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# The Youth's Instructor

A teacher marshals some evidence from experience and observation to answer

## How Can One Know?

[Sabbath School Lessons for November 20]





## 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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# What Do They

JIM JOHNSON spent much of the time in the college dining room telling about the young women he knew and what they thought about him. He didn't realize how this sounded to his friends, but his attitude became a school joke.

One Saturday night we had a program in the assembly hall. I remember only part of it, but I recall a scene that showed a librarian's desk. During the little skit a young man approached the one who was playing the part of librarian and asked, "May I have the book *What the Girls Think of Me*, by Jim Johnson?"

The librarian looked solemnly over his glasses and then went to a shelf and took down seven huge volumes. He staggered back to the desk.

"Which volume?" he asked.

Of course we all thought it was hilariously amusing that the librarian would imply that what Jim had said would fill so many volumes. However, I am sure that every fellow or girl wishes that he could know just what his friends do think of him. A young woman would like to know what kind of girl her special friend likes and how he wants a young woman to act.

I have heard a group of boys discussing the girls and have wished the young women could hear. I know that most of them would conduct themselves in a different manner if they could hear the boys' viewpoint.

Young people who go away to boarding school have a special set of customs and standards to live by. The circumstances of living are different from those they faced at home. Sometimes a young person in these surroundings is led to act in a manner of which he himself does not approve.

"Everybody does it," some girl will tell her roommate. Perhaps this is a falsehood, but the girl is persuaded into conduct she feels is not right. A boy is pressured into actions that make him ashamed of himself when he has time to think it over.

In order to clear up some of these

misconceptions and false impressions we decided to encourage the girls in one of our college dormitories to write questions on subjects that puzzled them. Then we asked groups of boys, identity kept secret, to answer the questions. For the panel of boys we chose students from all grades and professions—a senior ministerial, a junior premed, a graduate student, an academy senior, a freshman biology major, and several others.

Both the young women, who did not sign their names to their questions, and the young men entered into the project with freedom and great interest. The girls wrote the questions at worship time, after the project was explained. That evening the young men gathered in groups of three and gave their answers to the questions. The next evening the questions and answers were read without comment to the girls. This was continued for several evenings.

Since these college young people found this of such interest, we decided to share some of their ideas. A few of these questions and answers will follow without comment, just as they were read to the girls:

*Would you consider a girl not of high standards and not a true lady if she goes out on a date with different boys at different times?*

Depends on whom she goes with, and what type of fellows. A girl who accepts dates from fellows who have a good reputation need not worry. But if she goes out with fellows, one after another, who have the reputation of being "wolves," folks begin to wonder what kind of girl she is.

*What should a girl do if a fellow she doesn't want to go with asks her? If she doesn't go, he'll go back to the other fellows and say she is stuck-up.*

If a girl is seen with a certain kind of fellow, other boys won't even ask her for a date. If you girls don't date a fellow, maybe he will talk about you, but perhaps it is good advertising. The other boys know the fellow better than

Photo credits: Cover, James F. Hummel; pp. 6-8, courtesy of William G. Johnson; p. 15, courtesy of Helen Frances Andrews.



# Think of Me?

by RUTH WHEELER

the girls do. What he says in the dorm is to your advantage. If he says you are stuck-up and won't date him, I say bully for you! I might be interested in the type of girl who shows that much independence.

*Why don't some fellows date nicer girls more often? I know some really wonderful girls who seldom have dates.*

Some fellows have problems they can't face. Maybe they haven't been too careful of some of their actions. They don't feel worthy of a really decent girl. Other fellows have different problems. We are just as confused as the girls sometimes. Our problems are hard to solve. I wish you knew just how hard it is to be the right kind of friend and not be misunderstood.

Sometimes we would rather not date until we are more sure of what we want. It's easier and less complicated to go with a group of fellows. We wish the girls would do the same—go with a group of girls and have a good time. There is plenty of time for dates after we are older and know more what we want.

*What should a girl do when a boy says he loves her, but yet won't take her out on dates? He just wants to be a nodding acquaintance. He even suggests taking out other girls sometimes.*

Obviously he doesn't love her. He is immature and not ready to be tied down. He isn't ready for serious thoughts and should be free to grow up. Turn him loose for a couple of years.

*Do boys really profit by much dating around? Is the grass ever greener on the other side of the fence?*

Yes, there is much profit in dating around. The grass is not necessarily greener, but he has a chance to decide which side of the fence he prefers.

*Should a girl accept a date when she doesn't find anything in the boy to attract her?*

I see no reason why she should go with a fellow she doesn't like. However, if she barely knows him she should give him a try. Then if she

doesn't care to continue the friendship she can tactfully let him know. Why should she go with just anyone? A boy doesn't have to date a girl who doesn't attract him.

*Is it all right at certain times for a girl to ask the boy for a date? If so, at what kind of occasion would this be proper?*

There are times when it's all right. For example, if a girl belongs to some organization such as the Teachers of Tomorrow Club, it would be perfectly proper for her to invite a young man to be her guest at a club function.

*Is going steady a good idea for a college or academy student?*

Going steady should be preceded by playing the field. Go out with lots of fellows. Get used to different types. Build up a basis for judging character.

Going steady is sometimes an easy way out. It is social security. But when you break up it is much more painful than if you were just good friends who drifted apart. Going steady is not necessary for a good friendship. It sometimes leads people to take too much for granted. It ties the couple down unnecessarily. It does no harm for the fellow to ask for a date if he wants it.

Some people take going steady too lightly. It is really a trial engagement. It shouldn't be done just to be sure you have a date for a program.

*How friendly should girls be to boys on the campus? Just say "Hi"? Speak a few words? Go out of their way to speak to the fellows?*

The large majority of the girls are pleasant and communicative. We like them that way. You mention speaking to the boys. Yes, we like to have them speak, but we don't like to see a girl go down the hall and greet four or five fellows one at a time in an intimate way. Just a friendly smile means a lot, but the greeting doesn't have to be intimate and confidential.

*Should a girl always wait for a boy to approach and talk to her, or does he appreciate her approaching and speaking first, provided they have met?*

A girl always speaks first, of course. But a fellow rather likes to be the one to go across the campus or across the room to give her a chance to speak. It looks as if she really has her track shoes on when she runs across the campus to greet the fellow.

*When does a boy expect the girl to take his arm? Does he feel odd if she doesn't?*

Yes, a fellow feels as though he is dangling if the girl is supposed to take his arm and doesn't. It is pretty embarrassing if she is in a formal and she doesn't want to take his arm going up or down stairs or crossing the street. But she shouldn't hang on too possessively or when it isn't necessary.

*How can a girl make herself attractive?*

One important principle is to do the best with what she has. Her poise and her posture are very important. She should be particular about her hair. Her clothes should be pressed and well-fitting. Neatness is important.

*Is a nice figure really important?*

Yes, as far as you are able. If a poor figure represents carelessness it is unforgivable. Most girls can have nice figures if they try hard enough.

*Does a girl need to be beautiful to have dates?*

She needs to be clean and fresh—you know, have that scrubbed look. A beautiful girl is one who looks as though she is freshly done. Her hair is neat, not a mess. Beauty does not depend on facial features as much as on the clean look. If a girl has the proper amount of hemoglobin she will have a good color. We don't like make-up, especially the eyebrow and shadow color. Mascara is the messiest and takes away that clean look.

Sometimes a girl who has "been around" has a hard look, and make-up may be used to try to cover up, but we think it accentuates the hardness.

*Can a man love an ordinary-looking woman as much as he can a beautiful one?*

Look at the married women. Are



they all beautiful? Every one of them has been loved and chosen by some man.

*A certain amount of independence is necessary for the development of personality. No fellow, I'm sure, wants a clinging vine, but in your opinion just how independent can a girl be without putting a man in the position of feeling unnecessary or unimportant?*

She should be independent enough to let the fellow know what she is. She must not be just a shadow of his personality, but should emerge with a personality of her own. But she should give the man a chance to lead and to be a gentleman. I don't like to have my position usurped. It gets me down for a girl to set the pace. I mean, for example, to hurry when we are walking. She should let the fellow take the lead; she can suggest, or by asking a question let her desires be known. I can ask her what she wants to do, and she can tell me her preferences.

A girl should allow a fellow to be a gentleman. He hates to reach for the door and find that she has beat him to it; or go around the car to open the door and get there just as she bursts out and slams the door; or have her push ahead and lead down the aisle when there is no usher; or struggle into her coat while he is reaching for it to help her.

Don't be helpless, but let us do the things we are supposed to do. Don't bump heads with us as we dive for the pencil you drop. Let your escort have a chance to be a gentleman. This applies to the boys you meet casually, as well as to dates.

*Why must a boy after he has dated a girl for a while begin acting like a little puppy and doing everything the girl says? Nothing repulses a girl faster. He should stand up for his rights and act like a man!*

Let us have a chance to be men. We don't want to be puppies, but when you put us on a leash and drag us here and there and do all the deciding, what else can you expect? Don't demand this and that, and send us on errands to fetch and carry just to make an impression that we are your servants, or that we are your personal property. We want a partner, not a slave master.

*What do you think of girls who are always gay and seldom serious?*

I don't go for the type that is always laughing. You can be friendly without being too gay. We like the girls natural, and continual levity isn't natural. Be

## Heavy Equipment

by FRANCES OETTEL

A jagged fear  
So steep  
And starkly terrible  
I could not scale  
Nor circumvent  
Excepting miracle.

But commandeering faith  
For hoist, and lever  
As behooved,  
Overnight,  
My icy Himalaya  
Moved.

serious sometimes. Banter is all right, but be serious and listen when a fellow wants to talk.

We don't like to see girls trying to attract attention by their laughing. It isn't pleasant to see a girl trying too hard to make friends.

*Shouldn't a fellow take the initiative in conversation, and aren't silent intervals natural?*

I like a girl who takes some initiative but not all. The ideal is to come halfway. Let her mention something to talk about, but not space remarks so close that there is no chance to interject any words. She should talk some but not take over the whole burden of conversation. Please don't start talking girl gossip or breaking confidences.

*How can a girl be popular with the better class of fellows?*

Girls have a misconception of what makes them popular. Some of them read magazines and novels and see television pictures until they feel that a girl must look like the models and that she must be made love to in the way it has been pictured. This is a false picture of life and love. A girl gets a false idea of what popularity is. She thinks she must be rushed. But a girl who is pleasant and friendly and helpful usually has plenty of friends. Be willing to work on committees and church functions, and you will find that you are being sought after. This means to be willing to do the hard, unimportant, dirty jobs, as well as the jobs up in front. People soon know what person they can depend on. A popular girl is usually a very busy, happy girl.

*What is the one thing that makes respect for a girl? Is it the fellows' attitude, the girl's personal appearance, or her standards?*

All of these combined make a girl respected. Of course, the fellows' atti-

tude will depend on her standards. Her appearance—that is, the way she dresses and keeps her hair, et cetera—will depend on her standards too. I think, to come right down to it, that her personal standards control the rest. A girl with high standards will always be respected.

*What do you think of fellows and girls holding hands in public places?*

A girl who invites a fellow to hold her hand invites him to go farther. I wish the girls would watch where they put their hands and how they use them. They make all kinds of invitations, and sometimes they don't mean them. This isn't fair.

Holding hands shouldn't be a casual gesture. It shows affection. You shouldn't hold hands with just anyone or at any time. Any physical sign of affection should be the result of real love. Otherwise it confuses actual judgment. If you begin your friendship on a physical basis it will be hard to rise above it. Holding hands should be a manifestation of a love that is already there. You don't love a person you scarcely know, so why hold his hand?

Holding hands is the first step in petting. If you lead on and fulfill your desires in petting, what is there left? High tensions confuse the basis of friendship. The safest plan is "hands off."

*If a girl doesn't approve of petting, will the fellows take her out?*

If you don't want to pet you must have some compensations. You must be able to be interesting. Have something to talk about. You should have some understanding of our interests, and have some interests of your own. Help with the conversation. Many nice girls don't have dates because their conversation is so sterile.

When I take a girl out I'm interested in knowing what she is interested in. I want to know about her family. Let her tell me about a trip they took, about her dad, and her kid brothers. If I'm interested in her I want to know something about her background. A girl must learn to talk intelligently if she expects to be good company.

*If a man is rather aggressive when he is going with a girl and she "lowers her standards" for him, does this necessarily mean he doesn't love the girl?*

Deep down in his heart he loses respect for her. He may hope she won't give in, although he may want her to do so. If he is normal he depends on her to keep the situation in hand. He hopes she will not disappoint him. You know

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## In Charge

**Fall** James F. Hummel shot his award-winning Photo Mart scene on the campus of Columbia Union College in Takoma Park, Maryland.

**Ohio** "I was interested as well as disgusted by the answer to the question given in the August 10 edition concerning the wearing of jewelry—namely the wedding ring. What kind of double talk do you think we can understand? In one sentence you say some countries of the world do not consider a wedding ring as jewelry and that it is O.K. for people to wear the ring. But as for America, whose custom of wearing the wedding ring is as old as the hills, you condemn the practice. Will you please tell me in what countries the ring is worn without condemnation from our church?" Mrs. Ralph Radcliffe, Akron.

• In reply we listed *Testimonies to Ministers*, pages 180, 181, and *Testimonies for the Church*, volume four, page 630.

**Illinois** "For weeks the May INSTRUCTORS with the letter of criticism lay on the table. . . . Spurred by the comments in the issue of August 17, may I add a few comments? Does the content of the INSTRUCTOR need to be of literary quality? There is much that is read that cannot lay claim to literature and yet has an important place in the life of an individual. I marvel at the over-all readable material published. Anyone who has had to do some writing from choice or necessity can appreciate the problems of writing. Are these youth so knowledgeable that they can't absorb a little more learning from the pages of the INSTRUCTOR? In my connection with a Midwestern university in the social sciences many students have passed through my classes. I doubt that my fellow Adventists are more literary than my ex-students. . . . Many an area of the world has given me an insight into its culture through the pages of the INSTRUCTOR. . . . Perhaps as one gets older one is more tolerant of accounts that show the leading of God." ANNEMARIE KRAUSE, Carbondale.

**Steadfast** "He who can stand unmoved amid a storm of abuse is one of God's heroes."—MYP 134.

In our files since January, 1941, has been a Will Durant article, "Self-Discipline or Slavery." It was filed from the January 18, 1941, issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*.

One sentence was history and prophecy. "Every lad of eighteen sat in judgment upon institutions of society, and codes of conduct, that represented the experience of a thousand generations of men; if he could not understand in one adolescence what had been learned in a millennium, he was free to trust his powerful eighteen-year-old reason, and to reject the family as tyranny, marriage as bondage, religion as opium, government as exploitation, and property as theft."

Certain kinds of experimentation are good, commendable. David wrote, "O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him." \* But the sort of tasting in which Adam and Eve engaged brought incalculable hurt to mankind.

At the outset of life one test only of loyalty was imposed by the Creator. He had been lavish with His gifts to the first pair. Who can with the most elastic imagination comprehend the beauty or the variety in the earth and Eden when just created? Yet out of everything, only one tree was labeled "out of bounds." Many other trees of the same species may have abounded in the Garden. We do not recall hearing or reading that the tree of the knowledge of good and evil was unique except for God's prohibition against tasting its particular fruit.

No fence, no bar, no lock, was necessary to keep the pair faithful to the Creator's one point of test. In possibly one of the most fantastic days of time or eternity, "every living creature was brought before him to receive its name." Can you even begin to guess the kind or quality of a mind capable of such a feat?

As human beings now, we feebly grasp for words to express Adam's enlarging astonishment at the varieties in size and shape and color and motion in the creatures brought before him.

Did he wish for a place to pause for "study" of some one specimen of bird or insect or animal? After the deep sleep during which Eve was created from one of his ribs, was he enthralled at the promise of tomorrows in companionship and dominion in a matchless environment?

The mind of man can still control. One breath of beauty, as it were, is preserved from centuries of marring and scarring by sin. With Christ's aid, a mind once capable of prodigious exploit in a single day, only to be diminished by disobedience, can regain dominion.

Christ, in you, restores the lost self-discipline. The costly event of Calvary is your assurance of the more abundant life now, and eternity in your future. Thank God for the return of this gift through Jesus our Lord.

WTC

\* Psalm 34:8.

## coming next week

- "THE HOUSE ON THE HILL"—Mrs. Lockhart's consistent Christian life seemed limited to general benign influence until the author's grandmother moved to Erin. A touching story about the "house on the hill" and the lovely lady who lives there.
- "WARNINGS ABOUT ASPIRIN"—A discussion of the distressing side effects that may develop when taking aspirin, and some tips on how you may avoid these harmful reactions. By Jackson A. Saxon, M.D.



# Call of the HIMALAYAS

by WILLIAM G. JOHNSON

PLACE of snow," said the ancient dwellers of India, gazing in wonder at the mighty northern ranges. By wedding the Hindi words for snow and place, they designated these mountain bulwarks "Himalayas."

"Place of snow." A place of eternal snow—for tier upon tier of majestic ranges climbs higher and yet higher, reaching for heaven. Awe-inspiring peaks! And yet challenging, for the beholder senses the spirit of the Everest explorer who, replying to one who asked why attempts should be made on the summit, said, "Because it is there!" Fascinating, alluring, beckoning mountains—they call men still, and they call young men.

Vincent Hill School, Mussoorie, India, nestles some seven thousand feet up in a pocket of the early Himalayas. From the top of the hill the eternal snows are readily visible—and always beckoning. Small wonder it is that hiking is a universal favorite among student sports.

Recently a party set out from the school to hike close to the inviting "place of snow." Three days of tramp-

ing over forty miles of mountains would lead to Chakrata, an inner mountain town some two ranges closer than the school.

7:30, Saturday night. The party of sixteen has halted at the last faculty home on the hillside. Principal Gordon Jenson is out to wish us Godspeed and a good time. Last checks are made: packs riding O.K.? provisions all in? first-aid kit along? And now hats come off and heads bow as the prayer of Elder Jenson floats over the quiet hillside: "Lord, keep this party. Bring each member safely back again. Amen." A last handclasp, and we're on our way.

Now the party splits into three groups, each to go at its own rate between appointed stops. By the light of a full moon we hurry along, for the journey is easy here. Unfortunately, our path to Chakrata is cut by the gorge of the Jumna, so we will not be able to keep to the ridges. Our aim is to reach the river Jumna by midnight. This will put twelve miles behind us, but will also cost us five thousand feet in altitude.

Leading our group is the youngest

*Fascinating, alluring,  
and beckoning—the glistening  
peaks of the Himalayas  
climb toward heaven.*

and smallest member of the whole party, Hanson Mendes. Though his legs are short, his shoulders are broad, for seventh-grader Hanson hails from the mountain-locked nation of Nepal. With a glow of pride he recalls how his fellow countryman, Tensing, was, with Sir Edmund Hilary, the first man to conquer Everest. Now as we hurry down the steep mountain trail, his sure feet spell out the way, and this enables us to make good time.

Midnight. On the sand by the swift-flowing Jumna the sixteen weary forms lie sleeping. The Jumna is joined by the river Uгла in a mountain rendezvous just upstream, and the swollen waters run cold and deep. The embers of a campfire lie dying; the wild cries from the thick jungle lining the river vie with the lively waters. But the sixteen forms stir not; it has been a fast and strenuous beginning.

8:00 A.M., Sunday. After a hearty breakfast and worship, plans for the day are discussed. A few boys are tempted by the water, but a villager warns that only the day before a lad was drowned at this very spot. Besides, we have a long tramp ahead today. From here on it will be all up. We must regain that five thousand feet lost in the night, and reach even higher.

The track is seen winding high above the river gorge. Here and there along the trail we meet gangs of coolies cracking stones for a new road.

"Chakrata?" we query, pointing along the trail.

"Yh rasta, sahib ["This way, sir"]," they reply, giving the curious Indian nod in which the head rolls sideways once, instead of up and down.

For more than an hour we move along at a good swinging pace. But gradually various members of the party begin to express concern: "Why isn't this trail going up? It's running parallel to the riverbed, which is falling in altitude." Still the wayside coolies





*Hiking is a favorite among the students at the Vincent Hill School in Mussoorie, India. Here they are seen on the Chakrata trail.*

point us ahead, giving the curious nod. "We're on the wrong track!" It is Hanson who gives voice to the sentiments of all. And now our worst fears are confirmed by the boss of a road gang who comes picking his way along on horseback.

"This track takes you back to the plains," he tells us, speaking good English. "Walk along for fourteen miles and you can get a bus from there to Chakrata. The mountain people around here always go by that means, although very few of them ever go far from their villages."

"We want to go to Chakrata but not by bus! How did we miss the track?" we ask.

"You were given wrong directions back at the Jumna," comes the disappointing reply. "You should have gone in the opposite direction. But not many people go that way—it's too steep."

"Must we retrace our steps after two hours' hike today?" And now the sun—always hot in India—is burning fiercely on us at this lower altitude.

Our friend ponders, and his reply brings hope: "No, you won't have to go back to the Jumna. Just down the track is a short cut to the ridge. It is steep climbing, but it brings you up to the Chakrata trail."

We thank him and set off cheerily again. But the short cut proves hard

going. More than five thousand feet in five miles with full packs under an Indian sky is enough to show the mettle of any would-be hiker! The track serpentine up, up, up through thick jungle, and the air is stifling. Far below winds the trail that led us astray, and down below that the shining thread of the Jumna.

The trail—will it never cease to go up? Packs drag on shoulders, sweat drips, feet turn leaden. Trudge—and rest. Ah, the sweetness of that breeze that sweeps up the mountain as we rest in the shade! But on we must go, on—and up. On and up, until after three hours of the hardest hiking of the trip we stand on the ridge and look down on the village of Lakhwar! At last we are back on the Chakrata trail.

After a wonderful rest at Lakhwar we shoulder our packs and set off again. A few packs are lighter now. A coolie has joined the group to ease the burden of one or two whose feet are badly blistered and whose shoulders are in bad shape. As we trudge along (how different from the eager steps of the previous night!), the people of the mountains look at us curiously. It is not often that white men are seen in these parts. In the old days white men used to come here occasionally. But those days are gone, and even then,



*This girl is typical of the mountain folk met by the hiking party on the way to Chakrata.*





The Vincent Hill School sits nearly seven thousand feet up in the lower Himalayas.

the Tibetans seem oblivious of danger as they scratch a rough road out of the mountainside.

An especially hearty *Namaste* accosts us, and we meet the leader of the road gang. A Tibetan, he falls in beside us as we head toward the village. Some of the hikers' provisions are running low, prompting the question, "*Gow men khana milega* ["Will we get food in the village"]?"

No, he says, we will not. It is only a very small village, so only water will be available there. But in that gracious hospitality of the East, he presses us to accompany him to his home by the dak bungalow and receive some of his food.

On the cool grass by the dak bungalow we remove our boots and stretch our legs. Some boys unroll their sleeping bags and relax on them. And as we lie beneath the pines, enjoying the quiet beauty of the mountains, the clouds to the north roll back and someone exclaims, "Look at the snows!" The glorious white peaks rise and gleam before our faces. They appear so close that we could reach them before nightfall. Actually they are still far off for the foot traveler.

Now our Tibetan friend is bringing out the *khana*—a huge container of rice, curry, eggs, and cocoa (the latter from our packs). Surely even manna could not surpass this food in taste! Seeing our manifest relish, our host sits back and surveys us with satisfaction. Hanson has been conversing with him, telling him the news from India and Tibet. The eyes of our host—a refugee—glisten as the conversation turns home. We look again to those glistening peaks. Only fifty miles over those places of snow, and we too would be in Tibet.

We thank our friend and want to take his picture. He disappears for a time, returning to pose in his Sunday

best and a broad smile. But his charming wife and children hang back and cannot be inveigled to enter the picture. Is there anything we can do for our friend before we hike away? Yes, his wife has not been well in the stomach, and could we give something for her? So into the first-aid kit, and at last we find use for all those sulfa-guanadine and sulfa-suxidine pills.

What a fine man, we muse as we continue our journey. After such hospitality—Himalayan hospitality—our steps are light and our remaining miles to Chakrata are easy ones.

A fine man—but just one of the many thousands of the mountain folk of India. Simple, kind, hospitable, they eke out a meager existence from the forbidding slopes. Penetrating deep into the mountain fastnesses, they laboriously hew out terraces, grow tiny crops, herd scraggy cows, congregate in scattered, lonely villages. Such were the people we saw from every ridge, in every valley on the Chakrata trail.

And so Tuesday evening, 5:00 o'clock—Chakrata! Chakrata at last! Who cares about the blisters? Who cares about aching shoulders? We made it. And when the little boys at the school ask us, "Did you make it?" in that skeptical way that they will, we'll be able to say, "Yes, I made it. We all made it."

Tomorrow morning a few zealots would climb up to a ten-thousand-foot peak nearby to get some shots of the snows. Tomorrow we would start back for old Vincent Hill. But just for tonight all we need to know is that we are in Chakrata.

"Look at those snows! Aren't they magnificent! We could easily walk to them in a day or two from here."

"Say, why don't we try to walk to them at hike time next year, sir?"

"Well, maybe we will."

Maybe we will.

those white men used to ride horses and bring coolies to carry their packs.

8:30 P.M., Monday. The wayside dak bungalow is a welcome place for the night. How many a weary traveler has rejoiced to find one of these dak bungalows, which dot the trails and roads of India. Now, in this wind-swept cottage in the Himalayas, sixteen weary travelers ease their forms over three charpois (rope beds) or the coarse mat. Bed or mat—who cares? Sleep will be just as sweet on either tonight.

7:30 A.M., Tuesday. Many are still weary, but spirits rise high with the knowledge that Chakrata is only thirteen miles away. So the map indicates. What if the map has already proved inaccurate? Chakrata can't be too far from here, so who will be the first—.

Our map also shows another village, with its dak bungalow, along today's trail. As we approach the village we come upon another road gang. Almost all the workers are Tibetans, and they smile hugely and jovially greet us as we draw near. The track here is very narrow, and a fearful drop-off of thousands of feet cautions the unwary. But



Enjoying the beauty of the mountains, the hikers relax by the dak bungalow at Shoorani.



**T**ODAY everyone is talking about space, about exploring the great limitless regions that can be measured only in terms of the distance light travels in one year. Telescopes with antennas 125 feet in diameter are directed beyond the frontiers of the universe. People are finding out that God is a perfectionist in setting these huge expanses of space in order. Each planet, star, and galaxy travels through this space in perfect order.

But is God a perfectionist only in the large things like this? Instead of looking up, look down. Yes, under your feet. See the green scum in the

cup. I could hardly contain myself. I wanted to get a better look at them, but that was impossible with the little lens I was using.

A few days later I was able to get a microscope to see this little world that I had in my possession. Eagerly I took the microscope out of its case, set it on the table, and adjusted the mirror. Would I see the little creatures there this time? I held my breath as I put the little cup under the microscope and adjusted the focus. For a few seconds . . . nothing . . . then moving, blurry spots.

Suddenly I was in a world of monsters. It looked like a place where night-

They were going about poking their noses into all the algae and into everybody's business, feeling their way around with their elephantlike noses. They reminded me of nosy people in my world! I kept wishing that I would see one get his nose caught, but this never happened, to my disappointment.

Scurrying around the columns of algae and bacteria above the elephant-noses was a little creature that looked like a helmet with many legs around its edges. He was busily running up and down the columns, making little particles fly like dust. As this little fellow was going about his business, another of his comrades came over. At first nothing happened. But it was soon obvious that the other helmet was not the least bit welcome. The intruder kept coming closer and closer to the first one, finally digging into the same spot where it was. Suddenly the first helmet made a vicious attack on the second, sending him scurrying to another column.

I was curious to see whether this was the way the intruder did all the time—taking advantage of others. As I followed him from place to place, I saw that he did not scratch as industriously as the helmet that had just chased *him* off. It was not long until he seemed to be aware of another helmet and began to “home in.” The friend was a little more patient, but he too got provoked and chased little “Freddy the freeloader” off. Among the helmets, this one seemed to be the exception, like some of us humans, only working when he had to and taking advantage of the work of others.

Looking on the ground below the columns where the helmets were kicking up all the “dust,” I saw a number of transparent globs that looked like little electric cars that old people sometimes drive around in our world. They had their chests held high. I soon saw the reason for this. As bits of debris fell from the helmets working some distance above, these little creatures were running over the particles. As I watched one, he was running into a particle, feeling it with his chest, then making his chest flow around it, taking the particle into his body. Indeed, some of these little globs were so industrious that I could see large dark spots growing in them. I decided that the spots were food they had eaten.

I had by no means seen all that there was to see in the city, but I was eager to get out to the rural area and see what was out there, too. As I went away from the city I saw many little specks, al-



## *My Invisible World*

by **ROBERT MILLARD**

bottom of the bowl of water set out for the dog? Would you expect to see God's power and wisdom here, as well as in the vast regions of space? Come look through the window of the microscope for a few minutes. Put yourself in my place as I describe what I saw when I looked down.

At first I used a simple magnifying glass, through which I saw what looked like rice boiling in a pot. I put this mixture into a glass caster cup to get a better look. These little specks were all different shapes—long oval ones, short round ones, and thin flat ones. Some were going up and down like a yo-yo, others were going in zigzag patterns or spinning in circles across the

mares and pink elephants are kept. There were the little creatures, spinning in circles, going up and down, and creeping along the bottom of the cup. With fascination I moved about in this world of a tablespoon of water. It seemed to have both a city and a rural part, the city being the center and the rural area the outer edges of the cup. Each section had its own kind of occupants. In the city all kinds of little fellows were going in and out among the loosely scattered clusters of algae and bacteria.

The first occupants of the city that caught my attention were little ones looking like narrow diamonds with long flexible snouts on the front end.



most invisible. Among these specks were little transparent globs that looked like the ones just mentioned, but they were turning around in small circles, moving about like little farmers eating only the "ripe" specks that they found. One of these farmers was getting pretty full; his middle spot was quite dark.

All of a sudden a long oval creature a little longer than the farmers casually slipped in among them. He came in like a tiger shark, brushing gently against several of the farmers. Then making a sudden right turn, he viciously attacked one of the farmers! In a flash he was biting right into the middle of the farmer, who gave ground and then wrapped himself around the head of the shark. For several moments I stared in amazement. Would the farmer win? Would the shark get caught and be dissolved? Didn't he know better than to attack a farmer like an amoeba?

It was over just as suddenly as it had started. The shark left the poor farmer with a big hole in his side. To my surprise, the farmer slowly straightened himself and went back to getting food as if nothing had happened. But there was one major difference: his dark food spot was gone! That shark had eaten the farmer's food right out of his stomach! I was never able to locate the shark again, so I don't know whether this is how he usually made his living.

With my heart still pounding from the incident with the farmer and the shark, I proceeded with my exploration of the rural area. As I went, I saw more farmers, and some kinds of plants looking like long thin rods with little compartments, two green dots in the center of each compartment. I had just passed another lone clump of algae and bacteria when I met with an even greater surprise. In this strange world one never knows what to expect next. Certainly one could not expect to find a stranger-looking creature than the one I was face to face with now.

Perhaps it was his size that startled me most. He was about ten times as large as a farmer. He looked like an egg fastened to the ground at the larger end by a little tail, a vibrating mustache around the upper end, where his mouth was. He seemed to be creating a terrific water current past himself, because his tail was stretched out tight. In short, he looked like a bulging vacuum cleaner with vibrating bristles at the intake. I marveled that God had this vacuum cleaner going long before man ever thought of the idea. In-

side this fellow, who was transparent, I could see his stomach actually working. It looked like two hands put together wrist to wrist and opening and closing the fingers.

Full of wonder and excitement, I forced myself to put things away and close the lid on this little world for the night. As I was clearing my desk I discovered that the microscope was casting a clear image on a piece of tissue paper that I had used to cover it. I took advantage of that discovery the next evening when I made a paper cone out of heavy black construction paper with a piece of tissue paper over the large end, and placed it over the end of the microscope. It worked perfectly. With the lights low and the microscope mirror close to the desk lamp, I invited my landlady in to see what I had.

When she saw the image of the last little creature, the vacuum cleaner, she was terrified. On the screen of the cone, the little fellow made an image almost two inches long. Apparently thinking that this was his real size, the landlady expostulated, "I hope that you don't expect to let that thing run loose around my house!" As I was about to explain that he was only a microbe, her curiosity got the best of her and she leaned over to get a better look, saying, "What is it, anyway?" At that moment our vacuum cleaner friend, seeming to sense a chance to have some fun, lurched in the landlady's direction. She jerked back as if shot, and bumped into the door at the end of the desk, which shut with a slam, causing the poor lady to let out another shriek. She disappeared through the door muttering, "If I see that thing runnin' around here I'll take a broom to it."

It was several days before I could talk to her about the subject and explain that what she saw was no bigger than a pinpoint. The next thing I knew, she had some of her friends over to see my strange world and have me tell them about it, especially the vacuum cleaner.

I could go on to mention many more experiences that I have had—seeing the little watermelon puppies and their antics; watching the personalities of these little creatures as they responded to different social situations in their world. Also, there are larger animals, such as the little water spider who amuses himself by jumping up into the water and sinking slowly back down when he is not searching for food.

I could have told you the scientific names of these little fellows, but such names would not give you any idea of

what they look like. Any good biology book will tell you that.<sup>1</sup> When I began this hobby I thought that it would be very expensive. I found, however, that for a little over \$20 I could own a 1200x microscope. In my experience, though, one does not need more than 500x to clearly identify most of the occupants of these strange worlds.

The average power I used was 120x, but 50x is valuable for locating general areas to study or following travel patterns of specific animals. When looking for a microscope, be sure to select one with a long focal length (the distance from the specimen to the first objective lens of the microscope) at the 120x setting. Otherwise you will be unable to keep your world in a shallow caster cup and see it without getting the end of your microscope wet.

After the initial expense, a good hardware store, friends, and a little ingenuity will supply other items you may want. For those who want to enter the world of the microscope, I would like to pass on a few hints that helped me. I have made slides of several of the creatures that I have found, using clear Karo Syrup and clear plastic sheets cut to size in place of Canada balsam and glass cover slips. All of my slides were discards from a nearby hospital, and I cleaned them easily by soaking them in a soapy solution for several days. I have also found that friends are a good source of small bottles, especially ones with eye droppers in them, which can be used to collect specimens for examination at a later time.

It is difficult to express in words the many thrilling sights I have seen through my window to the invisible world, but I can express one profound thought that has struck me: our heavenly Father has prepared sights to thrill and please and amuse us, not only in the world seen by the naked eye but also through the window of the microscope.

While man is gazing into the heavens and looking at stars fifty light-years away, he should not forget that there are things just as amazing beneath his feet. Surely God's love of beauty and variety is so great that it is seen even in things ordinarily unseen. God loves us so much that He has made an untold number of things to please us—the sunset, the rainbow, the flowers of a thousand descriptions. In fact, as Ellen G. White wrote: "The love of God is expressed in every tree and flower and blade of grass."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Look up names like *Amoeba proteus*, *Paramecium caudatum*, *rotifer*, and *volvox*.  
<sup>2</sup> *The Adventist Home*, p. 223.



*With Dr. Meckling students learn the discipline of study—perfection is unattainable, but he hopes that someone will come close.*

# Smile on the Left

by  
**HELEN  
GODFREY**

A CHUCKLE warms the corner of the classroom where Dr. Frank Meckling stands with a group of students always near him after the others have shuffled from the crooked rows of seats and left the room. One standing near would see his smile, only half a smile, wrinkling his face. Eyes twinkling, he inclines his head so that he will not miss what a low-voiced student is saying.

Suddenly he bursts with a laugh that makes the maps of Europe hanging before the blackboard rustle. With a square hand he slaps a student's shoulder, then slaps it again. Quiet then, he lowers his voice, leaning toward the group to tell them something not in the textbook. With a look at the clock, he picks up his books to leave.

In the hall Dr. Meckling ducks his

head in recognition when his students pass. He may bring them to a halt with a joke he has been saving. He may want to tell the casual fellow that he must hurry with his term paper or that he has missed class too often. He may take a student to his office to talk over his desk, piled with quiz papers, reference books, and magazines. He will not offer a chair, but he will lean back in his old swivel chair and laugh. His eyes half open, he will look at the student, understanding that this one knows this much, this very much, and no more.

Does he enjoy his reputation as one of the toughest teachers at Walla Walla College? With him toughness is important for its own sake. Civ students need to learn the discipline of study—he gives a quiz every day. They need to learn to handle details—he asks for minutiae that only he would notice in the assignment. They need to know how to review—he gives review sheets that keep students up for five nights straight before the exam, and when they arrive for it, pats them on the shoulder as though he really feels sorry for them. Few are convinced that he cares whether they pass the exam or not. Some know that he does.

During long class sessions his eroded Eastern accent with its British emphasis now and again pumps through facts that are neatly written on sheets of yellow paper. South African history and geography lead him from his lecture on the Thirty Years' War or the Peloponnesian War or the War of Roses. Racial and religious questions absorb his attention to the point where he brings every magazine article he finds concerning them to class.

Students who have been in his classes before recognize his illustrations from Reformation or Civ or History of England, but he tells what stories he wishes and everyone laughs when it is time and smiles when it is time. There are jokes about the student who noticed no difference between a dauphin and a dolphin and about the one who

said that the South Sea Bubble was a new invention for travel in tropical waters.

Seminar groups and upper-division classes hear about UCLA, its graduate program, and graduate programs in general. He warns against faulty spelling and careless footnoting, but he does not notice when an English major mistakes Caedmon for Cynewulf. To him, poets are poets.

If there are those who think that getting a history major is a snap, this teacher shows them the grim side of the picture with his stories about sad young historians who have failed senior comps. Then he reminds the class that the history department will give oral examinations. He will be on the committee, he says.

It is hard to understand what Dr. Meckling is worth when he gives his yearly quiz in which the answers to be matched follow nicely from one to fifteen. Students begin to look puzzled and change their answers, thinking that they have made mistakes. He hides his smile until all the papers have been turned in. Those who can still smile when they find the trick have begun to appreciate Dr. Meckling. For while students are enraged by the length of his assignments or chafed by the burden of an unreasonable term paper topic, they cannot see his smiling side.

Heavy assignments do not break his faith in students. He promises no A's, nor do many in his classes expect them after receiving their first exam paper back. Perfection is unattainable, but he hopes that someone will come close. In case the student is beginning to feel comfortable, he will remind him of things he could have said about Chartism or the French Revolution. When it is time he will smile, looking the student straight in the eye. And when it is time he will send another class on, hoping that they have learned history and something of the reality of the world and the life they have chosen.





MEL CRAIR, ARTIST



by VAUGHN WRIGHT

# How Can One Know?

THERE was a dull, tearing crunch as the screaming saw ripped through my foot and ankle, shattering the bones, shredding the flesh, the tendons and nerves. I lay where I had fallen on the log carriage, with both hands gripping my leg as tightly as possible, trying to choke off the pain and stop the flow of blood.

"O God, please! No! Not this! Not a cripple the rest of my life!" I gritted.

Two workmen stood by, stunned. "Get help," I begged the nearer one. He stood there, looked around. "Help!" I yelled.

In the shop at the far end of the sawmill Jim, the foreman, heard my calls. He dodged around machinery and men to where I lay, and stopped the saws. "Somebody go for an ambulance and doctor," he commanded.

"Don't wait for an ambulance," I muttered through clenched teeth. "Let's get going."

A two-inch band of the high top of my boot remained around my leg, the shredded leather dangling unpleasantly below my mangled foot. Someone removed it.

"Better fix a tourniquet," Jim decided.

"No! Let's get going!" I exploded. "I'll keep it from bleeding."

The men quickly lifted me around the machinery, under the sawdust conveyer, into the back seat of Jim's car. It was twenty miles to town—driven in record time. Fearing I might pass out, I told Jim I wanted only emergency service in the local hospital. Then I wanted to be sent right on to Seattle, eighty miles farther, to a specialist in orthopedic surgery.

As head sawyer in a Western lumber mill I had spent the day operating the complicated and powerful ma-

chinery and high-speed saws that manipulated logs onto the carriage and cut them into boards and cants. We had been cutting unusually large logs, and the top-saw had thrown more than the normal amount of sawdust and debris onto the track and sawing area.

Before the accident, the off-bearer and I had been cleaning off one end of the carriage track. Standing on the carriage track while waiting for him to step out of the way so that I could move the carriage, I began cleaning around the controls. A careless move, and the

carriage was in motion. I heard it coming, but had time just to straighten up before it hit my legs. I fell onto the carriage, pulled my knees toward my face as its momentum carried it by the saws. Three inches, four inches more and I would have been barely safe. But the fifty-four-inch saw, spun by a 250-horsepower motor, tore through my foot and into my ankle; leaving them shattered and useless.

Twenty fast miles—but they were long enough for me to begin feeling sorry for myself. "How will I pay the bills? My wife and baby—their support?" And then that question that has baffled and discouraged so many: "Why, God, why did it happen? Why to me?"

Five miles from town we met the ambulance someone had called, followed by the doctor. They turned and sped to the hospital behind us. To emergency, then shots—morphine, penicillin—bandaging. A visitor—my wife, white-faced. Phone calls to Seattle, arrangements for a surgeon. Then into the ambulance and off for another eighty miles.

The questions came back. "Why? Look, God, I've been a good fellow, haven't I? Never did anything bad. I'm a faithful church member. I pay tithe. I do my part with church offices. Everything has been going so well. Why? We've been living good lives. And just this morning, before I left for work, we knelt and I asked protection for today. Why did You let it happen?" Like the wheels of the ambulance, round and round spun the questions.

Into the city—buildings, lights flashing by. Now the hospital emergency entrance. The attendants ran as they wheeled the stretcher to the elevator. "Dr.



Shroeder, wanted in surgery," repeated the public-address system.

More shots, a transfusion, the silent team watching, waiting for the surgeon. A spinal block, then nothing.

Three hours later, when I awoke for a moment, it was all over. The bandaged stump of my leg was resting on a pillow. A tube led from an inverted bottle of something to a needle in my arm; a nurse stood by. Then blackness again.

Next day as I lay on my hospital

hearing Father, would work through such a painful and disappointing experience to a better end.

Then came days of therapy, working out the swelling and strengthening the muscles that would be used to walk with an artificial limb. Finally, the fitting, the first painful steps; at last, three months after the accident, I was walking, at least. But I wasn't ready to return to long days of strenuous work. And now, with my severely limited mobility, it didn't seem nearly so de-

sure, especially in view of so many question-filled experiences? Other students, I knew, weren't without questionings. How could one *know*?

And it was easy to feel sorry for myself and to harbor bitterness. So many things I had once done were now impossible. During my first months with the artificial leg it was a clumsy nuisance, making hardship out of what had been pleasure. A simple walk over uneven ground, for instance, was now a tiring ordeal. Once I stumbled when getting out of the shower. Instinctively I thrust out my leg, only to fall on the still-tender stump. It was easy for the pain to be mixed with bitterness, with self-pity. It was easy to think "Oh, yeah?" to "All things work together . . ."

Then in January I witnessed a tragic situation that renewed the old questions—and supplied some answers. Brad had been our lumber hauler at the mill. He was a really nice fellow, a lot of fun, good-natured, always ready with a cheering word. But occasionally Brad found it pleasant and convenient to walk a few steps in the broad and smooth way. Nothing really bad, it seemed at the time, but still his life was not entirely what he knew it should be. Visits to professional fights, for instance. Church attendance became sporadic.

One noon Brad came home for lunch with his wife—an unusual situation because he ordinarily stopped at a cafe to eat. But he was to load out for Seattle right after noon. "That meal," his wife told me a few days later, "was a little heaven on earth." She and Brad had talked things over. Past failures had been admitted. Brad had declared his intention of beginning again, of going back to God—all the way. Before kissing his wife goodbye, he knelt with her and made things right with God and covenanted to make a different future.

Less than an hour later he was dead.

I sat with the bereaved family three or four days later and heard it all from the widow and from Brad's brother, who had seen the accident. He told how it had happened. The two lower units of lumber were in place on Brad's truck, and he was on them placing divider sticks in preparation for the upper units. The fork lift was approaching with a load of heavy three-inch planks high in the air as Brad hurried to put the last stick in place. A high wind, rough ground, a poorly built stack—Brad's brother saw

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## Indian Summer

by BARBARA BONCEK

**With moccasined feet and painted face, you attacked,  
Whipping us with cool nights, warming us with bright days.  
You teased, tormented, and ransacked,  
Leaving us now, with only a gray, dark haze.  
Beaten, bowed, but unafraid,  
We gladly await another raid.**

bed I closed my eyes. "Heavenly Father," I began as always, "I thank Thee . . ." Thank Thee? For what? Why should I? You didn't take care of me yesterday. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Does he? But he forgot me.

I tried again, but my prayer went no higher than my head. "Maybe there was no angel. Are you even sure God is there? *Really* sure?"

"The Lord has a reason for it," a visiting friend would offer. "All things work together for good to them that love God." But at the time, such consolation didn't mean much to an active young person who knew he would have to change his whole pattern of life, who bitterly realized that he must be, of all things, a cripple for the rest of his life.

So, here I was, forced into a situation I didn't want. Everything had been perfect. I was earning a good salary at a work that I thoroughly enjoyed. We had begun shopping for a home to buy. Why not settle and spend several years with such pleasant and high-paying work?

And now this. "All things work together . . ." Waiting for what was left of my leg to heal during the next weeks, I had a little difficulty taking that assurance seriously. Not that I actually was convinced that there is no God; but it surely seemed impossible to believe that a God of love, a prayer-

sirable to go back to sawmilling for the rest of my life.

So with the income from insurance it seemed wisest, even if not especially exciting, to go back to college and continue the course begun earlier—and stopped for lack of money. Now I could spend all my time studying—a new experience after my last year in college, when I had worked more than forty hours weekly. I concentrated on getting grades. A paper with any red marks was both a disappointment and a challenge—but not because of a conviction that God expects good scholarship. After all, He hadn't kept things going right for me; His angel hadn't been on duty that day.

But diligent study, even if just for the grade, had some interesting results. One couldn't get a good grade in Elder Thompson's fundamentals of Christian beliefs class without thoroughly knowing the material. So I came to know how pathetically inadequate had been my knowledge of things spiritual. Dr. Johnson's science class made unmistakably clear that there were valid reasons behind those Spirit of Prophecy recommendations that I had known—and scoffed at. History, literature, and prophecy certainly were meaningful commentaries on one another.

So the year progressed. It all seemed so reasonable, the idea that an all-wise God was behind and over all, that His purposes were being worked out in the earth. But, how could one be really





# Choral Assignment

by HELEN FRANCES ANDREWS

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

*Personal competence and faith  
in God have carried Mrs.  
Jones through many hardships.*

**R**OSA LEE JONES is a woman with no insurmountable financial problems. She has reared four children with little help and given them each a musical education. As Bible instructor at the Ephesus church in New York City, she lives on an Adventist worker's salary.

Her explanation is simple: "Everything belongs to the Lord. I have always paid a faithful tithe, and He gives me everything I need and plenty to share with others and give to His cause."

Visiting church members, following up Voice of Prophecy and Faith for Today interests, and studying in people's homes, Mrs. Jones gives a car hard wear. She had saved toward replacing her four-year-old Dodge. Then the Ephesus church launched a \$300,000 campaign to renovate their church building and pay their share to support Northeastern Academy. Mrs. Jones's savings promptly went into the fund. She is sure the Lord will keep the old car running awhile longer.

When Missionary Leland Mitchell shared with Mrs. Jones his plans for evangelism at Ile-Ife hospital in Nigeria and his wish that she might teach the gospel in song to the people who would come to the meetings, she remembered her girlhood dream of becoming a missionary to Africa. Her home church agreed to lend her to Africa for three months, and Mrs. Jones used her own savings for travel expenses. "I don't like to have anyone say that I paid my way," Mrs. Jones protests. "It isn't my money—it's the Lord's."

She found a tough assignment waiting for her. "The first night I attended the evangelistic service, about ninety

people, mostly men, responded to the invitation to join the chorus. The people of that area do not have the natural musical gift often found among primitive Africans. Many of them couldn't carry a tune, but I selected about thirty-five who showed some aptitude. We rehearsed Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights, and Sunday afternoons. We sang at the meetings and the last Sunday night we gave a program that brought in more than \$100 in American money to keep the Faith for Today program on the air."

In Ibadan she found it much easier. She was there a week and taught the church members an anthem, "I Have Set Watchman," in one hour of rehearsal time.

Mrs. Jones returned from her African trip greatly burdened that the missionaries be given more to work with, so that they can help the people reach a higher standard of living. Distressed by the lack of clothing and of linens for the hospital at Ile-Ife, she appealed to her New Believers Chorus at Ephesus when she returned. With her talent for getting things done, she soon had two bales of clothing on the way to Nigeria and Liberia as a gift from the chorus.

This rare blend of personal competence and simple faith in God's promises carried her through years of hardship. The faith planted in her heart as a child was nurtured in the grim days of depression in Detroit. Today its full harvest feeds hundreds of hearts as Mrs. Jones shares her absolute certainty that God hears prayer.

"Neither my husband nor I could find work. We had three children then and no food. I borrowed carfare to go

to look for work and came home tired and discouraged after asking many places. To be alone I went into the bathroom and locked the door and told the Lord that if He intended for us to starve to death I wanted Him to put us to sleep so that the children wouldn't suffer. Otherwise He would have to send us help, because I didn't have any money and couldn't get a job or welfare. Then I waited the rest of the day for something to happen.

"About seven o'clock the phone rang in the house where we were staying after being evicted. A woman was looking for a girl to put crystals under her rugs, because she had found fleas in her house. She had no pets and couldn't understand where the fleas came from. She paid me \$2.70 and carfare. That was enough to buy plenty of food at that time.

"I tell my Sabbath school class that when the time of trouble comes, their bread and water shall be sure, and then I tell them this experience. No doubt the Lord let it happen because He knew I would be teaching and could share it. You can really get people's attention when you tell them your own experience. I am so grateful for all God has done for me."



Before her youngest child, Carol, was born, Rosa Lee had been able to save only \$5 toward the \$35 hospital fee. Because her previous childbirths had been difficult, she was fearful of having her baby at home. When each hospital to which she applied turned her down, Rosa Lee went into a closet and talked it over with the Lord. With only \$5 what was she to do? Her answer was clear: Pay the delinquent gas bill and trust God to take care of the baby.

As the time approached and there was no evidence of an answer, she got supplies from the city welfare department, borrowed lamps from her neighbors because the electricity had been turned off, and prepared to have her baby at home. When the home maternity team arrived, the brusque woman doctor examined her and said she was going home for some rest and would be back. It was a wild, stormy night, and the house was gloomy in the lamplight. Rosa Lee felt completely forsaken.

Just then the nurse walked in to announce, "The ambulance is waiting to take you to St. Mary's Hospital." She received wonderful care completely free.

Later, when her husband found work, the court ordered him to support his children. Instead, he left the city. Rosa Lee faced the uncertainties of providing for four young children, but ways would open.

In answer to prayer she found a job without Sabbath work. For three years her job was entirely satisfactory. Then one day she found a notice on her time card to see the manager, and she knew she was in trouble. The job required three women, and even though she worked harder the other days, her absence on Saturday was a serious inconvenience.

Down on her knees again, she reminded the Lord that He had given her the job and that she could not pay the rent or buy food for her children without it. Back came the answer: "Thank the manager for the job. Tell him that the Lord gave it to you and that He can give you a better one. Don't be afraid."

In the manager's office she listened to the words she had expected: "We must have three women on this job, so we want you to come in on Saturdays."

"I want to thank you, Mr. Daly," she replied, "for letting me work here three years. I have never worked on the Sabbath and never will. I prayed to God to give me this job, and He is able to give me a better one."

The manager looked startled. "I

didn't say you would lose your job. I just asked you to work on Saturday. Since you can't, I will make other arrangements." Mr. Daly solved his problem by putting the foreman on the job on Saturdays.

She worked a full shift and more because she didn't work on Saturday, then went home to care for her family. She wasn't too well after Carol's birth, and each day the load she was carrying grew heavier.

"I felt I was going to break. Each day I went to work I felt it was my last day. On the job at two o'clock one morning, I went into the bathroom where I could be alone and got down on my knees. I told God, 'I have come to make a vow as Jacob did. If You will bring me home to my children and give me rest, I will make this vow that I will do missionary work for You every day as long as I live.'"

"A few days before, I had gone to the city for supplementary help. I had said nothing about quitting work. They promised to send an investigator."

"Three days after I made my vow a lovely woman from the city welfare department came to my home. She asked, 'Do you have any coal?'"

"When I said No, she handed me money to buy coal."

"Then she said, 'Mrs. Jones, you don't have to work.'"

"That's just what I've been praying for!" I almost cried.

"I gave two weeks' notice and went to see the worker. I discovered that she was the wife of a fine doctor I had had when Carol was a baby. She put me on widow's pension, and for three long years I didn't do a thing but take care of my children and work for the Lord. That is when I began soliciting. Every day of my life I am out doing some missionary work for the Lord as I vowed. For about two months I got up at 5:00 A.M. and went down to the Ford plant to meet the six-o'clock shift. I had a can with a little placard that said, 'Hartford Seventh-day Adventist Church and School Building Fund. Thank You.' The men would read it and drop the money in. When it was full I would go home with about \$28. In two months I had more than \$500, mostly in nickels and dimes. I think during the whole time I got only two \$1 bills."

Growing up in this atmosphere of faith and good works, her four children remember mother's prayers—in a closet, in the bathroom, in family worship—as a constant part of their life. Carol recalls that when her mother

had to go to work very early, she would set the breakfast out on the table for the children to find when they got up, and then would say a blessing over it in case they forgot.

When she was three Gloria began to pray for a baby sister, because her older brothers didn't like to play with her. Later, when the two girls would fall into an argument and Gloria would say, "I wish you weren't here," Carol always had the final word. "Well, you shouldn't have prayed for me!"

There was an apple tree in the yard that never bloomed. Their mother had read the children a story about someone who asked God to make a tree bear fruit, so Gloria decided to ask for fruit on the old apple tree. When spring came the tree was covered with blossoms. The neighbors came to see the tree that had never bloomed. And there was a liberal harvest of apples.

"Sometimes," says Carol, "our prayers were not answered, and mother would teach us that we must pray, 'If it is Thy will.'"

Later when the children were older Mrs. Jones worked in the post office. She sent all the children to the Detroit Conservatory of Music.

Mrs. Jones managed somehow to finish high school and a year of college in night school after she was married, and she studied a little at the Detroit Conservatory. But when people ask her where she got her training, she tells them, "At Mary's College—sitting at the feet of Jesus."

Mrs. Jones had always wanted to do Bible work. She asked the Bible instructor in her church to take her along, and when her pastor went to Lansing she had him bring a book on Bible work from the Book and Bible House.

In 1945 she was asked to come to Shiloh church in Chicago, but she hesitated to start in such a large church. So when calls also came from Florida and White Plains, New York, she prayed about it and chose White Plains. She found the little group of about sixty members meeting in a rented hall. The curtains weren't very clean, and people were eating lunches in the room. Mrs. Jones took in the situation and climbed up on a chair to take down the curtains and wash the windows. "We just can't have the Lord's house like this," she said.

One of the men volunteered, "Sister Jones, don't do that. We'll do it." And they did. She asked the women to bring cut flowers, and they cleaned and beautified the little hall.



Since she was fourteen Mrs. Jones had belonged to church choirs, and the hard years had been full of music. But she had never led a choir. Now the little church asked her to start one. She told the Lord she didn't know how, but she would do it if He would help her. And He did.

The White Plains church had been meeting for thirty years without a church building. Mrs. Jones suggested that they start a building fund. She gave concerts herself and trained the choir in a program that they gave at County Center. It made the building fund \$3,000 richer. She went to business people and asked them to help, and added their gifts to the fund. Today the congregation meets in an attractive church of its own.

After two years in White Plains she was called to the Ephesus church in Manhattan, and her ministry of soul winning through music reached full flower. No mere words on paper can convey the richness of faith and love and humor she pours into the Sunday morning rehearsals of her New Believers Choir. For this is the work God has put in her heart to do—to reach out to newly baptized members, and some who are not yet members, and fill them with her own joy in the Lord. Sixty men and women with untrained voices but the love of God in their hearts are blended into an instrument that He uses to the glory of His name.

"You must believe or you can't sing," says Rosa Lee Jones; and before each number is rehearsed she makes its message come alive for the chorus.

"Go down, Moses," the choir sings, but Mrs. Jones isn't satisfied.

"How did Moses stand before Pharaoh? Fearless. You can't sing it as if you are afraid. Moses said every person, every hoof, will go out. You left everything down there. You didn't bring anything out." There is a brief wave of laughter, then the chorus puts its heart into the moving words and music.

As rehearsal nears its close, a member asks whether they can sing the song that has been going through her mind for days. The choir reverently sings, "Cover With His Life," and tears fall from the cheeks of the new member who requested it, as voices blend in rich and tender melody.

Mrs. Jones's earnest benediction closes: "I pray that Thou wilt take these sinful lives and mold them. Remember the sopranos and altos, Lord, and the tenors and basses, the pianist, the brother who is in the hospital. Re-

member not only us but the choirs in Africa and Bermuda who are singing to Thy glory. May these groups all meet in the sky and join the choir about Thy throne. Amen."

The hastening of that day of reunion in the sky is the great purpose of Rosa Lee Jones's life. She has seen enough of suffering. "There's a longing in my heart for Jesus," she sings. Quietly she is searching out in her church those who are ready to join her in a special work of heart cleansing and seeking the promised outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

"As I have gone about this city I

have asked the Lord, 'How are we going to reach these 8 million people in New York?' And He seemed to answer, 'It will be finished by the Holy Spirit.'

"I want to get ready to see Jesus," this God-loving woman says simply. "I'm tired of this earth; I have seen a better land."

And surely no one on that sea of glass will sing with greater devotion that song in which she has so often led her choirs:

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."



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## WHAT DO THEY THINK OF ME?

From page 4

how it is with children and their parents—they beg to do something, but they really hope the parents won't let them do it. It gives them security to have their parents show enough firmness to refuse.

*What do fellows think of a girl who wears low-necked dresses, not too low, but suggestive?*

Girls make trouble for themselves by wearing low necklines and tight sweaters and skirts. If a fellow has a girl he thinks a lot of he doesn't want other fellows looking at her in a questionable way. If a girl has no more self-respect than to expose herself, I don't feel interested in her. It makes me feel strange to be seen with a girl who is dressed conspicuously.

*When do you think a boy should give a girl her first kiss?*

I have a feeling that kissing should be left to engaged couples, and then with great restraint. Some girls think nothing is the matter with a good-night kiss. But I think there are better ways of saying good night. A good straightforward approach—the friendly look straight in the eye and a smile—is very appealing. This is better than a swift embrace and a kiss with the result that you can't look him in the eye afterward and not be ashamed. That good look brings a fellow back. It is worth four good-night kisses. It should not be a simpering flirtatious look, but a look of honest admiration and friendliness.

*How can a girl be reserved and yet not give the impression that she is cool and distant? How can a quiet girl make friends?*

A reserved girl can take the initiative in many subtle ways. She can be a member of a singing band, personal evangelism group, or a literature band. If she is interested in this type of thing she will associate with boys who are interested in it too. She can show herself friendly without being bold. Class projects, Sabbath school activities, early morning breakfasts, and other group activities give a girl opportunities to meet new friends.

At these activities the right type of fellow will be there and have a chance to see the right kind of girl. A girl should let her light shine in the right places, and someone will see. She will be noticed if she is entering into these group activities.

Lots of fellows go to programs without dates, and they want to see who is there unattended. Some fellows don't want to try to date girls who are always being escorted. They are shy and don't care for the competition. They won't try to become acquainted with a girl who is always surrounded by fellows. They are looking for a girl who is alone, who is without a date.

Girls should go to musicals and programs with their girl friends. A group can go together and have a good time.

The fellows do, and think nothing of it. They would like to see the girls do the same thing. Instead of being embarrassed because you don't have a date, go out so that folks will know that you like to go. This shows independence too. Fellows like to see girls who have enough interest in the program to go for its sake and not just to have a date. If a musical has enough interest for her that she will go alone she must be an interesting person and someone he might enjoy dating.

To sit home and be lonesome is the worst kind of advertising. Go and let folks see that you can have fun with the girls. Let your light shine.

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# Sabbath School Lessons

NOVEMBER 20, 1965

Prepared for publication by the General  
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## SENIOR

### VIII—The Spiritual Life of Church Members

**MEMORY VERSE:** "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." 2 Cor. 3:18.

**STUDY HELPS:** *Steps to Christ*, chapter "The Work and the Life"; *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, 1956 ed., pp. 138-152 (1943 ed. pp. 198-218); *The SDA Bible Commentary*.

**STUDY AIM:** To review the high ideals and aims which God has for the members of His church.

#### Introduction

Concerning the church member's manner of life, the Bible says, "Do all you have to do without grumbling or arguing, so that you may be God's children, blameless, sincere, and wholesome, living in a warped and diseased world, and shining there like lights in a dark place. For you hold in your hands the very word of life" (Phil. 2:14-16, *The New Testament in Modern English*, copyright J. B. Phillips, 1958. Used by permission of the Macmillan Company, New York).

The responsibility of a Christian to "walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love" (Eph. 4:1, 2) is formidable. Yet we do not draw back in fear, but press forward "boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." Heb. 4:16.

#### Living to Glorify God

1. What should be the constant aim of the Christian in endeavoring to live a victorious life? 2 Thess. 1:11, 12.

2. To what kind of life has God called us? What did Jesus urge us to do to glorify God? Eph. 1:4, 6; Matt. 5:16.

**NOTE.**—"The world will be convinced not so much by what the pulpit teaches as by what the church lives. The preacher announces the theory of the gospel, but the practical piety of the church demonstrates its power."—*Testimonies*, vol. 6, p. 260.

#### Living for Daily Spiritual Growth

3. To what spiritual development should the church member seek to attain? 2 Cor. 7:1; Heb. 12:14. Compare Prov. 4:18.

**NOTE.**—The Greek word here translated "perfecting" means "to bring to a consummation or to

a goal, to complete." The work of sanctification, bringing the believer to full spiritual growth and Christian maturity, is a lifelong process and not something accomplished by a single act. The Christian must "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" (2 Peter 3:18).

"The germination of the seed [in the parable of Mark 4:26-28] represents the beginning of spiritual life, and the development of the plant is a figure of the development of character. There can be no life without growth. The plant must either grow or die. As its growth is silent and imperceptible, but continuous, so is the growth of character. At every stage of development our life may be perfect; yet if God's purpose for us is fulfilled, there will be constant advancement."—*Education*, pp. 105, 106.

4. To whom are Christians to keep looking as an example, and what result will this have in their lives? 2 Cor. 3:18. Compare Heb. 12:2.

**NOTE.**—This scripture is translated in the Revised Standard Version as follows: "And we all, with unveiled face, beholding the glory of the Lord, are being changed into His likeness from one degree of glory to another." "Men are changed in accordance with what they contemplate."—*Counsels to Teachers*, p. 460.

5. What steps in Christian growth did Paul cite in his prayer for the Ephesians? Eph. 3:14-19.

6. To what high standard did the apostle pray that God would bring the Christians in Colossae? Col. 1:9-11.

**NOTE.**—"The knowledge of God as revealed in Christ is the knowledge that all who are saved must have. It is the knowledge that works transformation of character. This knowledge, received, will recreate the soul in the image of God. It will impart to the whole being a spiritual power that is divine. . . .

"As Jesus was in human nature, so God means His followers to be. In His strength we are to live the life of purity and nobility which the Saviour lived."—*The Ministry of Healing*, pp. 425, 426.

#### The Means and Results of Spiritual Growth

7. Through whose help and power only can the believer grow spiritually? Phil. 1:10, 11. Compare Heb. 13:20, 21.

8. In the process of spiritual renewal, what fundamental change must be effected? Rom. 12:2.

**NOTE.**—"Renewing of your mind. Before conversion, man's power of reason, the faculty for discerning between right and wrong, is under the dominion of bodily impulses. The mind is described as a 'fleshly mind' (Col. 2:18). But at the time of conversion the mind comes under the influence of the Spirit of God. The result is that 'we have the mind of Christ' (1 Cor. 2:13-16). . . . And as the inward man is being transformed by the power of the Holy Spirit, so the outward life is being progressively changed. The sanctification of the mind will reveal itself in a holier way of living, as the character of Christ is more and more perfectly reproduced in the believer."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Rom. 12:2.

9. How does Paul figuratively describe the

changed life of the Christian? Eph. 4:21-24.

10. Besides surrendering his will to Christ, what else must the believer do to promote his spiritual growth?

**ANSWER.**—(a) He must feed on the Word of God (1 Peter 2:2).

(b) He must pray for a new spirit and claim the promise (Ps. 51:10; Eze. 36:26, 27).

(c) He must continue living by faith (Heb. 10:22, 23; Col. 2:6).

(d) He must obey, to the best of his ability (Phil. 2:12, 13; John 14:15).

(e) He must persevere (Luke 13:24; Phil. 3:13, 14).

**NOTE.**—"Wrongs cannot be righted, nor can reformations in character be made, by a few feeble, intermittent efforts. Sanctification is the work, not of a day, or of a year, but of a lifetime. The struggle for conquest over self, for holiness and heaven, is a lifelong struggle. Without continual effort and constant activity there can be no advancement in the divine life, no attainment of the victor's crown."—*Testimonies*, vol. 8, pp. 312, 313.

#### Specific Counsel Concerning Daily Living

11. What will be put out of the life of a converted person? Eph. 4:25 to 5:4.

12. How does the true Christian treat his enemies and those who impose upon him? Luke 6:27-31.

13. What admonition is given to church members of various age levels? Titus 2:2-7; 3:1-3.

14. How does James sum up the essence of genuine religion? James 1:27.

#### Thoughts for Personal Meditation

"There are those who have known the pardoning love of Christ and who really desire to be children of God, yet they realize that their character is imperfect, their life faulty, and they are ready to doubt whether their hearts have been renewed by the Holy Spirit. To such I would say, Do not draw back in despair. We shall often have to bow down and weep at the feet of Jesus because of our shortcomings and mistakes, but we are not to be discouraged. Even if we are overcome by the enemy, we are not cast off, not forsaken and rejected of God. No, Christ is at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us. Said the beloved John, 'These things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.' 1 John 2:1. And do not forget the words of Christ, 'The Father Himself loveth you.' John 16:27. He desires to restore you to Himself, to see His own purity and holiness reflected in you. And if you will but yield yourself to Him, He that hath begun a good work in you will carry it forward to the day of Jesus Christ."—*Steps to Christ*, p. 64.

**ILLUMINATION OF THE TOPIC:** *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 283, 284; *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 178-182; 642-651 (chapters 18 and 71); *The SDA Bible Commentary*, on lesson texts.

**AIM:** To show that true love and pride cannot exist in the same heart at the same time.

## YOUTH

### VIII—The Humility of Love

**MEMORY GEM:** "Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly: but the proud he knoweth afar off" (Ps. 138:6).



## Introduction

"The instant man accepted the temptations of Satan, and did the very things God had said he should not do, Christ, the Son of God, stood between the living and the dead, saying, 'Let the punishment fall on Me. I will stand in man's place. He shall have another chance.' . . .

"What love! What amazing condescension! The King of glory proposed to humble Himself to fallen humanity! He would place His feet in Adam's steps. He would take man's fallen nature, and engage to cope with the strong foe who triumphed over Adam. He would overcome Satan, and in thus doing He would open the way for the redemption from the disgrace of Adam's failure and fall, of all those who would believe on Him."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, Ellen G. White Comments, on Gen. 3:15, p. 1085.

### 1—The Sin of Pride

1. What characteristics of pride are never seen in love? 1 Cor. 13:4, last part.

Because love "is not puffed up" those controlled by its power will not be wise in their "own conceits." They will not be characterized by inflated ego or swollen self-conceit. Love "does not swell or swagger" and is "not inflated with vanity" are other translations of this statement. Inflation always indicates a shrinkage in value, as illustrated by financial inflation. Being "puffed up" by pride always indicates a little man attempting to hide his smallness or ignorance.

2. What warning from Hannah's prayer should be accepted? What is God's attitude toward the proud? 1 Sam. 2:3; Prov. 8:13.

"This parable [laborers in the vineyard] is a warning to all laborers, however long their service, however abundant their labors, that without love to their brethren, without humility before God, they are nothing. There is no religion in the enthronement of self. He who makes self-glorification his aim will find himself destitute of that grace which alone can make him efficient in Christ's service. Whenever pride and self-complacency are indulged, the work is marred."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 402.

3. How are the results of pride and humility in the life contrasted? Prov. 11:2; 16:18; Luke 14:11.

Christ is the perfect example of the humble spirit that results from love in the heart. From the highest position in the universe He humbled Himself and came down, down, down to the world, to a poor home, to a stable for a birthplace, to live among a sinful and ungrateful people who would finally put Him brutally to death. What was the result of this humbling of Himself? "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow" (Phil. 2:9, 10).

### 2—A Satanic Spirit

4. What caused Lucifer's fall from heaven? What decree indicates the final reward of pride and self-exaltation? Isa. 14:12-15.

"Lucifer had said, 'I will be like the Most High' (Isa. 14:12, 14); and the desire for self-exaltation had brought strife into the heavenly courts, and had banished a multitude of the hosts of God. Had Lucifer really desired to be like the Most High, he would never have deserted his appointed place in heaven; for the spirit of the Most High is manifested in unselfish ministry. Lucifer desired God's power, but not His character. He sought for himself the highest place, and every being who is actuated by his spirit will do the same. Thus alienation, discord, and strife will be inevitable. Dominion becomes the prize of the strongest. The kingdom of Satan is a kingdom of force; every individual regards every other as an obstacle in the way of his own advancement, or a steppingstone on which he himself may climb to a higher place."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 435, 436.

5. What selfish question did the disciples ask Jesus, and with what illustration did He answer them? Matt. 18:1-4.

"To be great in God's kingdom is to be a little child in humility, in simplicity of faith, and in the purity of love. All pride must perish, all jealousy be overcome, all ambition for supremacy be given up, and the meekness and trust of the child be encouraged. All such will find Christ their rock of defense, their strong tower. In Him they may trust implicitly, and He will never fail them."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 130.

6. What sins stemming from pride will be common in the last days? What indicates that the apostle is speaking of professed Christians? 2 Tim. 3:1-5.

Five of the nineteen sins here enumerated are forms of pride.

"Let no one deceive his own soul in this matter. If you harbor pride, self-esteem, a love for the supremacy, vainglory, unholy ambition, murmuring, discontent, bitterness, evil-speaking, lying, deception, slandering, you have not Christ abiding in your heart, and the evidence shows that you have the mind and character of Satan, not of Jesus Christ, who was meek and lowly of heart."—*Testimonies to Ministers*, p. 441.

### 3—The Spirit of Christ

7. In contrast with Lucifer's spirit of pride, what was the attitude of Jesus? Matt. 11:28, 29; Phil. 2:5-9.

"In accepting Christ's yoke of restraint and obedience, you will find that it is of the greatest help to you. Wearing this yoke keeps you near the side of Christ, and He bears the heaviest part of the load. . . .

"To learn the lessons Christ teaches is the greatest treasure students can find. Rest comes to them in the consciousness that they are trying to please the Lord."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, Ellen G. White Comments, on Matt. 11:28-30, p. 1090.

8. What harmony prevails among those who possess the mind and love of Christ? What will be their attitude toward one another? Phil. 2:2-4.

"In our daily lives before our brethren and before the world, we are to be living interpreters of the Scriptures, doing honor to Christ by revealing His meekness and His lowliness of heart. Christ's teachings are to be to us as the leaves of the tree of life. As we eat and digest the bread of life, we shall reveal a symmetrical character. By our unity, by esteeming others better than ourselves, we are to bear to the world a living testimony of the power of the truth."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, Ellen G. White Comments, on John 6:53-57, p. 1135.

9. What spirit was manifested in the life of Paul as he preached the gospel? 2 Cor. 10:1, 13-18; 12:5, 6.

"God had placed special honor upon Paul. He had given him his credentials, and had laid upon him weighty responsibility. And the apostle writes, 'I Paul myself beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ, who in presence am base among you,'—because he humbled himself to do mechanical work—but being absent am bold toward you.' . . .

"He [Paul] rejoiced that he was able to support himself by manual labor, and frequently declared that his own hands had ministered to his necessities. While in a city of strangers, he would not be chargeable to anyone. When his means had been expended to advance the cause of Christ, he resorted to his trade in order to gain a livelihood.

"Although feeble in health, he [Paul] labored during the day in serving the cause of Christ, and then toiled a large part of the night, and frequently all night, that he might provide for his own and others' necessities."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, Ellen G. White Comments, on Acts 18:1-3, pp. 1062, 1063.

### 4—The Virtue of Meekness

10. What is the eighth manifestation of the fruits of the Spirit of which the first is love? Gal. 5:22, 23.

11. With what other beautiful Christian virtues is meekness associated? Eph. 4:2, 3; Col. 3:12, 13.

"The meekness of Christ, manifested in the home, will make the inmates happy; it provokes no quarrel, gives back no angry answer, but soothes the irritated temper and diffuses a gentleness that is felt by all within its charmed circle. Wherever cherished, it makes the families of earth a part of the one great family above. . . . The spirit of hatred and revenge originated with Satan, and can bring only evil to him who cherishes it."—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, pp. 16, 17.

12. With whom has God promised to dwell? Isa. 57:15; Ps. 138:6.

"Lowliness of heart is the strength that gives victory to the followers of Christ; it is the token of their connection with the courts above. 'Though the Lord be high, yet hath He respect unto the lowly.' Ps. 138:6. Those who reveal the meek and lowly spirit of Christ are tenderly regarded by God."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 301.

13. What rich reward is promised to the meek? Matt. 5:5.

"When unkind, discouraging words are spoken to you, do not retaliate. Do not reply unless you can return a pleasant answer. Say to yourself, 'I will not disappoint my Saviour.' . . . A school girl, when asked for a definition of meekness, said, 'Meek people are those who give soft answers to rough questions.' Christ says, 'Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.' They will be fit subjects for the kingdom of heaven, for they are willing to be taught."—*Welfare Ministry*, p. 153.

14. What other promises has God made to the meek? Ps. 37:29; 149:4; 1 Peter 5:6.

### What Is in This Lesson for Me?

What is the best way to discover how much meekness I possess? Is it my reaction when accused of having committed a fault (which I really did) or is it my attitude when accused unjustly of something I really didn't do? The world tends to sneer at the meek person. But Jesus said, "I am meek and lowly in heart." Am I trying to be like Him?



## HOW CAN ONE KNOW?

From page 14

the planks begin to fall. "I yelled a warning, and Brad jumped," he said. "I ran around the trailer. He was dead."

Later that evening I stood in the silent funeral chapel and looked at the still form of my friend. "Why, God, why do things like this happen?"

Back with the family, I learned something about faith. A widow of three days calmly sat and testified, "Brad was ready—for the first time in years. God knows what He is doing." And then she requested that for evening worship I read from pages 224 and 225 of *The Desire of Ages*. Without a tear she, her son, Brad's parents, and brother listened: "God never leads His children otherwise than they would choose to be led, if they could see the end from the beginning, and discern the glory of the purpose which they are fulfilling as coworkers with Him."

Next day I rode to the cemetery in Jim's car—the car that had rushed me from the mill to town. There, on that cold gray January afternoon we left our friend. After the service the mill owner's wife said to me, "You know, Vaughn, this has made us think again of how close you came to being killed, and of how thankful we are that the Lord saved you."

"... how thankful we are that the Lord saved you." *Saved* me?

I did a bit of thinking. A widow of only a few days had faced real loss and accepted in faith God's will. And my own experience now appeared rather shoddy. My faith must have been of a pathetically poor quality to be shaken by a relatively minor crisis. When I stopped feeling sorry for myself and took a less biased view of the incident, it became quite clear that my injury was miraculously slight in view of the circumstances. I had been bending over just in front of two whizzing saws that could slice through a big knotty log almost like a hot knife through butter. It was a position I frequently took for repair work or cleanup while the saws were stopped, but one only a foolishly overconfident or careless person would take with them turning.

Before the carriage hit me I had been able to straighten up, then fall backward away from the saws. "The angel of the Lord encampeth . . ." Yes, and those other times, too—the time that big log came rolling and

crashing down the hill, bounced up on the back of the seat of the crawler tractor I was operating, then fell back without touching me; the time the control locked on the 'dozer, it turned sharply, and I managed to stop it on the very brink of a four-hundred-foot drop-off; and the other times . . .

What was it the poet Tennyson had said after the loss of his close friend? There are some things that are not immediately clear, things that we have to accept by faith alone, believing where we cannot see. "All things work together for good . . ."

Several years later, after I had become aware of the poverty of my earlier spiritual life, I had graduated from college and was teaching in an academy. One of my counselees, an outstanding girl, was completing her course and planning to go on to college. "I'm going to take my diploma and enter the State college where my uncle teaches," she said. Of course, her dean, the principal, and I urged her to attend a Seventh-day Adventist college. No, she insisted, she wanted to go to the State school, but she wasn't able to give very convincing reasons for her choice.

As we chatted about it one day she seemed under a rather intense strain. "June," I finally asked slowly, "do you want to go to the State school just so you can throw your religion away and justify it to your parents by blaming the school, the environment?"

She wilted in her chair, began to sob. "Yes, that's it."

Questions—she had had them. Those questions again, that perplex so many. Faith was weak. How could one *know*—anything—for sure? Her reserve gone, she told what she had thought. She was ready to go from the church and from God, to discard her pretense of religion, to use her very good mind seeking wealth and fame. Her exemplary life at school had been a sham, her teaching of the Sabbath school lesson a lie, her testimony a hypocrisy.

Next day she felt better. We talked things over. She agreed to read, to ask questions, to try to work out her perplexities. She studied, prayed, discussed, and before the year's end she seemed a genuinely changed person. She went on to the church's college in her area.

But, I thought, how many others are

there like her? How many who, like Peter, begin to sink when their attention strays from faith's Source? There was Rob, at college, an intelligent and capable young man. But his letters revealed a loss of faith. On a visit to college I talked with him. "How long has it been since you really studied these questions out?"

"I studied them all when I joined the church," he answered.

"When was that?"

"Six years ago." He looked down.

How did Ellen G. White phrase it? "God has never removed the possibility of doubt. . . . Those who wish to doubt will have opportunity; while those who really desire to know the truth, will find plenty of evidence upon which to rest their faith."\*

There was another friend who had graduated and gone on to universities. In college he had seemed to think it a mark of intellectual distinction to question, to doubt. "I'm now free from the restraint of a narrow dogmatism—free to search for truth in all its pristine beauty," he had written from a university—fancy-sounding phrases for one whose "freedom" had also been shown in an exhibition of rather loose living.

"God has never removed the possibility of doubt. . . . Those who wish to doubt will have opportunity . . ."

And some, like June, finally face up to their doubts, admit them, and honestly work them out. Some, like Rob, are at least frank enough to admit them, but hesitate to take that next necessary step. Others cherish them, talk of them, strengthen them, and lose their faith. And others quietly drift away, giving one excuse or another, finally separating from God; but the real reason is doubt, which the individual is either unwilling or unable to face and deal with.

The Christianity of many who have sat in my classrooms is as much a surface condition as was mine before my last day in the sawmill. Some may just drift away. Others, perhaps, will be forced as I was into an experience that compels them to examine themselves. For me, it led from the mill to the classroom; but more important, to a new self-awareness and a stronger faith. But how much better would it be if all could develop the faith that Brad's widow had—a faith that can only grow when it is nourished regularly on the Bread of Life and made strong by constant exercise.

\* *Steps to Christ*, p. 105.



# *The Sabbath Story in Beauty and Reason*

by  
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A

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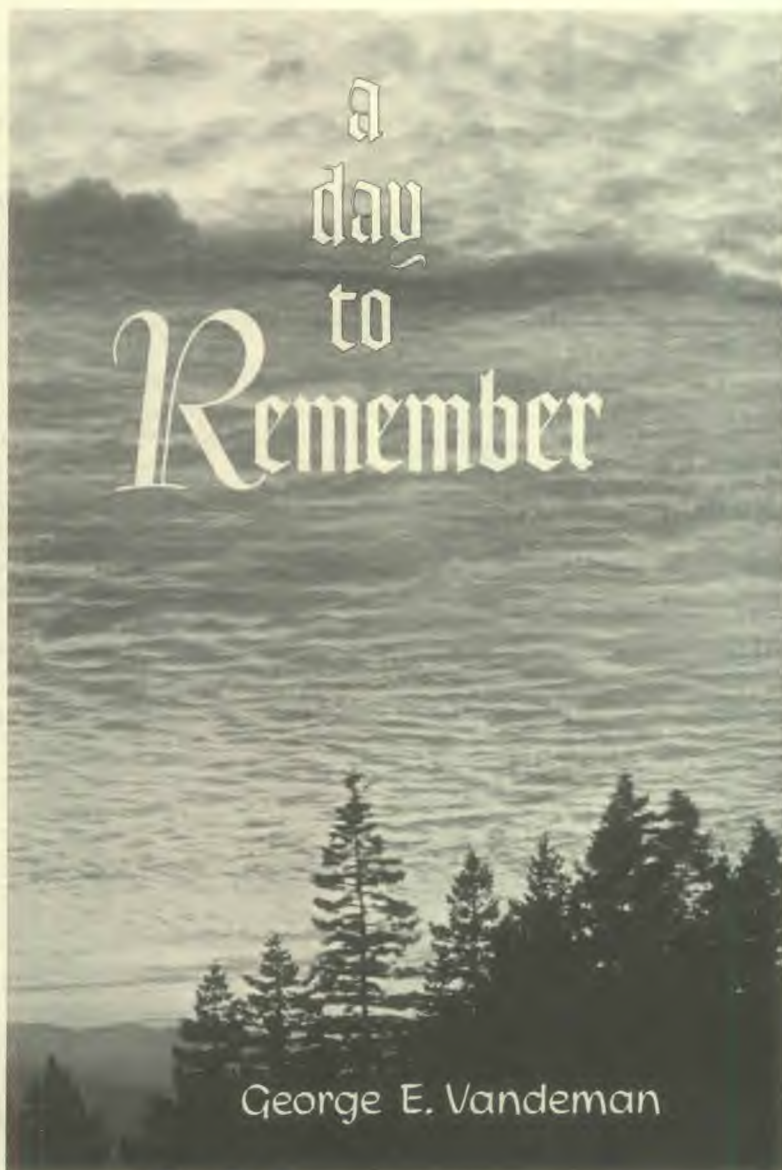
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► Cubic centimeter equivalents replaced teaspoon and tablespoon measurements in Australian medicine recently to effect more exact measurement of medicines. AMA

► Life expectancy in Greece, Egypt, and the Eastern Mediterranean region in the year A.D. 1 probably did not exceed 30 years. It is now about 70 in many of those countries.

National Geographic Society

► Tests indicate that in a sample of 100 children from homes where there is an alcoholic parent, 35 will show behavioral problems. Conversely, 100 children from homes without drinking parents will show behavioral problems in only three. Listen

► Money, pressed butterflies, wills, music manuscripts, and a letter from Mahatma Gandhi have turned up in old New York telephone books. A Bronx man interlarded a directory with his entire month's salary, then forgetfully exchanged it for a new one. He and his family searched for two days through 55,000 discarded books before finding the right one.

National Geographic Society

► Bringing together many scientific skills, a new laboratory has been dedicated at the University of California, Berkeley, its chief purpose being to create new materials for the Nuclear-Space Age. The laboratory is an outgrowth of a national program aimed ultimately at improving present materials, such as steel, and creating new ones with greater strength, lighter weight, and better resistance to corrosion, extremes of temperature, and radiation. UCAL

► When the collections of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art were moved from their old quarters to a luxurious \$11.5 million new home on Wilshire Boulevard, a tight security system was necessary. More than 500,000 objects of art, valued at more than \$22 million, were involved. Each object was tagged by one member of the museum's curatorial staff and verified by another. Staff members checked all items on and off the vans, and a museum official, accompanied by an armed guard, rode in each van. Each piece, regardless of size, was loaded by at least two men. Vehicles were meticulously inspected before authorization to depart was granted, the exact route to be followed was kept secret until immediately before departure, and the same route was never used consecutively. The Highway User

*The Youth's Instructor, November 16, 1965*

► According to the *Bulletin of the U.S. Antarctic Projects Officer*, the penguin has a built-in biological mechanism which, when used together with the position of the sun, allows him to navigate home again. If he is lost southeast or southwest of his shoreline rookery, he will head due north instead of straight for home, and will eventually reach the sea. How and why the penguin is able to find his way home when he finally reaches the shore line of the sea is the subject of present experiments. When five penguins were released at McMurdo Sound, 2,400 miles from their home, three of them arrived home in eight months. Since they do not travel at night, they had walked and swum ten miles each day. Sealift

► Tests have shown that a mixture of 75 per cent tripotassium phosphate and 25 per cent formamide is the best mixture for melting snow, ice, and slush on airport runways. Nine de-icing chemicals were tested and then combined in various mixtures with corrosion inhibitors added to minimize the effects of chemical reaction on metal aircraft parts. An estimated \$900,000 was spent in the removal of snow, ice, and slush from runways, taxiways, and ramps at eight major airports during the 1962-63 season. FAA

► Waterspouts reach 2,000 feet into the sky. These phenomena occur at sea in air currents, often over warm waters. As warm air expands and rises, cooled air rushes in to replace it, and a whirling motion begins. Vapors in the twisting column condense and unite with turbulent water from the sea.

National Geographic Society

► Luxembourg has no unemployed workers. The number of jobless in the entire European community, except in Italy, is relatively low. The percentage of unemployment in Germany is 0.6; in the Netherlands, 0.8; in France, 1.1; in Belgium, 1.6; and in Italy, 2.8.

*European Community*

► Kamehameha Day, June 11, in Hawaii, is the only public holiday in the United States that honors a king. The great Polynesian warrior united all the Hawaiian Islands in peace in the early nineteenth century.

National Geographic Society

► Colorful dress, as often worn by women and children in warm weather, attracts bees, perhaps for the same reason that they are attracted to flowers. Dark colors hold a greater affinity for bees than does white. IWLA



## Radarscope

Key to source abbreviations published January 14, 1964.

► Cairo is named after the planet Mars—El Qahira in Arabic.

National Geographic Society

► Railroads in the United States last year received less than 1 1/3 cents for moving the average ton of rail freight one mile. GNR

► Cobblestones reputedly laid by Hessian prisoners of war during the Revolution still pave Prince Street in Alexandria, Virginia.

National Geographic Society

► Because of planned cutting and reforestation programs, and waste reduction measures, new growth in America's forests exceeds removal and damage from insects and fire by 25 per cent.

Snell

► Twenty exceptionally fine specimens of goldfish, which were gifts from the Emperor of Japan to the New York World's Fair, have now been given to the National Zoological Park in Washington, D.C. The collection consists of calicos, fantails, and lionheads. USDI

► An electrocardiogram of a passenger was sent successfully from the ocean liner *France* to Boucicaut Hospital in France, about 1,700 miles away, via U.S. Communications Satellite Early Bird. Cornell University Hospital in New York cooperated in the research on techniques of transmitting medical data, including X-rays. The volunteer subjects were not ill. AMA

► Action toward transcribing African languages and unifying their alphabets is to be taken by UNESCO following a decision made by its executive board. The move is directed toward bringing education, commencing with literacy teaching, to large segments of the African population in their mother tongue. It is planned that basic word lists, literacy textbooks, grammars, dictionaries, and simple reading materials will be prepared and published with the help of UNESCO. UNESCO



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