

The Youth's Instructor

MARCH 2, 1965
Is your religion an "arranged marriage" with Jesus Christ?

No Emotion in My
Religion, Please

[Sabbath School Lessons for March 6]



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 1965. 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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AND CROWN Him Lord of all" marked the beginning of a straggling exodus of the populace from church. While it gained in momentum, I kept shuffling back and forth to avoid being stepped on, and moving my purse and Bible so that they wouldn't be knocked over. Vainly I tried to keep track of the tune and words of the closing hymn. The fact that the benediction had not yet been uttered failed to deter the eager migrants.

In spite of myself I felt anger rise within me. All this bustle in church just to be first in line at the cafeteria! From all appearances during the service, some of these fidgeters had been planning their exit since the opening sentence of the sermon. There must be something disastrously wrong when a group of young people and adults have so distorted a sense of values. Why did they come in the first place? Not for worship, evidently.

The uneasy thoughts plagued me annoyingly as I walked toward the cafeteria and then stood, totally preoccupied, in the long buzzing line of humanity awaiting food.

Caught on the waves of an unintelligible chatter, my mind transported me to a not dissimilar drone of voices in a crowd in front of Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Ann pushed her way through the throng of people to the side of her mother. "He's only three blocks away!" she yelled excitedly in order to be heard over the roar of the crowd. The date was July 4, 1963. President Kennedy was coming to give an address in commemoration of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

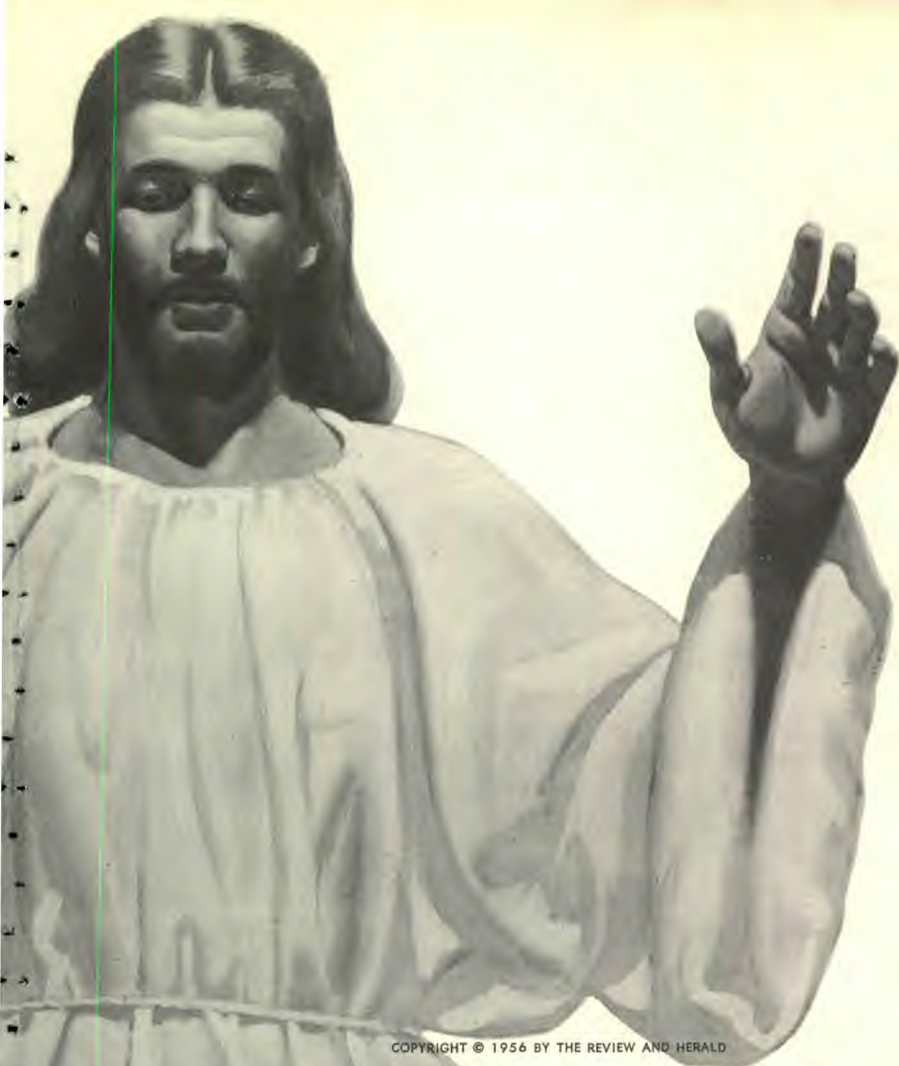
As the head of state appeared, the

multitude cheered and a cloud of red-white-and-blue flags appeared over their heads. When he stepped forward a hush fell over the crowd, as if the sound waves had been cut in half with some great scissors. Ann and her mother, along with the many others, held their breath as long as they could, letting it out in a long sigh as the President began his speech.

Not a rustle of paper or a clearing of throats disturbed the stillness of the hour. There were no disturbing exits, and if a crying child necessitated a hasty departure, it was taken with reluctant steps. Every word that fell into the great void of silence seemed to be treasured as something to retell to posterity. To think, they were actually



The Unacc



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Unacknowledged Guest

by JUDITH M. FOULKES

ILLUSTRATED BY RUSSELL HARLAN

hearing the President of the United States in person! They were really seeing him with their own eyes—without the aid of cameras! When the final words were uttered, there was a moment of silence before the crowd broke into an ear-splitting tumult.

"Judy, wake up! You're holding up the line!" I mechanically shuffled up a few paces. "I was thinking," I said defensively, making a quick jump back into the present.

However, that was not the end of my dwelling on the lack of reverence displayed in many of our churches—and it seemed particularly extreme on our campus.

How was it that a motley crowd of

all classes and ages could show greater respect to a President, a head of a worldly government, than young adults at college showed to their Creator and Redeemer? My mind sought for the answer and mulled over the problem for a long time.

Why show reverence and adoration toward anyone? What is it that demands respect? The reason for honoring the President was the great nation he stood for—*our* nation. He appeared to be doing what he considered right and best for us. Of course, everyone who was present that day did not agree with all his views, but he was respected anyway. We recognized his accomplishments, knew he was upheld by the majority of citizens, and realized

that he had done something to merit favor and honor.

The parallel was painfully clear to me. Surely God is infinitely more worthy of our homage. He stood so strongly for His principles, the Ten Commandments, that His Son was crucified for them. He gave His life for the greatest of all freedoms of the people—freedom from sin, worry, and eternal death. I thought of the pertinent statement: "God's claim to reverence and worship, above the gods of the heathen, is based upon the fact that He is the Creator, and that to Him all other beings owe their existence."¹ The problem wouldn't rest. Persistently it continued its game of tag with my thoughts.

Desmond Doss was coming to visit the college. It was Veterans' Day, and chapel was to be extra special. It surely was with Desmond Doss's being there! Who hadn't heard of him? Any Adventist and many non-Adventists knew of him. He was a hero of World War II, although he had never carried a gun. The ultimate in bearing a witness for Christ internationally, he had won the Congressional Medal of Honor. His manner was unassuming, making him all the more dear to us as Seventh-day Adventist youth. There were no disturbing noises and exits during that chapel! He warranted our respect as a representative of God-fearing youth.

"Judy, get ready for bed!" My roommate's prodding aroused me from my musing. But hardly had I started the process of putting up my hair than I was again lost in the maze of my contemplations.

What was it that made Desmond Doss worthy of our respect? He was

not strikingly handsome, nor was he a polished entertainer, keeping us amused with witty jokes. Desmond Doss was a hero! He had been willing to give his life for others and had almost done it. What greater deed could be asked?

Then, why shouldn't Christ, who gave His life for us, merit a higher degree of honor? Who could ever reach that pinnacle of perfection? To give your life when there was no fault on your part and when the ones you were giving it for were the most undeserving beings created! And yet, we whisper and talk and shuffle around in His presence even when we've been told that "this [irreverence] is enough to bring God's displeasure and shut His presence from our assemblies."²

Surely we believe in the story of Calvary and Christ's resurrection! Yet we fail to demonstrate our belief in Him realistically enough to be reverent in His house. What right do we have to heaven and eternal life, when we don't even show our appreciation for Christ's great sacrifice here on earth?

Time was at last ripe for Elder Blake to ask the persons he had been studying with to accompany him to church. Would they accept his invitation? He hurried to the door.

"Come in! We're all ready for the next lesson," eagerly greeted the husband. The pastor entered and immediately began the Bible study.

His steps were light, and his eyes bright when he reappeared outside. The couple had seemed more than glad to accept his invitation to come to church with him the next Sabbath. Surely the Lord was working on their hearts!

Church was over and the people were leaving the building. "Well, how did you like the sermon?" Elder Blake asked.

"Oh, the sermon was pretty good," the wife answered half reluctantly.

"What is wrong? I can see from both your faces that something is."

"We were so sure that yours was the right church," wailed the couple, "until we got there!"

"Surely it can't be the right one if God is not present there," continued the husband. "And from the attitudes of the members He isn't."

With that the pair walked down the stairs to the car and drove off. Elder Blake was heartbroken. He felt thwarted and discouraged. To think that at the almost final step, God's people failed Him!

How little do we realize that Christ is a silent and invisible watcher in our midst, considering each one as a future citizen of His heavenly home and sanctuary, and weighing each life in the balance. What is the matter with us?

The first excuse offered by the questioned college student is sure to be: "It's the building we worship in! That same night it will become our concert hall or place of entertainment. During the week we use it as a gymnasium. While listening to the sermon, if I happen to look up, I see the overhanging basketball nets. If I glance down on the floor, I can't help noticing the boundary lines—and there goes my concentration for this week's church service."

Familiar words, but do they truly hold the answer? The minister doesn't seem to be distracted by these unavoidable signs of other uses. He knows God is there, no matter the place, and acts accordingly. We too believe that God is omnipresent. When praying at night, don't we feel that God is there? And yet, the bed, the sink, the various pictures and notices on the bulletin board fail to divert our attention from our devotions. Then how can the surroundings be our excuse? No, we must seek the solution elsewhere.

Another reason given is that week after week, for who knows how many years, we have been going to church. The practice is common now. We began attending when children, coloring in books and going to sleep on mother's lap. When older we were ordered to pay attention and not to talk. This change in conduct required a whole new adjustment, and many of us failed to realize why the change—only that we were older now.

What a flimsy excuse! It seems to be a case of "familiarity breeds contempt." How unfair to God! He has mingled with us for 6,000 years and yet loves us all the more. No matter how well we know an earthly king or queen, we would not think of neglecting any of the courtly etiquette! Any breach of courtesy would be inexcusable. Yet we try to use commonness as justification. How could this serve as an alibi?

There apparently is no excuse for failing to show reverence. It should never cease to be exhibited in our tabernacles of worship. There is not a shadow of a reason that it should.

The only inkling I could find toward why we neglect to manifest our love to God by reverence is that we fail to realize that God is there.

On the Fourth of July not so many people would have sat spellbound in front of the TV set, listening to the President's speech, as stood on the lawn in that old city. Had the event been on newsreel fewer would have concentrated on the words. What made the difference? President Kennedy was there in person.

Had Desmond Doss's address been on a tape that morning in chapel there would have been much more murmuring and extraneous activities. Why the contrast? The veteran was there in all verity.

We must train ourselves to recognize the reality of God's presence, though unseen. He whose Word is unfailing has promised to be where two or three are gathered in His name. We must come to realize and revere His presence in our churches—or I should say, in *His house*.

It is hard to conceive that a mighty God would come down to visit us in such a man-made thing as a temple. However, Jesus came down from the same glorious splendor of heaven to live with us. We must exercise more faith in God's Word and acknowledge that indeed the Lord is in His holy temple.

The Spirit of Prophecy writings offer us a remedy. "Say to yourself when entering His sanctuary: 'God is here; this is His house. I must have pure thoughts and the holiest motives. I must have no pride, envy, jealousy, evil surmising, hatred, or deception in my heart; for I am coming into the presence of the holy God. This is the place where God meets with and blesses His people. The high and holy One who inhabiteth eternity looks upon me, searches my heart, and reads the most secret thoughts and acts of my life.'"³

Most of us hate to be accused of lacking will power and self-respect. Let us then try out the godly advice and *practice* reverence. The repeated exercise of manifesting homage to God will instill a greater respect for Him. We would cease to discourage others from joining the church, and thus hasten Christ's coming.

This process would be like an inverted spiral, getting increasingly larger and larger, and higher and higher as it develops, reaching up to heaven. And if we succeed in our efforts, we shall soon meet in the *visible* presence of our Saviour.

¹ *Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 336.

² *Child Guidance*, p. 540.

³ *Ibid.*, pp. 541, 542.

Grace Notes

and letters to the editor

We Hold These Truths COLUMBIA UNION COLLEGE
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TOKONA PARK 12, MD.

Committee of One

Church Ronald W. McDow provides the week's cover scene. The 1963 Photo Mart scene was taken at night of the Walla Walla College Seventh-day Adventist church.

California "There is a slight error on the back pages of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTORS dated November 3, and December 1, and January 12 of this year. There are listed institutions of learning, and among them is La Sierra College—listed in each case as being in Arlington, California, whereas it is located in La Sierra, California 92505." F. F. PARSONS, La Sierra.

• Our error. Thank you.

Austria "I have just finished reading William Loveless' 'Indian Summer' in your November 17, 1964, issue. I was deeply moved by the import and strength of his article, and I wanted to let you know that I feel this is one of the highest quality, most important pieces of writing that I have read in the INSTRUCTOR's pages.

Austria "The 'Indian Summer' condition of our church, and of our own personal lives casts persistent shadows across my, and many of my friends', youth-bright experiences. . . . From pulpits, from youth Weeks of Prayer, from the pages of our publications, comes the sweet and pure milk that we need to start us out, to introduce us to Christ, to get us baptized, and to carry us along. But somewhere we are going to have to jump off the wagon and start pulling, and we don't want to jump off in the same places those before us have jumped off. Their footing wasn't quite strong enough, their diet wasn't sufficient enough to haul the church into its intended destination. . . .

Austria "Because of the danger of our generation just keeping the work expanding, instead of exploding, we want it otherwise." JOHN B. HOEHN, Seminar Schloss Bogenhofen.

Gentlemen "No young man can be possessed of a right spirit who does not respect women and seek to lighten their cares."—2T 311, 312.

The Youth's Instructor, March 2, 1965

Though trite, the title says what we want to say. A pitfall of some so-called reformers is that they choose to isolate one aspect of Christian living, concentrating their energies on this to the ignoring of others equally important. We must be concerned with the whole life, the whole Christian.

He who would hasten the return of Jesus must begin with himself. What are the devotional habits? Formal? Lifeless? Or vitalizing?

If you took ten minutes daily for Sabbath school lesson study last year, has this increased to twenty in 1965? Or thirty?

A Christian must be as practical in cultivating the religious life as the farmer on his land. It doesn't take a sage to differentiate between the one who remains poor and the one who "gets ahead." He who harvests plentifully hasn't allowed feelings or impulse to dictate.

Whether he feels like it or not, the dairyman rises at a set hour to attend his herd. Regardless of the attractions in town, the farmer knows that when certain dates of spring arrive he must begin working the land. A rainy day? He transfers his energies to putting tractor or tool in better condition. But when the frost is out of the ground the furrows begin to crease the land.

Some marks of success in any occupation are ambition, diligence, perseverance, faithful application of the energies to a plan.

Respect for the alarm clock is the first move in regard to bountiful harvests. The parallel holds in the harvest of a religious experience. I suspect there will be no Christians ready for the return of Jesus whose religious experience is characterized by the haphazard, the undisciplined, the unconcerned.

Do you want to eat melons in August? Make certain the seeds are planted before mid-May. Otherwise you could go hungry, come August-September. It was thus when I helped dad with his patch.

A religious experience grows much the same way. Neglect to do what you should do when the time comes, whether planting or cultivating, and you can suffer irredeemable loss.

Your church provides many instruments for cultivating Christian character. Each week we publish Sabbath school lessons graded for your study. Each winter we publicize new MV Book Clubs, chosen not only to supply interesting reading but to facilitate character formation through reading. These are only two important tools it provides, week in, week out.

Are you sleeping through sunny days, when you ought to be working your own character fields? What excuse are you readying for the time of harvest?

You have something to do. Jesus Christ through His church is doing what can be done. The outcome is up to you.

WTC

coming next week

- "FRIDAY-THE-THIRTEENTH RUNAWAY"—Jan S. Doward tells of a fantastic, catastrophic run by a section of train cars minus the locomotive. The author gives a systematic account of those who were involved in the amazing story.
- "SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN"—"Pastor, I've been wondering whether I should divorce my wife!" The pastor was startled to hear such words from his teacher. He countered, "Did you come for advice or merely to get me to agree?"



Guardian of the Fire

by MARYANE MYERS

I KNEW Alma Baker's story by heart. That was the reason I did not agree to comply with her telephone request. Not at first.

"I wish you would write an article—tell people to be careful of what they say, to think before they speak."

"The subject has been covered many times," I hedged.

"Not often enough. Maybe you could help. God may forgive us, but cutting words leave a scar that can never be removed."

She was right. "I'll try," I promised.

Alma was a small, mildly pretty young woman without an ounce of confidence in herself. All through her childhood she had been told that she was ugly and ill-tempered. In fact, she had heard it so often that in time she came to believe it. Actually, she was the opposite, or would have been if she had been given an opportunity.

Alma, like many others, did have a fault. When she was pushed too far she lost her temper, and in standing up for "her rights" sometimes became abusive in words—especially to Ralph, her brother.

Ralph's unwise choice of companions had led him to imbibe liquor—a habit that greatly distressed Alma and Mrs. Baker. Little by little drink became more important to him than holding down a job. Then it was necessary for the sister to bear all the household expenses. She resented it, and more than once told her family what she thought of it. Her mother tried to soothe her by quoting Bible passages.

After all, Ralph was younger. It was Alma's responsibility to provide for him, she reasoned.

"I'm not working to pay for whisky!" Alma told her.

"Nobody expects you to," answered her mother.

Mrs. Baker was ill, and these scenes greatly upset her.

"Alcoholism is a sickness. You must be patient with your brother. The Lord came to earth to teach love and patience." She sighed. "If he lives to get old, I don't know what will happen to him."

Alma should have consoled her. Instead, she ran from the room, slammed the door. At least that was better than saying that she did not care what became of him, an assertion that was on the tip of her tongue.

After the mother's death, Ralph's drinking went from bad to worse. He could not keep a job, and seldom had any money. Not nearly enough to buy the alcohol his depraved appetite craved. He squandered for drink any money he could find hidden in the house. He even resorted to pawning his sister's possessions, including two electric fans and her best winter coat.

Alma's life was almost unbearable. She did not know what to do or what to say to help him or herself. Everything seemed to fail.

Work was her one great link with a normal, sane world. And Ralph even threatened that at times when he telephoned her at the office and demanded money. She always managed to stall

him, to keep him from going there and creating an unpleasant scene. One day, however, she was forced to leave the office and cash a check for him.

Later, when they were home together she told him in fiery language that she was disgusted with his behavior and would never give him another cent for liquor.

Home life was almost unbearable when brother and sister were together. He continually nagged at her, complaining that she owed him a living—after all, she was his sister and he was out of work. One day she heard more than she could endure. A verbal fight ensued.

Every battle made Alma feel more heartsick. She did not want to hurt Ralph, but she could not give him money for whisky. It was ruining his life—and hers. She asked God to forgive her angry words, to give her more understanding, more patience. The next time her brother called her ugly names for not supplying drink money, however, she again lost her temper and gave him a tongue lashing. Their life was like an angry, burning circle of fire.

Then came the terrible night that Alma was never to forget. After a quarrel, more severe than usual, Ralph left the house, stating that he would never return.

A day later there were headlines in the local newspapers. Ralph Baker had died in a downtown hotel fire. No one knew the real cause of the blaze. It could have been started by a cigarette, lighted by a man who was too intoxicated to realize what he was doing. There remained only a pair of eyeglasses to identify him.

For a long time Alma was unconsoled. She could not forgive herself for the angry words that had sent him away from home that night. Later, when she sought and found Christ, a sweet new way of life opened up for her.

"The subject has been covered many times," I had hedged.

"Not often enough. Maybe you could help. God may forgive us, but cutting words leave a scar that can never be removed."

"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips" (Ps. 141:3).

*The telephone rang. It was
you, dear son. You said, in
a cheerful voice, "Hi, Mom,
how are you?" I knew that
God wanted me to have it.*

God Used You, SON

by IRENE R. CEISLER

YES, son, God works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform. I promised I would tell you what happened when I came home from the hospital, and now I shall. But first let me recall to you how, when you were a small boy, we all went to Sabbath school—you and I, your big sister, and your aunt.

Your aunt was the one who discovered the Bible, and here was the first miracle God performed in our lives. She was looking for a musical program, but in front of the building was a billboard that said, "Bible Lectures for Jewish People." She went in and listened. She was so enthusiastic about what she heard that she persuaded me to go to the next lecture. And how I needed to hear about God, for I had just lost your wonderful father and I was bewildered and sad.

You liked going to Sabbath school, and you memorized easily, so that on the thirteenth Sabbath you were able to recite all thirteen memory verses you had learned. But the biggest surprise was when you were about seven. In Sabbath school various members were called upon to read aloud from the Scriptures. One Sabbath when I was called upon to read I said, "May my son read instead of me?" I called you by name, of course, and when the teacher

agreed, you found the text that was assigned to us and you read with a loud voice, pronouncing the words properly and clearly. Many said, "Amen, amen."

But time marched on. You grew into a fine teen-ager. You were restless, and at seventeen you joined the Marines. At first I did not want you to go, but then I gave my permission and sent you off with my blessing.

Some find the Lord when they go into the Service, but that's when you wandered away. But you didn't wander too far. You're still a good boy, a loyal husband now, a good father to your two small children. And for filial devotion you could take top prize! As I say, you are not far away, and the Master is calling. You're just outside the door.

Do you remember that when you were in the Marines and you were homesick you prayed, and the Lord brought scriptures to your mind? I know it's true because you wrote some of them to me in letters, and I quote from one of them verbatim: "Mother, whenever I get homesick or weary or discouraged I repeat the twenty-third psalm to myself and I begin to feel better. A person can really find religion when away from home, whether he be Protestant, Jew, Catholic, or whatever. Whenever things are going bad and

there's no one to tell my troubles to, I think of you and I think of God, and I am cheered."

Son, this world is "waxing old like a garment." Won't you pray and search the Scriptures again, and get your passport for eternal life in the earth made new? Your young wife loves you and respects you. She will follow your example and search the Scriptures also. She has her own Bible. I know, for I was the first to see her beautiful maroon-covered Bible after you were married. And when both of you have given your hearts to God, you know what He says? "I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children."

There's another beautiful thing I want to recall to your mind. In your letters (which, bless you, were so frequent) you used to quote scriptures without any comments other than asking me to look them up. How thrilled I was to hurry to my Bible and turn to them. Sometimes I smiled as I read the scripture, for I understood why you mentioned that particular text. And sometimes tears welled up in my eyes, as for instance when I read Mark 11: 24-26 (again from your letter when you were only seventeen and a half—and already six months a Marine).

Here, I must confess, I didn't know

what the scripture was about until I turned to it. Then I both smiled and cried. You were asking me to forgive. Dear son, I knew what you meant. There had been days when you stayed out late at night and caused me concern, or times in your early teens when you played hooky from school and the teachers complained. But you never committed any serious offense to make my heart ache.

I made mistakes too. Sometimes when I tried to be both father and mother to you (and no matter what anybody says that can never be—a mother may be a most conscientious mother, but a father's place she can never fill), I said or did the wrong thing, and I ask you for forgiveness.

Bound Memories

by ENOLA CHAMBERLIN

Our memories are willful things—
We have them, then we don't—they're gone
Like wild kites breaking fragile strings,
And having a wind to travel on
Rush over the maples out of sight
Not ever perhaps to be found again.
And so to stop the memories' flight,
To bind them down as with a chain,
I tie them to something I can keep—
A quilt, a rug, a bit of lace,
That takes me back, perhaps to weep
As my heart eye glimpses a loved, lost face.

But now you are waiting for me to fulfill my promise and tell you how God used you to help me decide whether to undergo surgery. As you know, I had been twice hospitalized on account of my stomach ulcer, when you were about eight years old and again when you were about eleven. Each time I recovered quickly, for I felt content knowing that you and your sister were in the good hands of your aunt.

But during the twelve years that passed since that first attack the condition became not only chronic but progressively worse. Still I could not make up my mind to consent to an operation. Well, son, God leads and guides if we will let Him, and He has many ways of showing us His will if we seek Him earnestly in prayer.

Both you and your sister were married now—and your aunt was gone—so I stayed on alone in the old apartment where I had had so much joy and

so much sorrow. Only God knew how much physical pain I was suffering night and day from that duodenal ulcer. Many people tried to advise me. Some said, "Why don't you have the operation?" Others said, "Don't have the operation." And I became so utterly confused that I didn't want to see people, and avoided them as much as possible.

One day I received a letter from a preacher friend whom I had known for many years and who had just returned from Israel. In the letter he outlined how, many years ago, he had had a very difficult problem and knew not how to solve it. He resolved to fast for three days and ask God for help. He said further, "I realize you have a serious

pain after a good night's rest, I discovered that I had been crying in my sleep. I said, "O God, why don't You tell me whether I need the operation?" Then I heard these words—and whether they were audible or just in my mind I cannot say: "You can't eat, you hurt all the time, you're not getting better, you're getting older." This I know—I said aloud, "Lord, what does that mean?" But there was no answer.

I had to go to work, so I dressed, walked your little dog, who was my only companion now, and without eating breakfast went to work. I had much discomfort at the office, and one of the girls said again, as she had said many times before, "Why don't you have that operation and get it over with?" But I only repeated, "I don't know whether I need the operation." The working day ended and I went home. I did not dare continue the fast, so I drank some warm milk and ate a few cookies.

The telephone rang. It was you, dear son. You said, in a cheerful voice, "Hi, Mom, how are you?" I answered in a small voice, "Oh, pretty fair. Maybe I'll consent to the operation." This was your answer: "I think you should, Mom. You can't eat, you hurt all the time, you're not getting better, you're getting older!" The exact words uttered in exactly the same sequence as I had heard in my mind this morning! A chill went down my spine, son, and I knew, just *knew*, that God wanted me to go through with the operation, and He used you to speak the significant words.

When I told you over the telephone that I had decided to have the operation you said, "I hope I didn't influence you." I replied, "No, son, God told me, and when I come home from the hospital I will tell you what happened." Then you said, in a subdued voice, "Good luck, Mom. I'll call you."

Immediately I got in touch with the surgeon and arrangements were made for me to be admitted on Sunday.

You know the rest, for you kept in touch with the doctor after the operation, and he told you, "Your mother took it like a sixteen-year-old!" And no wonder. Before I was taken upstairs I had the nurse read to me Isaiah 41:10, 13. With that promise of God I felt sure of His presence near me. You see, dear heart, through your love and devotion to me, God gave you a job to do that perhaps saved my life. Can you not picture how God would use you in His service to help others if you surrendered your whole heart to Him?



Grand Finale of Light and Flame

by JOE ENGELKEMIER

HISTORY has often been written by flame.

Martyrs—burning at the stake, the fire first licking at their feet, then engulfing their bodies, and finally consuming them.

Battlefields—crisscrossed by the flaming fire-power of rifle, machine gun, and cannon.

Cities—burning from incendiary attack, flames licking toward the stars, flinging an awful luminosity against the night.

Hiroshima and Nagasaki—the first cities to be devoured by atomic fire, grim portents of things to come.

Johnson Island—the upper atmosphere suddenly burning blood red, casting a lurid nuclear light far across the Pacific.

Yet not all the flames of history have been the ugly flames of hate and war.

One of the most important moments of the past was attended by a different kind of flame. A group of men and women, their hearts awed by the knowledge of Christ's resurrection and ascension, were praying in an upstairs room. Then, suddenly, "there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them."¹

These tongues of flame—soft, quiet, awesome—were symbolic of the strongest power in the universe, the power of the Holy Spirit.

Through that power a handful of people turned cities upside down. Indeed, their enemies declared that they had "turned the world upside down."

But they did not leave behind them awful infernos leaping up through the night, or the somber ruins of blackened cities. Instead, they left hundreds and thousands of redeemed lives—people who had felt the touch of the flame of the Spirit of God.

It is now almost twenty centuries later. There constantly hovers over the cities and nations of earth the specter of apocalyptic fire. Let someone press the buttons of thermonuclear war, let the missiles start flying toward Los Angeles, New York, Washington, Omaha, Chicago, and we will learn with unspeakable horror the power of flame. We may have fifteen minutes warning; we may have none. A vision of flame—of flame far exceeding the brilliance of the sun—may be our first and last knowledge of the attack.

Yet even as the nations continue to prepare

for a fiery Armageddon, our concern must be for the stronger flame, the infilling flame of the promised Spirit of God.

Earth's closing hours are destined to be illuminated by an unprecedented burst of heavenly light. The prophet John, foreseeing the work of the angel of the loud cry, declared, "The earth was made bright with his splendor."² Of this we read, "During the loud cry, the church, aided by the providential interpositions of her exalted Lord, will diffuse the knowledge of salvation so abundantly that light will be communicated to every city and town. . . . So abundantly will the renewing Spirit of God have crowned with success the intensely active agencies, that the light of present truth will be seen flashing everywhere."³

Of John the Baptist Jesus declared, "He was a burning and a shining light." At the end of time tens of thousands of Spirit-filled lives will be burning and shining lights. Heavenly splendor will penetrate into every corner of the earth, making this history's most luminous hour.

As the final crisis develops, "servants of God, with their faces lighted up and shining with holy consecration, will hasten from place to place to proclaim the message from heaven. By thousands of voices, all over the earth, the warning will be given. . . . The message will be carried not so much by argument as by the deep conviction of the Spirit of God. The arguments have been presented. The seed has been

sown, and now it will spring up and bear fruit."⁴

The armies of heaven will be in the field. "And more than angels are in the ranks. The Holy Spirit, the representative of the Captain of the Lord's host, comes down to direct the battle."⁵

Probably the greatest surprise about these closing scenes will be the astonishing speed with which things will happen. "Conversions to truth will be made with a rapidity that will surprise the church, and God's name alone will be glorified."⁶

This is the climax toward which your life moves. Each day brings it relentlessly nearer. To be ready then, we must be channels of light now. Instead of waiting for some future miracle to transform us, we should be making the most of present opportunities.

More than once I have heard a student say, "I know what is right. I just don't do it." And a lot more people say by their lives, "We profess the truth, but we don't really live it."

When are we going to begin?

In class one time a student declared, "I'll wait until I see a national Sunday law, and then I'll start doing what I know is right."

That is about as logical as a newly inducted soldier telling the drill officer, "I'll wait until I'm in the heat of battle, and then I'll get with it. Right now I prefer to sleep till noon every day, play golf in the afternoon, and go to town in the evenings. I'll appreciate it, officer, if you will tell your bugler not to disturb my sleep in the morn-

ings, and if you will excuse me from all drill until such time as I feel like it."

In the parable Jesus told concerning the ten virgins, 50 per cent did not have the oil of the Holy Spirit in their lives. They professed the truth, but didn't live it.

Outwardly, these five young women looked good; they came from fine homes, had religious training, knew what was right, could recite prayers, and could quote Scripture. But lacking oil, at midnight their lamps were as dark as the blackness that surrounded them.

In Jesus' parable the last view we get of these five careless young women is of them standing in the darkness pounding on the door. Their faces are still pretty, but are shrouded by the shadows. Their hearts are still beating, but are pounding in belated alarm. As the shadows seal them forever from our view, the voice of the Bridegroom penetrates the darkness, declaring, "I know you not."

"I know you not—even though you are from Christian homes."

"I know you not—even though you were sent to Christian schools, and were enrolled in Bible classes every single year."

"I know you not—even though your parents were influential in the church."

"I know you not—even though you have had many admirers."

"I know you not—because your lives lack the graces of the Holy Spirit, because the light shed into your lives was quenched instead of shared."

In contrast to the darkness that surrounds those who are caught unprepared, light surrounds the wise. Because they are daily growing in spirituality, of them it is said, "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."⁷

Concerning this kind of light, Jesus drew an impressive lesson from the sun. The people had evidently come together one day shortly after dawn. As Jesus began to teach them, "the glorious sun, climbing higher and higher in the blue sky, was chasing away the shadows that lurked in the valleys and among the narrow defiles of the mountains. The glory of the eastern heavens had not yet faded out. The sunlight flooded the land with its splendor; the placid surface of the lake reflected the golden light and mirrored the rosy clouds of morning. . . . The Saviour looked upon the com-

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In the Rain

by ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

You came out in the rain to say good-by,
And stood beside the car. I did not know
You lingered there beneath that weeping sky
Because you did not wish to see me go,
Or wanted to be with me one more minute.
I did not guess that gracious gesture's worth,
The quiet beauty and the wonder in it,
Hinting of all the glory on the earth.

So much I have forgotten! So much goes!
The loving things that many lips have said;
Triumph and sorrow; ashes and the rose . . .
Yet by one memory I'm comforted;
It sings to me again and yet again:
To say good-by, you came out in the rain.

No Emotion in My Religion, *Please*

by LEO VAN DOLSON

I DON'T believe in all that emotional jazz! I've got to have a God who is intellectually respectable." Many times this past year at Pacific Union College I have heard statements similar to this. Somehow, quite a few of our students seem to think that their relationship to God is supposed to be limited to the intellectual plane. And I suspect that ours is not the only campus where this is so.

Certainly, we serve a God who bids us, "Come now and let us reason together." But faith is not limited by reason, or else it would not be faith. One of my students recently came up with this definition of faith, which I am copying from her assignment paper:

"Faith is built upon intelligence and reason, but goes beyond to give us an understanding of that which we could not understand in any other way. Also, faith is the genuine belief that what God has revealed is true, although it encompasses more than belief. Even Satan and his host believe in the existence and power of God, yet they have not faith. Therefore, faith is not only belief in God's Word but also a complete submission of the will to Him and an absolute surrender of every possession, ambition, plan, thought, idea, and power to Christ. Faith will never save us itself; Christ alone can save. It is faith that leads us to Christ and works by love to save the soul."

Faith is not unreasonable. In fact, as the young woman suggests, it is built upon intelligence and reason. But faith reaches beyond the limited capacities of human intellect. It accepts those facts which human experience cannot demonstrate and human understanding cannot possibly grasp. If we are truly to know God, we must

first accept the limits of human intelligence.

Faith is not feeling, either. It is probably due to the prevalent confusion of faith with feeling that so many youth on our college campuses shy away from emotion in their religious experience. But faith, if it is true faith, leads to love—and *love is an emotion*. We have not really given all of ourselves to Christ until we are totally committed to Him spiritually, physically, intellectually, and *emotionally*.

In Japan, even among our Seventh-day Adventist young people, many marriages are still "arranged marriages." The young people choose go-betweens to find a suitable mate for them and to make all the contacts and arrangements. Even though I was a foreigner, there were a few times when, as a pastor in Japan, I was asked to help make arrangements for someone to find a marriage partner. Such arrangements are accomplished on a common-sense basis. The family background of the prospective mate, the health, and even the IQ are investigated. This all takes place before the engagement. It is an intelligent approach and most often results in a suitable marriage, but not much of what we term "falling in love" is involved.

It seems to me that some Seventh-day Adventist Christians have "arranged marriages" with Christ. They have never really fallen in love with Him. Are we really Christians if we do not love Jesus?

A college professor once met on the campus a young man who had often expressed himself to that professor as being opposed to any show of emotion whatsoever in religion. The young man that morning had an especially happy smile on his face.

"What's happened to you?" the professor challenged.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, you look exceptionally happy this morning!"

"Well, that's true, Prof. I am. You see, I'm in love."

"Oh," the professor replied. And then, not able to resist taking advantage of the situation, asked, "By the way, how do you *know* you're in love?"

"Well, just because I feel so good, I guess."

Pressing the point home, the professor responded with a smile, "Oh, but that's not very intellectually respectable, is it?"

The youth's face reddened a little, but he grinned when he replied, "I think I see what you mean!"

The Infidel

by
DRUSILLA HERTOGS
M.D.

"YOU ARE A DISGRACE TO THE WHOLE FAMILY—A RENEGADE, A REBEL, AN INFIDEL! I AM ASHAMED."

THE NIGHT was magical with moonlight sifting between the flimsy needles of the filao trees and outlining the five tents, the flagpole, and the white coral MV on the grass. The breakers on the reef made a faint silver line across the inky sea. Their thunder was hushed to a murmur, and the rippling waves whispered as they caressed the coral-strewn sand of the shores of Mauritius, then slid noiselessly back into the Indian Ocean.

In the center of the camp a powerful electric bulb above a trestle table shone on a circle of animated faces. Carefree young voices rang out clearly, and Harold's accordion had not a moment

of rest between one favorite song and the next.

Dawood sat silent in this gay group of music makers—silent because this was his first MV camp, and most of the songs were new to him. But he was by no means sad. His heart was full of rich gladness, and he felt strangely at peace and at home. In his parents' home he had to watch every word and expression for fear of arousing suspicion. Here among these Christian young people he knew he had found his spiritual kindred.

He was not yet a member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Baptism must wait until he had finished his education and could earn his living, but in his heart

he had promised to follow his Saviour whatever the cost, and meet Him at His coming in glory.

It would not be easy. Already he knew the taste of his parents' displeasure. A Moslem friend saw him leaving the Adventist church one Sabbath, and told the family. His mother's reaction was violent:

"You are a disgrace to the whole family—a renegade, a rebel, an infidel! I am ashamed to admit that I am the mother of such a creature! Why do you want to visit the Adventist church? If you want to pray to Allah, go to the mosque. You know that the holy prophet Mohammed is the last of all true prophets. The Adventists cannot teach you the way to Paradise. All

ED TO ADMIT I AM THE MOTHER

true believers follow the Holy Koran, which is Allah's message to man.

"Leave the Christians alone, my son. I forbid you ever to set foot in the Adventist church again. If a child of mine were to become a Christian, I would no longer consider him as my son. No, I would not tolerate an infidel in my house even for one night!"

Dawood's father had not spoken, but his eyes searched the boy's face as if unable to imagine that his son could be guilty of apostasy from the faith of Islam.

If only I could help them to understand the beauty and love of Jesus, Dawood had thought, but clearly they would not listen if he



OF SUCH AN ODD CREATURE!"

tried to explain now. He bowed his head in deference to his mother, and said nothing. He could not possibly go back to the Moslem religion—that was certain. He had fought long and hard against the truth of the gospel, but now that he was convinced, he would never change his mind.

As a child he had been small and sickly. Studies had been a struggle, especially since he had to learn Urdu and Arabic from a tutor, besides French and English. By constant repetition he learned the sing-song Arabic prayers and could at last read the Koran for himself. Occasionally he went with his old father to prayers at the mosque. Like all good Moslems, he

Outcome

by MARGARET EVELYN SINGLETON

"A poem begins with a lump in the throat,"
the poet said,
who might have added,
had not modesty forbidden,
can end with a mountain in the heart
and a mountain view
for anyone with eyes to see.

was firmly convinced that Islam is the only true religion.

He was fifteen when his parents transferred him from the Islamic college to the Adventist school at Phoenix. He found himself in a dark, poorly ventilated classroom, sharing an old rickety bench with three other boys.

It was not pleasing to discover that each day's lessons began with a meditation, based on a Bible text, but he decided to pay no attention. He liked the friendliness of teachers and students, who did not seem to mind whether one was Buddhist, Hindu, Christian, or Moslem.

By studying faithfully he managed to pass each year, and at last found himself choosing which subjects to prepare for the Cambridge Senior School Certificate examinations. "Religious knowledge" was a favorite course. "It's easy," his friends told him. "No one ever fails the religious knowledge paper."

"What's it all about?"

"Oh, it's based on the life of Jesus, and you study the New Testament."

"That's all right," he assured himself. "Jesus is mentioned in the Koran as a prophet. It won't harm me to know more about Him. Besides, it will be a good thing to have at least one subject I am sure of passing."

So Dawood bought a Bible, and was surprised to find religious knowledge a most engrossing study. The morning meditations impressed him more when he could follow the reading in his own Bible. But he soon realized that the Bible presents Jesus not simply as a prophet but as God Himself. This shocked Dawood's Moslem mind. He would bring Mohammedan pamphlets to school in an attempt to show the teachers they were wrong. But they always seemed to have an appropriate Bible answer to every argument.

Frustrated, he asked for Adventist literature, determined to find mistakes and inconsistencies. He would smuggle the copies of *Les Signes des Temps* (French edition of *Signs of the Times*) into his room, and pore over them late into the night. Slowly the conviction grew in his mind that Jesus Christ is indeed more than a mere man, and that the religion of the Bible is God's answer to all mankind's problems.

He wrote the Cambridge examination in November of his fifth year. There followed long weeks of waiting for the results to come from England. When March brought the glad news of

his success, with mixed feelings he caught the bus for Phoenix to say good-by to his teachers. "I know the Lord answered my prayers," he told them, "because I really hadn't much hope of passing the exam. Now I want to tell you that I am determined to follow Christ all my life."

"I do not know what the future holds. I hope to be accepted at the government teacher training college for next year. But I know that you have taught me God's truth, and I thank you for all your help and patience. Someday I look forward to being baptized and uniting fully with God's remnant church. Please pray for me."

Time passed slowly in the comfortable Port Louis home, and Dawood was surprised to find how much he missed the Adventist college. He began surreptitiously to visit the Adventist church. He bought a *Sabbath School Quarterly* and studied his lesson faithfully, even though, especially after he had once been seen, he dared not attend church regularly.

Some Sabbaths he would go early and spend a whole happy morning with his fellow believers. More often he would study his lesson alone, then saunter nonchalantly out of the house, and taking devious routes, get to church in time for the preaching service. At times, feeling himself constantly watched, he would not stir from the house for two or three Sabbaths running.

No wonder he enjoyed the freedom and camaraderie of the MV camp. It was like an oasis to a weary desert traveler.

The full moon has now risen thirteen more times on the sea and sands of Flic-en-Flac, and again the MV flag waves above a cluster of tents. It has been a difficult year for Dawood. His brothers are suspicious of him, especially since another of their friends reported seeing him coming out of the church gate. There have been interviews with his uncles, and renewed threats of severe punishment if he joins the Christians. But his determination is unchanged. Now, with only three months of his teacher-training course still to complete, Dawood has decided to wait no longer.

"The pastor has promised to baptize me soon," he says. "I don't know what my parents will do when they know that I have taken this step. My future is in God's hands, and I know I can trust His guidance and care—whatever happens."

Wit Sharpeners

Father and Son

by OLLIE JAMES ROBERTSON

In the top list are scrambled names of Bible fathers. Pair them with their sons in the bottom list.

1. M A D A
2. T H E S
3. E C H O N
4. H O N A
5. M A H A B R A
6. B O C A J
7. S E M O S
8. A Z O B
9. L A S U
10. D I D A V

- a. Jonathan
- b. Isaac
- c. Benjamin
- d. Methuselah
- e. Enos
- f. Shem
- g. Solomon
- h. Abel
- i. Obed
- j. Gershom

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SHARE

World News of Missionary Volunteers



First Silver Award in South Goes to Anderson

by Lois Zachary

Decatur, Ga.—W. E. Dopp, MV secretary of the Georgia-Cumberland Conference, recently presented what seems to be the first MV Silver Award in the Southern Union to Gerald Anderson of Marietta, Georgia. Gerald completed the requirements before camp meeting last year but because of difficulties was unable to be given the medallion until now.

Gerald is 15, the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Anderson of Marietta, Georgia, and is a tenth-grade student at the Mari-

etta Seventh-day Adventist school. He plans to enter Georgia-Cumberland Academy when it opens its doors next September. As vice-president of his sophomore class he is deeply interested in all phases of student activities. He plans on a physical education major, minoring in Bible, history, and biology. He is an enthusiastic member of the Marietta Pathfinder Club. Last year he earned 14 Honors and is now working on nine more. He is an expert swimmer, likes skiing, basketball, and track. His father is a contractor and builder.

Gerald has always been active in his church and school program. He is an MV leader in the school program, and starting in January he teamed with Ricky Tryon, a schoolmate, to lead out

in program planning once a month for the MV Society of the Marietta church.

When asked about the 30-mile hike he had to do to be eligible for the MV Silver Award he said, "Oh, some of us hurried ahead of the rest because we were anxious to get back and play baseball." Imagine hiking 30 miles and still being able to run bases!

Youth Evangelism in Barbados Draws Crowds

by George W. Brown

Port-of-Spain, Trinidad—Thousands of Adventist youth, their friends and parents, attended the city-wide youth crusade recently conducted in the Steel Shed, Bridgetown, Barbados. The Hour of Destiny evangelistic crusade convened June 7 to 14, and drew an enthusiastic audience of more than 1,200 youth each night. The crowds came from all over the island of Barbados in overwhelming response to special invitations sent out to young people of all faiths.

The Hour of Destiny crusade was organized by Roy L. Hoyte, MV secretary of the East Caribbean Conference; George W. Brown, youth leader of the Caribbean Union, was the speaker. Throughout the crusade the entire East Caribbean Conference staff joined hands with Pastor Hoyte as a solid team. Nightly the group provided appropriate musical selections, bringing comfort and inspiration to all.

The crusade was planned as a significant phase of the MV TARGET 3000 project that is gaining momentum throughout the Caribbean Union. Surely the tremendous spiritual response of the young people attending these meetings was a clear indication of what God can do for our youth. We thank God

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Gerald Anderson receives from MV Secretary W. E. Dopp the MV Silver Award he earned.



These young Mella church people are about half the number engaged in MV TARGET 3000.

Dominican MV's Score Records in MV TARGET

by Reginald F. Mattison

Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico—During my last visit to the Dominican Conference I saw the MV youth on fire with enthusiasm and working to make MV TARGET 3000 a success. I was able to observe the youth from five districts engaged in the various activities involved in MV TARGET 3000. The nine churches of the capital city, Santo Domingo, worked together in a "Master Missionary Plan" which coordinated their efforts for greater efficiency. To date they have participated in Friendship Teams, Operation Fireside, and branch Sabbath schools, and are now making preparations to hold an MV Voice of Youth effort.

The La Paz church, with a membership of 350, carried on a series of Operation Fireside studies in which they were able to contact 754 persons. This was only one of twelve series carried on by the nine churches in the area.

The Gascue church youth started several branch Sabbath schools in an area known as "Kilometro Ocho de la Carretera Sanchez." Through the cooperation of two Adventist doctors and two Missionary Volunteers taking the medical course in Dominican University, who hold a free clinic in this section, enough interest was stimulated to begin a series of studies. One of the

young men of the church works for the Esso Standard Oil Company as an engineer. Through his influence the company has donated \$1,000 for the construction of a small clinic in this place to aid in future work.

The Mella Avenue or Central church has youth participating in 52 branch Sabbath schools. One of the places these youth go is to a sugar-mill town called San Luis, some fifteen miles from Santo Domingo. Twelve persons were baptized on July 26 as a result of these branch Sabbath schools in this one town. A lay effort is now being held to care for the interest shown in the message. Ninety-six Missionary Volunteers from this church were engaged in Share Your Faith activities at the time of my visit.

Through the activities of Friendship Teams, 27 former Adventists were once baptized during the first six months of 1964. During this time these nine churches of Santo Domingo have seen their young people bring in for baptism 137 persons as a direct result of MV TARGET 3000.

EVANGELISM IN BARBADOS

From page 15

that our young people are willing to be led into dynamic spiritual revival.

On the closing night a record-breaking audience of 2,000 young people and their friends attended. Under the influence of the Holy Spirit more

than 270 persons responded to the call to surrender to Jesus Christ and prepare for baptism.

So far, this has been the largest MV TARGET 3000 project to be launched in the Caribbean Union. So gratifying was the result that Pastor Hoyte is making plans to direct a similar crusade in the city of St. John's Antigua. We anticipate not only substantial baptismal returns from these crusades but also a great spiritual awakening among our Adventist youth throughout the Caribbean Union.

MV Project Wins Three Nursing Home Residents

by Doris Albock

South Lancaster, Mass.—Three residents of the Village Nursing Home have been received into the fellowship of the Manhattan church as a result of a Missionary Volunteer project begun five years ago.

The first visit to the home was made by Paul Lauron and Charles Schooley during a neighborhood visitation program. When an inquiry about the possibility of providing religious services for the residents met an enthusiastic response from the supervisor, the Sunshine Band began regular visits on alternate Sabbath afternoons. Varied and interesting programs were brought to these shut-ins under the leadership of Mrs. William Brown at first, and later under Mrs. Vivian DePalma. Others who have helped with the programs include W. R. Brown, Eugene and Mrs. G. M. Krick, Virginia Heyliger, Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Mathesen, and Elmer Albock.

It was a great pleasure to welcome into church fellowship by profession of faith Jean Crocker, Goldie Hutchinson, and Naomi Maugeri at a special service held on Sabbath afternoon, February 15, 1964, at the home. These dear sisters are now sharing their new-found faith with fellow residents and friends.

Many of other faiths have expressed their gratitude for the inspiration brought to them in word and song. Some chose to stay and attend the Easter service with our group than spend the weekend with relatives and miss the Sabbath afternoon service.

We thank God for these dear ones that have been won to Him and pray that others will soon take their stand with them.

Girl's Life Is Saved on MV Nature Trip in Mexico

by E. J. Anderson

Phoenix, Ariz.—Some 40 Phoenix Central Missionary Volunteers traveled to San Carlos Bay near Guaymas, Mexico, for a weekend outing. The trip was climaxed when several members of their party had the privilege of saving the life of Guadalupe Avendano, a four-year-old Mexican girl.

Enjoying a few days of spiritual and physical recreation, the group took a nature trip Sabbath afternoon to a remote beach to study shells and sea life. On the way Bob Curtis saw a little Mexican girl at her home cheerfully waving to the group.

Later in the afternoon as he was returning to the campsite, Bob decided to take a picture of this little Mexican house in a very isolated but picturesque setting. As he was taking the picture, the father of the girl came rushing out to him frantically waving his arms. In just a few moments Bob looked down upon the same little girl, except that now she lay before him with her scalp torn back, an ugly wound caused by having been kicked by a calf.

Fortunately, Dr. William Swart and Gordon Williams came along and were of valuable assistance. Mr. Williams speaks Spanish and served as interpreter, while Dr. Swart furnished medical aid. Within two hours of the time of the incident the youngster was in surgery in the Guaymas hospital.

If the group had not come along she would have bled to death, as an artery had been severed and was pumping blood out of her quiet body. The doctors worked till midnight cleaning and doing surgery on her scalp. The staff was very efficient. The hospital bill was paid by the members of the Central church in Phoenix.

The staff physician explained that many children die every year from similar accidents because people have no way to get the injured to the hospital and because of the shortage of medical facilities. The father of the little girl had explained at the home that he could not afford to take his daughter to the hospital because he could not pay the bill. Turmoil, heartache, and despair, combined with a sense of inadequacy, placed him in a most difficult dilemma.

Surely the needs are great in Mexico and in other countries. How grateful we ought to be to have knowledge and facilities in our own country. True gratitude will bear fruit in our giving to sustain and advance our medical missionary work both here and abroad.

Panama Operation Save Wins Scores for Baptism

by Donald J. von Pohle

Miami, Fla.—According to Dionisia Christian, Panama Conference MV secretary, Operation Save has yielded 244 persons who have completed the 24

lessons in the Radio Bible Correspondence Course. Of these, 97 have already been baptized.

Besides this group, MV Secretary Christian reports that other young people have conducted Voice of Youth efforts. In Colon the MV Society, under the leadership of Teófilo Henry, conducted a Voice of Youth effort, and 57 took their stand for Christ. Nine of them have already been baptized. The rest are taking Bible studies.

The youth of Panama are dedicated to the work of saving souls for whom Christ died. According to the call, they are trying to make this the main, the important work, of their lives.

The Panama Conference is taking the lead in MV TARGET 3000 with 921 MV projects and 380 baptisms in nine months.

California Young People Hike in High Sierras

by E. L. Taylor

Arlington, Calif.—It was 6:15 in the morning when the 28 young people of the Southeastern California Conference loaded their packs into the truck and took off for the High Sierras. As the youth traveled along the highway toward Lone Pine, California, they found that even the desert gave them a cheery welcome. The sky was overcast, making for comfortable traveling on the desert.

At Lone Pine everybody got out of the truck to enjoy the good sandwiches

MV EVANGELISM IN INDIA



The Kudikadu MV Society, under the leadership of Tamil Section MV Secretary Y. R. Samraj, launched an MV effort on September 20 that continued to October 10, 1964. Meetings were held every day except Friday. Eight young people who had joined a baptismal class after the MV Week of Prayer were baptized at the close of these meetings. Another baptism was planned for the end of the year. Young men were speakers (bottom left, first row), and youth leaders assisted (second row). Young people baptized (bottom right, first and second rows).

The Youth's Instructor, March 2, 1965

that were prepared by the young women. After eating, and cooling warm feet in a stream that ran through the park, the hikers went on up to Whitney Portals, where the packs were unloaded—and in some cases repacked. The Dri Lite food was distributed, packs were put on—and off to Mount Whitney!

What was that?! It was thunder! And in a few minutes there was a downpour of rain, but the hikers put on their ponchos and kept right on hiking. A little rain would not dampen the hiking spirits of this group.

After hiking four miles they set up camp and helped the camp cook, Mrs. Helen Taylor, get supper. The next morning, on went the packs and off went the hikers to scale Mount Whitney farther. The day promised to be a beautiful one, but before long it began to rain again—and then the rain turned into hail! This kept up a good part of the day, but the hikers didn't mind, for there was still beauty to behold and all the hikers were determined to make it to the top.

The last mile was the worst, for the altitude began to bother some of the hikers. Some complained of headaches and upset stomachs, but to the top of Mount Whitney they hiked. At last they reached the top, 14,495 feet and it was cold! No one had any desire to stay on the top, and all hastened to get back to camp. Everyone was back in camp by nine o'clock that night, too tired even to eat.

The next morning we broke camp, and the young people hiked back to the truck; then they headed for Devil Postpile, near Mammoth Lakes. They found an isolated camping area near a small

stream, where base camp was set up. Packs were all repacked, hot showers were taken, and it was time to take off for another hike on the John Muir Trail.

For the next three days the hikers were to enjoy the exotic beauty of the High Sierras. Each night they were able to camp by a lake and enjoy a rather cool dip in the lake. Not only were the lakes and streams beautiful but the wild flowers were outstanding. As the hikers sat around the campfire in the evening for worship, they would discuss the greatness of God in creating all the beauties of nature.

Everyone appreciated the fine worship talks that were given each day by Harold Beltz, youth pastor of the Loma Linda church, and Richard Warner, pastor of the La Sierra College church.

The group hiked up to beautiful Thousand Islands, and took the River Trail back to the Devil Postpile. It was good to be back in base camp and enjoy a good volleyball game. Best of all was the hot shower at Red's Meadows, and the good supper.

Sabbath was one of the high points of the trip. Sabbath school was outstanding. Everyone enjoyed the talks given by Randi Brekke and Margaret Jacobson, two young women who had been in the mission field. A wonderful appeal was given by both girls to the youth to consider giving their lives to the work of God, particularly in the mission field. The mission stories were followed by an excellent discussion of the lesson. Of course, the Sabbath would not seem complete without the church service, and our campers had the joy of sitting under the large pine trees to

hear a stirring sermon by Harold Beltz.

In the afternoon the campers went on a short hike and enjoyed the beauties of the area.

Then came Sunday morning. Fifty enjoyable miles had been hiked, and it was once more time to pack the gear into the truck and head for home. Everyone agreed that next year we want to hike once more on the John Muir Trail.



Top: Randi Brekke talks at Sabbath school about Ethiopian missions. Bottom: Randi and Carmen Garcia find a way to do the washing trailside in the High Sierras.



With packs on, campers cross a stream near Thousand Islands.



Part of the MV group that reached the summit of Mount Whitney.

Sabbath School Lessons

MARCH 6, 1965

Prepared for publication by the General
Conference Sabbath School Department

SENIOR — X—The Christian's Friends and Recreation

MEMORY VERSE: "A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother" (Prov. 18:24).

STUDY HELPS: *The Adventist Home*, pp. 403-429; *The SDA Bible Commentary*.

AIM: To study Bible principles relating to our social life and recreation.

Introduction

"It is natural to seek companionship. Everyone will find companions or make them. And just in proportion to the strength of the friendship, will be the amount of influence which friends will exert over one another for good or for evil. All will have associates, and will influence and be influenced in their turn."

"The link is a mysterious one which binds human hearts together, so that the feelings, tastes, and principles of two individuals are closely blended. One catches the spirit, and copies the ways and acts, of the other. As wax retains the figure of the seal, so the mind retains the impression produced by intercourse and association. The influence may be unconscious, yet it is no less powerful."—*Testimonies*, vol. 4, p. 587.

We Must and Will Have Friends

1. What basic principle should guide the Christian in the forming of his friendships? James 4:4.

NOTE.—God's Word places great stress upon the influence of association. . . . The company . . . [children and youth] keep, the principles they adopt, the habits they form, will decide the question of their usefulness here and of their future destiny.—*The Adventist Home*, p. 455.

2. What are some of the results of association? Prov. 13:20.

NOTE.—It is inevitable that the youth will have associates, and they will necessarily feel their influence. There are mysterious links that bind souls together so that the heart of one answers to the heart of another. One catches the ideas, the sentiments, the spirit, of another. This association may be a blessing or a curse. . . . It has been truly said, "Show me your company, and I will show you your character."—*Ibid.*, pp. 455, 456.

3. What is the secret of having friends? Prov. 18:24.

NOTE.—Remember, "the best Friend to have is Jesus." "Make Christ first and last and best in everything."

"As the social and generous impulses are repressed, they wither, and the heart becomes desolate and cold. . . . Love cannot long exist without expression. Let not the heart of one connected with you starve for the want of kindness and sympathy."—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 360.

4. With whom should the believer not yoke himself? 2 Cor. 6:14; Amos 3:3.

NOTE.—We are not to associate with the ungodly and partake of their spirit, for they will lead the heart away from God to the worship of false gods.—*The Adventist Home*, p. 459.

True Love the Basis of Friendship

5. What was the foundation of David and

Jonathan's friendship? 1 Samuel 18:1, 4.

NOTE.—Love will not be a mere exchange of soft and flattering words. . . . Heart will be bound to heart in the golden bonds of a love that is enduring.—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 362.

6. What is the sign of a true friend? Prov. 17:17.

NOTE.—Those who are themselves "compassed with infirmity" should be able to "have compassion on the ignorant and on them that are out of the way." Heb. 5:2. Having been in peril themselves, they are acquainted with the dangers and difficulties of the way, and for this reason are called to reach out for others in like peril. There are souls perplexed with doubt, burdened with infirmities, weak in faith, and unable to grasp the Unseen; but a friend whom they can see, coming to them in Christ's stead, can be a connecting link to fasten their trembling faith upon Christ.—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 297.

7. What is the real meaning of love? 1 Cor. 13:4-8.

NOTE.—Here are some questions to ask in choosing a lifelong friend:

"Is your fiancé (or fiancée) usually happy, cheerful, and optimistic?"

"Can he discuss controversial questions without indulging in heated arguments?"

"Are his emotions stable?"

"Is he conservative in matters of morals, politics, and finance?"

"Does he cooperate easily with others and work smoothly with his superiors?"

"Is he benevolent toward his inferiors and does he delight in assisting the underprivileged?"

"Is he able to receive advice graciously?"

"Does he give careful attention to the details of his daily work?"

"Is he willing to take responsibility, and has he succeeded thus far in his business ventures and enterprises?"

"Is he fond of children?"

"Is he religious and is his religion the same as yours?"

"Do you love him in spite of his faults?"

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but there are two-hundred family and professional magazines listed in the *Standard Rate and Data Guide* that refuse all alcoholic beverage advertising. Their total circulation tops 99 million. Included among the two-hundred periodicals are seventeen with a circulation of one million or more, eleven with a circulation between 500,000 and one million subscribers, two have a circulation exceeding ten million, and nine others exceed two million each.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

"Do you take pride in your fiancé?"—HAROLD SHRYOCK, M.D., *Happiness for Husbands and Wives*, p. 28.

The Social Life of Jesus Our Example

8. Under what circumstances was the first miracle performed by Christ? John 2:1-11.

NOTE.—In the festal hall where friends and kindred rejoiced together, Christ began His public ministry.—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 356.

9. What other instances are recorded of the social life of Jesus? Luke 19:1-10; Matt. 9:9-13.

NOTE.—The entertainment was given in honor of Jesus, and He did not hesitate to accept the courtesy. . . . Jesus sat as an honored guest at the table of the publicans, by His sympathy and social kindness showing that He recognized the dignity of humanity; and men longed to become worthy of His confidence.—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 274.

10. Whose home did Jesus at times visit? Luke 10:38-42; John 11:1-6, 21, 34-36.

NOTE.—What a busy life He led! Day by day He might have been seen entering the humble abodes of want and sorrow, speaking hope to the downcast and peace to the distressed. Gracious, tenderhearted, pitiful, He went about lifting up the bowed-down and comforting the sorrowful. Wherever He went, He carried blessing.

While He ministered to the poor, Jesus studied also to find ways of reaching the rich. He sought the acquaintance of the wealthy and cultured Pharisee, the Jewish nobleman, and the Roman ruler. He accepted their invitations, attended their feasts, made Himself familiar with their interests and occupations, that He might gain access to their hearts, and reveal to them the imperishable riches.—*The Ministry of Healing*, pp. 24, 25.

Christian Recreation

11. When the disciples returned from a busy preaching tour, what did Jesus invite them to do? Mark 6:31.

NOTE.—Christ is full of tenderness and compassion for all in His service. He would show His disciples that God does not require sacrifice, but mercy. . . .

The rest which Christ and His disciples took was not self-indulgent rest. The time they spent in retirement was not devoted to pleasure seeking. . . .

It is not wise to be always under the strain of work and excitement, even in ministering to men's spiritual needs; for in this way personal piety is neglected, and the powers of mind and soul and body are overtaxed.—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 360-362.

12. In all their enjoyment, what should youth remember? Eccl. 11:9, 10; 12:1.

NOTE.—It is the privilege and duty of Christians to seek to refresh their spirits and invigorate their bodies by innocent recreation, with the purpose of using their physical and mental powers to the glory of God. Our recreations should not be scenes of senseless mirth, taking the form of the nonsensical. We can conduct them in such a manner as will benefit and elevate those with whom we associate, and better qualify us and them to more successfully attend to the duties devolving upon us as Christians. . . .

"Recreation is needful to those who are engaged in physical labor and is still more essential for those whose labor is principally mental."—*The Adventist Home*, pp. 493, 494.

Thoughts for Meditation

1. It is right and proper for Christians to have friends, but let them be *Christian friends*.

2. It is entirely proper for Christians to have recreation, but let it be *Christian recreation*.

3. Jesus was social to save—so may we be.

4. There are certain kinds of people with whom Christians cannot associate. There are certain types of recreation in which the Christian cannot engage.

5. What would Jesus do? Christians are safe in doing as Jesus would do.

YOUTH - X—Friends and Recreation of the Christian

MEMORY GEM: "A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother" (Prov. 18:24).

ILLUMINATION OF THE TOPIC: *Messages to Young People*, pp. 363-378, 405-416.

Introduction

"It is natural to seek companionship. Everyone will find companions or make them. And just in proportion to the strength of the friendship, will be the amount of influence which friends will exert over one another for good or for evil. All will have associates, and will influence and be influenced in their turn.

"The link is a mysterious one which binds human hearts together, so that the feelings, tastes, and principles of two individuals are closely blended. One catches the spirit, and copies the ways and acts, of the other. As wax retains the figure of the seal, so the mind retains the impression produced by intercourse and association. The influence may be unconscious, yet it is no less powerful."—*Testimonies*, vol. 4, p. 587.

1—We Must and Will Have Friends

1. What basic principle should guide us when choosing friends. James 4:4.

"The only correct standard of character is the holy law of God, and it is impossible for those who make that law the rule of life to unite in confidence and cordial brotherhood with those who turn the truth of God into a lie, and regard the authority of God as a thing of nought."—*Selected Messages*, book 2, p. 127.

2. What is the inevitable result of associating with wise or foolish people? Prov. 13:20.

"It is inevitable that the youth will have associates, and they will necessarily feel their influence. There are mysterious links that bind souls together so that the heart of one answers to the heart of another. One catches the ideas, the sentiments, the spirit, of another. This association may be a blessing or a curse. . . . It has been truly said, 'Show me your company, and I will show you your character.'"—*The Adventist Home*, pp. 455, 456.

3. What is the formula for making friends? Prov. 18:24.

"There are many who regard the expression of love as a weakness, and they maintain a reserve that repels others. This spirit checks the current of sympathy. As the social and generous impulses are repressed, they wither, and the heart becomes desolate and cold. We should beware of this error. Love can not long exist without expression. Let not the heart of one connected with you starve for the want of kindness and sympathy."—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 360.

4. What type of friendship must the Christian avoid? Why? 2 Cor. 6:14; Amos 3:3.

2—True Love, the Only Basis of Friendship

5. What was it that made the friendship between David and Jonathan so strong and enduring? 1 Sam. 18:1, 4; 2 Sam. 1:26.

"Love will not be a mere exchange of soft and flattering words. . . . Heart will be bound to heart in the golden bonds of a love that is enduring."—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 362.

6. What is the acid test of true friendship? Prov. 17:17.

There are many "fair weather" friends, those who will cling to you as long as they think they can get something out of you. The prodigal's friends were of this type. How quickly they vanished when trouble came and he found himself reduced to earning his own living. Apparently Demas belonged to this type of friends, for when Paul was cast into a dungeon in Rome, Paul wrote, "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world" (2 Tim. 4:10). Onesiphorus, on the other hand, belonged to the group of friends who are born for adversity. Of him Paul wrote from his prison cell, "The Lord give mercy unto the house of Onesiphorus; for he oft refreshed me, and was not ashamed of my chain" (2 Tim. 1:16).

7. What are the characteristics of true love? 1 Cor. 13:4-8.

Here are some of the questions that the young man and the young woman may profitably ask before choosing a lifelong friend.

Is he (or she) of a happy, cheerful, optimistic disposition?

Can he talk about controversial questions without becoming angry?

Are his emotions stable, or is he easily upset by difficulties?

Is he conservative in matters of morals, politics, and finance?

Does he cooperate and get along well with those with whom, and for whom he works?

Does he tend to despise and look down on his inferiors, or does he esteem it a privilege to help those less fortunate than himself?

Is he willing to take advice and profit by it?

Is he faithful and conscientious in all the details of his daily work?

Does he know how to carry responsibility, and can he be depended upon to carry through to successful conclusion his business projects and enterprises?

Is he fond of children, and are they at ease when he is about?

Does he share your religious faith and ideals?

Can you love him despite his faults?

Is he one whom you can introduce with pride to your friends?

Paraphrase from *Happiness for Husbands and Wives*, by Harold Shryock, M. D., p. 28.

3—The Social Life of Jesus Our Example

8. Under what circumstances did Jesus perform His first miracle? John 2:1-11.

"Jesus reproved self-indulgence in all its forms, yet He was social in His nature. He accepted the hospitality of all classes, visiting the homes of the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, and seeking to elevate their thoughts from questions of commonplace life to those things that are spiritual

and eternal. He gave no license to dissipation, and no shadow of worldly levity marred His conduct; yet He found pleasure in scenes of innocent happiness, and by His presence sanctioned the social gathering. A Jewish marriage was an impressive occasion, and its joy was not displeasing to the Son of man."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 150, 151.

9. Under what conditions did Jesus attend other social functions? Luke 19:1-10; Matt. 9:9-13.

"The entertainment was given in honor of Jesus, and He did not hesitate to accept the courtesy. . . . Jesus sat as an honored guest at the table of the publicans, by His sympathy and social kindness showing that He recognized the dignity of humanity; and men longed to become worthy of His confidence."—*Ibid.*, p. 274.

10. Whose home in Bethany was a haven of rest for Jesus? What bound Him to the hearts of its inmates? Luke 10:38-42; John 11:1-6, 21, 34-36.

"At the home of Lazarus, Jesus had often found rest. The Saviour had no home of His own; He was dependent on the hospitality of His friends and disciples, and often, when weary, thirsting for human fellowship, He had been glad to escape to this peaceful household, away from the suspicion and jealousy of the angry Pharisees. Here He found a sincere welcome, and pure, holy friendship. Here He could speak with simplicity and perfect freedom, knowing that His words would be understood and treasured."—*Ibid.*, p. 524.

4—Christian Recreation

11. Once when the disciples returned from a busy preaching tour, where did Jesus invite them to go? For what purpose? Mark 6:31.

"In the estimation of the rabbis it was the sum of religion to be always in a bustle of activity. . . . As activity increases, and men become successful in doing any work for God, there is danger of trusting to human plans and methods. There is a tendency to pray less, and to have less faith. . . . While we are to labor earnestly for the salvation of the lost, we must also take time for meditation, for prayer, and for the study of the word of God. Only the work accomplished with much prayer, and sanctified by the merit of Christ will in the end prove to have been efficient for good."—*Ibid.*, p. 362.

12. In their search for happiness, what are the youth not to forget? Eccl. 11:9, 10; 12:1.

"Says the wise man, 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.' But do not for a moment suppose that religion will make you sad and gloomy and will block up the way to success. The religion of Christ does not obliterate or even weaken a single faculty. It in no way incapacitates you for the enjoyment of any real happiness; it is not designed to lessen your interest in life, or to make you indifferent to the claims of friends and society. It does not mantle the life in sackcloth; it is not expressed in deep-drawn sighs and groans. No, no; those who in everything make God first and last and best, are the happiest people in the world."—*Messages to Young People*, p. 38.

What Is in This Lesson for Me?

Do I have the ability to stand off and weigh my friendships. To what type of individual am I attracted? Do I feel more like praying, more spiritual, after spending an evening with them. Perhaps more important still is the question: What kind of influence do I exert over others? Do I lift up, or do I pull down? Do I know what my influence is?

Key

Wit Sharpeners

1. Adam, *b* (Gen. 4:1, 2); 2. Seth, *e* (Gen. 5:6); 3. Enoch, *d* (Gen. 5:21); 4. Noah, *f* (Gen. 5:32); 5. Abraham, *b* (Gen. 22:7); 6. Jacob, *c* (Gen. 35:18); 7. Moses, *j* (Ex. 2:21, 22); 8. Boaz, *i* (Ruth 4:21); 9. Saul, *a* (1 Sam. 19:1); 10. David, *g* (2 Sam. 5:13, 14).

From page 10

pany before Him, and then to the rising sun, and said to His disciples, "Ye are the light of the world."⁸

He then told them to "let" their light shine. It has been especially pointed out that Jesus did not say, "Strive to *make* your light shine," but He said, "*Let* your light shine." In other words, if through the Holy Spirit the Son of God dwells in your heart, it will be impossible to conceal the light of His presence.⁹

Each passing year the ever-increasing population explosion makes more extensive the final task of finishing the witnessing assigned to the church. At mid-century a writer in *Look* magazine declared, "Before you finish reading this sentence, approximately 16 new babies will be born. In the next hour, there will be 10,000 more. By this time

tomorrow, 233,000 babies will join our planetary chow line. . . . Allowing for every death, there will be 25 million more people by this time next year."¹⁰

According to a *Science Digest* estimate published in July, 1963, the world's population will double to six billion by the year 2000, to twelve billion by the year 2035, and to twenty-five billion by the year 2070. If the church should take another century to finish her task, we would then—barring nuclear wars—have twenty-five billion people needing the gospel instead of the present three billion.

This population explosion alone makes the soon intervention of God in world affairs an urgent necessity. The *Look* magazine article quoted Robert C. Cook, editor of the *Journal of Heredity*, as warning, "The most omi-

nous force in the world today is uncontrolled fertility. The scramble for bare subsistence by hordes of hungry people is tearing the fertile earth from the hillsides, plunging millions of human beings into utter misery. The people of all nations are rushing into a desperate genetic crisis."

Still, even though this threatening crisis may compound all the other crises, we can face the future with confidence, for God will intervene, His Spirit will be poured out, and the gospel proclamation will be gloriously finished.

As individual Christians, our biggest task is today's. Preparation today, a living connection with God today, will guarantee that we can be used when the last dramatic moments begin to unfold.

It is today's light that becomes vitally important. "Trials patiently borne, blessings gratefully received, temptations manfully resisted, meekness, kindness, mercy, and love habitually revealed, are the lights that shine forth."¹¹ Joy is to be especially revealed. Even as we face severe troubles, yes, a "time of trouble such as never was," joy is still one of the lights. As someone has said,

"Of all the lights you carry in your face, Joy shines farthest out to sea."

And, really, what joys can compare to those available to the person whose life is under the guidance and control of the Spirit of God? Fellowship with heaven, confidence in the future, victory over sin, friendships that will span the ages, a purpose in living, the dignity of Christian character—all are yours through the Holy Spirit's influence. Cherish then His promptings, cherish the Word of God, and follow where Heaven leads.

Earth's history will indeed close in light and flame. Nuclear fire—perhaps. The light of the Holy Spirit—a surety. Dedicated youth, as burning and shining lights—equally sure.

Light . . . flame . . . splendor. A grand finale of conflict, conquest, climax. And finally, the most awesome brilliance of all—the luminous white splendor of the cloud that surrounds the Saviour as He approaches.

What an hour in which to be living!

¹ Acts 2:3.

² Rev. 18:1, R.S.V.

³ *Evangelism*, p. 694.

⁴ *The Great Controversy*, p. 612.

⁵ *The Desire of Ages*, p. 352.

⁶ *Selected Messages*, book 2, p. 16.

⁷ Prov. 4:18.

⁸ *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, pp. 38, 39.

⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 41.

¹⁰ Albert Q. Maisel, "The World's Exploding Population," *Look*, Oct. 23, 1951, p. 35.

¹¹ *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, p. 44.

Empty?

by JEANNE PETTIS MILLER

MY OLD SHOES were in a poor state. The heels were worn down so badly that I didn't dare wear them to school another day. Why I had neglected them so long, I couldn't tell. I only knew that I must have them repaired immediately.

I knew right where to go. Just a block or two from my home was a little shop that I had seen many times. There was a sign in front, proclaiming in bold red-and-black letters, "Shoes Repaired, While-U-Wait." After hiding my disgraceful shoes in the depths of a brown paper bag, I started out. A brisk five-minute walk brought me to my destination.

Firmly expecting to enter, I turned the handle and pushed the door. For some strange reason the door retained its original position—that is, closed.

"Well," I said to myself, "the owner of this place ought to fix his door. He is likely to lose business if his customers can't get in."

I repeated the turn-and-push proc-

ess without success. Wondering if perhaps this might be the repairman's day off, I peered in the window—and saw nothing!

Nothing but a wobbly-legged table decorated with a few scraps of leather and a broken tool. Nothing but little wispy clusters of dust here and there on the door. Nothing but an empty shop with a hypocritical sign.

Sadly I turned away, hoping that the next shoe repair shop would be genuine.

My neighbor is in a bad state. Cares of this life have run down her spirits and made her feel dreadfully depressed.

She knows right where to go for help. Many times she has seen my sign—"Follower of Christ."

When she comes to me for aid, what will she find? Will she find the help she needs to lift her spirits? Will she find comfort for her aching heart?

Or will she turn sadly away, hoping that somehow, somewhere, she will find an operating Christian?

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► At the close of the New York World's Fair in October, 1965, a Time Capsule will be buried on the site of the Westinghouse Pavilion. Within the pitch-and-concrete-covered, torpedo-shaped containers will be an exhaustive record of mid-century man—his customs, laws, politics, art, scientific achievements, and religious beliefs. These fields will be represented by more than 20 million words on microfilm, photographs, and dozens of objects. When the 1939 capsule was buried after the World's Fair, 2,000 books about its contents and location were sent to libraries, monasteries, and other repositories throughout the world for safekeeping. In 1965, supplements telling of the 1964 capsule will be sent to the same places.

National Geographic Society

► Researchers are experimenting with plastic spray to save water loss by trees. Since more than 99 per cent of the water that plants absorb through their roots is lost by transpiration through their leaves, it is theorized that applying a thin coating of plastic materials to leaf surfaces, would slow the escape of water vapor, while allowing sufficient movement of carbon dioxide and oxygen for vital plant processes.

UCAL

► In rural Texas the first Monday in each month is the traditional swap day. Farmers and ranchers come to the nearest town and devote the day to barter. Although First Monday has disappeared in many towns, in Canton, 60 miles east of Dallas, it still lures from 3,000 to 5,000 visitors. Today the emphasis is on the trading of hunting dogs.

Ford Times

► Tokyo, site of the 1964 Olympics, is the world's largest city. Each day its 10.5 million people eat 6 million pounds of rice, read 21 different newspapers, and survive 25 fires and three minor earthquakes.

National Geographic Society

► In order to popularize the use of beer in Great Britain, a cheese has been produced which contains a small amount of alcohol, and the plan is that it would be freely obtainable in the stores.

BBC

► The population of New York City exceeds that of Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, and Nevada combined.

National Geographic Society

► In many parts of Egypt the sun has been known to shine every day for three years at a stretch.

Odhams



Radarscope

Key to source abbreviations published January 14, 1964.

► Such are the traffic problems in Tokyo, that 1,000 people are killed each year on its streets.

BBC

► The south magnetic pole is 1,600 miles from the geographical pole, whereas in the Northern Hemisphere the distance is slightly less, about 1,000 miles.

EAW

► Chesapeake Bay, a shallow, mostly brackish inland sea, is the largest estuary on the United States Atlantic coast. Forty-eight principal rivers with 102 meandering branches flow into the Bay.

National Geographic Society

► Since 1937, a New York group of dedicated Bach enthusiasts has gathered to play his music at annual Bach birthday parties. Members bring along their families. There is no audience. Everyone participates, performing for the sake of the music itself. Those who cannot play a musical instrument sing in the chorus.

AMC

► Little cans of Alaska Highway dust with the label "help convert this dust to pavement," selling for \$1 each, will help defray publication costs of a brochure emphasizing the need for paving the Alaska Highway. Only the 271-mile Alaska portion of the wartime-built Alaska Highway, and 83 of the 1,252 miles in Canada, have been hard-surfaced. The remainder is gravel.

The Highway User

► A small marine fish, the mudskipper, is more at home on land than in the sea. In studies carried out on the island of Nosy Be, just off the coast of Madagascar, the fish were observed to stay out of water at least 90 per cent of the time, with only brief intervals of return to the sea. Unless disturbed, they rarely immersed on their return to water. Usually only the mouth was submerged. They were noted to be able to survive out of water for as long as a day and a half.

UCAL

► The bluebonnet, official State flower of Texas, has the appropriate habit of reaching its full glory on or about April 21, San Jacinto Day, the day Texas won its independence from Mexico in 1836. Named bluebonnet by the white man because of its resemblance to the sunbonnets worn by the pioneer women, this flower is planted and maintained along Texas roads by the Texas State Highway Department.

Ford Times

► To save the Attwater's Prairie Chicken, conservationists are being asked to contribute to a fund aimed at purchasing 3,400 acres of prairie north of Eagle Lake, Texas. A century ago the bird was abundant in the Louisiana and Texas area, some years numbering a million or more. Loss of habitat, due to changing agricultural methods, has reduced the number to about 1,000 birds in Texas and none in Louisiana.

NWF

► Spammer, plench, and zert are included in an astronaut's tool kit. The spammer is a space hammer; the plench, a combination of pliers and wrench; and the zert, a zero reaction tool. Without these special tools an astronaut attempting to tighten a bolt in weightless flight would spin about in reaction to the force he exerted.

National Geographic Society

► Automobile production in the European Community rose from 4,182,000 to 4,981,000 between 1962 and 1963, representing a 19 per cent increase. World production during the same period rose from 14 million to 16 million, an 18 per cent increase.

European Community

► Profits in German manufacturing have been almost twice as high as in the United States. The average investment rate in Western Europe is about 20 per cent of total output, and in Germany and Italy it has been about 25 per cent.

Newsletter

► On her maiden run from New York to Albany, Robert Fulton's *Clermont* carried 14 passengers, who were charged \$7 a ticket. The steamboat traveled five miles an hour.

National Geographic Society

► Every year an estimated 500 million people suffer from disabling diseases associated with unsafe water supplies.

WHO

► The Caspian Sea is the largest lake in the world, with an area of 170,000 square miles.

EAW



The Point Is...

how to sharpen
the point for
effective use.

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LA SIERRA COLLEGE

La Sierra, California

LOMA LINDA UNIVERSITY

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OAKWOOD COLLEGE

Huntsville, Alabama

PACIFIC UNION COLLEGE

Angwin, California

SOUTHERN MISSIONARY COLLEGE

Collegedale, Tennessee

SOUTHWESTERN UNION COLLEGE

Keene, Texas

UNION COLLEGE

Lincoln, Nebraska

WALLA WALLA COLLEGE

College Place, Washington