

The Youth's Instructor

SEPTEMBER 21, 1965

[Sabbath School Lessons for September 25]



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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To Overcome

by GEORGE L. EHRMAN

Only the wheat with heads bent low
Are those well-filled with grain;
Only the trees that learn to bow
Can stand the storms and rain;
Only the stalks with roots thrust deep
Will bring the harvest's ear—
And only the man who trusts in God
Can ever conquer fear.

Angels in Charge

by VINNIE RUFFO

LORENA Schonert was driving home with her six-year-old son, David, when it happened. The time was 4:30 p.m. The highway was the heavily traveled Santa Cruz Mountain Freeway in California. There was always a fast-moving current of cars traveling with unjust speed in either direction at that time of day. The ascending and descending curves had already invited many motorists to a gruesome end.

Now they neared the summit of the highway. It was here that Lorena carefully made a left turn. Suddenly a cold draft of air flapped against her legs. Because the traffic was thick and fast, she did not dare to look back, but what she saw through the rear-view mirror brought upon her a paralysis of horror.

The tail gate of the station wagon she was driving had flung itself down, and David had disappeared!

One dread feeling deadlocked her thinking. Her little boy was dead! Somehow, he had flown out of the car right in the path of the ceaseless flow of traffic.

Automatically, she brought her vehicle to a halt. Now all sensibility left her mind. Without looking to the right or to the left, she became a target before the oncoming traffic in her search for her child. Horrified

drivers swerved to avoid striking her. Her blinded eyes saw nothing until she saw him.

A little form now caught her eye. A wondrous thing had happened. David was sitting right in the middle of the road, precisely on the white line, and he was not dead! Instead, he was crying lustily with fright.

"Don't move, David. Stay there," Lorena implored.

Horror squeezed her heart as she noted the whizzing, zigzagging vehicles that bypassed her child by inches. Then she reached him.

Now another marvel happened. With her precious child safely within her arms, she proceeded to cross the highway to return to her car. But traffic had suddenly ceased in the lane she was crossing. Not a car in sight! Though traffic continued bumper to bumper in the adjoining lane, not one car now offered a threat to her and her child.

They reached the station wagon.

As she offered her prayer of thanksgiving, she whispered to David, "Our prayers, David—this morning before we left the house—God heard them. He sent His angels to protect you. God has spared you."

"And someday—someday, my darling son, we'll know why."

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A WORD in Season

IT WAS Friday afternoon. I knew that mother would arrive around four o'clock, driving that new Chevy hardtop, and she would take me away from all this.

"All this" meant this boresome school, this windy hill, and—and this balky, smelly lawn mower I'd been following around over this sprawling campus for the past two weeks.

I threw the gear into neutral, released the pressure on the fuel lever, and stood gazing back across the six faculty lawns—large, spacious lawns—that were assigned to me to mow. I could see that by Monday afternoon the grass where I had begun would be ready to mow again, so next week would be the same endless rounds; round the houses, round the shrubs, round the sidewalks.

My head throbbed slightly as I thought of the endless rounds I had made this past week and would be destined to make next week, and the next—and the next. But no, I wouldn't be here Monday afternoon after classes to start those endless rounds. Momentarily, I had forgotten that mom was coming at four today.

"She has to," I thought aloud in a moment of hysteria. "She promised. Two weeks ago when she brought me here she made me a promise. 'Stay two weeks,' she said. 'If you don't like it you can come home then.'"

Today was the day, and I was going back with mom all right. Two weeks had been enough. I was sick of getting up before the sun rose, dousing my face with cold, sleep-chasing water, going to worship, going to breakfast, going to classes, going to work, and all at the nagging insistence of a nerve-racking bell.

But then some things weren't so bad: the lively ball games behind the boys' dorm in the evenings, and the classes weren't all dull. Miss Mildred Summerton's, for instance. She was a dynamo of energy and enthusiasm and sparked daily interest in the freshman English class.

Reluctantly, I granted these things in favor of Wisconsin Academy, wiped the dripping perspiration from my forehead, and pushed the levers that put my mower into operation again. With a series of hoarse pops and a puff of acrid-smelling bluish smoke, it moved ahead, cutting a narrow swath through the green grass of Mr. Knutsen's lawn.

My thoughts, having been thus set into motion, continued to move in a dreamlike vein. Monday, thought I, I'll walk down that long, broad ribbon of concrete to Madison East High, and in the afternoon I'll play in their gleamingly beautiful gymnasium. I'll make up for the two years that I wanted to go to that new junior high school and didn't get to because a school was begun in the Adventist church basement.

I'll never forget the day I came bursting into the house from school to find mom sitting in the living room talking to a stranger. In her most pleasing tones she greeted me with, "Take off your cap, Dalverne, and come over here. I want you to meet Mr. McConnel. He will teach the Adventist church school this fall in the basement of our church."

I said, "How do you do," in the polite way my mother had taught me, but I wasn't happy. I could see the implications of this visit all too clearly.

When Mr. McConnel left, I said, "Mom, I don't want to go to a little old church school in the basement of a church. I'm counting big on going to East High this fall. I want to play ball with guys who can really play. What would we ever do in that little church school, anyhow—play marbles?" I said that last word bitterly mainly because I could see by the firm set of mom's jaw she had decided for me.

Mr. McConnel came back and talked to dad. The pastor was with him. Dad thought it was a good thing, so I was licked—two to one. I went to church school that fall.

It wasn't just marbles we played. Actually we had a good time for the most part at Madison church school. Mr. Mac, as he let us older ones call him, kept a variety of activities going so that we never could say that school was drab. Nevertheless, I never forgot the new junior high school and how close I came to going there.

In the eighth grade I began studying my Bible. It must have been initiated by something Mr. Mac said in a challenging way, though I can't recall what it was. But that night I began my study of the Bible, and for the first time I made good Bible grades at school. Ever since, I have made my highest grades in Bible.

In the spring Mr. Mac took three of us eighth-graders—that's all there were in that grade—down to the academy. I

wasn't impressed. It seemed such a lonely group of buildings out on a windswept hill. Even the afternoon ball games failed to bring me out of my shell. For one thing, there was a large group of chattering, laughing girls sitting along the side lines and shouting alternate jibes and encouragement to the players. Now I had always been too bashful to get out and play in front of a group of girl spectators. That's mainly why I remained tongue-tied behind the backstop when Mr. Knutsen called for us to come out and participate.

That evening I rode home in silence while the other two from our school gleefully discussed the day's experiences with Mr. Mac. I had decided to attend high school.

In August I was baptized. Sabbath studies and family influences had made me feel that I wanted to be a member of the remnant church. Yet even this made no change in my obsession for high school attendance.

After the baptism my mother began to talk academy to me. I tried to "reason" with her.

"I can stay right at home by going to East High, Mom, and besides, I'd not be loading you and dad with the heavy expense of academy board, room, and tuition. Then I can work here at the store after school hours to buy my clothes. You can't beat that," I said.

"Your dad and I have other values to consider, son," she said softly, "and we want you to continue studying Bible. We also feel that you should have

more opportunity to associate with other young people of like faith." This didn't seem so important to me; not nearly so important as going to high school.

Reluctantly, I had agreed to mom's try-it-for-two-weeks plan, for I knew with dad backing her I didn't have much of a chance. But I was older and taller now, and I could see that mom was going to let me have more say-so about my plans and decisions. I was sure of one thing: after two weeks I was coming home to go to high school.

The purr of an automobile engine came to my ear as I slowed the accelerator to turn a corner. Throttling my "putt-putt," I turned to see whether it was mom. "She's a little early—" Then I saw that it was the principal's brown Olds. He saw me standing there and pulled his car to the side of the road.

"It's pretty hot weather to be push-

ing a smoking machine like that around," he called over the sound of both his and my idling engines.

Then he got out. I hadn't expected him to do that. He couldn't be stopping just to talk to me—a freshman. He was smiling. "How are things?" he asked. Looking into his disarming smile, somehow I couldn't remember that there was anything wrong with the school or my existence here. Strange how that is. I smiled back and said, "Just fine."

"You know, Dal,"—I was pleasantly surprised to hear him use my name; I was one of forty freshmen in a school group of two hundred and fifty—"you're something of an artist in the way you've cut these lawns. The fresh trim and the pattern made by your machine makes the houses look like pictures set in new frames."

"It—it does?" I stammered, not having thought of it that way.

"Yes," he said, "you ought to stand back occasionally and survey your progress. You'd be pleased." With that he walked away and left me with a dazed feeling that an important and busy man had stopped to spend a minute with me—a freshman.

I was still thinking about the possible hidden meanings in his comment, "Stop and stand back and survey your progress. You'd be pleased," when mom came at four. She stayed overnight in the guest room and attended Sabbath school and church with me. Afterward, I introduced her to the teachers—Miss Summerton, Mr. Knutsen, Mr. Olsen, and Mr. Ford—and especially did I take pride in introducing her to the principal, Mr. F. W. Bieber, his wife, and daughter.

Mom didn't say a thing all weekend about my going home with her; I guess she could easily see that I was happy and contented here.

There Came a Levite...

by PAT GUSTIN

THE DOORBELL stuttered an impatient command as I donned a duster and hurried to silence it. Without even turning the knob, I knew what awaited me. The door would swing open, and I'd gaze down into the freshly polished faces of Randy and Ricky smiling above their crisp white shirts, best suits, and lustrous shoes.

The early spring air crowded in as the door opened. My two little neighbors stood waiting.

"You're not ready yet, huh? Why're ya late today?" Randy queried all in one breath.

"Run get the others, and I'll be with you in ten minutes, fellows," I promised and closed the door.

The clock confirmed that I was late, but with ten minutes of concentration and speed . . .

Soon the allotted time passed, and I too was ready for the Sunday Story Hour that my young friends awaited so impatiently. Gathering equipment together in my few extra seconds, I ran through a mental check list—songbooks, ukulele, big Bible, pictures, candle, five smooth stones . . .

The doorbell again, followed by a blur of little-boy noise on the porch.

"O.K. fellows, I'll be—" But as the door swung open this time I was surprised, perhaps even dismayed, to see standing at the forefront of the little group I took to Story Hour, a tall new leader. Billy grinned and began talking.

Having moved into our trailer court only eight or ten days before, Billy was just getting acquainted. He was about twelve or thirteen physically, but mentally he was considerably less. Several times before, he'd stopped by my trailer to chat, and I knew he wanted some attention, some friends. I knew nearly nothing about his home life, but what I had gathered from snatches of conversation made a rather unpleasant picture. He was hard to understand when he talked, and some of his nervous ways were quite repulsive, but his large pleading eyes bespoke of loneliness and sadness.

The little army at my front door joined Billy's jabbering. Half listening to the conversation, I hurried to get my car loaded for Story Hour. Somehow Billy's comments seemed even less intelligent than usual. But suddenly he blurted, "Shall I ask m' mom if I kin go?"

"Sure," I consented, and headed for the trailer to get another load of Story Hour materials. Emerging a few minutes later, I heard an unpleasant tirade coming from Billy's trailer. I locked and closed my door and hurried to the car.

Billy appeared. "I can't go."

"Too bad, Billy," came my hurried reply as I deposited my last load in the car.

"Say, Pat, s'pose you could go ask m' mom if I kin go?"

He waited for an answer as several boys crawled into the back seat. "Jus' this once would ya, please?" He laced his nervous hands together.

"I'm going to be late, Billy. I'm in a hurry." I glanced from Billy to the car and back.

"Please, I wan' t' go jus' this once—please."

Boys and supplies were safely loaded in the car. I fumbled with my keys. "Sorry, Billy. I'll ask your mom sometime next week when I have more time. You can go next Sunday—O.K.?" I turned and walked toward the car.

"But, jus' this—"

"Sorry, Billy. Not now." I noticed his pleading eyes cloud.

The engine started, and we pulled out of the trailer court onto the highway.

That was Sunday. Monday evening as I returned home from school I noticed that lot number 27 was vacant. Billy was gone.

The Magnetism of His Personality

It is the potential of every Christian to become more and more like Christ. Those who most nearly reflect His character and works are those who most earnestly study His life.

Satan works arduously to prevent the followers of Jesus from making the study and emulation of His life their first and most important business. Always he is presenting some easy substitute, some glittering counterfeit to capture away the Christian's loyalty. He will even exert his influence on those who persist in faithfully contemplating the life of Jesus to concentrate on the Master's trials and hardships, rather than on the magnificent way in which Jesus used these to portray His loving heavenly Father.

The great apostate knows that neither time nor eternity is on his side in the great controversy. He knows that every would-be victim can conquer him as, looking to Jesus, he distinguishes between the false and the true, between the transitory and the enduring.

When, in the agony of separation He tasted at the cross, Jesus cried "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" He had already conquered the great accuser. At the very time when He despaired of coming from the tomb a conqueror, of hearing His Father's Well done for His sacrifice, the Father was hid in the thick darkness surrounding His cross on Calvary. Though He wasn't to know it then, the Father was perhaps closer to His Son that infamous afternoon than He had been throughout all the Saviour's years in Palestine.

Your first study of His matchless life may not draw you all the way into that sense of nearness that time will accentuate. But if you approach each study with ready mind and prayerful heart, it will grow and grow and grow upon you. From five minutes a day closeted with the Master, you will progress to an hour, and longer, leaving each successive study with growing reluctance. The time will come when, looking back, you will discover with boundless surprise that the study of His life, and your ministry through His power in your own, have merged. You will be practicing the presence of Jesus in every word and deed and thought with increasing fidelity.

Every day, as you come to know Him more intimately, you will become bolder and less fearful in your witness and work. As Luke wrote of Peter and John, the world will someday take knowledge of you, that you have been with Jesus.

In every land under heaven, young men and young women are coming to the front whose lives testify to their acquaintance with their Lord. Their knowledge of the quality of His person is neither synthetic nor sterile. It surpasses astronomically any information called for on some true-false test or multiple-choice exam. It is of the essence of such as know Him of whom they have believed, and are persuaded and empowered to follow Him wheresoever He leads. WTC

Heroine Miss Sylvia Shaw is a young Seventh-day Adventist nurse who at the time of the cover photo was working at Trelaws Hospital, Alton Hants, England. She is shown placing some lilacs at the tomb of Florence Nightingale. Because of her selfless dedication to the care of the sick and to hospital reform, Miss Nightingale was offered burial in Westminster Abbey. She asked, however, to be buried in the family tomb at East Wellow, Hampshire, and requested that the only inscription on the tomb be that shown in the photograph. It is a Photo Mart entry from J. G. C. B. Munson, of Glasgow, Scotland.

Question February 3, 1965, we wrote the author of the center spread, including this: "I am certain that this is true to fact. May I, however, have reply to just one question? Was Mrs. Mason actually in the Sabbath school class when the teacher told the incident of her prior visit as reason to be more reverently quiet? I ask this, not because of any doubt, but because I would like to see it in black and white."

Answer February 18 brought this reply: "When I sent the story I realized the fictionlike element in it, but could only agree that 'truth is stranger than fiction.' I felt some hesitation in sending the story, because the last one I submitted to you had some facts of this nature in it. When the article was returned the first reader had attached a note that the incident gave her an uneasy feeling. I can understand the feeling. They seem incredible to me too."

Answer "Every incident in 'Almost, But . . . ' actually happened practically under my nose. Yes, Mrs. Mason actually sat in the class. The story was actually unknowingly told in her presence. The teacher actually made the quoted remarks to me on the church steps after the service. The timing and other facts in the story are almost as fantastic to me as was this particular instance."

Gate Those who would not fall a prey to Satan's devices, must guard well the avenues of the soul; they must avoid reading, seeing, or hearing that which will suggest impure thoughts.—AA 518.

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coming next week

- "CHOLESTEROL AND WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT"—By Jackson A. Saxon, M.D. Several important factors that contribute to the lowering of your cholesterol are stressed in the second of Dr. Saxon's discussions on cholesterol.
- "THE DEVIL'S FINAL TRICK"—It is through the channels of sight and sound that the devil is planning his final overwhelming delusions. The president of the Australasian Division gives some things to ponder in this stimulating article.



Baptism by Fire

by HAROLD F. RAMPTON





rite was to be performed that day was the irregular beating of a drum in the street outside the Stewarts' home at about 9:00 A.M. From the elevated windows we saw a group of youth, most of whom were clad in yellow, marching behind the drummer, and visiting the Indian homes in the locality. Each visit seemed to add another marcher to the group. On making inquiries from other missionaries, we discovered the significance of the day.

Quickly Margaret called Kingsley and Kenneth, her two small lads, and proceeded to dress them while Barbara disposed of the breakfast dishes. We men busied ourselves loading cameras and checking our gear. If this was a high day for the Indians it was something to be recorded on film. Soon all was in readiness, with a picnic lunch packed, and we were on our way.

As we traveled we thought of the three Hebrews who, twenty-five centuries ago, had been thrown into Nebuchadnezzar's glowing furnace. What a testimony they bore to the sheltering power of God! What an impact was made that day when one "like the Son of God" stood with them. What fearful thoughts must have raced into the bold king's mind as he sat spellbound by the sight of the divine visitor!

But the prince of darkness also witnessed that scene. And not wanting to be outdone, he too has had his servants pass through the fire. This heathen practice had been denounced by God through His servant Moses many centuries before. Fire had often been used by God to signify His presence. His acceptance of Abel's offering, His display on Mount Sinai, and at the burning bush, all testify to God's symbolic use of fire. And the prince of this world has likewise chosen the emblem and used it in his arts. Thus we read in Deuteronomy 18:10: "There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch."

This practice still persists, and the Indians consider the experience a proof of the power of their gods.

The winding road to Nasinu was dotted with hundreds of Indians immaculately dressed in their freshly washed garments; all were walking in the same direction. The women particularly attracted our attention with colorful, delicately tinted saris so neatly arranged, contrasting with their coal-black hair. Most women wore the famil-

ALL NIGHT LONG, the excited tongues of flame etched their patterns against the star-studded Fijian sky. The silence was broken only by the intermittent crackle of the mangrove branches as fresh supplies of fuel were stacked onto the already high mass of glowing embers. Now and then a temple priest would steal up to the fire, bend low, and with hands clasped, silently offer his devotion to the gods of fire.

Nearby in the unassuming Hindu temple, other barefooted priests sat in silent meditation, adoring the hand-carved idols that stood before them, bedecked with glittering jewelry and glass chips.

Thus the preparations were being made for the annual Hindu fire-walking ceremony at Nasinu, a small village some six miles from Suva, Fiji. Everything must be executed in minute detail according to the centuries-old customs brought with the Indians from their homeland, when they came to work the cane fields in the preceding century. Now the Indians outnumber the Fijians, and while they are re-

strained from owning land, their keen perception for a profitable business deal has enabled them to well nigh take over the commerce of Fiji.

While the Fijians have almost entirely accepted nominal Christianity, the Indians retain their superstitions. The annual fire-walking ceremony is to them a high day of great significance, when some of their sons demonstrate their utter contempt for the power of fire while they are under the bewitching spell of their gods.

In company with Melvin and Margaret Stewart, newly appointed missionaries to Fiji, my wife, Barbara, and I took the opportunity to see for ourselves the supernatural power of which we had read. We had spent a most eventful week in the Fijian group in the interests of welfare and Sabbath school work. It was our plan to travel over to Tonga, the Friendly Islands, that weekend, but because of shipping delays, our plans were changed. It was then we discovered that on this Sunday this intriguing ceremony was to take place.

The first indication we had that the

iar red spot on their brow, indicating their caste.

We turned off the main road and followed the directions of a calico banner to the secluded spot chosen for the ritual. Already many had gathered around the roped-off rectangle enclosing the modest Hindu temple.

The enclosure was roughly 150 feet long by 75 feet wide, was well grassed, and obviously had been prepared for the occasion. To the western end was the ten- by ten-foot temple, of simple timber construction and iron roof, with an awning extending toward the fire pit. Some attempt had been made to adorn the supporting poles with green vines. Inside the dark temple, we could see the two man-made idols each with four outstretched arms. The surrounding jewelry and embellishments gave a great deal of color to the temple interior.

Outside the shrine sat three old priests, their hair unkempt, their clothes soiled. One held some kind of silver rod, not unlike the shepherd's rods of Bible times. His face seemed to reflect the hopelessness of his religion.

Near the temple a small lamp was kept burning, and this became the object of worship a little later. The fire pit itself was some twenty-five feet long by eight feet across, and was about nine inches deep. Inside this, we saw the heaped ashes of an enormous fire, lit at precisely midnight the previous night. The mangrove wood was chosen for its heat-generating qualities, as well as for the resultant glowing coals. This mass of accumulated heat stood nearly three feet high. Though there was little smoke now, the air above shimmered, and spectators nearby shielded their faces from the searing heat.

To one end of the fire pit was a shallow foot bath filled with a murky liquid to be used by the fire walkers after their ordeal by fire.

At the eastern end of the cordoned area, a platform had been erected, and a display of strength was given to amuse the waiting crowds. Loud was the applause when a well-built Fijian with muscles rippling stepped up and with great show lifted 320 pounds well above his head. A challenge was thrown out to the audience for some person to better the feat, but none was forthcoming. Whereupon the announcer proclaimed this weight lifter the champion of Fiji.

With the crowd growing larger every minute, our attention was drawn to the temple once more, for now several In-

dians were approaching it, having slowly walked around the quadrangle, inside the ropes. As they came to the mound of ashes, they carefully bowed low, before proceeding to Raju, the chief priest who sat in the temple door to await their gifts. We were impressed by the finely woven silks and the rich blending of color as they passed us.

At the temple door, each woman paused and bowed low before the gods, then handed her gifts of Indian sweetmeats or fruit to Raju. He then gave each worshiper a small stick of incense, lighting it with his sacred flame. Little time passed before the incense offering was completed. Then turning about, each woman in order faced the fire, took two steps toward it, and kneeling on the earth with hands clasped, bowed her brow to the ground before the flickering flame on the brass lamp. Only then would she proceed to take her place among the many spectators outside the enclosure. This ceremony was repeated continually until such times as the fire walkers arrived on the scene.

Looking over the crowd of bystanders we saw a riot of color. Sprinkled here and there a few Europeans clicked cameras, or watched proceedings through binoculars. Some were invited into the quadrangle for their camera shots, but only on condition that they removed their shoes, and refrained from carrying any leather. As Mel Stewart moved in with his movie projector, an official quickly stepped up and challenged him, and pointed to the leatherlike casing on the camera. It was only after considerable discussion that the official was persuaded that this was only a plastic imitation.

Yonder in the trees, several men had climbed for a better view. Repeatedly the announcer had requested these men to come down, but to no avail. Then raising his voice he made a very strong appeal. I asked a bystander what he said. "He told them this is not the thing to do on such a holy occasion," I was informed. Still they stayed there, that is, until with a sudden crash and a yell several toppled down with a broken branch to the accompaniment of laughter from the crowd.

But again a hush came over the scene as the priest, carrying his silver rod, arose, and slowly moved down to the fire. Here he turned, faced the fire and at the same time the shrine, and raising his clasped hands, muttered some inaudible prayer.

Three well-built men now came into the center of the quadrangle, each

armed with a long-handled hoe. They proceeded to rake out the ashes to fill the pit evenly. Immediately the fire seemed to come to life again, glowing vividly and causing the onlookers nearby to shield their faces. Perspiration flowed freely down the cheeks of the men as they worked.

Two women next came from the temple carrying small cakes of camphor, about the size of matchboxes, which they placed a step apart on the lawn, all around the perimeter of the enclosure. These were all lit, and burned freely.

Immediately there flashed to my mind the Pentecostal scene in the upper room of long ago, when God was pouring out His Spirit upon the 120. Here the disciples received the baptism of fire foretold by John the Baptist in Matthew 3:11. This was to give them the boldness to go forth as ambassadors for the King of kings. Could Satan now be counterfeiting this "tongues of fire" experience? Were not these fire walkers to receive special powers from the prince of the air?

One further preparation was needed before the dancing men arrived. The onlookers must be sprinkled with holy water. To accomplish this, several men appeared with buckets of yellow water, dyed with turmeric, and using a branch, proceeded to shower the spectators, thus to purify them for the ceremony of the day.

Meanwhile, the fifteen men who had elected to dance across the waiting fire bed this day had been going through the strict ritual, miles away in the woods. For ten days their minds and bodies had been under the control of the devil priest Subar Sami. For ten days they had separated themselves, devoting their time to preparation for the greatest event in their lives. It reminded us of the days Christ's followers had awaited the baptism of fire as recorded in Acts 2. But what a difference!

At last all was in readiness. In the distance we heard chanting, accompanied by bell ringing and the uneven beat of drums. Silence gripped the expectant crowd, which had waited long for this moment. Down the hillside came the procession.

As they entered the enclosure by the temple, we began to realize the frightening nature of this ritual. Each participant had pierced his cheeks, lips, neck, or eyebrows with several three-pronged skewers. Yet there was no sign of blood. They were led by a priest,

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ST. HELENA

by VIRGIL ROBINSON



MR. MATHIESON, travel agent, stood before a large map of the world, tracing with his pencil the route of our long anticipated journey. "Your ship will touch St. Helena, Ascension, and Las Palmas in the Canary Islands."

St. Helena! How thrilling the prospect! Memory took me back to boyhood days at Campion Academy, where I had pored for hours through my father's history books. Through many pages and in many pictures I had traced the rise and fall of that mighty conqueror, Napoleon, from the glories of Austerlitz to the gloom of Waterloo, and finally to The Rock—St. Helena.

Just three months later, standing at the rail of the *Warwick Castle* on Sabbath morning, I gazed across many miles of water to the mass of rock thrusting up from the bed of the ocean.

"There she is," remarked a fellow passenger, stepping a little nearer. "That's home sweet home. That's St. Helena."

"How long have you been away?" I asked.

"Never been there yet. I sold my cafe in Cape Town, and with my military pension I am settling there."

"Are you sure you will be happy there? Quite a change it will be from the hustle and bustle of a South African city."

"That's just why I am settling there," he replied with a smile. "Having endured them for forty years, I feel I can gladly forgo the headaches and problems of twentieth-century civilization with all its vaunted progress. I am searching for peace and quiet, and I know I shall find them on St. Helena."

"Do you know," he went on, warm-

ing to his subject, "they don't even have a daily newspaper, only a four-page sheet, which comes out once a week, chiefly devoted to island news. No more indigestion brought on by reading of the woes of the Congo or Angola or Berlin or Dutch New Guinea, served up with my morning coffee."

The gong rang, and I went below for breakfast. This was one morning when our family did not linger long in the dining room. Nor did our traveling companions, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Maxwell, who with baby Alan were journeying with us as far as England.

Back on deck, we scanned the cliffs with our binoculars. We beheld long lines of white foam crashing against huge rocks, but no sandy beaches.

"Where do we land?" we inquired.

"Jamestown lies around on the north-east side of the island," replied Mr. Maxwell, who had been there before.

About nine o'clock the ship's speed was reduced by about half. This was a disappointment to us, as we had written to Pastor Welcome Phillips, who was in charge of the little Adventist church on the island, that we would be there in time to attend the church service.

Slowly, far too slowly, we edged our way around the point. There before us lay Jamestown, surely one of the most picturesque spots on earth. Picture a narrow canyon, scarcely two hundred yards wide, lying between two steeply sloping, barren, cactus-covered mountains, gradually narrowing at the top end. Imagine one street up the center of this valley, and on either side, a road zigzagging to some unseen spot at the top of the mountain on either side. We were filled with eagerness to get off the ship and explore this isolated township.

There is no pier. The ladder was dropped from the side of the ship. Out from the land came many small boats, nearly all of them propelled by out-board motors.

Mrs. Phillips and her four children had been traveling on the *Warwick Castle* with us. Little Number Four had been born in South Africa, and was to be the newest inhabitant of Jamestown. We knew that Pastor Phillips would be eager to see his wife, and the little newcomer in his basket.

"There he is," exclaimed Mrs. Phillips, pointing to a tall man standing in one of the boats. "See him there, waving his gray hat!"

The pastor scrambled up the ladder to greet his wife and happy children.



Next we were introduced. It was then ten minutes after eleven. "I think we can make it to church," said the pastor. "I told the elder to hold on till eleven-thirty, and then if we had not arrived to go ahead with the meeting. Just wait here a moment. I will arrange for you to get off the ship quickly."

Soon we were being led down to the waiting boat, still hopeful of getting to the church on time. But a series of delays followed, climaxed by the complete refusal of the outboard motor to work. We were pushed against the great wall of the *Warwick*, while other little boats poled to the foot of the gangway, loaded, and were off.

Jumping from boat to boat, one St. Helena boy executed a leap and ended his nimble performance right in the basket with the new Phillips baby! But no damage was done, the motor finally coughed and started, and a little before twelve, we pushed away from the side of our ship.

If it had been exciting to step from the stable gangway into the rising-and-

falling boat, it was doubly so when trying to spring from that unstable platform onto the ancient and slippery stone landing. Ropes are hung there, which are grasped by one hand by dock workers, who then reach far out to grasp the hands of passengers of the small boats, who must spring onto the step when a wave raises the boat.

We all made the jump successfully, and soon Pastor Phillips was seeing his wife's luggage through customs, while we gazed at the curiosities of the place. My mind went back nearly a century and a half to that wintry day when Napoleon first stepped ashore on his island prison. What bitter feelings must have passed through the man who, only three years before, had been master of most of Europe, now to be exiled for life on the rock.

"Nice post cards, madam." Our minds were brought back to the present. Several elderly women of all shades of color were offering necklaces and post cards showing historic spots on the island.

"Sorry, we cannot buy today. This is our Sabbath."

"Oh, you are Pastor Phillips' people," said the women one to the other. We were to discover during our few hours on the island how well known Pastor Phillips was to the islanders.

One woman told us that she was eighty-six years old. Yes, she said, she had been to South Africa once, when she was seventeen. She well remembered the thousands of Boer prisoners who had been detained on St. Helena sixty years before.

Times are difficult at present, and prospects for the future seem bleak. Regular passenger ships may cease calling. These monthly visits have meant life to the island, as visits by cargo steamers are irregular and undependable. Also, the fishing industry has diminished to almost nothing.

"They cannot do this to us," protested the old lady. "We are loyal subjects of Great Britain, and she cannot abandon her children. Our bishop is now in London to try to persuade the Government to subsidize the ships, so that the boats will continue to come."

Pastor Phillips reappeared, placed the luggage in his car, and with the ladies, was off for the mission. The rest of us walked the quarter of a mile. We walked past the various churches of the little capital, one by one, passed old trading stores and rows of houses, all with doors opening right onto the sidewalk. There are about two hundred cars on the island, a good percentage of them used to carry passengers to its historic and beautiful sites. But no buses, no trains, no airport!

We arrived at the home of the pastor, next to the little church. The service was over, and most of the members had gone home. There was another



meeting called for two-thirty. While the women made the final preparations for lunch, we three men walked up the single narrow street to the end of the town. This took only about ten minutes. We saw the one elementary school, going up to the ninth grade, the police headquarters, a hospital, and more churches. There are only twelve policemen altogether, and one of the merchants acts as magistrate, to deal with the infrequent cases of lawbreaking or car accidents that occur.

At the house again, we found a delicious meal awaiting us. A good Adventist dinner in a good Adventist home—happy contrast from the ship! We could not conceal our surprise at the culinary talents of Pastor Phillips who, single-handed, had prepared so hospitably for us.

The chapel bell rang, and we walked into the church, where we joined in a lively song service. A young girl pumped away at the old organ—she could doubtless have produced music with much less effort on a modern organ.

"How large is your membership?" I asked Pastor Phillips.

"About thirty, just now. A year ago it was nearly sixty. But as you know, hard times have descended upon us. Many of our members have moved to England, where they find work. Some have gone to Ascension Island to work at the American base there."

It was a good meeting we had with them. Their faces reflected the joy inspired by the blessed hope of a soon-coming Saviour shared by our members the world around. As I looked into their faces I could not help wondering, "Shall we meet again?" How fitting that we should sing at the close of the meeting, "What! Never Part Again?" We shook the hands of these friendly people, wishing that we could have opportunity to become personally acquainted with every one of them.

Then, in two cars, we left to see the historic spots of the island. Since St. Helena is only ten miles by eight miles, no road can go far in one direction. Up out of the narrow valley we climbed onto the higher ground of the green and beautiful interior. The blackness and bleakness disappeared. Here were trees, ferns, water, paths, picturesque cottages, and beautiful English homes.

Stopping the car, our driver told us that we would see Napoleon's first grave. We were led down a path through the evergreen forests. We went through a gate, under the flag of France, which owns this beautiful spot.

The greenery became more profuse. We saw weeping willows, cypress trees, cedars, and everywhere, great banks of tall ferns.

"This was one of the spots Napoleon loved best," we were informed. "He loved to ride here on his horse, stop at this spring and drink its sweet water." At the opening of the glen we saw a sentry box, a soldier of France, and the flag of that country waving gracefully over it. There was the grave, only a plain cement slab surrounded by an iron paling. To this lonely yet beautiful spot, the faithful servants of Napoleon who had shared his exile bore his body. They were followed by the governor and all the inhabitants of the island. Here he had lain for nineteen years until a warship had come from France to bear him back to Paris.

Before leaving, we drank from the spring, of the sweet, cold water where Napoleon had also drunk to satisfy his thirst. Then we walked to the road again and drove to Longwood. Here again we stood on French soil, for the house and its gardens have also been ceded to the Republic of France.

We entered the ancient house, which has been renovated since Napoleon and his suite occupied it. Today it is a museum, and contains some of the most remarkable pictures of Napoleon's life and era. Here was his chessboard, his billiard table, and even his tall tin bathtub.

"Mamma, will Napoleon be in heaven?" asked our little girl.

"Dear," was the answer, "let's leave that for God to decide. He knows what kind of man Napoleon was." My mind went to the statement from the Spirit of Prophecy that Napoleon was seen among the hosts surrounding the city of God and trying to take it at the end of the millennium.

Longwood stands on a plateau, about the only level bit of ground on the island. Across that plateau, Napoleon enjoyed galloping his horse, happy if he could shake off, even for a few minutes, the British soldiers set to guard him, and who were instructed never to lose sight of their prisoner.

The sun was dropping lower in the sky as we drove again along the narrow road across the island. We saw flax, the principal cultivated crop, growing even on the steepest hillsides. At the highest point along the road we saw the strange rock formations, known as Lot and Lot's Wife. At the home used as the governor's residence, we thought of Sir Hudson Lowe, governor in the days

of Napoleon, whose unhappy jailor he was through six long years, obsessed night and day by the dreadful fear that his prisoner might one day escape.

The road led down one of the mountains overlooking Jamestown. We stopped for a last look. There in the bay lay the *Warwick Castle*, a half mile offshore. The town lay directly beneath us. From this point Jacob's Ladder, a series of 699 cement steps, led down into Jamestown, six hundred feet below. The children and I walked down, to find the car at the bottom already, having gone down the paved road.

Back at Pastor Phillips' home, we prayed together and bade farewell to a never-to-be-forgotten Sabbath. Strolling again down the narrow street, we came to the landing where we negotiated once more the heaving deck of our small boat, and were taken back to the *Warwick Castle*.

One by one, the boats that had been carrying passengers back and forth all day returned with their last loads. The ladder was drawn up, the engines started, and slowly, very slowly, the vessel turned, pointed her prow northward, and headed for Ascension Island, seven hundred miles northwest. The lights of Jamestown grew fainter for an hour, then disappeared in the distance.

St. Helena, island of peace, made famous by Napoleon, had vanished, but our memories of that beautiful spot, the warm Christian fellowship of our believers there, will never fade.

The needs and opportunities on the island are great. Near Longwood, Pastor Phillips had pointed out to us a stretch of grassy ground.

"Here is where I come to hold open-air meetings for the people on this side of the island. Most of them do not have vehicles, and they will not walk three miles to our chapel in Jamestown, then three miles home again."

"But why an open-air meeting? Cannot you get a building?"

"There are only twenty pounds in the building fund, and we need at least three hundred. The open-air meetings are all right in summer, but during the long cold wet winter months, problems arise."

Where can we go, I thought to myself, to escape from the needs, the calls? Needs and calls that surely must exist from Singapore to Hammerfest, and from Anchorage to Punta Arenas. And on that tiny spot in mid-Atlantic, which we should not forget in our prayers, the island of St. Helena.



DURING intermission between Sabbath school and the eleven-o'clock hour my guest, a minister's wife, remarked, "Oh, but your church is quiet. How do you do it?"

"Sh," I whispered. "There's a story. Remind me to tell you after church."

The tale runs like this:

It was Singspiration Sabbath in Mid City. We were resting our voices while listening to missionary experiences from the seven MV Societies represented.

"Last week my Friendship Team called on a couple who had visited our church regularly and then unexplainably stopped," reported a member from the Main Street church. "We found the husband eager to return to the faith of his youth and bring his wife with him. They both liked our minister, but the wife said, 'You see, I'm an Episcopalian. Your church is rather noisy. So we are attending the Tenth Street church, where it's quieter.'"

All over the building we Tenth-Streeters began to swell. But we admired this young fellow who had the courage to tell his experience in our presence.

The next Sabbath my telephone rang as I was leaving for church. It was the chaplain from Woodland Park Hospital. He said, "I'm sending a young nurse and her little daughter to your church this morning. In the room of one of our patients she found *Judy Steps Out* and read it. She belongs to that Episcopal church within two blocks of your church. This will be her first visit. Will you make her feel at home?"

The thought popped into my head, "If we're quiet enough for one Episco-

Almost, But...

by JACQUELYN BROWN SHAIN

palian we'll be quiet enough for another."

So I settled the little girl in our lovely kindergarten department and the mother in the visitors' class.

Between services I walked with her to pick up her daughter. She was much impressed and said she'd like to own a copy of *Judy Steps Out*.

The church was so crowded I couldn't find a seat with them for the next service. While the organist was playing quietly I became aware that hardly anyone else was quiet. Everyone seemed to have urgent news for his neighbor. A few had neighbors on the other side of the church they had to go over to see. Surely it had never been this noisy before. Dismay seized me. Distress shook me. Despair paralyzed me.

Our welfare director had asked me to make an appeal for help at the center. I could hardly walk up to the microphone. "Tell them to be quiet," a voice seemed to say. Another one warned, "It isn't your place and certainly this isn't the time." I didn't.

After I had finished my appeal Mrs. Mason rose from her seat, took her child by the hand, and walked out. In the foyer a trusty deacon asked whether he could help her.

This is what she said: "I believe I've found what I've been looking for. Your members really know the Bible and they seem so sincere. But when Merrilyn looked up and whispered, 'Mommy, listen to all these people talking in church,' I decided this is not the place for her."

When this episode was noised around, we Tenth-Streeters were properly deflated, but not inactivated. The minister called a special session of the church board. A reverence campaign rocketed itself—but quietly—into every department.

On the next Friday night I timorously knocked at Mrs. Mason's door with a copy of *Judy Steps Out* in my hand. She graciously showed me in. On her divan lay an open copy of *The Question Box*. She picked it up and said, "This church's doctrine is almost opposite from yours. I'm investigating them all."

I smiled—I think—and said, "That's the thing to do." But honestly, I don't know what I said the rest of the evening. I do remember she had discovered a copy of *Bible Readings* in her church library. It angered her. She showed it

to her minister when she returned it. However, she couldn't forget it and tried to check it out again. It had been removed from the library. She also mentioned a Negro baby-sitter who had been hired to work with her in the church nursery.

One Sunday morning the sitter brought along a colorful magazine to read. Mrs. Mason noticed the title, *Signs of the Times*. "What church do you belong to?" she asked.

"Seventh-day Adventist," the sitter replied.

"Say, maybe you can help me. I'm puzzled about death, the millennium, and the Sabbath."

The sitter grasped this opportunity to share her faith—and generously she shared.

"You really do know your Bible, don't you?" Mrs. Mason commented.

"Yes, I love to study my Bible. But you're following Constantine."

"Oh, yes, yes," Mrs. Mason nodded in agreement, thinking him to be one of the Church Fathers.

"Yes, yes," the Adventist shook her head, but still in agreement.

And the *Signs of the Times* changed hands.

These experiences encouraged me to invite her back to church the next day. She came. The Sabbath school superintendent pleaded earnestly for reverence.

Somehow Mrs. Mason was shunted to the young couple's class. At the close of the lesson study the teacher beseeched the members to be quiet during the intermission. One of the members then proceeded to tell the class about the Sabbath-before experience. Sabbath school was dismissed, and Mrs. Mason walked out again. After church the teacher chided me, "Why didn't you tell me she was in my class? Now she's gone again!"

It was September, and Operation Friendship month. Mrs. Mason was now assigned to a Friendship Team. On Tuesday evening they knocked at her door. She graciously invited them in. On the divan lay three books—*Bible Readings*, *The Seventh Day*, and *Answers to Objections*, by F. D. Nichol. She had checked them out of the public library.

The next Sabbath she was at the church on time. After Sabbath school she walked out as usual. Oh, if she would only stay to see how quiet it was!

October came. The Friendship Team invited her to the Bible-marking festival conducted by the minister. She attended almost every night. How she prized the Bible she earned by her faithful attendance!

In November it snowed. "I'll just have to buy galoshes for Merrilyn and me with this money, even if it is tithe," Mrs. Mason confided to herself. "Will a man rob God? Will a man rob God? Will a man rob God?" kept drumming in her ears for three or four days. At last she prayed, "Lord, it's Yours, and Yours it shall be."

The next morning her husband hauled a load of trash out to the city dump. There on a heap lay a package all tied up neatly. He opened it and out fell—that's right—galoshes! Not just two pairs, but fifteen, with the price tags still attached. Yes, of course, they fit.

December brought its Christmas gifts, but the best one was a baptism that included Mrs. Mason.

January became her wilderness of temptation. Her husband threatened divorce. It had been difficult for her to remove her wedding band and make-up. Now she learned that a few of the women she had noticed wearing these things were church members. Previously she had thought they were visitors. For hadn't she read this on page 62 in *The Seventh Day*: "On any Sabbath after services are over, and the members of the congregation mingle together, you may note subtle distinctions which set them slightly apart. For one thing, although all the people are neatly dressed, and the hair of the young women and teen-age girls has been brushed until it shines, you will see little adornment of any kind—no lipstick, no rouge, no jewelry."

"Why are these people not living up to the principles of the church?" That was a hard one for the minister. "Maybe this isn't what I was looking for after all." Her feet had well-nigh slipped.

Then the minister diverted her attention along the path over which she had come to us—the Adventist hospital, her church library, her church nursery, the public library, and the city dump. She re-examined her marked Bible. Her feet steadied themselves on the firm foundation.

Twice we almost failed her. Loving vigilance saved her. But are there others we might have missed?

DECIDING

your Destiny

by HARVEY HANSEN



A MIRROR to sky and tree-tops, a shiny water puddle adds quiet beauty to a city residential street. Then a car hits it.

The spinning speed of the wheel, the shape of the tire, the design of the tread, determine what water splashes to the right and what splashes to the left.

Some lands on a lawn to refresh a little grass. Some soils a passerby's dress or shirt, which ends up in a launderette or cleaners. And some falls into the gutter and flows into the city's sewage system. But some vaporizes in pockets of warm air and rises high into the blue sky.

When a road passes along a continental divide the water faces still different destinies. Water from a puddle at a certain place on Highway B in Wisconsin might conceivably end up in the Gulf of Mexico and some might end up in the North Atlantic.

The Continental Divide in the Northwest directs some of its water toward the cold Arctic and some toward the warmer Pacific. Here a gust of wind catching and carrying some raindrops a few feet to one side or the other, or a pebble diverting the course of a trickle from melting snow, is a factor determining where the water goes.

Circumstances, doings of men, the operation of natural laws, and an intriguing sprinkling of happenstance determine where mindless things end up. I don't suppose mindless things ever *decide* anything.

But, thank God, we are created with responsible minds and hearts. We can counteract circumstances. We can decide our destiny.

"Everyone may place his will on the side of the will of God, may choose to obey Him, and by thus linking himself with divine agencies, he may stand where nothing can force him to do evil." *

God has never given us any right to do wrong. He has given us the right to choose.

Sometimes we choose deliberately. Sometimes we choose subconsciously. But every day we choose whether we will obey God, whether our destiny shall be the gutter—or the glories of heaven.

* *Education*, p. 289.

A FEW WEEKS before I had left on furlough a fire had destroyed the publishing house and union offices. In my absence they had been rebuilt; a beautiful church had also been constructed across the road. Upon my return I was appointed to serve as editor in chief at the press.

Feeling wholly inadequate for the task, I took up my new assignment with fear and trembling. By faith I placed my hand in God's hand and prayed for guidance. Although the Korean *Signs*, the *Church Compass*, and the Sabbath school lessons had been printed in the city during the year, no literature had been published for the literature evangelists.

"Give us subscription books!" cried the colporteur evangelists.

"Give us smaller books and pamphlets to sell as we take subscriptions!" cried the youthful army of colporteurs.

"Give us tracts and inexpensive literature to use in our missionary work!" cried the laymen.

"Give us songbooks!" cried the teacher-evangelists.

What a challenge! There was absolutely no literature available for those who were eager to take the printed page to the people. Elder W. A. Gillis, press manager at the time, was an experienced and excellent counselor. It was a pleasure to work with him and a thrill to see the literature rolling off the presses.

Quantities of gospel literature came off the presses during the next five years. The subscription list to the *Signs* climbed to 40,000, the largest circulation of any magazine published in Korea, a poverty-stricken country where illiteracy was 70 per cent.

The magazine became a great soul-winning agency. Interesting testimonials were received from time to time, and some of our subscribers traveled long distances to talk with the editors of the *Signs*.

"The *Signs* gives one the impression that something startling is soon to take place," wrote one.

Another said, "As you read the *Signs*, it makes you feel that one should keep the seventh-day Sabbath."

"The *Signs* has been a true prophet through the years. The forecasts come to pass before our very eyes," testified several.

Time and again, when the deadline had come for the copy to be turned over to the typeroom and the expected articles had not been received, I was in

a jam. It was up to me to provide sufficient material and to provide it on time.

When fellow workers, owing to lack of time, failed to make their contribution, I would sit at my desk with pen in hand and pray, "O Lord! Thou knowest all about the predicament in which I find myself. I have already written several articles for this issue. I don't know what to write. But please, dear Lord, give me another message for the people."

Then I would begin to jot down the thoughts as they came to me, and rearrange them until I had another article for that issue.



Forty Years to KOREA

by THEODORA WANGERIN

PART SIX



In the fall of 1939, when the publishing house celebrated its thirtieth anniversary, a large number of influential Korean and Japanese officials and missionary friends came to spend the day with us. In a congratulatory message the late Baron Yun T'chi Ho, a most influential Christian statesman, said:

"The first issue of a new magazine to be published in Korea frequently has also been the last. However, the *Korean Signs* has had an uninterrupted publication for thirty years. This is indeed a rare experience. When we remember that the *Signs* is not a fiction magazine but a religious journal it is all the more remarkable."

A newspaper editor stated: "The thirtieth anniversary that we are celebrating today is the first of its kind in Korea. It is an event worth recording. To carry forward a work successfully—

especially in the publishing field in Korea—for thirty years is a difficult task.

"A man generally begins his lifework at the age of thirty. It is the most important time in the life of an individual. Thirty years is also considered to be the length of a generation. Confucius, the Chinese sage, decided upon his lifework when he was thirty.

"Sakyammi Buddha, the Indian saint, began to promulgate his doctrine when he was thirty. And Jesus Christ also took up His lifework at the age of thirty.

"Your highly esteemed magazine has now reached the most important stage of its existence, and I pray that it may

continue to minister to the physical, spiritual, and intellectual needs of the people."

Although I was busy with my work, my thoughts were constantly with my children. The separation was painful. A few days after Dorothy had received her elementary education diploma she was rushed to the St. Helena Sanitarium for an appendectomy. When word reached me I longed to be with her. But again, a kind and loving Father provided for her needs. A friend took her into her home while she was convalescing.

A year or two later, when Dorothy met the one who was to be the man in her life, I felt a natural concern about my daughter's future happiness and longed to be with her. Again I took the matter to the Lord in prayer. That night He spoke to me. In a dream I heard His comforting voice, "Don't

worry about Dorothy; I am keeping watch. All will turn out all right."

An invitation to attend a Sabbath school council in Baguio, the summer capital of the Philippines, early in 1935 presented an opportunity "to go and see places."

During the summer Gertrude and Marvin had received a call to mission service in China. Tentative booking had been made for them on one of the *President* liners. I had no inkling as to when they were to sail; neither did they know of my plans to go to Baguio. But the good Lord so arranged our sailing schedules that we were booked on the same boat! They had boarded the steamer in San Francisco, and I took passage in Yokohama.

We spent several delightful days together. I am convinced that this was not merely coincidental.

Life in Korea was strenuous. While serving as editor I continued to be Sabbath school secretary. I also taught a class in denominational history to a group of seminary students that met in the wings of the church across the street from the publishing house. The young women, training for Bible work, were housed in private homes in the village, and I was asked to be their dean.

One Friday afternoon one of the students came to the house with a letter written by one of the teachers of Kim-si, a young woman preparing to enter the work. "Wang Sung Saing [Teacher Wang], Teacher K. is paying too much attention to this young woman. The other day he even stepped into her room, closed the door, and talked with her at length" was her brief comment.

At the close of the evening meeting I related the story to the principal of

the seminary and to the president of the union mission, turned the letter over to them, and asked them to handle the matter.

Sunday morning, when the committee met to deal with the problem, the Korean members insisted that the teacher be dropped from the employ of the mission. I pleaded for the man. "Although Teacher K. has been indiscreet, I am certain that he is not guilty of any act of immorality. He is a good man and has a fine family. I believe he has learned his lesson. Let's give him an opportunity to prove himself."

And so the teacher was reinstated. But his pride had been hurt, and for some time he held a bitter grudge against me, which caused me some heartache. In time the teacher had a change of heart and a few days before

Patterns

by JANE MERCHANT

We followed her patterns
For Sunbonnet Sue
And Butterfly quilts
For a season or two,

And by her directions
Became creators
Of granny afghans
And fascinators;

And never suspected
That she was giving
Wordless instructions
In heart-shaped living.

we were evacuated in 1940, shortly before World War II, he came to me and apologized. We have been friends ever since.

One day a Methodist missionary friend approached me. "We have heard of a young woman from Austria who is married to a Korean doctor, the son of a church elder. She speaks neither English nor Korean. She must be lonely in a strange land. We can't communicate with her, because of the language barrier. Since you speak the German language, won't you call on her?"

This young woman was the legal wife of a Dr. Lee. She was the first of ten disillusioned young women who had become infatuated with wealthy Korean men taking special work in the universities in Berlin, Zurich, and Vienna.

Early one Sabbath morning the gate-man came running to my place. Panting for breath, he gasped, "Wang Puin [Lady Wang], you are wanted on the telephone. It is urgent!"

I ran down to the telephone booth, a distance of fifty yards, picked up the receiver, and called, "Yeppo! Yeppo! [Hello! Hello!]" A frantic voice at the other end of the line answered in German. It was the voice of a young woman I shall call Gretchen.

"Oh, Frau Wangerin!" said Gretchen. "I am in trouble. I cannot stay at this place any longer. My life has been threatened. May I come and stay with you?"

Startled by her appeal for help, I assured Gretchen that she would be welcome. As though breathing a sigh of relief she said, "Oh, thank you! I'll be out this afternoon."

The telephone clicked as she hung up. I waited, but Gretchen never came.

This was but one of several appeals for help from these unhappy women. One Sabbath afternoon Friedel, with all her baggage, came to my place in a taxi. She stayed for several days until her husband came for her. His parents were bringing pressure to bear upon him to take a Korean wife. Friedel had no intention of playing second fiddle, and in her perplexity she came to me for counsel.

Then there was Annie, a refined Swiss girl who stayed with me one summer while expecting her second child. She came from a good Christian home. Her marriage was solemnized in a church. She was only eighteen and had no idea that the man whom she had married had a wife and three children.

The Korean people did not approve of these secondary wives, and the girls,

Wit Sharpeners

A Bible Puzzle About Light

by GRACE V. WATKINS

Fill in each space with a word pertaining to light or something that gives light:

1. "His breath kindleth coals, and a _____ goeth out of his mouth."
2. "And the tongue is a _____, a world of iniquity."
3. "And the strong shall be as tow, and the maker of it as a _____."
4. "Yea, ye took up the tabernacle of Moloch, and the _____ of your god Remphan."
5. "The _____ of the righteous rejoiceth."
6. "Wisdom is good with an inheritance: and by it there is profit to them that see the _____."
7. "The sword, the sword is drawn: for the slaughter it is furbished, to consume because of the _____."
8. "And he sent out arrows, and scattered them; _____, and discomfited them."
9. "The spirit of man is the _____ of the Lord."
10. "I have ordained a _____ for mine anointed."

Key on page 20

having been ostracized by the Europeans, were barred from all social contact with their own people, so they turned to us—the missionaries—in time of need.

The Salvation Army urged me to persuade these young women to return to their homes in Europe, and offered to pay their transportation. But not one of them accepted the kind offer.

During World War II, when life became ever more difficult in Korea, Gretchen drifted to Japan. When relations between Japan and Germany took a sudden turn for the worse, she found herself without friends in one of the large cities.

As German citizens passed through difficult experiences they were thrown together more or less. Some were accused of spying and cast into prison; others almost starved to death. Those who were able lent a helping hand to their suffering countrymen. It was at this time that Gretchen became acquainted with a German missionary

who encouraged her to turn to the Bible for comfort.

Gretchen, a modern Mary Magdalene, now began to read and study the precious Book. In time she turned her eyes upon Jesus and sought forgiveness. As she tasted of God's wonderful love and accepted Jesus as her personal Saviour, a marvelous transformation in life and character took place. Some time later she followed her Lord in baptism.

At the close of my fourth term of service I hesitated to leave, for the field was woefully understaffed. Yet I was in need of a furlough, and loved ones were waiting for me. I was booked to sail on the *President Harrison*. Dorothy and Warren, her husband, were at the pier in San Francisco to meet me.

We drove to Los Angeles to see my widowed mother and sister, then decided to go East and visit relatives along the way.

This is the sixth installment of an eight-part serial. Part seven will appear next week.

BAPTISM BY FIRE

From page 8

decked in pink, with an odd green headdress. In his hands were two brass bells, which he clanged together continuously. Next came two drummers, turning and swirling as they moved along. Immediately behind were the fifteen yellow-gowned Indians, their faces and arms made yellow with turmeric, their clothes dripping with the yellow holy water. As they swirled and danced, their pierced faces took on an appearance of delirium. Their arms and legs, their whole bodies, seemed to be caught up with the uneasy beat of the drums. The whole atmosphere seemed electric.

After slowly dancing around the fire, they proceeded one by one along the full length of the fire, not showing the least effect of the heat. Most of these men and youth went through the fire several times. One man carried his screaming three-year-old daughter with him.

Our eyes became glued on one small lad. We afterward found that he was Rajendra Kumar, but ten years old. Like the rest, he took his turn through the fire. About halfway through he seemed to stumble, and fall, but recovered, and accomplished his purpose.

Just then a well-dressed Indian woman became caught up in the singing and chanting. The rhythm and ex-

citement of the scene had its effect, and she rose to her feet, screamed, then jumped into the air repeatedly. Quickly some of the officials rushed to quiet her, but they were powerless. She seemed uncontrollable. Flinging arms and legs, she held them at bay for several minutes. Her strength was obviously not human. Her face was twisted and horrible. Her usual Indian modesty vanished. Her clothing became misplaced. Obviously it was a case of demon possession.

Only after several minutes of grappling with her could the officials manage to carry her to the temple priests, who quickly quieted her with some mumbled incantations. She slumped to the ground exhausted. Now as limp as a rag, she lay for some time, before recovering sufficient strength to return to her children.

Nor was she alone in her reaction to this devil dance. At least two other women fainted. One young man, a previous fire walker, came also under the spell and was thrown into contortions, too difficult to describe.

All the while the fire walking went on accompanied by piercing drumbeats, uncanny music. The fire walkers danced and sang with eyes rolling and bodies twisting. The disturbances among the audience had no effect upon

the actors in this devilish ceremony.

Finally it all stopped. How pleasant was the silence! The uneasy tension that had gripped the crowd now eased. Relaxed, we looked about us, and wondered. How could people in this enlightened age participate in such an ancient custom? Why, this is the kind of heathenism spoken of by Moses in Deuteronomy. For more than 3,000 years it has persisted, and although its form has partly changed, essentially it is still the same old "passing through the fire." How it must make God sad as He sees these poor degraded people living in superstition and ignorance.

As the ceremony came to a conclusion, the fire walkers assembled quietly at their temple, removed their skewers, and worshiped their heathen gods, before coming out to mingle with the assembled crowd.

Moving up to them, we talked freely with them of their experience. Showing us their feet, they explained that they were in no way conscious of the heat. No signs of blistering belied their claims. Even ten-year-old Rajendra showed no effects whatsoever.

We carefully noted the faces with skewers now removed. There had been no bleeding or sign of pain. All that remained were small cuts in the skin to tell of their ordeal. The men appeared weary, and gladly ate of the cucumbers and sweets.

"Tell me," I said to an official, "what was the matter with that lady who became so upset? Is that normal?"

"Oh, no," he replied, "she has a past. She has been under the power of the devils."

"Do you mean devil-possessed?" I continued, eager to verify my convictions.

"Oh, yes," he replied.

We wended our way home, but for hours the weird rhythm of the chanting and drums haunted us.

"Truly we can thank God that we have light," said Margaret on the way home. "Just think, we too might have been born into that kind of environment."

When evening came, our prayers of gratitude to our heavenly Father were far more earnest than usual. Indeed, we were overwhelmed by a sense of appreciation for the knowledge of salvation, and the blessed hope of a soon-coming Saviour.

In the meantime, millions of Hindus await the light of the gospel. There is so much to do. And time is running out. God, touch our hearts!

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Sabbath School Lessons

SEPTEMBER 25, 1965

Prepared for publication by the General
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SENIOR

XIII—Satan's Last Stand

MEMORY VERSE: "What do ye imagine against the Lord? He will make an utter end: affliction shall not rise up the second time" (Nahum 1:9).

STUDY HELPS: *The Great Controversy*, chapter 30; *The SDA Bible Commentary*; *SDA Bible Dictionary*.

AIM: To seek to understand the true character of Satan, and how to avoid falling prey to his sophistries.

Introduction

"Had Satan revealed himself in his real character, he would have been repulsed at once, for Adam and Eve had been warned against this dangerous foe; but he worked in the dark, concealing his purpose, that he might more effectually accomplish his object. . . . Had Eve refrained from entering into argument with the tempter, she would have been safe; but she ventured to parley with him and fell a victim to his wiles. It is thus that many are still overcome. They doubt and argue concerning the requirements of God; and instead of obeying the divine commands, they accept human theories, which but disguise the devices of Satan."—*The Great Controversy*, pp. 531, 532.

Satan's Attempts to Conceal His True Character

1. In what disguise did Satan first present himself to mankind? Gen. 3:1.

NOTE.—"In order to accomplish his work unperceived, Satan chose to employ as his medium the serpent—a disguise well adapted for his purpose of deception. The serpent was then one of the wisest and most beautiful creatures on the earth. It had wings, and while flying through the air presented an appearance of dazzling brightness, having the color and brilliancy of burnished gold. Resting in the rich-laden branches of the forbidden tree and regaling itself with the delicious fruit, it was an object to arrest the attention and delight the eye of the beholder. Thus in the garden of peace lurked the destroyer, watching for his prey."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 53.

2. In what disguise will Satan present himself in the last days? 2 Cor. 11:14.

NOTE.—"I have been shown that we must be guarded on every side and perseveringly resist the insinuations and devices of Satan. He has trans-

formed himself into an angel of light and is deceiving thousands and leading them captive. The advantage he takes of the science of the human mind, is tremendous. Here, serpentlike, he imperceptibly creeps in to corrupt the work of God. The miracles and works of Christ he would make appear as the result of human skill and power. If he should make an open, bold attack upon Christianity, it would bring the Christian in distress and agony to the feet of his Redeemer, and his strong and mighty Deliverer would put the bold adversary to flight. He therefore transforms himself into an angel of light and works upon the mind to allure from the only safe and right path."—*Testimonies*, vol. 1, p. 290.

3. What is Satan's true character? Rev. 12:12; 1 Peter 5:8.

NOTE.—"Satan is Christ's personal enemy. He is the originator and leader of every species of rebellion in heaven and earth. His rage increases; we do not realize his power. If our eyes could be opened to discern the fallen angels at work with those who feel at ease and consider themselves safe, we would not feel so secure. Evil angels are upon our track every moment. We expect a readiness on the part of bad men to act as Satan suggests; but while our minds are unguarded against his invisible agents, they assume new ground and work marvels and miracles in our sight. Are we prepared to resist them by the Word of God, the only weapon we can use successfully?"—*Ibid.*, p. 302.

4. What novel idea has Satan introduced to deceive the unwary?

ANSWER: He has introduced the idea that he does not exist.

NOTE.—"None are in greater danger from the influence of evil spirits than those who, notwithstanding the direct and ample testimony of the Scriptures, deny the existence and agency of the devil and his angels. So long as we are ignorant of their wiles, they have almost inconceivable advantage; many give heed to their suggestions while they suppose themselves to be following the dictates of their own wisdom. This is why, as we approach the close of time, when Satan is to work with greatest power to deceive and destroy, he spreads everywhere the belief that he does not exist. It is his policy to conceal himself and his manner of working."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 516.

5. How has Satan caused himself to be pictured to lead people to reject the idea of his existence?

ANSWER: He is pictured as a ridiculous creature, half animal, half human, complete with pitchfork—a being that could not be taken seriously by any thoughtful person.

NOTE.—"The better to disguise his real character and purposes, he has caused himself to be so represented as to excite no stronger emotion than ridicule or contempt. He is well pleased to be painted as a ludicrous or loathsome object, misshapen, half animal and half human. He is pleased to hear his name used in sport and mockery by those who think themselves intelligent and well informed.

"It is because he has masked himself with consummate skill that the question is so widely asked: 'Does such a being really exist?' It is an evidence of his success that theories giving the lie to the plainest testimony of the Scriptures are so generally received in the religious world."—*Ibid.*, pp. 516, 517.

Satan's Attempts to Blind Mankind

6. What promise did God make to man after his fall? Gen. 3:15, first part.

Have you thanked your station



NOTE.—"God declares: 'I will put enmity.' This enmity is not naturally entertained. When man transgressed the divine law, his nature became evil, and he was in harmony, and not at variance, with Satan. There exists naturally no enmity between sinful man and the originator of sin. Both became evil through apostasy. The apostate is never at rest, except as he obtains sympathy and support by inducing others to follow his example. For this reason fallen angels and wicked men unite in desperate companionship. Had not God specially interposed, Satan and man would have entered into an alliance against Heaven; and instead of cherishing enmity against Satan, the whole human family would have been united in opposition to God."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 505.

7. In addition to Satan and the woman, who else were to experience this enmity? Gen. 3:15, second part.

NOTE.—"But the purity and holiness of Christ called forth against Him the hatred of the ungodly. His life of self-denial and sinless devotion was a perpetual reproach to a proud, sensual people. It was this that evoked enmity against the Son of God. Satan and evil angels joined with evil men. All the energies of apostasy conspired against the Champion of truth.

"The same enmity is manifested toward Christ's followers as was manifested toward their Master. Whoever sees the repulsive character of sin, and in strength from above resists temptation, will assuredly arouse the wrath of Satan and his subjects. Hatred of the pure principles of truth, and reproach and persecution of its advocates, will exist as long as sin and sinners remain. The followers of Christ and the servants of Satan cannot harmonize."—*Ibid.*, pp. 506, 507.

8. What has Satan done to prevent man's acceptance of the gospel? 2 Cor. 4:4.

"Satan is constantly drawing the people from saving light to custom and fashion, irrespective of physical, mental, and moral health. The great enemy knows that if appetite and passion predominate, health of body and strength of intellect are sacrificed upon the altar of self-gratification, and man is brought to speedy ruin."—*Messages to Young People*, p. 237.

The Annihilation of Evil

9. What assurance is given that Satan will ultimately be destroyed? Heb. 2:14.

10. How is Satan's destruction pictured in the Bible? Eze. 28:16-19; Rev. 20:10; 21:4 (last part), 27.

NOTE.—"The wicked are filled with the same hatred of God that inspires Satan; but they see that their case is hopeless, that they cannot prevail against Jehovah. Their rage is kindled against Satan and those who have been his agents in deception, and with the fury of demons they turn upon them."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 672.

11. What comforting assurance is given to God's afflicted people? Nahum 1:9.

NOTE.—"The whole universe will have become witnesses to the nature and results of sin. And its utter extermination, which in the beginning would have brought fear to angels and dishonor to God, will now vindicate His love and establish His honor before the universe of beings who delight to do His will, and in whose heart is His law. Never will evil again be manifest."—*Ibid.*, p. 504.

12. With what joyous hymn will the redeemed in heaven praise God? Rev. 7:9, 10.

NOTE.—"The redeemed raise a song of praise that echoes and reechoes through the vaults of heaven: 'Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.' . . . And angel and seraph unite their voices in adoration. As the redeemed have beheld the power and malignity of Satan, they have seen, as never before, that no power but that of Christ could have made them conquerors. In all that shining throng, there are none to ascribe salvation to themselves, as if they had prevailed by their own power and goodness. Nothing is said of what they have done or suffered; but the burden of every song, the keynote of every anthem, is: Salvation to our God, and unto the Lamb."—*Ibid.*, p. 665.

13. What invitation does Christ extend to every living soul? Rev. 22:17.

YOUTH

XIII—Satan's Last Effort and Final Defeat

MEMORY GEM: "What do ye imagine against the Lord? he will make an utter end: affliction shall not rise up the second time" (Nahum 1:9).

ILLUMINATION OF THE TOPIC: *The Great Controversy*, chapters 30, 42; *Early Writings*, pp. 292-295; *The SDA Bible Commentary*, on lesson texts.

AIM: To understand the methods Satan will use in his last conflict with the church and how to overcome them.

Introduction

"Satan exults that he is regarded as a fiction. When he is made light of, and represented by some childish illustration, or as some animal, it suits him well. He is thought so inferior that the minds of men are wholly unprepared for his wisely laid plans, and he almost always succeeds well. If his power and subtlety were understood, many would be prepared to successfully resist him."—*Testimonies*, vol. 1, p. 342.

I—How Satan Tries to Conceal His Real Character

1. What was the first disguise worn by Satan on this earth? Gen. 3:1.

"In order to accomplish his work unperceived, Satan chose to employ as his medium the serpent—a disguise well adapted for his purpose of deception. The serpent was then one of the wisest and most beautiful creatures on the earth. It had wings, and while flying through the air presented an appearance of dazzling brightness, having the color and brilliancy of burnished gold. Resting in the rich-laden branches of the forbidden tree, and regaling itself with the delicious fruit, it was an object to arrest the attention and delight the eye of the beholder. Thus in the garden of peace lurked the destroyer, watching for his prey."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 53.

2. What disguise will Satan use in the last days of this earth's history? 2 Cor. 11:14.

"Satan came as an angel of light in the wilderness of temptation to deceive Christ; and he does not come to man in a hideous form, as he is sometimes represented, but as an angel of light. He will come personating Jesus Christ, working mighty miracles; and men will fall down and worship him as Jesus Christ. We shall be commanded to worship this being, whom the world will glorify as Christ. What shall we do?—Tell them that Christ has warned us against just such a foe, who is man's worst enemy, yet who claims to be God; and that when Christ shall make His appearance, it will be with power and great glory, accompanied by ten thousand times ten thousand angels and thousands of thousands; and that when He shall come, we shall know His voice."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, Ellen G. White Comments, on 2 Cor. 11:14, pp. 1105, 1106.

3. What is Satan's true character? John 8:44; 1 Peter 5:8; Rev. 12:12.

"Could human beings know the number of the evil angels, could they know their devices and their activity, there would be far

less pride and frivolity. Satan is the prince of demons. The evil angels over whom he rules do his bidding. Through them he multiplies his agencies throughout the world. He instigates all the evil that exists in our world."—*Ibid.*, on Eph. 6:12, p. 1119.

4. What false idea would Satan gladly have the children of men accept?

Answer: That he does not even exist.

"None are in greater danger from the influence of evil spirits than those who, notwithstanding the direct and ample testimony of the Scriptures, deny the existence and agency of the devil and his angels. So long as we are ignorant of their wiles, they have almost inconceivable advantage; many give heed to their suggestions while they suppose themselves to be following the dictates of their own wisdom. This is why, as we approach the close of time, when Satan is to work with greatest power to deceive and destroy, he spreads everywhere the belief that he does not exist. It is his policy to conceal himself and his manner of working."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 516.

5. How has Satan caused himself to be pictured in the past to lead people in this age to reject the idea of his existence?

Answer: As a ridiculous creature, half animal, half human, complete with hoofs, horns, a tail, and a pitchfork—a being that could not be taken seriously by any thoughtful person.

"The better to disguise his real character and purposes, he has caused himself to be so represented as to excite no stronger emotion than ridicule or contempt. He is well pleased to be painted as a ludicrous or loathsome object, misshapen, half animal and half human. He is pleased to hear his name used in sport and mockery by those who think themselves intelligent and well informed."—*Ibid.*

II—How Satan Attempts to Blind Mankind

6. What attitude toward the devil did God promise to put into the heart of man after our first parents had sinned? Gen. 3:15.

"God declares, 'I will put enmity.' This enmity is not naturally entertained. When man transgressed the divine law, his nature became evil, and he was in harmony, and not at variance, with Satan. There exists naturally no enmity between sinful man and the originator of sin. Both became evil through apostasy. . . . Had not God specially interposed, Satan and man would have entered into an alliance against Heaven; and instead of cherishing enmity against Satan, the whole human family would have been united in opposition to God."—*Ibid.*, p. 505.

7. Besides existing between the "woman" and the devil, between what others was this enmity to exist? Gen. 3:15.

Christ was the seed of the woman, and He was to be the great enemy of Satan, in the end crushing his head and thus bringing his existence to an end.

8. What has Satan been able to do to most of the inhabitants of earth? 2 Cor. 4:4.

"A train of cars was shown me, going with the speed of lightning. The angel bade me look carefully. I fixed my eyes upon the train. It seemed that the whole world was on board, that there could not be one left. Said the angel, 'They are binding in bundles ready to burn.' Then he showed me the conductor, who appeared like a stately, fair person, whom all the passengers looked up to and revered. I was perplexed and asked my attending angel who it was. He said, 'It is Satan. He is the conductor in the form of an angel of light. He has taken the world captive. They are given over to strong delusions, to believe a lie, that they may be damned. This agent, the next highest in order to him, is the engineer, and other of his agents are employed in different offices as he may need them, and they are all going with lightning speed to perdition.'"—*Early Writings*, p. 88.

Not all the world, however, will be on that fatal train.

"I asked the angel if there were none left. He bade me look in an opposite direction, and I saw a little company traveling a narrow pathway. All seemed to be firmly united, bound together by the truth, in bundles, or companies. . . . This little company looked careworn, as if they had passed through severe trials and conflicts. And it appeared as if the sun had just risen from behind a cloud and shone upon their countenances, causing them to look triumphant, as if their victories were nearly won."—*Ibid.*, pp. 88, 89.

III—The End of Evil

9. By whom will the devil ultimately be destroyed? Heb. 2:14.

10. How does the Bible picture the final end of Satan? Eze. 28:16-19; Rev. 20:10; 21:4 (last part), 27.

"The wicked receive their recompense in the earth. They 'shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts.' Some are destroyed as in a moment, while others suffer many days. All are punished 'according to their deeds.' The sins of the righteous having been transferred to Satan, he is made to suffer not only for his own rebellion, but for all the sins which he has caused God's people to commit. His punishment is to be far greater than that of those whom he has deceived. After all have perished who fell by his deceptions, he is still to live and suffer on. In the cleansing flames the wicked are at last destroyed, root and branch—Satan the root, his followers the branches."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 673.

11. What comforting promise is given to the Redeemed? Nahum 1:9.

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

12. What joyful hymn of praise will ascend to God from the redeemed? Rev. 7:9, 10.

"What a song that will be when the ransomed of the Lord meet at the gate of the Holy City, which is thrown back on its glittering hinges, and the nations that have kept His word—His commandments—enter into the city, the crown of the overcomer is placed upon their heads, and the golden harps are placed in their hands! All heaven is filled with rich music, and with songs of praise to the Lamb. Saved, everlastingly saved, in the kingdom of glory! To have a life that measures with the life of God—that is the reward."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, Ellen G. White Comments, on Rev. 15:2, 3, p. 982.

13. What gracious invitation is still extended to every one? Rev. 22:17.

What Is in This Lesson for Me?

Am I riding the devil's train to destruction, or am I walking with the little company? Do I go with the majority because I am ashamed to be linked with the minority? Am I going to be inside—or outside the Holy City? The choice is mine.

Key Wit Sharpeners

1. Flame (Job 41:21).
2. Fire (James 3:6).
3. Spark (Isa. 1:31).
4. Star (Acts 7:43).
5. Light (Prov. 13:9).
6. Sun (Eccl. 7:11).
7. Glittering (Eze. 21:28).
8. Lightning (2 Sam. 22:15).
9. Candle (Prov. 20:27).
10. Lamp (Ps. 132:17).

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Radarscope

Key to source abbreviations published January 14, 1964.

► Each person in the United States uses in a lifetime the wood produced by 300 mature trees, estimate Agriculture Department foresters.

National Geographic Society

► Ethiopia and North Morocco are the most recent converts to driving on the right-hand side of the road. The only European countries still driving on the left of the road are Sweden—due to switch soon—Great Britain, and Ireland.

Automotive Information

► After six centuries of devoted labor, the great cathedral of Milan has been completed. It was begun in 1386. Third largest in Europe, after St. Peter's Basilica in Rome and Spain's Seville Cathedral, the interior can accommodate 40,000 worshipers at a single service.

National Geographic Society

► Announcement has been made of research results that may enable diagnosis of diabetes during its early stage when preventive treatment could be started. Working with a highly refined method of measuring the number of insulin molecules in blood serum, doctors have been able to learn more about the release of insulin from the pancreas into the blood. In the United States today there are 2 million individuals diagnosed diabetics, and another 2 million who have diabetes but do not know it.

UCAL

► It costs a drug and pharmaceutical manufacturer an average of 30.5 cents to sell \$1 worth of products, a recent study disclosed. This cost is slightly more than double the 14-cent average selling cost for \$1 worth of merchandise reported by 503 manufacturing and service companies surveyed, and four times the 7.6 cents per dollar selling cost reported by a group of chemical manufacturers. Salesmen's compensation and expenses, sales management costs, advertising and promotion expenses, and service charges are included in the selling cost.

AMA

► A new concept of propagation that will enable commercial growers to market hundreds of uniform, superior flowers—all identical in quality and appearance—was reported recently. A California farm adviser has successfully propagated cymbidium orchids by cutting off thin sections of the tips of plant stems, in an area called the apical meristem, and keeping them in a nutrient solution. As the sections grow, he has cut them up into small pieces again, and injured the pieces. Each piece has then produced new tissue, which branches, forming a cluster of identical growth cells which can be kept in nutrient cultures for as long as 14 months. When the cutting stops, normal plants develop, all identical to the original parent plant.

UCAL

► Thanks to back-yard chefs, the demand for charcoal is reviving. Almost three fourths of today's charcoal is sold as briquettes for cooking food. It takes 2.2 cords of hardwood, preferably oak, hickory, maple, beech, or birch, to make a ton of charcoal. The wood is heated intensely beyond its ignition point in an enclosed space with a limited air supply. The wood glows, but does not burst into flame. The process drives out moisture, acids, oils, and tars, leaving nearly pure carbon.

National Geographic Society

► Annual fee for the new Recreation Conservation sticker, which five million Americans have bought this year, is \$7. The sticker entitles the driver of a private noncommercial automobile and all his passengers to admission to most designated Federal recreation areas for the year. The bargain sticker is optional, but it does represent a saving over single entry or weekly fees.

The Highway User

► Officials in New York City, where drunken driving arrests reached a record 5,478 in 1964, say 51 per cent of drivers and 30 per cent of pedestrians over 15 who died within 24 hours of traffic accidents last year were drunk when involved.

AMA

► Arabs, for centuries breeders of fine horses, say the perfect specimen must have a neck curved like a crescent moon and a nose small enough to fit into a teacup.

National Geographic Society

► At a concert sponsored by the music department at the University of Illinois a computer played Bach and Brahms, and was accompanied by a student quartet.

AMC

► Of the 90,000 mailboxes in Britain, the oldest, nearly 100 years old, is in Birkenhead, just across the Mersey from Liverpool.

BBC

► New typewriter ribbons have built-in erasers. The upper half of the ribbons have black ink. If a wrong key is hit, the typist may shift to a lower white half, retype the error, and see the error disappear.

AMA

► More tomatoes are canned than any other vegetable. Excluding potatoes, which are often classified as a field crop, tomatoes rank above all other truck crops in dollar value. Americans use tomatoes at a rate of about 5.5 million tons a year.

National Geographic Society

► Statistically speaking, the average American family last year had an after-tax income of \$5,800. It was spent as follows: housing, \$1,600; food, \$1,300; transportation, \$850; clothing, \$550; personal care, tobacco, miscellaneous, \$450; savings and life insurance, \$400; medical care, \$340; recreation, \$260; and education, \$50.

Minutes

► Outstanding engineering project is the Bhakra-Nangal complex of dams and power stations in the Himalayan foothills north of New Delhi. The \$400 million project provides water and energy for nearby farms and factories. Eventually it is expected to reclaim or improve 10 million acres in the once flood- and drought-plagued northwest India.

National Geographic Society

► Approximately 25 per cent of the students at universities, *grandes écoles*, and technical universities in France receive government financial assistance. Individual awards are fixed by regional committees on the basis of scholarship and financial need. Social groups such as orphans, invalids, children of teachers and professors, are eligible for special aid programs. Free tuition is also available to 30 per cent of all students.

European Community

► Wildlife experts in Michigan recently developed an inexpensive punch tape for counting the number of deer passing along outdoor runways during a 24-hour period. The device is made from an inexpensive alarm clock, a small mechanical counter, and a four-inch brass rod. The rod serves as a lever to activate a counter and to punch a strip of tape attached to the clock mechanism. The device is tripped by the deer's foot striking a 15-20-pound-test fishline connected to the recorder and a tree.



Show Me the Way

There is only one way that leads to the kingdom of God. Teaching in Seventh-day Adventist schools places one in a position to show others the way. Why don't you plan to be a church school teacher?

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For further information on the nearest teacher-training institution, write to your union conference department of education.

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Oshawa, Ontario, Canada

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Columbia Union Conference

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