

AUGUST 26, 1969

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Sabbath School Lessons for August 30



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# 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 1969. First it was essentially a vehicle for providing youth Sabbath school lessons. Now it also provides many added services for a generation that should witness the literal return of Jesus and the restoration of a sinless world to the universe of God.

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## Angels Unawares

by VIOLET M. CUMMINGS

THE California sun had just flung its blazing, early morning announcement of the birth of another blistering new day over the tallest tips of the heavily wooded coastal mountain range. Our protesting, overloaded old truck topped the crest of the highest ridge and started grinding slowly down the other side.

"Whew! Thought we'd never make it!" My husband exploded a deep pent-up breath and flexed his cramped muscles to relax. "I told Jim there was too much weight on this old thing last night when we were loading up. But he kept piling things on. I've surely been worried about that rear end."

We had been on the road since midnight. If all went as planned we and our cargo of first-of-the-season watermelons would be in the city in time for early market and a good hot breakfast with Aunt Meg. Our tousled two-year-old still slept snugly in a hollowed-out nest of melons within easy reach of my hand behind the cab.

It was lovely so early in the morning on this quiet mountain road, with the flitting birds and chattering squirrels, now that we had time to take a deep breath and look around. It had been shift and coax, and coax and

shift, ever since we had left the valley to climb the winding, tortuous highway that lay between the sun-drenched fields of the San Joaquin Valley and our destination on the coast. It should be a cinch, we thought with happy anticipation, to sell our load of luscious, mouth-watering melons; and visions of a generous check to share with our overeager partner back home floated tantalizingly before our weary eyes. It would be mostly downgrade from here on in. If that dubious rear end would only hold out until we could lighten the load . . .

Bang! Crash! Bump! The truck shuddered to a jolting stop. The shattering sounds had come from behind. We peered anxiously from the cab just in time to observe our rear wheels (minus the rest of the truck!) roll nonchalantly across the road, where they came to rest on the strip of dusty grass beside the fence. Frightened and dismayed, we climbed out to survey the damage to the back end of the truck, which now rested, with a sickening air of helpless finality, directly on the road. The rear end had failed us after all. We were trapped! Trapped on a lonely highway halfway between two curves.

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Our first concern, of course, was for our sleeping child. What if the crash had sent a dozen of the heavy melons tumbling down upon her head! But the carefully stacked fruits were still wedged in place, and she appeared unharmed.

Then we worried about the load. How many of the melons had survived the crash undamaged? Visions of oozy red watermelon juice suddenly blurred the rosy anticipations of a generous, first-of-the-season check.

But a load of ruined melons, at that moment, was actually the least of our worries. There would be more melons awaiting another picking in the fields back home. Our immediate and most desperate problem concerned the truck—how would we get parts and make the extensive repairs in this out-of-the-way place and be safely off the road before darkness fell! Even now, here in broad daylight, there was the very real danger that an unsuspecting motorist might come speeding over the brow of the hill and crash into the crippled truck. The situation was precarious indeed, for the old truck boasted no flares.

Our dejection was suddenly lightened by the appearance, from the opposite direction, of another early morning trucker, who pulled to a stop, took in the situation at a glance, then climbed down and sympathetically joined our doleful inspection. A jack—that's what we needed most. Obliging, he moved his own jack into place and began slowly inching the back of the truck off the ground. Next we must find boards—boards of any kind—to serve as a temporary support for the heavy load. We scoured the vicinity, and inch by inch, board by board, the pile grew and the truck end was hoisted into the air. It wasn't very steady, and it certainly wasn't safe, but at last the wheels were rolled back into place. The jack was removed, my husband climbed into the cab of the other truck with our good Samaritan friend, and together they disappeared over the hill.

The sun had climbed high above the treetops before my husband returned and started work. Twice more as the job progressed it was necessary to make hasty trips to the town at the foot of the mountain for parts. Repairs were still more extensive (and costly) than he had feared. Not only must the rear end be put back into place but the entire wiring system had





been torn loose and ruined. In addition to having no warning flares, the truck itself had no lights!

Noontime came and went. The sun seemed to drop with frightening rapidity toward the rim of western trees. Already unfriendly shadows had begun to gather across the road. It was getting ominously dark beneath the truck. My husband worked with frantic haste, one nagging fear uppermost in his mind—what might happen after dark. Would the one small flashlight be sufficiently bright to warn approaching

me tell your fortune for a melon."

But her would-be victim suddenly wrenched his hand away and retreated to a safer position under the truck. His tone was final. "One dollar is the price. Take it or leave it."

The gypsy, momentarily baffled and surprised, looked around, and terror welled up into my throat. She had spied my dark-haired, rosy child. Did I only imagine that cunning look that swept suddenly across the crafty features? As that burning gaze moved from the child's face to mine, all the

be hit? With a prayer for angel care, I made a pallet beside the road a short distance ahead and committed her to God.

Then I ran back to beam the flashlight on my husband's work. The evening traffic had increased—or did the suddenly threatening headlights only make it seem that way? The cars (and trucks) *whooshed* by, uncomfortably close, although we were still faintly visible in the fading light. What would happen after it was *really* dark? The truck was still propped on its wobbly pile of boards. I shuddered, and thought of the defenseless man in the dark cavern underneath.

Now the last ray of light was gone. Back and forth I ran—first up the road as a glow over the top of the hill signaled an approaching car, then down the road in the opposite direction, waving the flashlight with a frantic prayer that the driver would see it in time to swerve, or that someone would stop to help.

To my consternation, most of the drivers seemed to misunderstand my intent. Was it a holdup on this isolated mountain road? So they seemed to think as they turned their headlights into my eyes and threatened to run me down. Almost too late sometimes, they saw the dark, crippled truck ahead of them barely in time to avoid a crash. But not one person stopped to see if we needed help.

Of course, with the frequent interruptions, work on the wiring was distressingly slow. For some reason the lights simply would not go on. Everything else was ready to go, but still no lights. What could be wrong? At this rate, I mused as I crouched beside the truck with the flashlight in my hand, we would surely be here all night.

"Here comes another car!" My husband's sharp warning sent me scurrying back onto the road. "Oh, dear God," I prayed as I staggered up the hill, "please make this one stop . . . make this one stop . . ."

But the blinding lights kept right on coming, with no sign of stopping at all. Then the headlights swerved in my direction. "Oh, dear God," I pleaded again, "he's trying to hit me. He thinks I'm trying to hold him up. Please, don't let him hit the truck . . ." I stumbled backward onto the gravel beside the road to avoid being hit, almost fainting from fear, still waving the flashlight in frantic circles.

Then came the sound of brakes, the  
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## When Day Sleeps

by RODGER K. TENNEY

Night has a house into which the Day  
Retires to sleep the darkest hours away.  
Night tiptoes so Day may sleep and rest;  
A thoughtful gesture toward a nightly guest.  
Light comes again when Day, refreshed, awakes  
And looks outside—then a new dawn breaks.

cars? How could he see to finish connecting the wires? Would we be stranded here all night? Would we even survive to see another day? And what about food and shelter for the child?

As if to hamper and further complicate the situation, a large black car whizzed by, slowed, then pulled to a stop a short distance down the road. A swarthy, black-haired woman in the long flouncing skirts of a gypsy, jumped out and ran back to the side of the disabled truck.

"How much for a melon?" She pointed a haughty finger at the load of fruit.

"One dollar," my husband replied, crawling out from the dim depths to see what was going on.

"A dollar! That's too much!" The gypsy stamped an angry foot. Then with lightning speed she reached out and seized my husband's greasy hand. "I'll tell your fortune for a melon," she wheedled, as her surprised victim tried to pull his hand away.

"One dollar. That's the price. They're the first of the season, and worth it."

The gypsy held on tight. "No, I'll not give you a dollar." Still clutching the unwilling hand, she repeated her proposition. "Come on, mister, let

childhood tales of gypsy snatchings came vividly alive. What if this disheveled, unkempt, angry creature should try to kidnap my baby in revenge! My heart pounding wildly, I gathered my chubby little girl into my arms.

Beside me, alertly aware of the drama in this little roadside scene, sat two high school boys on an afternoon hunting spree. They had stopped moments before the arrival of the gypsy's car to see if there was anything they could do to help. Now, rifles at the ready on their knees, they sat guard while we waited tensely to see what would happen next.

At last, after a long painful moment of suspense, the gypsy, muttering angrily, tossed her head, then turned and flounced her way back down the road. The car, with its load of menacing, dark-hued occupants, leaped into action and roared off around the curve. The boys and I exchanged glances of thankfulness and relief. Then, noting the rapidly descending sun, they climbed back into their convertible and soon they too had disappeared from sight.

Now we were alone again, and another worry loomed. Where could I lay my drowsy child to rest? Not the cab of the truck—what if we should



## People on the Go

Americans generally are in a hurry. A delay of a split second at a stop light often brings the impatient tooting of horns. To miss a subway train may seem to be the worst possible catastrophe that can happen to a harried commuter.

As Christians, and as Adventists, we are not exempt from this pervading atmosphere. In fact, we may be even more in a hurry. After all, with a world to win, shouldn't we be on with the job?

Yes, we should. Laziness has no place in the Christian's life. And a sense of mission will spur us on to accomplishments we might otherwise neglect.

But we would do well to recall a few examples from the time of Christ.

"In the estimation of the rabbis it was the sum of religion to be always in a bustle of activity. They depended upon some outward performance to show their superior piety. Thus they separated their souls from God, and built themselves up in self-sufficiency. The same dangers still exist. As activity increases and men become successful in doing any work for God, there is danger of trusting to human plans and methods. There is a tendency to pray less, and to have less faith."<sup>1</sup>

Even the disciples closest to Christ were afflicted in this way. As they "had seen the success of their labors, they were in danger of taking credit to themselves, in danger of cherishing spiritual pride, and thus falling under Satan's temptations."<sup>2</sup>

If even they could fall into this temptation, how about modern Christians?

"We are in danger of losing sight of our dependence on God, and seeking to make a savior of our activity. We need to look constantly to Jesus, realizing that it is His power which does the work. While we are to labor earnestly for the salvation of the lost, we must also take time for meditation, for prayer, and for the study of the word of God. Only the work accomplished with much prayer, and sanctified by the merit of Christ, will in the end prove to have been efficient for good."<sup>3</sup>

Jesus taught His followers that they must "come apart" at times to give heed to the word of the Lord. Communion with the Father, dependence upon divine strength, is no less necessary today.

An editorial in the June 20, 1969, issue of *Christianity Today* puts it well: "Sometimes we are tempted to try to outrun God. Our inclination is to blurt out that 'time's a-wastin'' and to get on with the task. But Jesus stressed adequate spiritual preparation; he told his disciples to *tarry* until they were endued with power from on high. Upon receiving the power they did go out, and never have men accomplished more in so short a time than they did then." jj

<sup>1</sup> *The Desire of Ages*, p. 362. <sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 360. <sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 362.

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## Grace Notes

**Space** This week's cover, supplied by NASA, comes from the Manned Spacecraft Center, Houston, Texas. *Apollo 11* Spacecraft Commander Neil Armstrong places lunar samples in the Lunar Sample Return Container during a lunar surface practice session. Lunar Module Pilot Edwin E. Aldrin is at right of the lunar module. Oxygen, pressurization and temperature control are provided the astronauts by Backpacks. Scheduled launch date was July 16 for *Apollo 11*, first U.S. mission designed to land two astro-

nauts on the moon and return them safely to earth.

**Moon Shot** At 9:32 A.M., Wednesday, July 16, 1969, the United States of America hopes to start three men toward an orbit of the moon, two of whom will walk on this "lesser light." Elder Raymond Cottrell, editorial consultant, is covering lift-off from Cape Kennedy, and the first of his three-part serial will appear in this magazine September 2, 1969.



# ***The Cafferkys Five***



*The most unusual thing about the Cafferkys is that they are not at all unusual. Their success has come by hard work and practice.*





*Ron, the quartet's tenor, also plays the piano, organ, and trombone.*

by DONALD F. HAYNES

ONE girl, two boys, a father, a mother. Mom comes last here, not because she is least but because she is quite demonstrably the most. To know them at all, any of them, or all, is to want to know the rest of the story back of a family who have brought so much musical sunshine into the lives of so many for so long. Better still, they go right on exemplifying Christian family life at its very best.

Dr. Edwin Cafferky graduated from the School of Medicine at Loma Linda University and went on to become a cardiologist. He married Grace Burke and then came Ron, Carmen, and Bob.

Now, thousands of days and practice hours later, the Cafferky Four are

using their gifted and pleasurable music talents in the service of God by singing and playing in solos, duets, trios, and quartets. And they perform in such a way as to draw "larger than usual" crowds. It is clear that this is more than a concert performance. One seems to be sitting in on a perfectly charming family situation. It is almost too good to be true.

How come the drop from five to four? It is simple. The father doesn't sing or play anything. But he excels in the important talents of listening and encouraging, not to mention paying the bills for the best teachers. And he accepts his role as an appreciative and admiring listener.

To hear the rest of them play and sing, and especially to watch carefully how they relate to one another in their beautiful harmonies, not only on stage but also in the dressing room, putting the finishing touches on their rehearsal, is to wonder about the big question we pose here: To what extent are they as dedicated to the best in music, as respectful to their parents, and as preferring to one another as they appear to be, and in such depth?

The most unusual thing about these Cafferkys is that they are not at all unusual. They were not born to music. Grace says the children showed no special aptitude for music by all the tests given, with the exception of Bob. Otherwise, it has all been superimposed by a warm feeling of family belonging, hard work, steady and prevailing practice schedules, and the charm in which good music always wraps the performer and listener alike.

With this briefing the mother casts one firm vote for environment over heredity. And who is to say her nay?

Whatever the explanation, the music that comes forth from their throats and instruments provides the attentive listener with an unforgettable experience, not only because of how the music sounds but also because of how it looks. Their "together" manner proclaims for all to hear along with their music that they would not rather be doing anything else at the moment. Family comes first, whatever may be next on the agenda. And they have lots and lots of next.

To make sure that an earlier point was not overlooked, let it be stated here in another way. It may appear that the doctor-father of this Christian ensemble plays a relatively unimportant role. If you have jumped to this conclusion (which under the circumstances would be readily understandable), please jump right back, and fast. For it is the reverse that is true. He not only encourages the four troupers; he also stays out of their way. Just think how easy it would be for him to mess up the whole thing by withdrawing his generous support of their ongoing instruction.

More than that, he seems to enjoy his role as an involved listener, looking upon his four as his magnificent dividends. Fortunately, he is also the kind of father who can wrap this whole thing up and make it go smoothly in terms of his deft handling and managing.

Now this is not to suggest that the





*Music flavors their lives and helps them meet and solve their problems.*

father could not or would not have made it musically if as a child he had had the advantages he has been so assiduously providing for his own children. If Grace is right about environment outweighing heredity, then who knows? The father might easily have made it unanimous. His intimate appreciation for all the fringe benefits of music, such as listening with understanding, makes a strong case for this as a likely assumption.

The family needs him. They are quick to remind the interviewer of the top place dad holds in their affections and in all family goings on. Imagine a father who can direct four artists in his family and at the same time engage their unabashed love and respect. This takes some doing.

What about practicing? Do the fledglings enjoy it? It would be nice to report a loud Yes right here. But this would grossly violate the truth. No, these are people first, and they tend to act like people. It is in this context that they stand committed to Jesus Christ. For all Christians are people. And the committed ones seem to be the most so. There's not an angel in the lot.

They have mixed feelings about practicing. In a general way it may be

said that they sense the need for giving it top priority, and that they enjoy it. But they have had to be led into it and motivated for it. Ron would rather practice than eat. The others are only slightly less enthusiastic about it. And they know even at this "tender age" that there isn't any other way to the top. What is this "tender age"? And what do they consider "the top"?

Ron is eighteen and a freshman at Pacific Union College. He plays the violin, piano, organ, and trombone—and sings tenor in the quartet. In sports he is good at snow skiing and swimming. He is going for music all the way, and performs in the church, having gotten his "feet wet" in conducting choirs at the academy and nearby churches during the summer.

Carmen at seventeen is a senior at Newbury Park Academy and plays the piano, cello, and clarinet. In sports she excels at tumbling, swimming, and snow skiing. She may become a doctor of medicine. Her voice is soprano.

Bob is sixteen. He plays the violin, baritone horn, and piano. He enjoys snow skiing, tumbling, and many of the ball sports. He sings bass and has not yet made up his mind as to his lifework.

Mrs. Cafferky plays the piano, or-

gan, violin, marimba, and saxophone. She minors in a number of other instruments, sings alto, and is good at ice and roller skating. She enjoys the ball sports.

The doctor's "playing" includes a masterful handling of the hockey stick. He enjoys the ball sports, especially tennis.

This looks like too much for any one mother to handle. And it is. But Grace loves every minute of it and this is the genius of her role. She not only has the built-in charm but she knows precisely when to turn it on. She is "with it" all the way. That is to say, she knows the good answers and also how to lead her children into accepting them.

She thinks music is as important as eating, sleeping, breathing, not just to use as a means for personal excelling but to enjoy for music's own sake throughout life.

Participation is first in this hierarchy of values. So she has led them all to find enjoyment in engaging their minds and talents in it. She believes that this is the fun-discipline way of growing up, in that it flavors all the other facets of the lives of her trio and helps them meet and solve their problems. It has also demonstrated its high value in helping them relate to one another. And it has made a major contribution to their preparation for the world to come. Finally, music is to the Cafferkys a dynamic incentive plan in the larger field of learning and practicing all the virtues with which the well-tempered family clavier is so skillfully and tastefully seasoned.

On one occasion Ron asked his mother (and he had reached the advanced age of seven) if he "had to practice today." Now Grace had learned from her mother that a half-hour practice before and another just after school was the best plan. She had grown up on this. Moreover, the plan worked. So she installed the program with her own brood without appearing, of course, to be installing anything in a regimental or otherwise offensive way.

This was after school, and the next thing on the agenda for Ron was a half hour of practice. Mom said, "Well, maybe not. What are you planning to do?" To which he replied, "I have decided I'd like to play ball today instead of practicing." "Oh, well—that's fine. But remember, if you don't practice today you will never be able to touch your instrument again." Ron



jaunted, "Good," and was on his way. But he was back shortly with the question, "Mom, did you say I will never be able to touch the violin again?" "That's right."

The whole trouble was, Ron knew she meant it. So did the other children, looking on aghast. Thus had she helped them learn how to live and to like it. It worked with the magic they all knew as a way of life. Ron said, "O.K.," and made tracks at the same time for his practice room and the beloved fiddle.

This was the last stand of the incipient nonpractice mutiny on board the good ship *Cafferky*. There was simply no future in it.

Could this be what a neighbor meant when comforting Grace one day when she was complaining that she couldn't seem to do anything right? "Oh, that's all right," said the friend to her Elijah-

like neighbor. "You be the mother now, and your children will be your Bible." Like her famous Old Testament counterpart, she had become very close to this thrilling complex—so close, in fact, that she couldn't see it.

But she had set her course years before with the commitment, "Nobody else is going to take care of my children," and had so planned her sleep time to match theirs. Thus was she able to carry on with, and relate to, them in all their waking hours, and it was working out even when it looked at times as if it were not.

No, life was not one practice time after another. The children had their full share of household chores to do. In addition to being musicians they were destined to be people too.

Grace had been one of three sisters. They attended the church school at Mobridge, South Dakota, with three

brothers—Marshall Anderson, now a pastor in Blythe, California; Ed, now educational secretary in northern California; and Raymond, Missionary Volunteer secretary in British Columbia. One sister, now Mary Burke Cheney, is a housewife and mother of three children. The other, Betty Burke Feyen, is a housewife and mother of four.

Sounds pretty dull? Not at all. Grace could read music like words at the age of eight. And she soon developed a strong interest and proficiency in piano, violin, saxophone, clarinet, trumpet, and guitar—all on a one-hour-a-day practice five days a week.

So she was in a good position to teach and lead her own children in this line. She was particularly interested in helping them at an early age to make their own entertainment. The results have been admirable. Most of



*Family comes first. Mrs. Cafferky had set her course years before with the commitment "Nobody else is going to take care of my children."*



the time they prefer to be working out a new piece of music, or doing something else together. It is commonplace for one of the three to say, "Mother, I found a new program number. Let's practice."

Ron had a TV offer at the age of ten. He talked it over with the family. Mother described the dullness of playing endlessly to dead walls, four of them, and all done in the blaze of lights. She called attention to a few other pursuits that are more important for growing children. He turned away from the offer.

Yes, the quartet does accept a limited number of appointments. However, they always play or sing only at those occasions they feel are completely consonant with their Christian commitment.

The final check on this story was to read it to the whole family and get their corrections on points of family history, et cetera. At the end I asked the three teen-agers to indulge me for a question or two on which I would like independent answers. Would they please close their eyes and respond by the uplifted hand on the priorities they would give to church, family, school, society, as to which of these they credit first for their present level of growth and development, their stature as persons, the one indispensable of all indispensables. When I came to the word *family* they instantly raised their hands and thus gave top billing to the job these remarkable parents have done.

They were unanimous in saying that they do not feel they are making a great sacrifice in their family music pursuits. There is nothing else they would rather be doing. They do not feel they are in a crusade to maintain a family image. The mother interjects that she refers all requests for their performances to the children themselves. They are not trying to keep up with anybody. They have the feeling that they are just busy and supremely happy playing the role of themselves. They are not making this family thing go only out of a sense of obligation to mom and dad.

Why don't they look the way mod teen-agers are reputed by the mod designers to want to look? They just don't care for it. They like very much the idea of looking like people.

Would they agree and with no reservations that the Christian way is the only way to live? They not only would, they do.

## ANGELS UNAWARES

*From page 4*

screech of skidding tires. There was the almost unbelievable sight of headlights slowing up, and behind the headlights, a small camp pickup loomed. A small, bespectacled man climbed nimbly from the cab and peered at the trembling young woman beside the road.

"Having trouble, ma'am?" Then he turned and stared in astonishment at the grease-splattered, bleary-eyed young man who crawled wearily from under the truck.

"Now don't you worry about a thing," he announced briskly, after our tale of woe had been told. "I'm going to stay right here with my headlights shining under that truck until you have your wiring all hooked up and ready to go. You say you've been here all day?" He smiled at the bright-eyed little girl who had awakened at the sound of a strange voice and now clung shyly to my skirt. Then his eyes clouded with sudden concern. "Say, how long since you've had anything to eat?"

"Well," I began, feeling apologetic, "we had a loaf of bread and a quart of milk when we started out. And, of course, the watermelons. You see, we hadn't expected to get stuck like this."

"Just as I suspected." Clucking sympathetically, the elderly man turned and disappeared into the living quarters of his small truck. In a moment he was back. "Here," he offered, "this isn't much, but it may tide you over till you get to town. It's all I had left from supper." Never had dried-out doughnuts and fruit tasted so good!

At last, near midnight, the wiring was finished, and—joyful news—we had lights at last! We were ready to pull out, except for one major problem: somewhere, somehow, we must find grease for that troublesome rear end! But where and how could that be accomplished here on this lonely road in the dead of night? Even if we could get to a town, everything would certainly be closed. But our kindly old friend had figured it all out.

"Now it won't hurt the truck a bit to roll slowly down the hill without grease in that rear end. I have a friend who owns a garage at the edge of the first town at the foot of the hill. I'll drive on ahead, and he'll be waiting for you when you arrive. Good luck." With a cheerful grin he climbed back into his truck, and with a wave of his hand in

farewell, pulled around us into the road.

It seemed like hours before the winding road began to level out and the first scattered, darkened houses of the sleeping village began to appear. Our eyes strained anxiously through the gloom as we rolled slowly down the narrow street, hoping against hope that our friend was right, that we *would* find help. At last, sure enough, there was the yawning chasm of an open garage door off to our left. We pulled to a stop, and there, lounging wearily against the wall, a man stood awaiting our arrival.

But this is not the end of the tale. As we pulled up in front of the door, the tall stranger stepped quickly forward to greet us. Peering sympathetically into the dark cab at the three wayfarers who had interrupted his night's rest, he spoke.

"Hear you've had a pretty rough day. Figured you could do with a hot meal, so I built a fire in the cabin and set out some food. It isn't much of a place"—he cast an apologetic glance in my direction—"but my wife hasn't moved up from the city yet, and I'm sort of batching it until she arrives. But you're surely welcome to what there is."

I dimly remember stumbling up the path to the lighted cabin among the trees, my sleeping baby in my arms. The sight of food—milk, potatoes, flour, and I have no idea what else—is now only a confused memory in my mind. I deposited the child on the patchwork quilt, then turned to thank my host. But he was already hurrying back to the garage and my husband and the truck.

A passable meal was on the table by the time the men returned, but how it was accomplished is more than I will ever know. But the warmth of the fire and of the welcome—these are glowing embers of memory that will ever remain.

One thing I do know—in less than twenty-four hours our heavenly Father had sent the necessary numbers of His earthly angels to help us in our hour of need. Even though in our utter weariness we either failed to ask or else to remember their names, I'm sure that God did not forget. Their deeds surely are recorded in heaven in a special book of remembrance for those who in this life have been angels unawares.



# *How Great an Obstacle to Revival Is Fashion?*

by JOE ENGELKEMIER

EVER since the 1966 Autumn Council there has been a new emphasis within our church upon the subject of preparation for the final outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Repentance, revival, reformation, evangelism—these have been the watchwords.

"I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh," God has promised.<sup>1</sup> "The church, endowed with the righteousness of Christ, is His depository, in which the riches of His mercy, His grace, and His love, are to appear in full and final display."<sup>2</sup>

"In full and final display"—promised, but not yet fulfilled. What has stood in the way?

"Your iniquities," the prophet Isaiah answers. "Your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you."<sup>3</sup>

"The Lord does not now work to bring many souls into the truth, because of the church members who have never been converted and those who were once converted but who have backslidden. What influence would these unconsecrated members have on new converts? Would they not make of no effect the God-given message which His people are to bear?"<sup>4</sup>

What are the iniquities that sepa-

rate us from God? What are the things among us that "make of no effect" the message that we proclaim?

Note the following:

"Obedience to fashion is pervading our Seventh-day Adventist churches and is doing more than any other power to separate our people from God."<sup>5</sup>

These words, written at a time when "showy extravagant dress" was the key issue, are equally applicable, surely, to a time when modesty is so boldly disregarded.

There are those who consider fashion too trivial a matter to merit the attention we have given it. But if fashion can do "more than any other power to separate our people from God," is it trivial?

And obedience to fashion has not only separated some of us from God—it has also led some of those who were interested in what we believe "to decide against it."<sup>6</sup>

"This people dress fully as much as we do," some of these interested ones have concluded. "They cannot really believe what they profess. . . . If they really thought that Christ was soon coming, and the case of every soul was to be decided for eternal life or death,

they could not devote time and money to dress according to the existing fashions."<sup>7</sup>

Probably no development in the whole history of fashion has done more to damage the witness of the church than has the degeneracy of current styles. It is not merely that some fashion designers appear to have lost the last trace of decency—the incredible thing is that these fashions have had so much influence upon so many within the church.

It is time, surely, for some changes. *Messages to Young People* asks:

"What is the duty of those in authority in regard to this matter? Will the influence of the church be what it should be, while many of its members obey the dictates of fashion, rather than the clearly expressed will of God? How can we expect the presence and aid of the Holy Spirit while we suffer these things to exist among us?"<sup>8</sup>

We speak increasingly of the latter rain, and of our need for the convicting presence of the Holy Spirit. Let us not forget, however, this question from inspiration: "How can we expect the presence and aid of the Holy Spirit while we suffer these things to exist among us?"

A determined enemy, who has stood in the background "devising the fashions," has worked with "a fixed purpose."<sup>9</sup> In the attempt to force conformity to the fashions that he has devised, varied pressures are being used.

Foremost among his devices is the use of the mass media to convey the impression that skirts practically up to mid-thigh are almost universally the thing. In national news magazines the advertisements portray airline stewardesses, wives of businessmen, et cetera, in very abbreviated skirts. Combine the impressions thus conveyed with the influence of peer pressure, and there are few who will not succumb to the prevailing fashions.

And for those who hesitate, there is yet another pressure—the fact that it is often almost impossible to find an appropriate dress length in the stores. Even if a dress that comes to the knees can be found, it is often so tight fitting that the hemline slips inches above the knees when the wearer is seated. Commented one academy girl, after spending more than three hours in a fruitless search for a Sabbath dress that would meet the standards of her school, "When it comes to buying dresses I think we have already almost reached

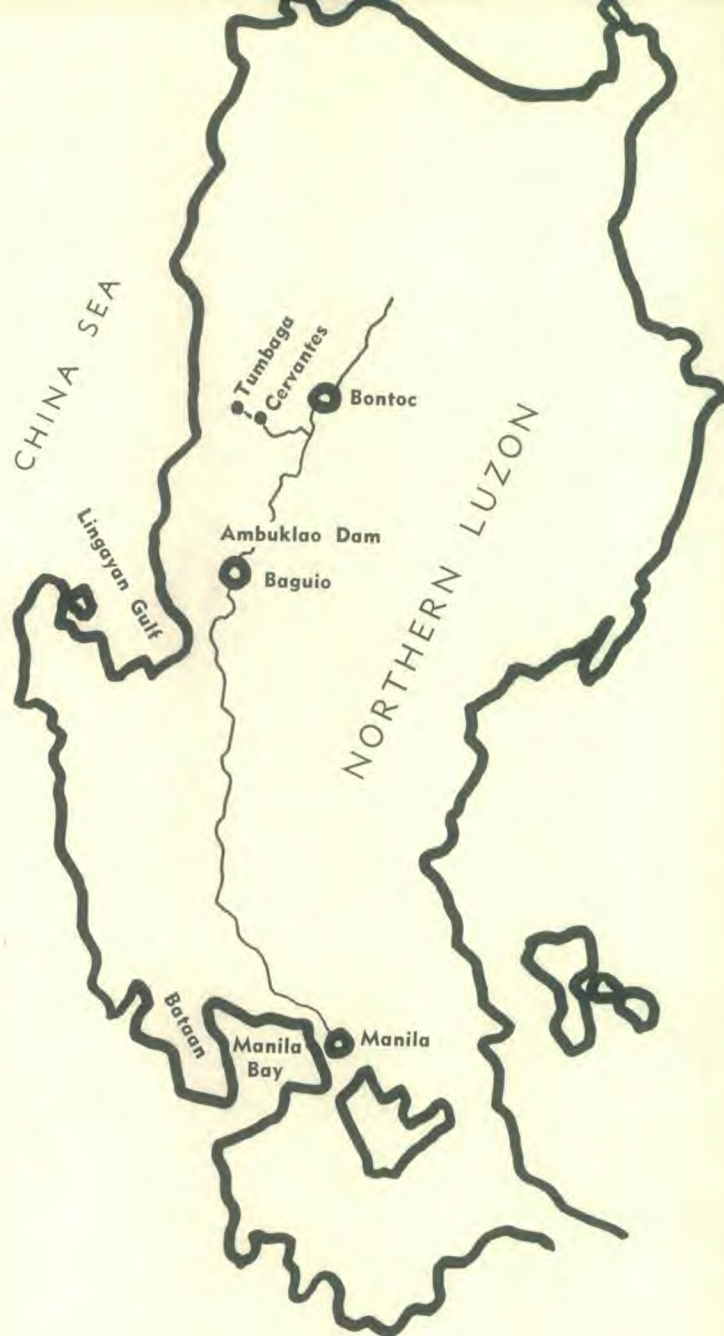
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# Little TVA of the Philippines

by IRENE WAKEHAM, Ph.D.

FIRST OF TWO PARTS



THIS is not going to be a story of everyday life in the mission field.

Probably most of us see mission life—and describe it—from our own worm's-eye point of view. We pontificate about what it takes to be a successful missionary in terms of our own limited experience and observation—like the speaker I listened to many years ago, who after a term or two in South Africa told us college girls that to be a good missionary one simply had to know how to knit. Now after a couple of decades in the tropics, where the very thought of wool is almost unbearable, I'm a little less certain that anything told about overseas service is always true.

Another of our occupational aberrations is to try to make our stories conform to what we think people expect. The old picture of a pith-helmeted missionary standing with a Picture Roll before a circle of filthy, half-clad savages dies hard. There may be a few places left in the world field where Americans carry on such pioneering. But very few. The unromantic truth is that if you were to receive a call to the Far Eastern Division, the chances are more than even that you would live in a city considerably larger than

San Francisco—Tokyo, Hong Kong, Bangkok, Manila, Seoul, Singapore. And you would almost surely be involved, directly or indirectly, in some kind of program for training national leaders.

The kind of trips we like to write about—and I'll get around to telling about mine after this introduction—are often strictly extracurricular. You can work in the Philippines a long time without ever getting very far from such metropolitan centers as Manila, Cebu, Davao, or Baguio. This trip of mine to the boondocks of northern Luzon wasn't a part of my job. In fact, I had to make up ahead of time the graduate classes I would miss on the trip, and arrange for a substitute for the rest.

Teaching is my main business, sum-

mer and winter—such winter as we have out here. Sidelines sometimes include reading manuscripts for the Philippine Publishing House, trying to persuade the college dean that forty is too many for a section of Freshman English or Spanish I, or proofreading theses. Other times, I am scrounging for someone to replace a Filipino teacher who leaves for greener pastures abroad, or trying to settle a disagreement over which department is getting most front-page exposure in the school paper. And there are always themes to read and correct.

Still, I could think of some good excuses for deserting the Philippine Union College campus. I was out to learn primarily, rather than to teach. We in the educational world are sensitive to the statement sometimes made



that our Filipino college graduates are better oriented to social patterns and ways of living in the States than to the realities of life in the hinterlands of their own country. We know we ought to be doing more than we are to relate our educational program to what the graduate will actually experience after leaving college.

On the campus he may learn about nuclear physics and the binomial theorem and Keynesian economics and the Spenserian sonnet form and the difference between the mean and the median. Then he goes back to a barrio where the carabao still drags his load on a sled of bamboo poles rather than a wheeled cart, and it all seems a bit irrelevant. We'd like to know what we can do, that we aren't doing, to relate our educational program to what the graduate will actually experience after leaving college.

That is one excuse for occasionally quitting the campus to mingle first-hand with the barrio people, share their homes and their food, absorb something of their way of life with all its simplicities, complexities, and surprises.

Besides, some of us think it is a lot of fun.

So there I was—on the slopes of the mountains forming the Abra River Valley, some thirty kilometers beyond the end of the bus line north of Baguio. For the first time I was seeing the "Little TVA of the Philippines."

Briskly marching to the rhythm of sticks pounding on empty kerosene cans, the sixty-odd Pathfinders moved back and forth across the school playground. Smartly the first group of boys peeled off and halted in the form of a capital T. The second unit, composed of girls in green skirts and white blouses, then formed a V beside the T. The final boys' unit made the A. Then in response to the questions of their leaders, the shout "Tirad! View! Academy!" rang out to the rocky hills around.

They were a sturdy-looking group, these young Filipinos of the mountains, taller and stockier—many of them older—than their counterparts in the first two years of the academy in the lowlands (seventh and eighth grades). That February afternoon was a high moment for them as they went through their paces and stood inspection by the visiting mission workers, who had come from Baguio and even from Manila to attend the general meeting of their Mountain Province Mission. I was es-

pecially glad, watching them, to see what my former students were doing at this newest and most isolated of our dozen academies throughout the Philippines.

Getting there and back is often part of the adventure. But our trip to Tumbaga, home of Tirad View Academy, had been relatively uneventful—though spectacularly scenic. A five-hour ride by third-class bus from Manila to Baguio had brought us to the headquarters of the Mountain Province Mission, where four of us from Manila joined the mission staff for the rest of the trip.

There was Elder Raymond Woolsey, tall, jocular editor of the Philippine Publishing House, who could have stayed at home in his air-conditioned office over the Press, but who never missed a chance at trips like this; Pastor Carmelito Galang, a former student, now speaker for a Tagalog radio program and also in charge of the Manila Center; Filipina Abracosa, also a former student, now in charge of promoting child evangelism in the North Philippine Union. I made the fourth of the lowland group. With the Baguio workers we were about a dozen who climbed aboard a Dangwa bus in the gray light of a chilly dawn (Baguio is more than 5,000 feet above sea level) for the ride north.

Like many buses I had ridden in Mindanao, these Dangwa vehicles that ply the mountain roads surrounding Baguio have neither doors nor center aisles. Locally built on truck bodies, they have benches the full width of the bus, so that no seating space is wasted. One gets on and off on the right side, climbing over other passengers and/or cargo.

Some baggage goes on top of the bus. Some—especially livestock such as pigs—goes on shelves underneath, between the wheels. Much goes under the seats or on passengers' laps, leaving little toe room. For long-legged Americans there is little knee room even without baggage. But with a foam-rubber seat cushion I had long since learned to carry with me, and a light blanket to break the wind, the seven-hour ride wasn't really uncomfortable.

And what scenery! In the clear morning light we climbed to more than seven thousand feet, soon passing a sign marking the highest point in the Philippine highway system, at 7,400 feet. We were following the spine of the whole region, with wide vistas stretching off now to the east, now to the west,

as we headed north. To the east we could look far down on the lake backed up by the Ambuklao dam and power plant. On both sides the timbered or terraced hills stretched away, each successive ridge becoming more blue and hazy in the distance.

No one seemed to be in any hurry, and stops were frequent. The driver didn't mind stopping whenever Ray Woolsey wanted to take a picture. Every hour or two there would be a rest stop, usually at a place where food could be bought. Around ten there was a full-length breakfast stop, right on the cold, windy top of a pass, through which a biting wind raced.

Shortly after that we turned off the main road leading to Bontoc, and headed northeast, down into the Abra Valley, past Monkayo and the Lepanto copper mines, down, down to the little town of Cervantes, the end of the bus line. Losing altitude, we gained warmth. By afternoon it was hard to remember we had ever been shivering.

Climbing down from the bus at Cervantes, we were still some thirty kilometers from our destination, Tumbaga and Tirad View Academy. The folks had made arrangements for an old weapons carrier to make a charter trip with us, now that the dry season made a road of sorts passable. In earlier days, and even now during the rainy season, no vehicles ever made the trip. If you wanted to get to Tumbaga you had to walk.

It took about an hour, during which we ate lunch, to load all our baggage and supplies on the vehicle, and to pack ourselves in and on it. By two-thirty we were again on our way.

Pastor and Mrs. Fangonilo, from Baguio, had brought along their two-year-old Linda May. A spunky little miss, she seemed to enjoy the trip, but even the liveliest eventually get sleepy. Her mother was sitting so near the edge of the vehicle that she herself had to hold on to keep from falling off on the bumps and curves. Sitting nearer the middle, I tried holding Linda. She wasn't at all sure it was the proper thing, and kept turning her head to look up doubtfully at my strange white face. But as the hot afternoon wore on she finally went limp in slumber, and for the last hour lurched and wobbled from side to side as we jounced over the rocky road.

Leaving Cervantes, we ground along in low gear, back and forth, up, up, to the top of a mountain, along the more or less level plateau on the crest,



then steeply down to the Abra River bed. Shortly after five we pulled up to the little barrio of Tumbaga.

Outside visitors were infrequent enough to be interesting. Our group actually contained two real live Americans, one of them a woman! Our weapons carrier was quickly surrounded by dozens of youngsters of all ages, watching our every move with wide-eyed curiosity. Filipina Abracosa and I betook ourselves to our assigned quarter. We were to share the tiny home of the principal and his wife, while the others were accommodated in various nearby homes.

Filipinos sometimes ask me, "Do you think it is fair for Americans to write so much about the most backward parts of our country, and sort of give readers the impression that Filipinos are still primitive savages?" It is an understandable question, coming from a newly independent nation striving to establish its own identity, and youthfully sensitive to its image abroad. My answer is to point to the much-talked-of "brain drain," the exodus of many thousands of Filipino doctors and nurses to serve in the States and Canada, plus many Filipino Ph.D.'s and other professionals employed abroad.

Most Americans wouldn't know that Manila had a thriving university when

the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. Or that the Philippines is second only to the United States in the percentage of its young people who attend college, with some 70,000 graduating every year. Yet they wouldn't have to go very far to find firsthand contact with well-educated, Westernized Filipinos. Still, as every cub reporter knows, it's the unusual that makes a story. People like to hear about life at the other end of the scale, interesting because the contrast is so extreme.

Arriving sweaty and covered with dust, we were happy to learn that Tumbaga did have an adequate water supply. Such isn't always the case when you travel. Some dozen years earlier, I was told, four families had each put in ₱500 (about \$125) to buy pipes. By gravity flow the water from a spring up in the hills came down to the barrio in larger pipes, then small ones took it to many of the houses—not, of course, right into the kitchen, but near enough for convenient washing and bathing.

Each family that wanted to share the water signed a contract promising to pay seven bunches of rice at harvest-time, to give the entrepreneurs a return on their investment. In most cases there were no faucets on the ends of the pipes; the water simply flowed continuously, with no way of shutting it off. It helped me to understand why

it was so hard on the campus to train our students to keep faucets turned off.

We took our showers in outdoor enclosures open to the sky above, complete with a basin to catch water from the low pipe and a tin can to pour it over ourselves. Clean and refreshed, we met for supper on the wide bamboo porch of one of the homes. Only a few houses in the barrio were made of boards, with corrugated metal roofs. Most were of bamboo, with thatched roofs, and all had bamboo ladders going up to the living area.

Our whole group were served fine vegetarian meals there, not too different from what we might have had at home, except that rice took the place of bread. They even offered us boiled drinking water, but those of us who took it straight from the pipes survived without any ill effects.

Rocks great and small, round and rough, crumbly and hard, abounded in the whole area. Rock fences two or three feet high separated most of the yards, to keep stray livestock from intruding. Sometimes when a path crossed a wall, there would be an old-fashioned stile. More often the rocks would be piled to form irregular steps so one could climb over. Between where we stayed and the academy we had two of these walls to scale, with three between our place and where we had our meals. Someday when a through road is built there will be no lack of paving material.

The language situation there, as in so many parts of the Philippines, is quite mixed up. Most of the mountain people learn some such vernacular as Benguet, Ifugao, or Kalinga in their homes. Then for social mobility they need to know some Ilocano, the "trade language" or *lingua franca* for all of northern Luzon. It was used in all the meetings (with translators for those of us who spoke in English), and is heard on the radio and for political speeches and the like.

At school, at least from grade three on, English is the medium of instruction, while Tagalog (the language of the Manila area), now called Filipino, the national language, is taught as a separate school subject. Then probably in high school, and certainly in college, the student is required by law to take several years of Spanish. No wonder his mastery of any one language is often superficial.

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

## WIT SHARPENERS

### Reservoir

by OSEAS I. ZAMORA

Fill in the blanks in the upper section of the puzzle, placing a letter over each numbered space. Transfer each of these letters to the lower section, over the space having the same number. When the spaces are filled up, you will have a helpful quotation from the Spirit of Prophecy writings.

1. And — — thy fear will — — worship toward thy holy temple (Ps. 5:7).

4 36

14

2. — — of — —

8 42 16 32 2 18 28 25 47 35 41 7 43 5 13 40 37 24 19 20 46 26 9 44

(Prov. 13:15).

17 34 3 45

3. A virgin shall be with — —, . . . (Matt. 1:23).

1 33 23 31 10

4. It is like — —, which a woman took . . . (Luke 13:21).

22 29 27 38 39 12

5. The dead lived not again — — the thousand years were finished (Rev. 20:5).

21 15 6 11 30

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	
23	24	25	26	27		28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44
45	46	47																				

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RICHARD HUGHES, ARTIST

# Why?

by W. JOHN CANNON, Ph.D.

**W**ILLIAM was studying hard for his university entrance examinations. His parents had sacrificed to give him this opportunity. The future really looked bright and the prospect was more than encouraging. Then illness struck the family.

Within the space of a few weeks both father and mother were in the hospital, seriously ill. Father underwent surgery several times and mother seven times, all in a few weeks. Heavy medical expenses without any income soon consumed the meager family resources. There were at that time four children. William had no alternative but to give up studying and look for a job to keep the house running.

At first this did not seem difficult, even though he was forgoing a fond dream. In practice it was more difficult than it had appeared to be. Recently the family had become Seventh-day Adventists and Sabbath observance meant asking for Saturdays free. In those days a five-day week was unheard of.

A friend of the family had some influence in civil-service appointments, for which William was grateful. The

friend was sympathetic about the family problems. However, when the request was made for Sabbaths free he was annoyed and disgusted. He refused to do any more to help.

One of William's cousins was chief electrical engineer in a large power plant (electricity at this time was in the pioneer stage). This seemed to provide a wonderful opportunity, with prospects far better than the university chances. Cousin Reg wanted to make Will his direct understudy, hoping one day he would fill his own place. But when the Sabbath request was presented, it too met with disgusted refusal.

During the following few weeks a desperate search was made for employment. The crisis mounted every day. There were places ready to employ William, but not with "his" Sabbath.

Only one place would take him on and let him keep Sabbath—he could work in a deep coal mine. The hours were long and the work arduous, the heat unbearable and the pay unbelievably small. Yet it was the only way to meet the crisis and keep the Sabbath. There were many times when he wondered why. But he kept the faith.

The end was not yet. He had been

working only a few weeks when the fall of a roof completely blocked the passageway and there was no way out. Three others and William were locked in. It was frightening, to say the least. A rescue team cut a small hole through the coal and one by one they inched to safety. A couple of months later a truck jumped the rails and pinned his arm against the side.

Several other accidents, some quite serious, came in the next two years. They were all happenings over which the youth could not possibly have any control. Finally he was injured so seriously that it was believed he could never return to mine work again. As a matter of fact, it was the medical opinion that he would be handicapped for life. The recurring question was "Why?"

Clearly emerging out of these experiences was one fact that made a solid basis of faith. Through all the difficulties there appeared to be a protective Hand. For example, while he was working at the deep coal mine, one of the shafts was closed so that the men from the two connecting mines had to be raised to the surface through one set of carriages. These vertical shafts were about one thousand yards deep. Men



would crowd into each carriage to twice the number ordinarily allowed. The means protecting the men from falling out while being raised was one swing bar.

One day William was on the outer edge of the cage load. It was so crowded that he was only able to stand with part of his feet on the cage floor and part overhanging. He was short and the swing bar was on the edge of his shoulder. With each rhythmic swing of the carriage as it worked upward the bar slipped to the tip of his shoulder. A fraction more movement and he would fall down the shaft to certain death. When the carriage reached the surface he did fall out. It seemed that a protecting Hand had kept him.

As he reviewed all the happenings, there had been dangers and threats but always deliverance. Even the last serious accident, which apparently had disabled him permanently, turned out to be an interesting providence. Settlement provided funds for returning to college and continuing his education. Healing of the injury at a later time removed most of the handicap.

During his college days he attended a series of studies on the Book of Job that seemed to hold many explanations of the mysteries of life. It is recorded that Job was one of the richest men of the East in his time. Then things began to happen. One day without warning, and seemingly without rhyme or reason, disaster fell. Messengers began to arrive with disturbing news. The first told of the total loss of his five hundred yoke of oxen and as many asses. Soon the second came to tell of the fire that destroyed the seven thousand sheep and the servants who tended them. Next came the news that the Chaldeans had stolen his three thousand camels and killed the servants who watched over them.

Then as a capsheaf to his overwhelm-

ing sorrow, a messenger hurried to announce the death of his seven sons and three daughters in one accident. In a short space of time he lost all his immense wealth. He was bereft of property, servants, cattle and herds, and most of all, seven sons and three daughters. And this happened to a man of whom the record says, "There is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil."<sup>1</sup> Why?

The Book of Job helps us to find an answer. It lifts the curtain and helps us to see things that were never revealed to Job. He apparently never knew of the conversation between God and Satan. He did not understand the significance of the tests and trials to which he was subjected. All that was apparent to him was that he was rich, and then, as if by one stroke, he lost all, including his health. Even his wife urged him to curse God and die. Job could not possibly have had an adequate answer to the happenings, but he did have faith. "In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly."

At the depth of his misery his faith reached up and he said, "He knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." He could not understand the present but by faith he grasped the future. "I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth . . . , yet in my flesh shall I see God."

All this Job did without knowing the real reasons for his affliction. To give us a basis for faith, divine revelation helps us to peep behind the scenes. It does not give all the answers, but the record does help us to see that there is a plan.

There was a council in heaven where the sons of God—representatives from the many worlds—came together. Satan claimed the right to represent this fallen world. Evidently he made some

challenge and God pointed to Job and his faithfulness. Satan replied that Job served God only for the blessings he was receiving. He accused God of over-protecting Job so that he was not subject to temptation.

Then Satan challenged God, "Put forth thine hand now . . . and he will curse thee to thy face." God trusted Job. He saw in Job a man of sterling quality. God's trust was so great that He accepted the enemy's challenge. He demonstrated to the universe the falseness of Satan's charge. The plan of redemption was virtually on trial. God said to Satan, "All that he hath is in thy power."

Two observations are persistent here. It was Satan—not God—who caused the harm and trials to come. It was Satan who wanted the destruction of property and life. He wanted to cause Job to fall. God permitted it so the universe might see the evil plans of Satan; that they might see the integrity and loyalty of Job. Satan's charge of man's desire for righteousness being artificial was proved false; it was shown that the work of grace on the heart produces real change.

This happening in the life of Job makes manifest the lengths to which Satan will go to destroy man. It reveals his heartless, brutal unconcern for humanity as long as his end is achieved. By the same token, it reveals the unswerving, steadfast loyalty and love for God in Job.

It was essential to answer these charges of Satan before the universe, so he was permitted to test Job. If Job had known the reason, he could not have demonstrated his faith, love, and loyalty. God placed the story on record so that it would bring encouragement to countless thousands. It did to William.

There is another paragraph to this story. William could see that what happened to Job must in some smaller measure happen again and again. The story of salvation would not rest on what one man did but on what God can do for men everywhere and at all times. Satan has not given up the fight, but continues to challenge God about modern Jobs. There is still the same need for the manifestation of loyalty and love today. "For indeed we are made a public spectacle before the angels of Heaven and the eyes of men."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Job 1:8.

<sup>2</sup> 1 Cor. 4:9, Phillips. From *The New Testament in Modern English*, © J. B. Phillips 1958. Used by permission of The Macmillan Company.

## Day for Praise

by ELAINE V. EMANS

"I'm going to have a whole day of refraining  
From criticism, and shall praise instead.  
It will be a good thing for those I speak to—  
And easy for me too," I said.

It wasn't easy, but it *was* rewarding,  
For I discovered when the day was done,  
However much it benefited others,  
It helped me more than anyone.





## The Verdict: **GUILTY**

by **PENCIE COMPTON YOUNG**

**I** STAND in condemnation. I am a thief! You may be one too. No, I did not rob a bank or loot a store; nor did you. But we have stolen just the same.

There was an ugly bit of gossip being circulated. Janet, a teen-ager in our church, had been keeping company with an "outsider," much to the consternation of some members. Sister Brown was positive she had spied Janet and her friend leaving the theater on Friday evening. "I saw her smoking!" chimed in Sister Jones with an air of smugness.

Come to think of it, I had noticed a change in Janet's standard of dress. Without hesitation I proclaimed my observations, though I felt a warning prick of conscience.

"And did you know . . . ?" "It's a disgrace . . . !" Like a tidal wave the flood of gossip issued forth, spraying bits of loose talk here and there. We, Janet's sisters and brothers in the church, had a banquet, feasting with relish on the reputation of a fellow

Christian. We had stolen, just as surely as Achan and other thieves who take gold.

Contrast our example with that of Jesus. To the scribes and Pharisees who had brought unto Him a woman taken in adultery He said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone."<sup>1</sup> I can see her accusers slinking away in shame, not daring to meet the gaze of those piercing eyes, eyes that could see inside their very souls.

Joy mingled with remorse as the woman lifted her tearful eyes to meet the eyes of the Master. Did she see condemnation and scorn? No. Touched with pity, Jesus tenderly looked at her and said, "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more."<sup>2</sup>

Mary was a new student at the academy. Nature had not endowed her with what we call good looks. Neither did she have a knack for "fixing up." With faded dress and unkempt hair she timidly made her way to classes. In a forlorn huddle she sat by herself at meal-

time. Like the ceasing of thunder after a storm, the gay laughter of friends would hush when Mary came around.

I knew that Mary coveted the companionship of her classmates, but I was afraid to be different. I was afraid that I might feel the coldness of being shut out. So, quieting the voice of conscience, I pretended that Mary wasn't there.

One day Mary *wasn't* there. Our indifference had been more than she could bear. In sorrow she had given up and departed from our midst. Mary never came back. Something precious had been stolen from her—that friendship for which every human being craves. Instead she had been given unmerited blows of contempt.

"I'll share my faith with others on life's way!" Our voices lustily rang out the theme song. I thought I meant it, but did I? I shunned Literature Bands and Sunshine Bands. I avoided discussing religious matters with my neighbors, fearing my views might arouse prejudice. "It is enough to live my religion," I timidly assured myself. But is it?

Paul tells us to speak the truth in love, that we "may grow up into him in all things."<sup>3</sup> Our own spiritual growth is nourished when we impart truth to others. Have we the right to withhold the bread of life from our neighbors? Are we not stealing from them the golden opportunities to learn of Jesus and His love for them?

Poverty stalks abroad in this world of ours. Hunger gnaws her starving victims unceasingly. Many little feet never feel the protecting smoothness of shoes. Tattered, dirty garments cover the body. Dare I in smug complacency turn my back on the needs of these destitute millions? Is the wealth in my hands really mine to hoard?

Through the psalmist God declares, "For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills."<sup>4</sup> The money we have has just been entrusted to us. It really belongs to God. When we fail to give cheerfully our tithes and offerings we are robbing God. When we carelessly spend our money to gratify selfish wants we rob the poor, leaving them in the throes of poverty. This is truly stealing in its ugliest form.

Yes, I have been guilty of stealing—withholding that which would bless others. Are you guilty too?

<sup>1</sup> John 8:7.

<sup>2</sup> Verse 11.

<sup>3</sup> Eph. 4:15.

<sup>4</sup> Ps. 50:10.



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# Sabbath School Lessons

Prepared for publication by the General  
Conference Sabbath School Department

AUGUST 30, 1969

## SENIOR

### IX—"Overcome Evil With Good"

MEMORY VERSE: "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good" (Rom. 12:21).

STUDY HELPS: *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 114-131; *The Ministry of Healing*, pp. 484-496; *The SDA Bible Commentary*.

#### Contrast Between Evil and Good

1. What does the wise man say concerning the eyes of the Lord? Prov. 15:3. Compare 2 Chron. 16:9.

NOTE.—"Beholding. Better, 'keeping watch.' Sometimes children are given the impression that God watches them in order to find cause for blame; but our heavenly Father watches with the pitiful, loving eye of One who knows the frailty of our nature."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Prov. 15:3.

2. What frustrating experience did Paul have regarding the conflict between evil and good? Rom. 7:15-19.

NOTE.—"No good thing. It is impossible for man of himself to resist the power of evil. A higher power must take possession of the soul before the evil passions can be subdued. Paul experienced the painful frustration that comes to all who seek to attain to righteousness in their own strength."—*Ibid.*, on Rom. 7:18.

3. What is the natural condition of our human nature? Ps. 14:2, 3; Rom. 3:12; Jer. 17:9.

4. What contrasting attitudes are manifested by those who do evil and those who love truth? John 3:19-21.

NOTE.—"Cain hated and killed his brother, not for any wrong that Abel had done, but 'because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous.' . . . So in all ages the wicked have hated those who were better than themselves. Abel's life of obedience and unswerving faith was to Cain a perpetual reproof. 'Everyone that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved.' . . . The brighter the heavenly light that is reflected from the character of God's faithful servants, the more clearly the sins of the ungodly are revealed, and the more determined will be their efforts to destroy those who disturb their peace."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 74.

5. What does Isaiah say will be the reward of those who are deceived about good and evil? Isa. 5:20, 24.

NOTE.—"He who persistently resists the warnings that God in His mercy sends, will ultimately become so perverse in his thoughts that he is unable longer to distinguish between good and evil. He honestly thinks right is wrong and wrong is right. When perversity reaches such a pass, doom cannot be long delayed."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Isa. 5:20.

"God has pronounced a curse upon those who depart from His commandments, and put no difference between common and holy things. . . . Let no one deceive himself with the belief that a part of God's commandments are nonessential, or

that He will accept a substitute for that which He has required."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 360.

6. What does God command His children to do? Ps. 34:14; 37:27.

NOTE.—"Christian living is both negative and positive; we must go away from evil, and we must do good. Merely refraining from evil is not enough. We must be active in doing good."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Ps. 34:14.

"The opinion which prevails in some classes of society, that religion is not conducive to health or to happiness in this life, is one of the most mischievous of errors. The Scripture says: 'The fear of the Lord tendeth to life: and he that hath it shall abide satisfied.' . . . 'What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good? Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile. Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.'"—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 600.

#### Evil Can Be Overcome

7. Through whom is our victory assured? 1 Cor. 15:57; Rom. 8:37. Compare Phil. 4:13.

NOTE.—"Christ's victory was as complete as had been the failure of Adam.

"So we may resist temptation, and force Satan to depart from us. Jesus gained the victory through submission and faith in God, and by the apostle He says to us, 'Submit yourselves therefore to God. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you.' . . . We cannot save ourselves from the tempter's power; he has conquered humanity, and when we try to stand in our own strength, we shall become a prey to his devices; but 'the name of the Lord is a strong tower: the righteous runneth into it, and is safe.' . . . Satan trembles and flees before the weakest soul who finds refuge in that mighty name."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 130, 131.

8. What weapon are we to use in gaining the victory over evil? 1 John 5:4, 5.

NOTE.—"Faith. Gr. *pistis*. . . This is the only occurrence of this word in John's Gospel or epistles. How can 'our faith' enable us to overcome the world? John provides the answer in v. 5, where he implies that the faith to which he is referring is that which accepts Jesus as the Son of God. Such a faith appropriates the Saviour's victory over the world and duplicates it in the life of the believer. It does not stop at mental assent but leads to positive action. Like the paralytic who was commanded to rise, we attempt what seems impossible. . . . As our will chooses to rise from the thralldom of sin, the life-giving power of God comes into every moral fiber and enables us to accomplish what we by faith have willed. Were we to lie back and wait for the Lord to lift us up from sin, nothing would happen. Our faith must lay hold of His promises, and must desire, choose, and will to act upon them before that strength can aid us."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on 1 John 5:4.

9. How does Paul say that evil can be overcome? Rom. 12:21.

NOTE.—The twelfth chapter of Romans presents many wonderful and helpful suggestions for overcoming evil with good. From verses 9 to 21 Paul gives not less than twenty things the Christian is to practice and do in his daily living. When we heed them we shall have no trouble in overcoming evil with good.

"Be not overcome of evil. The infliction of vengeance is a sign, not of strength, but of weakness. The one who allows his temper to be stirred up and his Christian principles of love and self-control to be abandoned suffers defeat.

But the person who represses the desire for revenge and turns a wrong done to him into an opportunity for showing kindness gains a victory over himself and over the powers of evil. This is not only nobler in itself but will be much more effective. It may disarm an enemy . . . and win another soul. Thus God has not meted out to sinners the vengeance they have long deserved, but rather has overwhelmed them with love and mercy. And it is the goodness, forbearance, and long-suffering of God that leads men to repentance. . . . The Christian who is being transformed into the image of God . . . will show by his treatment of his enemies that day by day his character is becoming more and more like the character of God, who is love."—*Ibid.*, on Rom. 12:21.

#### Promises to Those Who Overcome

10. What promise did the Lord make to the overcomer in the Ephesus church? Rev. 2:7.

11. According to the message given the Sardis church, what are the promises to the overcomer? Rev. 3:5.

NOTE.—Notice the three promises in this one text, promises not only for those in the Sardis church, but to all the children of God who will overcome. "Shall be clothed in white raiment"; "I will not blot out his name out of the book of life"; "I will confess his name before My Father, and before His angels."

12. How all-inclusive is the promise to the overcomer? Rev. 21:7.

NOTE.—When the conflict is ended, the saints will have overcome. Their reward is sure. They shall "inherit all things." What a glorious inheritance! Tongue cannot describe its beauty, its grandeur. The overcomers over all that is evil and sinful are those who have a Christlike character. They are pure in heart, for the pure in heart "shall see God." They are the ones who were willing to follow their Lord wherever He led them. Now, they shall "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth" (Rev. 14:4).

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## IX—Overcoming Evil With Good

**MEMORY GEM:** "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good" (Rom. 12:21).

**ILLUMINATION OF THE TOPIC:** *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 114-131; 497-505; *The Ministry of Healing*, pp. 484-496; *The SDA Bible Commentary*.

**STUDY AIM:** To re-examine the most effective way for overcoming the evil that is all about the Christian in the world today.

### Introduction

One of the most heartening parts of the gospel is the assurance of personal victory. Human nature says, "It can't be done." But the apostle Paul, speaking by inspiration, wrote, "Overcome evil with good" (Rom. 12:21). Christ is not indifferent to our struggle in overcoming all that is evil. He knows that the human heart is inadequate to cope with the many evils in the world; evils that reach into the inner recesses of the heart; that deal with the daily realities of life. The first step in dealing with evil is to realize that we must face it and believe that it can be overcome through the power of Christ. Evil becomes sinful only as we cherish it. We read: "There are thoughts and feelings suggested and aroused by Satan that annoy even the best of men, but if they are not cherished, if they are repulsed as hateful, the soul is not contaminated with guilt, and no other is defiled by their influence."—*That I May Know Him*, p. 140.

## 1—The Sharp Contrast Between Good and Evil

1. Over what two classes do the eyes of the Lord watch? For what is He particularly looking? Prov. 15:3; 2 Chron. 16:9.

"The day of deliverance is at hand. The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show Himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him.' . . . Among all nations, kindreds and tongues, He sees men and women who are praying for light and knowledge. Their souls are unsatisfied: long have they fed on ashes. . . . But they are honest in heart and desire to learn a better way."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 376.

2. How did Paul describe the struggle between good and evil for mastery of his soul? Rom. 7:15-19.

"We shall make the apostle's confession our own. 'I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing.'"

"In harmony with this experience is the command, 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure.' God does not bid you fear that He will fail to fulfill His promises, that His patience will weary, or His compassion be found wanting. Fear lest your will shall not be held in subjection to Christ's will, lest your hereditary and cultivated traits of character shall control your life. . . . Fear lest self shall interpose between your soul and the great Master Worker."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 161.

3. What is the natural condition of the human heart? Ps. 14:2, 3; Rom. 3:12; Jer. 17:9.

"No man can of himself understand his errors. . . . The lips may express a poverty of soul that the heart does not acknowledge. . . . We must behold Christ. It is ignorance of Him that makes men so uplifted in their own righteousness. When we contemplate His purity and excellence, we shall see our own weakness and poverty and defects as they really are. We shall see ourselves lost and hopeless, clad in garments of self-righteousness, like every other sinner. We shall see that if we are ever saved, it will not be through our own goodness, but through God's infinite grace."—*Ibid.*, p. 159.

4. How did Jesus contrast the attitudes of the evil and the righteous toward light and truth? John 3:19-21.

"Those whose deeds are evil, will not come to the light, lest their deeds should be reproved and their real characters revealed. If they continue in the path of transgression, and sever themselves entirely from the Redeemer, stubbornness, and sullenness, and a spirit of revenge will take possession of them, and they will say to their own souls, Peace, peace, when there is every reason that they should be alarmed, for their steps are directed toward destruction."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, Ellen G. White Comments, on 1 Sam. 15:23, pp. 1017, 1018.

5. What will be the ultimate fate of those who confound good and evil? Isa. 5:20, 24.

"He who persistently resists the warnings that God in His mercy sends, will ultimately become so perverse in his thoughts that he is unable longer to distinguish between good and evil. He honestly thinks right is wrong and wrong is right. When perversity reaches such a pass, doom cannot be long delayed. . . .

"Terrible are the results when the law of the Lord is rejected, . . . for without it there is no way of determining what is good and what is evil. It was because these men had cast aside God's law that they sank so low in iniquity as to engage in the practices described."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Isa. 5:20, 24.

6. What explicit command does God give His children? Ps. 34:14; 37:27.

"Christian living is both negative and positive; we must go away from evil, and we must do good. Merely refraining from evil is not enough. We must be active in doing good."—*Ibid.*, on Ps. 34:14.

7. Why did God plead with Israel to turn from evil? Eze. 18:30.

"Israel charged that God was unjust and caused their ruin. God declared that sin itself, which the sinner voluntarily chose, was their ruin. . . . He may not acknowledge the justice of God's ways now; but in that awful moment when he confronts the Judge of all the earth, there will be heard from his lips the acknowledgement that God's ways are just."—*Ibid.*, on Eze. 18:30.

## Recipe of the Week

### PARSNIPS IN TOMATO SAUCE

### VEGETABLE ENCORE

Yield: 6 cups

3 cups peeled, sliced parsnips	1 bay leaf
½ cup sliced celery	2 cups stewed tomato
¾ cup sliced onion	1 tsp. sugar
1 tsp. salt	1 tbsp. oil

1. Combine parsnips, celery, onion, tomato, and bay leaf in a heavy, covered pan and simmer for 30 minutes.
2. Add oil, sugar, and salt. Reheat and serve.



## 2—Evil Can Be Overcome

8. Through whom is victory promised to the believer? 1 Cor. 15:57; Rom. 8:37.

"To whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey.' If we indulge anger, lust, covetousness, hatred, selfishness, or any other sin, we become servants of sin. 'No man can serve two masters.' If we serve sin, we cannot serve Christ. The Christian will feel the promptings of sin, for the flesh lusteth against the Spirit; but the Spirit striveth against the flesh, keeping up a constant warfare. Here is where Christ's help is needed. Human weakness becomes united to divine strength, and faith exclaims, 'Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!'"—*Messages to Young People*, p. 114.

9. What is the enabling force that brings victory to the Christian in his conflict with evil? 1 John 5:4, 5.

"How can 'our faith' enable us to overcome the world? John provides the answer in v. 5 where he implies that the faith to which he is referring is that which accepts Jesus as the Son of God. Such a faith appropriates the Saviour's victory over the world and duplicates it in the life of the believer. It does not stop at mental assent but leads to positive action. Like the paralytic who was commanded to rise, we attempt what seems impossible. . . . Were we to lie back and wait for the Lord to lift us up from sin, nothing would happen. Our faith must lay hold of His promises, and must desire, choose, and will to act upon them before that strength can aid us."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on 1 John 5:4.

10. How does Paul say is the best way to overcome evil? Rom. 12:21.

"If impatient words are spoken to you, never reply in the same spirit. Remember that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath.' And there is wonderful power in silence. Words spoken in reply to one who is angry sometimes serve only to exasperate. But anger met with silence, in a tender, forbearing spirit, quickly dies away.

"Under a storm of stinging, faultfinding words, keep the mind stayed upon the word of God. Let mind and heart be stored with God's promises. If you are ill-treated or wrongfully accused, instead of returning an angry answer, repeat to yourself the precious promises:

"'Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.' Rom. 12:21."—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 486.

## 3—Promises to the Overcomer

11. What particular promise did the Lord make to the overcomer in the Ephesus church? Rev. 2:7.

12. What promises are held out to the overcomers of the Laodicean church? Rev. 3:20, 21.

*The Youth's Instructor*, August 26, 1969

## HOW GREAT AN OBSTACLE TO REVIVAL IS FASHION?

From page 11

the time when we won't be able to 'buy or sell.'"

The solution to this, undoubtedly, is for more sewing to be done at home. One thing is certain—if for each day a Christian girl appeared wearing a dress that comes to mid-knee she would receive a \$1,000 bill, there would be hardly a Seventh-day Adventist girl who would not somehow manage to find or sew dresses of proper length. But could it be that we would do for money that which we are unwilling to do from love for Christ?

Problems of immodesty in our midst are but a symptom of our far greater need—a return to the godliness that marked the apostolic church. Declares inspiration:

"A revival of true godliness among us is the greatest and most urgent of all our needs. To seek this should be our first work."<sup>10</sup>

Such a revival will change many things—our devotional habits, the amount of time spent with television, our leisure-time activities, the music we listen to, the way we spend our money. It will lead us to a renewed study of the Bible, and of books such as *Steps to Christ*, *Messages to Young People*, and the more than fifty others given by inspiration for this very hour.

Is such a revival possible? It is—and it will come.

"Before the final visitation of God's

"In the kingdom of God, position is not gained through favoritism. It is not earned, nor is it received through an arbitrary bestowal. It is the result of character. The crown and the throne are the tokens of a condition attained; they are the tokens of self-conquest through our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Long afterward, when the disciple had been brought into sympathy with Christ through the fellowship of His sufferings, the Lord revealed to John what is the condition of nearness in His kingdom. 'To him that overcometh,' Christ said, 'will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father in His throne.'"—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 549.

judgments upon the earth there will be among the people of the Lord such a revival of primitive godliness as has not been witnessed since apostolic times. The Spirit and power of God will be poured out upon His children."<sup>11</sup>

But such a revival "need be expected only in answer to prayer."<sup>12</sup>

Are you praying for revival? Let us along with the "seven and seven" prayer groups<sup>13</sup>—pray daily that God will send the convicting power of the Holy Spirit upon us. And as we pray, let us determine to remove any obstacles that would hinder His answering our petitions, beginning with the most obvious. For we repeat from inspiration:

"Will the influence of the church be what it should be, while many of its members obey the dictates of fashion, rather than the clearly expressed will of God? How can we expect the presence and aid of the Holy Spirit while we suffer these things to exist among us?"

<sup>1</sup> Joel 2:28.

<sup>2</sup> *The Desire of Ages*, p. 680.

<sup>3</sup> Isa. 59:2.

<sup>4</sup> *Testimonies*, vol. 6, p. 371.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, vol. 4, p. 647.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 641.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>8</sup> *Messages to Young People*, pp. 355, 356.

<sup>9</sup> Ellen G. White, "Simplicity in Dress," reprinted in *Review*, March 20, 1958, p. 12.

<sup>10</sup> *Selected Messages*, book 1, p. 121.

<sup>11</sup> *The Great Controversy*, p. 464.

<sup>12</sup> *Selected Messages*, book 1, p. 121.

<sup>13</sup> See "Seven and Seven—Toward the Kingdom," *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, April 18, 1967.

13. What all-inclusive promise is made to the overcomers of all ages? Rev. 21:7.

When the conflict is ended the saints will have overcome. Their reward is sure. They shall "inherit all things." What a glorious inheritance! Tongue cannot describe its beauty, its grandeur. The overcomers over all that is evil and sinful have a Christlike character. They are pure in heart, and "the pure in heart . . . shall see God." They are the ones who are willing to follow their Lord whithersoever He leads them. Now they shall "follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth" (Rev. 14:4).

## What Is in This Lesson for Me?

Do I see the things of earth all about me more clearly than those things that are afar off? How can I get them into true perspective—the one so shallow and soon to pass away, the other so glorious and offering eternal joys?

## KEY WIT SHARPENERS

"Christ abiding in the soul is as a well that never runs dry."—*Evangelism*, p. 357.



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► Infrared detectors in a plane at 20,000 feet can sense a fire only one foot across, long before a wisp of smoke shows.  
National Geographic Society

► At last report the world's first larynx transplant patient was taking food normally and his voice was getting stronger. A Belgian clinic performed the surgery on a 62-year-old man.  
AMA

► Lacking atmosphere, the moon feels the full brunt of solar radiation, including deadly ultraviolet, X-rays, and gamma rays. Midday temperatures at the moon's equator are hotter than boiling water; with the coming of lunar night they plummet some 500 degrees F.  
National Geographic Society

► Rhinebeck, New York, is the self-styled violet capital of America. The town has specialized in violet production since the 1890's and is now the largest producer in the United States. Its principal grower maintains 18 greenhouses containing 140,000 plants, which yield an annual crop of some five million violets.  
Ford Times

► Recently an appeal has been made for funds to renovate the more than 200-year-old house in Bonn, Germany, where Ludwig van Beethoven was born. The house, in one of the city's narrow, old-world streets, has been visited by 1.5 million people during the past 80 years. It is hoped that the house can be ready for next year's 200th anniversary celebrations of the musician's birth.  
GIC

► Coconut is top crop on the remote Seychelles islands. The dried meat becomes copra, a source of cooking oil, margarine, and soap. Islanders weave mats from the husks and fashion drinking cups from the shells. The 92 small islands in the British Crown Colony dot the Indian Ocean about 1,000 miles east of the Kenya coast. Most of the 48,000 inhabitants are descendants of liberated African slaves, Indians, and Chinese.  
National Geographic Society

► To provide a final answer to the great problem of fog that hangs over Italy's Po Plain during the winter, also to diminish air pollution, a scientific group has proposed cutting through the Apennines. It has been suggested that all the earth and rock removed during the demolition could be used for building new industrial zones in the north and other regions of Italy. The basic theory for cutting through the Apennines has been termed simple. From the level of the Tyrrhenian, hot air tends to rise toward the colder regions of the Apennines. If it finds an opening it can expand and spread across the low-lying plain on the far side of the mountains to form currents that would sweep away fog and help to purify the heavily laden atmosphere.  
IE

► With this year's migration to the Texas wintering area apparently complete, the world's population of wild whooping cranes is a record 50. The rare birds spend the winter at Aransas National Wildlife Refuge or adjacent Matagorda Island. Of the 50 whoopers, six are young-of-the-year, easily distinguished by some buff coloration of head, neck, and wings.  
USDI

► Only 64 days of the year fail to receive legal recognition as a day off somewhere in the world. All but two days of July, the foremost holiday month, call for a celebration. December, the month with the fewest legal commercial holidays, has only 10 days free of observances.  
National Geographic Society

► If all goes well, the fantastic voyage of the *Kon-Tiki* is to be repeated. Three Italians aboard a tiny craft are preparing to cross the Pacific Ocean. The boat will be less than three tons. According to calculations, the 4,700-nautical-mile trip will take about 100 days.  
IE

► British farmers are urged to keep ponds and ditches free from chemicals and toxic sprays, for the benefit of bees that drink from them.  
BIS

► Polythene, the world's largest tonnage plastic; and polyester, probably the second most important synthetic fiber, were both developed by Britain's Imperial Chemical Industries.  
BIS

► Coyotes by the thousands now roam Alaska, where they were unknown before the gold rush. Although originally found only in the western sagebrush plains and deserts, and still plentiful there, in recent years they have also invaded 13 States in the East from Maine to Florida.  
National Geographic Society

► Since it was opened to the public in 1945, Spain's National Newspaper Library has carried out 510,796 services for the public. There are 36 million documents available. Including daily papers and magazines, both Spanish and foreign, the library has 82,588 different series of publications. The Hemeroteca Nacional, as the library is called, is regarded as the largest in Europe of its kind.  
IDES

► Breadbasket of tomorrow for South America may be Peru's "Wild East." The rich virgin soil covers an area bigger than Texas—62 per cent of all Peru. As a new frontier, say the nation's leaders, it could ease the population pressures on the rest of the country while helping to feed a continent. A long-range government plan to clear 3.2 million acres of jungle and resettle 5,250 families on part of the region is just beginning.  
National Geographic Society

► In a recent report, the Commerce Committee of the United States Senate endorsed the steam cycle propulsion system in motor vehicles as a "satisfactory alternative" to the present internal combustion engine. It is claimed that the steam propulsion system is "superior" to the internal combustion engine both in terms of performance and emissions. The report states that the steam engine burns an inexpensive fuel which "produces almost no pollution," and gets better fuel mileage. The engine also has a better maintenance and reliability potential.  
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