—*Ibid.*, pp. 634, 635.

11. How did Jesus define eternal life? John 17:3.

NOTE.—Through the knowledge of God and of His Son Jesus Christ, are given to the believer "all things that pertain unto life and godliness." No good gift is withheld from him who sincerely desires to obtain the righteousness of God.

"This is life eternal," Christ said, "that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." . . . Scarcely can the human mind comprehend the breadth and depth and height of the spiritual attainments of him who gains this knowledge.

None need fail of attaining, in his sphere, to perfection of Christian character. By the sacrifice of Christ, provision has been made for the believer to receive all things that pertain to life and godliness. God calls upon us to reach the standard of perfection and places before us the example of Christ's character. In His humanity, perfected by a life of constant resistance of evil, the Saviour showed that through cooperation with Divinity, human beings may in this life attain to perfection of character. This is God's assurance to us that we, too, may obtain complete victory.—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 531.

12. In view of the coming destruction of the world, to what admonition should we give heed? 2 Peter 3:11-14.

Thoughts for Meditation

1. "We can be fitted for heaven only through the work of the Holy Spirit upon the heart. . . . It is the work of the Holy Spirit to elevate the taste, to sanctify the heart, to ennoble the whole man."—ELLEN G. WHITE in *Review and Herald*, Nov. 1, 1892.

2. "The life of Christ on earth was a perfect expression of God's law, and when those who claim to be children of God become Christlike in character, they will be obedient to God's commandments. Then the Lord can trust them to be of the number who shall compose the family of heaven."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 315.

3. Only by examination of our hearts, and daily cooperation with the Holy Spirit, can we be fitted for the society of angels and the redeemed.

Yours Is Christ

by JANE WOELKERS

YOURS in Christ" is what I intended to write on the thank-you note. Somehow I got the letters mixed up and wrote "Yours is Christ." This was an error in penmanship, but literally it should be correct.

The note was written in apprecia-

tion for a bouquet of flowers I had received from church members while I was hospitalized. If Christ belongs to anyone, and He does, we are sure, He should belong to each individual who has made himself part of Christ's remnant people.

Is Christ yours?

YOUTH—I—Preparing for the Eternal Kingdom

MEMORY GEM: "Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of person ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" (2 Peter 3:11).

ILLUMINATION OF THE TOPIC: *The Great Controversy*, pp. 647-650 (1950 ed., pp. 637-643); *Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 285, 426-429 (1923 ed., pp. 283, 416-419); *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 593-602.

Introduction

"The Lord is fitting a people for heaven. The defects of character, the stubborn will, the selfish idolatry, the indulgence of faultfinding, hatred, and contention, provoke the wrath of God and must be put away from His commandment-keeping people. Those living in these sins are deceived and blinded by the wiles of Satan."—*Testimonies*, vol. 4, p. 180.

I—A Better World to Come

1. How will the Christian's attitude toward the kingdoms of this world contrast with his attitude toward the kingdom of heaven? Matt. 6:33; 1 John 2:15-17; Gal. 6:14.

The worldling looks upon the Christian as a suffering, martyred person, one who has given up the temporal things of the world for what he regards as the mythical things of the kingdom of God. The worldling, on the other hand, is regarded by the Christian as being crucified to the vain and often destructive pleasures of a world going down to destruction and dragging its devotees with it. Each feels that the other is making a supreme sacrifice in vain. Which is right?

There must be a clear-cut decision. The person above all others who is to be pitied is the one who tries to gain both worlds and gains neither.

2. For what did Abraham look and with what assurance? Heb. 11:10, 13, 14, 16.

"Christ's ambassadors are to point men to the nobler world, which has largely been lost sight of. According to the teaching of the Holy Scriptures, the only city that will endure is the city whose builder and maker is God. With the eye of faith man may behold the threshold of heaven, flushed with God's living glory. Through His ministering servants the Lord Jesus is calling upon men to strive with sanctified ambition to secure the immortal inheritance. He urges them to lay up treasure beside the throne of God."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 274.

3. What glimpses of a new heaven and a new earth are given by Isaiah and John? Isa. 65:17-19, 21, 22; Rev. 21:1-4.

"In the Bible the inheritance of the saved is called a country. There the heavenly Shepherd leads His flock to fountains of living waters. The tree of life yields its fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree are for the service of the nations. There are ever-flowing streams, clear as crystal, and beside them waving trees cast their shadows upon the paths prepared for the ransomed of the Lord. There the wide-spreading plains swell into hills of beauty, and the mountains of God rear their lofty summits. On those peaceful plains, beside those living streams, God's people, so long pilgrims and wanderers, shall find a home."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 675.

4. What will be the character of those admitted to heaven? Of those excluded? Rev. 21:7, 8.

"And all the way up the steep road leading to eternal life are well-springs of joy to refresh

the weary. Those who walk in wisdom's ways are, even in tribulation, exceeding joyful; for He whom their soul loveth, walks, invisible, beside them. At each upward step they discern more distinctly the touch of His hand; at every step brighter gleamings of glory from the Unseen fall upon their path; and their songs of praise, reaching ever a higher note, ascend to join the songs of angels before the throne."—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, p. 140.

"In the road to death the whole race may go, with all their worldliness, all their selfishness, all their pride, dishonesty, and moral debasement. There is room for every man's opinions and doctrines, space to follow his inclinations, to do whatever his self-love may dictate. In order to go in the path that leads to destruction there is no need of searching for the way; for the gate is wide, and the way is broad, and the feet naturally turn into the path that ends in death."—*Ibid.*, p. 138.

2—How God Regards Mankind

5. Into what two classes will all the world be divided in the judgment? Matt. 25:31-33.

"There are only two classes in the world today, and only two classes will be recognized in the judgment—those who violate God's law and those who obey it. Christ gives the test by which to prove our loyalty or disloyalty."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 283.

"The warfare against God's law, which was begun in heaven, will be continued until the end of time. Every man will be tested. Obedience or disobedience is the question to be decided by the whole world. All will be called to choose between the law of God and the laws of men. Here the dividing line will be drawn. There will be but two classes. Every character will be fully developed; and all will show whether they have chosen the side of loyalty or that of rebellion."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 763.

6. What identification marks will each of these classes bear? Mal. 3:18; Rom. 8:6; Matt. 7:21.

Those who receive Christ by faith as their personal Saviour cannot be in harmony with the world. There are two distinct classes: one is loyal to God, keeping His commandments, while the other talks and acts like the world, casting away the Word of God, which is truth, and accepting the words of the apostate, who rejected Jesus.—*Testimonies to Ministers*, p. 139.

7. In what startling manner did God set before His people the importance of making the right choice? Deut. 30:15, 19; Eze. 18:31.

"To every nation and to every individual God has assigned a place in His great plan. To-day men and nations are being tested by the plummet in the hand of Him who makes no mistake. All are by their own choice deciding their destiny, and God is overruling all for the accomplishment of His purposes."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 536.

3—The Need of Self-examination

8. What earnest advice did the apostle Paul give to the Corinthians? Why does it apply to us today? 2 Cor. 13:5.

"There must be persevering effort to overcome selfishness and self-confidence. Self-examination must be thorough, that there be no danger of self-deception. A little catechizing of self on special occasions is not sufficient. Daily examine the foundation of your hope, and see whether you are indeed in the love of Christ. Deal truly with your own hearts, for you cannot afford to run any risk here. Count the cost of being a wholehearted Christian, and then gird on the armor. Study the Pattern; look to Jesus, and be like Him. Your peace of mind, your hope of eternal salvation, depends

on faithfulness in this work. As Christians we are less thorough in self-examination than in anything else; it is no wonder then, that we make such slow advancement in understanding self."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, pp. 332, 333.

The examination of the guests that takes place at the marriage supper of the Lamb is final. To discover one's deficiencies then will not avail, it will be too late to procure the wedding robe. That is why we should examine ourselves to see that we are wearing it now, today, tomorrow, and every day until He comes.

9. Contrast the condition of the Laodiceans as they appear to themselves and as they appear to God. Rev. 3:15-17.

"The dangers coming upon us are continually increasing. It is high time that we put on the whole armor of God, and work earnestly to keep Satan from gaining any further advantage. Angels of God that excel in strength, are waiting for us to call them to our aid, that our faith may not be eclipsed by the fierceness of the conflict. . . .

"At this time the Laodicean message is to be given, to arouse a slumbering church. Let the thought of the shortness of time stimulate you to earnest, untiring effort."—*Selected Messages*, book 1, pp. 195, 196.

10. What gracious provision is made for correcting this fearful condition? Rev. 3:18, 19.

"If any will not be purified through obeying the truth, and overcome their selfishness, their pride, and evil passions, the angels of God have the charge: 'They are joined to their idols, let them alone,' and they pass on to their work, leaving these with their sinful traits unsubdued, to the control of evil angels. Those who come up to every point, and stand every test, and overcome, be the price what it may, have heeded the counsel of the True Witness, and they will receive the latter rain, and thus be fitted for translation."—*Testimonies*, vol. 1, p. 187.

11. What is eternal life, and how may it be acquired? John 17:3; 1 John 5:12.

"Through the knowledge of God and of His son Jesus Christ, are given to the believer 'all things that pertain unto life and godliness.' No good gift is withheld from him who sincerely desires to obtain the righteousness of God. . . .

"None need fail of attaining, in his sphere, to perfection of Christian character. By the sacrifice of Christ, provision has been made for the believer to receive all things that pertain to life and godliness. God calls upon us to reach the standard of perfection, and places before us the example of Christ's character. In His humanity, perfected by a life of constant resistance of evil, the Saviour showed that through co-operation with Divinity, human beings may in this life attain to perfection of character. This is God's assurance to us that we too may obtain complete victory."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 531.

12. If we really believe what the Bible foretells concerning the future, how will we live? 2 Peter 3:11-14.

What Is in This Lesson for Me?

Have I faced up to the issue presented in this lesson? Have I made my choice? Do I know where I am going? Having made that decision, am I going "all out" to reach my goal? Is there any likelihood of my reaching it unless I do? Will sincere wishes, even ardent longings, take me into heaven? What do I need to do to be lost? NOTHING. I am lost already. What do I need to do to be saved? Take Jesus "He that hath the Son hath life." How do I take Him? By faith. What is faith?

Simply:

F orsaking
A ll
I
T ake
H im

Open Channels

by JOHN HSUEN, M.B., B.S.*
as told to LUCILE JOY SMALL

MY EYELIDS were heavy as I came on duty in the surgical ward at Christian Medical College Hospital at Vellore, South India. The surgery schedule was full, and I had had little rest during the past night. I came in response to a call from the nursing desk. Mrs. Ratnam's intravenous was going into the tissues instead of into the vein. I began to work in a routine way. My patient was a well-nourished Indian woman with veins that were hard to puncture.

This was Mrs. Ratnam's second postoperative day. Yesterday had been rough, for her surgery had been extensive. I was pleased to note that she responded to my greeting. As I began to work she spoke.

"Doctor, I want to tell you something. That night when you prayed for me, I gave my heart to Jesus."

Could I believe my ears? What did she mean? I had said very little to her that evening before her surgery. I had seen her Bible on her bedside table and supposed that she was already a Christian.

She continued speaking. "I was so fearful that night when you came to see me. After your prayer, I gave my heart to Jesus and found a new peace. The next morning I went to surgery with a smile on my face. The fear was all gone, and in my heart was a peace that I had never before experienced. With my new faith in Christ, I was prepared to face anything that might happen."

As she talked my thoughts reverted to that evening only three days previous when I had left the ward so tired that I could think only of getting home to rest. A classmate approached me on my way out.

"John, do you remember Mrs. Ratnam who is scheduled for surgery in the morning?" His voice sounded urgent.

"Yes, I talked with her." I was in a hurry to get home, and moved away.

But the urgency in his voice forced me to a halt. "She is sitting in her room crying her heart out. Will you go in and talk to her?"

It had been a long day. I was extremely weary. She had a Bible. Perhaps her need was not so great after all. I hesitated before replying.

"Yes, I'll go."

She was in her room surrounded by relatives, and weeping quietly.

I walked to her bed.

"Mrs. Ratnam, you are to undergo surgery in the morning. I have come to tell you that you are a child of God. Jesus loves you and will help you through this experience if you will trust Him. May I offer a prayer for you?"

I prayed that God would sustain her, that He who is the Great Physician would guide the hands of the surgeons, that He would remove her fears and give her peace.

At the conclusion of the prayer she had thanked me and I had left her room with fatigue forgotten. This intern experience is a busy life, and a succession of duties had claimed my attention since that visit.

As she now related what this brief bit of ministry had meant to her, once again my fatigue vanished. I went about my work with a spring in my step, with joy in my heart, and praise to God on my lips.

Mrs. Ratnam had been a Christian, but had not experienced the joy

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but drunks arrested by Winnipeg police in 1878 did not get a free ride to jail in a police wagon. They had to pay the cab fare. The police record for 1878 indicated that the usual fine was \$100 for being drunk and fifty cents for the horse-and-buggy ride to the jail. A man who kept a bar open on Sunday was fined \$10, while anyone who carried liquor was taken to the police station and fined \$1.50.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

of full surrender until faced with this major surgery. The Holy Spirit had been working upon her heart, and how happy I was that He used my humble ministry to accomplish His work.

This incident led to another adventure in witnessing. Mrs. Ratnam's husband was a lay evangelist. Soon after this he invited me to speak to an audience of three hundred. I told them of the need for individual preparation for the second coming of Christ. Other opportunities followed.

My work is only seed sowing. The harvest is in God's hands, but what if I had not gone to see Mrs. Ratnam that first evening?

* Bachelor of Medicine, Bachelor of Surgery.

A Silent Thank You

by NORENE LYON CREIGHTON

With glowing face and timid smile
Small hands grasped the proffered pet.
"What do you say?" I softly prompted,
Chagrined he could so soon forget.

Bashful silence still engulfed him
As he hugged his darling prize.
"Please don't fret," the gifter solaced,
"Small boys thank you with their eyes."

Then I thought of my past blessings
Where my thanks were but in part.
Does He know when words forsake me
That I'm thankful in my heart?

Selfishness

by LUCILLE BRADFORD

IN THE coral reefs growing off the coast of Australia lives a species of tiny crab, *Haplocarcinus marsupialis*. To ensure protection from her enemies, the female of this creature confines herself to prison for life.

While still young she establishes her home in the center of two coral branches. There she sets up a constant movement that causes the coral to grow in a peculiar way. The branches swerve outward and inward, forming a dome around the crab. This encasement is about the size and shape of a marble. Small openings in this dome allow the sea to flow in and out. This water brings in tiny particles of food upon which the crab feeds. There she remains for the rest of her life, safe from the hazards of the watery world—but never again can she enter that world.

"Those who shut themselves up within themselves, who are unwilling to be drawn upon to bless others by friendly associations, lose many blessings; for by mutual contact minds receive polish and refinement. . . . Especially should those who have tasted the love of Christ develop their social powers, for in this way they may win souls to the Saviour." *

* Testimonies, vol. 6, p. 172.

Key Wit Sharpeners



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I certify that the statements made by me are correct and complete. PAUL S. DOUGLAS, Office Manager.

SALLY ROSES

By KATHRYN STEPHENSON WILHELM

GET A
COPY
SOON



Take a snow-white cat named Sally Roses, five orphaned baby rabbits all nursing from doll bottles, a pet mockingbird with the ability to untie shoelaces and pluck out hairpins, and a horse that protected a little girl's life—and you have the ingredients for an exciting book. Add to these a story of a small boy who interrupted a prayer meeting by bringing along a bucket of hopping frogs, and you inject a note of laughter—a vital ingredient to effective children's stories.

Alfred Mercier said, "What we learn with pleasure we never forget." From her Memory Chest, Kathryn Wilhelm brings to us these captivating stories from the days of childhood. They will be read with pleasure by young and old alike, and the lessons taught will be remembered well. This volume will make an especially nice gift for any occasion.



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► Ninety-three of every 100 American households have one or more television sets. AMA

► America's fastest animal is the pronghorn. In bursts of speed this antelope can attain about 50 miles an hour.
National Geographic Society

► In the Orient 10 cents' worth of soybeans will produce about a gallon of soybean milk. A gallon of cow's milk in China, where available, would cost more than a dollar. Today's Food

► One ragweed plant can pollute the air with 5 billion to 8 billion grains of pollen. It takes only a dozen granules in the nostrils of a hay-fever victim to start sneezes and sniffles.
National Geographic Society

► Today almost 147 million pounds of monosodium glutamate, a flavor potentiator, are sold throughout the world, and total dollar sales almost equal those of salt. Annual production in the United States is about 30 million pounds. Pak-Facts

► Holes smaller than two ten-thousandths of an inch (too small to be seen by the naked eye) can be drilled accurately in wire finer than a human hair. The instrument used in the process is a high-repetition-rate laser developed especially for industrial applications. Raytheon

► Denmark's largest producer of vending machines will stop production of cigarette-vending machines "because of the reported connection between smoking and cancer." Meanwhile a Danish government commission has proposed a ban on cigarette advertisements, restricted sales hours, and a price increase on cigarettes through higher taxes. AMA

► Doctors working in the Laboratory of Nuclear Medicine at the University of California have found that heart cells grown in a test tube continue to beat for a time, but eventually may lose their heartbeat and identity, depending on the type of fuel available. When the cells utilize a carbohydrate fuel alone, they soon lose the heartbeat, and though the cells continue to live and grow, they cease to be heart cells. However, if in addition a fat (lipid) fuel is available, the cells will continue to beat for several weeks. Experiments also demonstrated that cells which stop beating when grown without lipids resume the heartbeat following addition of lipid extracts to the test-tube medium. UCAL

► If a resident of the Washington, D.C., area wishes the latest information on satellite positions visible within a 100-mile radius of the nation's capital, plus general data on the "in-orbit scoreboard" and other astronomical phenomena, he may simply dial 381-5050. This new public service, called Dial-A-Satellite, is provided by the Smithsonian Institution in cooperation with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. It was inaugurated to meet the increasing popularity in satellite observation and activity. A special telephone line answers all requests for the viewing times of Echo I, Echo II, and other satellites visible to the naked eye. The data are designed for laymen and furnished by the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory at Cambridge, Massachusetts, which provides a similar service for the Boston area. Smithsonian

► In 1963 the top 100 national advertisers spent twice as much on network and spot TV as they did in newspapers, magazines, and farm and business publications. They spent \$720 million in publication media and \$1,415 million for TV advertising. The latter figure does not include radio advertising. NTL

► It was the height of the hurricane season when Christopher Columbus' three tiny ships crossed the Atlantic Ocean. He encountered one of the storms on his second voyage, riding out a hurricane behind Saona Island south-east of Hispaniola. National Geographic Society

► According to the United States Department of Agriculture, a sewing machine is expected to last 24 years; a refrigerator 16 years; a vacuum cleaner 18 years; a range 16 years; a freezer or toaster 15 years; and a washing machine or TV set, 11 years. Now

► To be a member of the Cape Horn's Club a person must have navigated under sail around the southern point of South America. Surprisingly enough, there are today 11 members of that select club. BBC

► No species of bat found in the United States bites humans, except in self-defense. Most have teeth too small to puncture the skin. National Geographic Society

► Water supply is an industry. In the United States, by weight of material handled, it is seven times bigger than all other industries put together. WHO



Radarscope

Key to source abbreviations published January 14, 1964.

► San Juan de Dios Hospital, Quito, Ecuador, is rounding out its four-hundredth year without closing its doors. AMA

► More than 5,000 industrial firms in the United States are directly involved in the nation's efforts to put men on the moon. National Geographic Society

► In one year Britons swallow 800 million tablets of phenobarbitone. To calm their nerves they consume 350 million tranquilizer pills, and to counteract the effect of these, they take 250 million stimulating tablets. GH

► Since World War II, New York City has put up as much new office space as Chicago, Los Angeles, and San Francisco combined. In 1963 alone, 9,080 buildings, costing \$900 million, were completed. National Geographic Society

► Suzuki, noted Japanese music teacher who has trained thousands of children, believes in exposing a child, from the cradle on, to classical music via recordings. The child repeatedly hears one masterpiece by a superior artist. At six months he has developed an ear for music, and at two-and-a-half can be musically trained on a one-tenth size violin. AMC

► The European Atomic Energy Community has agreed to participate in the construction and sea trials of the *Otto Hahn*, the Community's first atomic ship. Named after a German atomic scientist, the ship will be propelled by a light-water reactor with a relatively low primary pressure and a heat exchanger housed entirely within the pressure vessel. Steam from the reactor will drive the ship's 10,000 horsepower turbines to propel the craft at a speed of 18 knots. The reactor will be fueled by enriched uranium and is designed to run about 5,000 hours before being recharged. european community

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