

Fundamentalist Schools

by PAUL HARVEY

A FRIEND of Young Paul Harvey's acquaintance, attending Wheaton College, complained about the "strict rules of campus conduct."

The pledge which Wheaton requires of its faculty and students he considered "unrealistic" in our "more enlightened age."

Don said it's ridiculous to tell college-age men and women that they can't dance, drink, smoke. "How absurd," he insisted, "to put theatres off limits in these T.V. times!"

I said, "Don, please quit Wheaton."

Our animated dinner table conversation was suddenly suspended in mid-air. Don had expected an argument. Instead, he received a blunt recommendation to quit the campus he considered "out-of-step."

Partly for my own eavesdropping son, I went on:

"Please, Don, leave Wheaton as soon as you can. Go to some school where you do feel fit, but don't try to change Wheaton. Please do not try to make the school over in your image."

"Let there remain a few schools," I pleaded, "where the atmosphere is comfortable for young men and women who do 'dare to be different!'"

He left Wheaton, but the loss was his—not theirs.

Fundamentalist colleges and universities are having an increasingly difficult time "holding the line."

Even Baylor's one-time strictness is now diluted. Campus codes are circumvented by off-campus clubs.

Southern Baptists, Seventh-day Adventists and others whose fundamentalist persuasion has tended to preserve a Christlike atmosphere in and out of the classroom are under mounting pressure.

The television argument is used with persistence by those who would liberalize the rules.

Further, any school which depends in whole or in part on "government money" is "obligated to conform to the norm," for better or worse.

It's difficult now to remember that the University of Chicago and the great Ivy League colleges were founded by men of tremendous evangelical fervor.

Gradually, in the name of "tolerance," they began to tolerate on their boards of directors and on their faculties persons of divergent views.

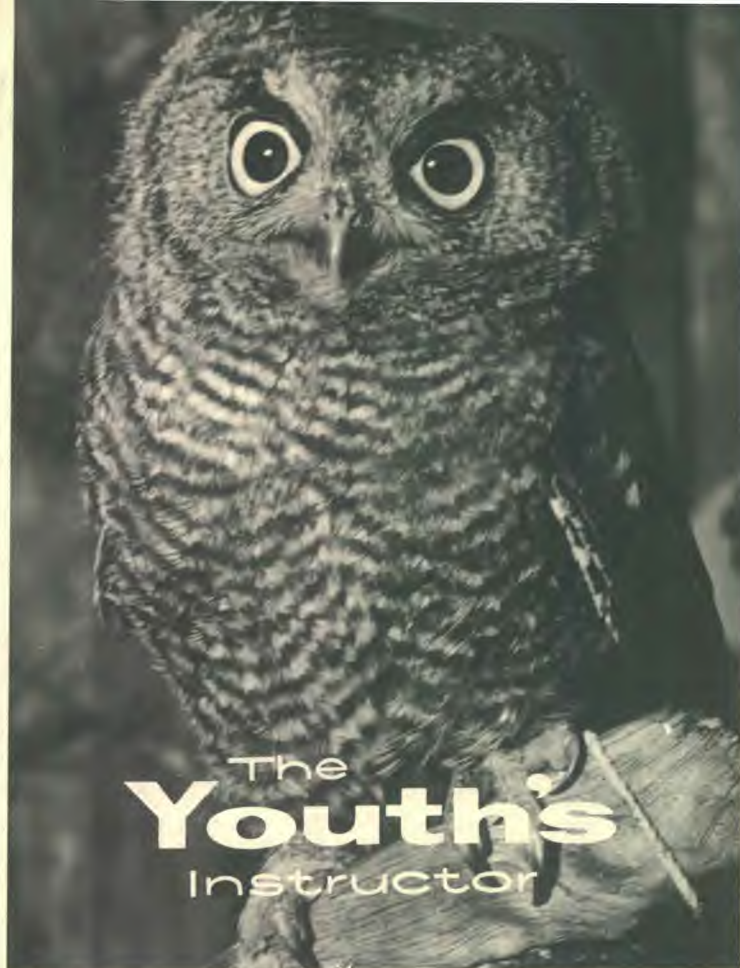
Soon they were tolerating everything and standing for nothing.

Until today, on some of those campuses, you'll find admitted agnostics teaching religion!

If the fruits of all this liberalism were good, criticism would be invalid.

But the provable degeneration of a generation of young Americans and their mounting participation in promiscuity and crime—suggests to me that reverting to stricter campus discipline is in order.

At least let's not subvert what few oases of propriety remain.



SEPTEMBER 20, 1966

[Sabbath School Lessons for September 24]

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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 1966. 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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Blowing Hot or Cold

by DOROTHY EMMERSON

ALMOST anybody has troubles if he actually gets to thinking about it. Frustrations and disappointments are just part of being a human being. We all have the right to feel low now and then. What we don't have the right to do is to take out our moods on others.

Judy is a most attractive girl. Besides that, she's a good sport and loads of fun to be with—usually. But when a bad mood hits her, and this is too often, unfortunately, she does a personality flip and becomes completely uncommunicative even with her best friends. This type of person is upsetting, to say the least, and rather hard on friendships.

In an elevator not long ago I overheard this conversation between two executives: "I just dread my appointment with Mr. ———." "Can't say that I blame you; sure hope you catch him in a good mood." This type of person is unsettling, and hard on business relationships.

Why should anyone blow hot or cold in this manner simply because of personal problems? When a hus-

band takes out petty annoyances on his wife; when a mother vents her pent-up feelings on her children; when a businessman becomes either approachable or distant depending upon his moods, it all adds up to one thing: *Immaturity*. Moody behavior is simply immature behavior.

Perhaps people are more subject to moods now than in the past. No doubt the pace we live in has something to do with it; or maybe we set impossible goals that keep us in a vicious circle of a feeling of failure and a striving for more than we can physically accomplish.

Lincoln once said, "I've noticed that a man is about as happy as he has decided to be." How true! What it takes to beat the blues is a large amount of courage, honesty, and trust in God. We need to take stock and count our blessings as well as our griefs. But once we decide what the basic problem is, we should choose to make the best of it.

Jesus invites us to stop worrying and be a cheerful witness to our trust in Him.

"And Night Unto Night"

by BONNIE REYNOLDS JOHNSON

Darwin on the back fence perched
(*'Twas a chilly night, and the owls ahoost*)
And he gazed at the sky in thoughtful search—
(*Listen, listen—the fawn's afoot*)
"O glitter cast by what great hand
(*The dove shivers on her branch*)
Against the nameless spacious span—
Declare Cause, Purpose, Chance!
Declare the glory of your birth
(*Swan's wings whirr, then settle in sleep*)
And how the handiwork of earth!"
(*The night utters whisperings soft, deep.*)

Darkness and Light

by LOIS M. PARKER

OUR secretary was startled at the words coming to her by telephone.

"Take it quickly!" she urged me. "It sounds like an emergency."

We don't often have a real emergency at the public health office. Most of our problems are long-standing ones that can be fitted into neat categories and taken in proper order. This would not wait for classification. A word with the supervisor, and I left my current duty to someone else and hurried to the car.

"Blind man found, after being lost all night. Cold, hungry, and dirty. Now, why haven't we a record of him?"

There were three neat little houses in a row at the end of the street. Beyond them at the edge of the scrubby trees was a—well, *hut* was the only word which fitted. A woman darted from the house next door.

"I am Mrs. Marlow, the one who called. They found him over a mile out in the brush, and are bringing him back. It is my fault that he went off." The words tumbled out. "I wouldn't give him anything to eat yesterday because I thought if he was hungry enough maybe he would go to a nursing home. Then he was gone, and we couldn't find him."

She wiped her cheeks with the back of a hand. She must have been crying for some time.

"Come see where he lived."

I never saw anything like it. There were two tiny rooms in the hut, each about eight by ten feet in size. The first room had a small wood heating stove, with ashes spilling out and spread over what floor could be seen.

"Don't touch anything," Mrs. Marlow warned. "He doesn't like anything of his touched. We would not build a fire for him for fear he would burn himself up, and he tried to build it himself, until I sneaked the matches away."

A table was heaped with ragged clothes, dirty dishes, and books. Books! One wall was lined with them.

Shelves across the whole face of the wall and six feet high, with row after row of books. And the authors! Kant, Aristophanes, Goethe, Darwin, Huxley, Plato, Mencken—philosophy, evolution, poetry. I had no time to examine them, but that glance showed nothing that would be much comfort to a mind in extremity.

"Look in the bedroom, but hurry! They will be coming soon."

The tattered mattress was heaped with rags. There were none that looked like the remnants of bedding, only dirty pieces of clothing in a pile like a pack rat's nest. There was no other furniture. Other bits of dirty clothing strewed the floor and had been kicked into corners to clear a path.

"Come away," whispered Mrs. Marlow. "He gets so cranky if he knows anyone was here. Oh, here they come!"

Her hand went to her mouth, and she ran to her own doorway as a car drew up beside mine. The cold March wind seemed to go right through my coat. I was glad the old man whom they helped out of the car was dressed in a heavy overcoat. Two layers of oily, blackened wool underwear showed at the neck.

Petulantly the old fellow pushed away the hand that attempted to steady him. Red-rimmed milky eyes peered about as if they could somehow penetrate the fog that was now perpetually his. Water from his eyes had traced a path through dirt such as I did not know existed. His skin was shiny charcoal gray except for the white tracks down his cheeks. A few shreds of hair could not possibly cover the dirt that was ground in and polished black on top of his head.

"This is Mrs. Parker, the nurse, Mr. Johnson." The neighbor introduced me in a small voice.

He stiffened a little, then his shoulders slumped. I hardly knew what to say, and according to the old adage, being in doubt, I said nothing. His rescuers looked nervously at one another. Mr. Johnson cleared his throat.

"I suppose," he said, "you want to take me to a nursing home. Let me find my other underwear and I will be ready to go."

The defeat in his voice was pitiful. After a few minutes of fumbling he found his underwear behind the chair. It was scarcely cleaner than that on his body.

"Here is my car." I guided him by voice, since he resented help. The sound of the door opening helped too, and he sighed as he settled into the seat. As unobtrusively as possible, I rolled down the car window. With the heater on, the stench was hard to endure. It was not only from lack of bathing but from an eroded and draining area behind his ear.

"That warmth feels good," he commented shortly after.

"Would you like to take off your overshoes?" I asked.

"No hurry," he mumbled. "They haven't been off for six weeks. Last time I took them off, it was two days before I could find them again, so I kept them on."

The nursing home director had been called. She met us at her steps, and her face was a conflict of pity and disbelief.

"Come right through here to the bathroom," she announced firmly.

My duty was over with this case. He apparently would not live long, if the open sore was any indication, but at least he would die clean, warm, and fed.

The supervisor listened to my report and nodded thoughtfully. Then she handed a folder across the desk.

"Just for contrast, will you visit this man soon?"

Another blind person. The best therapy for him was to have a listener, since he had no family and no one to turn to in his loneliness.

This home was not one bit larger than that of the earlier case. There were no near neighbors. A wisp of smoke slanted from the stovepipe in the fresh breeze. At my rap, slow, firm footsteps came to the door.

"I am the public health nurse, Mrs. Parker," I introduced myself.

A happy grin lighted his face.

"Well, bless you, come right in! I've just been wishing for someone to gab with. Take that chair—I know it is clean because I just scrubbed things down this morning."

"My, you really did!" I exclaimed. "Everything sparkles. How do you do it?"

He chuckled in delight.

"Oh, I've learned. It takes some or-

ganizing. Can't have many things, and have to have a place for each thing. If they ever get misplaced, I'd be a while finding them again. Blindness isn't so bad if you set yourself to make the best of it. The best can be pretty good."

He grimaced like a tidy, benevolent little gnome.

"Took me a long time to learn that though. I had a poor start when young, and didn't improve any for a long time. Maybe you didn't recognize my name. Kovak?"

He peered at me while I thought, then shook my head.

"Good. The less you know of what I used to be, the better. But you should know a little to appreciate what I am now. I was a bootlegger—maybe that was the *best* thing I did—peddled illegal liquor. I had a hand in every wickedness that men could think of with their perverted imaginations. Then God took a hand."

His face grew stern.

"I said I didn't believe in God. I said I hated Him. I defied Him, and tried to kill myself rather than live without seeing. My old friends, if you could call them that, deserted me. All there was left was God. Then, somehow, He got through to me and made me into a new man. The one you see here isn't the one who did all those things."

Tears were in my eyes and perhaps in my voice as I spoke.

"Praise God for that!"

He nodded briefly.

"I am sorry you have to go," he said regretfully. "Don't you worry about me being alone. I'm not, you know. And I have a phonograph with the Bible on records. Those stories never get old."

Contrast was right. Between stubbornly unseeing blindness and blindness with vision. Acquaintance with all the great authors of all time is futile if there is no acquaintance with God.

To Decrease the "I"

by DAPHNE COX

THE book infuriated me! Half a dozen times I threw it to one side, determining not to finish it. Had it been fiction, I would not have started reading it in the first place, for I have no relish for this type of reading matter. But this was a true story of wartime resistance, and frankly, I wanted to learn what had happened to a few of the characters, so I eventually read it to the end.

All the way through, however, I was conscious of the fact that the title started with "I"—the book began with "I"—and always the all-pervading, completely dominating "I" overshadowed the more interesting part of the story.

Had the narrative been handled with the consummate skill of a competent writer, it could have been one of the most enthralling stories of wartime adventure ever written. The main characters, instead of remaining somewhat nebulous beings, would have emerged as flesh-and-blood people, with feelings and fears as well as fortitude. One could have lived with them, and felt their emotions all through that period of sus-

pense and danger. This story could have lived on as a classic.

But instead, the reader was given "I" to the last sentence. It was, to say the least, disappointing.

And then suddenly a thought struck me like a sledge hammer. Here was I complaining because I didn't appreciate a story that had been written by someone far braver than I had ever been, someone whose life had been in constant danger, just because I didn't think her writing was up to standard. That's egoism for you!

John the Baptist had a word for people like me. He said, speaking of Jesus, "He must increase, but I must decrease." So simple—or is it? Maybe it is one of the hardest things in the world—to decrease the "I."

But we can do it John's way, by increasing Jesus in our lives. By allowing His thoughts, His actions, His love, compassion, and empathy to saturate our own beings so that they become part of us, a real transformation can take place in our character.

That is the only way to effectuate a real decrease of the "I."

The Owl

Symbol The A. W. Cott owl picture has symbolized the emphasis given this month to true wisdom. He may not be the wisest of birds but the owl does carry this reputation.

Serial As announced in Grace Notes, November 30, 1965, a new Jeanie serial by Wilma Ross Westphal makes its appearance this year. The first installment comes this week, and this fifth serial in the Jeanie series concludes with the December 27 issue. The author's photographic memory will provide a next-door-neighbor view as you follow the weekly adventures in and near the nation's capital. For those who like to save a serial until it is complete so they can read without waiting, the second *Jeanie* book, just off the press this summer, could bring reading enjoyment.

Virginia "Dr. Shryock's articles on courtship and marriage are modern and sophisticated too. Could we enjoy some articles on child psychology from time to time? What about career-guidance articles for the teen-agers? Other subjects that could possibly be covered would be articles on travel (particularly by our missionaries), how people live in different parts of the world, as observed by our workers in the vast world field, as well as the lives of our pioneer workers. This is the first time I have ever written a letter of commendation to any periodical. Keep the good issues coming." Mrs. S. L. OWEN, Alexandria.

● A number of the articles suggested are already being prepared.

Idaho "I am moved to write to you, something I have never done before, leaving 'letters to the editors' to others, because of 'The Second Jewel' by Maureen Higgins, May 10, 1966. I am sure I recognize Miss Borrowdale in this story. She was my Commercial teacher at Loma Linda. I loved her." Mrs. JOE BLANCK, MOSCOW.

Purpose "Young men should be trained to stand firm for the right amid the prevailing iniquity, to do all in their power to arrest the progress of vice, and to promote virtue, purity, and true manliness."—MYP 330.

His surname is Baal and his given name is "science falsely so called." The writer had possibly followed this false science in his youth, but eventually he discovered the true. That Paul had learned to distrust his own wisdom he made clear in his first communication to the Corinthians.

"And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified."¹

It is not strange then that his first correspondence to Timothy closed with the plea that the young man should never trust to his own opinions, his own judgment, except as he kept steadfast his confidence in the God of heaven.

"O Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called: which some professing have erred concerning the faith."²

Are too many young Seventh-day Adventists leaving the church because they don't know their Bibles? Because they don't look at the history of a movement that in scarcely a century has risen in America to girdle the earth? Because they think it safe to despise the writings of a woman who fearfully accepted a task that two men were too timid to accept?

I was baptized into this church on August 25, 1923. Not once in the years of my membership have I had any reason to doubt its prophetic origin or its divine destiny. I have read the Bible from cover to cover, studied its messages again and again, and not once have I questioned the inspiration under which its authors did their work.

To leave the Seventh-day Adventist Church is to deliberately refuse to believe that the Bible is in truth God's Book, that its authors wrote under the direction of Heaven.

Go back to Paul and his Corinthian letters:

"But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost: in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them."³

"For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence."⁴

Many excuses may be given for leaving the church. There is but one reason. That is rejection of the Messiah as set forth in the Book God preserved whereby man could learn His will and purpose. WTC

¹ 1 Cor. 2:1, 2. ² 1 Tim. 6:20, 21. ³ 2 Cor. 4:3, 4. ⁴ 1 Cor. 1:26-29.

coming next week

- "MY FRIEND"—Helen Johnson's heart was as large as her figure. When she received her salary, she used to smile and say, "I make a lot more than this check shows. I just deposit the rest in the bank of heaven." By Nellia Burman Garber.
- "THE WRONG MAILBOX"—"After we were seated in their living room, the conversation immediately turned to the Bible," writes Leota Jones Phillips. Suddenly Mrs. Maples asked, "When will the stars fall and the moon turn to blood and the sun not give her light?"



The above picture is a sample of North Carolina's unique safety signs.

DRIVE SLOWLY— ONE-HEARSE TOWN

by FRANK L. REMINGTON

Fred Peters developed this small portable signal which stands on a round, heavy steel base.

LAST summer a California motorist braked his car to a slower speed when he spotted a novel warning on the outskirts of a small town. DRIVE SLOWLY—ONE-HEARSE TOWN, the sign read.

Driving into Sharon, Tennessee, another driver noticed a 30-mile speed limit warning. Halfway through town he saw another sign: SLOW DOWN. WE'VE WARNED YOU ONCE.

These signs are indicative of a nationwide trend for novel warnings and methods to reduce accidents, casualties, and deaths on the country's streets and highways. Recently a touring motorist pulled up before a railroad crossing on a highway near Colorado Springs. He rarely slowed down at such crossings, but a unique sign impelled him to make a complete stop: THE AVERAGE TIME IT TAKES A TRAIN TO PASS THIS CROSSING IS FOURTEEN SECONDS—WHETHER YOUR CAR IS ON IT OR NOT. This motorist has been ex-



tremely careful at railroad crossings ever since.

North Carolina ranks as a leader in the mushrooming efforts to reduce accidents. Speeding down U.S. Highway 1 in that State as his speedometer inched toward 60 miles an hour, a driver suddenly glimpsed a blue-and-white roadside sign: A MILE A MINUTE—THERE'S NO FUTURE IN IT!

Instinctively he slowed down. Then gradually he increased his speed. A bit later another sign really slowed him down. It asked: ARE YOU DRIVING YOURSELF TO DEATH?

These signs number but two of forty-five erected in North Carolina by the State Highway and Public Works Commission along the 182-mile portion of Highway 1 running through the State. Many rhyme and have a general safety theme. Others, more specific, have to do with slowing down for curves, not following too closely behind the vehicle in front, staying inside the center line, and the like.

Everywhere motorists are seeing and heeding original safety devices. Near a town in Iowa there's a sign that makes drivers more cautious: GIVE OUR CHILDREN A BRAKE. Minnesota posts notices reading: DEER KEEP OFF THE ROAD. MOTORISTS ARE PASSING. Another Iowa town

An Arizona patrolman erects a cross at the scene of an auto accident involving one death.



Reflective yarn makes wearers of sport shirts and caps visible at night.

posts DEAR CROSSING signs near schools. And Alabama warns speeding drivers: YOU'RE NOT DRIVING YOUR CAR AFTER YOU EXCEED SIXTY MILES AN HOUR. YOU'RE AIMING IT.

A novel procedure attracting considerable attention is Arizona's White Cross Program. White wooden crosses mark the sites of fatal accidents and the number of crosses at any particular spot designates the number of motorists who met death there—a grim reminder to drivers apt to take chances.

In Virginia, on U.S. Highway 11, there's a new type of stop light to protect motorists against themselves on a particular curve where in recent years twelve persons have met their death. Normally red, the time interval for the stop light is designed to make motorists cut their speed in half if they are traveling too fast to take the curve safely.

A car approaching the curve passes over a detector in the highway which sends an impulse to the stop light. If the motorist is driving twenty-five miles an hour or less, the light will turn green. If he is traveling faster, he must stop until the light flashes the go-ahead signal.

Wisconsin has painted four-inch-wide white stripes along the edges of several thousand miles of State highway to aid in driving at night and in heavy fog or



This is another of the new safety signs mushrooming in North Carolina.

rain. Some traffic engineers are talking about different colored highways, like purple and green, to guide drivers through complicated intersections and road forks. It could be a great boon to confused motorists.

Many cities and towns give tickets to drivers performing an act of courtesy, caution, or consideration. In Iowa City, Iowa, the ticket entitles the driver to a flower from the city's florists. These bouquets for good driving habits bring most favorable results.

Many places depend on radar to apprehend speeders. Usually the radar set consists of a little black box on a bracket behind a parked squad car or in the open trunk. The box transmits a beam of radio waves along the highway. When a motorist comes within 150 feet or so, his car bounces back the waves, which are picked up by the receiver unit of the radar set and measured to determine the speed of the vehicle.

The police officer notes the speed from a meter mounted in front of him. Some sets also make inked recordings of the speed on a moving graph paper. If the police officer determines a motorist is speeding, he radiotelephones the description and license number of the offending vehicle to another patrolman in a pursuit car, who makes the arrest.

Some towns, however, have reduced the number of speeders by abandoning their radar detectors. Signs on the approaches to an Illinois town read: CITY OF WOODSTOCK—NO RADAR—NO ELECTRIC TIMER—PLEASE DRIVE CAREFULLY. These replace others used several years ago which read: SPEED ELECTRICALLY TIMED—SPEED RADAR TIMED—DRIVE CAREFULLY. The new, more courteous signs have made speeders practically nonexistent in Woodstock.

The electric timer used by numer-

At Harvesttime

by LOUISE DARCY

Our Lord at harvesttime
Stopped by a field,
Watching the reapers
Garner its yield.
Now it is harvesttime,
The grain stands high,
Golden abundance
Under the sky.
Father, I thank Thee
With joyous praise
For Thy rich bounty
Through harvest days.

ous towns to catch speeders consists of several rubber tubes laid across the highway exactly 132 feet apart. A mechanism records a vehicle's speed by the time it takes to cross both tubes. Sometimes towns merely place dummy tubes across a road for the effect they have in slowing down fast drivers.

But deception doesn't always pay off. In the Midwest several State patrolmen dressed a mannequin in uniform, set it in a lifelike position in a patrol car, parked it by the road, and laid several imitation rubber tubes across the highway. Upon checking the spot, they found this note on the windshield: "All cops are dummies like this one." It was signed "The Phantom."

Occasionally an accident or near mishap fosters a new type of safety device. Fred Peters, a California industrialist, is a case in point. "I was driving along one afternoon," Peters said, "not realizing I was in a school zone. Suddenly a small child popped off the curb at an unguarded school crossing. I don't know how I was lucky enough to miss her."

Peters delved into the matter to find something to decrease or eliminate the danger of unguarded school crossings. A year later he brought out a working model of a small portable signal standing on a round heavy steel base, with an adjustable shaft extending up from the center. At the top of the shaft is a rectangular box with four windows, and a round signal drum revolves inside.

The device works entirely automatically. The mechanism consists of a spring-actuated motor and a small clock that controls the signal's timing. The timing can be adjusted easily and quickly for different intervals. The spring motor winds like a clock and operates continuously for 24 hours.

Today, throughout the country, civic leaders, school authorities, traffic engineers, and police officials enthusiastically use Peters' robot signal. Many communities have reduced accidents, increased traffic control, and lowered expenses by letting the inexpensive robot work for them.

Any program, sign, or device that helps reduce hazards and accidents on street and highway is well worth while. Most drivers at one time or another forget that when they slide behind the driver's wheel they are piloting a potential lethal weapon. A Minnesota community sums it up very well in a slogan it adopted for traffic safety: FOR SIKKERHEDS SKYLD BRUG HVAD FORNUFT DU HAR. That's Norwegian for "For safety's sake use what brains you have!"



by VIOLA M. NASH

PART THREE

TO RANSOM A REBEL

ONE night Bill Dixon came home from the beer parlor at the usual time, the in-between hours of the night, and there was no light in the living room. Virginia was not waiting up for him! He felt a pang of loneliness. She was always there. She never let him down. No matter what he did, how mean or hateful or ugly he might be, she never changed. She was always tender, sweet, uncomplaining.

He opened the front door. The house didn't feel empty. Maybe she had just gone to bed. That must be it. Maybe she was unusually tired and went to bed early. His drink-fogged mind registered relief.

He tiptoed quietly toward the bedroom. He stopped when he saw a streak of light outlining the bathroom door. He heard muffled sobs. He wished he could think more clearly. He tapped quietly on the door and spoke her name. There was a hint of the man he used to be in the way he said, "Virginia?"

There was no answer. There was no sound at all. He tried the knob and opened the door. Surely that could not be Virginia sitting there on the edge of the bathtub! Her blond curls were tumbled all over her head. Her eyes were red and swollen from hours and hours of uncontrollable weeping. The accumulated anguish of the past six years had at last revealed itself in her face.

"Virginia, honey, what's wrong?" he gasped.

"I can't take any more," she said, doing her best to keep her voice steady and calm. "I can't stand any more. I'm coming apart in little pieces. I have our children to think of. They have to have at least one parent. I'm going to leave you, Bill."

Leave him? Oh, no! What would he do without her? He loved her. Surely she must know how much he loved her.

"How could she know?" the still small voice inquired. "How long has it been since you told her? What have you done to show her?"

"Wait," he begged. "Let me try to make it up to you."

He was a courageous man, intelligent and strong willed. When there was a problem to work through, he had what it took to do it, if he wanted to badly enough. This time he wanted to badly enough.

Grim as it was, he took a long look at himself. On the outside was a brilliantly successful businessman, attractive, influential. And perfectly respectable, according to the standards of his associates.

But inside—oh, what a different story! He shuddered at the sight.

"Is this what God saved my life for," he questioned, "in that foxhole in France and under that cattle truck?" It was not just his life He had saved, either, but He had given back his arm one time, and his legs the other time.

"Won't you accept Him now?" the still small voice urged.

For six years he had been saying No in every way and as emphatically as he could. He knew he couldn't go on like that forever. Or could he? Yes, he could. He could say No forever, and be lost forever. Lost forever. That wasn't what he wanted.

A crisis had brought him face to face with eternity once more. The controversy of the ages was raging in his soul, and the fighting was desperate. He wavered back and forth. As he saw it, he would be the loser either way. If he went on saying No he would be lost forever. That is the most lamentable loss there is. If he surrendered . . . Surrender! Bill Dixon had never surrendered to anyone in his whole life. The hardest thing in the world for a man like Bill to do is to say, "I was wrong."

Then one day he was startled from

his pondering by an impression as plain as a spoken word. He isn't sure it wasn't a spoken word. "This is your last chance, Bill Dixon. Accept Me now or you are eternally lost. Do it now. Now! You must do it now."

Well, this is it, Bill thought. What am I going to do?

He didn't want to be lost. He knew that for sure. That left only one alternative. He went to the main office to ask for Sabbaths off.

Translated into respectable language, the answer was No.

He went to work the following Sabbath. The next week the battle went in his favor and he didn't go.

"I've made up my mind," he muttered through clenched teeth. "Nobody can make me work on Sabbath if I choose not to."

He lost his job. He didn't consider that anything to worry about. He was clever. Lots of businesses would welcome his services.

As time went on, though, he began to wonder where those businesses were. He widened his circle of searching. He went from one city to another, always expecting that the next inquiry would be the one that would lead to a job. But every interview ended in exactly the same way. "You won't work on Saturday! Sorry. We can't use you."

The savings account dwindled until it slid over into the debit column. He still didn't find a job. What was wrong? He had made up his mind to live a clean life. He had given up drinking and questionable amusements. He went to church every Sabbath. He let Virginia be as pious as she liked without scoffing at her. What was required of a

man, anyhow? It was going on three months since he had worked.

A new minister came to town. Bill couldn't have cared less. All a new minister meant to him was someone to be informed that he didn't need a minister or anybody else to mind his business for him. He knew how to handle ministers. He had had lots of experience. They were always and forever popping in. He often thought that if Virginia would give them a little cooler reception they wouldn't be intruding on his privacy all the time.

What he didn't realize was that Virginia would probably have reached the breaking point long before she did if she had not had the understanding fellowship and comfort of the ministers and their wives. She realized it, even if he did not.

The new minister should be as easy to handle as the others. Bill had a system. He looked out the window when he heard a car door slam. If it was a minister, he timed his departure out the back door to coincide with the minister's entrance in the front door. He was tired of preachers yammering at him about the law and the judgment.

Brevity

by GEORGE L. EHRMAN

A poem could be of longer
length than this
And still have no great theme
for folks to miss.

He knew about the judgment. They didn't have to keep reminding him. He would take care of that in his own way and in his own good time, just like he did everything else.

But the new minister was different. For one thing, he was a Greek, and the influence of his native land lay thickly on his tongue. He was a small man, and practically noiseless. Besides that, there was something undefinable about him. Or is that what the "fruit of the Spirit" does to a man?

Anyway, one day—it was after Virginia had started working, because Bill couldn't find a job—Bill was home alone when his reading was interrupted by the ringing of the doorbell. He went to the door in his stocking feet. There stood Elder ———. Bill was trapped! He couldn't run out then. Grown men don't run down city streets in their

stocking feet. Not to escape from something as harmless as a small man of God.

"Come in," Bill said, and hoped it didn't sound too much like "get out."

The man not only had sneaked up on him, he also had the audacity to be so charming that he captivated him completely. Tension and resentment soon vanished from the conversation and relaxed friendliness took its place.

Gradually, undramatically, the minister began talking about the love of God. Coming from him, it seemed like a perfectly natural thing to talk about. He never once mentioned the things that Bill should or should not do. He talked about what God was waiting to do for those who would let Him. Nothing in his speech or manner branded his listener as worse than other sinners. The salvation of each one costs exactly the same price.

Under the warmth of that love-inspired, thickly accented speech, the plan of salvation took on a new meaning for Bill. It no longer looked like a scheme to force people into an arbitrary mold, on pain of everlasting death. Instead, he saw it as the open gateway to everlasting life. He could choose it or not. It was entirely up to him. He would be foolish not to, though. The price had already been paid.

Bill began to see a new meaning in the death of Jesus, too. It wasn't just a gimmick to pressure people into being good. There was a reason for it. The quiet voice went on and on, explaining and explaining.

Jesus did not die for the sins of multitudes. He died for the sins of Bill Dixon, so he would not need to die for them himself. More than that, even Bill Dixon could be cleansed from sin. He didn't need to carry that crushing load of remorse and guilt any longer. All the sins of the dark, ugly, miserable past could be taken away and cast into the depths of the sea.

Bill smiled a sad little smile at the thought. The sins of those past six years would be enough to muddy up all the seven seas.

"I have made a new start," he told the pastor. "I'm trying to do right, and to make up for the past. I'm doing my best."

"You can't do it without God's help," the pastor told him. "It is not given to man, the power to change himself. Only Jesus can do it. He loves you, and is waiting for you to let Him do it. He can take away a heart of stone and give in its place a heart of love, like His own."

Tears were rolling down Bill's face, and he didn't even notice. "Then I won't be afraid of Him any more," he said. "I won't fight Him any more." The spirit of rebellion that had propelled him for six years left him when he found the strength to admit there was something he needed very badly that he could not do for himself.

The minister said, "My brother, let us pray together."

Bill stammered out, "No, not now—some other time."

"Yes, my brother, we must pray now," insisted the guest.

"But I never pray," Bill protested.

"Now you do." The small man standing over him seemed to have turned into a fiery patriarch, although he had not raised his hand or his voice by one decibel. But in the almost whispered words there was an unearthly authority that could not be defied.

"I am kneeling," he said, and he was. "Now you get down on your knees!"

Bill couldn't help himself. He had to kneel. He couldn't understand why, but he had to.

"As proud as I was, it was a mile down to that floor," he remembers. "But somehow I got down there."

The minister prayed and then he said, "Now you pray."

"I can't pray. I don't know what to say."

"Just say, 'Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner.'"

"So I said it," Bill told me, "and He was merciful to me. Right then and there, kneeling beside that couch, the preacher's hand on my shoulder, I became a new creature in Christ Jesus, just as He promised."

I believed him. The man who was talking could not possibly be the man who had persecuted his wife and heaped sin upon sin for six years. This was a totally different person.

Immediately after that, Bill Dixon found a job. But what a job! In three months he had slid from a high-up rung on the economic ladder to next to the bottom. It seemed like below the bottom to him.

"God was testing me," he says now. "I had been willful and stubborn and brimming over with pride. I would not bow to God or man. I had to learn to do that."

That was a hard lesson to learn, and there was no way to do it but the hard way. Hard mentally, physically, and emotionally.

This is the third installment of a five-part serial. Part four will appear next week.

The Youth's Instructor, September 20, 1966

Deafening Murmur

by ROBERT D. LEE

THE BEAM of light from Ray's three-cell flashlight seemed to be swallowed up in the deepening darkness that engulfed our desert trail. For a while we said nothing, and only the sound of our boots hitting stones underfoot could be heard. The three of us—Ray Ryckman, Charles Ames, and I—were in this desolate Mojave wasteland after insect parasites of birds, mammals, and other animals. But at that moment, all around us was stillness. There were no desert cicadas chirping in the coolness of the evening, no lonely fox barking in the distance, no night birds calling to one another.

We climbed a small rise on that vast emptiness of desert floor, and Ray turned off the light. At first our eyes could see nothing; we had been concentrating on man-made light and looking down at the dusty trail. Then our eyes looked up, and with the quiet joy that must come to all astronomers, we marveled at the multitude of stars.

How small we felt when we thought of the great magnitude of God's creation. We were in the desert to learn a little of the mysteries of nature in this small portion of the earth. Our studies seemed insignificant compared with the vastness of space and the greatness of God's handiwork. Looking up at the jewel-studded darkness, I felt akin to David as he said, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"¹

But of even greater significance to us that night was the awesome quiet of the desert. The distance of the stars seemed to intensify the stillness. There was no distracting city sound, no ocean roar, not even a breeze whispering in far-off pine tips. Instead there was only the quiet majesty of space.

We were not the only ones ever to find enjoyment and refreshment in the silence of the desert. For centuries people have withdrawn to barren wastes in order to build themselves up in their quiet.

Moses was one of these. Forty years of his life were spent in the land of Midian. These years were in sharp contrast to those spent in the royal courts, with the gay parties, the pomp of supercilious dignity, and the business of ruling a nation. Here in the comparative stillness of the shepherd life he was prepared for his future work. It was in the rugged desert mountains that he was able to unlearn the things forced into his mind in Egypt. It was here that he truly found rest and found God. While in quiet meditation and peaceful communion he was inspired to write Genesis.

Elijah ran for safety to the wilderness when Jezebel sought to kill him. True, he ran there to save his own skin. But it is also true that while in the wilderness he heard the still small voice that led him on to greater things for God.

Since the days of the patriarchs men of God have found the quiet of desert places to be a balm to troubled minds. They have gone to the desert full of anxiety, perplexity, and confusion. In the waste places, uncluttered by the "improvements" of man, people have drawn closer to God; they have been able to look up at night and see His greatness spread from horizon to horizon; and they have studied sunrise and shadow and have felt the insignificance of their own troubles. Here in quiet solemnity they have been able to let God do for them what He was willing to do all the time—guide them with a still small voice.

We have no greater example than that of Jesus, who at the beginning of His ministry spent more than a month in the wilderness. Later, time after time, He pulled Himself apart from the throng to a quiet place for spiritual refreshment. "And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed."² "And he withdrew himself into the wilderness, and prayed."³ "And it came to pass in those days, that he went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God."⁴ We can do no better than follow His pattern.

Paul also gained a richness in relationship with God, for he too left the anxious clamour of a world familiar to him and sought solace in the desert.

Why the desert? There is nothing magical about the desert. It holds no mysterious spell above other secluded places. If you do not live near such a barren waste, perhaps you could find a quiet glen, a sweet-smelling prairie, a shady tree, away from the frustrations of everyday living. For communion with God, the place is not as important as the solitude.

Any such place is fine; but for me, I like the desert, where for miles I can see the needlework of God on fabrics of sand and rock, where I can drink in great drafts of air warmed and cleaned by shafts of sunlight, where I can hear no sound but nature's muted whisper. Certainly in such a place I can call out to my Lord, and I can thrill to the deafening murmur of His reply, "Be still, and know that I am God."

¹ Psalm 8:3.

² Mark 1:35.

³ Luke 5:16.

⁴ Luke 6:12.



by *WILMA ROSS WESTPHAL*

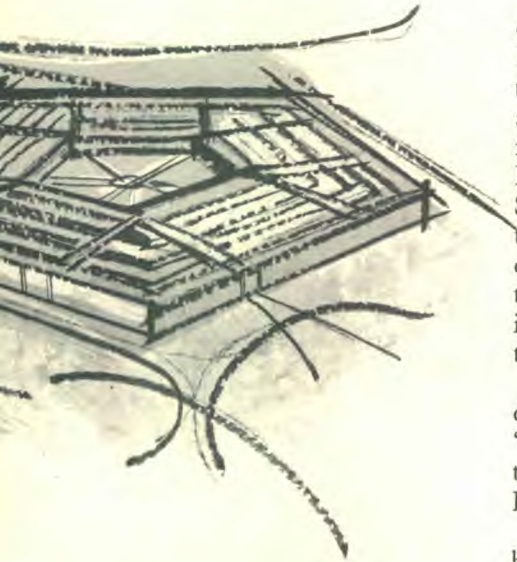
The New Chaplain and Pastor

JEANIE WESTON put the finishing touches to the twins' new dresses, and folding them neatly, put them into their already bulging suitcases. Then she turned to her mother.

"I guess we'll soon have everything packed once more." She stretched her arms and stifled a yawn. "Maybe we'd better go to bed now, for it's late. Bob should be arriving sometime tomorrow, according to his last letter, but there'll still be time to finish the few odds and ends. Thanks for sitting up with me and helping with my sewing, Mother."

Mrs. Richard patted her daughter's arm. "I don't know what we'll do without you and the twins when you leave! It's been a real treat to have had you with us this winter. Too bad that Bob





couldn't have been here too," she said.

It had indeed been a good winter, except that Bob hadn't been with them. By their staying on in Medford the twins had enjoyed an uninterrupted school year, and Jeanie had been gainfully employed as a teacher at Rogue River Academy. Bob had attended the Seminary in Washington, D.C., during the first part of the winter, and at the close of the term he had been offered the position of chaplain at the Washington Sanitarium and Hospital and the pastorate of the church.

Mrs. Richard had taken her hair down and was brushing it vigorously. "Your father has been in bed for some time now, and we should be going too. It's getting very late," she said.

"It just doesn't seem right—our not being able to return to the mission field this time. Maybe if Bob hadn't gone to the Seminary we'd be going back by now." She dabbed at her eyes, and getting up, began to put the sewing machine away.

"If it hadn't been a call to Takoma Park, it would likely have been to some other place here in the United States. You know very well that it was your medical report that kept you from returning to the mission field."

"Yes, I know only too well," Jeanie said at last, "but I had hoped that we could go back after a few more months. It is nice to be able to come home on furlough and all, but our real lifework is down there; we both have the Spanish language, and our hearts are still there." She sat on the edge of the sofa and frowned.

"Of course, dear," Mrs. Richard answered. "Perhaps after a few years you'll be able to go back again. After all, fourteen years is a long while to have spent in the mission field."

"Not nearly long enough. An entire lifetime wouldn't be long enough. There's so much to be done and so few to carry on!"

"God has a purpose in everything He allows to happen in our lives." The

mother smiled, starting toward the stairs. "Come now to bed, dear. Morning will come too soon."

The daughter kissed her mother good night at the head of the stairs and went on to the end of the hall to the twins' room. She opened the door quietly and peered in. They looked like angels against the white of their pillows. The light from the hall was subdued, but still she could see well enough. She tiptoed in, gazing fondly at them for a long moment. They stirred slightly as she kissed them on the forehead. She wondered what life would hold for them now that they were destined to stay in the States.

Returning to her own room across the hall, she prepared for bed. Then she knelt a few moments in prayer. Climbing into bed, she drew the covers about her, then lay awake most of the night thinking, dreaming, planning.

When Bob reached her parents' home before noon the next day, it was a glad reunion for them all. He was tired from traveling from the East, and he readily agreed to stay on a few days and rest before starting the return trip.

Several days later, when the car was packed to the hilt and the final good-bys were said, they once again felt themselves torn apart emotionally. How many times had they turned and waved through a mist of tears at the couple standing and waving in the driveway as long as the car was in sight! How fortunate to have been blessed with such thoughtful, unselfish parents, Jeanie reflected. They had done so much for her and her family since their return from the mission field. Surely someday they would have their reward!

Taking turns driving, Bob and Jeanie had not found the safari to the Eastern States as tiresome as it had been for Bob driving alone to the West. The rolling Virginia hills, dotted here and there with stately old mansions, were flitting past all too rapidly.

"I wish you'd slow down a little, Bob.

These houses intrigue me no end. Just look at that big aristocratic house up there on the hill." She turned in her seat to get a better look. It stood there scornfully erect, she thought, with arched windows looking in disdain over its ornate attire and bulging lawns. Then it turned a cold shoulder as the faithful old Nash bore the Westons safely around the next curve and out of sight.

"If you think these houses are different, wait until we reach Washington, D.C. There are row houses as alike as soldiers' uniforms—some stone and wood frame, but most of them red brick. You'll get used to them though. Fact is, I already rather like them." Bob spoke without ever having glanced at the imposing structure his wife had pointed out.

"Frankly, I don't like the way that last house looked down its aristocratic nose at us! It certainly didn't help my morale any." She smiled wryly as she looked at her travel-wrinkled gray suit, then shifted her gaze to the twins in the back seat.

"We'll stop at a service station and clean up before we get there."

A half hour later as Jean emerged from the ladies' room in a fresh suit, blouse, and hat, and the twins in fresh dresses and well-brushed hair, their spirits lifted.

As they crossed Memorial Bridge, the famed Washington Monument gleamed in the midafternoon sunlight like a long, slender finger pointing heavenward. In a few moments they were circling it and craning their necks to admire its lofty height at close range.

"How well," she whispered in awe, "this monument has directed the gaze of its myriads of onlookers heavenward to the source of our strength."

"While we're here we'll take a quick tour around some of the outstanding places of interest, where I shall bring you for many an hour of sight-seeing. The Jefferson Memorial, the State Department building, the National Gallery of Art. You'll want to spend hours in the latter. And those buildings yonder comprise the famous Smithsonian Institution, where one could spend weeks without seeing everything. Now we'll take a quick run around the White House grounds. Sometime soon we'll have to come down and go through it; there are days for tourists, you know. And now to Capitol Hill." Bob's voice droned on like an official guide on tour, while they spent an hour and a half sight-seeing.

The twins fairly bubbled with de-

light and wonder. Later, on the way out to Takoma Park they seemed to be driving in circles part of the time, but Bob drove without mishap through the fast-moving traffic until they were ultimately beyond the congested areas of downtown Washington.

"I don't think I'll be driving much here in Washington," his wife said faintly, holding to the car door for support as they rounded another circle.

"Sure you will. You'll be driving all over the city before you know it," Bob prophesied broadly. But neither of them dreamed then just why and how soon she would actually be doing it.

A half hour later they were driving through what looked like a beautiful park, but which turned out to be the well-landscaped grounds of the Washington Sanitarium and Hospital.

"Well, here it is," Bob said with a sweep of the hand. "This is it."

In that split second his wife had a fleeting impression that he was showing her *his* hospital, *his* sanitarium.

"Strange about this new position of yours," she mused. "I never before realized that you had any special leanings toward being a hospital chaplain. After the fourteen years we've spent in active foreign mission work, where you've had charge of large territories, are you going to be satisfied to confine your efforts to one place like this?"

"Satisfied? Why, I love my work here, and it isn't at all confined. Sickness, as

you well know, is no respecter of persons. In this hospital and sanitarium we register a great cross section of people from every walk of life—great and small, rich and poor, Government officials and statesmen, the famous and the unknown, Jew and Gentile—and they all need help."

Actually they understood each other completely on this point. And it was certainly easy for her to see why he should find his new position as satisfying as the mission field from which they had so recently come. But she was sounding him out, expecting to trip him into admitting that he was influenced by another consideration which he hadn't yet mentioned verbally. Now she opened her purse, pulled out a letter, and quickly scanned it.

She began reading aloud on the last page. "The more I think of it, the more I am convinced that our accepting this call was a wise decision all the way around—lovely and interesting people to mingle with socially, and all kinds of cultural and educational advantages for the whole family. People have nice homes around here too, though, unless a miracle takes place, we shall not own one ourselves. Prices are sky high! We shall have to rent an apartment."

"Then, besides all this, there's the hospital too. Knowing your affinity for such, I'm sure we're making the right move! See you in June. Tell the twins

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September Day

by SOLVEIG PAULSON RUSSELL

This autumn day has borrowed
Bonfire hues.
Bronze and orange and scarlet
Obscure the misty blues,
And make them only backdrops
For garb of flame and gold,
For draperies of russet
And crimson, stark and bold.

This autumn day is burning
Bonfire bright.
The splendor of its torches
Entrances sight,
And burns a blaze of beauty
For hearts to remember
In the ash of days that follow
This glory of September.

by BARBARA WESTPHAL

Quest

Tecun Uman, the last chief of the Maya-Quichés, had for his *nahual* the gorgeous quetzal bird. As he led his warriors to battle against Pedro de Alvarado, his quetzal was flitting about his head. Now, Tecun Uman had never before seen a man on horseback, and when he and the Spanish conquistador met face to face, he supposed that horse and rider were one.

Aiming at the horse's heart, he shot an arrow. The horse fell, but to his consternation the man leaped from the horse. In that moment Alvarado took advantage of the startled chief and thrust his sword into the heart of the Indian. As Tecun Uman fell, the quetzal also dropped to earth, staining its shining green plumage with the blood of Tecun Uman. And that, so the legend goes, is how the quetzal got its red underparts.

The quetzal, claimed as the most beautiful bird in the Western Hemisphere, belongs in a special way to Guatemala, although it may be found in the right habitat all the way from southern Mexico to Panama. Because

trees. Sometimes it enters the hole and leaves the lovely "tail" dangling outside. What a sight it would be to see those shining plumes apparently hanging from the side of a tree!

The *profesor* told us that the quetzal is so revered by the Indians that in some places, if it swishes across their path, they bow their heads, remove their hats, and murmur, "My lord Quetzal!" This sacred bird of the Mayas has retreated with them into the humid mountain forests, where it is seldom seen by a white man.

With the *profesor* as our guide we visited the mountain village of Momostenango. In a rocky canyon the Indians "Sanforize" their all-wool, hand-woven blankets by dipping them first in the hot springs in the river, then in the cold current, and then patiently squeezing out the water on the rocks with their bare feet. Men, women, and babies take advantage of the moment and bathe together in Edenic innocence. As we were watching the naked brown bodies in the water, the *profesor* looked up the canyon and said, "I have seen quetzals while hiking up this ravine."

My husband saw the longing question in my eyes. "No, we couldn't take time for that now," was the answer. As usual, we must stick to a schedule. Regretfully I left Guatemala.

Then a few years later I found myself unexpectedly in Central America again. This time I determined not to

for a

Quetzal

it usually refuses to eat and cannot live in captivity (although a few zoos now have live specimens), Guatemala chose the quetzal as the symbol of freedom. With its long graceful plumes, the quetzal adorns the coat of arms and is seen in a stylized motif on Guatemalan embroidery and in weaving designs. "The money bird," some have called it, because the Guatemalan dollar equal to what was our gold dollar is a *quetzal*.

Belonging to the tropical trogon family, the quetzal (*Pharomachrus mocinno*) is about the size of a ground dove with a curving "tail" three times as long. The trailing feathers are really elongated wing coverts so that when the bird flies the fantastic plumes wave from both sides. The feathers on the crown are slightly raised, giving the head the appearance of being as round as a quetzal dollar. There are golden lights on the green head, breast, and underparts. The abdomen is bright red and the tail is barred with black and white, like that of other trogons.

The bird builds its nest in hollow

leave without adding "quetzal" to my life list of more than eight hundred species.

In El Salvador I read that quetzals could be seen in the mountains near La Palma—and probably a real explorer *could* find them there. But when we checked in at the delightful resort cottages and I asked about a horseback ride up into the higher mountains to hunt quetzals, the answer was, "*No hay quetzales.*"

My husband was making a flying trip to Miami and I determined that instead of going with him I would go to Guatemala by bus and hunt for quetzals. The *profesor* wrote me that I should take warm clothing, as we would prob-

MY QUEST for a quetzal became an obsession with me. The first lost opportunity came in Mexico when we made a horseback trip across the mountains of Chiapas. We were in the Selva Negra, the Black Forest, where it was possible to glimpse this rare and beautiful bird. I was tantalized by the fleeting shapes and strange calls that eluded me, but since bird watching was only a by-product of that trip, and since I was the only bird enthusiast in the group, I couldn't hold up the caravan to search for quetzals or anything else. So I jogged on, mournfully parodying to myself,

"Theirs not to reason why,

Theirs but to pass this by."

It was while spending a few months in Guatemala that our friend, the *profesor*, whetted my desire with stories and legends about the quetzal (pronounced ket sáhl), the emblem of his country. Though educated and living in the capital city, Professor Moisés Tahay, principal of the mission school in Guatemala City, was himself an Indian, proud of his noble ancestry.

The Maya-Quiché Indians in Guatemala, he explained, believed that every man had a *nahual*, or soul mate, in the animal kingdom. So the puma or the deer that had a special affinity for a certain person would suffer or thrive or even die according to the fortunes of the man to whom he was linked.

ably need to spend one night in the high forest. Eagerly I sewed and purchased and borrowed till I was well outfitted. When I arrived at the home of the friends in Guatemala City who share my hobby and were to share in the quetzal expedition, they asked in surprise, "Didn't you get our telegram telling you not to come?"

Though sent several days before, the telegram had not arrived, nor did it ever put in its appearance. Guatemala was under martial law, but a state of siege was not unusual there and I hadn't thought it would deter my friends. However, the *profesor* was adamant; he refused to go into the interior at that time. The revolutionaries were fleeing right through the chosen region, it seemed. Besides, my host was very ill in bed. Clearly, there was nothing I could do. The quetzal was eluding me again.

"Couldn't we take just a short trip?" I begged.

"Oh, yes, I can take you to see the *quetzalillo* (little quetzal)," the *profesor* assured us. "It's just like the royal quetzal except that it doesn't have such a long tail."

We knew Blake's *Birds of Mexico* listed only one kind of quetzal. Then what could the *quetzalillo* be?

My hostess went with the *profesor* and me, driving us in her Volkswagen to Momostenango. The *quetzalillo* that the spry little *profesor* located for us the next morning as we hiked up a beautiful canyon was a mountain trogon. True, it had red underparts and green upperparts, but it certainly was not a royal quetzal. Again I left Guatemala disappointed.

Spending a few months in the next-door republic of Honduras, I kept asking about quetzals until friends assured me San Juancito was the place to see them. Best of all, they said, we could drive right to the spot in our car.

The winding mountain road led to a little mining town with a deserted settlement perched on a scenic lookout. On the way the road took steep plunges at sharp corners. Some well-wisher had placed a sign in one of these frightening spots: "May God go with you, chauffeur!" Both going and returning we had to get out and push the car toward the summit.

There was an overgrown bridle trail along the mountainside. The setting was perfect, but two expeditions failed to produce the quetzal, though they produced many a new rattle in the car. "After all, our Lark isn't a jeep," my husband reminded me, "and we aren't

taking it to San Juancito any more."

"If you would come back in August you would see how the quetzals come down the mountain and feed on the fruit of the liquidambar trees," people at San Juancito had told us. But by August we would be far away. So that was that.

We moved on to Costa Rica, and my blasted hopes sprang to life. "It's easier to see quetzals in this country than in the others," I was told. "From Costa Rica they are exported to zoos."

Birding one day on the high slopes of the Poás Volcano, we sighted blue-throated toucanets. "Where there are toucanets there can be quetzals too," the bird authority who was with us encouraged. Succeeding trips up Poás yielded no quetzals, though there were the toucanets, and there were the tree ferns—the badge of the cloud forest—and, unfortunately, there were the misty clouds too.

"You're not taking our car up that volcano again," announced my husband after having it repaired a couple of times. So ended the quest in Costa Rica.

Tourists carrying binoculars easily spot one another, and need no formal introduction. So it was such a friend that told me where to see quetzals in Nicaragua. I don't even remember his name, but I did carefully write down the place he mentioned: Hotel de la Montaña, Santa María Ostuma, Matagalpa, as well as the name of the owner of the coffee plantation—Leo Salazar.

"April is the time to go," I had been advised, but it was the last day of May when our schedule allowed us to drive off the highway to Matagalpa in the hills. We were wondering how the proper habitat could be found in Nicaragua, for the route of the Pan-American highway leaves one with the impression that the country is all desolate and barren. But just a few miles out of Matagalpa we came to the side road leading down to the hotel. Enormous trees bearded with Spanish moss framed the driveway, and suddenly we were in a high forest.

"Is it too late to see quetzals?" we eagerly questioned our host. He said the best had certainly passed, but he would talk to a guide about it.

"Things are going your way," he told us at a delicious dinner that evening. "Pedro says he saw quetzals only three days ago in the middle of the afternoon. I'll have horses here for you at one-thirty tomorrow and Pedro will guide you."

"Oh, we shouldn't stay another day and upset our schedule—and our

budget too," I sighed hesitatingly.

But that time my husband surprised me. "Let's get this quetzal hunting over with once and for all. Now we're this near, we'll stay and I'll go with you."

So the next afternoon found us on horseback in the rain forest—and it was raining—following Pedro through a thick wood. We came to a fork in the trail.

"That trail is all overgrown, but it is better for 'the birds,' but for the señora this other one is better," Pedro hesitated.

I told him this señora wanted to go wherever "the birds" might be. Accordingly, he began to hack away at the overgrowth, swinging his machete first to one side and then to the other.

"This would be better yet," he explained as he left the semblance of a trail and headed up a hill, clearing openings where there were none.

If he met someone he would say, "Have you heard 'the birds' today?" The friend would tell him just when and where he had seen them last.

From time to time he stopped, and as we waited silently, he would imitate their whistle, a short pair of phrases, one ascending and one descending. In vain we listened for an answer in the mist.

"These *animales* are very shy," he said. "I'll tell you what: you come back next April and I'll practice my whistle some more, and then we'll see them."

"It's now or never," we told him. "Let's try a little longer."

All we could hear was the "Cra-ank, burp, burp, burp, burp!" of the three-wattled bellbird. The *ranchero*, as Pedro called him, was constantly making himself heard overhead, but never a glimpse did we catch of that white bird.

We stopped at a clearing, dismounted, and admired a corresponding clearing in the sky. Then we heard it: a sweet, faint whistle for so large a bird. Our eyes were fixed on the tree-tops. Looking for a green bird in a green tree can be most baffling. If the quetzal didn't have the bright-red underparts, Pedro assured us, it would be almost impossible to sight it.

Luck was with us at last—and after searching in Mexico, Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, and Costa Rica, we saw the quetzals in that forest in Nicaragua. From tree to tree they flew, waving their curving plumes in glittering pride. My quest for a quetzal was ended. No, not quite. Now I want to go back and see them again!

From page 14

I'll write to them in the next letter. Can hardly wait to see you. Love, Bob."

As they parked the car and started walking toward the sanitarium, she teased, "I guess you figured it would be simpler to connect with a hospital somewhere and be on the safe side."

"No, you're wrong. I took this because I really believe God called me here," he answered seriously.

That settled it. But all the same, she couldn't help feeling that God and the new chaplain were sharing some sort of secret that concerned her and the hospital angle!

An hour later they left the sanitarium and entered their little apartment on Kennebec Avenue, in Takoma Park. Jeanie scrutinized it appraisingly with a view to creating a home from its inadequate little rooms. She felt perfectly at home here. She was back on familiar ground again. It never occurred to her or to Bob to be alarmed at the prospect of completely furnishing their new home on a limited budget. Why, she even dreamed of perhaps having something left over with which they could make a down payment on a little place in the country! They were back in the good old United States, weren't they? And she believed that almost anything could happen here.

How fortunate it was that she didn't then know that what she was dreaming up simply couldn't be done in Washington, D.C., with so little capital. If she had known that with the certainty and conviction that their potential friends and acquaintances knew it, their dreams would have ended right then and there.

The next few days were spent unpacking and getting things organized in the apartment. Then Jean shopped for fabrics to reupholster the second-hand furniture Bob had bought before his family came East.

"Hi, honey!" Bob opened the side door to their apartment one evening several months after their arrival and stepped into the kitchen, where his wife was preparing the evening meal.

"Why, you frightened me, dear. I didn't expect you quite so soon." She had swung about, startled. "I'm a little late because I finished making the bedspread today and covered the slipper chair for our bedroom. That pretty well puts the finishing touches on the apartment now, and I couldn't be happier

that it's done. The living room was the worst, of course, what with reupholstering that secondhand sofa and the two rather complicated chairs. Come on in and look at the bedroom now. It's looking lovely, I think."

"Looks real swanky. I never thought this room could put on such airs," Bob teased in mock surprise. "No, but really I knew that you'd do something special to it; you always do!"

Neither foresaw then that the simple but attractive decor of their small apartment would be the beginning of a career in interior design, which Jeanie had always dreamed of following as a side line to housekeeping.

"Now that we have the apartment pretty well finished up, we can invite more company in, can't we?" Bob asked into the semidarkness of the bedroom.

"I've been thinking the same," his wife replied. "There's nothing to compare with having one's friends in to share a meal now and then."

"There are so many people here we know," he went on, "friends in the General Conference who visited us in the mission field, workers we've known in our different fields of labor, students in the Seminary, old friends from college days, and so on." He took the new bedspread off the bed and laid it neatly across the newly covered slipper chair, then stretched out wearily on his side of the bed. "That little lamp on the dressing table doesn't give off much light," he mused, "but I guess it's better than nothing."

"It's the best we can do now," his wife said. "I picked it up in a second-hand store for a mere pittance. We'll have to do our reading in the living room."

There was no answer, so she knew he was sound asleep.

Next Week: "New Friends and Old."

The Mastermind

by ANDREW R. MUSGRAVE

THE stillness of the tropical night was broken by the ominous throbbing of the drums. Nayok paused to listen. He felt they were spelling out the crisis, his own personal crisis.

For more than forty years he had been a witch doctor to these people. He had been loved and respected, honored and feared. But this was the end. He had made known to them his decision to be a Christian. Now they were assembled to make known to him their decision. And in that assembly a mastermind worked with a cunning that matched only the blackness of the night.

The decision was swift, pointed, irrevocable. Exile!

Nayok was stunned by its harshness. Why? he questioned. This was the village of his birth! Where could he go? It was decreed that henceforth he must live as an outcast in the cemetery. He would not survive long in that fearsome place, the habitation of devils, where none ever ventured alone, even in daylight. His fate would serve as a warning to others who thought of becoming

Christians. This was the plan of the mastermind.

Nayok went to live in the gloom of the jungle cemetery two miles down river. There he built his bamboo house. There he planted his corn and rice. There he planted his fruit trees, for this was permanent exile, for he had determined never to return to witchcraft. There also he meditated and pondered the future—his and theirs. If they would not come to him, he must go to them. Their darkness must be broken.

In time his former friends stood in awe as they saw and listened to one whom the devils could not kill, who could live among the spirits and yet not perish. And one by one through the passing years they came to build their houses alongside his.

When I last visited the village of Rasa Bahru, Sarawak, twenty-six adults, with their children, were assembled for Sabbath worship in the little bamboo church. Seven more were added to the church by baptism that afternoon.

The greater Mastermind had prevailed.

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Sabbath School Lessons

SEPTEMBER 24, 1966

Prepared for publication by the General
Conference Sabbath School Department

SENIOR

XIII—Climax of God's Purpose

MEMORY VERSE: "And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God" (Rev. 21:3).

STUDY HELPS: *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 593-602 (chapter 58); *The Great Controversy*, pp. 662-678 (chapter 42); *The SDA Bible Commentary*; *SDA Bible Dictionary*.

STUDY AIM: To discover how God's eternal purpose will be realized.

Introduction

"Christ has given to the church a sacred charge. Every member should be a channel through which God can communicate to the world the treasures of His grace, the unsearchable riches of Christ. There is nothing that the Saviour desires so much as agents who will represent to the world His Spirit and His character. . . . All heaven is waiting for men and women through whom God can reveal the power of Christianity.

"The church is God's agency for the proclamation of truth, empowered by Him to do a special work; and if she is loyal to Him, obedient to all His commandments, there will dwell within her the excellency of divine grace."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 600.

Restoring the Lost Unity

1. What is the expressed purpose of Christ for us? John 14:1-3; 17:21-24.

NOTE.—"This is the divine purpose—the restoration of a lost unity. It must necessarily be in Christ, because He is the center of all things. All things were made by Him; He upholds all things by the word of His power; He is the center of the church and its supreme hope. The Christian life is no solitary adventure into the kingdom of God; the Christian is a member of a community, the body of Christ, the church. The unity of God's universe had been broken by sin. The mystery of God's will was His plan to restore this unity when the occasion was ready, a restoration to be accomplished through Christ. That mystery will find its culmination at the end of the great controversy, when all things in heaven and on earth will be united in Christ, and the character of the Godhead will have been vindicated."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Eph. 1:10.

2. In order that this divine purpose might be fulfilled, what special position and privilege become ours in Christ? Eph. 1:3-6; 1 John 3:1, 2.

NOTE.—"Your heavenly Father proposes to make you a member of the royal family, that through His exceeding great and precious promises you may be a partaker of the divine nature, having escaped

the corruption that is in the world through lust. The more you partake of the character of the pure, sinless angels, and of Christ your Redeemer, the more vividly will you bear the impress of the divine, and the more faint will be the resemblance to the world."—*Testimonies*, vol. 2, p. 44.

3. Through what body is this unity in Christ revealed to the world? 1 Cor. 1:10; Eph. 4:12, 13.

NOTE.—"The church is God's appointed agency for the salvation of men. It was organized for service, and its mission is to carry the gospel to the world. From the beginning it has been God's plan that through His church shall be reflected to the world His fullness and His sufficiency. The members of the church, those whom He has called out of darkness into His marvelous light, are to show forth His glory. The church is the repository of the riches of the grace of Christ; and through the church will eventually be made manifest, even to 'the principalities and powers in heavenly places,' the final and full display of the love of God."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 9.

4. What wonderful hope is a part of God's purpose for His children? Eph. 1:11-14. Compare 2 Tim. 4:8.

NOTE.—"In that day the redeemed will shine forth in the glory of the Father and the Son. The angels, touching their golden harps, will welcome the King and His trophies of victory—those who have been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. A song of triumph will peal forth, filling all heaven. Christ has conquered. He enters the heavenly courts, accompanied by His redeemed ones, the witnesses that His mission of suffering and sacrifice has not been in vain."—*Testimonies*, vol. 9, pp. 285, 286.

Destroying All Evil

5. How do the Scriptures describe the preparation for the "battle of that great day of God Almighty"? Rev. 16:13-16. Compare Joel 3:2, 14-16.

NOTE.—"Clad in the armor of Christ's righteousness, the church is to enter upon her final conflict. 'Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners' (Song of Solomon 6:10), she is to go forth into all the world, conquering and to conquer.

"The darkest hour of the church's struggle with the powers of evil is that which immediately precedes the day of her final deliverance. But none who trust in God need fear; for 'when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall,' God will be to His church 'a refuge from the storm.' Isaiah 25:4."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 725.

6. What awards will be given to the wicked and to the righteous? Matt. 13:39-43. Compare Rev. 14:14-20.

Praise

by ELAINE V. EMANS

Give the little gifts of praise
You have thought inconsequential.
They may well be in the eyes
Of receivers as substantial
As winged sandals for the feet,
As desirable as bread,
As necessary as a coat.
They may fill a pent-up need
As delightfully as flowers.
Give the praise uniquely yours.

NOTE.—"The tares are permitted to grow among the wheat, to have all the advantage of sun and shower; but in the time of harvest ye shall 'return, and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not.' Mal. 3:18. Christ Himself will decide who are worthy to dwell with the family of heaven. He will judge every man according to his words and his works. Profession is as nothing in the scale. It is character that decides destiny."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 74.

7. What is the ultimate fate of evil, sin, and Satan? Rev. 20:9, 10, 14, 15; 21:7, 8.

Redeeming His Purchased Possession

8. What representative names are inscribed on the gates and the foundations of the New Jerusalem? Rev. 21:12-14. Compare Heb. 11:10, 14-16.

NOTE.—"Then it is that the redeemed from among men will receive their promised inheritance. Thus God's purpose for Israel will meet with literal fulfillment. That which God purposes, man is powerless to disannul. Even amid the working of evil, God's purposes have been moving steadily forward to their accomplishment. It was thus with the house of Israel throughout the history of the divided monarchy; it is thus with spiritual Israel today."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 720.

9. Through whom is the dominion restored to God's chosen people? Dan. 7:13, 14, 22, 27.

NOTE.—"Fellow pilgrim, we are still amid the shadows and turmoil of earthly activities; but soon our Saviour is to appear to bring deliverance and rest. Let us by faith behold the blessed hereafter as pictured by the hand of God. He who died for the sins of the world is opening wide the gates of Paradise to all who believe on Him. Soon the battle will have been fought, the victory won."—*Ibid.*, pp. 731, 732.

10. In the earth restored what close relationship will be between God and the redeemed? Rev. 21:3, 7; 22:3, 4.

11. What is said of the relationship between God and the nations in the new earth? Rev. 21:24-26.

Living the Purpose of God

12. Where must the kingdom of God first be established if we are to inherit eternal life? Luke 17:21; Col. 1:26.

NOTE.—"Now, as in Christ's day, the work of God's kingdom lies not with those who are clamoring for recognition and support by earthly rulers and human laws, but with those who are declaring to the people in His name those spiritual truths that will work in the receivers the experience of Paul: . . . [Galatians 2:20 quoted.] Then they will labor as did Paul for the benefit of men. He said, 'Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.' 2 Cor. 5:20."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 510.

13. What responsibilities rest upon us as we bear witness to the power and salvation of God in our lives? 1 Peter 2:11, 12; 2 Peter 3:13, 14.

NOTE.—"The truth is soon to triumph gloriously, and all who now choose to be laborers together with God will triumph with it. The time is short; the night soon cometh when no man can work. Let those who are rejoicing in the light of present truth now make haste to impart the truth to others. The Lord is inquiring, 'Whom shall I send?' Those who wish to sacrifice for the truth's sake are now to respond: 'Here am I; send me.' Isaiah 6:8."—*Testimonies*, vol. 9, p. 135.

14. As we fulfill God's purpose for our lives what glorious assurance is ours for the future? Jude 24, 25; Heb. 10:34-37.

NOTE.—"Soon the garments of heaviness will be changed for the wedding garment. Soon we shall witness the coronation of our King. Those whose lives have been hidden with Christ, those who on this earth have fought the good fight of faith, will shine forth with the Redeemer's glory in the kingdom of God."—*Ibid.*, p. 287.

YOUTH

XIII—First Things First

MEMORY GEM: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6:33).

ILLUMINATION OF THE TOPIC: *Steps to Christ*, chapter "The Work and the Life"; *Education*, pp. 242-245; *Messages to Young People*, pp. 36-48, 265-267, 417, 418.

TARGET: To help me attain a happy Christian life through a complete surrender to Christ.

Introduction

"Christian culture of any of our abilities is an outgrowth of the cultivation of the spiritual experience. It is the fact that we are in the process of building a Christian life instead of an ordinary life that inspires us to the highest development of all our powers. An attractive Christian personality, Christian courtesy and speech and dress, and Christian tastes in art and music are phases of the whole Christian growth—the process of sanctification—and must never be removed from that setting. They are indications that sanctification is taking place."—T. H. JEMISON, *Facing Life*, p. 319.

1—Things That Only God Can Give

1. What principle, practiced by the widow of Zarephath, brought physical, mental, and spiritual blessings to her and her son? 1 Kings 17:13-16.

When the widow of Zarephath made the prophet of God a cake first, they ate of the meal and oil many days, her son was raised to life, and peace and comfort filled her heart. Remember, God always gives a great deal more in return for the service and obedience given by those who make God first in their lives.

Satan said to God concerning Job, "Doth Job fear God for nought?" (Job 1:9). And we know that God blessed Job far above all that he suffered. God never requires unrewarded service.

2. What parable did Jesus use to teach the truth that without Him we can do nothing? John 15:1-8.

"You have within you reach more than finite possibilities. . . . It is your privilege to turn away from that which is cheap and inferior, and rise to a high standard,—to be respected by men and beloved by God."—*Messages to Young People*, p. 47.

"It is the privilege of every youth to make of his character a beautiful structure. But there is a positive need of keeping close to Jesus. He is our strength and efficiency and power. We cannot depend on self for one moment."—*Ibid.*, p. 48.

3. By what means are the personality traits that make young people popular, such as patience, gentleness, goodness, and self-control, brought into the life? Gal. 5:22.

"Every soul is surrounded by an atmosphere of its own,—an atmosphere, it may be, charged with the life-giving power of faith, courage, and hope, and sweet with the fragrance of

love. Or it may be heavy and chill with the gloom of discontent and selfishness, or poisonous with the deadly taint of cherished sin. By the atmosphere surrounding us, every person with whom we come in contact is consciously or unconsciously affected."—*Ibid.*, p. 417.

2—Making God First

4. Who does Sister White say are the happiest people in the world?

"Those who in everything make God first and last and best, are the happiest people in the world."—*Ibid.*, p. 38.

5. How can we make God first in our lives? Matt. 22:37, 38; Ex. 31:13; Rev. 22:14.

"Some of them [Sabbathkeepers] are beautiful Sabbathkeepers. The Sabbath is a delight to them. They are never weary with its hours, and they never wish them to be gone. They are not idle upon the Sabbath day, though they may be in repose. The Sabbath is to them neither a burden nor an escape from life; it is an opportunity for communion with God and humanity. They are ready at its approach; they welcome its coming with song and prayer and praise. They have plans for study, for recreation, for converse and instruction and learning; and so they are never puzzled to know how to occupy themselves. They rejoice in the teachings of nature, the revelation of God, and they search the written Scriptures for illumination. They are ready to serve the needs of those about them, and they seek out the needy and the disconsolate and the sick, and minister to them. No other day in all the week is to them so precious, so fragrant with love, so filled with the glory of God. They are the Sabbath-blest."—ARTHUR W. SPALDING, *The Sabbath and the Sabbath Day*, chapter 1.

6. What principle will make the giving of offerings and paying of tithe a delight? 2 Cor. 8:5, 12.

Of our increase, the first tenth belongs to God. He gives the other nine tenths to us.

"Well, says one, the calls keep coming to give to the cause; I am weary of giving. Are you? Then let me ask: Are you weary of receiving from God's beneficent hand? Not until He ceases to bless you will you cease to be under bonds to return to Him the portion He claims. He blesses you that it may be in your power to bless others. When you are weary of receiving, then you may say: I am weary of so many calls to give. God reserves to Himself a portion of all that we receive. When this is returned to Him, the remaining portion is blessed; but when it is withheld, the whole is sooner or later cursed. God's claims is first;

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but according to a recent report by the Associated Press, Americans have been spending more for tobacco than for hospital care, and more for cosmetics, haircuts, and toiletries than for doctor bills. Spending for health care totaled \$25.2 billion in 1964, the latest year for which Department of Commerce figures are available. The total spent for hospital care in 1964 was \$7.6 billion, with \$7.8 billion spent on tobacco products.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

every other is secondary."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 150.

7. What is another "first" that is "good and acceptable to God"? 1 Tim. 2:1-3.

8. Name two more "firsts" that God desires to be seen in every church. Rev. 2:4, 5.

3—Loving God the Best

9. Whom should we love most of all? Matt. 10:37, 38. Why? John 3:16.

No one can cover up love. It will show in spite of all you might try to do. If you love a young man or a young woman, you will have his or her picture in your wallet where you can see it often. You will love to go to his or her home as often as possible. You will love to talk to him or her as much as you can. You will even go out of your way if by chance you might catch a glimpse of him or her.

10. To what places will our love to God take us? Heb. 10:25.

11. What attitudes will love to God inspire us to have in church?

"Another precious grace that should be carefully cherished is reverence."—*Education*, p. 242.

"Reverence is greatly needed in the youth of this age. I am alarmed as I see children and youth of religious parents so heedless of the order and propriety that should be observed in the house of God. While God's servants are presenting the words of life to the people, some will be reading, others whispering and laughing. Their eyes are sinning by diverting the attention of those around them. This habit, if allowed to remain unchecked, will grow and influence others."—*Messages to Young People*, p. 265.

12. When a person loves God supremely, what will he do with the Word of God? Ps. 119:9, 11.

"God's holy, educating Spirit is in His word. A light, a new and precious light, shines forth from every page. Truth is there revealed, and words and sentences are made bright and appropriate for the occasion, as the voice of God speaking to the soul."—*Ibid.*, p. 246.

"We should reverence God's word. For the printed volume we should show respect, never putting it to common uses, or handling it carelessly. And never should Scripture be quoted in a jest, or paraphrased to point a witty saying."—*Education*, p. 244.

13. When we love God, in what way will we endeavor to talk with Him often? 1 Tim. 2:8; 1 Thess. 5:17.

"Prayer is the opening of the heart to God as to a friend. Not that it is necessary, in order to make known to God what we are, but in order to enable us to receive Him. Prayer does not bring God down to us, but brings us up to Him."—*Steps to Christ*, p. 93.

4—Conclusion

14. Since every Christian grace needed for a pleasing personality that will make a young person well-favored and wanted by everyone is available in God, and since He is so willing to give us these things when we love Him and pray for them, what is the only reasonable thing for us to do? Matt. 6:33.

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

"See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all."
—ISAAC WATTS

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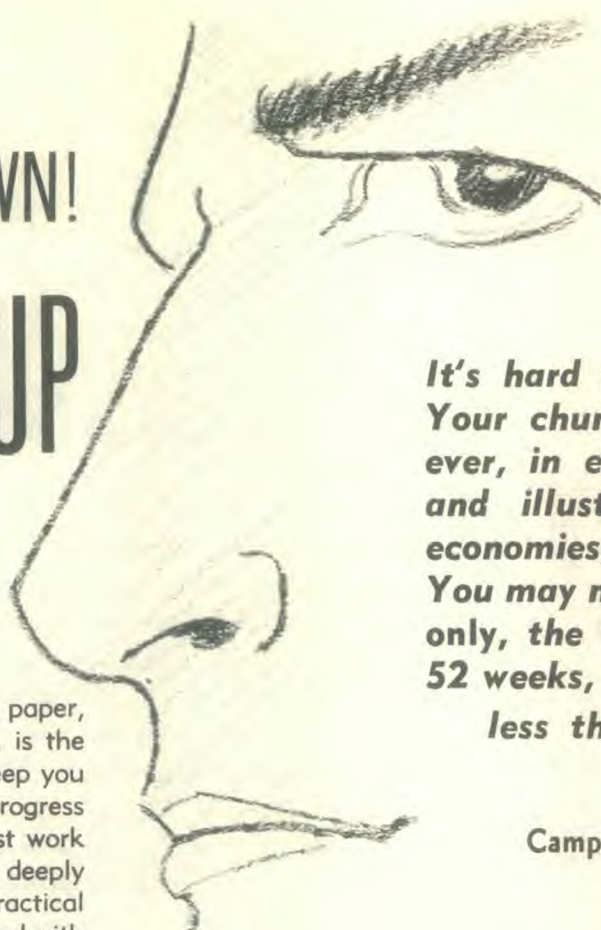
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► Concerned with rockslides on the American side, the United States Army Corps of Engineers plans to take a look inside Niagara Falls. The engineers will bore out two peepholes 250 feet back of the precipice on each side of the American Falls. Cameras will optically analyze the substrata to determine what measures the engineers should take against the growing problem of rockfalls. About 200,000 cubic feet of water a second flow down the Niagara River to the American and Canadian Falls. The United States has a big stake in preserving the flow since the torrents power the largest hydroelectric complex in the Western World.

National Geographic Society

► Discovery of the complete chemical structure of the human growth hormone is reported by a group of scientists in the Hormone Research Laboratory at the University of California. The discovery marks a major advance toward understanding how the powerful growth-promoting substance works, and increases the chances for its eventual synthesis in the laboratory. The new achievement reveals the exact sequence of 188 amino acid units—the basic chemical units of all protein substances—that make up each molecule of the hormone.

UCAL

► By micro-encapsulation, minute particles of a fluid are enclosed in a covering of some material (sometimes gelatin) with the result that the liquid looks like a powder. Gasoline thus treated can be made to look like a thick slice of bread, in which form it can be carried in a paper bag or dropped without further packaging from an airplane. Prior to use it must simply be crushed.

BBC

► One of the largest grain terminals in the world will be built fronting on Washington's Seattle waterfront. A \$15-million terminal will have a storage capacity of 5 million bushels of grain in 90, 30-by-90-foot-high silos, each holding approximately 50,000 bushels each. The interstices between them will store 12,000 bushels each.

GNR

► Basque shepherders and their descendants in the United States number an estimated 60,000. An annual Basque Festival is held each year in August at Elko, Nevada. Basques come from nearly every Western State.

National Geographic Society

► Tibetans are reputed to drink up to 40 cups of tea a day, flavored with rancid butter, salt, and soda.

EAW

► A white line drawn on the sidewalk in Rome, is all that separates the Vatican City from Italy.

Odhams

► Next to domestic fowl, starlings and house sparrows represent the largest population segment of the world's 100 billion birds.

National Geographic Society

► The Stony Brook campus of the State University of New York is initiating a system of small residential colleges of 200 to 400 students, designed to allow undergraduates, graduate students, and members of the faculty and staff to live together as a community of scholars. Each college will manage its own program, and have its own student government and extracurricular activities.

Science

► A new way of lifting and moving heavy objects—up to seven tons or so—consists in suspending them from the "ceiling" of an inflatable rubber hemisphere. The inflation—by means of a domestic vacuum cleaner—easily lifts the weight and the continued introduction of air produces a slight pressure in the cavity of the envelope thus giving a "hovercraft" effect. The whole is thus easily pushed by one man or towed over water.

BBC

► Every year, in January, tree-planting ceremonies are held up and down the country of Libya. Government officials, students, boy scouts, and local dignitaries plant saplings as a gesture symbolizing the importance of the tree to Libya. Since independence, the Forestry Department has planted 28 million acacia, eucalyptus, and pine trees on more than 55,000 hectares of sand dunes. With additional projects under way, it is expected that in ten years Libya's western region will have a living barrier comprising 100,000 hectares of man-made forests.

LDPR

► Pakistani craftsmen will soon begin writing the Quran, the holy book of Islam, in gold thread. The 140,000 words or so will be worked into specially selected satin by a team of ten highly skilled Moslem artisans. They will produce three copies, at a cost of about \$28,000 each. One copy is to be kept in the New Pakistani capital of Islamabad. The others will go to the Moslem holy cities of Mecca and Medina in Saudi Arabia. The work is to be completed by the end of next year's Ramadan festival, the beginning of the year 1387 in the Moslem calendar, which dates from the flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina.

EP



Radarscope

► Science came to the aid of archeology as the search for ancient Heliki, the city that vanished after a violent earthquake in 373 B.C., was begun in May by a joint Greek-American team. A portable cesium magnetometer is being used, capable of detecting buried structures by recording the slightest changes of intensity that they cause to the surrounding magnetic field. The current exploration on the south shore of the Gulf of Corinth is to discover whether the ancient town is under solid earth because of the silt carried in the last 2,500 years by neighboring rivers, or under the muddy sea bed.

IF, RGE

► Washington, D.C., led 62 major metropolitan areas in the United States in construction of new housing and apartments in 1965, reports the United States Bureau of the Census on residential building permits. Washington, second-place New York, and third-place Los Angeles-Long Beach, accounted for about one out of every eight new housing units authorized in the country.

AMA

► Wheat is probably cultivated over a wider range than any other crop. It grows at 10,000 feet in the highlands of Ethiopia and below sea level in the Imperial Valley of California. Wheat thrives within the Arctic Circle and in the tropics. The grain does best, however, in temperate regions where annual rainfall is between 12 and 35 inches.

National Geographic Society

► By the end of the summer of 1966 the Peace Corps had trained 36,000 people in 57 different languages and planned to add 20 more languages to the curriculum. A new minimum level of 300 hours of language training has been ordered in programs for countries where English is not the first language.

Peace Corps

► Almost half of New York City's residents were born abroad or are first-generation immigrants.

National Geographic Society

► There are 1.4 million Americans alive today, cured of cancer, the American Cancer Society says.

NIH



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