

the **Youth's** —instructor—

William Swan recounts the really
amazing story of a man who was

Handicapped

[Sabbath School Lesson for October 21]





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IS A FRIENDLY VOLUME—WARM WITH THE LOVE OF GOD

THE first thing I heard this morning was the doorbell. It rang once, twice. Then I heard someone knocking . . .

I pushed back the covers, and through the half-lifted fog of sleep, peeped over them at the clock. Ten o'clock! I had overslept. Why, it had been two and a half hours since my husband had slipped off to work with-

out awakening me. What an hour to be found in bed! My heart flipped over in its most caught-in-the-act manner, then calmed.

Why, of course. It was probably only the postman, bringing a package from mother. She had written and told me to be looking for one. I would just lie still, and he would leave the package on the porch and go away. Who else

did I think would be coming to see me, anyway? The thought was a little salty, as if it were the precipitate of last night's tears.

"Last night's tears" had followed a glum, gray day. The night was cold. As I lay burrowed under three woolly, wedding-present blankets, I could hear the wind whipping around the corner of the house.

"So this is Nebraska," I had thought. "This is the semi-Arctic that is now my home."

Home. Somehow the word did not fit this place where Ken, my brand-new husband, and I had come to live. Why, home was South Carolina. It was softness and Southern accents and mild, colorful November days. Home was not *this*.

Home was made up of neighbors like Mr. and Mrs. Honeycutt and their little son, Bobby, who always called his dog in a lusty monotone that no dog or human within three blocks could possibly have missed; of people like ninety-three-year-old Mrs. Smith, who often invited us to come to see her. (Wouldn't we like to come over—clear across the city—and get some watermelon rinds she had saved for us to make preserves from? Or she thought maybe we'd like to sit on her porch for a while and watch the tent meeting that was going on in the lot across the street.)

Home was the little brick church that daddy was pastor of, and all the familiar faces in it. It was my former Sabbath school class, our homespun MV meetings, the piano I played for church.

Home was where mother and daddy were. It was the little gray house at 108 Oxford Street, fifteen hundred miles away. Home was not here.

I had looked over at the hump under the covers that was Ken and observed that his breathing was slow and regular. That was good. Now he would not know . . .

Two tears led the procession, and the rest followed eagerly.

"If I just had some friends here!" I sobbed to myself, and I remembered college—the good old kids, the good old places, the good old classes even! I thought of Dr. Bushnell, my major professor, who used to call me Little Sister; of my French teacher, handi-capped, but pluckily teaching classes from a chair made especially for her; of the girls' dean, who hung May baskets on each of our doorknobs very early every May 1.

And I visualized my little dormitory



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I was a stranger

by ANN CUNNINGHAM BURKE

the Youth's instructor

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is a non-fiction weekly designed to meet the spiritual, social, physical, and mental interests of Christian youth in their teens and twenties. It adheres to the fundamental concepts of Sacred Scripture. These concepts it holds essential in man's true relationship to his heavenly Father, to his Saviour, Jesus Christ, and to his fellow men.

A continually changing world is reflected in its pages as it has expanded from 1852 to 1961. Then it was essentially a medium for providing youth Sabbath school lessons. Now it also supplies many added services meaningful to twentieth-century Christians.

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room on second floor—a small, gray room with pink curtains and bedspreads and a record player that played, by turns, *Pomp and Circumstance* and *Lohengrin* as the end of my senior year approached. Through the window I had watched everything from green valley pastures and spotted cows to couples under umbrellas, ambling slowly to the dormitory after programs on rainy Saturday nights.

I thought of my various roommates—bless their hearts, every one of them, even the one who never would empty the wastebasket! But I had been graduated—graduated to this little basement apartment where I had only myself to talk to all day. I just hate it here, I thought. I just do!

As the wind whirled louder around the corner, I remembered Shelley's words:

"Rough wind, that moanest loud
Grief too sad for song . . ."

Could he have been all by himself and homesick when he wrote those words?

I had edged out of bed and felt for my little blue slippers. There they were. Through them I could feel the coldness of the tile floor. I tiptoed to the living room and sat down. Framed by the window, a few stars were visible now; but I thought that even they looked distant and cold, like the people of Nebraska.

"I've been living in this community for two months—ever since I've been married—and almost no one, except the meter man and the furnace repairman, has even ventured inside my door," I reminded myself bitterly.

It seemed that loneliness engulfed me completely. For a long time I cried.

"I shouldn't act this way," I reasoned, finally. "I have Ken. He's good to me; and even if I don't have any more friends I do have his companionship. There's no reason for me to pity myself; I ought to be counting my blessings instead of acting like a spoiled child." It was true. And I knew that the situation was partly my own fault.

I should have tried harder to make friends. I had tried, but not hard enough maybe. "A man that has friends must show himself friendly," mother had always said.

After all, I couldn't expect busy people to bother with a newcomer whom they didn't know, when they had their own lives to live, their own circles of family and friends complete around them. I had expected too much.

This was sound logic, which my mind comprehended. But the heart is a slower pupil, and the fact remained: I was lonely.

There are no words for loneliness—that lost, empty feeling that defies definition. And the prayer of a lonely person is stripped of every embellishment. The threadbare heart is simply laid out before that understanding Friend. "Lord," I said, "I don't know exactly what I need to do. I don't know what I want, even. But I'm just so lonesome. Please help me."

At last the tears were all gone; and I had crept back into bed, relaxed. My eyes seemed heavy. It felt good to snuggle down under the woolly blankets and listen to the wind. The bell in the clock tower down the street rang twelve times.

The doorbell again. That postman was certainly persistent. I threw on my robe, gave my hair two full strokes with the brush, and went to the door. There you were.

"Well, hi! Come on in, Dorothy!" I said, recognizing you as the wife of one of my husband's friends. And, when I smiled, my puffy little eyes must have narrowed to mere slits.

"Aha! I caught you in bed!" you laughed. "But don't apologize. I'd sleep in too if I could." And you propelled two little red snowsuits with big blue eyes into the house.

You sat down in the brown easy chair, and we talked for a little while—not for long, because the children were active and ready to go.

"Just thought we'd stop by to see you for a few minutes," you said as the three of you left, crunching on some of my hard, brittle, new-bride cookies.

After you had gone, I stood there at the door, smiling to myself and thinking. The thought that kept going through my mind was not an ordinary thought such as forms itself into a sentence. It was more of a warm consciousness flooding my entire mind and heart. It was something like, "Why, Lord—thank You!"

Just thought we'd stop by to see you for a few minutes. And probably you have never given it a second thought. You did not know of the ache in the heart of a bride who felt a world away from home and friends. And you did not know of the prayer. You made a friendly little visit; that was all.

But you will be rewarded for it, Dorothy. I know you will. For I was a stranger—and you visited me.

The Youth's Instructor, October 10, 1961

landmarks and thinking

Lab This week's cover was a 1960 Photo Mart entry, bringing a first award to photographer Ronald H. Reeder of Washington Missionary College (now Columbia Union College). It isn't strange that when we think of a laboratory, any kind, Daniel 12:4 is recalled. Older citizens who sometimes become alarmed over changes seen in the younger generation do well to remember that a 1961 baby is born into a world enormously different from the world of the nineteenth century. What youth pauses now to stare in amazement at a steam locomotive, except in a museum? How many have actually seen a horse and buggy on the highway, except in a very few sections of the nation? A woman's kitchen and laundry today are years away from wash boiler and scrub board and natural ice chest.

Lab The next time you ask, "What's this generation coming to?" remember that, whether good or evil, this is "the time of the end." And in that remembering, be sympathetic toward a generation that has come to manhood and womanhood when the temptations of the world have multiplied beyond what they were in your own days of youth.

Handicaps Texan William Swan wrote "Handicapped—but Not Hindered" while an advanced composition student under teacher Verne Wehtje at Union College. The story was an award-winning manuscript in Advanced Writers Pen League. Mr. Swan was a junior premedicine student. "Mr. Hicks has both inspired and amazed me ever since I first saw him in 1946," the author writes.

Michigan "Like a diamond sparkling in the midst of the many gems of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR are the Spirit of Prophecy quotations used at the bottom of your 'Grace Notes' column. Copied onto index cards and carried in a convenient pocket to be looked at and thought on during my daily activities, they have brought strength and courage to my heart. It is my pleasure to share these thoughts with others about me." NORMAN A. LOEW, Andrews University, Berrien Springs.

Enemy "Self is the enemy we most need to fear."—MH 485.

While visiting Europe I found it important to fix some landmark in mind so that it would be possible to find my way back to my hotel after completing movements about a city. Sometimes it was a Singer sewing machine sign, a Coca-Cola ad, or a familiar name of some gasoline. By consistently fixing on a landmark it was easy for me to retrace my steps, regardless of the strangeness of the cities through which I traveled.

But I settled on more than a major landmark. Minor items were noted that would help me in returning to recognize that I had passed that way before.

Repeatedly we have stressed the importance of learning to discern truth for oneself. The search for truth, for new things, is dangerous only as you fail at the outset to settle some things in your heart as basic. Accepting certain tenets in full faith, you can then study beyond and beneath for deeper and extended meanings to life. But if you have no sure abiding places, the streets down which you have gone can become so confusing and tangled that you may become hopelessly lost.

Admiral Richard Byrd relates in his book *Alone* how he nearly lost his life while at Bolling Advance Weather Base, Little America.

For health he took regular walks away from his shack and back again. He would tuck a bundle of split bamboo sticks under his arm and start out. Every thirty yards or so he would push one of the sticks into the snow. When the bundle was exhausted he would return, picking up the bamboo sticks en route and thus find his way back to the marked path about the shack.

Once he took a longer walk than usual. It was nearly dark on the Barrier, but he wrote that it didn't bother him. When he turned to retrace his steps, the line of bamboo sticks was nowhere in sight. And his boots had made no marks on the hard snow of the Barrier.

Fright possessed him, but he kept his head. First, he scratched an arrow into the snow with the butt end of his flashlight. This would indicate the direction he had been going. Then with his heel he broke off some of the wavelike ridges of hard snow and heaped them into a little marker more than a foot high at the spot where he had scratched the arrow.

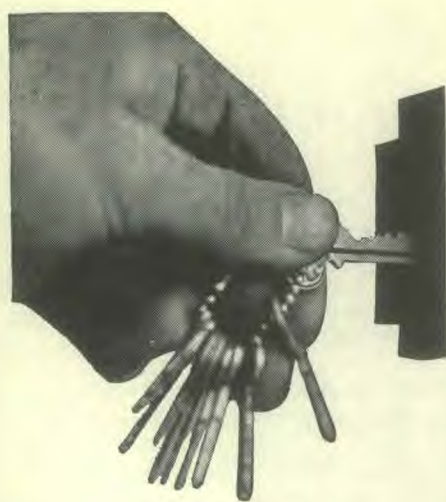
By now the sky had cleared in a couple of spots, revealing two stars that lined up with the direction he had been walking. By increasing his distance from the beacon he finally found one of the bamboo sticks in the beam of his flashlight, and so reached the safety of his shack.

Be sure that in your thinking, you don't move out of sight of your fixed points of belief. You can safely expand your study into the intricacies of God's will for your life if you maintain contact with the truths you already know.

Walter D. Graudall

coming next week

- "A PRICE WORTH PAYING"—Ruth had enjoyed movies, with their inevitable portrayal of romantic vicissitudes. But she was to learn that those same experiences were far from enjoyable firsthand. By Ruth Summers.



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by **RACHEL ROSS**
PART TWO

YOU must ever be a Ruth, never an Orpah."

It was Elder Ben Baughman's way of saying to me, "Don't ever turn back, Rachel. I know you are going home to face severe trials that will test your faith to the utmost; but ever press forward, looking to Jesus, the author and finisher of your faith."

We had been Christian friends over a period of trying years, during which he and his dear wife had faithfully prayed for me and my family. Loving me as a sister, they were filled with great joy, yet that joy was tinged with grave concern as they said good-by to my two little girls and me.

I'm sure they were praying earnestly as the train pulled out of the Denver station that cold January night nine years ago, that God would be my refuge and strength.

Events leading directly to my trip had begun the previous spring. Through the long winter I had studied the doctrines of Mennonitism versus those of Adventism. Born a Mennonite, I had been introduced to the Seventh-day Adventist faith by Elder Baughman, who had visited our home in March of 1940 and sold us *Bible Readings*. The following years had been ones of questioning, testing, proving. Loving my people, I tried to find my place in active service for God among my own.

But in March of 1951 the Spirit of God spoke pointedly to my heart.

"You have delayed as long as is good for you and your little family. If your husband is still unwilling to come with

you, you must brave the storm alone."

"O Lord," I prayed, in anxiety of soul, "if only You would make it plain to me so I could know beyond a shadow of a doubt that I am not making a mistake! If I could know assuredly, This way is the center of Your will for us as a family, I would gladly obey."

Kneeling there beside the rocker in the living room, I understood what God was saying to me. "Constantly, as I have urged you to step out in the path I long ago called you to, you have insisted on being shown. Can you not trust Me to lead you where I want you to go? Too long you have made flesh your arm. Now learn of Me. Consider Abraham's faith. When I called him to leave his people and go to an unknown land he obeyed Me and went. I am calling you to the same path of faith and obedience. No sign will be given, no proof to make void faith."

"Forgive my unbelief and doubt, dear Lord!" I prayed in deep contrition. "I am willing to walk the path You lead me in, no matter how difficult it becomes. Only give me the assurance that You are with me. Through every test and trial may I feel Your presence bearing me up and imparting grace and strength."

"Surely I will be with you wherever you go," were the words that came to me.

As I rose from my knees it was with a new vision and purpose in my heart. No longer afraid of erring from truth, I was now by faith walking hand in hand with the Source of truth.

It is one of the miracles of my life

that the Lord so wonderfully sustained and strengthened me, bringing me forth by His blessed hand to establish me in His truth. One cannot realize how deeply the roots of love and loyalty go down until he tries to pull them up; but up they must come to be transplanted carefully, lovingly into a new faith.

By May of 1951 we had left Minnesota and were back in Nebraska, our native State. We were living in a large community of Mennonites, wonderful friends who sincerely loved me and were deeply grieved at my choice.

"The church needs you, Rachel, but more than that you need the church," they said. It was impossible to tell them God was calling me to the Adventist Church. Adventists to them meant strange and false doctrine. God wouldn't lead me there, they thought.

Then on a bright and beautiful December morning a few months later I held in my hand a letter from Elder Baughman.

"Perhaps we have both felt very loath to grieve the hearts that are dear to us. But when there is so vital a decision and so clear a demand, perhaps we should consider the step more important than all it costs. If at all possible, you should come and be baptized."

I had promised to follow, walking by faith, and now my faith was being tested. Nervously, with a lump in my throat I packed our clothes for the trip.

My husband, though most unhappy about my going, did not forbid it. My eleven-year-old daughter, Cheryl, was sure I was breaking up our home, and no amount of reassuring could ease her heart. Six-year-old David watched with wide blue eyes, unable to comprehend the full meaning of this unhappy situation. How much I prayed that God would work out all this heartache and uncertainty to His honor and glory!

The train was more than an hour late and Marie and Arlys, the younger children who accompanied me, grew tired and restless. The girls, wide-eyed with wonder at their first train ride, momentarily forgot their weariness, but as they grew accustomed to the motion of the train they relaxed and curled up to sleep.

The farther west we traveled the colder the night became. We seemed to be stopping often and making slow progress. The car became chilly as the cold penetrated it, and I feared the children would take cold. But the long, winter night slowly gave way to dawn. A brakeman brought me the sandwiches from his lunch for Arlys, two,

and Marie, four. We were scheduled to reach Denver by seven o'clock and I had supposed we would arrive there before the children became hungry. But it was nearly ten when we finally drew into the station. How grateful I was for the trainman's generosity! Either our train had no dining car, or it had been disconnected somewhere along the way.

In the large depot I watched with mounting anxiety for a familiar face in the crowd of people. At last, instructing Arlys and Marie not to move from their seats near a telephone booth, I called the Baughman home. Thelma Baughman assured me she would be right down to get us.

How pleasant it was to relax in the warmth and friendliness of their little home!

Elder Baughman was attending a colporteur rally at Boulder, but I felt I must talk with him that very evening. But Elder Baughman was not yet home and it was bedtime for the household. I dropped to my knees beside my bed. Pleading for assurance, I struggled against the adversary who desired to turn me from the decision to be baptized. Eventually peaceful assurance triumphed over doubt and fear.

I awakened early Sabbath morning and dressed, thinking to read and pray until the others awakened. When I entered the living room Elder Baughman was there. He arose and a smile of welcome lighted his face.

"I can't tell you how happy I am that you are here, Rachel. How are Paul and Cheryl and David?"

"They were very unhappy about my coming."

"Paul didn't forbid you though, did he?"

"No."

"You are a brave woman, and Thelma and I are proud of you."

Tears came to my eyes as I tried to smile.

"Is any point of doctrine troubling you?"

"No," and I tried to swallow the lump in my throat. "It's just that it is so hard to sever the tie that binds me to my former church. I've been so close to the members, and they to me."

"I know that well. You must in no wise love them any less, but more." Then he said, "It's time I was on my way to bring Sister Wheeler in for the baptism. She is a humble, earnest soul and I know you will love each other. Her husband isn't a Christian, and he's especially bitter toward Adventists. I'm not sure he will allow me to bring her



in. Will you pray with me that she will be able to come?"

"Indeed I will."

After he had gone I sat wondering why the path of obedience must be so difficult. It seemed I was forsaking the only tried and proved way for one that was strange and new to my reluctant feet. The tensions that had been building up within me for the past week found relief in heartbroken sobs.

Returning to the house for an apple that would serve as his breakfast, Elder Baughman found me. Crossing the room, he spoke with assurance, "After all, Rachel, you are leaving one church home and coming into another. You will love our members and they will love you." Then he was on his way again to Kiowa for Sister Wheeler.

He returned with Sister Wheeler and her daughter Helen in the car.

Thelma kept the children while Sister Wheeler and I climbed the stairs to the little room, high above the baptistry. My hands felt icy, and try as I would I could not still their trembling.

"My dear, you are chilled!" exclaimed

one of the deaconesses helping me. "Isn't the room warm enough?"

I nodded my head, unable to trust my voice. The flesh was crying out, "You can't go through with this, you can't!" The Holy Spirit was saying, "Of course you can! You know the Lord has never called you to do anything but that He has given you the necessary grace and strength."

Moving slowly, carefully, down the stairs, I thought in utter weariness of soul, "Will this struggle never end? Will I always be torn between two opposing forces in my heart?" As my foot touched the water a great peace enfolded me. It was as though Jesus placed His strong arms about me and said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Satan was defeated.

Only my own unfaithfulness to Christ could sever that union, and God forbid that should ever happen! I was doing God's will and He was blessing with His heavenly benediction.

From that baptism I rose, completely yielded to Jesus. All that I had heretofore held dearest and most precious

now held second place. No one—nothing—must secure that coveted place. Jesus alone is worthy.

No longer fearful of the opposition I would meet upon returning home, my heart was at rest, trusting in my Saviour's love and power to sustain.

I believe Sister Wheeler's experience paralleled mine. Later, as we both dined with the Baughmans, her eyes sparkled with new life and determination to be true to her precious Lord. That day the Lord made us true sisters in Him. We have never met since; our correspondence has kept us together.

It had been a day of victory for the Baughmans. For years they had waited, praying, hoping, trusting I would have the courage to accept all the truth and walk in the way of God's will.

Now we were on the train homeward bound. What awaited me there I could not know. But I did know my Lord and Saviour was sufficient for any trial. His approval was dearer than all else.

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



THE PARABLE OF THE TALENTS

Horizontal

- 1 "... wicked and slothful servant" (Matt. 25:26)
- 3 "reaping where thou ... not sown" (Matt. 25:24)
- 6 Exclamation; owl's cry
- 9 Capital of Moab (Num. 21:28)
- 11 North America
- 12 "because ye have ... with me from the beginning" (John 15:27)
- 13 "that thou art an ... man" (Matt. 25:24)
- 16 "... there thou hast that is thine" (Matt. 25:25)
- 17 "thou good and ... servant" (Matt. 25:21)
- 19 "have thou authority ... ten cities" (Luke 19:17)
- 21 "but ... God with fastings and prayers night and day" (Luke 2:37)
- 23 "After ... long time the lord of those servants cometh" (Matt. 25:19)
- 24 "for many be called, but ... chosen" (Matt. 20:16)
- 27 "We have seen strange ... to day" (Luke 5:26)
- 29 "man travelling into a ... country" (Matt. 25:14)
- 31 Ever (cont.)
- 32 Babylonian deity
- 33 "... should have received mine own with usury" (Matt. 25:27)
- 34 "Out of thine own mouth ... I judge thee" (Luke 19:22)
- 36 "... not my Father's house an house of merchandise" (John 2:16)

- 39 Queen Victoria (L.); verb reflexive
 - 41 Chinese measure
 - 43 "and said, Lord, I knew ..." (Matt. 25:24)
 - 45 "... thou into the joy of thy lord" (Matt. 25:21)
 - 48 "I have gained ... other talents beside them" (Matt. 25:22)
 - 51 "he will make him ... over all that he hath" (Luke 12:44)
 - 53 "Be thou also ... five cities" (Luke 19:19)
 - 57 "... God, thou art my God" (Ps. 63:1)
 - 58 Large compressed packages
 - 60 "thou knewest that I ... where I sowed not" (Matt. 25:26)
 - 62 "I have ... things to say and to judge of you" (John 8:26)
 - 63 "The ... which are impossible with men are possible with God" (Luke 18:27)
- Our text is 1, 3, 12, 17, 19, 23, 24, 27, 33, 34, 36, 43, 51, 53, 62, and 63 combined

Vertical

- 1 Candy
- 2 Part of the day
- 4 "thou art ... austere man" (Luke 19:21)
- 5 Helmet worn during the fifteenth century
- 6 "For the kingdom of ... is as" (Matt. 25:14)
- 7 Whirlwind off the Faroe Islands
- 8 Expert (slang)
- 10 His Royal Highness
- 13 "I was afraid, and went and ... thy talent" (Matt. 25:25)
- 14 "and then ... my coming" (Matt. 25:27)
- 15 Defender of the Faith
- 18 "Master, it is good for ... to be here" (Luke 9:33)
- 19 A combining form signifying egg
- 20 "And they shall fall by the ... of the sword" (Luke 21:24)
- 22 The fifth satellite of Saturn
- 23 Lava
- 25 Snakelike fish
- 26 "His lord said unto him, ... done" (Matt. 25:21)

- 28 "traded with the ... and made them other five talents" (Matt. 25:16)
- 29 "unto one he gave ... talents, to another two, and to another one" (Matt. 25:15)
- 30 Right Worthy
- 35 Almost all of Ireland
- 37 Knight Templar
- 38 Exclamation of inquiry
- 40 Royal Navy Reserve
- 42 "and give ... unto him which hath ten talents" (Matt. 25:28)
- 44 Half an em
- 46 Bass horn
- 47 "because thou didst ... on the Lord" (2 Chron. 16:8)
- 49 Grief
- 50 Half of Ovid
- 52 Second note of scale
- 54 Sea eagle
- 55 Regular
- 56 "thou takest ... that thou layedst not down" (Luke 19:21)
- 59 Street
- 61 "Inasmuch ... ye have done it unto one of the least of these" (Matt. 25:40)

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Frank

by **BONNIE MAC MILLAN**

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

YOUNG Bruce Mack, perched on a heap of camping gear that he had dropped in the middle of the floor, recounted his adventures of the weekend camporee with the Pathfinders.

"We had a new counselor and he's real fun. We tied ropes around our waists and he went with us down into those caves. Mom, you should see him. He plays the guitar and he played and sang for us at campfire."

"What's his name?" his mother asked.

"Frank."

"Frank what?"

"Well, just Frank. That's all I know."

After a pensive silence he added, "Mom, I want to play the guitar. Could I get one?"

"We—ell, I suppose we could buy you one, but who would give you lessons? I don't know of any guitar teachers near here."

"Well, him, of course. You know, Frank."

"How do you know he gives lessons?"

"I already asked him. He said he'd teach me."

"Do tell!" Jean Mack laughed and kissed the turned-up nose. "You're really a fixer-upper, aren't you? In that

case we must get the guitar right away."

On Bruce's birthday the Macks made a trip to Sears Roebuck and purchased a boy-sized guitar, and the next day Bruce saw his friend Frank and arranged for lessons.

A few days later the family was relaxing after supper when there was a knock on the door. Bruce sprang to open it. "It's him!" he exclaimed. Abruptly his manner changed. "Hi," he said with an air of nonchalance. "Come on in, Frank. This is my family. My dad and mom, my brothers and sister."

Frank grinned. "Glad to know y'all." He and Barney Mack, Bruce's father, shook hands.

Frank was wearing blue jeans and a black leather jacket that creaked and squeaked when he moved. The two men began to talk as though they had known each other all their lives.

"How much alike they are," thought Jean. "They could pass for brothers." Both six-footers, same lithe muscular build, black curly hair, and brown eyes. Frank was completely at ease. An easy grace characterized all his movements.

Bruce sat on a hassock, listening to the man-talk, his dark eyes studying the animated faces. Finally he got up and

leaned against Frank's chair. "Hey, what about my guitar lesson?"

"Oh, say, we did have a lesson scheduled, didn't we? Got to talking to your dad here and almost forgot what I came for. Let's see that new guitar, boy."

Bruce proudly produced the guitar and laid it in Frank's lap. "Say, now, this is a beautiful instrument," he said.

"It didn't cost much," Bruce offered diffidently.

Frank was strumming the strings softly. "It has a beautiful tone. Much nicer than some real expensive ones I've played."

Bruce beamed. As Frank played a haunting minor melody, caressing the strings, he left the people and the world. Only the music and he existed.

The little boy leaned closer, enthralled with the soft notes and gentle rhythm. The man was a gypsy, the little boy his child. In the darkness of a summer night they sang by their campfire, and there was freedom and excitement and adventure. Frank's fingers plucked the strains of a religious song. "I'm overshadowed by His mighty love," he sang softly, as if to himself.

The music stopped. "Frank, how long will it take me to learn to play

as you do?" Bruce asked, stroking the guitar with longing.

"Oh, not long, a year or two," he said with a grin and a wink at the boy's father. "I was just about your age, Bruce, when I began to take guitar lessons."

A blur of years before, another little brown-eyed boy started out for the music teacher's house with his shiny new guitar in its case. His dad was determined that his son should learn to play an instrument; he had never had the opportunity himself. Frank progressed rapidly and loved his music, much to his father's delight. In the evenings they would sit and sing cowboy songs; the father would sing while the son strummed the accompaniment.

Those were happy days, before Frank's dad and mom began to quarrel.

Frank hated fighting. He was cheerful and agreeable by nature, and would go to his room when his parents started to bicker and argue, there to find escape in his other world of music.

One day he decided he couldn't stand it any longer. He would run away. But not very far away. He would just go downtown and sort of hide out. A lot of the boys always hung around certain streets and he joined them there.

But as a few hours went by he had an uncomfortable feeling that dad wouldn't approve of his choice of friends. He was, in fact, beginning to feel uncomfortable about several things. He was getting tired, and where would he sleep? He was hungry, too, but he wasn't ready to go home yet.

The boys, however, were planning some excitement. They were going to "case" a store. Frank was to stand on the other side of the street and throw an orange against the screen door if anybody came by.

Frank found the waiting terribly dull after his friends had been in the store a long time. Nobody would come. He was wasting his time. He ate the orange.

Suddenly the clang of a burglar alarm ripped through the still night and around the corner careened two police cars. Frank was taken into custody, first as a witness, later as an accomplice. He was sentenced to several months in a boys' correction home.

His mother had sent him to Sunday school regularly and there he had learned to pray. Faithfully every night he had knelt beside his bed and

prayed, but how could he pray now? He was too evil to speak to God—at least for himself. But he would pray for his mother and dad and his uncles.

Frank learned his lesson. He wanted no more of reform school. He lived for his music after that.

His parents separated, and there was peace at home at last. But there was happiness only when he was playing his guitar.

He finished high school, then began his term in the Army. Stationed in Hawaii, he reveled in the tropical beauty and the enchanting music of the islands. This was *it*. He would return here and spend the rest of his days. Even buy an island of his own somewhere. Peace. Beauty. Music. Escape.

When he was back in the States after his discharge, however, the dream faded a little. Life should have more purpose than mere pleasurable existence. He felt a vague discomfiture about everything.

Taking his savings, he bought a new station wagon, filled it with all his worldly possessions, and started for California, where he planned to attend college. As he rounded a curve on a mountain pass a logging truck thundered down the hill, its trailer whipping crazily behind. It was a narrow stretch of highway with a sheer drop to the river on one side and a cliff on the other. There was no room to pass. He chose the cliff and smashed into the solid rock.

Frank miraculously escaped without a scratch, but the beautiful new station wagon was completely demolished. So was everything else—his record player, his radio, his guitar. He leaned against the crumpled wreckage and sobbed.

He found lodging in a nearby town while he waited for the insurance claim to be settled. He had salvaged the strings from his guitar and these he stretched over a length of two-by-four. Morosely twanging his improvised instrument he pondered the cruelties of fate. When he said his evening prayer (for his mom and dad and uncles) he complained bitterly to the Lord of his ruined plans. Was there any reason for it all?

He was not one to be depressed for any length of time, however, and soon he was haunting local music stores for a new guitar. During one such excursion, while he was fingering a Gibson instrument, a boy in a far corner of the shop began to play Hawaiian style. Frank tucked the Gibson under his arm, sauntered over and began to play along. For an hour they played,

scarcely speaking, each lost in the enjoyment of the music.

At last they paused. "Sure do like to play with you. I'm Frank."

"Same here. I'm Al. Let's do this again sometime, eh? Tell you where I live." He turned his face to Frank and smiled, but his eyes were expressionless. He was blind.

The two played together often at Al's house after that. Al invited Frank to come over on Sunday nights for some sort of study time they were having. Frank came and found that they were studying the Bible, of all things. But he enjoyed it and accepted the invitation for the next study.

First, however, he extracted a promise from Al and the other fellows to attend church with him in return. Ever since the wreck Frank had been faithful in his attendance of Sunday school and church. It made him feel better about the whole thing, as though God had punished His naughty child and now he could say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away."

In the weekly Bible studies the boys talked about the Sabbath, and the minister of the Adventist church began to meet with them. They liked his sincerity and friendliness. He was a patient man, sensitive to the feelings and thoughts of others.

Frank was convinced that Saturday was the Sabbath and he wanted to keep it holy. But he and Al and the other boys had formed a little dance orchestra, and their music was so much in demand that they had engagements for every night. It didn't seem to Frank that just playing the guitar could honestly be considered working, but he wanted to be sure. He wanted to do what was right, so he went to talk it over with the minister.

The minister smiled enigmatically, his eyes probing the young man's quizzical face. He put his arm around his shoulders.

"Son," he said softly, "you've got a lot to learn."

Frank was eager to learn. Through prayer and study and the patient help of the minister and church members he was at last ready for baptism. He understood now the difference between symphony and syncopation.

The little boy held the guitar in playing position. He looked up expectantly. "O.K., I'm ready for my lesson."

Frank grinned, then quickly sobered. "Before we begin, Bruce, let's ask God to help us to learn and to play all our music to His glory."

a form of ignorance

by JOAN MARIE COOK

ONCE there was a girl I did not like. This did not happen often; usually I liked something about everyone. But not Nell. For one thing, she giggled. She was a freshman, she wore *ribbons* in her hair, and she giggled.

Of course, in the logical part of my mind I did have to admit that she had some positive points. She was pretty and she was a talented pianist. But somehow these things made me, well, almost angry with her because I kept thinking, "She could be a worth-while person if only she would stop acting like a baby."

I was monitor of Nell's floor in the dorm. At least once each evening I had to walk all the way to the end of the wing to her room and ask her to stop giggling. I can still see her standing there, limp with laughter, her great brown eyes solemn by my presence, saying, "I'm sorry." She laughed at the most ridiculous things. She laughed at everything and nothing.

Every evening when I had my private devotions before I began monitoring, I prayed that I wouldn't lose my temper with Nell. I felt it was work to

keep from getting outwardly angry with her.

Nell enjoyed almost instant acclaim on our campus for her musical ability. But for my part, I wondered why such talent had been wasted on someone like her. A person with a degree of seriousness could do so much with it.

Well, I was nice to Nell. I did not lose my temper with her when she giggled during study periods. But in a small, secret way I "got even" with her. And now I am embarrassed to remember, much less write down the fact, that I never applauded when she performed, which was often. While others cheered and clapped, I sat still, with my hands in my lap. It was simply a principle, I told myself. But I didn't feel happy about the situation. Disliking someone made me most uncomfortable.

One evening just before Christmas vacation, I went to the washroom after lights out to catch up on my ironing. Who should be there trying to bone up for a history exam but Nell. I spoke, but was careful not to begin a conversation. Things were pleasantly quiet for a long time, then Nell asked, "Joan,

are you going home for Christmas?"

"Yes," I answered.

There was a long pause; then "Do you have brothers or sisters?"

My weakness is my family. I love to talk about my family to anyone. So I told Nell about the whole happy bunch—names, ages, everything. Nell was an enthusiastic listener. I even liked the way she giggled—when it was at *my* stories of little brothers' cleverness. At length I asked about her family.

Nell said, "I have only a father. My mother died when I was four." Her great brown eyes were deep and sad.

"I'm sorry, Nell."

"I wanted a whole family of my own so much. And do you know, we lived in one of those old, static neighborhoods where there weren't even other children near enough for playmates. I was so lonely."

The washroom seemed chill and almost creepy in the midnight silence. I could see Nell as a lonely little girl practicing her piano lessons hours upon hours in a great quiet house. I wished I hadn't talked so much about my own family. Suddenly, I wanted Nell to giggle all she wanted to during study period or any time. I wanted her to have a grand, happy time with the other girls. And I was glad, glad she could play the piano so well and that everyone applauded for her—everyone except a few old sourpusses.

Then Nell said, "Music became a great joy to me and I like to think of my talent as being sort of a consolation prize. If I had had friends and a family, I would never have practiced so much. I probably wouldn't know one note from another. So at least I do have something of value for all my loneliness. I do have my music."

When I went to my room that night I felt small enough to enter through the keyhole. It wouldn't have been so bad, but I thought I had learned that lesson long, long before. If you think you don't like someone, get close, ask questions, trick yourself a little by saying, "I'm just going to see if I can *understand* this person. I don't have to like him." And it never fails—you end up with a friend. What an immature, negative way I had approached the problem—praying for help to control my anger with Nell.

I thought a long time that night, of how much I had cheated myself by wasting time and energy in disliking someone. It seemed to me that dislike is only a form of prejudice, prejudice a form of ignorance. And it is very difficult to find an excuse for ignorance.

GET a little peeved at myself when I can't do the work I used to do," mused eighty-one-year-old John Hicks. "Why, I've wired almost every house in this community, but I'm having to slow down a bit now. Old age confines a person more than he wants to admit," he chuckled.

This slowing down did not happen "before." "Before" refers to that period prior to his losing both of his legs. That happened when he was only an eight-year-old boy in Lincoln, Nebraska.

As the trains passed behind his home the neighborhood gang would hitch a ride into town for thrills. John wanted to enjoy the thrills of danger, but his thrill became pain and disillusionment. Losing his grip on the first attempt cost him his legs and the experiences of a normal boyhood. The completeness of his amputation barred him from maneuvering with artificial limbs. He learned to walk with his hands. Facing the world handicapped, he could expect no sympathy from an era that made little accommodation for cripples.

Suppose you faced life without legs. Would you attend grammar school? Academy? College? Would you colporteur in the freezing snows of the north until you became one of the top salesmen in three conferences? Would you scoff at the swelling pains of arthritis and seek new fields of conquest in the Master's work? Would you pastor churches, organize Sabbath schools, engage in self-supporting evangelism, and educate four children? Would you attempt to paint houses, cut cordwood, or become a master electrician?

This man actually overcame mountains of continued discouragement to find a life filled with satisfying service to God.

Shortly after his accident, a non-Adventist woman was impressed in a dream to help a cripple. She did not know John, but upon hearing of him she sent him to a Seventh-day Adventist grammar school, situated where Union College now stands. He was not an Adventist before he came to the grammar school, nor was he when he left, for this exposure to Adventism did not affect him until later.

He left the Adventist school and returned to the streets of Lincoln, where he rejoined his old cronies. As a boot-black and paperboy, he eked out a meager existence in drudgery. Alcohol and tobacco gradually dragged him into degradation. Maybe God allowed John to fall into degeneracy to show how little he could accomplish alone.

But He didn't forget him. As John slowly groped his way to the saloon one day, a voice called to him, "John, you ought not to be doing this. Now you go to school!"

The words of this voice became a command for the crippled John Hicks. He enrolled at Fox River Academy in Sheridan, Illinois. With no money and no friends he faced academy with only a consecrated determination and a dedicated pair of hands.

"I never suffered from self-pity," he remembers. "I only asked for an opportunity to work." With a twinkle in his still-alert eyes he said tartly, "I always could do everything any other person could do, except jump up in the air and click my heels together."

Given a grubbing hoe, he was told to dig up the stumps on the campus of the academy. He did not make excuses; nor did he ask for other employment. He became as efficient a stump grubber

as the best of the able-bodied students.

The pattern of consecration and dedication to God that he set at Fox River was enlarged but never broken. He accepted his personal helplessness and realized that any accomplishment of his was simply God working through him.

When Ellen G. White published *Christ's Object Lessons* to finance church schools, John laid down his hoe and began selling books. He quickly became one of the top student salesmen. Colporturing appealed to him. It was not only a means of finance but also an instrument of evangelism. On his colporteur earnings he graduated from academy and applied to Emmanuel Missionary College. A reply intended to discourage was sent to him, but John was on his way to Berrien Springs before it arrived.

Mr. Cobble, a Seventh-day Adventist farmer near Berrien Springs, came to the depot for the new student in an

Far
inde

dicapped but not ered

by WILLIAM SWAN

extra-high wagon, and had been fretting over how he would get him into the wagon. Before he could climb down from the driver's seat, John had scrambled up the side and sat down.

After two years of hard work, study, and prayer John completed the business course. He wanted to go into the publishing work, but the conference officials discouraged him. No calls came, but John was not disheartened. Following the guidance of the Lord, he began colporteur in Illinois.

Traveling horse-and-buggy style at first, he canvassed throughout the State, selling the book *The Coming King*. His success was tremendous.

"You can see how much God is love when He took a broken-down cripple like me and used me to sell His books," he commented modestly.

As the Illinois Conference publishing secretary went from one colporteur rally to another, he would empha-

size John's success. He may have overdone telling of this man's experiences, however. One rally day as he was reiterating one of John's stories, a colporteur in the back jumped up and said, "The only reason John Hicks sells so many books is because his legs are cut off!"

The publishing secretary quickly retorted, "Then maybe we should begin to cut off our legs!"

John did not confine his work to Illinois, but also worked in parts of Michigan and Indiana. Colporteur in was not easy for him. The blessings he received must not be mentioned without mentioning a few of his hardships. Because he was only three feet tall and used his hands for walking, the winter snow dealt John its miseries. But John did not use snow as an excuse for staying at home. He continued to work in snow above his head and in temperatures as low as 23° F. below zero.

After one of the bad blizzards he was making deliveries on a sled, since the roads were too bad for his model-T, which he had learned to drive in 1913. As the sled tilted on a steep incline, he and his books, along with the sled itself, were thrown into deep snow. For what seemed an eternity he worked until the sled was upright and the books were back in their 3- by 4-foot box.

This accident climaxed his colporteur in the north. Arthritis, which had been only a nagging irritation, became chronic. The disease would have been deplorable for any person, but to John his arms were everything. It was not until his joints were swollen with painful nodes that he sought a change. Since cold weather aggravated his arthritis, the conference officials suggested he either move to a warmer climate or else engage in indoor work.

Even though he went to Texas later, he did not leave Illinois immediately, for he was a family man. In 1910 he had married Eva Andrews. To them were born three sons and a daughter. All of them received a good education. One of the sons, Robert, attended Union College, where he became a lab technician. After earning advanced degrees he became associated with the University of Nebraska Medical School, where he is now an instructor.

To support his growing family, John went into the shoe cobbling business. This work lasted for seventeen years. Finally in 1935 he left Illinois in his model-T Ford.

He did not leave in defeat; he left as a soldier seeking a new theater of combat. Already several persons had been baptized as the result of his work, but his full success will not be known until he reaches the kingdom. He will undoubtedly be surprised to meet in the kingdom persons he never knew but who were converted indirectly through his work.

In Texas he chose to live in the Adventist community of Berea near Jefferson. Having been interested in electrical wiring for years, he now became an electrician. Linemen in his area declared they never had to check one of the houses he wired. Climbing ladders was no obstacle to him. He even seemed surprised when asked if he ever had an accident on a ladder. When electrical work was slow, he would paint, repair houses, cut wood, or cobble shoes; but manual labor was always secondary. Evangelism was first.

Although he was crippled and still suffering from arthritis, service continued to be his life. He was Sabbath

school leader in the Berea church and also, according to members of the church, an excellent teacher. He organized branch Sabbath schools, served as elder, and did self-supporting evangelism in dark counties. Through his work among the Negroes many of them were introduced to Adventism for the first time.

When Elder Perry Green established a church at Jasper, Texas, he called for John to come down and assist in that new church. Here he received another setback. He lost all of his possessions in a fire that gutted the warehouse where his furniture was stored. New discouragement did not dishearten him, for he continued serving in Jasper for a year. Returning to his home, he left behind a well-organized church.

In 1947 his beloved Eva died, and life became harder for him. On the verge of old age, crippled, and alone, he continued to work with the same spirit that had driven him as a young man.

To fill the lonely void created by Eva's death, in 1952 the seventy-two-year-old John married Minnie Branson Achenbach, the sister of the late Elder W. H. Branson. Because of his years of largehearted work for others, as an act of gratitude, the citizens of the Berea community that same year built him and his bride a home in one day. After the heavy work was completed, he painted and trimmed his cozy home, located near the church he loves so well.

Even though age had slowly curbed his work, he had one more contribution to make to his church. When Berea outgrew its frame church and built a new brick one, he wired the church as a gift—a gift valued at more than four hundred dollars. He was then seventy-six.

Arthritis has now curbed electrical work. Deafness has stopped him from teaching a Sabbath school class. But none of these hindrances have stopped him from driving his car, and he continues to run errands for his friends who are *too old* to drive.

When asked if he ever became blue, he quickly answered, "That would only show lack of faith. One of these days I'm going to meet my Saviour, and, oh, how happy I'll be!"

Challenged to a race in heaven, he squirmed around in his chair, looked me straight in the face, and exclaimed, "Young man, you'd better give that race up now, 'cause I'll beat every one of you. This desire to run has built up

in me for seventy-three years, and you won't have a chance."

When I left his home after my last interview with him, he clasped my arm and with tears in his eyes, looked up and begged, "Don't write about the broken-down cripple you know. He hasn't done a thing. Without the Saviour he'd have been a wretched drunk on some city street. Write about God and His love, for His love is life itself to me."

As I left his home I could see the lights radiating from the houses in the surrounding community and country-

side. But these are not the only lights he has set shining. There are churches, Sabbath schools, and former dark counties that now shine brightly for the Adventist Church, because John was once there.

And there will be more lights in the future—the lights from the stars in a certain crown in heaven. They will shine brightly as a testimony of what total dependence upon God will do.

God took so little and did so much. I wonder if that publishing secretary wasn't right. Maybe—maybe we should go out and "begin to cut off our legs."

Long-eared Owl

by E. LAURENCE PALMER

IT IS unfortunate that this sixteen-inch owl with a forty-two-inch wingspread superficially resembles its close relative, the great horned owl, that has a length of twenty-three inches and a wingspread of fifty-two inches. In spite of the fact that the great horned owl may feed heavily on rabbits and on rats and mice that feed on agricultural crops, hunters generally kill the bird because it does take game birds and mammals now and then and sometimes domestic poultry. With the long-eared owl, the food record is such that there is little excuse for its being killed. The food of the long-eared owl is overwhelmingly mice and rats and similar harmful, small mammals.

The long-eared owl is about the same size as the short-eared owl and each is slightly shorter than the twenty-one inch crow. While the short-eared owl commonly seeks its food of mice during the daytime, the long-eared more commonly feeds at night. Both are conspicuous friends of the farmer, and of all of us.

Aside from the difference in size between the long-eared and the great horned owls, the long-eared seems to be streaked lengthwise while the great horned owl seems to be barred crosswise. Both may show conspicuous ears at times. The long-eared owl weighs only about eleven ounces while the great horned owl may weigh to three and one-half pounds.

The long-eared owl breeds from Central British Columbia to Newfoundland and south to California, Texas, and Virginia. It winters from Southern Canada to Florida and central Mexico, so it may be found at some time of the year anywhere in the United States in suitable country. Given a choice, this owl favors evergreen forests, but in migration it may be seen almost anywhere.

The nest of this owl is usually found from ten to thirty feet up in an evergreen tree and frequently is a remodeled nest of



a crow or heron. The three to seven eggs are white and smooth. They measure $1\frac{3}{4}$ by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches and are laid on alternate days. Incubation begins immediately, so it is possible that by the time the last egg hatches the young owl must compete for food with a brother or sister who is two weeks older. This probably means starvation for the youngster unless food is so abundant that the older brothers and sisters just cannot eat all brought to them.

It may be seen from this that the more mice and rats an area may have, the more of these owls are likely to be produced and the greater is the need for these birds. This cycle illustrates how numbers take care of themselves if man will only give nature a chance. Fortunately, these owls are protected in most parts of the country.

There are those who seek the protection of this owl for sentimental reasons, but this kind of support should not be necessary to any sensible person who recognizes the destructive capacity of rats and mice.—**NATIONAL WILDLIFE RELEASE.**

matters of conscience

This column, appearing twice each month, is devoted to the social phases of Christian living. Questions from readers are welcome and will be considered when topics for coming articles are selected. Address your questions to Harold Shryock, M.D., THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

MY HUSBAND lies about where he has been and why he is late coming home," one wife reports.

A husband admits, "Sure, I tell lies sometimes in carrying on my business. Why should I tell one customer that another customer paid less for the same item? If I always told the truth, I would lose many sales."

One wife asked another, "Why do you have to talk it over with your husband before you buy a new dress? I go ahead and buy what I want and let my husband do the worrying. Anyway, what he doesn't know doesn't hurt him."

A young woman who had yielded to a most serious temptation insisted pathetically, "I am not a bad person, really I am not."

A wife whose husband is not a church member asked, "How can I know when I should compromise and when I should not? It's the borderline things that give me trouble—like riding along with him on Sabbath afternoon when he makes a business call. Is this any worse than taking a drive into the country on Sabbath afternoon? If I won't go with him when he asks me to go, my husband will feel that I am fanatical. What should I do?"

All of these remarks and questions center, in one way or another, around the matter of conscience. First, we will do well to find our answer to the question, What is conscience?

The prophet Isaiah is obviously speaking of what we now call conscience when he says, "Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left."¹

One's conscience is his guide to conduct. Conscience is to the individual what a radio beam is to the pilot of a plane. Conscience enables a person to set the course of his life and to measure his various decisions and activities accordingly.

But conscience, of itself, is not infallible. One person's conscience may approve the kind of conduct that is condemned by another person's conscience. The apostle Paul recognized that he had a personal responsibility to train his conscience so that it would help him to guide his conduct in ways that are in harmony with God's requirements. He said, "And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God, and toward men."² In speaking of Christian living Paul again mentions the need for developing a reliable conscience when he speaks of successful Christians as "those whose faculties have been trained by practice to distinguish between good and evil."³

Our heavenly Father has not left us to struggle on our own in developing the kind of conscience that will help us to live victoriously. By various means He has made it possible for us to train our conscience, if we will, so that it will guide us reliably and help us to know the real difference between right and wrong. We can measure the conscience by the Ten Commandments. We can check the conscience by studying the life and teachings of Jesus while He was on earth. By parables and real life stories He made it simple for us to understand what God wants us to do. The instructions contained in the Gos-

pels also help. And now in these last days of earth's history, we have the writings of the Spirit of Prophecy in which the principles of Christianity are interpreted in the light of modern circumstances and present-day problems.

Of course, Satan has been quick to recognize how important it is for a Christian to have the kind of conscience that guides him dependably. So he has become very clever in devising influences that cause us to be deceived on what is right and what is wrong.

"Satan is using every means to make crime and debasing vice popular. . . . The course pursued by the base and vile is kept before the people in the periodicals of the day, and everything that can excite passion is brought before them in exciting stories. They hear and read so much of debasing crime, that the once tender conscience, which would have recoiled with horror from such scenes, becomes hardened, and they dwell upon these things with greedy interest."⁴

Conscience is important in all phases of living, for it is intended to serve as a guide in all kinds of conduct, be it conduct at home, at school, at business, or during recreation. Inasmuch as marriage is a normal and important part of life, conscience is a very significant element in the relationship between husband and wife. The husband and wife

who possess clear consciences that comply with the lofty standards of Christian living will not indulge in practices that endanger the foundations on which happy and successful marriage is built. Such a husband and wife will have security in each other's love and will be consistently happy because their lives are transparently aboveboard.

What about the husband who lies to his wife about where he has been and why he is late coming home? Why does this husband's conscience not keep him from trying to deceive his wife?

No doubt the reason he deceives is because he wants to save his wife from the anguish that would come if she knew the facts of his goings and comings. If he were not ashamed of his conduct, there would be no reason for him to lie about it. This, of course, does not justify his telling untruths. It is because this husband is living in a manner of which his wife cannot approve that he resorts to telling lies.

This man's condition is described in 1 Timothy 4:2—"Speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron." This husband knows the difference between right and wrong and recognizes that his conduct is out of harmony with God's requirements. But he has yielded to temptation to the extent that he does what he wants to do regardless of what he knows to be right. For him self-interest has taken preference over God's claims. This man's conscience no longer keeps him from doing things that are unfair to his wife.

In the second case mentioned at the beginning of the article, a husband tells white lies in his business dealings with his customers. Probably he considers himself to be a good husband. He feels that by increasing the profits of his business, he is able to support his family more adequately than if he always told the unvarnished truth and lost some sales because of being honest.

But this man's conscience is not reliable. He fails to check it against God's standard of honesty. If it does not keep him from using deception in business, it will not require him to be straightforward in those vitally important matters of integrity in family life. A person has only one conscience—not one for business and another for home life. A person's real character is not two-faced. When one's conscience permits sins under one circumstance, it cannot be reasonably expected that it will indicate the proper dividing line between right and wrong under other circumstances. So this unreliable businessman is

fundamentally unreliable as a husband.

In the case of the wife who remarked, "I go ahead and buy what I want and let my husband do the worrying," there appears to be a lack of willingness to trust and be trusted. This wife's purchases of clothes are motivated only by her selfish desires. She is not willing to give and take in the interest of the family's welfare. To this extent she is dishonest. Her conscience permits her to put things over on her husband. A conscience that permits this kind of breach of faith may also permit a person to resort to deception in matters other than the spending of money. In order to ensure the future happiness of her marriage, this wife should train her conscience to require her to deal fairly with her husband under all circumstances—even in the spending of money.

The young woman who remarked, "I am not a bad person, really I am not," had been quite sincere in her desire to follow a way of life that is in harmony with high standards of social conduct and is consistent with her profession of Christianity. She had had no previous intention of sinning by breaking the Bible's code of morals. But in a moment of temptation the voice of her conscience had been drowned out momentarily by the promptings of her desire to be congenial and her craving for affection.

After she had transgressed she could still hear the voice of her conscience. But this time it was condemning her past conduct rather than warning her of her danger. In her attempt to rise above her sense of guilt she was, essentially, talking back to her conscience as follows: "My intentions are good, you know that. You [my conscience] should have spoken more loudly so that I could have heard you more clearly when I was tempted."

What this young woman should have realized earlier is that one's conscience never intrudes into his or her conduct except as its counsel is encouraged. Only as a person trains himself by daily spiritual communion to listen for and heed the voice of conscience will it become the kind of guiding influence that will keep him from making mistakes.

As long as this young woman, or any other person, permits her emotions or her human cravings to overrule the voice of conscience, just so long she will have poor prospects of secure happiness in marriage. The success of marriage depends on both hearing and heeding the voice of a conscience that operates in full harmony with the divinely ordained code of morals.

The last case mentioned at the beginning of our discussion was that of the wife whose husband is not a believer. She was confused on where to draw the line in matters of right and wrong.

At first mention of this woman's plight we may be tempted to say that she is simply paying the price for having married a man who was not a believer. It happens that in this case, however, the woman was not a believer herself at the time of marriage. Her problem is a delicate one, particularly in view of her desire to influence her husband to join the church. If she is easily persuaded to compromise in matters of right and wrong, her husband will feel that her religion is a mere profession—not a way of life. If, on the other hand, she uses her religion as an excuse for refusing to do the things that she chooses not to do, then her husband will have reason to accuse her of being inconsistent.

In principle, this problem can exist in families where both husband and wife are Seventh-day Adventists. No partner in marriage should try to dictate to the other in matters of conscience. No husband or wife should try to tell the other exactly what is right and what is wrong. In the day of judgment each individual will stand on his own and will have to account for his past record as has been determined by his conscience.

In these delicate matters of determining how to react to the dictates of one's conscience, we do well to pray for a generous infilling of God's Spirit, "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."¹ God's Spirit will impress a person with the proper way to train his conscience so that it will harmonize with the instruction given in the Bible. The Spirit will teach him how to be truly honest as well as discreet in his dealings with others—especially his partner in marriage. God's Spirit will speak to a person through his conscience and will thus help him to perfect a well-rounded and reliable character such as will promote his success and happiness in marriage.

Cordially yours,

HAROLD SHRYOCK, M.D.

¹ Isa. 30:21.

² Acts 24:16.

³ Heb. 5:14, Berkeley.

⁴ *Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 459.

⁵ Rom. 8:14.



Sing praises, be joyful

by MARY ELEANOR WALKER

A YOUNG musician, Felix Mendelssohn, was poring over old music manuscripts in the Royal Library of Berlin, when he came upon some crumpled sheets written by a forgotten organist named Johann Sebastian Bach. As he leafed through the pages a title caught his eye, *The Passion According to Saint Matthew*.

Studying this magnificent composition more closely, he became entranced with its unusual quality and spiritual depth. Here was a masterpiece. Its composer, Mendelssohn thought, could have been none other than a genius, inspired of God. Thereafter, the young musician devoted a major part of his life to the revival of Bach's music.

Johann Sebastian Bach was born in March, 1685, of a long line of musicians from Thuringia, a small, prosperous country in the heart of Germany. Its wooded hills and cultivated valleys were inhabited by devout Lutherans, who lived in neat, well-ordered villages. Even so, life was not easy for the Bach family; hard work was necessary to make a living. These stable people, however, accepted life as it came to them and through their music they enjoyed more pleasurable activity than most people of their day.

Throughout Thuringia numerous mineral springs bubbled up from the ground, making the area an attractive resort for the wealthy who sought health and comfort. The wealthy supported many musicians and were largely responsible for the rapid growth of cultural interest in Thuringia during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The environment into which Johann Sebastian Bach was born provided excellent opportunity for the discipline and training necessary for a musician and also an atmosphere conducive to meditation and inspiration. Bach used his inherited musical endowments and these advantages of environment to write music that has been a blessing to the world.

Bach did not always bow to tradition. In Arnstadt, where he was employed as church organist, he was severely reprimanded for the strange harmonies that he introduced into the church service. His unwillingness to play only the rigid, uninteresting music of the past led to much discord between him and his employers.

The last and most violent incident that occurred during his stay at Arnstadt came about as an indirect result of his interest in Maria Barbara, a distant cousin of his and the one who later became his bride. She possessed a lovely voice, but Herr Bach had never heard her sing.

One day as he was trying to express his admiration, he told her, "I can remember how I loved the sound of your name when I was a child. It seemed like music to me!" Then, looking at her bashfully, he added, "Now the music is in your voice."

She replied, "But you have not heard me sing yet," and then she became confused as she realized what she had said.

Bach went to the harpsichord and began to play a soft accompaniment, but he was annoyed by the tinkling sound of the instrument, feeling that

its quality was not proper for her accompaniment.

"You ought to sing with the great organ," he said with an adventuresome twinkle in his eye. The unheard-of suggestion that a woman sing from a choir loft at first shocked Maria Barbara, for this would break a long-founded tradition, but Bach insisted that there was no reason but prejudice to prevent women from enjoying equal privileges with men in this respect. When he reminded her that he was the church organist and promised to face any consequences, she was persuaded and went with him to the church.

From high in the choir loft her lovely voice floated through the empty church. Thrilled with the glorious music that flowed from the organ under Bach's skillful hands, she forgot herself and sang out, rich and full. At this moment a black skullcap appeared on the organ loft steps, and the rector's angry face appeared.

"What does this mean?" he sputtered. "By what right——"

The frightened girl tried to hide, but Bach defiantly looked at Herr Olearius, the rector, and with great dignity reminded him that as the church organist he was permitted to play the organ at any time he wished.

The outraged rector glared at young Master Bach, rather taken aback by his self-confidence.

"I'm going to report your conduct to the authorities," he muttered between clenched teeth, and left.

Bach did not care, for he planned to resign his post immediately to seek a more satisfactory position.

He was employed by Duke Wilhelm of Weimar as court organist and chamber musician. During their residence at Weimar, Bach and Maria Barbara had four children. Bach disliked leaving his family even for a short length of time, but Duke Wilhelm asked him to accompany him to Saxony, where the duke was going to pay his respects to Prince Friedrich.

On one of the last days of their visit Bach was given the opportunity to distinguish himself as a virtuoso at the organ. Deciding that by his performance he could glorify God's name, he consented to play before the court, which included many of the highest nobility of Germany. His simple attire and dignified appearance were in direct contrast to the glitter of the lords and ladies. As he sat before them at the king of instruments he had only a moment to decide what he would play; on an impulse he chose a brilliant solo for pedals alone.

His feet flew over the pedals of the organ, drawing forth music that was thunderous yet intricate. The dexterity of his feet and the deep, resounding tones of the huge organ pipes held his elite audience spellbound. At the end of the performance Prince Friedrich jumped up enthusiastically, took a valuable ring from his own finger, and presented it to Bach as a token of high honor and his own deep respect. The nobility who heard him play that day realized that this was no ordinary musician, and they spread his fame throughout Germany. He was known as Johann Sebastian Bach, master of the organ.

Bach devoted his whole life to the music of the church. He said, "The sole object of all music should be the glory of God and pleasant recreation." His music accomplished this ideal. Unlike many other musicians, his life was constantly in accord with his music—serene, orderly, and deep in Christian experience.

Bach's music is contrapuntal: it has many independent melodies cooperating like Ezekiel's wheels within wheels. Its purity of harmony and its themes of classic beauty develop harmoniously into a revelation of God's love and His orderly universe.

Bach achieved dramatic effects by combining two contrasting themes. He superimposed a fast, staccato melody on a slow, tranquil one, producing intricate harmonies and a lovely complexity of contrasts. In the *Saint Matthew Passion* these contrasts build up emotion in the listener as Christ's trial,

death, and resurrection are portrayed.

As Jesus agonizes in Gethsemane the music vibrates with His grief. Melancholy and ponderous, it is broken by piercing accidentals as Jesus cries out in anguish. The strains of the music express the pathos of the disciples as they grieve their Master's death on the cross and whisper mournfully as Mary weeps at the tomb.

The climax is reached when Jesus rises from the dead. The lower melodies are rich and majestic, proclaiming Christ the victor over death and King of heaven and earth. The higher voices spiraling upward and ringing with joy suggest the celestial choirs, rejoicing and praising God. This mighty work compels the listener to a recognition of God's greatness and a fuller understanding of the sacrifice He made for fallen man.

Bach loved to play with his children when he came home at night. There were twenty of them in all, so he was kept busy frolicking. One of the family pleasures was singing. Bach taught his family many bright, cheerful songs, all of which expressed faith in God.

My heart ever faithful,
Sing praises, be joyful,
Sing praises, be joyful,
My Saviour is here.

This joyous spirit characterized Bach's whole life as well as his music. In German, Bach means "brook." A clear, deep flowing brook symbolizes Bach's character and his music very accurately. His constant attitude of optimism is reflected in the sparkling water of a mountain stream, and his fortitude in the face of obstacles is paralleled by the way a stream goes over and around boulders. The sound of one of Bach's sprightly fugues suggests effervescent water, cascading down a rocky bed, swirling and eddying as it reaches the floor of the valley below. In the slower passages one can feel the pastoral serenity of a broader brook, flowing deep and calm through green meadows where fawn-and-white Guernseys pasture and harmless garden spiders spin undisturbed in the sun.

Truly Bach was a master. His music was intricate, but simple; hard and heavy as a rock, but sympathetic and elastic; fluid, but precise.

FAMILY FARE

There shall be weeping

by NORENE LYON CREIGHTON

THE OTHER morning, my husband asked our little two-year-old son whether he would like to go with him in the car while he did some errands around town.

Now if there is anything Lanny loves to do, it is to go for a ride with his daddy. He is well acquainted with the signs that indicate a ride in the car might be in the offing, and whenever he hears the car keys jangle, or sees his daddy putting on his overcoat, he becomes acutely interested in whether he will be allowed to go along.

This particular morning, for some reason understood only by a two-year-old mind, he decided to play "hard to get." Instead of coming when called to climb into his snow pants, he ran screaming with laughter into the kitchen and hid behind the door. When his daddy asked him whether he would rather stay home instead of going, he replied "Go Daddy, please!" But instead of coming to put on his coat and hat, he continued to run away.

Now my husband is a patient man, but he had some urgent errands to do, and time was running out. Finally he issued an ultimatum—either come at once and

get your things on, or stay at home. And once more Lanny toyed with his own foolish pleasure, never thinking for one minute that daddy would actually go without him.

But he did! All at once the truth dawned upon the boy, and he crumpled into violent tears, beating his little fists on the couch and screaming, "Wanna go, Daddy!"

The car started up and zoomed off down the street, and as its noise faded into the distance, the weeping and wailing in the living room continued at an even higher key. "Wanna go, Daddy!"

How easily my own experience might parallel his. I might allow myself to run around in circles, following some foolish, simple pleasure, instead of using my time to get ready to go to be with Jesus. How terrible could be my weeping and wailing if I could not go with Him.

Lanny had his second chance, for after completing one of the most urgent errands, Daddy stuck his head in the door. Lanny ran to him and said, "I'se sawwy, Daddy. Coat on, please." And then he was running for the car, smiling. We are now having our second chance. Adam had the first.

David's tonsils



by EDNA MAE FAIRCHILD

waiting for the attendant to call us, I thought back over the last month since we had decided to have David's tonsils removed. This would be a minor operation; I knew that. I also knew that taking a home- and family-loving child away from his secure environment even for a short time would be upsetting to him. David loves his parents and little sister Betty Jean. He is a happy-go-lucky child and likes adventure, but doesn't want to be away from home unless his family is with him. We have never had a baby sitter for our children, although infrequently they have stayed with my mother for short periods of time.

We had considered what to do to help to prepare him for the tonsillectomy and for his brief stay in the hospital. Not wanting to spring a surprise on him the last day, my husband, Dale, and David and I had often mentioned the idea that his tonsils would soon be out.

He asked many questions. "When will my tonsils be out? Does baby have any? Do you have any, Daddy? Let me see. Where will the doctor put them? Is Dr. Wood going to take them out?"

We tried to answer each one honestly, adding such explanations as,

"You'll have to go to the hospital, and your throat will hurt for a while, but then you'll be able to eat well again, and you won't snore so much at night. Dr. Wood is going to take your tonsils out, David. You won't feel it though. Mamma went to the hospital when she was a little girl and she doesn't have any tonsils now. Jesus will take good care of you, and you will soon be well."

As T—Day drew nearer I took him to see the doctor for a final examination. On the way home from the doctor's office I bought a flashlight so that he could examine his own throat and that of his baby sister. He exulted as he played doctor for the rest of the afternoon. Betty Jean cooperated beautifully as she leaned her head 'way back and opened her mouth wide every time her brother sang out, "Let me see your tonsils now, baby!"

A few days later we went to the hospital laboratory for the blood tests. He submitted to the tiny prick in his left ear only because there were enough nurses to hold him down!

The night before we left for the hospital Betty Jean was taken to grandma's house to spend the night. As we tucked David in bed after worship he solemnly announced, "Jesus will take care of me. We asked Him to, didn't we? But I don't want to go to the hospital anyway. I want my baby to come home!" He pointed to the empty bunk bed below his.

I slept very little that night. I often sent a prayer heavenward that all would go well the next morning and that David wouldn't be too frightened at all the new faces and apparatus at the hospital.

Very early I got out of bed, dressed, fixed Dale's breakfast and lunch, and was ready long before we had to leave. I called David later, leaving only enough time to quickly dress him and to have our morning worship period. Since he has always liked to ride on a

David was sure Jesus would care for him.

MAMMA, I don't want to go to the hospital," whined three-year-old David as we neared the steps of the large and unfamiliar building.

"But, David, dear, this is the place where your nice clean bed is waiting for you. If you're really good maybe you can have some ice cream this afternoon," I coaxed, all the time steering him inside the door.

"Are they going to take my tonsils out here?" he asked in a frightened little voice.

"Sure. Don't you remember mamma told you that you could leave your tonsils here at the hospital and then you and daddy and mamma wouldn't have any tonsils at all?"

He brightened as he enthusiastically agreed. "And then I'll be big like you and daddy! And baby won't! She's too little. She will still have her tonsils and she'll be the only one. Hooray for baby!"

As we sat in the admissions office

bus, Dale and I decided that the three of us would ride on the same early bus, with Dale getting off at his usual stop for work and David and I continuing on downtown to the hospital.

So here we were at the admissions desk. I gave the clerk the necessary information with regard to the patient's age, address, family, et cetera; then I was given a slip on which the room number was written, and David, with a tiny name bracelet around his wrist, was admitted. "I'd just love to pick up that cute little man and give him a big hug," called the secretary to me as we left.

"I want to go home!" answered David.

Once in Room 57 I started to take off his clothes. "I don't want to stay here! Take me home," he begged. Then, "I don't want those pajamas on!" He pointed to the hospital pajamas. "I want my own on; I want my new ones that Dale Badger gave me."

Finally he was dressed in the hospital pajamas and sitting on the big bed, looking almost lost in the white expanse. Taking his temperature was a major task for the nurses, two of them. "Take that thing out! Take it out! I want to go home!" he shouted.

"Would you like me to read to you, David?" I asked, taking out of the small suitcase the special book I had brought.

"Yes, Mamma," he beamed. "Yes." For the next half hour I read stories, some old favorites, others new, while he forgot his troubles.

"Time for the s-h-o-t," whispered the nurse, who had tiptoed into the room. "How shall I give it to him?" she asked.

"Why, just give it," I answered.

"It will make him sleepy," she said.

While I continued to read, I noticed that he began to yawn and rub his eyes. "Would you like to lie down now?" I asked. He had been so sure a half hour before that he absolutely did not want to lie down, but now he very meekly answered with a sleepy, "Yes, Mamma. Let me lie down, please."

"And mamma will pray now that Jesus will take care of you when you have your tonsils out, David. Would you like me to?"

"Yes, Mamma. And then Jesus will watch over me."

Ten minutes later the nurses arrived with the cart to take him off to the operating room. "I don't want to go, Mamma," he pleaded. "Come with me." Then when he saw that he had to leave no matter what he said, he called, "Bye, Mamma. Jesus will take care of me."

I felt like crying—for several reasons. In fact, I did. I felt sorry for a tiny little boy who had to go off to face the unknown, but I was crying for joy too as I remembered his last words of trust in Jesus. How proud I was of my son just then, and how I loved him!

I didn't want to stay in the empty room an hour and a half and wait for him to come back, so I walked around town. As I entered the hospital again later I heard a familiar booming voice. "Oh, so there you are." I turned around. "I have some good news for you," called Dr. Wood.

"How is he, doctor?" I asked. "Is he all right?"

"Of course he's all right," he answered. "In fact, I'm breaking my precedent in his case. He bled the least of any child I have ever operated on. Those ball tonsils! I just clipped them off, and that was that. You can take him home tonight!"

"That's good news!" I exclaimed. "He'll really be glad, and I wasn't looking forward to sitting up all night in the hospital either."

"Well, he's fine," repeated the doctor. "But does he have a small mouth! I'd put two instruments in it and have to take one out before I had enough room to work. He's a good boy. Give him some ice cream."

By the time I returned to the room, David was back in bed. "Mommy, I want my mommy," he called groggily.

"Here I am, dear," I said.

"Where is baby? I want my daddy," he pleaded.

"Daddy will come tonight," I assured him, "after work. And guess what! Dr. Wood said that you were so good that you can go home tonight and you won't have to stay in the hospital."

The other children in the room were sleeping most of the time, waking now and again to cry out in pain, but David kept his eyes wide open all day long, never slipping off even once to sleep. His mouth was clamped tight shut. The doctor remarked later that he was probably afraid someone would pop something into it!

By noon he was sitting up in bed playing with a small workbench I had brought for him. An hour later he was devouring ice cream and asking for more. "Just look at that boy eat!" remarked the mother of one of the other little children. "None of the others are eating a thing. I suppose he'll be asking for a good big steak next!"

"Oh, no he won't, not this little boy," I answered. "You see, we are vegetarians and don't eat any meat at all."

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"Is that because of your religion?" asked another.

"Not entirely," I answered. "Because we are Seventh-day Adventists we don't eat any pork products, but we feel that it is better for our health all the way around not to eat any meat." Then followed a discussion on health principles, which ended with one mother asking, "And you mean to say that David has never had any meat?"

"That's right; he has never eaten any."

"Well, he certainly has reacted the best of any of the children here," she admitted. "There must be something to it."

"And he got his tonsils out the last of all and is the only one not staying overnight," added another.

When Dale came after supper our three-year-old was ready to get dressed and go home. It seemed to me that he said an especially enthusiastic farewell to the nurses!

Early the next morning, David, minus his tonsils, was singing in his very best voice all the Sabbath school songs he could remember, and asking for a big breakfast of cereal, crackers, egg, milk, and ice cream. Often he would stop to tell Betty Jean, "I don't have any tonsils, see," and he would open his mouth wide. "You have tonsils. Let me see them. I went to the hospital, baby, but Jesus took care of me. Isn't He good!"

And that is the sermonet he preaches to all his friends in his own yard, to the clerks in the supermarket, to the neighbors young and old, to the milkman, to the paperboy. "Jesus took care of me in the hospital. Isn't He good!" And Dale and I agree.

Sabbath School

Lesson

Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

III—Triumph in the Supreme Test

(October 21, 1961)

MEMORY GEM: "I will make thy seed to multiply as the stars of heaven, and will give unto thy seed all these countries; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed" (Gen. 26:4).

OUTSIDE READING: *Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 145-155.

Introduction

"Isaac was highly honored by God, in being made inheritor of the promises through which the world was to be blessed; yet when he was forty years of age, he submitted to his father's judgment in appointing his experienced, God-fearing servant to choose a wife for him. And the result of that marriage, as presented in the Scriptures, is a tender and beautiful picture of domestic happiness. . . .

"What a contrast between the course of Isaac and that pursued by the youth of our time, even among professed Christians! Young people too often feel that the bestowal of their affections is a matter in which self alone should be consulted,—a matter that neither God nor their parents should in any wise control."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 175.

1 Birth of Isaac Foretold

1. How old was Abraham when Isaac was born?

"Abraham was an hundred years old, when his son Isaac was born unto him" (Gen. 21:5).

2. What did God command him to do with Isaac?

"Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering" (Gen. 22:2).

NOTE.—Isaac was the "only son" of promise. Abraham had another son, Ishmael, born out of promise, out of wedlock. "God had called Abraham to be the father of the faithful, and his life was to stand as an example of faith to succeeding generations. . . .

"In a vision of the night he was directed to repair to the land of Moriah, and there offer up his son as a burnt-offering. . . .

"At the time of receiving this command, Abraham had reached the age of a hundred and twenty years. He was regarded as an old man, even in his generation. In his earlier years he had been strong to endure hardship and to brave danger; but now the ardor of his youth had passed away. One in the vigor of manhood may with courage meet difficulties and afflictions that would cause his heart to fail later in life, when his feet are faltering toward the grave. But God had reserved His last, most trying test for Abraham until the burden of years was heavy upon him, and he longed for rest from anxiety and toil."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 147.

3. How promptly did Abraham obey?

"And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him, and Isaac his son, and clave the wood for the burnt offering, and rose up, and went unto the place of which God had told him" (Gen. 22:3).

NOTE.—"Isaac was the light of his home, the solace of his old age, above all else the inheritor of the promised blessing. The loss of

such a son by accident or disease would have been heart-rending to the fond father; it would have bowed down his whitened head with grief; but he was commanded to shed the blood of that son with his own hand. It seemed to him a fearful impossibility. . . .

"In his doubt and anguish he bowed upon the earth, and prayed, as he had never prayed before, for some confirmation of the command if he must perform this terrible duty. . . . Darkness seemed to shut him in; but the command of God was sounding in his ears. 'Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest.' That command must be obeyed, and he dared not delay. Day was approaching, and he must be on his journey."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 148.

2 Isaac, Too, Faces Up to the Supreme Test

4. What simple, trustful attitude did Isaac show?

"My father: . . . Behold the fire and the wood: but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" (Gen. 22:7).

5. What did Abraham say?

"My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering: so they went both of them together" (Gen. 22:8).

NOTE.—Abraham was still hoping, of course, that God was going to provide a real lamb and accept his intention for the deed. He could not bring himself to believe that God would have him take the life of his "only son." He would not tell the boy all that he knew yet.

This was Isaac's opportunity to escape, which he could have done with the greatest of ease. But Isaac was not that kind of boy. Somehow he seemed to know that this was a time to trust his father, and not argue about the things his father had not said. It is at this point that we must stand in awe at the kind of training this lad had received from his father and mother. When his great moment came he was ready for it.

6. What did Isaac do when he saw the knife descending?

"Abraham built an altar there, and laid the wood in order, and bound Isaac his son, and laid him on the altar upon the wood. And Abraham stretched forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son" (Gen. 22:9, 10).

NOTE.—Still Isaac says and does nothing to save his own life. The only conclusion remaining is that he is entering fully into his father's faith in the infinite wisdom of God's plan for them both. If it is all right with God and Abraham it has to be a good plan. It is all right with him too. He does not question, or challenge, or resist it. He has implicit faith in God and in his father. Death in faith is sweeter to him than life in rebellion.

3 God Is Still in Command

7. What had all these developments indicated?

"And the angel of the Lord called unto him out of heaven, and said . . . Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou any thing unto him: for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son from me" (Gen. 22:11, 12).

NOTE.—"Heavenly beings were witnesses of the scene as the faith of Abraham and the submission of Isaac were tested. The trial was far more severe than that which had been brought upon Adam. Compliance with the prohibition laid upon our first parents involved no suffering; but the command to Abraham demanded the most agonizing sacrifice. All heaven beheld with wonder and admiration Abraham's unflinching obedience. All heaven applauded his fidelity. Satan's accusations were shown to be false. God declared to His servant, 'Now I know that thou fearest God [notwithstanding Satan's charges], seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me.' God's covenant, confirmed to Abraham by an oath before the intelligences of other worlds, testified that obedience will be rewarded."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 155.

Still there is no word from Isaac in the record. It is quite likely that he was speechless. And no wonder. He had been through an

The answer

by GRACE V. WATKINS

What will it see, the questing eye
That dares the lens of Palomar?
A million avenues of sky
And universes light-years far?
And he who looks upon the tall
And bright infinitude, for him
Will towers in the heart grow small?
Will faith-illuminated altars dim?
Oh, never fear the vastest sight,
For Palomar with all its art
Can be a holy lamp to light
More splendid temples in the heart.

experience which has never come to another, except Jesus Himself. Anyway, Isaac was not the talking kind. His subsequent experience shows that he preferred to live out his speeches.

8. What did God now do about his promises to Abraham?

"Isaac went unto Abimelech. . . . And the Lord appeared unto him, and said, . . . I will be with thee, and will bless thee; for unto thee, and unto thy seed, I will give all these countries, and I will perform the oath which I sware unto Abraham thy father; and I will make thy seed to multiply as the stars of heaven, and will give unto thy seed all these countries; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed; because that Abraham obeyed my voice, and kept my charge, my commandments, my statutes, and my laws" (Gen. 26:1-5).

NOTE.—"The promises made to Abraham and confirmed to his son, were held by Isaac and Rebekah as the great object of their desires and hopes."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 177.

Quizangles

1. Give two reasons why we may be sure that there was a good

- father-son relationship between Abraham and Isaac. (1)
2. What preparations did Abraham make for complying with God's command? (1)
3. What did Isaac think his father had omitted in these preparations? (2)
4. What shows that Abraham fully intended to go the limit in complying with God's command? (2)
5. How far did Isaac submit? (2)
6. Did Abraham go the limit? (3)
7. From whence did the angel speak? (3)

NEXT WEEK, October 28, 1961—Lesson title: "The Young Woman Who Became the Mother of Two Nations." Outside reading: *Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 171-176. Memory gem: Ps. 144:12.



Question *What is your opinion of Adventist youth having a Halloween party and wearing masks, as long as the crowd is our own group?*

Counsel If a group of Adventist young people want to get together on Halloween and have a party and wear masks, I would be very reluctant to criticize them.

But I do wonder whether this is the best way to spend Halloween. The junior members of our churches have found a much better way.

They spend the evening of Halloween distributing a special tract and gathering food and clothing for the poor. They call the activity Treats for the Needy and have so much fun doing it that the whole question of masquerade parties sinks into oblivion.

This idea was picked up by the juniors of the Sligo church in Takoma Park, Maryland, about seven or eight years ago. It has now spread across the country, and many scores of thousands of cans are collected by thousands of participating juniors.

My suggestion to senior youth would be, Develop for the senior youth a Halloween activity that will be as satisfying as the juniors find their Treats for the Needy. Rest assured that such a program would be accepted by our young people across the land and would settle forever the question of masks and dressing up.

Question *Is ventriloquism associated with spiritism? If not, is it a good practice with which to associate oneself?*

Counsel So far as I know there is no connection between ventriloquism and spiritism. As you know, spiritism depends on the work of evil spirits. Ventriloquism is the physical ability of a person to speak in such a way that the voice appears to be coming from some place other than the mouth. It is done by control of the breath, the lips, et cetera.

The only thing that could be said about its relation to spiritism is that the devil may possibly take advantage of any kind of trick to deceive people. Of course, the same could be said for any sleight-of-hand tricks.

Then you ask whether one should become involved with ventriloquism. Ask yourself, Am I using time wisely; is there anything helpful in ventriloquism; is something good being accomplished for others? Even our amusements must be tested by these questions.

The Christian always must choose between the good and the best. I would suggest that you read Paul's advice in 1 Corinthians 10:23 and then make your decision.

Question *Recently I acquired a baby-sitting job after school. Would I be breaking the Sabbath by baby-sitting on Friday nights if I have the cleaning*

and all the work done by sundown?

Counsel I wish I knew more of the arrangements you have made with your employer. Are you paid by the hour or is it a weekly plan? Do you live in the home all the time or do you only go in by the hour or evening?

You speak of having all the work and cleaning done before the Sabbath. That leads me to believe that you may be living in the home. If you are a member of the home and have all your work done before Sabbath, I would see no reason why you could not occasionally remain there in custody of the children while the parents are out. You could surely have a worshipful Sabbath evening and at the same time keep an eye on the children.

On the other hand, if you do not live with your employer and have to leave your own home and go to the children's home to stay there week after week on Friday night, receiving hourly pay for your services, then I would feel definitely that you were breaking the Sabbath.

Also, you would miss much by tying yourself down every Friday evening, as undoubtedly your church has some Friday evening functions that would bring you blessing. The Sabbath was made for man, by a loving God who wants us to be free to receive His promised blessing.

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

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

(1) Submit only one question at a time. (2) Confine your question to one hundred words or less. (3) Enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope for the reply. (4) Send your question to: THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Counsel Clinic, Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.



Key to source abbreviations published January 3, 1961.

► A new 11d. stamp, depicting a rabbit bandicoot, issued in May, and a 1.2d. (one shilling and twopence) Tasmanian tiger stamp, for issue later in 1961, will complete the Australian fauna series. Postal Department

► Penguins do not all live in regions of ice and snow. Species inhabit the east and west coasts of South America, the shores of South Africa, and areas of Australia, New Zealand, and Pacific Islands. No penguins live north of the Equator. NGS

► Printing of the King James Bible was a crown monopoly in colonial days. Consequently, Bible printing in the American colonies was forbidden. It is believed that a New Testament and a Bible were printed in the colonies in the 1700's, but it is not certain. When the Revolutionary War cut off Scripture supplies from England, several American printers undertook to provide Testaments, but it was not until toward the end of the war that the printer to Congress, Robert Aitken, undertook a whole Bible. ABS

► Two days of additional preparation were required when Astronaut Virgil Grissom's recent flight was postponed because of poor weather. Weather alone might have held up the flight only a few hours, but the use of liquid fuel to propel the Redstone launch vehicle forced the longer delay. The Redstone uses liquid oxygen, which boils at -185°C . It is difficult to maintain this low temperature in the Redstone, where insulation is limited because of weight, and a rise in temperature of only a few degrees above the boiling point is considered hazardous. Such a temperature rise may be reached seven or eight hours after the rocket is fueled. The Redstone was fueled two to three hours before scheduled take-off, so the maximum delay allowable was five hours. Science

► Enterprising inhabitants of an arid region of northern Pakistan are trying to solve a water shortage in the village of Bunji by planting a glacier. They began by selecting a favorable spot above 16,000 feet and digging a deep pit. Then relay teams of villagers carried a large slice of ice from a nearby glacier and buried it deep in the hole with special chemicals and herbs. The process, which deters melting, has become a secret tradition, known only in this area. If the glacier takes root during the winter and begins to grow, it will reward the villagers with an ever-increasing supply of water for their crops. NGS

► Every 10 years colorfully dressed Swiss from all over Switzerland gather for one of the major fall events in Europe, the National Costume Festival. More than 10,000 people packed Basel for the weekend mardi gras celebration in September. The merriment included two parades, one in torchlight, and one in the day, with its panorama of costumed marchers and decorated floats. SNTD

► West Germany has agreed to join with 11 other European nations in preparing space probes. France and Great Britain initiated the European venture, which will cost an estimated \$196 million over a five-year period. Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Spain are the other nations participating. Science

► Both the peace-pipe ceremony and the sources of the soft red pipestone were sacred to the American Plains Indians. Quarries were common ground where hostile tribes met in amity. Pipestone National Monument in southwestern Minnesota is the most famous of these ancient sites. NGS

► School dropouts experience three to four times as much unemployment as high school graduates. There were 450,000 boys and girls between the ages of 16 and 20 who were reported out of school and unemployed as of October, 1960. NCCY

► Fifty-one per cent of philanthropic contributions during 1960 were directed to religion. Twelve per cent went to health, 16 per cent to education, 15 per cent to welfare, and 6 per cent was miscellaneous. New Medical Materia

► Though Houston, Texas, is 34 miles from the Gulf of Mexico, it ranks as one of the nation's busiest ports. A channel links the city to the sea. NGS

► In Japan, where high value is assigned to aging, mental illness decreases with age. California's Health

► The Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City is the largest church in the United States and the second largest in the world. It is surpassed in size only by St. Peter's in Rome, Italy. NYCVB

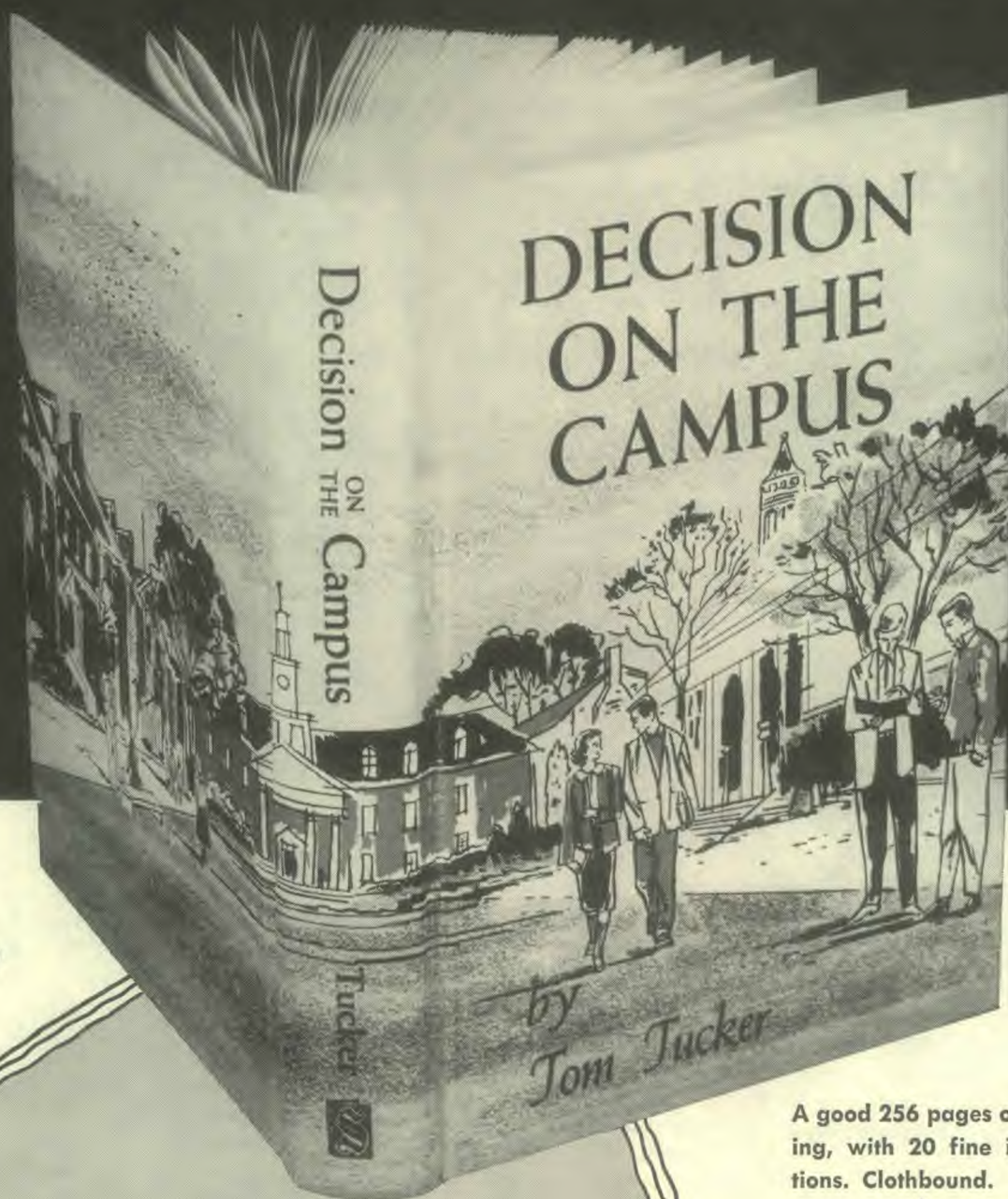
► A typical laboratory for aerospace research can simulate altitudes up to nearly 200 miles, test rocket propulsion nozzles over a thrust range of 100 to 25,000 pounds, and provide temperatures of 1500°F . and a flow rate of 25 gallons per minute in a liquid metal "loop." Aerospace

► Early seventeenth-century laws in England, barred women from practicing pharmacy, as well as medicine. Occasionally, women entered the profession by disguising themselves as men. British Army records show that a male impersonator served as a medical officer from 1813 to 1865. NGS

► Ten Australians received the British Empire Medal recently in acknowledgment of their help in respiration experiments. After being given a general anesthetic, each volunteer was injected with curare, which paralyzes the muscles and renders the patient incapable of breathing. Each was kept alive for one and one-half hours by resuscitation. North Queensland Register

► The art of creating formal flower beds with masses of colorful plants arranged in geometric designs—popularly known as carpet bedding—has a long tradition in the history of decorative gardening. It was practiced first in ancient Persia, where formally planted courtyards existed several hundred years B.C. Over the centuries, gardeners have developed the art, especially in great formal gardens around palaces, villas, and public buildings. Friends

► Researchers have been studying a method that can make diamonds from graphite, the material in a lead pencil. One method places a quantity of graphite over a container of water and exposes it to an explosive charge from above. The graphite is compressed for a microsecond by a shock pressure of about 300,000 atmospheres. When recovered from the water the material has been found to contain up to 40 microns of diamonds. X-ray diffraction and electron diffraction studies have identified the diamonds. SRI



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