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"Remember now thy Creator"

By *MARILYN DRURY*

AS I stood gazing across the campus of the school to which I had recently come and which I had already learned to love, my mind wandered back in time and across the miles to another campus.

It was a summer day and the warm sun was shining on a group of young people crossing the campus from the dining room to the administration building. Friendly banter flew back and forth as they entered the business office, where Mr. Nelson was sorting the mail. Mail call was always a high spot in the day for the summer crew at the academy, and on this particular day I was one of those who received a letter.

A quick glance told me the letter was from my home, not many miles away.

A few minutes later, the news the letter contained struck me full force. "It can't be true; it just can't be," I said to myself over and over again. Not that the news was really a shock. In my heart I had known all along what was going to happen, yet until now I had not really let myself believe it. A wave of self-pity swept over me as I realized that when school started in two weeks, I would not be enrolling. But my par-

ents must not know how I felt. That was certain.

In the previous two years they had done everything possible to keep me in school, and financially it had not been easy. Yet never once had they complained about the sacrifice they were making. I wrote home the next afternoon, saying that I understood and that it would be loads of fun to study by correspondence. One year before, I had actually begged to be allowed to do so. Now since necessity stared me in the face, I reactivated some real enthusiasm for the idea.

I understood, too, better than mom and dad realized, that finances were not the only reason they were bringing me home. My parents had brought me up in strict agreement with the standards of the church, and until I left home I had never violated those standards. Now I thought guiltily of the

make-up on my face and the slang that slipped frequently from my lips and for the first time, I was ashamed.

I began to see that my sense of values had changed. I hadn't done anything big or terrible, but little things had slipped into my life, crowding out the things of more importance. Now mom and dad were bringing me home to get my sense of values lined up. I recognized the truth and justice in their decision. Yet, thinking of the loneliness ahead, rebellion flamed within me, and I spent those last two weeks at the academy in every kind of escapade my imagination could contrive.

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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VOLUME 109, NUMBER 50 DECEMBER 12, 1961

Registration day soon arrived, and I enjoyed one more meeting with all my old friends. On the first day of school I visited classes and said all my last good-bys. That evening mom and dad came, loaded up my baggage, and took me off to a new life.

The weeks that followed were a time of adjustment. For more than two years I had not lived at home. Mom taught at a little country church school thirty miles away. She and my twin brothers

routine pattern. Just what is freedom? I began to wonder. After much thought I decided that the only freedom there is, is the freedom to choose your bonds.

Happiness, too, took on a new meaning that year. Happiness had always seemed to be in the past or in the future; now I learned to find it in the little things that happened every day. At first it took conscious effort, but after a while a happy point of view became natural to me.

the wall

by OLIVINE NADEAU BOHNER

Crimson they bloomed across the wall,
The lovely flowers of death.
Though bled my yearning heart, I loved
Their subtle stabbing breath.

The wall was made of ten hard stones
That tore my reaching hand,
And the musk air dimmed as the wall enclosed
Me faint on the blood-stained sand.

Slowly the years passed by like stars
Or tapers on a pall.
The perfume waned. The flowers dried.
I learned to love the wall,

For still and slow as dawning comes
A light flowed to enfold
Each heavy stone until the wall
Had changed to burning gold.

often stayed overnight in our trailer house parked in the schoolyard. Dad was away at work all day, and two nights a week he was in night school. Home was different from the dorm with its noise and bustle, but I learned to get along with myself; and this was an important lesson.

Many of the household duties, such as washing, ironing, and cooking, were largely my responsibility, and I enjoyed my role. I delighted in the freedom of my new way of life, although at times I nearly choked with loneliness. No one told me when to get up or go to bed. No one made me sign out; no one assigned me a particular time to study. But there were schedules to be met, lessons to be sent in, and jobs to be done. Actually, I was disciplining myself as much as the faculty had disciplined me at school. At school we had cried out against regimentation. Yet, here the days soon took on a

The school year flew by, and soon it was summer. My brothers graduated from the eighth grade, and the three of us set out to earn enough money for our entrance fee at academy. I love children, and during the summer I took care of two of them in our home. One week I served as a counselor at summer camp. After that, things were just a blur of activity. My brothers and I were going away to school, the same school from which our parents had graduated.

Now, after two weeks at Gem State Academy, I was enjoying the school year with my brothers and cousins. What a difference between the confusion and turmoil I had felt a year ago and the peace and happiness I was enjoying now! A year ago it seemed my whole world had crumbled, but looking back, I would not want it to have happened any differently. Surely God knows the end from the beginning, and "His ways are past finding out."

forego and help finish

Lesson As though it were taking a music lesson, the parakeet on the cover perches by the sheet music on the piano. Ardith M. Hagenson, of San Jose, California, took a Photo Mart award with this scene in the 1960 contest. We are willing to go along with her caption, "One, two, three—sing." The picture was made in the M. T. Johnson residence of Glendale, California.

Tennessee "Thank you for the good reading in *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*. I have been enjoying it for fifteen or sixteen years, except a few times when I haven't even been able to secure used copies when my subscription and money ran out simultaneously."

Tennessee "Time evades me, but between one and three or four years ago there were three articles by Janet Logan. There was 'Inside Out' and two others. We cried as we read how inconsiderate we church members can be to a struggling young person. We prayed that she might again find her way. . . . Thanks again for the inspiring stories and articles. I wish it came twice a week. When my days have gone wrong or have been trying, my courage is restored by reading it." LOIS CHEEVER, Savannah.

• While we rarely supply an author's address, we are always agreeable to forwarding mail if addressed to *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* with the notation to "please forward" on the envelope. Occasionally people who have lost track of each other renew acquaintance in this manner.

Idaho "I feel that the *INSTRUCTOR* has improved with every issue, and the stories get better and better and provide some wonderful reading for the youth. I like to clip and save articles and stories, and I find it hard to keep everything around. Is there some sort of binder or folder available to hold a year's supply of *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* other than as bound books? God bless *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR!*" VERA M. NELSON, Pocatello.

• We do not know of such a binder or folder.

Effort "For the conversion of one soul we should tax our resources to the utmost."—6T 22.

An exciting aspect of our work is that we can actually hasten the day of Jesus' return.* How? I've given hard thinking to this idea and have found a specific illustration of a way in which I believe I can hasten His return.

Nine years ago I worked in California. I was then driving a 1937 Plymouth. A doctor friend asked whether I didn't have to do some "running around" to carry out my duties. I said Yes.

"Go and buy a new car," he said. "Use your present one for trade. When you find what you want, tell me how much money it will take to make up the difference between your trade and the new one, and I'll write you a check for the difference."

I'm not used to accepting bigger-than-traditional Christmas gifts. But he made it clear that he wanted me to do it and felt that I should.

All my life until then I had had a boyhood dream. "Someday," I'd told myself, "I hope I can afford to buy a ———." But that was a boyhood dream. Now I was a man. As a worker in one of our institutions I had a degree of influence for which I was responsible as one of God's employees.

So I looked at three different brands—the popular three.

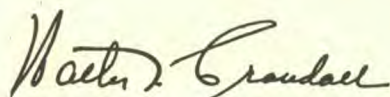
When the doctor wrote his check to cover the cash payment, it gave me the first new car I had ever owned. Would it have been wrong for me to fulfill my boyhood dream? The doctor would as quickly have written his check for an amount \$1,000 or \$1,500 more than the check he did write to give me a new car from one of the popular three. He had imposed no restriction on my brand choice.

For me it would have been wrong. In all honesty I felt God might have an easier task of blessing my influence if I brought my "want" into harmony with "need." For nine years my pride has never suffered, and I hope the influence of this purchase hasn't either.

"Forego and help finish."

We are accountable for two things—our labor for the cause of truth, and how it is performed. Whether denominationally or self-employed, I must render account for what I do—and how. Both will either hasten or delay our Lord's return. There is no neutral ground. Our acts and their influence always count—someway, somewhere.

Comforts bigger than a dedicated conscience will justify, would never convince my neighbors on Riggs Road that I hadn't settled down to stay there, luxuriously, until I die.



* *Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 69. See also *Counsels to Teachers*, p. 324; *The Desire of Ages*, p. 633; *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, p. 160; *Testimonies*, vol. 8, p. 22; vol. 9, p. 58.

coming next week

- "A MATTER OF POLICY"—A young man's midnight search for a Bible introduces him to another book, which his pastor calls "one of the most dangerous books in the English language." By Josephine Cunningham Edwards.
- "TOO LATE TO CRY"—Only in memory do clocks and calendars turn back. Karl could not now relive the days that might have altered Chuck's existing definition of *love* and his status in society. By Karl W. E. Anatol.

How much does marriage change a person?

ONE evening, only a few days before we had planned to be married, John became very upset with me and vented his temper in a most ungentlemanly way. He became so angry that he actually cursed me."

"And you went ahead and married him, even so?" I asked.

"Well, I insisted that we cancel our plans for marriage until I had time to think things through. Actually, our wedding took place several days later than we had originally planned."

"What was it that made you willing to marry him in spite of the way he treated you?" I persisted.

"Well, I guess I felt sorry for him. You see, he had been married twice before, and when he told me about these marriages he convinced me that it was not really his fault that the marriages didn't last. I married him with the idea that all he needed was a wife who would love him and be good to him and bring out the best in him. I expected that he would change, and so I hung on to the hope that someday he would soften in his attitudes.

"But now I have reached the place where it seems I cannot take any more. He is so critical and unkind that I am beginning to feel sorry for the wives who tried to live with him before he married me."

Here we have one example from among many of how a person, looking forward to marriage, may assume, incorrectly, that there is magic in marriage—magic by which personality faults, either his own or his prospective partner's, will disappear.

This young woman knew that John had a terrible temper. She knew that he had failed in marriage on two previous occasions. She even recognized that she was running a serious risk, for she had postponed her marriage to allow a few extra days in which to think about the matter. But even as she tried to think it through she clung to the hope that her personal influence over him would make of him a better person.

Sometimes I think that Seventh-day Adventist young people tend to confuse

marriage with translation. We Adventists believe that at Christ's second coming those who have sincerely accepted Christ as their Saviour "shall be caught up . . . to meet the Lord in the air." As a part of this experience of translation, "this mortal shall have put on immortality." The individual, ever after, will think and act in a manner that is free from fault.

It is true that marriage is intended to be a sacred relationship. But there is nothing about a wedding ceremony that, presto, changes a faulty personality into a perfect one. The very fact of living together within four walls even serves to bring certain faults of personality into clearer focus. So the comparison of marriage with translation is not a correct comparison.

But before we leave this phase of our discussion let us notice that those who are translated at Christ's coming will be persons who have taken full advantage of the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit and who have, therefore, made good progress in overcoming their faults of personality and character. If the preparation for marriage consisted as much of heart searching and the development of Christian attitudes as does the preparation for translation, marriage would be consistently happy and rewarding!

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.

Ellen G. White advises, "Let those who are contemplating marriage weigh every sentiment and watch every development of character in the one with whom they think to unite their life destiny."¹

A non-Adventist youth came to my office to talk over some of the problems of his home life. He was not actually critical of his wife. If anything, he was more critical of himself. He said, "I am sorry to admit that I have been unfaithful to my wife. It is not that I have deliberately wanted to be unfaithful. The times I have gotten into difficulty have been times when I have been under the influence of liquor."

I asked him whether his wife had known, before they were married, that he used liquor. "Oh, yes," he said. "She had even seen me, a time or two before our marriage, when I was intoxicated. She told me that she did not want me to use liquor, and I promised her, before marriage, that I would discontinue its use. But discontinuing drinking is easier said than done."

His wife, an Adventist young woman, had accepted the attentions of a man who was not only an unbeliever but also a drinking man. She had doubtless been sincere in her expectation that he would change. She had hoped that he would choose to join the church. She

had really expected that he would be able to keep his promise to quit his use of intoxicants. But he did not join the church and he did not discontinue his use of liquor.

She had expected too much. She had supposed that marriage would provide a miracle. She had expected that her personal influence over her husband would be such as to make his personality all over again. But he was twenty-five years old at the time of their marriage. The influence of his twenty-five years of living was so strong as to make it impossible (short of conversion) suddenly to lay aside the habit patterns that controlled his ways of thinking and doing.

A mother writes from Utah to tell of the concern she feels about the friendship that has developed between her daughter, who is a member of the Church of the Latter-day Saints, and a man who has been reared as a Catholic.

"It means so much to us that she marry in our faith. He has said that he

will join her church after they are married. As yet, he hasn't investigated the doctrines of our church or made any attempt to quit smoking. My daughter believes that she can use psychology on him after they are married and make him think it is his idea to join her church. Please help me to save her if there is any possible way."

This mother understands that traits of personality and character do not change suddenly. She has reason to be concerned about her daughter's friendship and prospective marriage. The daughter, obviously, does not realize as her mother does that the best basis for judging her husband of the future is to take at face value the traits he possesses now.

Sometimes a young person who is looking forward to marriage expects that a mysterious and favorable transformation will occur in his own life. A young husband told me frankly that he had expected that marriage would change him. Before marriage he had

been very careless in his social relationships. He admitted that he had broken over more than once in matters of moral integrity.

He told me that when he first met the young woman who later became his wife he remarked to a friend, "She is too good for me." But as the friendship made progress toward engagement and then marriage, he convinced himself that he could be true to a wife after all. This he tried to do in his own strength.

After marriage, he found that he still possessed the same unholy cravings and weaknesses. For many months he lived a double life and tried to keep his wife uninformed of his unfaithfulness to her. When the truth finally came out, both he and his wife were broken-hearted—he because he had sincerely expected that marriage would change him for the better, and she because her hopes of a happy home had been so cruelly shattered.

The expectations that young people have regarding the magic of marriage

wit sharpeners

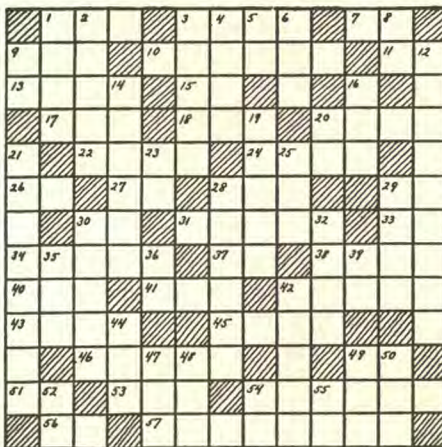
THE BETRAYAL AND ARREST

OF JESUS

Horizontal

- 1 "... how then shall the scriptures be fulfilled" (Matt. 26:54)
- 3 "if it be possible, let ... cup pass from me" (Matt. 26:39)
- 7 "he ... at hand that doth betray me" (Matt. 26:46)
- 9 "meat offering baken in a ... " (Lev. 2:5)
- 10 "Put up thy sword into the ... " (John 18:11)
- 11 A part of knowledge
- 13 "betrayest thou the Son of man with a ... ?" (Luke 22:48)
- 15 Printer's measure
- 17 "have ye not read in the ... " (Matt. 12:5)
- 18 Is it (cont.)
- 20 "that same is he; ... him, and lead him away safely" (Mark 14:44)
- 22 "Sleep on now, and take ... rest" (Matt. 26:45)
- 24 "the ... is at hand" (Matt. 26:45)
- 26 Ancestor of Jesus (Luke 3:28)
- 27 Recording Secretary
- 28 Linear measure used in Turkey
- 29 Civil Engineer
- 30 Doctor of Laws (L.)
- 31 "and with him a ... multitude" (Matt. 26:47)
- 33 Africa
- 34 "as an old lion; who shall ... him up" (Gen. 49:9)

- 37 "... therefore ye seek me, let these go their way" (John 18:8)
 - 38 Odor, a combining form
 - 40 "stretched out his hand, ... drew his sword" (Matt. 26:51)
 - 41 "Then all ... disciples forsook him, and fled" (Matt. 26:56)
 - 42 "Son of man sitting on the right hand of ... " (Matt. 26:64)
 - 43 Affirmatives
 - 45 "and said unto them, Whom ... ye?" (John 18:4)
 - 46 "and come ... of the glory of God" (Rom. 3:23)
 - 49 Capital of Moab (Num. 21:28)
 - 51 Doctor of Divinity
 - 53 High priest and judge of Israel (1 Sam. 1:9)
 - 54 "Thou hast given a ... to them that fear thee" (Ps. 60:4)
 - 56 "more than twelve legions ... angels" (Matt. 26:53)
 - 57 "from the sixth hour there was ... over all the land unto the ninth hour" (Matt. 27:45)
- A saying of Christ is 1, 3, 7, 22, 24, 40, 41, 42, 56, and 57 combined



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Vertical

- 1 Security
- 2 Not say
- 3 "they laid ... hands on him, and took him" (Mark 14:46)
- 4 "upon the ... of the robe pomegranates" (Ex. 39:24)
- 5 Iowa
- 6 Saints
- 8 "For God ... loved the world" (John 3:16)
- 9 Peck
- 12 "Friend, ... art thou come?" (Matt. 26:50)
- 14 "with ... and staves for to take me" (Matt. 26:55)
- 16 "and smote off his ... " (Matt. 26:51)
- 19 "Are ye come out as against a ... ?" (Matt. 26:55)
- 20 Tungsten
- 21 "and the Son of man is ... into the hands of sinners" (Matt. 26:45)
- 23 "Who gave himself for ... " (Titus 2:14)
- 25 Edible tuber of Peru and Bolivia
- 28 "Smote a servant of the high ... " (Mark 14:47)
- 29 "Then ... they, and laid hands on Jesus" (Matt. 26:50)
- 30 "lo, ... , one of the twelve, came" (Matt. 26:47)
- 32 "daily with you in the temple teaching, and ye ... me not" (Mark 14:49)
- 35 "And ... of them that stood by drew a sword" (Mark 14:47)
- 36 And (F.)
- 39 Compass point
- 42 Nut
- 44 "... hath done what ... could" (Mark 14:8)
- 47 "bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and ... " (Matt. 13:52)
- 48 Royal Irish Academy
- 49 Answer
- 50 Thing
- 52 "That thou doest, ... quickly" (John 13:27)
- 54 Book
- 55 New England

Key on page 16

Grading System

by CAROLYN SHERWOOD

HAVE you ever had misgivings about the tests you have taken, the grades you received, or your own personal habits of study? It is a cruel fact that some of us put nearly all we have into our studies yet never make that A. It is a sad fact that some of us who are capable of outstanding grades seem unable to discipline ourselves and we remain mediocre or even poor students.

So far as most school curriculums are concerned, we have nothing to worry about. We can pass all of our courses with a C average.

But whether we like it or not, we are all enrolled in another school. It is the school of life. And we are all majoring in the same field—character development. In this course our grade depends entirely on our daily work.

Every day our Teacher gives us a test that may range from a simple "nickel quiz" to a 200-point examination. The examinations are often unannounced; and unless we have done well on the smaller quizzes, it will be almost impossible to do well on the examinations.

However, in case we fail one of these tests or miss any part of them (and sooner or later all of us do), our merciful Teacher has made unique provision. You see, when He went over this course about two thousand years ago, He was a perfect scholar. All we have to do is sin-

cerely express our sorrow over our own failure, and it will be blotted out and replaced by His perfect score. With this generous provision, what a shame it is that anyone fails the course.

It is absolutely essential that we always take advantage of this opportunity to get 100 per cent, for that is the only passing mark! Two grades only are given—passing and failing. Ninety-nine per cent isn't good enough to pass, for Jesus demands *everything*.

We need to be reminded of this once in a while. It is too easy for us to compare ourselves with our fellows, who are as likely to make mistakes as we are. How prone we are to say, "I'm an average Christian; that is good enough." Average? It may be sufficient in the classroom. But it is *not* enough to pass the course of character development.

To you who are doomed to eternal frustration in your quest for an A in chemistry, trigonometry, or anything else, take hope. With the help of Christ you can pass the course of character development. It demands no more than what you have. And to you who make a pleasant habit of excelling in all you do, beware! You no longer have the advantage. Jesus requires every one of those fine talents that you possess. Without His help, you have no more hope of passing than anyone else does.

sometimes extend to personal abilities and aptitudes, as well as traits of disposition and character. A wife writes to tell me how disappointed she is that her husband has not fulfilled the ambitions she had for him.

Thinking back on the period of their courtship, she says, "I realize now that my husband has never been fundamentally interested in education. At that time, however, he agreed to my plan that he should attend college. Credit to him, he struggled through all four years of college and finally obtained his degree. I thought I was doing him a great favor by working to help pay our expenses while he attended college. What a day of rejoicing it was in our home when, after the graduating exercises, we said to ourselves, 'Now our success in life is assured.'

"He obtained a job as manager of a small medical institution. But before many months had passed it became apparent to him, to his employers, and

even to me that he was not cut out for this kind of work. He developed headaches and stomach ulcers. Even though he tried as hard as anyone can try to succeed in this work, he had to discontinue. Now we are right back in the home town where he lived before we were married, and he is doing the same kind of menial work that he did before he attended college. Sometimes I feel that all my effort in helping him to obtain an education has been wasted."

This wife should not feel critical of her husband. I do not doubt that he has done the best that he is capable of doing. The mistake that this wife made was in assuming during the period of courtship that marriage would change her husband. If he had been the kind of person who could profit by continued education, he would have had a sufficient interest in college to have gone to college even before his wife persuaded him in this direction.

His abilities and talents fit him well

for the work he is now doing in the home town. He is making a reasonably good living. He is an officer in the local church. He has a wholesome influence with those who know him. How unfortunate it is that his wife considers him to be a failure merely because he was not able to change into the pattern that she chose for him and on which her hopes of happiness were built.

From the foregoing illustrations it is clear that one of the best insurances of happiness in marriage is for a young person to use such caution in the selection of a life partner that he chooses one whose personal traits already harmonize with his own ideals. Ellen G. White summarizes this thought in beautiful language by saying, "Let a young woman accept as a life companion only one who possesses pure, manly traits of character, one who is diligent, aspiring, and honest, one who loves and fears God. Let a young man seek one to stand by his side who is fitted to bear her share of life's burdens, one whose influence will ennoble and refine him, and who will make him happy in her love."²

But even after a young person has done his best to select the right kind of partner, there come disillusionments. There is no individual without some personal faults. And when we look for faults, these become apparent. The more we focus on faults, the more real and objectionable they seem. Thus many young husbands and wives have made their lives miserable by dwelling on the personal faults of their partners.

Instead of thus emphasizing the negative, the Christian way is to look for desirable traits, and finding these to develop a growing gratitude for having found such an ideal partner.

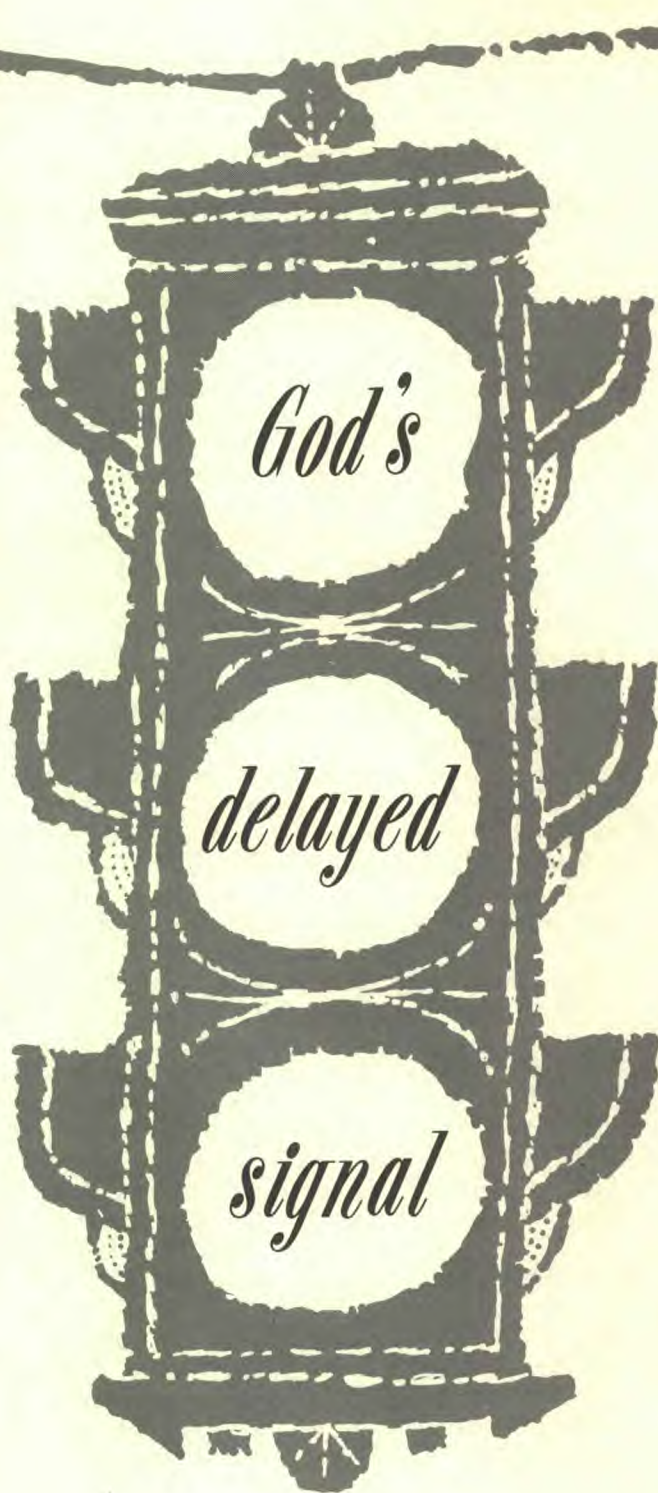
To one wife who had become unhappy because her husband seemed so stupid, I wrote as follows: "This is the same man you chose to marry a few years ago. You were as intelligent then as you are now. He was as unintelligent then as now. It may be that your basis for judgment has changed in the meantime, but he still possesses those personal qualities that seemed attractive to you at the time of your courtship. You can develop an increasing appreciation of him if you will determine to do so."

Cordially yours,

HAROLD SHRYOCK, M.D.

¹ *The Ministry of Healing*, p. 359.

² *Ibid.*



by SHIRLEY LIVELY

PLEASE, Dad, let me go."

"No!" Dad was firm.

"Why?" I screamed.

"There's a perfectly good school within a few blocks of home, with no tuition to pay every month."

"But I could work."

"You're going to school to study, not work. As far as its being a Christian school, there's good and bad no matter where you go. My answer is No, and I don't want to hear another word on the subject. Do you understand?"

Dad's eyes were flashing with anger.

Pleadingly I looked at mother. She dropped her head and remained silent. No help there.

I ran to my room and slammed the door. As I flung myself on my bed, the tears streamed down my face. Why did dad have to be so unreasonable? Couldn't God make him understand?

I knew God must want me in a Christian school. I had prayed that some way would be provided. Then on Sabbath I had been positive that my prayers were being answered.

The church members wanted me in the academy as badly as I wanted to attend. An offering had been taken, and they had handed me my entrance fee. Several had pledged to help with monthly tuition. One woman had offered to help me make clothes, and curtains for my room. I was elated! Surely God had heard my pleas.

Jubilantly I had related the news to dad. He was quiet, too quiet. His expressionless face stared straight ahead. I might as well have been talking to the stuffed dog sitting on my bed. For a week dad remained silent. I engaged in arguments—one-sided arguments. Finally, with desperation in my voice, I demanded an answer. School would soon be starting. The answer came—a very decided No. It was like a storm after a serene summer day.

"O God, You didn't hear," I sobbed. "Why? There must be some way to make dad understand the value of attending a Christian school."

A soft knock sounded on my door. "May I come in?" It was mother.

I really didn't want to talk to anyone, but I answered, "Yes." Mother sat down beside me.

"Dear, you shouldn't get so upset."

"But, Mother, you know how much I want to go. Why didn't you say something instead of just sitting?"

"I think it would be best if we yielded to dad." Mother spoke quietly. I detected a quiver in her voice. "If something happened to you, I don't know what, but just anything, he would never forgive me. If you went against his wishes, it might be a hindrance to his accepting this message. No, dear, I think you had better stay home. Maybe next year the way will be opened."

I buried my head in the pillow. It was no use. Even mother had apparently turned against me.

Weeks later, September 6 dawned crisp and clear, a typical fall day, but my spirits drooped. I was to trudge those few blocks to my doom—Jefferson City High School.

As my feet halted in front of a mammoth brick build-

ing, my gaze turned from the sidewalk upward. The rows of windows glared at me, and the walls seemed to shout, "You don't belong here." I wanted to turn and run. Instead, I drew a deep breath and marched through the uninviting doors like a general prepared to meet the enemy.

Inside I presented a marked contrast to those about me. Passing in review were the popular models of the teen-age world complete with red lips, black eyebrows, and gold ornaments dangling impishly on their arms.

From the beginning I seemed to be a misfit. My classmates who frequented the theater always reserved an extra seat for me, but it was always vacant. At the basketball games, which I ordinarily would have enjoyed, was a small section of the bleachers always unoccupied. The games were held on Friday nights. With an aching heart I declined invitations to social functions. No agenda was complete without a dance.

I longed for the academy and Christian associates. My heart yearned to be free from conflicts, to be where I could freely enter into school activities. Into my thoughts kept creeping the question "God, why didn't You let me go?"

Science class presented new problems. With great gusto the teacher expounded on the formation of life in this world.

"Class, millions of years ago a one-celled animal began to multiply."

"Where did the one-celled animal come from?" I inquired. No one seemed to know. The contented evolutionist was not troubled by such details.

The teacher continued his lecture with the development of man. I revolted. What horrible philosophies! Why wasn't I at the academy where I could study the immeasurable love of a living God who created me in His own image? Instead I sat in this class feeling like a "square peg" trying to fit into a circle of nonsense.

After such trying experiences, Sabbath was a relief. At least I could associate with those of my faith during one day in seven.

Invariably as I entered the church, my eyes traveled to the young people's section. No one was there. The pews were empty! They were a grim reminder that all the young people except me were attending the academy. The children's division was full. The older folks were present. Alone, I sat in the empty pews.

Every six weeks they came home—the young people from the academy. Gaily they portrayed the good times

they had enjoyed at banquets, parties, and hayrides. The inspiration gathered from Sunshine Bands, vespers, and Weeks of Prayer bubbled forth. Their ball games were discussed too. The hilarious antics of dorm life were relived. I listened, too envious to utter a word. Then the pews became empty again, and I trudged through endless days of boredom.

The days lengthened into weeks, the weeks into months, until finally the year was over. Summer arrived with all the fun and enjoyment of freedom from school. But those few precious months filled with many activities propelled me into another autumn. Throughout the land the doors of schools opened again. Would I be going to the academy? Would dad consent? Constantly these questions haunted me.

Again the church members freely offered to help me. With a praying heart and hopeful wishes I approached dad.

"Please, Dad, please say Yes."

Like the surf beating its constant tattoo, the answer came back again, "No."

A whole year had not changed dad. Visions of another nine months of boredom, conflicts, and unhappiness flashed across my mind. "O God, why did You fail me again? Why do I have to be kept from the academy another year?" I felt like crying, but the tears refused to come.

Occasionally throughout the year dad took our family to the academy to visit friends and to enjoy a Saturday night program. Each time I was radiant with delight.

On one such occasion I met Mrs. Lewis, owner of a small nursing home, who told me that she had formerly employed girls and paid their way to the academy.

As she kindly introduced me to her patients, I reasoned that this would be an ideal school-and-work situation for me. Not only could I pay my way through the academy but I could also gain experience that would help me in my chosen profession—nursing.

I discussed with Mrs. Lewis the proposition of working for her. She promised to think the matter over and notify me. "I have been disappointed in some girls," she said. "I've decided not to take any more chances, but I will think about it a little further."

I went home with a new hope. Each night I knelt by my bed with a special request. Was God listening?

The weeks of school with lessons and a few extracurricular activities crept by on the feet of a snail. The year was

half gone, and I hadn't heard any news from Mrs. Lewis. Then one day mother met me at the door.

"You have a letter from Lakeview Academy."

I threw my books down and took the extended white envelope. My hands trembled as I opened it. Eagerly my eyes scanned the pages.

"Mother, she wants me to come," I shouted. "She wants me to begin working as soon as school is out. She will pay all of my tuition plus room and board. Isn't it wonderful?"

Suddenly a new thought dampened my spirits. What if—if dad said No again? A foreboding black cloud of worry began to crowd out the warm rays of happiness.

I showed dad the letter. Patiently I waited in a silence broken only by a ticking clock and a pounding heart. Dad sat contemplating. After a long moment he opened his mouth to speak. Behind me my fingers were crossed. Then—"We'll see." That was all he said. My spirits fell, but stopped mid-flight. He hadn't said No!

As the flowers began to blossom that spring, hope also blossomed. Mrs. Lewis kept in touch with me, always wanting to know whether I could come.

May arrived. Dad was pressed to give an answer. If I went I would have to be leaving the first of June. Then one day at the dinner table dad looked at me and quietly said, "You may go."

Just three simple words, but they were words that sent my spirits soaring skyward. For two years I had longed to hear them. "Dear God, thank You."

Two weeks after I had arrived at the nursing home, I received a letter from mother. "Can you come home this Sabbath? Dad is being baptized." My unbelieving eyes re-read those words, "Dad is being baptized."

The next Sabbath I watched dad buried beneath the waters of baptism. Although my vision had been blurred with tears of unhappiness in the past and was now being blurred with tears of happiness for the present, I began to see things more clearly. God *had* heard my pleas and my prayers. He had answered them with more blessings than I had anticipated. My entire way would be paid to the academy while I learned lessons that would help me in the nursing profession. The shadows of a divided home were being lifted. And after two years of a worldly school I would have a deeper appreciation for a Christian school. I had demanded an immediate answer, but God had said, "Wait."

RIDICULOUS. Wholly ridiculous. You—going to church on Saturday? Whoever heard of such a thing? No family will want you to work for them, and you will starve; that's what you'll do. There just won't be any place for you anywhere, unless you go to work for a Jewish family. Certainly you are *not* going to work here."

Seventeen-year-old Marie stood stunned at her mistress' words. Back in 1887 the relationship between a servant girl and her mistress was one of much more dependence than it is today. Besides, Marie did not have too much education, just the ordinary schooling, which ended at age fourteen in the Danish country schools. After that a girl went out to do housework and support herself.

Seeing her housegirl's intense disappointment that Saturday morning, Mrs. Jensen said, "Well, you may go to your church today only. You have the work done up nicely, and the children and I are going to spend the afternoon with my mother. You may go, but I'll

tell you why I am granting you this permission. Tell those fanatics down at that Saturday church that this is the last time you are coming. Return to them those miserable tracts that have led you astray from the true church. You're just too sweet a girl to ruin your life by following these strange doctrines from America. Nobody of prominence believes in them."

Somewhat relieved, Marie dressed and prepared to walk to Sabbath school and church. She did not, however, obey her mistress by taking back with her the tracts and papers that she had received from Elder Knud Brosen during the past two years. Nor did she take the recent ones Miss Saxild, the Bible worker, had given her.

She neglected one precaution—she did not carry her Bible. All her precious papers that had opened her mind and heart during the past months to the new truths in the Scriptures she put away carefully in her little trunk by her cot in the large kitchen. She did not have a private room.

When she returned from church, she

was surprised to see her mistress down on the floor next to her trunk. Apparently her maid had come home sooner than she expected.

Covering a bit of embarrassment, Mrs. Jensen explained, "I have wrapped all those false tracts and papers that have turned your mind in the wrong direction and they have already been mailed back to the tract depository from which they came. I found the address on them. Now, mind you, I forbid you ever to bring any more of them into the house."

"But those papers and tracts are mine," protested the girl. "You have no right to get into my trunk and take away my things. I am not your slave."

For this bit of unexpected impudence from the usually mild and accommodating Marie, the mistress hit her as hard as she could, first on one cheek and then on the other. Only the morning sermon on enduring persecution for righteousness' sake and the firm assurance in her own heart that she was doing the right thing now in stepping

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the courage of Miss Seventeen

by LOIS CHRISTIAN RANDOLPH

*Courage is not reserved for adults;
it knows neither age nor season.*



The image features a background of concentric black and white circles, creating a hypnotic, tunnel-like effect. A prominent crack runs diagonally from the bottom left towards the center, intersecting the circles. The word "broken" is printed in a bold, black, sans-serif font across the lower portion of the image, partially overlapping the circles and the crack.

broken

AS HE walked up the entrance way, Ted thought of his boyhood ambition to be a doctor. He laughed to himself as he opened the large glass door of the medical laboratory. Imagine him, Ted Reid, a physician! Why, here he was twenty years old, and he hadn't even finished high school.

"May I help you?" came the smooth, office-polished voice of the receptionist.

"Yeh—yes, ma'am. I'm looking for Dr. Randall's office. The personnel department said he needed a fella for a job. They thought maybe I—"

"Go up those stairs and down to Room 249," the girl interrupted. "Good success," she added warmly.

What he saw as he went by the open doors reminded Ted of advertisements of people mixing up new miracle medicines to heal the world. Nearly everyone was wearing a white coat and peering down a microscope or pouring stuff from one bottle into another. The place had the smell of a hospital.

At least this would be different from the jobs at the lumber yard, the steel mill, and all the other places. Funny he couldn't seem to stay on very long at any one place. People were always riding him. One time he lost a job just because he had been out with the gang until late and didn't feel like working that day.

He felt a little strange as he walked into the cluttered-up lab of Room 249. Another white-coated one had his back to the door, looking into a microscope. Ted coughed a little.

"Hi, be with you in just a minute," the man said without looking up. "Cheryl, the receptionist downstairs,

self, giving the room another look.

Soon the man turned to face him. "I was checking the stain on some slides; sorry to hold you up. I'm Dr. Randall," he said with a smile.

So far so good, Ted thought; here goes the pitch.

"I'm looking for a job," he said bluntly. "Almost any job will do. The man in personnel said you needed some common labor help."

"It might not prove to be too common, but you've got the right idea. Let me show you around."

Dr. Randall showed Ted the work being done on disease-carrying insects like mosquitoes and lice. Even fleas. Ted had to laugh when he thought of what a contribution to science he could have made in some of the flophouses and hobo jungles he had frequented since he'd quit school and left home.

"The job calls for taking care of the laboratory animals and generally helping out," Dr. Randall explained. "Now and then you would go on collecting trips for insects and wild animals."

"You mean if I'm hired I go hunting and get paid for it? That sounds great," Ted interjected.

"It's not quite that glamorous," the doctor grinned. "Our *wild* animals are pretty much limited to squirrels and rabbits that may be carrying something we're after. But it does mean an occasional overnight trip to the hills."

That did it; Ted was sold on the job. And Dr. Randall seemed pleased to hire him, too.

As he went back down the hall, Ted thought about the animal-collecting business and about his last hunting trip. He'd been with three others hunt-

"borrowed" a car without the owner's knowing about it. He remembered how he had tried to convince the police that they were in a spot, and how the police had agreed with him. He remembered the drawn-out court scene and the year on the "farm."

Ted was remembering a lot as he went downstairs. Absent-mindedly he walked past the receptionist and commented, "I'm *in*. See you tomorrow."

Next morning Ted was a half hour late. He'd been out with some of the fellows until late and must have slept right through the alarm. "This is a great way to start a new job," he muttered to himself. "But then Dr. Randall seems to be a pretty easy-going sort."

He felt a little strange as he rustled down the hall in his clean, stiff lab coat. If only the fellows in his gang could see "Dr. Theodore Reid" now. "Man, they'd flip," he said to himself.

As he opened the door of the animal quarters, a strong, pungent smell hit him squarely in the face. The large room was filled with racks of animals. Dr. Randall was on the far side weighing white rats.

"Hello," Ted said a little self-consciously. "Here's your slave. Sorry I'm late."

"Hi, there," Dr. Randall said. "It doesn't look too good on your first day. Just keep from making it a habit. Maybe you could give me a hand with these rats."

The morning slipped past rapidly. The doctor helped Ted get acquainted with the rats, guinea pigs, and all the rest of the animal-house boarders. There were cages to be cleaned, animals to be fed and watered, new litters of rats and hamsters to be isolated, and countless other details to be taken care of. All the time Dr. Randall shot out explanations like a machine gun as to what should be done and why.

When the doctor slowed down for air, Ted blurted out, "I don't know whether I can remember all this stuff."

"Guess I have been racing my motor," Dr. Randall said with a chuckle. "Don't worry. I'll be here to help you each morning for a week or so until you get onto things."

"This job is sure different from the one I had last week," Ted commented as he put fresh lettuce in a rat cage. "I was feeding a furnace over at the steel mill. That thing sure ate a lot more than these rats do!"

As if trying to get in on the conversation, the whistle at the mill blasted off, letting everyone for miles around know it was lunch time. The two men

circle denton
windward

called and said you were on your way."

Ted made a mental note of the name for future reference and sat in one of the two chairs that weren't piled with books. On the laboratory tables were pieces of equipment that could have come from a space ship as far as Ted was concerned; at least they didn't look like anything he had used in the steel mill or lumber yard.

So this is science, he thought to him-

ing elk in Utah. They had been on their way back to southern California when one of them brought out a bottle. One thing led to another, and Ted got sick. When he and one of his buddies came out of the service station rest room, the other two fellows, the car, and the money were gone, long gone.

Ted remembered how desperate the two of them had felt, how they had

finished what they were doing and started to leave. A strange odor singed Ted's nostrils as he opened the door.

"It's fresh air," Dr. Randall said dryly. "You'll get used to it after a while."

Several weeks went by, and so did a lot of the grandeur about being a scientist. By that time Ted had grown

the personnel office, and I've been doing a little checking." It was Cheryl's turn to be embarrassed now. "I know about the trouble you had with the police in Utah, but just because you were in with the wrong bunch of boys that time doesn't mean you'll always be like them. Why don't you forget it and start over?"

these the heart needs

by GRACE V. WATKINS

Something high and something far:
A pine-green mountain and a star;
Something deep and something wide:
An ocean, a blue-surfing tide;
Something sweet and something strong:
A baby's smile, a wind's gray song;
Something vaster than time or space:
God's love and power and endless grace.

used to the smell of the animal quarters and the general routine of the laboratory.

But it wasn't all hard work. One afternoon the whole staff, including Ted and the receptionist, Cheryl, got together on the lawn for an ice cream feed. Ted was surprised at the amount of good-natured joking that went on.

"Somehow I had the idea that all these doctors and technicians would be a bunch of stuffed-shirt squares," he confided to Cheryl as they helped clean up afterward.

"Most of them are just ordinary people when they aren't working on their projects," Cheryl said. "All their fancy college degrees don't affect them. They treat me as if I were one of them, and I just finished high school a year ago."

"I haven't even done that yet," said Ted a little disgustedly. "Guess I'm really bottom on the totem pole."

Together they walked back to their jobs, more reluctantly and quite a way behind the others.

"Why don't you start taking night school next semester and finish up?" Cheryl asked. "Maybe you could even take some classes at the evening college with me. I'm going to take a secretarial course so I can—"

"It wouldn't work," Ted cut in. "It's been too long since I went to school, and if they ever got a look at my record—" He started to turn red. "My grade record, I mean."

"Look, Ted, my roommate works in

Suddenly Cheryl realized she must have sounded like a psychiatrist working overtime. She stopped dead quiet.

Ted looked down at her flushed face and winked. They both laughed, and the tension was gone in an instant. He reached for the handle of the door and let her slip by.

"Maybe you've got something there," Ted said. "Let's talk it over tonight," he called back as he raced up the stairs.

THREE weeks passed, and Ted proved to be a willing if not too prompt worker. "Went out last night with some buddies," Ted told Dr. Randall rather weakly when he came in late one morning. "Seems that every time I get with that bunch, something goes wrong." Ted slumped into a nearby chair. "We get to talking, not about the best subjects, either. One thing often leads to another, and one of the fellows usually has some liquor. Of course, I know I should leave then, but I hate to be a joy killer."

"Why don't you trade them in on a new set of friends?" Dr. Randall asked, only half-joking.

"It's just that we've grown up together. We've gone the same places and done the same things together. Some of us have even served time—" Ted stopped short and took a breath. "Maybe you're right. My mom's been after me for a long time to do just that. But being with my friends gives

me something to do in the evening."

"Why don't you take some work at night school instead of wasting your evenings?"

"I hear that song every time I take Cheryl out," Ted said heatedly. "I'm planning on taking a class. I'm going to get educated. I've even started going to church again. Just don't push me."

"Simmer down, Ted. I'm not going to push you. I didn't know anyone had suggested the idea," Dr. Randall said, defensively. "It's just that you could help yourself in several ways. For example, the more education you have the more money you'll get from the business office and the more help you'd be here in the lab."

"Sorry I blew off," Ted apologized. "I know what I ought to do, but when I'm with the gang their ideas sound pretty good. A lot easier, too," he added.

"Worth-while things mean hard work," Dr. Randall stated flatly. "By the way, one of the men downstairs and you and I are going hunting up in the Diablo Flats country early tomorrow. We need to survey the rabbit parasites out that way."

"That's great," Ted said, forgetting all the serious talk. "I'll be here with the throttle wide open. Better feed the beasts now." Out the door he shot.

Dr. Randall stood behind his desk with a wide grin. "To me the trip is hard work. To him it's a picnic," he said, shaking his head and getting back to his paper work.

By late afternoon the following day all three of them were tired of the dusty washboard roads they had been bouncing over in the pick-up truck. But it had been a successful day; the rabbits were loaded with parasites. And everyone had enjoyed the scenery of the rocky, tree-splattered plateau country.

The three men bumped along the road, not saying anything. Ted broke the silence with a deep, contented sigh.

"What a way to earn a living," he said. "Doc, I've been thinking about what you and Cheryl have been pounding into my head. Maybe it's crazy, but I'm almost looking forward to going back to school."

Dr. Randall grinned at the other scientist.

"I figure it will take about two years of night school and correspondence courses to finish up high school," Ted went on, half talking to himself. "Then I can tackle the evening classes at college."

"Sounds like a pretty rough program," Dr. Randall said. "That's go-

ing to cut out a lot of time with your friends. Sure you want to do it?" he asked as he turned the pick-up onto the paved highway that led home.

"I figure it's a good investment," Ted said. He slouched down in the seat, shoved his knee up on the dash, and pulled his rumped, dirty hat down to shield his eyes from the glare of the setting sun. "You two fellows have a pretty good touch here. You're doing something you *like*, and you're doing a lot of good for people. That means a lot."

"I'll buy that!" Dr. Randall said decidedly.

The truck ate the miles up quickly. In spite of the interesting day in the mountains, the three men were glad to see street lamps as they neared the edge of town.

"I'll let you off first, Ted. We're closest to your place. I don't know about you, but this old man is ready for the sack," the doctor said with a yawn.

They pulled up to Ted's modest, almost run-down-looking bungalow. He crawled out of the truck slowly. "I'm beat, too. Looks like someone's working for the mailman. There's a note up on

the door. See you at work tomorrow."

Next morning Dr. Randall had just finished unloading the truck when Ted came dragging in late.

Looking at his watch the doctor said, "It's a good thing you're planning on *night* school. You'd never make it to day school. Don't tell me those rabbits took the starch out of you yesterday."

Ted just stood with his broad shoulders slouched like a beaten pup, saying nothing. For a second Dr. Randall thought he was going to break up and cry like a little boy.

"I don't mean to hurt your feelings, Ted, but we've got a job to do. That means you've got to be here on—what's the matter; are you sick?"

"I wish that were all," Ted mumbled. "That note on the door last evening was a warning from one of my buddies. I was in the car the other night when two of the fellows lifted a tire from a service station. The police picked up one of them, and he mentioned the name 'Ted.' It's just a matter of time until they get my last name too."

He sat down on a box and looked as though he were about to fold up like a wet paper bag. Dr. Randall didn't say a thing; he just looked stunned.

"Funny thing," Ted went on. "I didn't know they were going to take the tire until we were in the station. With my record for grand auto theft, I'd get six months for being an accomplice." He stood up and looked toward the curb at the battered V-8 he'd bought just last payday. "Guess the only thing I can do is leave town."

"But what about your job here? What about your plans for finishing your education? What about Cheryl?" The doctor seemed to explode with questions.

"That's what kept me up most of the night. I've been trying to answer those things myself. If I just hadn't been in that car."

"If you didn't know they were going to take the tire, you're innocent," Dr. Randall said. "Why don't you tell the police you were just a bystander?"

"Don't kid yourself," Ted answered bitterly. "I should have gotten out of the car as soon as I knew what they were doing. But I didn't want to be 'chicken' in front of my friends. Wish I had done as you suggested and traded them in on a new set. The only thing I can do is to get out of town until things quiet down."

"Have you told Cheryl?" the doctor asked.

"Not yet. Guess I'll write her a letter

from wherever I land. She'd just make a scene and tell me I should have stopped running around with 'that circle of friends,' as she always calls my buddies. Maybe she's right."

"Guess your mind's made up, Ted. Wish I could help. As long as you're leaving town, perhaps you could run up to our college and see whether they could help you with your educational problems. Success to you. I'll phone to have your pay drawn up."

They shook hands, and Ted headed toward the business office.

As he went up the stairs, Dr. Randall glanced back at the receptionist's booth. He knew that Cheryl and Ted had made big plans for the future.

He walked down the hall past the open doors of laboratories with white-coated men contentedly doing their jobs. A few minutes later he looked out his second story window to the street below. Ted was slowly climbing into his car. He started it and crawled uncertainly from the curb into traffic.

Dr. Randall turned away from the window and picked up a microscope slide he had just finished staining. "Friends are funny things," he mumbled to himself.

SIX weeks later Dr. Randall had a short, thick envelope mixed in with the usual morning batch of business mail. He noticed that it had no return address and bore an unfamiliar postmark. "Wonder who this is from," he asked himself as he ran a letter opener through the flap. Glancing at the signature, he noted that it was from Ted.

DEAR DOC,

Sorry this letter wasn't written earlier, but I've been on the go quite a bit of the time. I followed your suggestion and stopped at the college. They would have let me make up my credits at the academy and still live in the men's dorm. That would have beat going to some high school. The only trouble was that I couldn't get as much work as I needed to earn my keep. Guess I'm too expensive.

Next I lived with some of mom's relatives until I found a job on a ranch. I didn't tell them that my ranching "experience" came from a year on the State prison farm. It went along fine until I had a disagreement with the foreman. One of my old buddies stopped in to see me, and I guess we got a little loud in the bunkhouse.

The More

We Give

by ROBERT H. PIERSON

THE school of nursing at the Kanye Mission Hospital, Bechuanaland, recently held capping exercises for its senior class of student nurses. An impressive feature of the service was the candlelighting ceremony. In this part of the service one of the older students, representing Florence Nightingale and the nursing profession, stood with lighted candle while the new students filed past and lighted their candles from hers. This is symbolic of the flame of service kindled in the heart of each student.

As I sat watching this impressive service I noticed two things especially. First, "Miss Nightingale's" bright flame never burned lower for having shared her light with others. Second, the new-kindled light of the student nurse blazed just as brightly as did the flame of the candle from which it took its light.

As Christians the light of our witness for Jesus needs never to burn less brightly because we share our faith with others. And those with whom we share the good things of God may let their lights shine just as brightly as ours.

Since then I've just drifted from one job to another, picking up what work I could find. I haven't been at any one place long enough to learn a trade. Having no education and no trade really puts a fellow in a bad way these days. Wish I were back with you (and the white rats!) again.

Sincerely,
TED

P.S. If mom stops by, be sure to give her the things I left in the upstairs office.

As soon as he could, Dr. Randall dictated a reply to Ted's home address and let Ted know that he could be rehired when he wanted to return. "On one condition," the doctor concluded his letter—"that you show up on time every workday without fail, regardless of what happened the night before."

For a moment Dr. Randall almost had the stenographer strike out the last sentence. Perhaps the wording was a bit harsh. "But then," he thought to himself, "Ted is surely aware that employers expect punctuality." He let the sentence stand.

The next afternoon a neatly dressed woman in her late forties asked to see Dr. Randall.

"I'm Mrs. Reid, Ted's mother," she said as he met her at the office door. "Ted wrote that he had a few things here for me to pick up."

Dr. Randall noticed the lines of deep concern in Mrs. Reid's face when she mentioned her son. As they placed the articles in a box, the doctor led her into conversation about Ted.

"He's always been a good boy," she

said. "We've tried to make a good home for Ted. Even though his dad doesn't belong to the church, he's always taught Ted to be decent and know right from wrong."

"How long has he been carousing with this circle of friends that he knows and seems to hold in such high regard?"

"Since he entered high school. That's when all the trouble began. I wanted him to go to church school, but his dad didn't want to put up the money, and Ted preferred running around with his friends to getting a part-time job. His grades went down fast. He failed almost everything in his junior year. He was so discouraged that he quit."

"Is that when he got into trouble with the police?" the doctor asked.

"Yes, a year or so later he and some of his friends were out of work. You know how some young folks are. They want to quit school so they can go to work, but when they do, they find they have no trade or training. All they do have is time to get into trouble. And that's just what happened to Ted and his friends."

"Ted certainly isn't handicapped by lack of intelligence or a poor personality," Dr. Randall commented. "He could really amount to something if he would settle down and put first things first."

"He'll never do that as long as he runs around with that gang," the woman said grimly. "If only I could have helped Ted make his choice of friends." A tear came to her eye as she got up to leave.

"That's a decision every young person has to make on his own," the doctor said.

MORE weeks sped by, and little was mentioned about Ted in the office. Cheryl gave up her receptionist's position to move into a nearby city with her older sister. Before leaving, she confided to Dr. Randall that Ted had only written one brief note explaining why he had left.

"I'll have to admit," she said, "that I was more than a little hurt that Ted chose to run around with his circle of friends and do what they did rather than—" Cheryl always did blush easily.

She had hardly been gone a week when Dr. Randall received a phone call from Ted.

"Hi, Doc. Could you use another hand with the white rats? I'm back in town again."

"Sure thing," the doctor replied cheerfully. "But I'm still expecting you at eight o'clock sharp each morning. No exceptions."

"Don't worry about that," Ted replied. "I've turned over a new leaf. No more late hours with the fellows for me." He paused a moment. "Say, Doc, how are things with Cheryl?"

Doctor Randall shifted the ear piece to the other side. "Better let me tell you when you come," he said. "See you tomorrow—at eight."

The next day while Dr. Randall was showing Ted some changes in the animal house, the two talked about recent happenings.

During a lull in the conversation Ted hesitantly asked, "Where's Cheryl? I didn't see her at her desk this morning."

"I'll give it to you bluntly," the doctor said. "She grew tired of playing second fiddle to your friends. And then writing only once in all the time you were gone didn't set you up too well, either."

"There's no doubt about it," Ted said slowly. "I've been about as big a chump as they come."

"You were the one who said it, but I'm afraid I'll have to agree." The two finished what they were doing and went back upstairs to the lab.

Three weeks went by with Ted showing up even before eight o'clock. Except for one morning when he overslept a few minutes, he had a perfect record. Dr. Randall was beginning to think that things were really on an even keel for Ted, when one morning the inevitable happened. Ted was an hour late.

"Sorry I'm late," he mumbled. "But I *didn't* go with the gang last night."

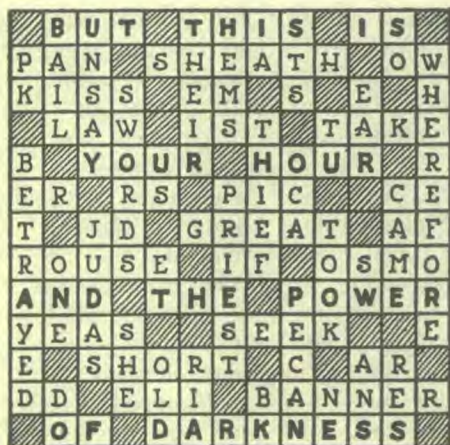
Dr. Randall said nothing; he just let Ted talk on.

"Right after work yesterday I ran into one of the fellows downtown while I was shopping. I just can't seem to avoid them. Well, he told me about a motorcycle he'd just bought and asked me whether I'd help him check it out. That's what we did—this morning. I met him up in the hills with his cycle at six. We rode it over some pretty rough ground and somehow threw the chain. We had to walk it back to town. That's why I'm late. I'll work overtime to make it up." He walked over to the lab sink and washed his grimy hands.

"Anyone can have a mishap, Ted," the doctor said. "I'm glad it wasn't more serious. But try not to let it happen again."

"Well, I just wanted you to know

key wit sharpeners



© WAW CO

that I wasn't out carousing around. But Jack—that's my friend's name—did say the fellows were wondering what had happened to me." Ted looked out the window with what appeared to Dr. Randall to be a longing, faraway look.

A couple of days went by, and Ted was a punctual, hard working lab assistant. But toward the end of the week he seemed to be a little edgy. He couldn't concentrate on his tasks.

"After a restful weekend," the doctor thought to himself, "Ted will be all right again. He's just been working a bit hard."

But evidently the weekend itself was too much. Ted came to work Monday morning looking more than tired. He was forty-five minutes late.

"Ran into some of the fellows last night," Ted said. "Sorry I'm late. It won't happen again."

"You're right," Dr. Randall said gravely. "It won't happen again."

Ted looked up sharply. He noticed the troubled look in Dr. Randall's eyes.

"You see, Ted, because of the nature of our work, we have to have people here when we need them. You'll have to agree, it looks as though you're starting to slip back into your old unpredictable pattern of showing up late to work. We have to have men we can depend on. I phoned personnel for a replacement."

"I'm not surprised," Ted said weakly. "My former bosses at the steel mill and the lumber yard and some of the other places didn't put up with me as long as you have."

"I'm sorry you wanted it this way, Ted."

"What do you mean by that?"

"It was your choice all the way, Ted. You chose to be with your friends when they were involved in doing things you knew were wrong. You chose the doubtful company of your friends over Cheryl's company. You chose to be with your friends rather than be punctual at your job. Evidently *you* wanted it this way. Perhaps some time you'll discover just how serious a choice you are making."

It was a long day, but Ted volunteered to help out until the new man could be found. The replacement came that afternoon.

SEVERAL months passed. The whole town wore a vesture of Christmas stars and bright decorations. Dr. Randall hurried from one store to another doing last-minute shopping. A brisk wind that

came down the street was cold, but somehow it had a strange warmth to it. People were bundled up in heavy coats, but they seemed to be warmed by a radiating, inner glow. The Salvation Army girl's tinkling bell sounded cheery and drew a smile from Dr. Randall.

"Must be the Christmas spirit," Dr. Randall thought to himself. He checked his shopping list for the twentieth time. "Mustn't forget to get Sally's skates— Oh, I beg your pardon, madam. Well, if it isn't Mrs. Reid."

"Hello, Doctor, it's been a long time."

"It certainly has," the doctor agreed. "How are you and Ted these days? And what is he doing?"

"Why, didn't you read about it in the papers? Ted was picked up by the police several weeks ago," Mrs. Reid said a bit nervously. "Some of the boys he was with had been using marijuana. One of them told the police that Ted

had given it to him." Ted's mother looked down at the curb. "Now he's in prison—serving ten years to life."

Dr. Randall pulled his coat a little tighter about him; the brisk wind had suddenly taken on a biting, cutting chill. The tinkling bell at the collection booth sounded off key. Dr. Randall told Mrs. Reid how sorry he was. He wished her a Merry Christmas and knew how hollow it sounded.

Sally's skates were forgotten. Dr. Randall passed absent-mindedly from one store window to another. He kept thinking of how anxious Ted was to work that first day in the lab, of Cheryl's helpful friendship with him, of his plans for finishing his education and trying to amount to something worth while in life.

Then his thinking changed to the cause of Ted's constant falling back, that "circle of friends," as Cheryl used to say.

"Looks as though the circle is broken now," Dr. Randall mused.

THE COURAGE OF MISS SEVENTEEN

From page 11

out to keep the Sabbath kept Marie calm.

"Moreover, I have hidden your Bible. You are not competent to read and interpret it. You should let our minister explain it to you. Haven't you been baptized, learned your catechism, and been confirmed?"

Marie burst into tears when she heard that even her Bible had been confiscated.

"And that is not all," continued Mrs. Jensen. "Those letters from a K. Brorsen and from your dead brother Christian that started you off on all of these foolish notions—well, I have attended to them also. I have torn them into bits and burned them—every one."

"But you don't understand, I prized —" but Marie did not finish the sentence. Her voice choked.

Her mind went back to the reason why those letters were priceless. Two years before, in the spring of 1885, Elder J. G. Matteson and Elder K. Brorsen from the United States had begun to proclaim the third angel's message in Copenhagen. These two ministers hoped to find some open minds. They seldom had more than one hundred at their meetings, and often only 50 to 70 in that city of more than 300,000. However, by doing house-to-house visiting and giving Bible studies

in addition to conducting their public meetings these two workers were rewarded by having forty persons begin to keep the Sabbath.

They organized a church. Among these forty were several promising young men, one of them Marie's brother Christian, age nineteen. Soon, however, he took sick with tuberculosis. As Elder Brorsen visited him, Christian told him of his family. "I have one sister, Marie, who is fifteen years old. She is religiously inclined. I wish you would write to her and send her some of our tracts and papers. I believe she will accept the Sabbath truth and then through her others of my family may be reached."

Elder Brorsen promised the dying youth that he would keep in touch with the sister, and he kept his promise. The minister wrote to Marie about the circumstances of her brother's death and all about the funeral. He stressed the young man's firm hope in the first resurrection.

To these letters, first from her brother and later from Elder Brorsen, her heart responded. The literature they had sent she read eagerly. As soon as she could, after her brother's death, she went to Copenhagen to do housework. Her purpose was to get in touch with her brother's minister and learn

more about the truths contained in the tracts and papers he had sent her. And now—the letters were gone. The tracts she could recover, but the letters were gone forever.

The woman of the house went on relentlessly.

"I have spent nearly all morning while you have been away, trying to straighten out this mess. I have written a letter to your mother in Jutland and told her that you are in the clutches of some dissenters who are turning your mind away from the church of your childhood. Maybe it would be better for you to go home to the country. A girl of seventeen should not be left alone in a large city like Copenhagen. It is most apparent that you need supervision."

With mingled feelings Marie went at her preparations for the family lunch, pondering all the while how to solve her mountain range of problems. Although she was sad because her Bible was hidden, her precious letters from her brother and the minister destroyed, and a letter already on its way to upset her beloved mother, she had an unusual peace of mind. The joy of salvation was hers through Christ, who had shown her that she must obey every one of the Ten Commandments if she was to be His true child, no matter what it might cost.

One announcement at the church that morning had interested her greatly. Ellen G. White was scheduled to speak on Sunday afternoon through a translator. Already she knew that it was the visions and messages of Sister White that were lending strength to the Advent Movement. If there was any possible way, she was determined to see and hear the Lord's messenger. On the day after her trunk had been searched, after Sunday dinner she asked courteously, "May I have the afternoon free to go out to find my brother Christian's grave?"

Mrs. Jensen readily granted this request. Marie ran to the grave, but she did not linger. She offered there a brief prayer of thanksgiving that her brother had introduced her to this precious Sabbath truth, and she prayed for strength to be faithful so that she might meet him on the resurrection morning. She also prayed that she might be blessed of God in bringing the Sabbath message to the rest of her family. How she wished that Christian, her oldest brother, were alive to counsel and help her. He would have been twenty-one years old. Now she was the only one in her family keeping the

Reciprocation

by PEARLE PEDEN

It was only a warm hand you offered,
Not an audible word you spoke,
But your smile wrapped me close with comfort
That covered me there like a cloak.
And I knew from the touch of your handclasp,
In that busy, bustling mart,
That I would be happy remembering
You felt my pain in your heart.

Sabbath, although she was not yet baptized, and she felt a tremendous responsibility for her mother, her three brothers, and her four sisters.

She fairly ran the two miles from the cemetery to the meeting. The services had started before she arrived, but she stood in the back of the hall and heard Mrs. White for about an hour. One special thought impressed her. Mrs. White said that she had seen a divine power accompany our tracts and papers. She had seen persons upon their knees with the tracts before them, the tears rolling down their cheeks as they read, for an answering chord had been touched in their hearts. They knew that what they had read was the truth, and they ought to obey it.¹

Marie was astonished. This had described her experience exactly. Another thought was that our being missionaries did not depend upon either age or circumstances in life.² With these thoughts in mind, she ran home at top speed so that her mistress could not accuse her of spending too much time at the cemetery.

Marie had acquired a strength to meet the ridicule that would come. Mrs. Jensen had apparently done more than ransack the trunk and distribute its contents according to her own wishes. She had started a whispering campaign among the neighbors. Whenever Marie went out to hang out clothes or to work in the yard, heads would look out of the various apartment windows, and she would catch snatches of sentences like these:

"That's the girl who has gone crazy over religion."

"She has turned Jew and keeps Saturday. She will be lost forever."

"Some strange new sect has come over from America. They say that Sunday is no longer a day to be kept holy in honor of Christ's resurrection. That

pretty young thing has been deceived by them. Too bad."

If Mrs. Jensen interpreted her servant's quietness and pleasant attitude as evidence that her spirit was broken and that she was coming back to the state church, the woman was mistaken. Marie was determined that she would seek help so that her surroundings could be changed. She felt entitled to have more church privileges and complete freedom to keep her own belongings intact.

On the Friday following her attendance at the two Adventist meetings, she did all the work she possibly could so that her Sabbath work would be light. All the copper kettles were gleaming. All the silver was polished, and the windows were shiny, every one of them.

"I have worked hard to do all you have asked me, and now I wish to have a little time to rest on Saturday morning before I get lunch. In fact, I should like to take a little walk, maybe to the park." She did not dare to ask for permission to go to church again. Secretly on the previous Sunday afternoon she had obtained more tracts so that she had something of a substitute for a sermon.

Mrs. Jensen let her have a little time off on Sabbath morning. Apparently the mistress thought that she had gone a bit far in her severity so that it might backfire. But the woman eyed her suspiciously and with a gleam of hatred in her eyes that was not lost on her. Marie prayed that she would not have to do anything in the afternoon to violate her conscience, and the Lord answered her prayers.

"I am going out shopping all afternoon," Mrs. Jensen told her. "You watch the four children and keep them happy. There is nothing more you have to do."

Sunday, Marie again asked for per-

mission to go to the cemetery. Evidently relieved that the girl had not asked to go to the Saturday church, Mrs. Jensen consented.

Marie had written to Miss Saxild, stating that she would like to come over on Sunday afternoon after visiting the grave. "I have many problems to talk over with you," she had hinted. Both the minister and the Bible worker, as well as a young medical student, Carl Ottosen, heard the story of how her mistress had searched her trunk, hidden her Bible, and burned her letters. They had wondered why all the literature had come back to their book depository. Now they understood.

The ire of the young medical student was aroused. "I think Mrs. Jensen has broken the laws of our country. It is no longer lawful to strike a servant girl. Tomorrow I shall check on the master-servant regulations. I have read them, but I want to refresh my memory."

"Find out whether it is all right to seize and destroy private property of a servant," urged Miss Saxild. "Marie, no matter what we do about the past, it is the future we must think of. You will need to work somewhere else, where you can worship God according to the dictates of your own conscience."

"Mrs. Jensen says that if I keep the Sabbath no one will hire me, unless I work for a Jewish family. She says that I will surely starve."

The minister brought out his Bible and read the promises: "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

Implicitly she believed God's Word. "I am ready to be baptized," she said simply.

"Indeed, with the surrender you have made, you are ready to be baptized," they all said, "but we think that we shall first solve the problem of your employment. When is your month up with Mrs. Jensen?"

"Next Friday, but I have nowhere to go after that."

"Yes, you do," assured Miss Saxild. "You come here and share my room for several days. We shall help you find another place where the mistress will promise not to interfere with your private possessions or with your wish to keep Saturday holy. Maybe your employer has given us a good suggestion—a Jewish family."

The following Wednesday morning

Mrs. Jensen was surprised to receive a letter from Carl Ottosen, the young medical student (later for forty years the medical superintendent of the Skodsborg Sanitarium). Marie also received a copy of the letter in case the mistress should misrepresent any of the statements.

DEAR MADAM:

It has come to our attention that you have violated certain laws in regard to servant-and-master relationships. First, you have struck your maid, Marie Hansen, twice in the face. For such a misdemeanor there is a 40 Kroner fine [about ten dollars].

You have hidden her Bible, the Word of God, which she is entitled to read for spiritual strength. Return it immediately, or we shall notify the authorities.

You have burned her private and personal letters. For this offense there is also a fine.

In view of your failure to treat Marie with kindness and sympathy because of her religious convictions, we suggest that you comply with our request that you release her from your employ when her time is up next Friday. Otherwise we shall report you to the proper authorities, and you and your husband will be subject to investigation and fines.

As a student of medicine at the University I am well acquainted with the police authorities, and I shall not hesitate to rise to the defense of this young lady whom you have so shamefully wronged.

Respectfully yours,
CARL OTTOSEN

The only evidence Mrs. Jensen gave that she had received the letter was that Marie's Bible was laid on her cot that Wednesday afternoon. On Friday morning Mrs. Jensen paid her off and said, "You may leave any time after the noon dishes and work are done. God bless you. Thank you for your neat and faithful work. The children love you." No apology did she offer. Marie thought her mistress acted a bit scared, as her words after receiving Mr. Ottosen's letter were very few.

Before sundown she was settled with her small trunk and her few clothes with her Adventist friend, who was both Bible worker and manager of the tract society. The next day she was baptized with a few others in a quiet outdoor place. Monday she began work-

ing for an orthodox Jewish family, who were delighted to find someone who wanted to be finished with the heavy cleaning by sundown on Friday, and who would be away on Saturday. The arrangement worked well, and Marie was free during the whole twenty-four-hour period of the Sabbath.

Not many months later Elder O. A. Olsen came over from the United States to Norway, where the Advent message had been well received by about 150 new members. The Scandinavian Mission House had been established at 74 Akersgaden, in Christiania [now Oslo]. There our printing press was established to publish monthly papers for Denmark, Sweden, and Norway.

Elder Olsen wrote to his brother, M. M. Olsen, in Copenhagen, asking him to find a young woman to help his wife in the home. M. M. Olsen thought at once of Marie, now working for the Jewish family.

"Marie, will you go to Christiania to work for my brother? He could not get better help in the home than you would be."

After thinking the matter over a few minutes, the girl answered, "I will go. I am eighteen years old and should broaden myself. How wonderful it will be to live every day in an Adventist home."

In Christiania Marie for the first time lived in a home where worship was conducted twice daily. Her hungry soul was fed, and the Olsens were pleased to see her personality blossom. One day Elder Olsen came home with this suggestion: "Let us all go to the camp meeting. This will be the first ever held in Europe, and it will be at Moss, Norway."

"Where do we live?" asked Marie.

"In tents, of course," Elder Olsen told her. "But we have rented a large house close to the campgrounds, with furnished rooms for those who can't take the outdoor life. For instance, Elder J. G. Matteson, the valuable translator for Mrs. White, has had some lung trouble. We are praying earnestly that nothing will prevent his coming to the Moss meeting. Also, Mrs. White with her companion, Sarah McEnterfer, and her son, W. C. White, will live in the house. Oh, yes, there will be others—Elders S. N. Haskell, B. L. Whitney, J. H. Waggoner, and others."

Turning to his three sons, Elder Olsen added, "You will be glad to know that two ministers on their way to Africa will stop at our camp meeting—Elders D. A. Robinson and C. L. Boyd."

This chance to attend the Moss camp

meeting was the biggest event thus far in Marie's life. Here she heard Mrs. White speak several times, and she prayed for the translator because the first day he had to sit down next to the pulpit.

Elder S. N. Haskell's studies on faith and his account of God's power and grace in the mission fields thrilled her soul. A number of church members from Denmark had also come up to the meeting. On Sunday a large group of non-Adventists listened attentively to Mrs. White and some of the brethren from America and received a favorable impression of Adventism.

Not long after the meeting, the Olsen family moved back to the United States, because Elder Olsen had been elected president of the General Conference.

Marie prayed, "Lord, what do I do next?" and the Lord sent her the answer through a friend at prayer meeting.

"You are so quick and clever with your needle. Why don't you enter as an apprentice in a dressmaking shop?"

"Of course," she responded, "I do like sewing, and mother could not hide her pieces of cloth well enough when I was a child, but I would find them and turn them into doll dresses."

For three months Marie worked under supervision without pay, with the privilege of asking for help whenever she needed it. Then the manager told her, "Now you may go out to the homes to sew on your own. You are capable enough." With some fears, she took the address the manager had given her of a wealthy family in Christiania. There she sewed for many weeks, beginning with simple alterations.

Before she left that place, she had sewed the beautiful white wedding dress for the daughter in the family. As a special mark of their regard for their young dressmaker, the family asked her to go to the large church to witness the wedding ceremony. She recognized this invitation as a real favor on their part, for she did not belong to their social class.

While she was in Christiania a letter came that thrilled her. It was from her brother Hans, to whom she had sent the book *The Great Controversy*. "While I have been working as a carpenter apprentice," he wrote, "I have been reading that book you sent, especially while I have been eating my lunch at noon. I have compared it carefully with the Bible, and I have decided that I shall now keep the seventh-day

Sabbath along with you." Her cup of joy was filling up fast. "Now I am not alone in this blessed truth; there are two of us to work for the rest of the family."

When H. L. Hendriksen came from Denmark to Norway in search of colporteur recruits, Marie felt impelled to tell him that she would return to Denmark and enter the canvassing field. A sister in the Oslo church remarked, "If timid Marie can sell books, then everybody is cut out to sell books." She knew that she was timid, but she was a person of conviction and felt that she was following the Lord's leading. Her brother, she felt sure, would need some encouragement. He might even enter the canvassing work with her.

She joined up with two lady canvassers after the institute. The first evening she walked around the block several times before she had the courage to go up to a house to exhibit her book. Finally she knocked, and a kindly gentleman came to the door. Her face was tear-stained and her voice trembling, but wonder of wonders, the man ordered a book. "You haven't done this work very long," he told her kindly, "but God bless you."

This experience seemed to her such an evidence of the Lord's guidance that she went on courageously from house to house that evening and came home with four orders. For six years, both summer and winter, she sold books in Denmark—translations of *The Desire of Ages*, *The Great Controversy*, and *Steps to Christ*, as well as some of our health literature. The canvassers also took subscriptions for *Sundhetsbladet* (the *Health Journal*). As she had hoped, her brother entered the colporteur work for a time.

After six years of tramping from door to door every working day, Marie felt ready for a change. Again she looked to God for guidance, and without any move on her part she was asked to be in charge of the Book and Bible House, as it was felt that her acquaintance with the colporteur work would be of great value there. In that place she remained a year.

By this time Marie was twenty-eight years old, and a Christian colporteur had begun to turn her mind toward having a home of her own with him. They became engaged. The future wife felt that a course in healthful cookery at the Skodsborg Sanitarium would be of help to her in their future home.

A big disappointment, however, crossed Marie's path. Her fiancé became sick and was brought to the sanitar-

ium. After some weeks he died. Why? Why? Why? was the question that plagued her. Whenever she saw a happily married couple her eyes would fill with tears, but she did not give herself over to uncontrollable grief. She decided to take the nurse's course, thus further extending her usefulness and training.

After graduation she was sent to Copenhagen to take charge of the treatment rooms at 36 Storkongensgade. After another year had passed she was made the head nurse and nurses' instructor at the Skodsborg Sanitarium. Her maturity and wide background were of real worth to the work.

These opportunities for service in the medical work of the denomination filled her with joy, but there was another kind of service, performed on the side, that thrilled her even more. Her younger brother Vilhelm had accepted the truth, and then her youngest sister and her mother followed. That made four of them. Later another sister joined the church. And her two brothers entered the work at Skodsborg Sanitarium, Hans as the chief building supervisor and Vilhelm as laboratory technician. Each of them gave more than forty years of service to that large institution. Their wives and children too were loyal members of the church.

And Marie? In time she resigned her position as head nurse at Skodsborg and married a minister. For thirty-one years she stood by his side in the evangelistic work, conducting cooking and health classes for the new converts. Her three daughters responded to her training: one of them went with her husband as a missionary nurse to West Africa; another taught for years in our schools; the third married a dental student, and both he and his wife are faithful church workers.

Who can estimate the widespread influence of those simple tracts, the missionary letters from a dying brother, and a faithful, busy preacher? Marie often pictured the glorious reunion with her brother Christian in heaven, when he would see members of his family eternally saved. He and seventeen-year-old Marie had had the courage when Adventists in all of Europe numbered only about 1,200, to accept the unpopular truth that the seventh day is the Sabbath. Marie's faith and courage have been rewarded as blessing has come to thousands of persons whose lives have touched her life and the lives of the members of her family.

¹ *Historical Sketches*, p. 151, col. 1.

² *Ibid.*

Sabbath School

Lesson

Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

XII—The Youth Who Fulfilled His Mission

(December 23, 1961)

MEMORY GEM: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1:29).

OUTSIDE READING: *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 97-113, 178-182, 214-225.

Introduction

In a very important way this lesson deals with a personality of particular significance to the Seventh-day Adventist Church. John the Baptist bore the same relation to the Christ of the first advent as the Adventist, or remnant, church does to the Christ of the second advent. His mission was a complete and unqualified success. It is certainly the will of God that the mission of this movement, now, in our time, shall be the same.

God chose a youth for this supremely important task, that of introducing His Son, the Saviour of the world. Here is the ultimate in self-discipline, unreserved dedication, and complete acceptance of the will of God. One spark of selfish desire cherished by this amazing youth might, and probably would, have changed the whole picture. He was not only God's man for God's hour, Jesus called him the greatest (Matt. 11: 11). No higher honor in the nature of his work or his personal status could be bestowed upon a human being. Yet all this was given to one who lived simply, certainly a "square" by all normal human standards, and was happy to serve always in second place. He had a "magnificent obsession"—Jesus. What is your magnificent obsession?

1 Birth and Childhood of John the Baptist

1. What was John the Baptist's place in the ancient prophecies?

"The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God" (Isa. 40:3).

"I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord: and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers" (Mal. 4:5, 6).

NOTE.—"God had called the son of Zacharias to a great work, the greatest ever committed to men."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 100.

2. Where did John spend his childhood and youth?

"He shall be filled with the Holy Ghost" (Luke 1:15).

"The child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and was in the deserts till the day of his shewing unto Israel" (Luke 1:80).

"John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins; and his meat was locusts and wild honey" (Matt. 3:4).

NOTE.—"In the natural order of things, the son of Zacharias would have been educated for the priesthood. But the training of the rabbinical schools would have unfitted him for his work. God did not send him to the teachers of theology to learn how to interpret the Scriptures. He called him to the desert, that he might learn of nature and nature's God."

"But the life of John was not spent in idleness, in ascetic gloom, or in selfish isolation. From time to time he went forth to mingle with men; and he was ever an interested observer of what was passing in the world. From his quiet retreat he watched the unfolding of events. With vision illuminated by the divine Spirit he studied the characters of men, that he might understand how to reach their

hearts with the message of heaven. The burden of his mission was upon him. In solitude, by meditation and prayer, he sought to gird up his soul for the lifework before him."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 101, 102.

2 The Message of John the Baptist

3. Where did John begin his preaching?

"In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judaea" (Matt. 3:1).

4. What was his message?

"John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins" (Mark 1:4).

NOTE.—"Amid discord and strife, a voice was heard from the wilderness, a voice startling and stern, yet full of hope: 'Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' With a new, strange power it moved the people. Prophets had foretold the coming of Christ as an event far in the future; but here was an announcement that it was at hand. John's singular appearance carried the minds of his hearers back to the ancient seers. In his manner and dress he resembled the prophet Elijah. With the spirit and power of Elijah he denounced the national corruption, and rebuked the prevailing sins. His words were plain, pointed, and convincing. Many believed him to be one of the prophets risen from the dead. The whole nation was stirred. Multitudes flocked to the wilderness.

"John proclaimed the coming of the Messiah, and called the people to repentance. As a symbol of cleansing from sin, he baptized them in the waters of the Jordan. Thus by a significant object lesson he declared that those who claimed to be the chosen people of God were defiled by sin, and that without purification of heart and life they could have no part in the Messiah's kingdom."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 104.

5. When asked if he was Elijah, what was his reply?

"I am not" (John 1:21).

6. Who did Jesus say he was?

"This is Elias" (Matt. 11:14).

NOTE.—This apparent contradiction is quickly resolved when the words of the angel who announced his birth are called to mind. The angel said, "He shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elias" (Luke 1:17). It will help, too, to recall Elijah's mission to Ahab: "Ahab said unto him, Art thou he that troubleth Israel? And he answered, I have not troubled Israel; but thou, and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord" (1 Kings 18:17, 18). And this will be the response of the world in our time to the gospel of present truth which brings the Ten Commandments back into focus.

7. To what extent was John the Baptist's mission a success?

"Then went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judaea, and all the region round about Jordan, and were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins" (Matt. 3:5, 6).

NOTE.—"Princes and rabbis, soldiers, publicans, and peasants came to hear the prophet. For a time the solemn warning from God alarmed them. Many were brought to repentance, and received baptism. Persons of all ranks submitted to the requirement of the Baptist, in order to participate in the kingdom he announced."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 105.

8. How did John relate his work to Jesus?

"He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear" (Matt. 3:11).

"He must increase, but I must decrease" (John 3:30).

NOTE.—"In the estimation of Heaven, what is it that constitutes greatness? Not that which the world accounts greatness; not wealth, or rank, or noble descent, or intellectual gifts, in themselves considered. If intellectual greatness, apart from any higher consideration, is worthy of honor, then our homage is due to Satan, whose intellectual power no man has ever equaled. But when perverted to self-serving, the greater the gift, the greater curse it becomes. It is moral worth that God values. Love and purity are the attributes He prizes most. John was great in the sight of the Lord, when, before the messengers from the Sanhedrin, before the people, and before his own disciples, he refrained from seeking honor for himself, but pointed all to Jesus as the Promised One. His unselfish joy in the ministry of Christ presents the highest type of nobility ever revealed in man."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 219.

3 His Mission Completed

9. What honor came to John?

"Then cometh Jesus . . . unto John, to be baptized of him" (Matt. 3:13).

NOTE.—"How could he, a sinner, baptize the Sinless One? And why should He who needed no repentance submit to a rite that was a confession of guilt to be washed away?"

"Jesus did not receive baptism as a confession of guilt on His own account. He identified Himself with sinners, taking the steps that we are to take, and doing the work that we must do. His life of suffering and patient endurance after His baptism was also an example to us."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 110, 111.

10. In prison for having rebuked the king, what question did John ask?

"When John had heard in the prison the works of Christ, he sent two of his disciples, and said unto him, Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" (Matt. 11:2, 3).

NOTE.—"Like the Saviour's disciples, John the Baptist did not understand the nature of Christ's kingdom. He expected Jesus to take the throne of David; and as time passed, and the Saviour made no claim to kingly authority, John became perplexed and troubled. . . . "But the Baptist did not surrender his faith in Christ. The memory of the voice from heaven and the descending dove, the spotless purity of Jesus, the power of the Holy Spirit that had rested upon John as he came into the Saviour's presence, and the testimony of the prophetic scriptures,—all witnessed that Jesus of Nazareth was the Promised One."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 215, 216.

11. How did this great life end?

"And he [the king] sent, and beheaded John in the prison" (Matt. 14:10).

NOTE.—"Jesus did not interpose to deliver His servant. He knew that John would bear the test. Gladly would the Saviour have come to John, to brighten the dungeon gloom with His own presence. But He was not to place Himself in the hands of enemies and imperil His own mission. Gladly would He have delivered His faithful servant. But for the sake of thousands who in after years must pass from prison to death, John was to drink the cup of martyrdom. As the followers of Jesus should languish in lonely cells, or perish by the sword, the rack, or the fagot, apparently forsaken by God and man, what a stay to their hearts would be the thought that John the Baptist, to whose faithfulness Christ Himself had borne witness, had passed through a similar experience!"—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 224.

1. How has the Lamb of God taken away the sin of the world? **Memory Gem.**
2. What was John doing in the desert? (1)
3. How did John make straight in the desert a highway for God? (1)
4. Instead of Elijah, who was the real troubler of Israel? (1)
5. What was the matter with Israel? (1)
6. Where were the multitudes of baptized converts when Jesus came? (2)
7. Why did Jesus need to be baptized? (3)

NEXT WEEK, December 30, 1961—Lesson title: "The Youth Who Redeemed the World." Outside reading: *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 68-74, 114-131, 298-314, 569-579, 741-764, 818-828. Memory gem: Num. 24:17.



Question For about five years I have lived away from home in a big city, and since I left home I stopped attending church regularly. Maybe I have averaged a half dozen times each year. I drifted farther and farther from the teachings of church school, academy, and college, which I attended for one year. I really went all out to learn what life in the world was all about. Most of those years, however, I paid my tithe. But from the first of this year I have not done so, although I've kept account of it and find I should have given nearly \$300. Recently I have thought about how I should go to church and stop all this wrong living. I feel I must be rebaptized into the church. I want to know if I should just be rebaptized and start anew and forget about the back tithe or should I attempt to repay it a little at a time until I have the amount from the first of the year repaid?

Counsel It is wonderful to know that you have come back to the church. Not only is there "joy in heaven" over your decision, but there is nothing in all the world to compare with the joy and satisfaction and peace that comes into the life of one who turns his back upon the world and dedicates himself completely to God.

The fact that you continued to pay your tithe until the beginning of this

year indicates that you recognize the tithe as belonging to the Lord and not to yourself. One has not properly discharged his obligation to God unless he has paid it. God richly blesses us when we are faithful in tithe paying; and I am sure that although your paying the \$300 will bring a blessing to the cause of God, it will bring a greater blessing to you. If you are not in a position to pay it all back now, why not set up a plan to restore a certain amount of it with each tithe payment you make; and you will be surprised at how fast this obligation can be cleared up. May God continue to lead you in His way.

Question Is there anything wrong with hitchhiking on Sabbath if you are going out to study nature, perhaps to do bird watching?

Counsel In answering this question I would like to put a question mark after "hitchhiking." There are several things wrong with hitchhiking, whether it be Sabbath or any other day of the week. The questioner did not identify himself, so we shall answer for both boys and girls.

Under no circumstances should a girl subject herself to the possible dangers of hitchhiking. The practice identifies her with women of the more careless

sort. She certainly is inviting trouble.

For boys the practice is dangerous from the standpoint of accidents along the highway. Often it is against the law.

Many horrible crimes have been committed by hitchhikers, so there is the possibility of being associated with criminality. Moreover, when one accepts a ride with an unknown driver, he is taking his life in his own hands.

If hitchhiking is not good on the other days of the week, it certainly is doubly bad on the Sabbath. Nothing but extreme emergency should cause one to even think of doing it.

Perhaps you could arrange bird-watching expeditions through the MV Society or through the church, where many of the members with automobiles would be more than willing to provide transportation for young people.

Counsel Your desire to reach the country to study nature is very commendable, but your method of reaching it may conflict with the law. In some States it is a misdemeanor to hitchhike, and in all States it is extremely dangerous. I would suggest you either contact someone going to the country or purchase a bus ticket in advance of Sabbath.

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.



radarscope

Key to source abbreviations published January 3, 1961.

► A pair of half-wild Australian "blue" dogs are being used to round up cattle on Kahua Ranch, a vast cattle spread on the island of Hawaii. In Australia's cattle area of Queensland, the dogs are known as blue ticks or blue beltons, because of their blue-gray fur. Working quietly, never barking, they move cattle by nipping their heels, running them only enough to get them back to the herd. "Blues," believed to be part dingo (a wild dog of Australia), are used extensively in Australia and are becoming increasingly valuable in Hawaii.

Friends

► Opened for the use of educational, research, and government organizations, Airlie Foundation is a conference center situated in a rural area about 40 miles from Washington, D.C. The center is located on a 1,200-acre estate and has facilities for 100 overnight guests. Small and large meetings can be accommodated there in a variety of conference rooms. The foundation is incorporated on a non-profit basis.

Science

► The Canadian Rockies, straddling the border between the provinces of Alberta and British Columbia, contain seven national parks, with a total area of 8,638 square miles. Four of the parks—Mount Revelstoke, Glacier, Yoho, and Kootenay—are in British Columbia, and three—Waterton Lakes, Banff, and Jasper—are in Alberta.

Highway Highlights

► New York City's first public library contained 90,000 volumes. Today there are more than 180 libraries in the city, housing more than 10 million volumes, plus countless periodicals, magazines, newspapers, and letters.

NYCVB

► Vietnam, like Korea, is a divided land. A pro-Western government runs South Vietnam, and the Communists rule the north. Each half covers an area roughly equal to Georgia.

NGS

► Among all the flags of the United Nations, only that of Cyprus bears a map of the country.

NGS

► Protestants in Germany still use the Bible translated by Martin Luther from the Hebrew and Greek.

ABS

► As totally black sheep occur once in 5,000 births, there are not many black sheep in even Australia whose herds encompass roughly 150 million.

Queensland Department of Agriculture

► There are 2,600 known species of frogs and toads in the world. They live in all temperate and tropical lands, except for a few snow-capped mountaintops, waterless deserts, and some isolated islands in the Pacific.

Smithsonian

► The United Nations complex in New York City occupies six blocks of Manhattan. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., donated funds to buy the property, and the city gave some of the land, deeding street and waterfront rights. To finance the buildings, the U.S. Government lent 65 million dollars, interest free.

NGS

► In keeping with President John Kennedy's Youth Fitness Program, the American Red Cross has launched a Swim and Stay Fit plan. The basic objective is for individuals to swim 50 miles over an extended period of time. The 50-mile swim is recommended in multiples of 440 yards, except for the first three miles, during which the swimmer may rest as often as necessary.

ANRC

► Designs are complete for an aluminum research submarine. The 51-foot, battery-powered *Aluminaut* will be equipped with sonar, television cameras, and mechanical devices to retrieve specimens. It will have an 80-mile operating range and will be capable of descending to 15,000 feet. Slated for launching in 1963, it will be used initially to study submarine canyons, the edge of the continental shelf, and marine animals.

Science

► Twelve priceless gifts from the United States to the world's scientific community are being sent out from the University of California's Lawrence Radiation Laboratory in Berkeley. The gifts are samples of rare transplutonium elements. Belgium, France, West Germany, Norway, and Sweden, the countries which will receive this shipment, have agreements for cooperation with the United States for research and development in the peaceful uses of atomic energy.

UCAL

► A new observatory building is to be constructed at the U.S. Naval Observatory station at Flagstaff, Arizona. The eight-story building will house a new reflecting telescope. The rotating part of the structure, shaped like a half sphere with a diameter of 65 feet, will weigh 150 tons. The dome, powered by a two-horsepower motor, will revolve on 40 wheels, each 18 inches in diameter. Designed especially for high-precision, photographic measurements of the positions of faint stars, the telescope's resolving power will be such as to make it possible to measure the position of a star with an accuracy of several hundredths of a second of an arc.

Naval Research Reviews

► A rare double flag—English on one side and American on the other—is on display in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. It was first stitched as an English flag in 1667 by Alida Schuyler, daughter of Philip Schuyler, commander of Fort Orange on the Hudson. A century later it was converted by Elizabeth Schuyler, wife of Alexander Hamilton, who appliquéd the stars and stripes on one side when Congress authorized the new American flag.

Metropolitan Museum

► Trappist monks, who eat no meat, fish, or fowl, have about one-fifth as much heart disease as Benedictines, who eat an average American diet. This conclusion came from a study of about 2,000 monks living in 25 different monasteries in the United States and Canada since 1957. The two groups of monks were comparable in most respects other than diet, including age, as well as way of life.

AHA

► One does not associate the thought of color with the Antarctic regions; but Artist Del Law, first Australian woman to set foot on that continent, states that the sea there is a real indigo, the sky is often quite green, and the fringes of the icebergs and floes have a turquoise coloring. Sunsets are fantastic crimsons, oranges, golds, and greens.

Del Law

► During the summer an average of some million persons a month are now visiting the exhibition halls of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. This figure is believed to be far greater than that for any other museum in the world.

Smithsonian

► Although mirages can tantalize thirsty travelers and even deceive wildlife, cattle are never fooled. They locate water by smell.

NGS

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