

The Youth's Instructor

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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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A Two-way Street

by DOROTHY EMMERSON

YOU want to have friends? Then be one! Don't wait for people to come to you first. Go ahead and initiate a friendship. Speak a thoughtful word to that timid girl. Encourage that lonely young fellow to open up. Be a good listener. If you're sincerely interested in people you will have many friends.

Friendship is a gradual "getting to know you" process and one of the most wonderful experiences a human being can have. Everyone needs friends to make life worth living. Certainly you are the poorer if you have no friends, for a friend is companionship when you are lonely; understanding when you have made a mistake; and strength when the load gets heavy. "There are mysterious links that bind souls together so that the heart of one answers to the heart of another." *

Sally and Betty were both fifteen and daughters of missionaries. Their friendship grew as long as Sally promised to be Betty's friend exclusively. (Sally liked lots of friends, and she should have known better than to get into this fix!) Of course the inevitable happened, and Betty got angry. Jealousy is pretty unpleasant stuff. In fact, any friendship that demands all of one's time and de-

votion to the exclusion of others is a friendship that strangles. Drop this type of friendship.

Some friends have a way of bringing out the worst in you. Somehow you don't behave quite so well around them. Perhaps they are cynical, so you become sarcastic too. Perhaps they are disrespectful, so you react by treating serious matters lightly. Maybe they are critical. Whatever it is, they seem to dampen any desire for right doing. Shun this type of friendship.

A good friend brings out the best in you. A good friend prays for you and with you when you are in trouble. A good friend radiates happiness and brightens your life. A good friend accepts you as you are without making demands. A good friend keeps in contact with you when you are away and is the same constant friend when you return. A good friend builds you up by his loyalty. A good friend leaves your name better than he found it. Cultivate this type of friendship.

It matters not how many friends you have so long as you behave like a good friend and witness to a personal contact with the Friend.

* The Adventist Home, p. 455.

Test

by JEAN CARPENTER MERGARD

His awkwardness tugs at my folded hands.
Impatience frets on my tongue.
Though my lips press back even mild commands,
Encouragement, praise are sung;
As slowly, unsteadily started then stopped,
Picked up, looped around, and twisted,
Belabored, the strings are tugged, then dropped,
Yet eagerly he has persisted.
How my fingers ache to tie the bow
And end what he's trying to do;
But my love is revealed by showing I know
He is ready to tie his own shoe.



The Jeweled Knocker

by ANN CLAYTON

MY NEIGHBOR was certainly proud of her jeweled door knocker! She had painstakingly installed the fancy trinket on her door only that morning, and was eager that it be admired.

"Isn't it darling!" she exclaimed.

"Darling" wasn't just the word I was thinking of as I smiled at her exuberance. She kept gloating over the little thing, pointing out the crest that adorned it, and the elaborate incrustations of jewels (very dime-storeish jewels!) that decorated all except the movable brass bar serving as the knocker.

I'm sure she didn't know why I was smiling. I hope she didn't suspect my real thoughts. For you see, Eunice, my happy-go-lucky little neighbor, is an atrocious housekeeper! In the dozens of times I have been in her home I have never seen her sink or drainboards. They are always hidden under stacks of soiled dishes, pots and pans, tin cans, bottles, and remains of food. Table and stove likewise are fairly staggering under leftover mealtime debris and accumulated odds and ends. Chairs

and couch are always piled with household clutter and draped with clothing.

Eunice can deftly scoop up the contents of one chair and transfer it to another so that I can be seated when I drop in for a quick visit. But she never seems embarrassed over the untidy house! She just doesn't seem to *know* it is disordered!

And now, as she invited me inside, past the new jeweled knocker, through the frowzy living room and into the messy kitchen, I was thinking my own thoughts. I couldn't understand anyone's having such incongruous tastes! A jeweled knocker simply doesn't fit on a door leading into such a deplorably upset house! Jewel-crested knockers belong on doors leading into tastefully furnished and immaculately kept homes. They advertise what is inside. You expect them to tell the truth.

Yet life is full of such paradoxes. Sometimes they creep into the lives of Christian believers. They did in Christ's time. The jeweled knockers were termed "whited sepulchres" then, hiding much uncleanness within. Jesus

challenged the religionists of His day first to cleanse "that which is *within*." He exposed their prevailing policy—to "say, and do not."

If only the counsel of Jesus, "Do not ye after their works!" were applicable only to those who failed to witness for Him at *that* time. But now, as then, the temptation to worldly conformity seems sometimes overpowering.

Once a friend asked me, "Why do most of you people own and watch TV when you think it is wrong to attend the theater? A movie is a movie, isn't it?" What could I say? Too many times the knob on that little magical box had been set to bring generous helpings of Satan's wit and drama into my own living room. Had I been more interested in idling away my time finding out who was to be queen for a day than in searching my heart on my knees to make sure of my reigning with Christ throughout eternity?

One of my cousins belongs to a small, little-known Protestant denomination. Of course, they do not know the prophecies, but they *do* know Jesus. Their

separated lives and simple habits of living and dressing are exactly as Seventh-day Adventists have been counseled to live and dress. I never see her that I do not wish that we, as members of God's remnant church, would follow our inspired counsel and give such witness. O that we could be what God desires us to be—that the jewels on the knocker of our heart's door might truly represent the Light of the world! Then there would be less room in our minds for such things as the latest fashions, the big-game scores, and the details on the newest models of whatever it is we think we must buy next.

We are perfectly willing to sing about telling the story of Jesus and His love, but how little of our conversation is about that love and mercy? While I was visiting recently with a group of girlhood friends, conversation drifted gaily from husbands to children, to grandchildren, to cars, to jobs. I was truly wanting to praise my Saviour for His numberless blessings, but as I sought for words to speak of His goodness the waves of lighthearted banter swept over me, and not wanting to be different, I remained silent. I cannot help wondering just how many in that group were as lacking in courage as I.

Peter admonishes, "What manner of persons ought ye to be in all *holy conversation*." How wonderful that we can be responsible for entries in the book of remembrance—that heavenly ledger into which goes the record of the thoughts and words of those who love the Lord and whose warmest affections and best energies belong to Him! If only I valued the privilege as I should!

I was thrilled a few Sabbaths ago to hear a General Conference worker telling of his recent trip into Korea, where he had formerly labored for many years. New members are being baptized there by the hundreds, the fruitage of the efforts of dedicated laymen. In one locality the church could nowhere near accommodate those who crowded in each Sabbath. It was finally decided to ask the "old" members to stay at home so the "new" members could occupy the seats. An "old" member was specified to be a person who had been in the church for two years.

Of course everyone wanted to come to meeting, so this plan caused much disappointment. It was decided to hold two services each Sabbath. Then as crowds increased, three, and finally four and five services were necessary to accommodate the eager listeners. No more than five could be held—it would have run past sundown and over into

Sunday! Yet I, living in privileged America, can scarcely be pried out of my comfortable home to do any type of missionary work!

Perhaps Gary, my young Adventist nephew, was wiser than he knew when he summed up the problem the other day in his own characteristic childish frankness. He had been invited to attend a prize fight in the company of a neighbor. Patiently his mother explained that we do not believe in fighting, nor do we attend prize fights. Then, feeling that he was old enough to begin to weigh such matters care-

Carol of the Law

by FRANCES OETTEL

Shepherd, look!
The sky's afire!
Hark! That star
Is angel choir!

"GLORY TO GOD
IN THE HIGHEST," then,
"ON EARTH PEACE,
GOOD WILL TO MEN!"

On
These luminous commands
All the law
And prophets stand!

fully and make his own decisions, she continued, "Jesus is coming soon now, darling. We wouldn't want to be found watching a prize fight when He comes. Daddy and I are going to prayer meeting. Wouldn't you rather come along with us?"

Solemnly the youngster considered a moment, then asked, "Do you think He will come tonight?" Her negative answer made him jump for joy.

"Oh, good!" he exclaimed. "If Jesus were coming tonight, I'd rather go with you to prayer meeting. But if He *isn't* coming tonight, then I'd rather go to the fight."

Seventh-day Adventists are acquainted with prophecy. I know very well the events and their order as they will take place before Jesus comes. There's a little time left yet—enough I reason, that if Someone should come knocking at my heart's door, I'd manage, like my friend Eunice, to snatch away some of the clutter in my life and make room for Him to step in-

side. I'd know when things got so serious that I should really get down to business about spending less time loving pleasure and more time loving God.

After all, I say to myself, the word *Adventist* means that I believe the Second Advent will occur soon. And because I'm a Seventh-day Adventist I keep the right day! The label is pasted out in plain sight—like a giant jeweled knocker. Everyone can see it. The activities of my church are written up in the papers and magazines these days, and we are accepted and approved as never before. But I wonder whether I honestly believe in the principles that my church stands for? Do I know individually—actually know—my own inner spiritual condition?

Or am I like the people of Noah's day? Jesus said they "knew not until the flood came."

Might I be like one of the Pharisees? Jesus reminded them, "Thou knewest not the time of thy visitation."

Or could I be acting like a true Laodicean? Jesus says of them, "And knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind."

Proudly I point out my "jewels"—the high claim to be a member of the church that will finish the reformation and prepare a people to stand when the wrath of God is being poured out upon an unrepentant world. And all the while I could be unknowingly robbing fellow men of the holy example of consecrated living that God intended me to be.

The genuine jewels of truth that should have wrought a complete change in my inner life and enabled me to be a "royal diadem in the hand of our God," could be lying unappropriated because I do not wish to pay the price it costs to make them effective. The Pearl of great price, mounted in the gold of faith and love, and wrought by the hand of the great Master Artisan into that priceless ornament of the Spirit-filled life—it costs everything. Am I willing to put forth the time and effort to obtain it? What would it mean to the heart of Jesus—and to the hearts of men—if I, along with all the others, would indeed become God's "peculiar treasure" daily dying unto the world and living unto Him?

May God grant to me the willingness to throw open the inmost recesses of my heart, that the heavenly Visitor may take up His abode and fill me with His glory! That the jeweled knocker may shine on the heart's door of one seeking to become "polished after the similitude of a palace."

The Holy Life

Cover Lights in home and church reflect the joy that prevails at Christmas time. This scene from Vermont was supplied by A. Devaney, Inc.

Tennessee "As homemaker, secretary, and student nurse, I rarely find time for much leisure reading. I am a lover of poetry, though, and believe THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR has some very inspiring and meaningful poems, especially those by Jane Merchant." MRS. JANE MOORE, Chattanooga.

Oregon "I am fifteen and am writing in reply to the question on the Sabbath school lessons in THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I study the senior lesson from it and enjoy it. I would also like to tell you that I have enjoyed the articles by Dr. Shryock." LINDA RIPPEY, Portland.

Pennsylvania "We have especially enjoyed the series of articles from the pen of Joe Engelkemier. . . . I would like to see this series brought out in a paperback book. It would be a good book for all age groups." HARRY C. HARTMANN, Levittown.

Massachusetts "Don't think for one moment that those recipes are ignored. I for one praise them. Such neat, ready-for-the-file gems, they are. I sort of felt sure there would be many raves from the younger cooks. After all, this twenty-three-year-oldster is carried away with the idea." MRS. CORA E. MITCHELL, Stoneham.

Illinois "Thank you so much for the recipes that your magazine brings us. Please continue them. We are adding them to our repertory of good eating. Since we may not always be in an area where Adventist health foods are available, the entrees that do not require these are especially appreciated." STUDENT NURSES OF HINSDALE.

• Our debt for the recipes is to the Seventh-day Adventist Dietetic Association.

Honest "Integrity, unswerving integrity, is the principle that you need to carry with you into all the relations of life."—MYP 36.

What you are as a professed Christian is of far-reaching consequence. You may keep yourself ever so busy with "good works." But if your private, personal living is out of kilter, your influence can be short-circuited. If your public performance still reveals glaring inconsistencies, profession will do more to hurt than it will to help the church. Whatever you nurture that spoils your reflection of the teachings of Scripture tarnishes your name plate.

Timothy was a youth when a letter was delivered to him. "Let no man despise thy youth," Paul had written. It was a tall order that he handed the young man. "Be thou an example of the believers."

According to *The SDA Bible Commentary*, "The phrase may be rendered 'an example to the believers,' that is, a model of conduct to be imitated by those who believe."

Of Timothy the messenger of the Lord wrote, "He was a mere lad when chosen by God as a teacher; but so fixed were his principles by a correct education that he was fitted for this important position." "When Timothy was little more than a boy, Paul took him with him as his companion in labor."

In what was he to be an example? In his speech; in his manner of life; in his representation of true love; in unswerving faith; in unsullied morals.

The time to lay your foundations for a holy life is while you are young. Then habits can be formed that will serve as safeguards as well as guidelines for reaching Christian maturity.

One year while I was attending Washington Missionary College, I purchased rail fare to New York City for a long weekend. I was weary from a summer's work and felt the need of a complete break in routine before registering for a new session.

I remember almost nothing of the New York stay, except that I engaged a room in a hotel on Times Square, took some food to my room, and practically hibernated for two days and nights. I do recall that after the Sabbath had closed, I went into Times Square to rub shoulders with people and study their faces. Conceivably it was then that I began to shape my plans to serve in the organized program of the church. Anyone who stands for fifteen minutes or half an hour just watching people go by, if he has any intuition at all, recognizes that the vast multitudes of men are hurried, harried, and most unhappy in the true meaning of the term.

But the Christian has a God-given right to happiness—both here and hereafter. For no matter what the problem, how severe the trial, how bleak the outlook, there is ever the uplook in Christ's name.

Astronauts think they have really experienced something when they fling themselves around the earth. But do you know, I pray to the very God whose power keeps it spinning in its course. So can you. And through fellowship with our God—genuine, realistic, matter-of-fact fellowship with Him—we grow into His image.

WTC

coming next week

- "EDGES"—"All that weekend I debated with myself. Could I afford to lose this job? It was now midwinter, and jobs were scarcer than before. A year ago it wouldn't have mattered so much." By Elfriede Volk.
- "PILOT IN A HURRY"—Frank returned from California, eager to begin instruction. Then Phaize really dropped a bombshell when he announced, "By the way, I'll have only a month here, Frank." By Dorothy Webb Newgard.

The Teen-ager's Gr SIN

by WILLIAM LOVELESS



THERE is no suggestion that God has a Hit Parade of Sins (you know, the top ten), and this subject, "The Teen-ager's Greatest Sin," is not an attempt at dramatics. A catalog of teen-age sins might include drinking, smoking, drug addiction, sexual indulgence, swearing, and telling off-color stories. But here is a sin that can be as debilitating and pervading as any of these on the mind and soul and spirit of teen-agers. A teen-ager's greatest sin is wasting time.

Can wasting time indeed be the pervading problem of this "beat" generation, today's pampered and affluent teen-agers, running around in cars, enjoying new liberties?

If you examine the Old and New Testaments, you will find throughout that idleness, the wasting of time, is seen as one of the most serious faults of man. Ellen White has labeled idleness the worst curse of the world. The Bible begins with a time statement, "In the beginning." And in Revelation 10 comes the announcement by a mighty angel, "Time shall be no more."

It is in this present life that time is of the essence. In this little bit of time that is given to us, much is expected and much is possible. The moment we are born we begin to die. In this space of fleeting time we must grow and

learn, enjoy and experience life, be confronted with Christ and see God's will for our lives. We shall someday give an account for the use of time. We can never stand in the presence of God and say, "I didn't have time, Lord. I was too busy."

How do teen-agers waste time? They waste time on useless friends. Now, we believe that no one can be called useless. Every person is of ultimate value in the sight of God and must be valued as such. But there are relationships that develop between people which are useless, which are basically a complete waste in terms of growing, in terms of a commitment, in terms of raising the level of our own lives and understanding.

Wasting time on useless friendships is not a behavior that is exclusive with teen-agers, of course; they are simply picking up the tab of adult hypocrisy. The environment is created for them. The adults are doing a magnificent job of handing them a tab that has discontinuity written all over the face of it. The distractions and the discontinuities of an adult society usually are lodged and re-emphasized in a teen-age world, and so the teen-ager comes to this problem of wasting time, and of useless friendships, in a society that has tailor-made it.

When we speak of friendships, we include friends of the same sex and those of the opposite sex. There are

some teen-age girls who do well with the fellows and very poorly with girls, and the converse is true. And then, because of insecurities and needs to belong to the group in which they are, teen-agers enter into exclusive arrangements with those of the opposite sex to the neglect of those of the same sex, and thereby lose some of the subtle techniques and skills of friendship during teen-age years.

A couple that spend all their waking moments together to the exclusion of anyone else fail to develop friendships that will continue in the years of marriage, friendships with members of the same sex. It is such relationships that can be continued and enriched in the after years. The wife's old boy friends won't stop by for dinner; and her husband's old girl friends won't come by Saturday night!

These ties with people of the same sex are important kinds of friendships. Time must not be wasted and frittered away in meaningless and useless relationships that block other valuable ones.

Of course, friendship with the opposite sex is an important part of life, too, and should be fostered by the parents and by the church. But when he enters the adult society, the teen-ager is really mystified by what adults create for him, by the hypocrisy of their own existence.

Consider the fare provided in prime

From a sermon first preached at Sligo Seventh-day Adventist church, Takoma Park, Maryland, March 5, 1966.

time on the adult-managed television programs. The near-cultural and spiritual vacuum on mass media is deplored in magazine articles, speeches, and books. But the same thing continues. Television and radio, movies and magazines, newspapers and advertisements are sex saturated. In essence, they are constantly saying, Look, read, be stimulated. Make your friends on this basis. Adult hypocrisy has written the tab, and the teen-agers pick it up as they begin forming their friendship with the opposite sex. Sexual attraction seems to be a pretty important thing to have, a pretty important thing to base a friendship on.

A young teen-age girl should assess the kind of young men that attempt to date her. Does she have to fight them off? Or does she give in after the appropriate exhibition of shyness and propriety? She gives in to be popular, of course. She doesn't have to do this to be popular, but her society has imposed this conviction upon her.

Anyone who feels that you can put together an automobile and teen-agers in this sex-saturated society in which we live and not have trouble is deaf, dumb, and blind. Teen-agers are not deaf, they're not dumb, and they're not blind. Unfortunately they see too much, and they hear too much, from their adult world. And then out of the other side of its mouth an adult population imposes its code of behavior.

To complicate her position socially, the young teen-age girl is discussed at length in the local bull sessions following each date. The standard question often asked after a weekend is, "What did you get?" Oftentimes a young lady's reputation and behavior are cataloged for possible exploration later by someone else, who wishes then to share his exploits in detail.

As a minister I have had opportunity to watch the forming and re-forming of boy-girl relationships. This emerging interest in the opposite sex is something that all adults should learn to expect. Young men just seem to gravitate where the girls are. It's rather like moths and honey. I have also had opportunity to share in the aftermath—or post-mortems—of some of these friendships.

Many very attractive, sought-after girls are dismayed by their dates' be-

havior. Some of them have asked me, "Where will I find just one man that won't try to be an octopus? He seemed like such a nice fellow, but when I went out with him Saturday night, he was all arms." And young women whose marriages are on the rocks have told me, "I'm amazed at the men who call me; it's like vultures going to the prey."

You can make worthless friendships, contributing nothing. Or you can set the pace for relationships that value and enrich the whole person. How important it is that early in life you accept the fact that time is a talent to be accounted for, even when it is spent with friends. God has carved out for you a little bit of eternity. It is given to you to use and to learn, to grow, to become a person to be confronted by Christ, to accept Him as your leader. Don't waste your time on worthless friendships.

While you are making friends, what about making friends with your parents? Often there is tension and strife in a home where there are teen-agers. Psychologists call it the period of storm and stress. There is rebellion against the standards of the family, the religion of the family, and the rules of the family. Everything at home is dismissed as useless or nonvital, and, unfortunately, many teen-agers never grow beyond the point of rebellion. Barriers between them and their parents are forever present.

They say, "Well, I'm unhappy and certain things in my life are my parents' fault. I'm insecure because they were fighting all the time. I'm dependent because they were too protective. It's their fault I am this way." A child rarely considers that his parents could blame their parents and their grandparents, and where would you stop in drawing the line?

When we come to the Lord Jesus we realize that our parents are people too. We look upon mother now as something besides a laundress, cook, and maid, and dad is more than a car lender, a banker, and part-time kill-joy. Parents are seen, suddenly, as people, people with very real needs, people who want to be friends of their teen-agers. The teen-ager says, "Well, they don't understand me. Dad's never around. Mother is working. She's always busy. They're tired. They're not interested in me."

But the teen-ager is now old enough to take some initiative toward them. There has been no accounting of the many times they have gone into his

bedroom when he was just a little one and watched him while he was sleeping. He has not always known of their hopes and prayers for him to improve his time—even more efficiently than they have. He is not usually aware of how often his education has come first, before many of their personal concerns. Their hopes that he will grow up to amount to something, to be someone who can be unashamed of himself and of whom they can be proud, are not always articulated. They may seem busy and grouchy; they may be grouchy and busy.

But now their son is old enough, as a teen-ager, to begin acting as an adult, to take the initiative to become friends, and perhaps to reserve a few times for the exclusive purpose of gaining an understanding of these people who brought him into the world and who, whatever they might be, represent a relationship with him that can be matched by no others. To improve that relationship is not a way to waste time; it is a valuable use of time, because it tends to dignify both the child and the parent.

Teen-agers waste time on insignificant and selfish plans. One of the prime jobs of a teen-ager is to obtain an education. This is an important part of the teen-age experience. God is seen as the Lord of the classroom. There are people who say, "My ties with the church are tenuous; I'm not clear about my obligations to an organization, but Jesus is still my Saviour." Isn't that nice? It's as if Jesus as Lord has no claim on their lives.

To waste time in school is another rejection of Jesus as Lord. He is also Lord of the classroom. Getting grades and using every ability is as important as attending church. To discipline the mind is just as much an act of devotion as are more overt acts of worship. Christian students recognize Christ as the Lord of the mind. He says, "Serve Me with your mind, your strength, and your soul." These years of education must not be frittered away. What a tragic spectacle is a man thirty or forty whose life demonstrates the fruits of wasted time, years lived by an insignificant and selfish plan.

When the school year begins each September, students all across the country face the opportunities of studying, of learning, of growing. Yet many of them, in spite of adequate ability, fritter away their time. The night before the test they sit up all night. The night before the paper is due they grab a couple of encyclopedias and a refer-

ence book or two, take some pills, and write all night to meet a deadline. After the first six or nine weeks their names no longer appear on the student roster. Among those who wash out are some of the finest minds in the nation—wasted on worthless, insignificant, selfish plans.

God has an alternative plan. One of the big concerns of any dedicated young person centers here: How do I know what God wants me to do? At the outset it may be determined that His plan for everyone includes service. Any plan that eliminates service is an

salary. He was settling down to find his niche in the Mellon empire. Six years later, his marriage on the rocks, Larry Mellon took 200 thousand dollars and went to Arizona to try his fortune at ranching. He had a swimming pool, of course, a couple of airplanes and a helicopter, plus a presentable car, to help him get his enterprise under way comfortably. He had remarried and was in his mid-thirties when he sat down one night to read a magazine. There he found a story of Albert Schweitzer. He really wasn't too impressed with the text of the story,

mitted him. His wife enrolled in the school of nursing. At the age of forty-four he finished medicine. His wife had finished nursing and a laboratory technician's course. Now the great Larry "Playboy" Mellon began to look for the most needy place in all the world to serve. He was turning his back on insignificant, selfish plans.

For one of his graduate papers during a year's fellowship at the Ocean Clinic in New Orleans he had gone to Haiti to study tropical ulcers. There he discovered his place of service. Ninety miles southwest of Port-au-Prince, in the jungle, he found a territory so primitive in places that the people didn't even know what a wheel was. They didn't have a wheelbarrow, they didn't have a cart, they didn't even have a water wheel. In an area with a million people there were no doctors, only witch doctors.

Larry Mellon and his wife and four children landed there in the summer of 1954. He is white-haired now—prematurely gray, a distinguished-looking man, heir to one of America's greatest fortunes. Ninety miles into voodoo land he started with native labor to build a home that soon became infested, his wife says, with rats and cockroaches.

Two years later the hospital with ninety-five beds was built by native labor. Schweitzer Memorial Hospital was ready to open with Larry Mellon, assisted by his wife as a nurse and laboratory technician, and four other doctors, operating the hospital. They are still there today.

What are Larry Mellon's plans for the future? When he has trained the natives, he plans to turn the hospital over to them. They will operate it for themselves. Then he is headed for the headwaters of the Amazon River, in the interior of Peru. "That," says Larry Mellon, "is where I plan to spend the rest of my life."

Insignificant plans and selfish plans are a waste, young friend. Don't waste your time. While nations are arming to the teeth, men are devoting their lives and all that they have to the cause of war. Great church leaders around this world are sitting around tables devising peace proposals. Yet we are in a war with Satan and engaged in a great controversy. Are we sending our best young men and our best young women, training them to be soldiers for Christ? Or are we training them to be pillars in some self-centered local church?

Bayonets and bombs have been placed where our Bibles haven't been. Beads

To page 20

A Christmas Prayer

by GEORGE L. EHRMAN

I pray that I will never be
A busy inn . . . too busy now
To be a kind and gracious host—
But make Him feel at home somehow.
May Jesus be a welcomed guest
And know He is a treasured part
Of all my life . . . of all my thoughts . . .
Of all the love within my heart.

unequivocally insignificant and selfish plan, destined never to bring happiness.

Larry Mellon is a man to ask about insignificant plans. Larry grew up on Squirrel Hill in Pittsburgh, the great-grandson of Andrew Mellon, one-time Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, heir to a great fortune in America. Larry spent all summer in Canada in a château, all winter in Florida in a houseboat on the coast. When things got dull, he could entertain himself on the 225-foot yacht sleeping twenty-four, cruising down to the Caribbean, over the Mediterranean and to Monaco, or wherever fancy took him.

Larry grew up and enrolled in college. He spent a year at Princeton, but tired of school. (What need is there for Princeton when you own the Gulf Oil Company and the Mellon National Bank in New York?) He drifted into New York City and took a job as a minor official in Mellon National Bank. In due time he married. Everything looked good. He became part of the society where the greatest sin is to wear the same dress twice.

When he tired of working at the bank, he drifted into the Gulf Oil Company, a minor position with a good

but he looked at the face of the missionary and mused, "That face is so serene. I wonder . . . maybe that's what I should be doing."

A couple days later he caught his wife on a ladder while she was painting on the back porch. "Honey," he announced, "I'm going to take medicine."

"What do you want to take medicine for?" she wanted to know.

"Well," he said, "a couple nights ago I was reading a magazine article about Albert Schweitzer. I took a look at that serene face and I said, 'That's something I have never felt.'"

But where should he go to school? Nobody would admit him. He was too old to start medicine. He hadn't even finished college. He had to pursue pre-medical subjects and a college degree as well. At thirty-four, he applied at Tulane University in Louisiana.

"You are going to feel rather strange here, Mr. Mellon," the officials said, "with these eighteen- and nineteen-year-old college freshmen taking general chemistry and other prescribed courses."

"That's all right," he replied. "Just let me in."

Very reluctantly the officials ad-

"I Want to Tell Mr. Clinton WHY"

by **SHERMAN A. NAGEL, M.D.**

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

IN A few hours Mr. Oribo and I reached the Adventist Hospital at Ile-Ife. It was a joy to have him as a guest in our home, to meet my family and our staff, to speak to the students in the school of nursing, and to preach on the Sabbath at the hospital church. His face glowed with the joys of his new-found faith. None of us who heard him will soon forget his story or his voice, which spoke with such clarity and conviction that Sabbath day.

Ibadan, the seat of government for the Western Regions of Nigeria, is 54 miles west of the Ile-Ife Hospital. Mr. Oribo knew many people in government, and hoped to be able to see one man especially. "I want to tell Mr. Clinton why I have become a Seventh-day Adventist."

Mr. Clinton was then chairman of the Western Regions Housing Development Corporation of Nigeria. Though busy with his office he still found time to keep up his newspaper columns, some of which were printed in papers in the United Kingdom. This government official, a lawyer of considerable renown, had come from a family with long legal background, for his father was one of the early overseas-trained lawyers in the Eastern Regions of Nigeria.

We drove up in front of a modern two-story stone home, surrounded by beautiful grounds. I noticed a 220S Mercedes parked in the garage. At Mr. Oribo's knock, a tall stately appearing gentleman dressed in Western attire came to the door. The two men greeted each other with an expression of fond-



D. S. Oribo carries out business operations with two of his employees in the bakery office.

Eggs from the poultry shed are ready for the consumers' market.





Above: The Daso loaves of bread are for sale on the shelves of the Kingsway store that is pictured at the left.



ness demonstrated only among very close friends.

I was introduced, and we were both cordially welcomed into the spacious, richly furnished living room. I was most impressed with Mr. Oribo's translations. He had not told me that Mr. Clinton was deaf, and that he had become so following an illness he had had about ten years before. In order to keep up their old friendship and to be able to converse with Mr. Clinton, Mr. Oribo had taught himself the sign language.

This was a thrilling moment in my life. For most of two days Mr. Oribo stayed in that home, telling his old friend the joys of his new-found faith, telling it not with his voice, but with his fingers, and with the expression of love on his face.

Later in the week we made a quick visit to the Book and Bible House of the West Nigerian Mission, where he purchased about \$25.00 more of Ellen G. White's books. He had told me how often he and his wife, Dorothy, had stayed up until one or two o'clock in the morning reading these wonderfully inspired writings.

He wanted to visit the Adventist Col-

lege of West Africa also while he was in the Western Regions of Nigeria. There he met Howard Welch, the principal, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Riley, and other members of that consecrated faculty. There he spoke also to the student body of this young theological seminary.

But during his visit at the college he was most impressed with the bakery. Mrs. Riley had been the originator and driving force of that new department of the school.

Mrs. Riley, a nutritionist, pioneered the setting up of a nutritional program for the new college, with not only a menu made up largely of locally grown foods but one free from flesh foods. It was the second Adventist institution in West Africa to adopt this menu, the Ile-Ife Hospital School of Nursing having been the first.

The development of this menu necessitated the baking of good whole-wheat bread. With encouragement from Pastor Welch, who saw in this a possible industry for the school, she took charge of the bakery. Though faced as the college was with the usual financial problems of missionary projects, those in charge pressed forward.

At the time of Mr. Oribo's visit the college bakery was already going well. They worked with most limited and crude facilities. The oven could take only eighteen loaves at a time; still, hundreds of loaves of bread were going out each week from the bakery, stamped with the name of the college, and placed in leading grocery stores in Lagos, Nigeria's capital, and in Ibadan, Africa's largest colored city.

I had already spent considerable time speaking to Mr. Oribo and his wife about the basic principles of our health message. I stressed the fact that all these instructions, given by God in love, were for the spiritual and physical welfare of His people. I explained to him that we do not abstain from this or that as an act of penance. We are not earning salvation by being vegetarians or abstaining from tea, coffee, alcohol, and tobacco, but we are building stronger bodies and minds to be used in God's service.

Mr. Oribo was not only zealous in knowing for himself and his family the basic principles of healthful living but he also wanted to share them with others.

From his visit to the college and the inspiration he received from Mrs. Riley, he came back home (about 500 miles away) and started a small bakery. In the past twelve months, with hard work and by following the instructions God has given, Mr. Oribo has made a good start in establishing a health food business. Each week his bakery is turning out hundreds of loaves of whole-wheat bread, a new commodity in the Eastern Region of Nigeria. As soon as he is able to get the technical staff and the means, he plans to launch out into other lines of health foods.

On each loaf of bread that goes out is the name of the Adventist church, and Mr. Oribo finds another avenue to witness for the Lord Jesus. Two Sabbaths ago I watched the baptism of the second daughter of the Oribo family.

God has families like this in all countries of the world. Many are still outside the remnant church. God knows who and where they are, and in His own time and through His faithful agencies, the call will come to their ears as it came to the Oribos: "Come out from among them, and be ye separate."

Are we among God's faithful and wise servants, giving "meat in due season"? If so, we soon shall hear the thrilling words, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

It Takes a Thief

by CORAMAE THOMAS

THEY were the first thieves I ever knew. And somehow I'll always feel responsible for what they did, for in a way a lot of what happened was my fault.

I think it all began in the cafeteria the first day of the big rain. Our school didn't have a gymnasium; so when the weather was bad we were left during physical education period to entertain ourselves in the cafeteria. We were in the second semester of the ninth grade, big wheels on the junior high school campus. But the biggest wheels of all were in the special clique that contained the officers of the student association. Oh, how I had longed to be part of that elite group. And now it was beginning to look as though I would be if I could just handle matters right. I was at a table with my new friends when Dolly came up.

She was a kind of hanger-on who trailed after me most of the time. I had known Dolly in kindergarten before her mother married again and they moved away. When they moved back a year ago, I was the only person that she knew. She didn't make friends easily, and I was stuck with her.

At first I felt sorry for her. Better than anyone else did, I knew how she felt. I knew that the fancy clothes she wore and the lovely gifts her stepfather gave her seemed to her to be consolation prizes to make up for the way he

and her mother petted her pretty little half sister. I even understood that the "dumb" things she did were just to get attention. I hadn't minded so much at first the way she tagged after me. But now that I had hopes of getting into the student association crowd, I wanted her to stay away from me.

So when she came up to our table I wasn't glad to see her. Ella was telling me a story. It was very funny. Ella's stories always were. The whole group always listened when she told one. She was my ideal, and now she had singled me out with her attention. I sat entranced.

She stopped talking when Dolly came up, and we all sat quietly looking at the interrupter. Dolly blushed, and suddenly I realized that she thought we had been talking about her. Let her, I thought. Why does she always have to turn up just when I'm making some headway with the crowd?

"Did I interrupt something?" she asked.

"Tell her, Ella, tell her," urged one of the boys. "It's a good one."

"Oh, no!" said Ella. "I'm sure she's too young."

"Too innocent you mean!"

"Or too ignorant!"

"Iggy Inny Dolly!"

"Iggy Inny Dolly!" they echoed.

Dolly stood silently a moment. I could see the tears gathering in her eyes just before she turned away.

Part of me wanted to go after her and put my arms around her, but part of me was echoing "Iggy Inny Dolly" with the others, and I stayed.

The rains lasted for two more weeks, but Dolly did not come back to our table until the last day. She invited us to a party. She was making another try to get into the crowd. I was a regular part of it by then, and I voiced my opinion with that of the others, "Wouldn't she ever learn that we didn't want her?" I didn't know then that this try would be her last one.

Her parents weren't around for the party, and she hadn't planned it very well. When the evening began to drag, she served her refreshments. They were much more elaborate than we were used to at parties, but they didn't last long. We were soon bored again. Wouldn't you know that Dolly wouldn't know how to give a good party?

Ella called some of us to a corner

and suggested we leave the party and go down to the park on the river. Our whispered plans spread. Quickly we paired off and took our leave.

"Sorry we have to leave, Dolly. Nice party."

"Had a nice time."

"Yeah, gotta go. 'Bye."

So we left her at the door. I looked back as I reached the sidewalk. She was leaning against the doorframe. She seemed to kind of crumple as I watched her.

We went to high school soon after that. We didn't ask her to join us while we registered and arranged to have our classes together, and she didn't come around. During the next few months I saw her sometimes in the hall. She was always alone. She seemed to have lost something somehow; she looked kind of empty.

Then I didn't see her for a while. I heard that she was going to another school. The next year she came back to our school. I heard that she hadn't gotten along in the other school very well either.

In our senior year she finally found some friends. Or maybe they found her. After her party she never seemed to talk much or try to be included anywhere.

I didn't think much of her new friends. They were mostly boys, and they looked tough. I saw her with them one day at the swimming pool. She introduced me to them. Later when we were alone for a few minutes, I said, "Your friends don't seem to me to be quite your type."

"Maybe not." Then she looked straight at me. "But they like to have me around."

She stayed around them, too, especially two of the boys. The day we graduated from high school a picture of the three of them was in the paper. They had been caught robbing a bus driver. It was their third job. Dolly was graduated *in absentia*. The arrest was all we could talk about after the exercises.

I've thought about it a lot since. Maybe as Ella's mother said, Dolly just had a bad streak in her. But I can't help thinking, it wouldn't have happened if the crowd hadn't stolen her self-respect.

As I said, they were the first thieves I ever knew. I wish I hadn't been one of them.

Prognosis—

Doubtful

by FAYE THOMAS

OUTSIDE my window the streets were lonely and deserted. The fog misted down around the nurses' home, seemingly shutting us off from the bright lights of the city. A single neon sign blinked on and off in a steady rhythm. I leaned an elbow on the sill.

What did the ambulance bring this time? A bad accident? I wondered whether some of them might be already "gone"—as I had learned evasively to term death. Was there a mother or perhaps children sobbing bitterly and asking, "Why? Why did it happen?" I crawled back under my blankets and let sleep erase my troubled thoughts. Morning crept into reality, and the cold autumn sun drenched my corner of the room.

"Emergency Room, today," the supervisor had told me, and I was excited. I was there several minutes early and caught the night nurse leaving.

"How was your night? I heard enough ambulances come in."

"We ran all night—and you will today, Miss Thomas. Two carbon monoxide cases—really a shame." Her dark eyes told me she was worried. "The older one may make it but . . . well, I don't know about the girl."

"Yes, not more than about twenty, I'd guess. I must catch my bus. Have a good day!" She hurried out the door.

"Barbara Lange, Dr. Hesong," the name tag said. It didn't tell me much about this pallid, unconscious form. Her lips were blue, and I could see a tracheotomy, or opening into the windpipe, had been performed to help her obtain oxygen by tube.

Later, as I charted my case, a handsome but bewildered young man stopped outside the chart room.

"Nurse," he said timidly, "pardon me—could you tell me when Dr. Hesong will be here?"

Dr. Hesong had been charting across the room from me, and before I had time to answer he was on his feet.

"Can I help you, sir? I'm Dr. Hesong. Oh, yes, you're a relative of Miss Lange, aren't you?"

"Well—not exactly," his face flushed slightly, "but I wanted to ask about her. How is she, doctor? She will be all right, won't she? I'm Dan Harris."

Dr. Hesong was quiet a long time. He looked older than his middle age. His frame was stooped. I knew he was searching for a good answer.

"I don't want to give you false hope, son, but Barbara is in critical condition. If she does live, she may not be normal. But never limit God."

The young face became very serious. He turned from the chart room, then paused and looked back. "May I see her?"

Dr. Hesong looked at me.

"Yes, I think it would be all right. I'll go with you," I said, and showed the way to her room. I tried to prepare him for what he would find. "Barbara won't understand anything you say; she's in a deep coma. And you can stay only a few moments."

As we entered the room Dan became pale. I watched his brown eyes find her face, and I could see he was weeping inside.

"Barbara," he said softly, "Barbara, I love you."

"She must be very close to you."

He didn't look away from her as he answered. "Today . . ." He paused, almost overcome with emotion. "Today was to be our wedding day."

"Oh—I'm so sorry!"



"Our suitcases are at the motel. The church is ready. I just can't believe it. She was staying with her aunt and cousin—who was to be her maid of honor. Someone closed the damper on the fireplace last night—it just happened that way." The young man was unable to hold back his problems and tears any longer.



so young—so pretty—so perfect.” He paused, then turned to leave the room. “Does everyone ask that, Miss Thomas? Why does it happen to me? Why? I don’t know anything about God. Before now, I didn’t care to. Now I care terribly much.”

He walked through the hallway in silence. At the door he turned and whispered, “Thank you,” and went out into the street as if in a daze.

My thoughts were in a turmoil. My head ached and my heart cried out to help in a way that no medical knowledge could help.

As I entered Barbara’s room from time to time, I searched her dark face for some glimpse of hope, some sign of improvement. But her life was hanging by a small thread and I had seen such frail threads snap before. “God’s will”—the words came back to me but

I didn’t want to think of them. No—no! It can’t be God’s will for people to die at such happy times.

I tried to think that perhaps they would have had an unhappy marriage, anyway. Maybe they would have hated each other before it was over.

Maybe.

But the tears in Dan Harris’ brown eyes argued this thought. He would have done anything for her. I knew it.

Dr. Hesong had told Dan not to limit God, and I had agreed that miracles still happened. But what did I know about miracles? I had never seen one. At least, not of the kind that would cause Barbara to become well and beautiful again.

The day went slowly, and when the nursing supervisor told me I was assigned to work the remaining week caring for Barbara, I was disappointed.

“I’m sorry to bother you with all this, Miss—”

“Miss Thomas. It’s no bother, I assure you. I’m just dreadfully sorry. Remember what the doctor said, Mr. Harris. Things look bad to us, but medicine doesn’t know many things. Miracles still happen.”

“Why did this happen to us? She was

The problem of the young couple seemed so hopeless that I wanted to get away—to find something I could handle again. I didn't want to watch Barbara die. And I couldn't bear to watch Dan as she was dying.

I had met death before, but it was different—a cardiac patient, a widow of sixty-eight on East Annex. And there was a child who had never been "right" and had suffered each day he had lived.

But here was Barbara, beautiful, young, and perfect. And she was my age. This probably bothered me most. She was in love with a strong young man and planned to be married soon. So did I.

"Please, God," I prayed, "help me believe in miracles. And bring Barbara back to Dan if it is in accordance with Your plan."

The next day was the same. She was pale and unconscious. He bent over her, begging her to live. And I was in a turmoil—half believing and yet doubting that there would be a change.

Sometimes, as I thought about the situation, I would try to figure out ways that God could answer my prayer. Dan might come in and take her hand and say, "Barbara, I need you. Please answer me." And Barbara would open her eyes and smile and be perfectly beautiful and whole.

But I didn't really expect any change at all. I was prepared to see her grow paler and weaker each day until her heart would stop. He would stop begging her to come back and adjust to life without her. Such things had happened before and would happen again.

On the third day Dr. Hesong brought a group of interns into the room. "This is Barbara Lange," he said. "Victim of carbon monoxide poisoning. Unconscious for over an hour before we started oxygen. Dr. Benton, what would you say her prognosis would be?" I turned to face the window and shut my eyes. I wanted to shut my ears, my mind. I did not want to hear what the outcome of Barbara's condition would be.

"Well, I really don't think there is a chance she will live, doctor. But if she does, she will certainly have brain damage and some muscle paralysis."

"Very well, Dr. Benton, I quite agree with you. Our next patient is . . ." They moved on down the hall.

I had known it, of course, but a nurse doesn't have to define the likely outcome, or prognosis, as a doctor does. She usually has a pretty good idea of what will happen, but it is the doctor

who must recommend medicine and treatment and define more precisely what progress he expects. Dr. Hesong had told Dan almost the same thing earlier, but then it was "may" and now it was "will." Medicine had given up hope. Once things have been said they seem so final.

When Dan came that afternoon he was calm. He didn't talk to Barbara or beg her to live. He just sat at the bedside, holding her hand.

He has given up hope, too, I thought. "Miss Thomas," he said as I straightened Barbara's pillows. "Do you really believe in God?"

"Yes, I really do. And I believe that He can heal Barbara regardless of what things look like to us." I could not look at him as I spoke. I wasn't sure I really believed there was hope. "I've been praying for her, and I know you have." I tried to keep my voice from betraying me.

"Yes, I have—but I've never prayed before. I think God hears my prayers. I

Bridge

by PENNY ESTES

PAULINE'S mother died!"

"No! When?"

"They were so close."

"It can't be."

With the proverbial speed of bad news, the account of my grandmother's untimely death spread around the bakery where my mother is manager of the office.

Poor old Robert Johnson came to the office. "Is this where we give for Miss Pauline?"

"Yes."

He dug in his wrinkled pocket. Then a silver dollar shone bright against his black calloused hand. "I want to give this."

"A silver dollar?"

"I've been saving it, but I want to help with Miss Pauline's flowers." He turned and shuffled out.

Homer Simms stopped my mother when she returned to work. "Miss Pauline, I'm so sorry about your mother."

Unable to answer, she reached up and patted his large ebony arm.

Tragedy makes of one blood all nations, for when she told me, she said, "He wasn't black then."

have gained strength and have more courage to face whatever comes. I have never known such peace of mind."

"Perhaps that is the answer," I said to myself and Barbara after he had gone. "Why does it happen to me? Everyone asks that. Perhaps it is because God loves us so much."

Dan had made it clear to me. We must have faith that God will lead in the best way, and will give us courage to trust Him regardless of His plans for us in this life. Finding a friend in Christ had given Dan this courage, and he was willing to place the future in God's hands. I wondered whether my own life were in that kind of order, or if I were selfishly making my own plans for my future.

I will never forget that next morning. As I was moving her limp arms and legs through a series of motion exercises to prevent stiffness and deformity, I discovered that there was resistance to my movement. That afternoon she became very restless as Dan talked to her. It seemed as though she was aware of what was going on, although she could not speak and did not look at us. I put my hand under hers.

"Barbara." I squeezed her hand gently. "Squeeze my hand." It seemed as though a flutter of understanding passed over her face, but she did not respond.

"Barbara," I tried again, "press my hand—hard." That time I felt a slight pressure. Dan was completely overcome. He had seen the fingers move, and tears born of joy brimmed his eyes.

"She's not paralyzed—did you see that?"

"This only means that she has some use of this arm," I cautioned him, "but her condition has definitely improved."

Each day of the following week brought improvement. She now saw and recognized people in the room and attempted a whispered word at times, although the tracheotomy made talking impossible. After a time the doctors removed the "trach" and Barbara began breathing in the normal way, without oxygen having to be supplied.

It was apparent by now that her brain was functioning well. But the doctors were concerned that she might not gain use of her left arm and leg. Dan wasn't at all concerned. God had brought Barbara back to him and he would be happy to accept her with any handicap after she had come so close to death. She was discharged in a few weeks and I did not see her again.

Three months later, as spring was

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Special Prayer for Colonel Daley

by WILMA ROSS WESTPHAL

AS WORK progressed on the long enclosed verandas at the Army and Navy Country Club, Jeanie Weston was invited one day up to the penthouse apartment above the club where Col. and Mrs. Richard E. Daley made their home. She and Mrs. Daley had become friends during the several months of the club decorating project. Now as she sat on the sofa in the sunshine, she was certain she detected a note of deep distress on Mrs. Daley's face. Over the weeks she had thought that the colonel hadn't been looking too well.

She put the older woman at ease by coming to the point. "There's something troubling you; can I be of help in some way?"

The tears that had seemed on the verge of filling her eyes, welled up now, and she slumped in her chair, her body racked with sobs. Jeanie placed a comforting hand on her friend's shoulder. "We all have to give in to anguish sometimes. . . . Even the Saviour of the world wept. Tell me about it when you feel like it." After a short time the sobbing ceased.

"It's—it's Dick," she said, dabbing at her eyes. "He's very, very ill. The specialists here—don't hold out—much hope of recovery."

"I've felt for some time that something was wrong, but I attributed it to fatigue and exhaustion. Do you mind telling me what the trouble is?"

The sobbing started again, but at length she regained composure. "Cancer." She flung it out as if the word itself could contaminate. "Incurable!"

Complete silence prevailed for a few minutes. "God is a God of love and understanding. He is eager to help us in our hours of need and suffering. There is nothing as important as our relationship to Him. He is always there, yearning over us. Sometimes we aren't conscious of our own need of Him."

"We know that we need help outside ourselves," Hazel Daley said. "And—in watching you, noting your deep faith in God, we have felt sure that you were sent here for a purpose beyond the decorating of the club. Dick told me that you even prayed over the ceiling problem during the plasterers' strike, and that God answered your prayers in a remarkable way. This seemed so unusual to us. We just wondered—"

"You see," Jeanie answered, "we believe that God understands our human needs, and that He is concerned over our problems regardless of what they are. Believing this, I could do nothing less than ask His guidance and help in my work."

"My husband and I think it quite remarkable."

"With your consent I'd like to review the requirements laid down in the Scriptures concerning answered prayer. Perhaps we can slip up here a short while each day and study some of these conditions direct from the Bible. And before I leave now, shall we kneel and ask God to bless you and your husband?"

"Would you really take the time to do that?" she asked. "I would love that."

The following day Jeanie presented the Daleys with a copy of the book *The Ministry of Healing*, pointing out certain chapters on prayer and faith that she thought might be of special interest to them.

In the days that followed, she and Mrs. Daley, and occasionally the colonel, went up to the apartment and studied the Bible for a half hour or more at a time, and they always closed the study with prayer. Each morning as she entered Colonel Daley's office to consult with him concerning the section to be worked on during the day, she noticed with interest that the book was always open at an advanced

page, and that the Daleys were more cheerful in their outlook, though their local specialist assured them that early in the new year they would have to take a leave of absence and go to the Mayo Clinic, where the best possible medical help could be obtained. As they discussed these things together now, they became resigned. Jeanie told them briefly of her own experience with spinal surgery, and of the final happy results.

Late in November and early December the finishing touches were being put on the club's second contract areas. The board of trustees and the club management planned a party in honor of their interior designer.

On the night of the party Jeanie was placed near the head of the reception line, where she was introduced to literally hundreds of people. For a few minutes she chatted sociably with a number who searched her out after the line had ended; but when the announcement was made for all guests to proceed to the north dining room, where great tables were laden with hors d'oeuvres and questionable liquid refreshments, she went to the Daleys, and thanking them profusely for their hospitable gesture, asked to be excused for the remainder of the party.

They smiled graciously. "We understand perfectly. You can just slip out unnoticed, and if anyone should inquire about you we shall pass on your regrets."

"Please do, and thank you so much for understanding," she smiled.

Her friends smiled again. "Fact of the matter is, we're going to slip out, too, before very long."

"A happy holiday season then, and do let me know when you expect to leave for the Mayo Clinic, won't you please?"

"As soon as we know for certain we'll call you. Your studies from the Bible, your faith, and the book *The*

Ministry of Healing have helped us so much," they said.

The days passed, and as the checks came in for payment of the club projects and others, Jeanie Weston met the payroll for all labor involved and for the materials ordered and used, including all expenses incurred during the process. Then, and only then, could she feel free to use anything at all for personal use. Of course, all tithes and offerings were taken out of the ten per cent fee above expenses the club paid her.

She called the girls in one evening and said, "About that suit for daddy's Christmas present—don't you think it would be nice if we went to the store and got it out early so he can wear it to church next Sabbath?"

"Oh, yes, let's get it out right away," they chorused. "Let's go after school today," one of them said. "But we'll have to hide it," the other added, "when we pick daddy up."

"It's cold and blustery these days, and I don't like to drive after the day's melted snow begins to freeze over the streets and roads, so please don't keep me waiting after school, will you?"

"We'll be ready at 2:30 today. We have only study period from then on to 4:00."

As they drove into the parking lot of the Hecht Company of Silver Spring, they had to drive out again, for every available space had already been taken. Finally they found a vacant space along the street and parked the car. Even the parking meter looked cold and penniless.

"We'll have the adjustments on the suit finished by Thursday afternoon. Will that be satisfactory?" the salesman asked. "You see, the Christmas rush is on."

"That will be quite all right," Mrs. Weston said. "Just so it's ready by 3:30 in the afternoon."

On the way out of the store she turned to the twins. "I'll take you straight home, and you can finish preparations for dinner while I go after daddy." Later, while waiting in her husband's office for him to finish a conversation with Mr. Nies, the sanitarium manager, Jeanie opened the new pile of Christmas letters and cards, which Bob had given her as she came in. She had seated herself at the desk in the outer office. But when he came in, hat and coat in hand, she was slumped onto the desk with her head cradled in the curve of her arm, sobbing. In her hand was an anonymous letter.

Bob touched her on the shoulder. "What's wrong, dear?"

Jeanie dried her eyes and straightened in her chair, handing him the letter. Mr. Nies was at the door about to go out when Bob detained him. "Sit down a minute while I finish reading a letter that someone—with plenty of reason—was ashamed to sign."

"Anonymous letters are always like that," Mr. Nies said. "I've had a few myself."

"Here, just read it," Bob said, handing him the letter. Mr. Nies shook his head as he finished the one-page, typed missive.

Last Day of Autumn

by MARY M. PRONOVOST

Sky wears a mourning gown.
Earth's dress, a quiet brown,
is bloomless as her crown.
Wind steals away and grieves;
tears trickle from the eaves;
mist cradles drifting leaves
that wear intrepid red
and show no trace of dread,
no shadow of distress
at losing loveliness,
as rocking downward now,
they part from light and bough.

"Someone is obviously jealous of your wife in some way; couldn't be anything else," he went on. "These things harm the writer much more than the one who receives them."

"I just wonder," Jeanie said, the tears welling up again, while she repeated phrases that had seemed to leap from the page. . . . "You, a missionary returned, with your fine jobs, candy-cotton hat, and satin dress. . . . How can you manage yourself to dress so well when the suit of your husband has worn shiny? And I saw him one time when his shirt was a bit frayed at the collar too. . . . You have needed someone to be open and frank with you for some time, and I am one who can do this. . . ."

"Do you have any idea who could have written this—er—cowardly letter?"

"I'm not sure. But I've a good idea because of the wording in several places. The—the ironic part of this whole thing is that I've been paying on a new suit for Bob now for several

weeks. I'm going to get it out this coming Thursday—Bob's Christmas present a little early. Now the ones involved in writing this letter will think the new suit appeared because of their literary effort!

"I wonder what was meant by 'candy-cotton hat' and 'satin dress'? You've always dressed conservatively," Mr. Nies said.

"The hat has to be the one I got on sale, of pink pleated net, to wear with my suit when I gave my presentation before the club's board of trustees last summer. The dress referred to is the one the girls bought me for a Mother's Day present. They had earned a little money from time to time, so they bought this dress for me, and they insisted that I wear the hat and dress together to a special program. As—as a rule, I wear tailored things—a suit, either black or gray for winter. In fact, that's about all I have; the only good suit I possess is the one I got on sale in time for the presentation. I—I didn't want to look—er—shabby," she finished with a catch in her voice and a dab at her eyes.

"They couldn't have timed it better, could they?" Mr. Nies grinned. "Do you really think more than one person was involved in this? You said 'they.'"

"Yes, I feel quite sure." She stood and gathered up the mail. "We had better go now, Bob. The girls will be wondering what has happened to us." Turning to Mr. Nies, she said, "Thank you for allowing us to weep on your shoulder—figuratively speaking. We'll let you know if we find out anything definite."

"An anonymous letter is a sneaky, underhanded way to go about anything," Bob said tersely.

"Right down cowardly! We should have this thing investigated and——" Mr. Nies stopped by the outside door and smiled understandingly at the Westons.

"No," Jeanie answered as they turned to leave, "it's really as you said to begin with: the one truly hurt is the writer!"

Soon after the first of the year, the Westons received a telephone call from the Daleys just before they were to leave for the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota. "Please drop us a few lines as soon as you know for sure what the score is," Jeanie told Mrs. Daley. "And you may be certain of our thoughts and our prayers."

"Yes, we are banking on that to be sure, and we will write as soon as we know anything. Thanks so much for

everything, and good-by until we are back again."

It was another ten days before Jeanie heard from Hazel Daley, and she hurriedly opened the letter. As she read it was as if she had received a stab in her heart. The letter was tear-stained and heartbreaking in its message. She scanned the page hastily.

"DEAR JEANIE: I should have written sooner, but it seemed I couldn't. But—it's all over now—just a matter of time. We had the best specialists available too. The operation was scheduled for yesterday, but when they opened Dick up, he was so full of cancer that they said it was absolutely hopeless. So—they sewed him up and put a tube in for drainage.

"Oh, Jeanie, this just can't be the end! We keep remembering how you prayed over the problem of that dining-room ceiling, and in spite of the plasterers' strike, God heard and answered your prayers! We also recall the Bible studies you had with us, and that text especially that asks, 'Are ye not of more value than many sparrows?' keeps coming back to our minds. . . . We still read the book *The Ministry of Healing*, and it has been such a comfort to us.

"We want to ask a favor of you and your husband. Would you please have a special season of prayer for the healing of my husband? Perhaps you could invite some of your minister friends to join you in this. . . . Heart-brokenly, HAZEL DALEY."

Jeanie showed the letter to Bob that evening, and together they planned. He called two of the ministers of the General Conference, and they set the time for special prayer on the following day. Bob's assistant and his Bible instructor were also asked to join them. When they gathered in his office, Jeanie briefly told them the story, and Bob read the tear-stained letter. Then the group bowed in prayer for this death-bed patient, known only in the group to Bob and Jeanie and the One petitioned. It was a solemn group that rose from their knees and left the office that day.

Upon returning home, Jeanie wrote Hazel Daley a letter, explaining about the special prayer season they had had, and stating also that God answers prayer in different ways than we sometimes expect; that He nevertheless answers in His own, far-seeing way; that they would continue to pray for them, and hoped soon to see them.

A day later another letter came, which was exactly the opposite from

the last one received from the Daleys. "Oh, Jeanie," Hazel wrote, "a miracle has happened—a miracle of genuine and complete healing, which baffles the specialists and surgeons who were in on the consultation for Dick." She then gave the day and the hour of the healing, which coincided exactly with the time their group had had special prayer in Bob's office. Then she went on to say, "Jeanie, we are so very happy, for Dick's life has literally been given back to us, and all because of faith and prayer! Of course, we have been praying, too, the best we know, but we are positive that the day and hour that this took place, you folks and your friends had gathered for a special season of prayer in his behalf. . . .

"We told the puzzled doctors of the plans for prayer in Dick's behalf, and

some accepted it without a doubt, while others looked quite skeptical. . . . Dick has only to build up now and then we can return home. We are so eager to see you again and share more fully this great blessing which has come to us. Thank you for your continued interest. . . . Gratefully your friends, THE DALEYS."

That night Jeanie and Bob knelt in a prayer of thanksgiving to God for the miracle of healing in answer to their prayers. When they rose from their knees, they took the telephone and called the two ministers of the General Conference who had joined them in prayer for the healing of Colonel Daley; and they, too, rejoiced in the wonderful news.

Next Week: Woodhaven and a Call to the West.

Wit Sharpeners

A Lame Man Is Healed on the Sabbath

John 5

Across

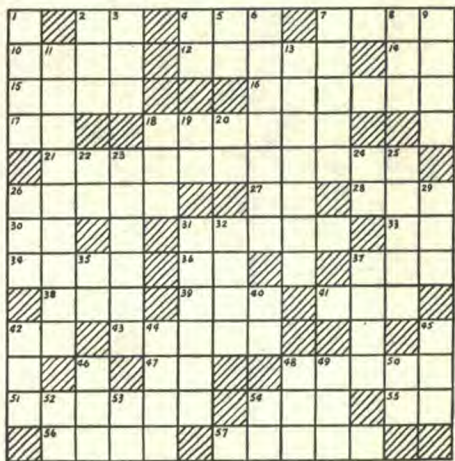
- 2 Inner Guard (abbr.)
- 4 "took up his bed, . . . walked" :9
- 7 "been now a long . . . in that case" :6
- 10 ". . . take up thy bed, and walk" :8
- 12 Great-grandson of Eli I Sam. 14:3
- 14 Lava (Hawaiian)
- 15 "at a certain season . . . the pool" :4
- 16 Jeers
- 17 "whosoever then first after the troubling . . . the water" :4
- 18 Transient celestial body
- 21 Without delay
- 26 "In these lay a . . . multitude of impotent folk" :3
- 27 Shilling (abbr.)
- 28 "not lawful for thee to carry thy . . ." :10
- 30 Part of the verb "be"
- 31 Doctrinal formula
- 33 Capital of Moab Num. 21:15
- 34 Ill
- 36 Yellow Hawaiian bird
- 37 Hours (abbr.)
- 38 "no man, when . . . water is troubled" :7
- 39 "What . . . is that which said unto thee" :12
- 41 "told the Jews that it . . . Jesus" :15
- 42 Belonging to me
- 43 "sin no more, lest a worse . . . come" :14
- 47 "and . . . the same day was the sabbath" :9
- 48 "and troubled the . . ." :4
- 51 "waiting for the . . . of the water" :3
- 54 Head of a family of Gad I Chron. 5:15
- 55 "an angel went down . . . a certain season" :4
- 56 "He that . . . me whole" :11
- 57 "Wilt thou be made . . ." :6

Our text is 4, 21, 38, 39, 41, 56 and 57 combined

Down

- 1 Song by three persons
- 2 Believer in some ism

- 3 George (abbr.)
- 4 Same as 14 across
- 5 New England State (abbr.)
- 6 "made whole of whatsoever . . . he had" :4
- 7 "And a certain man was . . ." :5
- 8 Spoil
- 9 Opposite to West
- 11 "which had an . . ." :5
- 13 ". . . steppeth down before me" :7
- 18 Came together
- 19 Man's name
- 20 Seventh tone of the scale
- 22 "to put . . . into the pool" :7
- 23 "at Jerusalem by the sheep . . . a pool" :2
- 24 Pound (abbr.)
- 25 "thirty and eight . . ." :5
- 26 Fuel
- 29 Doctors (abbr.)
- 31 "but while I am . . ." :7
- 32 Color of a horse
- 35 Chapter (abbr.)
- 37 "of blind, . . . , withered" :3
- 40 National Guard (abbr.)
- 42 Silence
- 44 Stone of a fine grit used for sharpening instruments
- 45 "Behold, thou . . . made whole" :14
- 46 The yellow bugle
- 48 "he that was healed wist not . . . it was" :13
- 49 Be affected with pain
- 50 Each (abbr.)
- 52 Old Measurement (abbr.)
- 53 Intelligence Department (abbr.)
- 54 Exclamation



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Key on page 20

Daily Spiritual Contact for--1967

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Sabbath School Lessons

DECEMBER 24, 1966

Prepared for publication by the General
Conference Sabbath School Department

SENIOR

XIII—The Spirit of Brotherhood

MEMORY VERSE: "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others. Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus" (Phil. 2: 4, 5).

STUDY HELPS: *The SDA Bible Commentary*, and *Spirit of Prophecy* comments on Scripture references; *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 325-327.

STUDY AIM: To learn from Christ's teaching and example how to love our fellow men.

Introduction

When the apostle John was given a vision of the rise of the Advent Movement, he saw an angel with "his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth" (Rev. 10:2). Later he was shown another mighty angel proclaiming the judgment-hour message to all "that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people" (Rev. 14:6). From these prophecies it is clear that God's last-day movement is to be an international movement.

It is the Lord's desire that these loved ones, gathered out from among all nations, tribes, and races of earth, will be brought together in a Christian brotherhood that will be a marvel to the whole world. Christ's prayer to the Father is that His people "may be one, even as we are one: . . . and that the world may know that thou hast sent me" (John 17:22, 23). For "all ye are brethren" (Matt. 23:8).

The Spirit of Brotherhood in the Saviour's Ministry

1. How did Jesus reveal the true scope of Christian brotherhood? Mark 3:31-35.

NOTE.—"Dear and tender as were the ties which bound Him to His mother and brethren, yet those which bound Him to His disciples were more tender and sacred."—*Albert Barnes Notes*, on Matt. 12:48.

"All who would receive Christ by faith were united to Him by a tie closer than that of human kinship."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 325.

2. What had even His enemies noted about Christ's relationships with His fellow men? Matt. 22:16.

3. How is the Saviour's freedom from human prejudices revealed in His personal contact with different levels of society? Mark 14:3; Luke 14:1; John 2:1, 2.

4. How did Jesus break through man-made

barriers to bring salvation to a needy soul? John 4:7-15.

NOTE.—"He [Jesus] completely disarmed her prejudice and foiled her attempt to evade the issue by making it clear that He did not share the religious bias that separated the Jews from the Samaritans. Both might become 'true worshipers.'"—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on John 4:21.

We Are All Brethren

5. What is the basis for Christian brotherhood? Matt. 23:8, last part. Compare Gal. 3:28, last part.

NOTE.—"Those who, in the spirit and love of Jesus, will become one with Him, will be in close fellowship one with another, bound up by the silken cords of love. Then the ties of human brotherhood would not be always on the strain, ready at any provocation to snap asunder. 'All ye are brethren' will be the sentiment of every child of faith. When the followers of Christ are one with Him, there will be no first and last, no less respected or less important ones. A blessed brotherly fellowship one with another will bind all who truly receive the Lord Jesus Christ in a firm loyalty that cannot be broken. All will be equally one with Christ."—*Ibid.*, Ellen G. White Comments, vol. 5, pp. 1097, 1098.

6. How does the prophet Malachi further describe the brotherhood of man? Mal. 2:10.

7. In his sermon at Athens how did Paul refer to the common origin of the human family? Acts 17:26.

8. How did Paul and Peter rule out any spirit of proud nationalism from the experience of the Christian? Gal. 3:28; Acts 10:34, 35.

NOTE.—"Respecter of persons. Gr. *prosōpolemp-tes*, 'one who receives the face,' and so, one who distinguishes between persons on the basis of outward appearances. . . .

"In every nation. Peter dimly realized that Christianity was not to be national. In his dealings with Cornelius he began to see how this might be, though he did not yet understand it thoroughly. Paul would shortly declare that neither race, nor sex, nor social status have any bearing in God's sight (Gal. 3:28; Col. 3:10, 11)."—*Ibid.*, on Acts 10:34, 35.

YOUTH

XIII—Angels in the World Harvest

MEMORY GEM: "When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory" (Matt. 25:31).

ILLUMINATION OF THE TOPIC: *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 636-641; *Christ's Object Lessons*, Chapter, "Tares"; *The SDA Bible Commentary*.

TARGET: To examine the part that angels will take on the day when Christ returns.

Introduction

"When Christ comes, He will send His angels in every direction, wherever the saints of God lie sleeping, to gather out His faithful ones, His elect, chosen, precious, ransomed from among men. Not one grave, however lonely, will be neglected in that hour; not one burial place overlooked. Not one who made God his trust, though he lie in the depths of the sea, will be forgotten."—I. H. EVANS, *The Ministry of Angels*, p. 209.

The Spirit of Christ Molds Our Relationships With Others

9. What mind should be manifest in all the attitudes of the Christian? Phil. 2:5.

NOTE.—"Let Christ Himself be your example as to what your attitude should be" (Phillips).

"Much more prayer, much more Christlikeness, much more conformity to God's will, is to be brought into God's work."—*Evangelism*, p. 559.

"Study carefully the divine-human character, and constantly inquire, 'What would Jesus do were He in my place? This should be the measurement of our duty.'"—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 491.

10. What attribute of Christian grace will smooth our relationships with those not of our nationality, race, or social group? Col. 3:12, 13.

11. In what other helpful counsel does the apostle promote brotherly love? Rom. 12:10, 18.

NOTE.—"A result of true affection is that one does not seek his own honor or position but is willing to give honor to others. Christian brethren who are motivated by genuine love will be more forward to pay respect than to receive it. None will be ambitious, to gather honor to himself, but each will be eager to show honor to his fellow believers."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Rom. 12:10.

12. What caution is given regarding the placing of stumbling blocks in the way of a brother? Rom. 14:13.

13. What is the only antidote for the ill will so prevalent among the people of the earth today? Mark 12:31; Rom. 13:10.

"When those who profess to serve God follow Christ's example, practicing the principles of the law in their daily life; when every act bears witness that they love God supremely and their neighbor as themselves, then will the church have power to move the world."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 340.

"It is the work of the Holy Spirit from age to age to impart love to human hearts, for love is the living principle of brotherhood."—*Testimonies*, vol. 8, p. 139.

NOTE.—All Scripture references quoted from Phillips are taken from *The New Testament in Modern English* by J. B. Phillips, copyright 1958. Used by permission of The Macmillan Company.

I—Time of the Harvest

1. How did the prophet Joel describe the harvest of the earth? Joel 3:12-14.

"Apparently two figures are used by which to describe the judgment upon the nations: (1) the reaping of the grain harvest, and (2) the gathering of the vintage and the treading of the grapes. Some think only one figure is intended, that the sickle represents the pruning knife, and that the harvest represents the garnering of the vintage, which came about September."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Joel 3:13.

2. In describing this harvest to his disciples, when did Jesus say it would come? Matt. 13:39 (middle part of the verse).

3. How did John the revelator describe this harvesttime? Rev. 14:15.

"Events grow solemn as we near the end. It is this fact which gives to the third angel's message, now going forth, its unusual degree of solemnity and importance. It is the last warning to go forth prior to the coming of the Son of man, here represented as seated upon a white cloud, a crown upon His head, and a sickle in His hand, to reap the harvest of the earth."—URIAH SMITH, *Daniel and the Revelation*, pp. 676, 677.

II—At Christ's Coming

4. Who will come with Christ when He comes? Who will be gathered together before Him? Matt. 25:31, 32 (first part).

"Before Him shall be gathered all nations: and He shall separate them one from another." Thus Christ on the Mount of Olives pictured to His disciples the scene of the great judgment day. And He represented its decision as turning upon one point. When the nations are gathered before Him, there will be but two classes, and their eternal destiny will be determined by what they have done or have neglected to do for Him in the person of the poor and the suffering."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 637.

5. At that time, what will Christ and the angels do? Matt. 25:32 (last part); 16:27.

6. What effect will the coming of Jesus have on the wicked? Matt. 24:30; Rev. 6:15, 16.

"Then will the world's dream of carnal security be effectually broken. Kings who, intoxicated with their own earthly authority, have never dreamed of a higher power than they themselves, now realize that there is One who reigns as King of kings. The great men behold the vanity of all earthly pomp, for there is a greatness above that of earth. The rich men throw their silver and gold to the moles and bats, for it cannot save them in that day. The chief captains forget their brief authority, and the mighty men forget their strength. Every bondman who is in the still worse bondage of sin, and every freeman—all classes of the wicked, from the highest down to the lowest—join in the general wail of consternation and despair."—*Daniel and the Revelation*, p. 450.

7. How else did Jesus describe the work of the angels in connection with His coming? Rev. 24:31.

8. How will the righteous feel when they see Christ coming? Isa. 25:8, 9.

"All heaven will be emptied of the angels, while the waiting saints will be looking for Him and gazing into heaven, as were the men of Galilee when He ascended from the Mount of Olivet. Then only those who are holy, those who have followed fully the meek Pattern, will with rapturous joy exclaim as they behold Him, 'Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us.'"—*Early Writings*, p. 110.

III—The Angel Reapers

9. When the grapes are fully mature, representing the wicked of the earth, what command is given to the angels? Rev. 14:17-19.

"Verses 15-20 describe the great harvest at the end of all things. The harvest comprehends two distinctive events. One is described in vs. 16, 17, and the other in vs. 18-20. The first refers to the gathering of the righteous, represented here by ripened grain, as shown in the Greek by the word translated 'ripe.' The second refers to the wicked, represented by the clusters of 'fully ripe' grapes."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Rev. 14:15.

10. Who will come with Jesus to judge the world? Rev. 19:11-15.

"Jesus rides forth as a mighty conqueror. Not now a 'Man of Sorrows,' to drink the bitter cup of shame and woe, He comes, victor in heaven and earth, to judge the living and the dead. 'Faithful and true,' 'in righteousness He doth judge and make war.' And 'the armies which were in heaven follow Him.' With anthems of celestial melody the holy angels, a vast, unnumbered throng, attend

Him on His way. The firmament seems filled with radiant forms,—'ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands.' No human pen can portray the scene; no mortal mind is adequate to conceive its splendor. 'His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of His praise. And His brightness was as the light.' As the living cloud comes still nearer, every eye beholds the Prince of life. No crown of thorns now mars that sacred head, but a diadem of glory rests on His holy brow. His countenance outshines the dazzling brightness of the noonday sun."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 641.

IV—Final Separation of the Wicked and the Righteous

11. In the parable of the Wheat and Tares, what work was given to the reapers? Matt. 13:25-30.

12. When interpreting this parable, how did Jesus describe the work of the angels? Matt. 13:38-41.

"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.' 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.

13. What separation will take place at the end of the world? What will be the destiny of each group? Matt. 13:30, 49.

"The work of gathering out the tares and burning them is to be accomplished by the angels in the time of 'harvest' at 'the end of the world.' . . . not by the 'servants' prior to that time."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Matt. 13:30.

14. What will be done with the wicked? Matt. 13:42, 50; Mal. 4:1.

"Both the parable of the tares and that of the net plainly teach that there is no time when all the wicked will turn to God. The wheat and the tares grow together until the harvest. The good and the bad fish are together drawn ashore for a final separation.

"Again, these parables teach that there is to be no probation after the judgment. When the work of the gospel is completed, there immediately follows the separation between the good and the evil, and the destiny of each class is forever fixed. . . .

"It is only those who reject His pleading that will be left to perish. God has declared that sin must be destroyed as an evil ruinous to the universe. Those who cling to sin will perish in its destruction."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 123.

15. What will be the reward of the righteous? Matt. 13:43, 25:34.

"This earth is the place of preparation for heaven. The time spent here is the Christian's winter. Here the chilly winds of affliction blow upon us. . . . But in the near future, when Christ comes, sorrow and sighing will be forever ended. Then will be the Christian's summer. All trials will be over, and there will be no more sickness or death. 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying. . . : for the former things are passed away.'"—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, Ellen G. White Comments, on Rev. 21:4, p. 988.

In the natural world, no human power can transform a tare into wheat. In the spiritual world this can be done. "If we consent, He [Christ] will so identify Himself with our thoughts and aims, so blend our hearts and minds into conformity to His will, that when obeying Him we shall be but carrying out our own impulses."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 668. This is how we are changed from tares to wheat. But note the condition—if we consent! It is up to us! We must be willing to be made willing.

THE TEEN-AGER'S GREATEST SIN

From page 8

and trinkets and combs have been where our evangelists have never penetrated. The people of the world have seen our best in generals and our best soldiers, but they have never heard our best preachers. Young teen-age friend, don't waste your time on selfish, insignificant plans. Let God's plan of service be your plan.

Teen-agers waste their time neglecting their salvation. How shall we escape, the Scriptures ask, if we neglect so great a salvation? To stand in the presence of God and say, "I didn't have time; I was too busy," will be to render an invalid excuse. Every hour of the day frittered away on the telephone and in useless dawdling will be called in for an accounting.

A young man who did learn a bit during his life summed up his advice to youth in these interesting words: "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

Jesus presents Himself to you with the urgency of passing hours: Don't

waste your time in neglecting this salvation, He says, in making these safe, selfish plans. Now is the accepted time. Enlarge your view. Accept Me as your friend and leader.

Now is that accepted time.

Key Wit Sharpeners

"And a certain man was there, which had an infirmity thirty and eight years." John 5:5.

T	I	G	A	N	D	T	I	M	E
R	I	S	E	A	H	I	A	H	A
I	N	T	O			S	N	E	E
O	F			M	E	T	E	O	R
				I	M	M	E	D	I
G	R	E	A	T		S	H	B	E
A	M	R		C	R	E	E	D	A
S	I	C	K	O	O	R	H	R	S
				T	H	E			
M	Y			T	H	I	N	G	
U	I			O	N				
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				W	H	O	L	E	

Counsel Clinic



Question *The Bible in Leviticus 3:17 and 7:23 forbids us to eat the fat of any animal. Isn't it wrong then to eat bakery rolls and packaged foods with labels listing "shortening" as an ingredient? Doesn't it seem logical that any food that lists "shortening" among its ingredients is sure to contain animal fat? When the producers use vegetable shortening they say so, for animal fat is cheaper, and they want the purchasers to notice when they use vegetable shortening. Often you will see on the same label both "shortening" and "vegetable shortening" listed. Yet our Adventist college serves these foods in abundance. How can I conscientiously ask God to bless my food when I am probably eating hog's fat?*

Counsel It is true that in the dietetic and sanitary laws of Israel as presented in Leviticus there was a specific instruction that the people were not to eat the fat of any animal. Obviously this referred to the free fat that appeared in the slaughtering of the animal. This fat was to be cut away and not to become their food. It becomes quite obvious that this instruction against the eating of fat was a measure based upon consideration of health.

If there were something wrong about the eating of fat aside from the disease-producing effect of the fat in the body, there would have had to be much more specific instruction than there is. I refer to the fact that in the eating of the meat, they were also getting a considerable quantity of exactly the same fat as occurred in larger amounts in the form of free fat. Also, the animal fat that they were eating in the meat was essentially the same animal fat which they got in the milk, the cream, and the butter that these people used freely.

As we now have come to understand scientifically the reasons for avoiding fat, we recognize that the use of the free fat, which was so consistently condemned, would place into the body a quantity of this substance that the body could not appropriate. This extra fat would contribute to the elevation of blood cholesterol and to the causation of heart and blood-vessel disease with heart attacks, strokes, et cetera.

There are people today who eat not only their meat but great chunks of pure fat, seeming actually to relish this even more than the meat. Such people are in open violation not only of the Levitical counsel on this matter but also of the now well-known principles of metabolism and disease related to it. The Lord did not condemn the use of milk, cream, and butter, nor the comparatively small amount of fat in the meat they ate.

The quantity of this animal fat that the Israelites ate in these forms was apparently not of sufficient amount to adversely affect their health. So also today we recognize that a small amount of the saturated fat such as we get in the animal fat is not of significance. The amount of fat used in the making of bakery breads and the fat that would be used to oil the bread pans would not be of sufficient quantity to constitute a health hazard.

You have raised the question also as to whether some of this fat may not possibly be from the hog. Yes, this is a definite possibility. Here again, the reason for condemnation of all pork products was related to the unhealthful nature of such foods. These foods were

PROGNOSIS—DOUBTFUL

From page 14

blossoming into summer, a friend called my attention to an article in the newspaper. "Look at this, Faye." She pointed to a picture of a beautiful blond girl, dressed in a white lace gown and veil. The page was covered with such pictures.

"Yes, it's obviously June, isn't it? The paper is full of weddings." I went back to my sandwich. "It won't be long till my wedding either. And I haven't even decided—"

"No, Faye. Look at this. It says, 'Girl Who Cheated Death Gets Married.'" She pointed out the bold heading under the picture.

I grabbed the paper as I recognized the girl. It was Barbara—but what a change. The face I had seen so dark and sallow was radiant and smiling.

declared to be unclean, and they were not even so much as to touch these products or the hog, not even to touch his carcass. Just how far we should go in following through on this ceremonial uncleanness today, I do not know. Some features of this instruction we adhere to quite religiously; others we do not.

If we interpreted this instruction today as it was interpreted by Israel, we would have to refuse to wear pigskin gloves, pigskin shoes, which incidentally are some of the best wearing leather we have, and we do not place any such restriction upon the use of these products. However, we do not knowingly eat foods that are prepared with pork products. If we were to take the orthodox Jewish or the orthodox Moslem interpretation of this matter, we would not be able to eat in a public restaurant. The animal fat which one would get in a piece of bread or in a bakery roll in a restaurant would be of little physiological significance. This should be borne in mind in any discussion of this question.

The services of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR Counsel Clinic are provided for those for whom this magazine is published, young people in their teens and twenties. Any reader, however, is welcome to submit a question to the Counsel Clinic.

The answer will represent the considered judgment of the counselor, but is not to be taken as either an official church pronouncement or, necessarily, the opinion of the editors. Every question will be acknowledged. Problems and answers of general interest will be selected for publication, and will appear without identification of either questioner or counselor.

(1) Submit only one question at a time. (2) Confine your question to one hundred words or less. (3) Enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope for the reply. (4) Send your question to: THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Counsel Clinic, Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, Washington, D.C. 20012.

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"Barbara made the walk down the aisle without her cane," the article said, "and needed assistance only coming down the church steps."

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People still ask "Why?" Some, who search deep into their lives and ask it prayerfully, find an answer.

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► It takes 250 chinchillas to make a coat for milady, and the pelts must be culled from as many as 1,500 in order to obtain the right uniformity of blue-gray, the standard color. The albino, or the honey-colored chinchillas, are so rare that no entire coat is known to have yet been made from them. In raising chinchillas, care must be taken that no water touches the fur. To avoid any danger in that direction, the chinchillas are allowed to quench their thirst only by sucking from a baby's milk bottle. Daily baths are taken not in water, but in fresh thin dry sand mixed with talcum powder.

The Italian Scene

► Fabled old silk routes across Asia are being revived in the form of two modern transcontinental highways. Within a few years it will be possible to drive from the Mediterranean to such far-flung terminuses as Saigon, Singapore, and the island of Java. Asia's A-1 priority road will link booming metropolises with storybook cities—Mashhad, Kabul, Mandalay, and Phnom Penh. A-2 will swing northward into the Himalayan foothills to bring international traffic to Nepal's temple capital, Katmandu.

National Geographic Society

► When the early French-Canadian explorers entered the territory now known as the Ozarks, they found the Osage Indians making longbows from a curious orange-yellow wood. For want of a name for these lands, they called it the land of "Wood for Bows" or *Bois Aux Arcs*. In time *Bois Aux Arcs* was shortened to *Aux Arcs*, and finally to "Ozarks." The tree from which the bow wood came is now called Osage Orange and Hedge Apple as well as Bow Wood Tree.

Ford Times

► University of California foresters are trying to learn if man can preserve the giant Sequoia National Forest with a light burn. Supported by ancient California Indian practices, the method could save the area from destructive fire. Controlled burning of smaller thickets would leave clear ground around and underneath the forest giants and make way for the planting of wanted trees—Sierra redwoods, ponderosa pines, and sugar pines.

UCAL

► A long head is fashionable on the Pacific island of New Britain. Mothers bind their infants' heads with bark cloth to give the desired shape.

National Geographic Society

► It takes a full half second—the time it takes a car to travel 14 feet at 20 miles per hour—to move the right foot from the gas pedal to the brake. LMPR



Radarscope

► Worms the size of rattlesnakes tunnel Andean highlands in Colombia.

National Geographic Society

► Three quarters of Australia's surface averages 1,000 feet above sea level. Its Great Dividing Range has an average altitude of less than 3,000 feet. *Lamp*

► While peaches are grown commercially in 33 other States of the Union, more than one third of all peaches for the fresh market come from Georgia and South Carolina.

Feature

► India, which has borne the brunt of caring for refugees from conquered Tibet, has established a theological school for 1,300 lamas and novitiates to preserve Tibetan religious traditions.

National Geographic Society

► Between 1950 and 1960, Indians in California doubled, from 19,943 to 39,014. By 1960, there were 12,405 Indians in Greater Los Angeles. This year Los Angeles has about 25,000 Indians, the second largest concentrated Indian population in the nation. (The Navaho reservation has 90,000.) The majority came to Los Angeles recently and are young and single.

UCAL

► Leaf protein, known to be nutritionally adequate, now awaits efficient manufacture and wide acceptance. Leaf protein is probably one of the food-stuffs that will be used, especially in the wet tropics, in ameliorating the present protein shortage. It is better nutritionally than most seed proteins, as good as many animal proteins, and can be presented in palatable forms.

Science

► Specialists of the Chilean Ministry of Public Works and Geological Research Institute have encountered fresh water in the barren Atacama Desert, reputed to be the driest in the world, that points to the existence of underground streams which could dramatically transform the economy of the region. The Atacama Desert, which is rich in natural nitrate fertilizers and enjoys almost perpetual sunshine, is said to lack only water to become one of the most flourishing agricultural areas in the world.

CE

► Six out of ten Dutchmen, five out of ten Frenchmen, and four out of ten Germans leave their homes on vacation, according to recent Gallup International polls. Of those Germans taking vacations away from home, one out of two leaves the country, compared to four out of ten Dutchmen who depart from Holland. Up to 1963, only one French vacationer out of ten left France. Since then, however, the number of Frenchmen going to Spain has increased remarkably and contributed in 1965 to give France a small adverse balance of tourist payments for the first time.

European Community

► There actually are paper houses in the United States with people living comfortably in them. Some vacation cottages in mild climates are made almost completely of paper. In Los Angeles many houses have paper-core walls; a new church in Florida has a paper-core roof as well as walls. Paper walls are made of kraft paper stiffened with resin and honeycombed into six-sided cells. This honeycomb core is covered with paper-board treated to make it resistant to fire, water, and termites.

National Geographic Society

► Since its creation ten years ago, the Tunisian state has been advancing rapidly in educational opportunities. In 1956 the number of children in primary schools was little more than 200,000. Today it is 734,000, an increase of 266 per cent. The number of pupils in secondary schools has increased from 15,500 to 80,000, an increase of 416 per cent. In higher education the number of students has increased from 1,350 to more than 5,000.

TSSIO

► Agricultural improvements have enabled farmers to extract more and more food from one acre of soil. In the early 1940's, an acre of corn in the United States produced less than 30 bushels; today the same acre produces nearly 70. Cotton production per acre more than doubled in the same period. Even farm animals are doing better. Today's cow gives about 50 per cent more milk than her great-grandmother yielded in the 1940's.

National Geographic Society

► Without honey bees to pollinate the flowers of such crops as alfalfa, melons, and almonds, \$200 million worth of seed and food in the State of California would not be produced.

UCAL

► Airborne dirtfall in Cincinnati, Ohio, averaged 17.3 tons a square mile in March, a 17 per cent increase over the average for February.

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