

Svizzera Österreich

The Youth's Instructor

DECEMBER 12, 1967

[Sabbath School Lessons for December 16]



COLUMBIA UNION COLLEGE
LIBRARY
TAKOMA PARK 12, MD.

NOV 15
1967

The Youth's Instructor®

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is a non-fiction weekly. It is published for young adults who are capable of asking sincere questions, and who seek to know the counsels of Scripture. Its contents are chosen to serve readers who want to reach maturity—spiritually, socially, intellectually, and physically. Its staff holds that God is man's heavenly Father; that Jesus is man's Saviour; that genuine Christians will strive to love God supremely and their neighbors as themselves.

Its pages reflect an expanding objective from 1852 to 1967. 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.

Editor WALTER T. CRANDALL
Associate Editor JAMES JOINER
Art Editor T. K. MARTIN
Layout Artist ALAN FORQUER
Share Editor MILDRED LEE JOHNSON
Editorial Secretary MILDRED ADAMS
Editorial Consultants
THOMAS S. GERATY
THEODORE LUCAS, DONALD E. MANSELL, CALVIN E. MOSELEY, JR., GERALD R. NASH, F. DONALD YOST
Circulation Manager S. L. CLARK
Field Representatives C. M. WILLIS
CLIFFORD OKUNO

Published by the Seventh-day Adventists. Printed every Tuesday by the Review and Herald Publishing Association, at Takoma Park, Washington, D.C. 20012, U.S.A. Second-class postage paid at Washington, D.C. Copyright, 1967, Review and Herald Publishing Association, Washington, D.C. 20012.

Subscription rates to U.S. and U.S. possessions: one year, \$6.95; in clubs of three or more, one year, each \$5.95. Rates slightly higher in Canada. All other countries: add 80 cents postage each year per copy.

A month before you move, notify THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR of both your old and new address. Any correspondence about your subscription should enclose the address label from the magazine or wrapper. If the post office is unable to make delivery, your subscription will be suspended until a correct address is supplied.

Photo credits: Cover, pp. 12-15, M. Carol Hetzell; pp. 6, 7, courtesy of Teresa Tillman; p. 13, J. de Winter.

VOLUME 115, NUMBER 50 DECEMBER 12, 1967

The Punctual Angel

by SALLY M. MC GREGOR

A SHIMMERING heat haze wavered over the paddocks. It was hot and glary—so glary that the shrunken noonday shadows of the gum trees were pale and shallow. Returning home in the heat, I looked toward the top of the little hill that separated our home from the rest of the small township in which I lived. I saw a black cloud of smoke probing the sky and absently thought there must be a steam train in the station. Then in one electrifying, horrifying moment I realized that it was coming from a spot near our home, not the railway yards at all!

I ran, feeling that I would never cover the fifty yards or so to the top of the hill to see exactly where the fire was. I ran, anxious to know, yet fearing what I should see. The black boiled higher, feeding on the hot air, groping at the treetops. At its feet, flames mounted and consumed bushes, grass, anything in their path. I could see the flames hurtling over the forty yards of grass toward our house.

The distance was short yet it provided ample fuel for the fire. There seemed nothing I could do. I kept running, praying as I ran, still with half of my mind unable to believe

what my eyes told me was true.

Moments (it felt like hours) later I looked again. The fire was still advancing toward the house but more slowly. Against the breeze the flames bent backward like cat's fur in the wind. We had raised the alarm. The only thing to do until help arrived was to fight the fire ourselves, which task seemed impossible as it was on a hundred-yard face and curving around behind us as well.

Frantically my mother and I rushed for the hose connected to a small rain-water tank. We struggled to unknot its serpentine length, which had become twisted for the first time in my memory. The fire was gaining momentum again, and it almost seemed that we were doomed to failure, when a masculine voice said, "Here, let me do it." The owner of that voice took the hose, unraveled it, and set to work to help put the fire out. That extra pair of hands was what was needed to swing the balance for us against the fire. By the time the townspeople arrived we were on the winning side, and within half an hour we were safe.

I believe that our helper was a direct answer to prayer from a God who more than two thousand years ago promised to "rebuken the devourer" and to "pour . . . out a blessing" to those who faithfully try to serve Him (Mal. 3:10, 11). His answer was sent in the form of a young man, a church member, living almost twenty-five miles distant. He had not been planning to visit us, nor had we known that he was anywhere nearby.

As he was driving along the main road to another town ten miles farther on, he had seen our fire just as it started. If he had been one or two minutes earlier, he would not have seen it start and would have been miles away at the time we needed help so desperately.

His family had tried all morning to get him to leave earlier on his trip. As I thanked him, again I realized how much more I should thank God, who had so arranged his morning to enable our home to be saved.

Later I knelt to pour out my thanks to God for His watchcare over us, for the punctual angel who had so precisely timed the events of the day and sent someone at the exact time of need.

The Youth's Instructor, December 12, 1967

BUGGY full of BRICKS

by BOBBIE JANE VAN DOLSON



SABBATH morning dawned clear and lovely. Nature seemed especially quiet and peaceful, Lillie Armstrong thought as she brushed Marie's curls into place. By nine-fifteen the two older children were ready to go to Sabbath school with their father, Victor. Marie was in cool pongee and shiny Mary Jane slippers, and little Vic in short pants. Lillie watched them go, and then turned back to bathe the baby. It wouldn't be long now until Beth would be going to Sabbath school too. She powdered the chubby little body and brushed the soft hair into a becoming ringlet.

How pleasant it is living here in Japan, she thought. There are many back home who would consider the life of a missionary a hard and trying experience, but I love it here.

It was true that Tokyo was exploding out toward the suburbs, and the wooden houses were beginning to swallow up the compound and its surroundings. But one could still see the farmers at work in the rice fields nearby, and harvesttime is always pleasant in Japan.

Beth was ready now for her nap in the big wicker buggy. Her mother wheeled the pram over to the brick fireplace that adorned the outside wall of the living room. It always seemed cooler there, somehow. Even in summer the bricks were refreshing and cool to the touch. She placed Beth on the silken coverlet inside the buggy and sat down to wait until she should drop off to sleep, before going over to play the piano for church.

The baby seemed unusually restless this day. Her small arms and legs waved in the air and her big blue eyes were much brighter than those of a sleepy baby should be. Lillie glanced at her watch. Only a few minutes were left before she would be expected to preside at the piano. Beth's small chin puckered and she began to cry. The mother bit her lip in perplexity. "There, there, Bethy," she soothed, patting one fat leg. "You go to sleep now, and mamma will come back soon."

Beth's sobs turned to loud wails. Out in the *genkan* the screen door slammed and Marie's voice floated across the still room. "Mamma! Daddy says for you to hurry. It's almost time for the ministers to come out on the rostrum."

"All right, dear, I'm coming."

Lillie snatched Beth from the buggy and slipped a dainty white dress over her head. "Bethy, you'll probably be as cross as a bear in church, but I can't wait any longer for you to go to sleep." With the baby in her arms she hurried across the compound into the crowded church. Victor raised one quizzical eyebrow when he saw Beth's bright little face. It would be difficult trying to manage a fussy baby on the front row, but it couldn't be helped this time.

Strangely enough, Beth was as quiet as the proverbial mouse during the long church service. She looked around at the crowd in that studious way peculiar to babies, then settled down to amuse herself with a piece of blue ribbon that Lillie had found in her purse. I guess

it's time Beth began coming to church after all, she thought, burying her face in the fluffy ringlet atop the small head. From now on I think I'll bring her when she doesn't seem sleepy.

There was a general stirring throughout the congregation as the closing hymn was announced. Songbooks were opened and mothers prodded sleepy children. Fans were laid aside, and as Lillie struck a chord on the piano the congregation began to sing. They had finished the first stanza and were well along in the second when it began—a dull, rolling thunder punctuated with riflelike cracks that leaped across the fields in giant strides.

Lillie, glancing out the gothic-arched windows, saw the matchstick houses down the road begin to move. They shuddered and began to add the noise of their own awkward movements to the oncoming din. Then, abruptly, several of them fell, leaving only a pile of timber and paper where they had stood. It was at the church now, and the flimsy building began to creak ominously. She clutched the edge of the piano and began to move toward the children, who were huddled together on the teetering front row bench. The church will go, she thought clearly. It's too flimsy to stand through the quake. She had reached the pew where Vic and Marie were still sitting with little Beth between them. Their white faces like small moons were turned toward her own. Quickly she herded them toward the door at the far back.

The noise became unbearable as the

full impact of the earthquake hit the old church. Children were crying, and the shrill, frightened voices of their mothers rose above the other sounds. Holding Beth tightly, with the two other children clinging to her skirt, she made her way through the building, which was now rocking with the back-and-forth and up-and-down motions of a major quake. The walls were buckling with huge, unsightly bulges that would give at any moment. Ahead of her she glimpsed the bright sunlight—there was still a chance!

As she moved through the door with the children she felt her husband's steadying hand on her elbow, and was intensely grateful for his presence. Together they emerged into the bright, trembling outdoors just in time to see the sturdy brick publishing house directly across the way collapse into a great pile of rubble.

"The church is still standing!" she cried above the din, and her husband nodded. Strange—they had always said that the church was the last place they would like to be during an earthquake, and yet it stood, bulging walls and all. It was the publishing house that lay in ruins.

"Is anyone hurt?" Lillie began to move through the crowd, still keeping the children beside her. "Are you all right?" "Yes" — "No." "Someone's hurt!" "A little girl. She can't walk, and how strangely her leg bends." She knelt beside the weeping child on the still-trembling earth.

"What happened?"

"A bench fell and pinned her leg to the floor." A broken leg. Only one broken leg during this terrible earthquake! Lillie's lips moved in a prayer of thanks.

The quakes and tremors continued throughout the day. There were 350 during the first twenty-four hours. The missionaries dared not enter their houses. They put up small tents on the big open lawn that ran down the center of the compound, and spread blankets for their children to lie on.

"Victor, we must have food," Lillie told her husband toward evening. "Is there any chance of dashing in between quakes and getting something?" When she saw him step gingerly up the front steps she called out, "Oh, yes, please bring the buggy out, Victor. Beth is

used to it and she won't be so restless." She could not take her eyes from the door of the house until she saw him emerge safely.

Marie and little Vic crowded around, taking the food into their small arms. "Good," said Lillie enthusiastically. "I'm glad you found the potatoes. I can make a little soup with a few carrots in it." Her face fell in dismay. "Oh, Victor, you didn't bring the buggy! Do you think it's safe to go back for it now?" It was then she noticed the ashen color of his face. He moved heavily into the makeshift tent and put one finger under Beth's dimpled chin. "We

My Patchwork Quilt

by GRACE LYON BENJAMIN

**My life is a crazy patchwork quilt,
Made of swatches of joy and pain.
Many-colored, when I stitch them together,
I look for a pattern in vain.**

**But then, as the years add more pieces
Of excitement, of learning, I find
My crazy quilt shows a pattern of sorts,
To which, at first, I was blind.**

won't be using the buggy any more. It's full of bricks from the chimney." Even then the full implication did not dawn on her. "Oh, we can't give it up yet, Victor. We can patch it up and make it do until Beth is a little older, I think."

Victor held Beth in his arms. "The entire fireplace fell on the buggy, dear. It's smashed flat, under several hundred pounds of bricks." She remembered then that ordinarily Beth would have been sleeping in that buggy, that Beth would have been beneath those bricks.

The missionaries, along with millions of Japanese, faced an immediate food shortage. Rice was dangerously scarce and the compound families felt that they could not deprive the nationals of what little food there was. When the ground seemed a bit more stable the wives ventured into their rubble-strewn houses and salvaged what they could. Lillie found an unopened can of oil, and with a little flour and salt mixed up a dressing that the family used on bread. She cooked potatoes, flavored with onion, for every meal and managed to keep a little fruit on hand for the children.

From across the city came news of one of the smaller churches that had been burned. The congregation had been panic stricken when the jolting quake was first felt. Hide Kuniya, the elder, had risen to his feet and had calmly announced, "Let us be quiet and pray." Subdued, they had done just that and, when the first shock was over, had filed out in an orderly fashion to safety before the flames that followed consumed the building.

Toward the end of September, three weeks after the great catastrophe, and just before the fall rains, the missionaries moved back into the frame houses

which had been damaged but were still standing, and took up their lives where they had left off that fateful day. The rubble had been cleared away and there was no sign of the crushed buggy in Lillie's house. Now and then the earth still shook, and in the years that followed, she grew almost used to staggering down the shuddering stairs with the frightened, white-faced children at her heels. She would remember the crushed buggy with a thankful heart each time

she touched Beth's dimpled arms or fluffed the soft curl on top of her head.

Many changes have come since the great earthquake of that calm September Sabbath morning in 1923. No brick buildings or chimneys dangerous to life and property during the frequent quakes are now found on the Amanuma compound. Missionary children, digging in their back yards, frequently run into the house to show mother some buried treasure they have found—a cracked rice bowl or broken saucer buried there more than forty years ago when Lillie and the other compound wives cleared their houses of debris.

Beth, the baby who was saved from certain death in the brick-filled buggy, has grown to womanhood, and following in the footsteps of her parents has served as a missionary in the Far Eastern Division.

From her home in Oregon a few years ago, Lillie, Mrs. V. T. Armstrong, wrote the following:

"I was always glad that I could be with the Japanese in their great catastrophe. It gave me an understanding and love that helped in my relations with them, a wonderful people."

Number One

Registration The M. Carol Hetzell cover photo is the first of the many pictures you will see from her coverage of the Vienna International Youth Congress. "Doesn't anyone speak Arabic?" she has the young man asking. Registration booths were labeled for specific language groups—of which there were a score or more. From the first, people were always looking for other people. And who can find anybody in a crowd of 5,000?

Tennessee "I have enjoyed the YI since my teens. However, just a comment on a recent article. Solomon said, 'Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour.' There was just one tiny fly in some excellent ointment in the September 26 'Sunlight and Physical Fitness' article.

Tennessee "Dr. Flaiz makes the statement that sunlight acting upon naturally occurring ergosterol of the body forms vitamin D. That was just one slip. Ergosterol is a plant sterol and is not found in animals or man. That should have been 7-dehydrocholesterol, which is the sterol found in animals and which forms vitamin D by action of sunlight.

Tennessee "This may be a minor matter, but I would appreciate your correcting it before my biochemistry students start correcting me and quoting the YI as authority." JOHN CHRISTENSEN, SMC, Collegedale.

Florida "In the article entitled 'Sunlight and Physical Fitness' there was the statement that sunlight acting upon the naturally occurring ergosterol of the body forms vitamin D. This should have read, sunlight acting upon 7-dehydrocholesterol, a naturally occurring sterol of the body, produces vitamin D. Ergosterol occurs in plants, especially in yeasts, and is a sterol from which vitamin D is synthesized. I am indebted to Dr. John Christensen, professor of chemistry at SMC, for calling this item to my attention." THEODORE R. FLAIZ, M.D.

Formula "To give is to live."—DA 623.

October 17 we reprinted a letter from two young men of Phoenix, Arizona. We promised to consider their constructive suggestions, editorially, one at a time.

"1. Could we not have color issues (weekly) such as some of our other periodicals?"

On May 9 this year we began to study the possibility of color in this magazine. The study was enlightening. Not since we had taught journalism had we met the occasion when inquiry into costs had been made. In those days we secured the rate cards from such magazines as *The Saturday Evening Post*, and the cost of a four-color ad ran into the thousands of dollars, depending on its location in the magazine.

Actually, our inquiry did not discourage us in our pursuit of the idea. But it will take longer to work out the possibility than we first anticipated. For instance, to put a four-color cover on *The Youth's Instructor*, and just two four-color ads in the magazine, would up our costs more than \$1,000 for that issue. Since we have been uncomfortably close to the break-even line for so many years, we had to put the four-color idea on ice.

There are but two sources of revenue on which we can draw for the costs of producing this magazine: subscription dollars, advertising dollars. Since we have no desire to make an exorbitant jump in the subscription rate, and since our advertisers want their space at the most reasonable price possible, we are caught in the middle.

The time to come will see this magazine bought by more and more of our readers in its target audience. Fortunately, it has come to most of them without expense from the time they were in a youth class in Sabbath school. It has been paid for by the parents and senior Sabbath school members. Later, when they attended a Seventh-day Adventist academy, or college, or university, they received it free in their dormitories, paid for by the school.

There is one item that tempers the "fortunately." Somehow, the young marrieds are slow in subscribing to their magazine as soon as they marry. (Maybe the local MV Society could give the YI as a gift to the couple.)

If we had a circulation of seventy or eighty thousand, instead of around fifty-five thousand, we would have more money to work with. Most will readily understand that once the basic costs are met, additional subscriptions divert more of each dollar to the black side of the ledger. The only additional costs are for paper, ink, press time, processing for mailing, and postage.

We would like to get color into our pages as soon as practicable. When that will be must wait until the dollars catch up with us. Meanwhile, the words will get better and better. And since we make no claim of being a color magazine, maybe words are still more meaningful than colored inks.

WTC

Some Aids to Writers

- What are some of the aids we have publicized in this box? They range from "The Youth's Instructor Interview," to "Ideas for Manuscript Mailing." In the sheet on "The Narrative," cryptic statements on slant, conflict, flashbacks, and dialog are among the fifteen points.
- The several items you will receive on receipt of your request and fifty cents do not constitute a course in writing. But they will help.



Dental patients await their turn with the "doctor-dentist." Among them are curiosity-seeking friends wanting to know if it really hurts.

Aboard the Auxiliadora II

by **TERESA TILLMAN**
FIRST OF TWO PARTS

WE WERE on the home stretch after being a long month away from news from our loved ones and from the outside world in general. Our launch plies the Ucayali River in Peru from Pucallpa to Contamana.

We left Pucallpa with the dinner gong sounding that twenty-first of June, 1962. This time we were happy for visitors, and of course happy for the two huge baskets of fruits and vegetables from Lima. Dr. Clement E. Counter, his wife, and their twin teenage girls were to be our guests for a week.

At night beds were made in every available spot for our eight adults and Judy. We started our regular routine with motion pictures and a color

filmstrip every night on the riverbank. Literature is passed out after the pictures, and announcements are made for medical help the next day.

As Friday was our second day of the trip, we hurried on to Tiruntán, where we have a small church group. Sabbath we made friendly calls in the homes, and that afternoon we invited the children in for stories and songs. That night we had movies, to which more than two hundred people came besides children. The night gave us welcome relief in sleep from the heat of the day.

Sunday dawned with the promise of a tropical sun uncluttered with clouds to give a moment's shade. With the sun came patients for teeth extractions and to see Dr. Counter for diagnosis and treatment of many skin diseases. One young man had a severe case of yaws. His feet had steadily been infiltrated with the disease until several of his toes were threatening to slough off. The doctor gave him some medicine, and we immediately began treatment.

Then came the governor's wife for consultation. She had a rare skin disease on her legs, and was grateful for professional help. Many came to be examined by the doctor, to assure themselves that they had no pulmonary disease—the dreadful scourge of the jun-

gle. It was after two o'clock before we were able to call a halt and eat our dinner. During the lull we left port on our journey downstream.

The next day was spent in our Indian colony, Ebenezer, where we made the rounds. In each house it seemed that someone had the flu or was quietly suffering without complaint—sore eyes, fever, or some skin ailment. We saw a new Indian baby whose little head had been painted with a black dye to simulate bangs—"this to show what a big boy he was." After a visit to the school and the teacher it was time to travel on.

Monday night found us near San Carlos. It was here that I had a patient little sufferer of pemphigus. She was waiting for some more medicine, although when we first arrived I was informed by a little girl carrying water back to the village that she had died. I was feeling sad to think that we had come too late, when her mother showed up and said that Magdalena was the same, and anxious for our visit. How glad we were to be able to say that we had her medicines aboard and a specialist who could help the mother learn better how to treat her.

With our equipment and supplies we walked into the little village and through the plaza to find Magdalena. She was covered with sores, huddled in a corner of her hut, hidden under an old rag thrown over her head and shoulders. Dr. Counter, who is a dermatologist, assured me that my diagnosis had been right, and we started the treatment with a warm bath, to remove all the crusts.

Poor Magdalena screamed with pain and called on all the saints to relieve her of my determined but gentle cleansing. I wanted to cry myself in sympathy, but knowing that I was helping, I kept on washing her trembling body. Then came the black ointment. At first I tried to put it on with an applicator. This, however, was impossible, as Magdalena was trying to hurry the business with her screams for mercy. So I took my hands and smoothed on the salve as fast as possible, and as she scurried under her mosquito net for protection I gave the last pat on her face and nose. Even though in great pain she quietly listened as I prayed for her healing.

Fourteen years of isolated suffering was most of Magdalena's lifetime. Her family eagerly read all the material we left them. Helping one of the least of these had its influence for good in the surrounding villages.

As we came back to the launch, my

husband was pulling teeth for a family who had come by canoe from across the river. This was followed by a Bible study and the loan of some books. Mr. Guerra and his family became interested in studying the Bible through previous visits.

On an earlier trip he had located our broken rudder, which had fallen into the river. Even though handicapped by losing a leg to an alligator years before, he was able to dive and locate the rudder, tie a rope to the broken part, and bring it to land again. We hope that the seed we planted by friendship and the medical work will bear fruit and that he and his family will be counted among the gems in the kingdom.

We left San Carlos port in the afternoon, and the doctor took over the piloting of the launch. Soon we came to a place where the channel had changed its course, and my husband took the helm. In the dry season the river level drops forty-five to fifty feet. This means that there are many shallow places, and the deep channel winds from bank to bank. Only one who travels constantly knows the changing course season after season.

Just as I was relaxing on the last part of our trip before coming into Contamana (where the Counters were to take the plane to continue on their way to Iquitos), we hit a sand bar. To hit shallow water going downstream is extremely dangerous as the swift current shifts the boat rapidly broadside to the current. We immediately began to tip. The dishes fell off the table and our precious water filter broke into many pieces. Everyone quickly went to the forward deck on the topside. This helped a little to counterbalance the

boat. Finally, by reversing the engine, we were able to dig our way out of the sand in spite of the swift current, and we were again afloat.

Only one who experiences this helpless feeling of seeing a five-ton boat tipped on its side on a sand bar can know the feeling of anguish that surges inside. How thankful we were when we were safe once more. Our little girl, Judy, prays constantly when we are in danger, and her fervent thanks when we are safe once more give us joy. After we were on our way again she exclaimed over and over, "Isn't Jesus a wonderful God to hear us?"

Late that afternoon we came into Contamana, and sweet was our rest and sense of safety in a sure port after the adventure-filled day. Early next morning, before we had finished our last bite of breakfast, a tiny little army plane skimmed the river and docked beside us. After a hurried packing, and with treasured Indian paddles and a basket of native pottery, the doctor and his family boarded the plane for Iquitos. I didn't have the heart to give them a formal good-by. After all, this had been a real pleasure for us and a blessing to have their wonderful Christian companionship. Leading an isolated life of such tremendous responsibility as ours, we know the joy it is to have help and company.

As the plane became a tiny speck in the sky, people who had been spectators became patients, and the deck was set up for the giving of medicines and for teeth extractions for the rest of that long hot day.

That night my husband had a high fever. All the next day and the next the thermometer registered a high of 104°. One complication after another



A. M. Tillman, captain of the boat, and wife-nurse Teresa pose with daughter Judy.

followed the terrible sore throat. Kidneys went on strike, and jaundice set in. But with constant antibiotics, catheterization, and hot packs, the symptoms subsided after a week.

Exhausted from the violent scourge, he was finally able to start the long, slow trek toward home. All during our stay that week in Contamana I took care of fifty to sixty patients daily. It seemed that the constant stream would deplete any excess energy I might have had stored. So often I have been blessed with extra strength for the day's needs by a loving heavenly Father.

While in Contamana we received a visit from the owner of one of the sawmills. He always tried to bring a gift or something extra. This time when he came by he said, "You know, señora, when you are in port and my wife has a visit with you, it seems that all her ailments disappear and she is happy and contented again. I hear her singing around the house, and the children are happy. I am grateful to you for what you do for our family."

As we went on our way we felt thankful that my husband had passed his serious illness and was now better. Strength gradually returned, and he resumed his tooth-pulling task. He began adding his night meetings in every little town. I would declare over and over again that I didn't have any more medicines, but each emergency I was able to meet, each need supply.

Returning to San Carlos, we found Magdalena with great patches of healthy skin on her chest and stomach.

She pleaded with me not to give her a bath that day, for a cold wind was blowing and it threatened rain. Her mother promised to keep on with the treatment, and I left her tonics and ointment to last until our next visit. She had tied a small wooden shelf to her cane wall to hold the doll Judy had brought her, and she was more alert and talkative.

Before leaving I asked if there was something I could bring her.

"Those candies you brought me the other day were so good. Do you have any more? And if you have any old sheets to cover my bed I would like to have a nice clean bed. My old rags are rotten and they stink."

I assured her that if she would be brave and take her treatment, I would try to bring her something for her bed, and some candies too, on our next trip. One great desire she has is to get well so that she can see the colored pictures we show on the riverbank at night. Can you imagine what our visits have meant to this poor child of the jungle?

Roaboya was our next stop—our first time there. The residents had sent a delegation several times into Tiruntán, finally making a formal request to the governor that we stop. As we came into port that afternoon things seemed rather quiet. My husband remarked, "Now you will have a little time for Judy's school, because I don't really think you will have much to do." But word was carried back into the jungle village by willing little boys and by the women who had come to fill their

waterpots. By night the people flocked to see the pictures, and the next morning school was let out for the occasion. We were almost overwhelmed, as teachers, students, and their families all wanted an examination by the "doctora."

Worm medicines and tonics were dispatched, ears were washed out, and one man who patiently waited his turn until almost everyone had been waited on, came in and wanted to be examined too. I looked into his ears, nose, throat, and listened to his chest for a rebellious cough.

After prescribing for his parasites, and giving a tonic and some injections for his anemia and cough, I was finally given the prime reason for his coming to me. As he apologetically pulled up his trouser legs, ugly draining sores made the air fetid while flies clamored for a landing place. I had only penicillin with me, as the choice medicine for treating this type of ulcer had long been depleted. I prepared his first injection of penicillin with a prayer in my heart that somehow the Lord would honor my efforts. He left happy in the knowledge that somebody cared enough to give him something for his sores.

Half an hour from Roaboya we were hailed by a man on the riverbank waving a white towel. We couldn't get near the bank because of the low water this time of year. We anchored out, and he and his mother came to us in their motorboat. His face, old with suffering, and with a peculiar pallor, marked him immediately as a leper. I had some medicine, which I had begged from the government hospital in Pucallpa. When the mother saw the name on one of my bottles she happily exclaimed, "The doctora has your medicine here."

"Well," he said, "I want some medicine for your rheumatism, so I'll have to wait for another trip to buy something for me."

"Oh," I answered, "I am happy to let you have all these pills free, as they were given to me." Then he showed me his legs, ravaged by years of slow sloughing. I used up my remaining roll of adhesive tape, and cleaning his sores, left him disposing over the side of the launch the filthy rags he had used as bandages. With a wave and his first smile, he started his motor and they headed for the shore. Medicines for his body and some reading for his soul made the immediate future more hopeful.

This is the first installment of a two-part serial. Part two will appear next week.

Wit Sharpeners

People of Courage

by HELEN PETTIGREW

Most of the words to be filled in are names of men who evidenced courage at one time or another.

- C ——— A courageous spy (Num. 13:30)
 O ——— A great leader, though meek
 U ——— "The ——— shall make you free" (John 8:32)
 R ——— Another form of Terah, father of Abraham (Luke 3:34)
 A ——— A Courageous prophet, son of Beeri
 G ——— A woman of courage said she would ——— where Naomi did
 E ——— Paul sailed under the lee of this island (Acts 27:7)
 O ——— He prayed from the inside of a great fish
 U ——— This soldier refused to go home while others were fighting (2 Sam. 11:11)
 S ——— Another form of Joshua, also a courageous spy (Num. 13:8)
 M ——— This apostle was killed by Herod (Acts 12:2)
 E ——— Disciple, impetuous, forthright
 N ——— Spokesman for his brother in a great undertaking (Ex. 4:14)

Key on page 20

A SOMETIMES FAITHLESS FLOCK

by PAUL T. GIBBS



COPYRIGHT © 1955 BY THE REVIEW AND HERALD

PAUL REMMEY, ARTIST

SO IMPRESSED is the crowd in the great Temple court by the sound of Ezra's cries and by the sight of his tears that there gathers "a very great assembly of men, women, and children," including princes and elders. They too burst into tears.

Like Ezra, the people are weeping. Trembling "at the words of the God of Israel," trembling at their own faithlessness, trembling at the national scandal of marriages with forbidden peoples—marriages with Canaanites, Hittites, Amorites—Jewish men, women, and children weep, and wait for words of comfort. The whole assembly weeps. But we do not hear the high priest's voice.

In this moral and spiritual decline the influence "of the officials and chief men has been foremost." And, in contrast, a constructive plan for reform comes, not from the priests or rulers, but instead, from Shechaniah, an influential layman. He is innocent himself, but his father and five paternal

uncles are involved in mixed marriages. In this circumstance he may be rejected by his clan for participating in remedial action. But he has courage to act. And he may have meditated long and seriously on the problem.

This layman advises that Jews "put away all these [foreign] wives and their children, according to the counsel of my lord [Ezra] and of those [a supporting commission of spiritual leaders] who tremble at the commandment of God. . . . 'Arise,'" he urges Ezra, "'for it is your task, and we are with you; be strong and do it.'"

By order of their officials and elders a few days later the men of Judah and Benjamin, in this the coldest and rainiest season of the year, herd themselves into the great Temple court, a walled enclosure large enough for two thousand. The people sit "in the open square before the house of God, trembling because of this matter and because of the heavy rain" that drenches their shivering bodies.

"'You have trespassed and married foreign women, and so increased the guilt of Israel,'" Ezra charges. "'Now then make confession to the Lord the God of your fathers, and . . . separate yourselves from the peoples of the land and from foreign wives.'" In muffled unison, like the baas of a hungry flock, the people respond "with a loud voice, 'It is so; we must do as you have said.'"

"'But the people are many,'" the voice from the shivering flock continues, "'and it is a time of heavy rain; we cannot stand in the open.'" The folks have been sitting. Perhaps they all stood when the venerable Ezra appeared. And in this downpour standing may have been more tolerable than sitting.

The voice addressing Ezra speaks for "all the assembly." And his saying presently, "'Let our officials stand for the whole assembly,'" reflects the viewpoint of one who is not an official—nor a priest. We can accept this speech as representative of the people.

That a voice from this huddle of water-soaked sinners points out the impracticability of standing in the rain while a long list of them is subjected to judicial scrutiny comes without surprise. That the same voice goes on to advance a constructive plan for resolving the difficulty does surprise. "Nor is this a work for one day or for two," this voice of the assembly points out, "for we have greatly transgressed in this matter. . . . Let all in our cities who have taken foreign wives come at appointed times, and with them the elders and judges of every city, till the fierce wrath of our God over this matter be averted from us."

For the present this releases all to warm fires and dry clothing. As summoned, each community will have its day in court. And each defendant will be represented by local officials and by heads of fathers' houses. Other communities meanwhile can go about home affairs.

Involved as are officials and laymen in the offense of mixed marriages, it seems to be the priests who especially are standing in the need of prayer. Three of the four priestly families who returned from exile with Zerubbabel are involved. Not one of the four priestly orders stands innocent. Yet their voice is ominously silent throughout this incident. Why have the priests not come forward in active support of reform? In contrast only nine of thirty-three laymen are guilty.

In compliance with the wishes of the assembly Ezra selects men, the "heads of fathers' houses," to adjudicate these questionable marriages. The commission begins its work in ten days and finishes in four months. Priests, Levites, singers, porters, laymen—all are treated impartially. All who have "married foreign women . . . put them away with their children." Ezra makes all Israel take oath that its people will avoid this evil hereafter. And he adds to the punishment of present offenders by publishing their names in his book.

If the people reveal a leading spirit in reform, they also lift with a leading hand in building the city wall. Like disturbed ants, they swarm over broken walls and accumulated rubble. "The people [have] a mind to work." Construction begins at "break of dawn" and continues until "the stars [come] out." They sort out stones from heaps of debris and dress them to fit places in the wall. But "'the strength of the burden-bearers is failing,'" says Judah, "'and there is much rubbish; we are not able to work on the wall.'" This

reflects no plague of laziness. Judah's men are willing to work. Had they not been working, their strength would not now be "failing."

"And the leaders [stand] behind all the house of Judah, who [are] building on the wall." Standing behind the laborers, they direct the work. And in the event of armed attack, of which there is constant threat, they must lead the defense. The peasant-laymen, sweating over stones and rubbish, ask of their leaders only this. They toil without complaint while their superiors supervise.

The people show an even better spirit than their superiors. For when the Tekoite nobles do "not put their necks to the work of their Lord," when they draw back from the yoke in the manner of unwilling oxen, the people as laymen-laborers carry on and do their portion of the wall without the cooperation of those who should direct. They even double their contribution. For they repair "another," a second "section opposite the great projecting tower as far [as] the wall of Ophel."

Some of these builders are hungry. Even while work on the wall progresses, their sons and daughters are being sold into slavery to other Jews. These same people who build city wall and foster marriage reform are being victimized by money wolves of their own race. And so there arises "a great outcry of the people and of their wives against their Jewish brethren." The wail of bereaved mothers raises the cry to a higher shrill. To buy bread for hungry mouths and to pay taxes exacted by the king of Persia, men have mortgaged and lost their fields, their vineyards, their homes. Greedy moneymongers, these "Jewish brethren," exact twelve per cent interest. And when people have nothing else with which to pay, the lenders seize sons and daughters to be sold as slaves.

These misused citizens who lack money do not lack logic. "'Now our flesh is as the flesh of our brethren,'" they complain; "'our children are as their children; yet we are forcing our sons and our daughters to be slaves, . . . but it is not in our power to help it, for other men have our fields and our vineyards.'" With all this provocation the record presents no abusive epithets; no maligning phrases are hurled by these abused peasants at their "brethren" who have taken advantage of them. And when, under oath, the moneylenders promise to correct these abuses, the assembly responds "'Amen'" and praises the Lord. The

patience of these sheep with their shepherd-superiors amazes.

All this while work on the wall has continued. The many work as one. In spite of perils and frustrations lurking in every shadow and hiding behind every boulder, "the wall [is] finished." Its completion is a triumph. The wall itself a comfort. Yet perils still threaten. As shadows of Jerusalem's towers lengthen eastward, the peril of enemy night attack leers over those walls to worry its people. And when again darkness dissolves into dawn, watchmen on those city walls scan the horizon for signs of enemy approach. The city requires a stronger garrison.

"Now the leaders of the people lived in Jerusalem; and the rest of the people cast lots to bring one out of ten to live in Jerusalem the holy city, while nine tenths remained in the other towns. And the people blessed all the men who willingly offered to live in Jerusalem."

To strengthen its garrisons Nehemiah is summoning one tenth of the country population to move into the city. Since rulers and priests already live there, the burden of this adjustment falls on the people. Selection of those who will move is made by lot, a traditional Hebrew practice.

This change of locale entails sacrifices. Living inside this walled enclosure—from the enemy viewpoint essentially a fort—involves perils of military action. Besides this, a family may suffer financial disadvantage. It may relinquish a comfortable country home for a dilapidated one in the city. In place of an adequate landed proprietorship in the country a man may accept the earnings of day labor or the pittance of an artisan. For milk from his own goats, wool from his own sheep, and lentils from patrimonial fields, one may exchange such wool and wilted eatables as are available in a street market. Yet all this the people shoulder uncomplainingly. Some even volunteer for the duty, and so reduce the size of the draft by lottery. No wonder "the people [bless] all the men who willingly [offer] to live in Jerusalem."

At the dedication of the wall "the joy of Jerusalem [is] heard afar off," for Judah, instead of feeling them as drones, rejoices "over the priests and Levites who [minister]." Laity follows clergy with confidence. Unprecedented liberality on the part of those who work "the fields" requires the appointment of men over "the stores, the contributions, the first fruits, and the tithes." The people set "apart that

which [is] for the Levites; and the Levites set apart that which [is] for the sons of Aaron." Personnel in full flock, including, in the manner of David and Solomon, singers, instrumentalists, and gatekeepers, perform the stately ceremonies. Levites, so often hunger driven to their fields by others' neglect, have been assembled to appear in their functions. And clearly but not surprisingly, this joy and prosperity issues from the exuberance of the country people who are providing "the portions required by the law . . . according to the fields of the towns."

And now the river of time flows through years of silence—silent years, one after one, like sheep crossing over a stile. Ezra has been long absent from Jerusalem, but the people remember him. They hunger for the green pastures and thirst for the still waters of his earlier teaching. These children of Israel are "in their towns," Nehemiah records. "And all the people [gather] as one man into the square before the Water Gate; and they [tell] Ezra the scribe to bring the book of the law of Moses which the Lord [gave] to Israel." These then are country laymen, not priests or officials, who are taking the initiative in inviting Ezra the priest to conduct a revival.

Ezra stands on a high pulpit constructed for him for this occasion. When he opens "the book in the sight of all the people," they rise. Customarily they sit to listen and stand for prayer or for hearing the law. On this occasion "all the people" stand. And Ezra, with the aid of assistants, reads "from early morning until midday." During this time, at least six hours, "the people [remain] in their places." That is, they do not leave the meeting; presumably they sit down, but they do not go away. And their ears are "attentive to the book of the law."

As these laymen listen to Ezra blessing "the Lord, the great God," the whole assembly responds with one mighty voice, "'Amen, Amen.'" The sound rolls over the vast congregation like the soft reverberations of subdued summer thunder. Repetition of the amen marks intensity of feeling. And this thunderous amen fades into the sounds of weeping.

For seven days the feast continues. And on the second of these the people are joined in their revival by the priests. In the twelve-verse narrative of the first day's worship the "people" are named thirteen times and the priests, except Ezra, not once. But "on the second day the heads of the fathers'

houses of all the people, with the priests and Levites, [come] together to Ezra the scribe in order to study the words of the law." Since "the days of Jeshua" there has been no such "great rejoicing." This revival appears to be a ground swell that begins among the lower levels of Israel's society and spreads upward—as revivals may—to include the priests.

Again there have been silent years. Nehemiah, recalled for a time by his king to Persia, has returned to Jerusalem. The venerable Ezra's voice has been stilled. And plagues of evil, never completely exterminated, have spread among all classes.

Nehemiah finds men of Judah

The True Spirit

by MARGARET HILLERT

Together with the presents
And the sounds of Christmas mirth
Is the air of glad rejoicing
At the wonder of His birth.
Amid the fun and frolic
Of a festive Christmas season
We can feel a special gladness,
And our hearts supply the reason.

"treading wine presses on the Sabbath, and bringing in heaps of grain and loading them on asses." Jews and foreigners jostle shoulders in noisy Sabbath street markets where they hawk wine, grapes, figs, fish, and all kinds of wares. There are Jews who have "married women of Ashdod, Ammon, and Moab," whose children cannot "speak the language of Judah." From general default in tithes the Levites and singers have "fled each to his field," and the house of God is "forsaken."

Even in this deplorable situation the plague of apostasy appears more virulent at the top. It is the "officials" at whom Nehemiah levels his challenge, "'Why is the house of God forsaken?'" They have set a damaging example in neglect of tithes. They, too, have led the way in Sabbath desecration. Loving luxury, they have encouraged foreigners and natives alike to bring fresh foods for sale on Sabbath—and probably are sharing in profit from the enterprise.

Even Eliashib the high priest has set a downward example. He flouted the law and profaned the Temple by assigning Tobiah the Ammonite living

quarters in it. He gave excuse for negligence of tithes by incumbering with Tobiah's furniture the very space designed for storing tithes. Drying up of tithes, in turn, starved the Levites back to their fields. Temple services were abandoned. All these evils grew out of Tobiah's machinations, and Tobiah, in turn, would never have gained his influence but for the softened attitude of Jewish people toward mixed marriages. In this area, too, Eliashib's behavior stinks most offensively on account of his condoning the marriage of his grandson to a daughter of Sanballat.

Laxity of clergy and of leaders does not excuse laxity of laymen. Yet it is much to their credit that when again "the people [hear] the law, they [separate] from all Israel all those of foreign descent." In contrast to this behavior, the high priest's grandson refuses to separate from his heathen wife. "'Therefore,'" says Nehemiah, "'I chased him from me'"—banished him. As soon as Tobiah is thrown out of the Temple, as soon as Temple personnel are recalled and the appointed rituals resumed, "then all Judah [brings] the tithes of grain, wine, and oil into the storehouses." The people come forward generously when they see the law respected and the funds no longer squandered.

Much of the evil recorded by Ezra and Nehemiah springs from the baleful activities of Tobiah, who would have been less effective in his evil but for the baleful, and perhaps subtle, assistance of Eliashib the high priest. Except for his part in building the Sheep Gate, Eliashib's name appears in all the story only as an element of evil. He must have been active in the dissident faction that corresponded with Tobiah after completion of the wall around Jerusalem.

Israel stumbled because of Tobiah, and Tobiah was effective because of Eliashib, and both preferred foreign wives to obedience. The weeds that choked out spirituality from Israel grew in beds of unblest marriages. This one man, Eliashib, who held the highest spiritual responsibility, may have done most to separate Israel from God.

In the ebb and flow of spiritual tides, the people were consistently more reluctant in decline, more willing in reform, than were their superiors. Like grass after a drought-breaking rain, the people responded readily to spiritual watering. Priests, nobles, and even the high priest would have done better to follow the flock they had been appointed to shepherd.

Youth

Meet in Vienna



On folklore night the Stadthalle's broad platform was crowded with more than 700 young people in costume, as shown above. Changing colored lights and brilliant singing made this a long-to-be-remembered occasion. At the right Inge Ebenberger, of Vienna, Austria, welcomes Pete Thorne, of Toronto, Canada, to the international congress. He flies a Canadian flag from his 50-pound knapsack. Below, on opening day the Stadthalle took on an international flavor with a flow of voices that spoke many different languages.



TAKE nearly two thousand Germans. Throw them together with around seven hundred French and French-speaking youth. Stir in several hundred Poles, Yugoslavians, Czechoslovakians, Austrians, Italians, Spaniards, and Portuguese. Sprinkle with enough Swiss, Alsations, Hollanders, English, and other nationalities to bring the mixture to a quantity of well over 5,000 people of heterogeneous culture and backgrounds. Add

the explosive quality of youth, and what do you have?

For nearly 6,000 years the adult world has found the resulting brew to be war. What would happen in Vienna, July 25, 1967? Would shadows of old conflicts rise up to destroy the harmony of the International Youth Congress? Would decades-old hurts block its objectives?

The Southern and Central European divisions had planned well for their guests. A battery of booths faced the reception area of the Stadthalle. Manning each registration booth were young people who spoke more than

one language. Signs above the booths announced the countries whose delegates could find assistance there.

As the hands of the clock moved toward nine o'clock on Tuesday morning the delegates began to arrive. They came by busloads. They came by plane, by train, by motor fleets. Some even came on foot.

Gradually the volume of sound in the hall increased. The scattered pieces of baggage accompanying arriving delegates swelled into a choking stream as the lines at registration booths began to lengthen. Sometimes there just wasn't anyone who spoke *that* lan-



Austrian youth are dressed in early Viennese costumes. The sign recognizes 100 years of Missionary Volunteering. Right, shows individual transistors that were provided delegates so each could hear in his own language. There was a choice of eight. Below is pictured an over-all view of the congress platform.



guage. But everyone smiled and everyone *tried* to speak it, or at least to understand it, and usually the try was successful.

Housing accommodations began to fill. Youth hostels, schools, church classrooms, became acres of sleeping bags. Ancient and modern Viennese hotels sheltered a strange clientele—a clientele that asked for hot chocolate in the morning instead of tea or coffee and passed by the bar without even a glance.

In the days ahead, Stadthalle maintenance crews, girded for what they thought would be a back-breaking task, were to whisk their brooms vainly in search of cigarette butts or trash of any kind. No beer cans cluttered the plaza, no shattered glass, no ashes. The crew stood there on what someone termed "one long coffee break," their eyes

showing amazement at this new breed of youth, their stern faces beginning to relax into smiles.

Opening night arrived with its parade of flying flags and exotic figures representing more than 30 countries. On stage, gathered from 50 German churches, a 200-piece band heralded the marchers and escorted them to the platform with stout harmony. The roll call of nations began.

The flag of Austria advanced to center stage as the speaker called her delegates to stand. Applause spread across the arena. Then it was Belgium's turn. Then France, Germany, Ethiopia, Martinique, England, Holland, Italy. When the emcee called for Czechoslovakia, a block of 50 young people stood at one side of the arena, and hands grew hot with clapping.

At the end of roll call, flag bearers

planted their banners across the front of the hall, and there they stood throughout the four days of the congress—French Tricolors hanging quietly beside the yellow and black of Deutschland, the Austrian eagle on its red-and-white background sitting peacefully next to the star of Italy with its green, white, and red bars. And above the proud row of banners rose the giant emblem of the congress, its arrows of blue, green, and heliotrope focused at one point. Still higher, and moving across the length of the stage, was the word "Watch," shouting its warning in the seven major languages of the congress—*Wachet, Veillez, Vegliate, Velad, Vigiai, Waakt, Watch!* Continuously throughout the week it echoed the challenge of the keynote address by world youth leader Theodore E. Lucas, who spoke that first night.



Young people are gathered around world leader Theodore E. Lucas as he shakes hands with Viennese hostess Inge Ebenberger. From French-speaking areas of North Africa, Mauritania, and Martinique, the delegation shown below came to gather memories that would linger for years to come. Dr. Herbert Stoeger, MV secretary for Southern Europe, shown lower right, with J. Hildebrandt, MV secretary for the Central European Division, planned one of the smoothest-moving congresses Europe has ever known.



Division youth leaders Joachim Hildebrandt, of Darmstadt, Germany, and Herbert Stoeger, of Bern, Switzerland, had scheduled programs from nine in the morning to ten at night, with a two-and-a-half-hour break at noon and another two hours before the evening meeting. High light of each morning was a message by long-time favorite E. L. Minchin. Buffering his words of inspiration were interviews with young people who had faced some of life's deep problems—persecution for God. There were reports by young men and women who had put their faith into action in order to share it with others.

It was not out of place in the city famed for its musical heritage that music of outstanding quality found expression many times in many ways. Few will forget the voices of choirs from

countries long silent, voices that soared forth from hearts that knew what it meant to bleed.

Professional musicians were without doubt in the minority. These performers were not singing from a background of years of specialized training. They sang from a wealth of poverty, if you please, a wealth of suffering and love and faithfulness to their heavenly Father often at great personal sacrifice. And Vienna's Stadthalle listened, and its guests listened, and its workmen, maintenance crews, guards, and technicians listened. And after they had listened they began to ask questions.

"I don't know what it is, but these fellows and girls have something I think I want," announced a student who was working for the summer at the Stadthalle. "Can you tell me a little about your religion? What do you be-

lieve?" And the young woman to whom he spoke began to tell.

No bells called the delegates into the arena as scheduled events drew near. No gongs or chimes or public-address systems. But as each appointment neared, down the long corridors echoed the trumpet tones of an air familiar to every Seventh-day Adventist. Five minutes before the hour it sounded: "Lift up the trumpet, and loud let it ring; Jesus is coming again!" Then as the moments ticked away, the notes came again, and feet began to move in the corridors. Seats in the great arena filled rapidly as almost running, the young people found their places.

The final trumpet call found everyone seated and waiting quietly: "Lift up the trumpet, and loud let it ring; Jesus is coming again!" And as the minute hand moved into position, the



The 200-piece German brass choir came from 50 different churches in Germany. They are getting a quick between-meetings practice session in front of the Stadthalle. The singers in the choir, upper right, came from Poland. They also sang the traditional folk songs in the gaily decorated costumes of days gone by. Lower right, Abraham Dabela, from Ethiopia, a medical student in Bucharest, Romania, talks with two delegates, Veslemoy Hogganvik, left, and Agnes Vatndal, both from Oslo, Norway.



speaker stepped up to the desk. Outside the arena the corridors were silent—empty.

And what of hearing? How could so many variously tuned ears understand what was being said from the speaker's desk? Little white boxes gave the answer—small transistorized receivers with a six-position dial marked by dots of blue, green, black, white, yellow, and red. Serving these pocket-sized transistors was a line of rapid-translation booths at one side of the arena. Here, wearing their own earphones tuned to the speaker's desk, translators immediately respoke the message to their special audience as it came to them in the booths. The two major languages at the speaker's desk were German and French, though at times, as when Elders Minchin and Lucas spoke, the languages were English and German.

On Wednesday evening the transistors were unused, as the audience sat through a wordless (for the most part) program. The message of vigilance in every area of living drove home via the medium of pantomime.

If there had been any seeds of international conflict at the congress, Thursday evening was the time for them to blossom. It was an evening of folklore, when young people from the many lands demonstrated their national customs and folk songs, dressed in the traditional garb of their land. Here was room for national pride, for competition. Instead of competition, greater brotherhood grew in the atmosphere of youth giving their best to make their country understood.

More than 700 young people, all in costumes peculiar to their own land, gave a performance that alternately brought smiles of delight and tears of wonder at their courage. The Austrian young people set the pulse of the program as they moved slowly, majestically, on stage, first a single file of 50 young women with beautifully colored, full-skirted gowns and bright perky bonnets. After them came the young men of Austria in suits of the Strauss period. While the spotlights changed colors the young people moved gracefully across the platform and sang a Strauss waltz. People in the audience edged forward in their seats.

The program swept through the color and music of one land after another. For a brief moment the audience stood on the hot sands of Portugal, listened to quick castanets under a warm Spanish sun, shivered to alpine yodeling while a Swiss skillfully tossed his

lovely red flag with the white cross and caught it in graceful motion.

Magnificently plumed Belgians tossed oranges into the front rows of the arena. Lovely gowned Italian ladies tossed red carnations to the audience while mandolins tinkled. Berlin bears investigated the singing German choruses. Socrates sought the wisdom of Greece while Diogenes pursued his search for an honest man among the participants on the platform.

And the French—the French won perhaps the greatest applause of any group because they were able to rise above the misfortune of learning just that morning that their costumes would not arrive in time for the program. Their 1967 dress, as they walked silently on stage and took up their positions in front of the microphones, told the story—but not all of it. While they sang, beside them unfolded an amazing display of art prepared only that day by delegates who would not admit failure. First the emblem of the congress appeared; then a map of France; after that a map of the world with arrows shooting out from France to all the places where French missionaries labored. Then the MV emblem appeared, and that yielded place to a giant open Bible surrounded by a rainbow. The disappointed French youth had brought the program full cycle back to the major purpose of the congress—the message of the Old Book to all the world through the watchful hands and lives of youth.

If Thursday evening was filled with color and music, Friday evening overflowed. The program announced a "Spiritual Music Festival," and that is precisely what it was. The message that night sounded forth in music interspersed by words of Scripture. Among the groups performing were the Berlin chorus, the Norwegian choir, Yugoslavian choir, Franco-Belgian choir, Czechoslovakian choir, the Forest Lake Academy Brass Ensemble from Maitland, Florida, the 200-piece brass band from Germany, and the massed congress chorus of nearly 300 voices under the direction of Pierre Winandy, of Paris, France.

Soloists, trios, instrumental numbers, a concert accordion that swelled its notes with the resonance of a great organ, a concert guitar, not to mention the singing of nearly 7,000 young voices in the audience, each in his own mother tongue as the words of familiar Adventist hymns flooded the vast arena—this was Friday night. This was the Spiritual Music Festival, and no one

questioned that it was truly a feast.

Then it was Sabbath morning. For the last time Elder Minchin mounted the platform and stepped up to the speaker's desk. He spoke as youth have always heard him speak—tearing out his heart for the young people he loves, leaning on no pseudomodernism for response. "Young man, young woman, give God your heart—today."

And they gave it. They gave it, each delegate on his own resolve moving forward to stand in silent testimony before God and his peers, committed to the Christian life.

That night, the last night of the congress, Elder Lucas asked them for more than their hearts. The youth leader asked them for their lives, their hands, their minds. Like Churchill, he promised them nothing here but blood, and sweat, and tears. For this he asked them to come up on the platform, signifying that they would dedicate their lives to service in God's cause as teachers, physicians, ministers, nurses, medical technicians, printers, literature evangelists, secretaries, editors and writers, missionaries.

As he named each category of service the speaker waited. He waited while young men rose from their chairs in the balcony and from the farthest corner of the arena and made their way to the platform beside him. He waited while scores of young women found their way to the platform to receive cards to fill out signifying their interest in becoming nurses for God. He waited, and he called, and he waited. And the young men and women came. They came until the platform of the arena groaned under the weight of more than a thousand volunteers for Christ!

Nationalism? What place had nationalism, what place had international discord in a host that had turned their faces toward a greater land than any existing here on this earth? Truly Vienna had played host to an International Youth Congress. It had played host to children of the heavenly homeland.

The standard-bearers of the congress quietly picked up the flags of their native lands. Quickly they moved through the crowded platform, down the long aisles of the arena and out of sight through the rear doors. The spotlight returned to pick up the huge emblem of the congress and the words it symbolized: "Watch." For the last time the trumpets sounded the familiar strain, "Lift up the trumpet, and loud let it ring; Jesus is coming again!"

The Best Holiday GIFT—So Much for So Little

Good News for You—

Of all the interest-compelling books by
Elder Arthur S. Maxwell
 this is indisputably his **BEST!**



**NEW
 LARGER SIZE**

256 pages — 17 full-page,
 full-color illustrations. The striking
 cloth cover is a new painting by Harry Anderson
 created especially for this 1967 missionary special.



FULL-COLOR

\$1.00

1967- MISSIONARY SPECIAL

Good News for You has a message

- FOR YOU
- FOR THOSE YOU LOVE
- FOR THE STRANGER WITHIN YOUR GATE

Good News for You is easy to read.

Its teachings are easy to grasp. It is a most attractive gift for
 all occasions. The low \$1.00 price will enable you to use it by
 the scores in 1967 and see MORE SOULS WON FOR CHRIST.

Good News for You presents

the great truths of the Advent faith "all wrapped up in the love
 of God!"

SOME OF THE FASCINATING CHAPTERS ARE—

- NO NEED TO DESPAIR (The state of the dead)
- NO NEED TO BE SO WEARY (The true Sabbath)
- YOU HAVE A FRIEND IN COURT (The judgment)

All nineteen chapters make Advent truth so reasonable, so attractive,
 so appealing—that it becomes irresistible.

POSTAGE FREE

on orders of 24 or more copies to one address.

Postage—less than 24 volumes, add 20c first volume, 5c each additional volume
 same address. Add 12c each book postage and insurance Canada and foreign.

ORDER FROM YOUR BOOK AND BIBLE HOUSE

WHAT YOUR GENERAL CONFERENCE LEADERS SAY—



This book presents Bible truths Seventh-day Adventists
 cherish and believe, in easy-to-understand, modern-day
 speech, and under titles that answer questions about which
 people of our day are concerned. I recommend this book
 filled with "good news" to you for your personal reading
 and for sharing with your non-Adventist friends.

—ROBERT H. PIERSON, President, General Conference



Here is a book that answers the questions people are asking.
 The author treats timeless truths in his usual interesting
 style and with language that grips and commands attention.
 I predict a record circulation.

—THEODORE CARCICH, Vice-president
 General Conference



Everywhere men and women . . . are desperately seeking
 relief from apparently insoluble and frustrating problems.
 This book offers satisfying solutions to these universal
 problems and concerns. Those who read this volume as I
 have done will discover more than simply a book filled
 with hope and enjoyment. They will find the way to Christ,
 the source of all happiness, true fulfillment, and eternal
 well-being.

—NEAL C. WILSON, Vice-president, General Conference
 North American Division



"I have good news for you!" When you use this approach
 with your relatives, friends, and neighbors what a welcome
 you will receive. As they read this appealing book, brimful
 of Scriptural good news, their minds will be satisfied, their
 hearts will be stirred, and their lives changed.

—J. ERNEST EDWARDS, Secretary, Lay Activities Dept.
 General Conference



A



B



C

By *Worthington!*

- A. Meatless Meat-Loaf-in-Minutes
- B. Salisbury Steak Supreme
- C. Hors D'Oeuvres Suggestions



Tomorrow's Foods Today!

Worthington Foods, Inc.
Worthington, Ohio 43085

Sabbath School Lessons

DECEMBER 16, 1967

Prepared for publication by the General
Conference Sabbath School Department

SENIOR

XI—The Ministry of Peter

MEMORY VERSE: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him" (Acts 10:34, 35).

STUDY HELPS: *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 131-141; *The Ministry of Healing*, pp. 209-216; *The SDA Bible Commentary*.

STUDY AIM: To see Peter as an agent of miracle-working power, and a willing minister of the gospel to the Gentiles.

Introduction

While Saul is doing a routine but useful work in Cilicia, gaining experience in evangelism (Gal. 1:21-24), the record brings Peter again to the front, and shows how the gospel spread through him in the coastal regions. Two miracles are described, and the account of the conversion of Cornelius and his household is given in full. Through an angel and a vision Peter and Cornelius are brought together. Peter preaches the gospel, the hearers receive the Holy Spirit, and Peter administers baptism. This was a decisive event, for, although Cornelius was "devout," that is, a believer in the Jewish faith, a "proselyte of the gate," he had not yet been circumcised and therefore was not permitted in Jewish assemblies. Cornelius' reception of the Holy Spirit therefore set a precedent of the greatest importance for later work among the Gentiles. The supernatural is so much a part of the events here that it becomes almost natural as should be the case with active, effective Christians.

Places: Lydda (modern Israel uses the ancient name Lod), not far inland from Joppa, on the edge of the plain of Sharon, west of Jerusalem; Joppa, modern Jaffa, on the coast; Caesarea, a busy city on the coast some thirty miles north of Joppa, the seat of Roman provincial government (the ruins of the city are only recently being excavated).

Persons: Peter; Aeneas; Dorcas; Cornelius, a centurion in the Italian cohort garrison at Caesarea; an angel; the Holy Spirit.

Interesting Terms: "Centurion." A subordinate officer in the Roman army, commanding a hundred men, corresponding to sergeant or to lieutenant, junior grade, in the United States Army.

"Band." "The Roman cohort, here called a 'band,' consisted of about 600 men, and was the administrative unit of the army."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Acts 10:1.

"Housetop." The flat roof of a Syrian house offered a place of family privacy, away from the turmoil of the street. Frequently a small

room was built on the housetop, and almost always there was a canopy for shelter.

"Remission of sins." The "sending away" of sin, that is, the separation of sin from the sinner. Ps. 103:10-12.

Miracles of Healing

1. On returning from helping Philip in Samaria, how far did Peter extend his evangelistic work? Acts 9:32.

2. What gracious miracle did Peter perform at Lydda through the power of Christ? Acts 9:33-35.

3. What good work did Dorcas of Joppa do in the church? Acts 9:36, 39.

NOTE.—"At Joppa, which was near Lydda, there lived a woman named Dorcas, whose good deeds had made her greatly beloved. She was a worthy disciple of Jesus, and her life was filled with acts of kindness. She knew who needed comfortable clothing and who needed sympathy, and she freely ministered to the poor and the sorrowful. Her skillful fingers were more active than her tongue."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 131.

4. What good work did the Spirit of God do for Dorcas through Peter? Acts 9:37-41.

5. What effect did this remarkable occurrence have? Acts 9:42.

The Calling of Cornelius

6. Who was Cornelius, and what was his character and his relationship to God? Acts 10:1, 2, 22.

7. What did Cornelius do in compliance with instructions he received in a vision from the Lord? Acts 10:3-8.

NOTE.—"The same Holy Watcher who said of Abraham, 'I know him,' knew Cornelius also, and sent a message direct from heaven to him. . . .

"The explicitness of these directions, in which was named even the occupation of the man with whom Peter was staying, shows that Heaven is acquainted with the history and business of men in every station of life. God is familiar with the experience and work of the humble laborer, as well as with that of the king upon his throne."—*Ibid.*, pp. 133, 134.

The Vision of Peter

8. Where was Peter dwelling, and what was he doing when Cornelius' messengers reached him? Acts 10:9, 10, 17, 18.

NOTE.—"There were two hours of prayer for the Jewish community, when the morning and evening sacrifices were offered in Jerusalem. But for the devout man, that was not enough. 'Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray.' Ps. 55:17. Daniel 'kneeled upon his knees three times a day.' Dan. 6:10.

9. What vision did Peter have while ex-

periencing a noontide hunger? Acts 10:11-16.

NOTE.—"By the vision of the sheet and its contents, let down from heaven, Peter was to be divested of his settled prejudices against the Gentiles; to understand that, through Christ, heathen nations were made partakers of the blessings and privileges of the Jews, and were to be thus benefited equally with them. Some have urged that this vision was to signify that God had removed His prohibition from the use of the flesh of animals which He formerly pronounced unclean; and that therefore swine's flesh was fit for food. This is a very narrow, and altogether erroneous interpretation, and is plainly contradicted in the Scriptural account of the vision and its consequences."—*The Spirit of Prophecy*, vol. 3, pp. 327, 328.

The meaning of the vision was not respecting unclean foods, but that no man should be called "common or unclean," verse 28.

10. What did the Spirit of God bid Peter do? How did Peter respond to the messengers' request? Acts 10:19-24.

The Baptism of Cornelius

11. How did Cornelius greet Peter? What was Peter's problem in associating with Cornelius? Acts 10:25-28 (first part).

12. How did Peter apply the lesson of his vision? Acts 10:28 (last part).

NOTE.—"It was from man, and not from food, that the stigma of 'unclean' was to be removed. Notice that the word here translated 'man' is of the broadest application, meaning man as a race.

13. What did Peter declare Cornelius and his companions already had heard? Acts 10:34-37.

NOTE.—"That word . . . ye know," Cornelius and his household had learned not only the truths of Judaism; they knew of the message of John the Baptist, and the work and preaching of Jesus Christ. There would scarcely be anyone in Palestine who had not heard these things.

14. What message did Peter bring to them? Acts 10:38-43.

NOTE.—"The 'anointing' of Jesus was at His baptism (Matt. 3:16, 17), when to the accompaniment of a Voice from heaven, the Spirit of God came afresh upon Jesus. This endowment marked the initiation of Christ's public ministry in A.D. 27, beginning the final 'week' (seven years) of the seventy weeks of Daniel's prophecy (Dan. 9:24-27), which closed with the stoning of Stephen.

Like Philip (Acts 8:35), Peter preached Jesus.

15. How did God indicate His acceptance of these Gentiles? What did Peter do for them? Acts 10:44-48.

NOTE.—"Again the Holy Spirit showed His active presence in the infant church. He did not wait for Peter, but took control of a situation embarrassing to the Jewish apostle. In a dynamic and soul-thrilling manifestation, the Spirit took Cornelius as His own. The speaking in tongues was no babbling, but a useful gift such as had come to the believers at Pentecost (Acts 2:4).

which Peter's prejudices were removed, and how his vision of the gospel work broadened.

Introduction

While Saul is doing a routine but useful work in Cilicia, gaining experience in evangelism, the record brings Peter again to the front, and shows how the gospel spread through him in the coastal regions. Two miracles are described, and the account of the conversion of Cornelius and his household is given in full. Through an angel and a vision Peter and Cornelius are brought together. Peter preaches the gospel, the hearers receive the Holy Spirit, and Peter administers

YOUTH

XI—The Ministry of Peter

MEMORY GEM: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him" (Acts 10:34, last part, 35).

ILLUMINATION OF THE TOPIC: Acts 9:32-10:48; *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 131-141; *The Ministry of Healing*, pp. 209-216; *The SDA Bible Commentary*, on the references cited.

STUDY AIM: To trace the manner in

baptism. This was a decisive event, for although Cornelius was "devout," that is, a believer in the Jewish faith, a "proselyte of the gate," he had not yet been circumcised and therefore was not permitted in Jewish assemblies. Cornelius' acceptance by the Holy Spirit, therefore, set a precedent of the greatest importance for later work among the Gentiles.

1—Peter Performs Miracles

1. While making a tour of the churches, to which one did Peter come? Acts 9:32.

Lydda was a fairly large town lying about ten miles south of Joppa, and was the center of a flourishing Christian community.

2. What miracle did the Lord perform through Peter in Lydda? Acts 9:33-35.

"Aeneas. . . In Josephus . . . the name is used of a Jew, so this man could well have been a Hellenistic Jew. . . . We are not told that he was a disciple, but it may be inferred that he was among 'the saints'. The care with which Luke records that Aeneas had been eight years a bedridden paralytic, may reflect professional exactness. . . .

"Note the care with which Peter avoids claiming any personal power to heal. He acknowledges only Christ's ability to help the sufferer."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Acts 9:33, 34.

3. Who was living in Joppa at this time, and what good work had she been doing? Acts 9:36, 39.

"At Joppa, which was near Lydda, there lived a woman named Dorcas, whose good deeds had made her greatly beloved. She was a worthy disciple of Jesus, and her life was filled with acts of kindness. She knew who needed comfortable clothing and who needed sympathy, and she freely ministered to the poor and the sorrowful. Her skilful fingers were more active than her tongue."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 131.

4. When was Peter called to Joppa? What did he do for Dorcas? Acts 9:37-41.

"The church in Joppa realized their loss; and hearing that Peter was at Lydda, the believers sent messengers to him, 'desiring him that he would not delay to come to them. Then Peter arose and went with them'. . . . In view of the life of service that Dorcas had lived, it is little wonder that they mourned, that warm tear-drops fell upon the inanimate clay. . . .

"Dorcas had been of great service to the church, and God saw fit to bring her back from the land of the enemy, that her skill and energy might still be a blessing to others, and also that by this manifestation of His power the cause of Christ might be strengthened."—*Ibid.*, pp. 131, 132.

5. What effect did this miracle have on the people living in that area? Acts 9:42.

"Peter made sure that this miracle of God would receive due recognition by first gathering together those who knew Dorcas personally and could testify to the fact of her death, and then making a public presentation of her to them. Thus he ensured that there would be ample witness to the fact that a miracle had taken place.

"Many believed. News of such a miracle spread quickly. The whole area of Joppa was aroused, and the gospel message received a great impetus."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Acts 9:41, 42.

2—Instruction Given to Cornelius

6. Who was Cornelius, and what position did he hold? What is said of his character? Acts 10:1, 2, 22.

"Cornelius was a Roman officer, but he was not completely a heathen. He was 'devout' and 'feared God,' and gave alms to the people. Even so, in Jewish eyes he was a Gentile, for he was uncircumcised. Consequently his admission into the church marks a new stage in the expansion of Christianity."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Acts 10:1.

7. What was Cornelius instructed to do and how did he obey? Acts 10:3-8.

"The explicitness of these directions, in which was named even the occupation of the man with whom Peter was staying, shows that heaven is acquainted with the history and business of men in every station of life. . . .

"Cornelius was gladly obedient to the vision. When the angel had gone, the centurion 'called two of his household servants, and a devout soldier of them that waited on him continually; and when he had declared all these things unto them, he sent them to Joppa.'"—*The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 133-135.

3—Peter's Vision

8. What was Peter doing as the messengers from Cornelius drew near to Joppa? Acts 10:9, 10, 17, 18.

"Among the Jews this probably was not one of the regular hours for prayer, and early Jewish literature says nothing

about it as such. Particularly pious persons may have observed it . . . , and Peter's prayer at this hour may possibly be so interpreted. . . .

"Whatever explanation is adopted for Peter's having prayed at this hour, it is clear that his meditation and devotion opened the way for his reception of a vision at exactly the right moment to prepare him to receive the messengers from the Gentile Cornelius."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Acts 10:11.

9. While Peter waited for dinner, what remarkable vision did he receive? Acts 10:11-16.

"This vision conveyed to Peter both reproof and instruction. It revealed to him the purpose of God,—that by the death of Christ the Gentiles should be made fellow-heirs with the Jews to the blessings of salvation. As yet none of the disciples had preached the gospel to the Gentiles. In their minds, the middle wall of partition, broken down by the death of Christ, still existed, and their labors had been confined to the Jews; for they had looked upon the Gentiles as excluded from the blessings of the gospel."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 135, 136.

10. What did the Holy Spirit tell Peter to do? How did he respond to the invitation brought by the messengers of Cornelius? Acts 10:19-24.

"Doubting. Or, 'hesitating.' As once before, Peter did not know yet what his Lord was doing, but he would know hereafter. . . . He and the messengers of Cornelius were alike acting on the promptings of the Holy Spirit. The vision had given Peter no hint that he was to take a journey. Now Peter was informed of this, and he understood that the 'doubting nothing' was to mean, at the end of his journey, that he was to put no distinction between Jews and other men."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Acts 10:20.

4—The Baptism of Cornelius

11. How did Cornelius greet Peter? How did Peter explain the problem he faced as a Jew of entering the home of a Gentile? Acts 10:25-28.

"The apostle now showed that he had learned the lesson of the vision. Humanity had been redeemed by the incarnation, the sacrifice, and the ascension of Christ, and even the lowest heathen was no longer common or unclean. . . . Sin alone is that which separates men from Him. . . . Impurity is to be thought of as a moral, not a physical or racial, taint. . . .

"It is evident from this verse that the lesson God taught Peter concerned not beasts, but men. All men were to be reached with the gospel; ultimately they would be unclean only when they should reject God's endeavors to save them."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Acts 10:28.

12. How did Cornelius describe the experience which had led him to send for Peter? Acts 10:30-33.

13. What lesson did Peter perceive

Key

Wit Sharpeners

C A L E B
M O S E S
T R U T H
T H A R A
H O S E A
L O D G E
C R E T E
J O N A H
U R I A H
O S H E A
J A M E S
P E T E R
A A R O N

Counsel Clinic



Question *There is a young woman in my church, a friend of mine. We've gone to the same Adventist church for ten years, and our families know each other. As some young people do when they reach sixteen and seventeen, she finds the pleasures of the world amusing and church activities rather dull. I'm not perfect, but I can truthfully say that I don't indulge in any worldly activities. But she has become too familiar with the boys and enjoys worldly activities. Everyone has noticed this. As the saying goes, "Show me your company, and I'll tell you what you are."*

Counsel Do not be in haste to give up your friend of ten years. Your friendship may be the only string pulling her feet back to a firm footing. Real friendship is a powerful influence in anyone's life. Your friend (may we call her Mary?) needs you now more than ever before. She has been caught up in the maelstrom of wrongdoing. She is temporarily blinded to the results of evil

and sees only the fun she is having. God is counting on you to help Mary to see life's real purpose and value.

It is evident you are concerned about your reputation, and rightly so. This should not be overlooked. You need to pray much and live very close to the Lord, that you may not be swayed from the "straight and narrow" yourself. You need strength for yourself so you can help Mary.

Remember the experience of Jesus and Judas. Even though Jesus knew Judas would betray Him, He permitted him to remain in the group of disciples. He gave Judas every chance to repent. In *The Desire of Ages*, in the chapter on Judas, it says, "The Saviour did not repulse Judas. He gave him a place among the twelve." Even at the Passover supper He tenderly included Judas in the ministry of the disciples.

You are the link between "what Mary is now" and "what she once was." What a tragedy if you should fail her in this time of need! True, you cannot accom-

in this experience? Of whom did he say Cornelius had already heard? Acts 10:34-37.

"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."—*Ibid.*, on Acts 10:35.

14. What wonderful story did Peter relate to the household of Cornelius? Acts 10:38-43.

The anointing of Jesus was at His baptism, when, accompanied by a voice from heaven, the Spirit of God came upon Him. This endowment marked the initiation of Christ's public ministry, beginning the "week" (seven years) of the seventy weeks in Daniel's prophecy which closed with the stoning of Stephen.

15. How did God show that He accepted those Gentile believers? What did Peter do for them? Acts 10:44-48.

"The Holy Ghost fell upon them." The six brethren who had accompanied Peter from Joppa might well be amazed. Here

were men unbaptized, uncircumcised, unclean—men who had been idolators, dogs of the Gentiles, eaters of the unclean beast, whose touch involved ceremonial pollution—speaking and praising God in the utterances which could only come from hearts stirred by divine influence to their most secret depth. With bold readiness Peter seized the favourable moment. The spectacle which he had witnessed raised him above ignoble prejudices, and the rising tide of conviction swept away the dogmas and habits of his earlier years. . . . Peter not only commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord, but even freely accepted their invitation 'to tarry with them certain days.'—FARRAR, *The Life and Work of St. Paul*, vol. 1, p. 281.

What Is in This Lesson for Me?

Perhaps we think that Peter and his fellow disciples were bigoted when they refused to eat or associate with Gentiles. Am I in danger of falling into the same state of mind at times? Am I prone to feel that perhaps my country, or my race, or my family, or perhaps even my church is superior to any other? If so, let me learn with Peter that "God is no respecter of persons."

pany her to questionable places, or indulge in other compromising activities. Now, as never before, you must talk, act, and live, as a real representative of Jesus. This type of living can bring real strength to your own Christian experience. The counsel in Galatians 6:1 is good: "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted."

Proverbs 27:10 advises thus: "Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not." It is possible, but I hope the time will never come, that Mary may make her final choice and decide to continue with her present company in preference to her Saviour. In such a case the gulf between you and her will gradually widen, and you will no longer be able to help her.

Do all you can to help her now, so if that time comes you will have no regrets. Now, while you can, cling to your friend. Do not forsake her. I know yours is a difficult path. I hope you will read from *Messages to Young People*, especially page 419. I shall quote part of it, which I believe is applicable to your case. "We should not voluntarily expose ourselves to influences that are unfavorable to the formation of Christian character. When duty calls us to do this, we should be doubly watchful and prayerful, that, through the grace of Christ, we may stand uncorrupted." Duty has called you, and you have a duty to perform that is a challenge to your own Christian living.

So much depends upon you. Do not shun Mary. Pray for her. Seek the confidence and help of the minister or elder in your church. His prayers and guidance will be a strength to you and will tend to offset any adverse criticism of you. Constantly ask yourself, Have I done all I can to help Mary to see the beauty and satisfaction there is in following Jesus? It is my prayer that you may remain good friends, and especially friends of Jesus.

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.



FOR EVANGELISTS • FOR BIBLE INSTRUCTORS • LOW IN COST • BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED • FOR PATHFINDERS

Mess^{ages} of FAITH

OUR NEW EVANGELISTIC SOUL-WINNING reprints and preprints. **THRILLING** evangelistic sermons in printed form. One subject in each reprint. Ideal for evangelism of all kinds. Order from your Book and Bible House. Ministers and church officers, write for free samples.

Single copies	\$.05
10 copies, 1 number45
1 set of 24, 1 each number	1.00
100 copies, 1 number	4.00
500 copies, 1 number	16.50
1,000 copies, not less than 100 of 1 number	20.50
1,000 each of 12 numbers or more, per 1,000	18.50

SOUTHERN PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE 37202

FOR EDUCATORS • 12 ALL NEW • HIGH IN APPEAL • FOR LAYMEN • FOR PASTORS • SO DOCTRINALLY COMPLETE



► Consumer spending in the nation's 52,182 retail drugstores in 1966 averaged \$53.98 for every person in the United States, six per cent over 1965. **AMA**

► Although the United States population increased by 18 per cent in the 1950's, the growth was uneven. More than half of the counties in the nation actually lost people.

National Geographic Society

► A national Fire Research and Safety Center operated by the National Bureau of Standards would be established under a bill introduced to the House of Representatives. Government and private research would be authorized under the \$10 million legislation. **Science**

► Annual rainfall on Mount Waialeale, Kauai, Hawaii, averages 471.68 inches. Strongest challenge to Waialeale's status as the wettest spot in the world comes from India, where the little town of Cherrapunji, near the Burma border, receives 450 inches of rain annually. **National Geographic Society**

► It was a German forester, Freiherr Drais of Sauerbronn, who 150 years ago invented what he called the velocipede, forerunner of today's bicycle. The velocipede had no rubber tires and no pedals. Cyclists had to get started by pushing off from the ground with one foot. World production of bicycles today comes to about 25 million a year. **GIC**

► Thirty-four million vehicles were registered in 1967 in the six countries of the European Common Market, almost twice as many as in 1961. With one motor vehicle for every six persons, the area is one of the most highly motorized in the world, surpassed only by the United States, with one automobile for every three inhabitants; Sweden, with one for every four; and England, with one for every five.

European Community

► Studies into methods of rendering sea water into drinking water have led a Spanish scientist to the discovery of germinating grains of hitherto sterile sand. The method is called the "hidropoic mixed method" and has been applied effectively at an experimental agricultural station. Crops obtained at the station are of identical quality to those grown on ordinary soil. The method sets out to prevent penetration of the plant by saline elements that it cannot assimilate. Brackish wells, the water of which has not been utilized till now, could with the help of these new methods fertilize the barren sands of the Spanish Sahara. **IDES**

Radarscope



► Radiological eyes that see through oil, grease, and layers of metal; sonic probes that no one can hear; magnetic flaw charting; electric currents and phosphorescent liquids that search for hidden damage—these are some of a new array of tools that are adding a fifth dimension to aviation safety and at the same time reducing maintenance costs. Through their use, virtually every component in an aircraft can be inspected "in place." Discernible in the future are devices to measure the rate of fatigue in an aircraft, to be relayed to engineers on the ground hundreds of miles away. **FAA**

► Rising in the Tibetan highlands of China's Tsinghai Province and flowing 2,600 miles southward through the southeast Asian peninsula, the Mekong River may become a thriving commercial waterway. A United Nations project is under way to help Laos, Thailand, Cambodia, and South Vietnam harness the giant river. Twenty-six nations are cooperating to build dams and power stations, and to improve navigation and irrigation. The plan embraces the entire Mekong basin.

National Geographic Society

► More than 5,000,000 units of blood are transfused annually in the United States, and a steady increase is expected as newer medical and surgical techniques are developed. The majority of these blood needs are collected and processed by the 56 blood centers serving 1,700 chapters of the American National Red Cross, and the more than 1,000 hospital and community blood banks belonging to the American Association of Blood Banks. **ANRC**

► Because of advancing technology, says the United States Labor Department, the average skilled worker will have to retrain at least three times during his lifetime—and some as often as seven times. **Precis**

► About the size of Rhode Island, Yosemite National Park in California draws some 1.6 million visitors each year. **National Geographic Society**

► Florida's citrus trees never defoliate. Blossoms, fruit, and glossy green leaves often appear at the same time.

National Geographic Society

► Today there are 48 countries and territories in Africa with a combined population of close to 300 million people. Most of the 39 independent nations attained sovereignty in the very recent past. **WBG**

► Under an agreement with the United States Air Force, all Norwegian Air Force aviators will be trained in the United States from mid-year 1968, when the present training pact with Canada ends. Since 1951, nearly 500 Norwegian military pilots and 50 navigators have received training in Canada. **NORIS**

► As part of the Canadian centennial program, nearly 200 Eskimo children saw southern Canada for the first time this summer. Escorted by teachers, they saw Expo '67 and Montreal. Meanwhile Toronto students were taken to Baker Lake, 1,000 miles north of Winnipeg, to hike across the tundra and become acquainted with Eskimo customs. **CDEA**

► Railroads now handle 17 billion passenger miles—one fourth in commuter services and the remainder between United States cities. This volume, equivalent to speeding 15,000 travelers from New York City to San Francisco every day, amounts to 15 per cent of travel by commercial carriers (but less than two per cent of the over-all intercity total when auto use is added in). **GNRC**

► Parakeets have become immensely popular in the United States. At one time, an estimated 6.5 million families owned at least 9 million budgies. The English have long enjoyed these birds. Several years ago officers of the British aircraft carrier *Centaur* made a pet inspection and discovered there were ten times more parakeets aboard the ship than warplanes.

National Geographic Society

► Theoretically, a giant laser beam could carry a heavy load of signals to the most distant star visible through telescopes, if it is lifted above the earth's dense atmosphere. A major problem, now being faced by a University of California professor, is that even in the thin upper atmosphere molecules absorb and scatter some of the energy of the laser beam and dissipate some of its concentrated power. Under a grant from the United States Office of Naval Research, an investigation is being made into how the molecules interact with high-intensity laser beams. **UCAL**

For 1968—the beautiful

Christian Home Calendar

Especially designed to fit the needs of the Christian home is this popular 1968 calendar. Only paintings of high-quality art in beautiful colors have been selected for each month of the year, and in addition there is a large reproduction on the cover, suitable for framing.



PRICE 60 CENTS
Prices slightly higher in Canada

- ★ Favorite daily Scriptures ★ Helps in daily living ★ Monthly missionary topic ★ Sunset tables ★ True Sabbath witness in glowing red ★ Church campaign dates indicated in blue
- ★ Beautifully reproduced in full colors ★ Size 11" by 18½"
- ★ A favorite in Seventh-day Adventist homes.



A Gift Suggestion

You will want one for yourself and several to give to friends and neighbors. An ideal thoughtful season's greeting for loved ones.

(If you wish copies mailed direct to names on your gift list, include complete mailing instructions)

Enclosed is \$_____ (Add sales tax where necessary) This is my order for _____ Christian Home Calendars @ 60 cents each.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

ORDER NOW FROM YOUR BOOK AND BIBLE HOUSE