

the  
**Youth's**  
instructor

APRIL 10, 1962

Sometimes persecution helps a man  
retain his "first love" as shown by  
Dr. Sherman Nagel in

**Not in Idleness**

[Sabbath School Lessons for April 21]

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# N O W

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*Even as He spoke with Samuel long ago in the darkness of the night, God still speaks to His children.*

**Y**OUNG man, you don't have on enough clothes. You know better than to appear in public like that! In one of the largest and busiest department stores in town—you had better leave before I call the authorities."

Perplexed, I turned away and walked hastily out of the store. The next moment I stood on a busy street corner trying to understand the clerk's strange reprimand. Suddenly a light shone upon me, and I looked up. "Bill, your nakedness is a reproach. You need to be clothed immediately," came a clear, firm voice from above. Startled and ashamed, I remained motionless, making no reply.

With this stunning declaration still thundering through my ears, I awoke and gazed around from my bunk. God's presence had been right there in the room, I thought, while a strange guilty feeling clutched my heart.

Why had such a dream come to me? It had been undeniably real and convicting. But why *now*? Had I not turned my back on God?

It must be past midnight, I reasoned, peering through the blanket of darkness penetrated only by the small red light down at the end of the room. My ship dipped uneasily as if it resented being tied up in port. The quiet of the night was broken only by the deep breathing of the other fellows in their bunks. Everything was still but my heart; it was beating like the drivers on a locomotive. I was afraid.

Staring into the blackness above me, I considered the impressive dream in the light of my past experience. Something in the Bible about the sinner's needing to be clothed with Christ's righteousness tugged slightly at my memory. But it had been so long since I had been to Sunday school or read my Bible that I couldn't be quite sure what the text said.

I could be sure, however, that my past life hadn't been filled with much righteousness.

Never being any better than the per-

sons that I chose for my friends, I practiced many of the habits of my friends, much against my father's protests. I began smoking during my elementary school years. Before finishing half of my junior year in high school, I had dropped my classes to work full time at Mars Supermarket.

Drinking with friends became a habit that greatly alarmed my parents. I wanted to be free from their constant admonitions about my coming home drunk and disrupting the household. "This is just a way of having fun; I'm not hurting anybody," I often argued. Wanting more adventure and uninhibited fun, I joined the Navy as soon as I was old enough. Now here I was, on a destroyer of the Pacific fleet working for Uncle Sam, having a carefree time living just as I pleased. What more could I ask?

But this dream that carried such significance—those words that seemed to have come straight from heaven—obsessed me. What was the purpose of the strange experience? Was God calling me personally? What could He want of me, considering the kind of life I was living?

"I've got to shake this guilty feeling somehow." I thought, turning over and sinking my face in the pillow. After tossing and turning a while longer, I got up, dressed quickly, and walked down to my locker. "I wonder," I said half out loud as I reached into the small locker. Yes, there was my Bible, covered with dust! I hadn't even touched it since I came aboard the ship. Taking it down to the mess hall, I hurriedly opened its pages and began to read. For several hours I continued, but still the peace that my heart longed for did not come.

Lighting a cigarette, I went out on the deck and met the rising sun as its golden arms stretched across the blazing crests of distant breakers. There holding onto the ship's railing, I prayed, "Dear God, if You sent me that dream last night, please help me understand how to receive Christ's righteousness.

"the  
Dream  
is  
certain..."

by **BILL TYNDALL**  
as told to Robert Murphy, III

# 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 1962. 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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I'm confused and feel guilty. Please help me. Amen."

"I must see the chaplain," I said, opening my eyes. "Yes, that is what I must do." And before the sunrise glow had completely faded from the horizon, I was knocking on his door.

"Come on in, Bill, and have a seat," he welcomed me warmly as he closed the door behind me. We sat across the desk from each other in his little office, an attractive room with no windows and a low ceiling. However, it had a cozy air that complemented the chaplain's cordiality and made me feel surprisingly at ease.

"What can I do for you, son?"

"Well, Chaplain Findley," I started slowly, trying to fit my problem to words, "I feel that I need something—I've about decided that it's God. I think I want to become a Christian; but considering my past life, I've wondered whether that is possible."

Our eyes caught, and he smiled as he replied, "We never get too bad to come to God, Bill. Your past might be a handicap, but God is stronger than any force on earth. If you are on His side instead of against Him, you have only useless things to lose and a contented Christian life to gain."

As we talked, my heart lifted somewhat; but still, with just a tinge of doubt in my mind, I wondered whether religion could really work in my life.

Experienced in reading human nature, the chaplain sensed my insecurity and my need.

"You should join a church, my boy," he stated quietly. "A man needs to be a member of an organized religious group. It helps him remain true to his convictions."

"But I don't know which denominations follow the Bible. They all seem to conflict so much in their doctrines."

"Well, Bill," Chaplain Findley con-

tinued, "now that we are docked here at San Diego, why don't you go to a bookstore and get a modern translation of the Bible so you can better understand the Scriptures? Study for yourself, and let God help you choose your church."

He also told me about a book that explained the beliefs of the major churches in our land. "I trust these books will prove helpful to you," he said as I rose to leave. "Please come and visit with me again, Bill, whenever you have time."

Back at work that morning, I was quieter than usual, absorbed in deep searching thoughts that were groping for answers: What is true religion? Can anyone know for a certainty? Is there a church following *all* of the Bible? If there were such a people, I was determined to find them.

Able to purchase the two books that Chaplain Findley had suggested, I studied them diligently whenever I could clear time from my work. Some of the Bible stories that I had heard years before in Sunday school seemed like forgotten, yet familiar friends. But much of my study was utterly baffling. I must get help, but where? I wanted to be a good Christian and follow God, but I hardly knew how.

While walking down a wide sidewalk in San Diego one sunny afternoon a few weeks later, I noticed a young woman selling magazines on the street.

"Pardon me, sir," she said as I approached her. "Could I speak with you briefly about this magazine?" She held a periodical with an attractive cover toward me.

I remembered my mates on the ship had spoken about three women who sold religious magazines downtown and who were always pleasant and friendly. This was probably one of them. It

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## Spring Thoughts

by BEATRICE JENSEN SMITH

Good thing winter's end was due—  
Michael's boots are wearing through.

Outgrown snowsuit? What a plight!  
Nice that robins are in sight.

Heedless tulips out of bed?  
Quickly, spring! And paint them red.

# Grace Notes

and letters to the editor

**Mill** Mills such as pictured this week may still be found throughout many European countries. It is a Teuvo Kanerva submission from Finland.

**Log** Amateur radio operators are invited to submit at once their data for listing in the 1962 YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR log. If our listing can become complete it will provide without cost to amateurs information that is worldwide. We do not know when the log first appeared in our pages, but it has continued without lapse for many years. It is printed so operators can paste the log on a card and use it without turning.

**New Guinea** "'Tis just thirty years since I was first introduced to our marvelous little paper, and it has been a source of inspiration ever since. Now my daughters and sons are gaining help and counsel from it, and we would like to send you and all your hard working staff a very big Thank you for the thought, prayer, and care that so very evidently goes into each line of this weekly INSTRUCTOR. Of all the thought-provoking articles through the years, I have found 'The Man of Matchless Charms' among the most inspirational, and we wonder whether it is possible to obtain these articles in book form. You see, we pass our papers on, so we do not like to mutilate them by cutting out articles." Mrs. F. L. AVELING, Glen-Eildon, Mount Hagen.

**California** "I read Penny Price's article in the November 21, 1961, issue on 'Youthspiration' and was happy to see that this plan is working so well. Elder Lee Price, Penny's father, was minister of youth at the Glendale, California, City church while I was attending academy there. We organized a group such as Penny describes, and found that our own academy students enjoyed it too. I should like to urge more of our churches and young people's societies to organize 'Youthspiration' around the circle of the earth." Mrs. JACQUELINE JEFFERSON-NIEMAN, Manteca.

**Nobility** "A noble nature does not exult in causing others pain, or delight in discovering their deficiencies."—5T 56.

— we hold these truths —

## a could-be dialog

"We're going to Africa just as soon as Jim finishes his medical internship."

"Africa? Why would anyone want to go to Africa?"

"Of course, it might be India, or South America, instead of Africa. We'll go wherever the General Conference feels we can best serve, of course. But ever since I was a freshman in college I've known what I wanted to do. In fact, what I wanted to do and what I wanted to be were all mixed up together.

"Ever since I worked a summer as a nurse aid I've known what I wanted to be, and where I wanted to be it! Maybe that sounds mixed up too, but there's nothing uncertain about my ambition.

"Sure, Jim and I could find just ever so many places where we could practice our beliefs in our work as doctor and nurse. We would enjoy working in one of our hospitals. We've wondered whether Jim shouldn't begin his practice in some place in America where there are no doctors.

"But then we get to thinking—What about the rest of the world? Doesn't the work have to be finished in Borneo, and Arabia, and Madagascar too? The Bible says that when Jesus comes, every eye will see Him. Doesn't that mean that the work will be finished everywhere at the same time?"

"But look—if you go to Africa, or some other place, what about having a home, and a better car than the old Ford you're driving? What about the better things of life? Take music for instance. I remember how you used to love music, play in the band, sing in the choir. You probably couldn't even have a stereo in Africa, unless you lived in Durban, or Cape Town, or built a set yourself!"

"Yes, we know we wouldn't have everything. But Jesus gave up something for us, something more than His life. What happened in the administration of the universe I don't know, but when He died He became one with man forever. Don't you think I'd be a funny Christian if I let my selfishness keep others from knowing that Jesus came to save them?"

"Of course, of course. But there is missionary work to be done in the homeland, too."

"Yes, I know. But Jesus was willing to leave homeland for me. There will always be those who can't go overseas because of health or other handicap. But Jim and I want the thrill of bringing Jesus to someone who has never even heard the Voice of Prophecy, or read a *Signs*, or even met a Christian. We believe that if we put our altar where Jesus wants us to put it, it will be like a candle shining in a dark place. Then when the wicked cities are destroyed in the brightness of Jesus' coming, Jim's possessions and mine will be indestructible. They will be people saved by Jesus' blood. Jim and I will have helped tell them, show them."

Walter C. Crouall

coming next week

- "THE DECISION"—Suicide promised peace, release from heartache. Was it the answer? By Luella Warwick.

# Back Yard Orphans

by JUDY FREESE



Judy offers Curley Ann a piece of popcorn.

LOOK what I found in the garage," mother exclaimed as she hurried into the kitchen.

"What happened to the poor little thing?" I asked sympathetically. A bedraggled, wet, almost naked, half-dead baby sparrow lay in the warmth of mother's hand.

"I think," mother explained, "that a dog, probably our own Becky, got hold of him. Maybe if we can get him to eat, he'll live."

But the injured sparrow's eyes were swollen shut, so that he could not see the food offered to him. We discovered, quite by accident, that if his nest or box or head was tapped lightly, the bird would respond by opening his mouth wide. However, by the time we got some milk-soaked bread on a toothpick, his mouth was shut again.

"I guess he figured someone else got it this round," dad chuckled. "Let's be a little quicker next time." The little mouth opened again, and food was stuffed into it. The orphan's satisfaction was evident.

Every five or ten minutes the invalid had to be fed. After several hours of feeding, he finally managed to let out a tiny peep.

With his stomach full and with an electric-light bulb to keep him warm, the patient contentedly went to sleep for the night. But we had doubts that he would survive as we tucked him in his crib, a milk carton lined with a paper handkerchief.

The next morning he met us with a hungry peep.

"Well," mother jubilantly proclaimed, "he is still alive; maybe he won't die after all."

"We can't keep calling him 'he' all the time; we should name him," suggested dad.

After a moment I announced, "I think he looks curly. Just look at his fuzz; it is all curly from the mauling Becky gave him. Say, that's it—Curly." The name stuck.

*The Youth's Instructor, April 10, 1962*

His eyes also stuck. In fact, Curly still could not get them open. So a treatment began. I held the baby bird in my hands, while mother gently washed his face so his eyes would open. They were infected and sore and had to have argyrol applied. After two or three days of treatment with the medicine, the infection was gone. Curly began to look like a real bird with his sparkling, beady, brown eyes.

Curly went on his first car ride after one week. After all, a wee baby can't be left at home alone over a weekend. The ancient bird cage was set in the front seat with little Curly sitting in his crib, looking up at us. It was not long before he began to peep. "I guess he is hungry," I said, and fed him a bit of dog food. But this did not satisfy him, nor did the other food that was offered. I picked him up and held him in my hands while he watched the world pass by. Each time I would put him back in the cage, he would set up such a fuss that he managed to make me feel guilty about not holding him. After a few days of this, of course, he was completely spoiled.

In a short time Curly's feathers came in, and the fuzz dropped off. To our dismay, Curly was not a "he" after all, but a "she." So Curly's name was changed to Curley Ann, but she retained the nickname Curley.

We think that Curley suits her perfectly. She reminds us of a frowsy, fat little woman. There is usually a feather or two out of place. After endless preening, she triumphantly parades before us; but alas, she looks as though a fan has blown her feathers all the wrong way.

Bath time is an involved ritual. She must have water in the bathtub or her bath is not complete. Three to fifteen flights over the tub and repeated glances at her breast to see whether it is wet yet constitute the preliminaries. This ceremony is especially funny to see, because she generally does not get close to the water.

Finally, she takes the big step and gets her toes wet. At that point she gives a peculiar squawk as if to say, "Wow, is this water cold!"; then she wades into the deep end. The water sprays all over, on the sides of the tub and out onto the floor. If there are spectators, they are not spared showers.

Soaking wet, Curley somehow gets out of the tub. The bathroom door opens, of course with help from someone, and out walks Curley, so drenched that she cannot fly off the floor. She walks to the hot-air register in the living

room and there preens until she thinks she is dry and presentable once more. But in spite of all of her primping she exemplifies the advertisements that say, "I just washed my hair this morning and can't do a thing with it now."

Curley took over the whole household as her own property. One fall morning as mother unwrapped a new soup ladle and spatula she commented, "I think I'll hang my utensils up with my pans here on the wall." No sooner had she hung the ladle than Curley arrived to investigate. After one look, she jumped into the ladle and settled down, claiming it as her own. She seemed to say, "Now, that was thoughtful of you to get me such a lovely nest." Today, as Curley's private estate, the ladle hangs over the desk in front of a mirror.

At mealtime, she is always on hand from the first moment of preparation till the last plate is emptied. She sits on a ledge by the stove and watches the food being cooked and begs for bites of potato and celery. Her favorite foods include sugar, cookie dough, celery, whole-wheat bread, raw or cooked potatoes, and eggs. Like many other youngsters, she dislikes spinach, cauliflower, prunes, and unsweetened grapefruit.

Curley also knows which drawer the shelled walnuts are kept in. As soon as she hears the drawer being opened she peeps very distinctly to attract our attention. With her head cocked to one side, she will stand, peering up at us, until she gets a piece of nut.

In the evening while the family is relaxing in the living room, she will stand by someone's feet and peep until she gains attention. To the question "Are you hungry?" she will cheep and walk along beside one of us to the kitchen and over to the nut drawer.

Curley is a stunt flyer. In the morning after her breakfast and while we are finishing ours, she swoops from room to room, over our heads and around corners. Without a warning, she gleefully gives dad a close shave. She then returns to sit on his shoulder and look at him with bright brown eyes.

Curley not only teases humans but she also teases Becky. When Becky is outside the window, piteously begging to be in, Curley sits on the window sill, just in front of the dog's face. Becky leaves and goes to another window, only to have Curley follow. This goes on from window to window until Becky gives up in disgust.

On the rare occasions that the dog is allowed to come into the house, she lies on the floor unmolested for ap-

proximately two minutes. Finally Curley's jealousy and curiosity overwhelm her and she walks over to Becky, stares at her for a moment, and then nonchalantly picks at her toenails.

Curley has a fondness for bobby pins, straight pins, beads, screws, and other odds and ends. If a bobby-pin box is left uncovered, it does not take her long to empty it. She delights in dropping such items from a high place and watching them fall to the floor, especially if the object makes a noise.

She does not like to sleep alone. Whenever she can, she hides in the bedroom until after mother and dad go to bed. But she cannot resist coming down to cuddle close to dad's neck to sleep. So, naturally, mother takes her out of the room, to her ladle bed.

One night after taking her to bed, mother returned to the bedroom and closed the door. As she was ready to climb into bed mother and dad were amazed to see the bird sitting on the dresser.

"Why you little rascal! How did you get back in here?" mother exclaimed. Then her eyes fell on the crack under the door. Sure enough, Curley was determined to sleep in there and had crawled under the door.

Curley is not the only bird that we have rescued and nursed to health with tender loving care. Our humanitarianism began several years ago when a workman shouted to my brother Lowell, "Hey, boy! Do you wanna bird?" Without waiting for an answer, he placed a baby pigeon in Lowell's eager hands. Peaches, as we named her, became part of the family.

Perhaps because she was robbed of her home so young in life, Peaches was lonely for companionship; so she adopted the dog and her puppies as playmates. She could see that the pups were thoroughly enjoying their meal supplied for them by their mother and tried her best to lunch as they did.

One warm afternoon, mother chanced to see Peaches among the puppies. This wasn't unusual, but now her legs were bare of feathers up to her body. The pups were getting too playful; so from then on, Peaches sat on the edge of the dog box, satisfied just to watch.

Although Peaches generally stayed outside, she became very tame. When one of us opened the door, she immediately flew down to us from some perch. She often hung on the screen door until she was invited in for dinner. Her bread and milk was fed to her as she sat on the back of a kitchen chair.

One of the boys in the neighborhood received a BB gun for his birthday and derived great pleasure out of shooting birds. In fact, he became an expert marksman. We were always cautious to keep Peaches out of range when he was shooting. One evening our pet was sitting on the roof of our house; up there she made a perfect target. Peaches had a sad ending.

Her funeral was dignified and real to us. She was wrapped in a soft cloth and tenderly laid in a cardboard coffin. Peaches was buried and a little marker was erected over her. We children could not understand how anyone could be so cruel as to kill a helpless bird.

It was a long while before another orphan came to live with us. One summer day we looked from the window to see Becky merrily tossing something in the air. Accustomed to Becky's habits, we rushed outside and rescued an almost unconscious bird. The tiny sparrow had been kidnapped from its ground nest. Not knowing exactly what species of the sparrow family the juvenile was, we appropriately named it *Varie*.

Ten-year-old sister Linda and *Varie* soon became buddies. They sang together, they ate together, and as soon as Linda turned on the television, *Varie* was right there on her finger. Then in a few minutes *Varie* would begin singing to Linda.

The two even painted together. As Linda worked with her water colors, *Varie* rode the paintbrush. Or he helpfully mixed the paints and then as a finishing touch walked back and forth across the freshly painted picture, leaving his signature.

Camp meeting time found *Varie* at home alone. While we were away, the landlord entered the house to repair the water pump. Finding a sparrow in the house, he assumed that it had come in by mistake, and so he chased *Varie* outside.

Sunday evening we returned to an empty house. Linda searched until dark, but *Varie* was not found. No one said much, yet the dejected looks told how we felt.

Missing Linda, dad opened the bedroom door in time to hear her saying, "And please, dear Jesus, bring *Varie* back to me. Amen." Dad closed the door quietly and slowly shook his head. "For her sake, I hope her prayer is answered."

The next morning dad was on the back porch. Feeling something on his shoulder, he looked. There stood *Varie*. As soon as dad opened the door, *Varie*

## of all familiar things

by MARION RHODES WILLIAMS

Who pointed out the lilies of the field,  
And bade Him note the vineyard's fruited yield,  
The thistle and the fig, the green bay tree,  
Of which He often spoke in Galilee?  
The love of nature must have been instilled  
In Him, in early youth; when land was tilled,  
The sowing of the corn and barley seed  
Intrigued the Lad, who learned from farmer's deed  
The yearly cycle that produced the grain;  
Of man's dependence on the sun and rain.  
Familiar things were noted when He walked  
Abroad—were named when He and Mary talked  
Of wonders to be seen in Nazareth.  
Unmentioned was His rendezvous with death.

made a beeline for his food. When at last he was satisfied, he visited each one of us, acting as though he was genuinely delighted to be back home. After the hellos, he sleepily flew down to his indoor gardenia-bush bed, ruffled his feathers, and settled down for a much-needed nap.

*Varie* wasn't fussy about where or when his bath took place. On hot summer days, if there was water left out anywhere, he would indulge five or six times a day. He was not adverse to bathing in lemonade when he found the opportunity. Daily antics of this sort entertained us during the months that he was our boarder.

*Varie* was not the last of our orphans. Dennis, a little English sparrow, was another.

Her bath-taking education began in our cupped hands. She jumped into our hands and splashed until she was thoroughly drenched. Later, as she grew more experienced, she liked to bathe in the tub with someone. But if Dennis became impatient for her bath mate to begin or finish, she would sometimes slip out under the bathroom door.

Dennis liked a certain dish on the kitchen shelf, and in it she stored candy and other goodies until she was hungry. Occasionally, she even shared her treasured tidbits with a favored friend.

She enjoyed bubble gum more than did any other of the feathered creatures. If one of us was chewing gum, Dennis would watch until she saw that we were engrossed in our work or reading. Very lightly she landed on our shoulder. Not so lightly she gave our mouth a hard

peck. Naturally, we would surprisedly cry "Ouch." At that instant Dennis would grab the gum and fly off with it to some high perch. No amount of begging could cause her to return the stolen gum. Soon the process became a game to her.

Sunday mornings we caught up on sleep at our house. This was true for everyone except Dennis. She considered seven o'clock time for everyone to be up getting her breakfast. Linda and I finally resorted to closing our bedroom door one Saturday night so we would not be disturbed too early. Dennis, however, was too clever to be outwitted so easily. She soon discovered that our bedroom door did not latch securely. By fluttering against it for a minute or two, she could get the door open just a crack. A crack was enough for her to squeeze through. Making it through, she landed on the bed. If you have never awakened to tiny bird feet exploring your face, standing on your eyelids, and using your nose as a perch, you have missed a unique experience. After succeeding in getting us awake, she snuggled under the covers between us and took a nap. After all that work she was tired.

Dennis' favorite pastime was teasing. Snatching pieces of jigsaw puzzles topped her list of entertainment. Or, as mother sewed, she also would steal the buttons and dash off to hide them. Cuff links caught her fancy too. Whenever dad left them lying on the dresser, they would strangely disappear.

The fad, it seems, these days is bird watching. Dennis had her own hobby—people watching. She delighted in watch-



ing people anywhere. At schooltime in the morning she sat in the picture window and watched the children on their way. That is, she watched until they had passed and had not seen her.

As Dennis watched people she must have been watched by her feathered friends. Shortly, a young gentleman sparrow began courting her through the window. This continued for about two weeks. One beautiful July morning their infatuation turned to love. Dennis got out one day, and they eloped!

We were grieved when our young lady left us to start her own family, but the next spring we had other interests to take our mind off our loss. A knock at our door revealed two neighborhood girls with an injured bird.

"Our mother won't let us keep it. Will you take care of him?" They had apparently heard that our home had become a hospital for homeless and injured birds.

"Why, of course; just bring him in."

The adult rusty blackbird had a broken wing and a multiple-fractured leg as a result of a hit-and-run automobile driver. The bird was christened Chester.

The long thin beak and white-rimmed eyes gave Chester a very fierce appearance. A bit fearful of the big bird, Linda volunteered to let mom feed him first. It is usually said that adult birds will not eat in captivity, but Chester disproved that theory. Very slowly mom brought her open hand, which contained dog food, near Chester's beak. Without hesitating, he gently took the food from her hand.

The gardenia bush served as an excellent hospital bed. With his good foot supporting him, Chester could lean against a limb of the bush, thus resting his injured wing and leg. Nature began to heal his injuries as Chester patiently sat still in the bush for about a week. If we forgot to bring his meals, he gave a peculiar little chirp as if to remind us that he got hungry too.

After several days, if Chester saw something on the floor that he wanted, he would forget about his wing and try to fly. He would land with a thud on the floor, and he could not climb back into his bush. To solve his problem, he simply hopped on his good leg over to mom each time. There he waited until she put her hand down. Then as if to say, "Up, please," he stepped onto his elevator and was transported back up to the gardenia.

Chester never once hurt any of us with his ugly-looking bill. Whenever he touched anyone, it was tenderly.

One afternoon we came home but could not find him anywhere. Finally a whispered chirp led us to the utility room. Up on the curtain rod rested Chester, looking for all the world as if he belonged there. He had been trying out his wings.

We kept him a few more days to be sure that his wing was completely healed and that he could fly well enough to be on his own. The day of Chester's hospital release came all too quickly for us and Chester. He stood in the open window for nearly five minutes. With a last longing look, he took his departure. We felt that it would be better for him to be outdoors with others of his kind, now that he could provide for himself. But that was not the last that we saw of Chester. Often, with a group of rusty blackbirds feeding in our back yard, we would see him. He was still limping because of his once-injured leg, but he seemed happy.

It was not long before another knock sounded at our door. This time the casualty was a round ball of pinfeathers. A cat had invaded the privacy of this victim's home and would have snuffed out the bird's young life if a group of children had not been close by to rescue it.

We searched through three bird books in an attempt to discover to what species of the bird family our newest boarder belonged. We placed the baby bird among the flowers, and it stayed nestled motionless until morning. Extremely hungry after his night's fast, the bird was very alert when we arose the next morning. As we came into the room his little neck was stretched high. It was then that we discovered just what this newcomer was. The cedar waxwing was pictured exactly the same in the bird book. Peterkins was nicknamed Petie for short.

For the first bite, Petie ate the standard baby food—bread and milk—but after one taste, he refused to eat any more of the regular ration. We tried cookies, potatoes, cheese, dog food, eggs, and baby food, but nothing satisfied him. Finally dad offered Petie a sample of applesauce. Believe it or not, he ate the sauce. That was how we found out that a cedar waxwing's main food is fruit.

Still we had problems. He grew tired of one type of fruit quickly. Unless he was provided with fresh and varied fruits, he was very discontented. He even had to have his own little green plastic spoon from which to eat.

Even though Petie had never been around his kind much and was raised

in captivity, he still retained the same habits and instincts as the birds out of doors. For instance, he delighted in putting tiny pieces of fruit or berries into our mouths. But that was not the end of the matter. In a short time he would return and expect us to give the morsel of food back to him. While reading, we came across the meaning of this behavior. Cedar waxwings line up side by side on a limb and pass a berry from one to another down the line and back again. Petie considered us as his family.

By this time the design of Petie's face feathers looked very much like a mask covering his eyes. It was too late now, however, to do anything about him; the little bandit had already stolen our hearts.

One morning, after Petie had been with us for about six weeks, we heard dad call in an astonished voice, "Come see this crazy bird! What's wrong with him?"

The little fellow was on dad's shoulder, moving his feet in a step resembling a dance. He would first lower his head, but then he would point his bill straight up in the air. This continued for several minutes, and all the time Petie's cocky topknot was pushed out as far as it would go. After that exhibition of his talents, he often danced for us on a glass, on our shoulder, and even on our hands.

We always had a happy reception party when we arrived home from a long weekend trip or from a ten-minute walk to the store. Petie stood on the window sill and watched for us. The instant he saw us or heard our voices, he began in his sweet lisping tenor to welcome us home.

Until he became accustomed to strangers in the house, he would not dance, sing, or show off. He made up with people only after they had been around for a day or two. The only exception to the rule was a man who was our neighbor. He and Petie became very fond of each other. For Christmas, Petie received a present from his friend. It was a gaily wrapped parcel with Petie's name on it—a box of birdseed.

With no one in the house during the day except mom, she and Petie became very close. As mother went from room to room cleaning, Petie flew right behind or beside her. Or if mom had left her hair in pin curls, he considered it a special favor, for he would clamp his dark little feet around a bobby pin and thus have a perfect elevated seat.

When a cupboard door was left open, he seemed to have to inspect its dark

recesses. Sometimes, not knowing he was inside, one of us would shut the door. Then there would be a pitiful, far-away cry that seemed to say, "Oh, please let me out. I'll be good." He was overjoyed when the door flew open.

When I sat down in a big comfortable chair with an alluring book, I was not alone for long. Before I knew it, he was perched on my glasses or on my book, ready for some good reading too.

Petie was usually very gentle and unselfish. He was unselfish except for sharing his nest which was an old empty Quaker Oats box. That is where he sat, watched, and napped.

His gentleness disappeared only once when another casualty, a white-breasted nuthatch, stayed with us for a while. Nicky, the newcomer, made the unfortunate mistake of landing on the favorite box. Without stopping to count to ten, Petie dived in from nowhere and knocked Nicky off so fast that he did not know what hit him. Needless to say, Petie did not have to repeat the treatment.

The nuthatch is defined as the up-

side-down bird. Nicky did all he could to prove the statement. He walked up and then turned around and walked down the furniture, drapes, and even dad's pants leg.

Storing food is a natural habit of the nuthatch. Nicky did exactly that. Taking little pieces of bread, suet, or choplet, he would, with his long bill, drive the food into some storage place to save it for later use. The storage place usually happened to be under the toe of the shoe that dad was wearing or under a little fold in a throw rug.

Each bird that we have doctored or raised had a distinct personality of its own. Each had characteristics that no other one possessed. Their favorite foods varied from noodles to applesauce. But with all their differences, they were strangely alike in some respects. None of the sparrows lived up to their notorious reputation of eating farmers' grain. That size of grain is too large for them to crack with their small beaks. Also each bird had a dislike for the color red. Whenever any of us wore something red, the bird avoided alighting on us.

Curley has made adjustments, however. She still hates red, but with her family's having matching red pajamas, she has had to change her habits. She cautiously lands on us when she sees that we do not plan on changing colors just for her.

Curley is still a baby even after living with us for nearly two years. She wants to be hand fed instead of eating for herself. Mother occasionally lies in the living room for a short nap. She is inevitably awakened by the sudden, hard, noisy landing of a tiny sparrow. Curley then flies to her ladle and bangs it against the mirror as if to say, "Come on! Don't just lie there. I'm starved." This continues until mom gives in and gets up to feed her. Strangely enough, Curley manages to eat quite well when nobody is at home to feed her.

The birds have taught us much, not only about themselves but also about all nature, and God, too. All of our experiences just help to bring closer home the meaning of Matthew 10:29: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father."

## wit sharpeners

### Zacchaeus Entertains Jesus

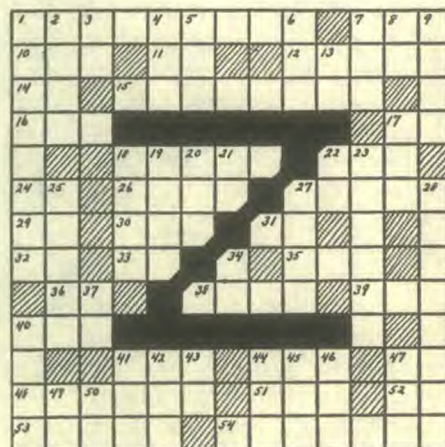
#### Horizontal

- 1 "This day is . . . come to this house" (Luke 19:9)
- 7 Marry
- 10 "Do ye not . . . understand?" (Matt. 16:9)
- 11 ". . . thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole" (Mark 10:52)
- 12 Image
- 14 Credit
- 15 "and received him . . ." (Luke 19:6)
- 16 Yea
- 17 "Behold . . . Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile" (John 1:47)
- 18 "and could not for the . . ." (Luke 19:3)
- 22 "the poison of . . . s is under their lips" (Rom. 3:13)
- 24 Exclamation of surprise
- 26 "An hundred measures of . . ." (Luke 16:6) (pl.)
- 27 "which was the . . . among the publicans" (Luke 19:2)
- 29 Sun-god
- 30 Wood sorrel
- 31 ". . . , every one that thirsteth" (Isa. 55:1)
- 32 Plural ending of nouns
- 33 Royal Highness
- 35 "there was a . . . named Zacchaeus" (Luke 19:2)
- 36 "for . . . day I must abide at thy house" (Luke 19:5)

- 38 An arched roof
- 39 "what ye hear in the . . . , that preach ye" (Matt. 10:27)
- 40 "Jesus saith unto . . . , Woman, believe me" (John 4:21)
- 41 See 34 down
- 44 "Eat not of it . . . , nor sodden at all with water" (Ex. 12:9)
- 47 "even . . . must the Son of man be lifted up" (John 3:14)
- 48 "because he was . . . of stature" (Luke 19:3)
- 51 "Blessed . . . the peacemakers" (Matt. 5:9)
- 52 Hebrew deity
- 53 "if I have taken any thing from any man by . . . accusation" (Luke 19:8)
- 54 "And Jesus . . . and passed through Jericho" (Luke 19:1)

#### Vertical

- 1 "and climbed up into a . . . tree" (Luke 19:4)



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- 2 Eagle's nest
- 3 Lieutenant
- 4 "repented long . . . in sackcloth and ashes" (Matt. 11:21)
- 5 Plaything
- 6 Nothing
- 7 "for he was to pass that . . ." (Luke 19:4)
- 8 For example
- 9 "Zacchaeus, make haste, and come . . ." (Luke 19:5)
- 13 Milliliter
- 17 "bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and . . . s, and peacocks" (1 Kings 10:22)
- 18 "I give to the . . ." (Luke 19:8)
- 19 "and he was . . ." (Luke 19:2)
- 20 Highest note in scale of Guido
- 21 Sabbath School
- 22 "Then said I, . . . Lord God" (Eze. 4:14)
- 23 "guest with a man that is a . . ." (Luke 19:7)
- 25 "And he made . . . , and came down" (Luke 19:6)
- 27 "the Son of man is . . . to seek and to save" (Luke 19:10)
- 28 "I restore him . . ." (Luke 19:8)
- 34 and 41 across "he looked . . . , and . . . him" (Luke 19:5)
- 37 ". . . else believe me for the very works' sake" (John 14:11)
- 40 "the . . . of my goods" (Luke 19:8)
- 41 Streets
- 42 Intoxicating beverage
- 43 "that they may be one, even as . . . are one" (John 17:22)
- 44 "And he . . . before" (Luke 19:4)
- 45 "Rabbi, thou . . . the Son of God" (John 1:49)
- 46 Tiny
- 47 "And he sought to . . . Jesus" (Luke 19:3)
- 49 Iowa
- 50 Thallium

Key on page 18

The Youth's Instructor, April 10, 1962

► Swallows usually migrate to Europe in spring and return to Africa in October, but one weak little swallow arrived in Cairo, Egypt, at the end of autumn. The bird had been found by some Norwegians and sent to Cairo as a simple passenger on a plane. The Tourist Administration gave it shelter at the zoo, where it was cared for until it was strong enough to be released into the warm, blue sky. Although this bird was a common swallow, it now bears one distinction: on one of its legs it carries a light metal plate put there by the Cairo Zoo as a reminder of the humane gesture of two peoples, the people of Norway and the people of the U.A.R.

UAR

► By passing through many generations quickly, bacteria adapt rapidly to new circumstances. In a short time they may develop resistance to antibiotics that once killed them. Today there are bacteria that actually need streptomycin to live on. Others thrive on cyanide. Some bacteria made their home in an atomic reactor and endured 2,000 times the radiation that would kill a man, becoming so numerous that they gummed up the apparatus.

NGS

► Applying a new photographic "speedometer" to the hummingbird, a California zoologist has clocked Allen hummingbirds in level flight at speeds up to 23 miles per hour, with allowance for wind factors. Speeds in excess of 60 miles per hour were recorded in the power dives that male hummingbirds execute while wooing their mates.

UCAL

► One ounce of alcohol in a driver's body increases his chances of being involved in an auto accident by more than 1,000 per cent. Half of the 40,000 who die on the highways annually would live, and half a million more would be spared serious injury, if alcohol could be completely divorced from driving.

Minutes

► With some 35,000 people, San Francisco's Chinatown is the largest community of Chinese outside the Far East. The 12-square-block area surrounds Grant Avenue, a bustling thoroughfare lined with stores, herb shops, and neon-lighted restaurants.

NGS

► Port Said, Egypt, is outstanding as the sole point where the two continents of Asia and Africa meet, yet are divided by the Suez Canal. It is a busy place, transit traffic being double that of New York. It is a meeting place of all the world's great sea lanes.

UAR

► In the aerospace industry, which designs and builds huge weapon systems, a temperature measurement with a one-per-cent error at 3,000° F. will increase the weight of a missile by as much as 12,500 pounds, due to the increased weight of the heat shield and additional fuel.

Aerospace



Key to source abbreviations published January 2, 1962.

► Under the benefits of the Korea GI bill, some 130,000 veterans are currently receiving education and training. Another 6,500 disabled Korea veterans are receiving vocational rehabilitation training. Altogether, more than 10 million World War II and Korea veterans have received education or training under the GI bill, and almost 700,000 seriously disabled veterans have had vocational rehabilitation.

USDL

► A decade ago, 21,200 steam locomotives were still thundering along the nation's major railroads. Now the big lines own less than 80. Some retired engines were sold to foreign countries, but most have gone to the scrap piles. About 450 are on display in museums and public parks. Not a single steam locomotive has been built for American railroads since 1953. The 400 new locomotives ordered each year are diesels, except for some turbine-electric units.

NGS

► A powerful burst of light-beam energy that can burn a hole through a stainless steel sheet 1/32 inch thick in 1/2000th of a second, has been generated by scientists. The laser-produced beam can also ignite paper 14 feet away. Laser action (*Light Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Radiation*) makes it possible for the first time to harness previously untapped random light waves. These laser beams are expected to be used in radar, communications, medicine and biology, measurements, guidance and control of space vehicles, fabrication and processing, and as a basic tool for investigating materials.

Raytheon

► Through its School of Education and grants from the Ford Foundation, the University of Chicago has embarked on a major educational program in Pakistan, where only 15 persons out of every 100 can read and write. Education extension centers, one each in East and West Pakistan, will provide in-service training for secondary school teachers and officials. Forty pilot secondary schools will be developed, and teacher-student centers will be established in the major universities.

UCHI

► Pearls were once used as legal currency for more than a century in colonial Venezuela. Today some 6,000 Margaritans, from the island of Margarita off the Venezuelan mainland, search for pearls. Most use weighted nets dragged by sailboats to scoop up oysters. Some few islanders dive with helmets to make a more selective search. On shore, the oysters are shucked, and sometimes hundreds are opened before a single pearl is found.

NGS

► The floor of the Pacific Ocean contains such spectacular geological features as trenches seven times as deep as the Grand Canyon, submerged mountain chains the size of the Rockies, fracture zones 3,000 miles long, and perhaps 10,000 active and extinct volcanoes. The predominant feature, however, consists of small hills, millions of them, averaging a half mile in height and five miles in diameter.

UCAL

► Ancient and modern history meet in Petra, Jordan, where two caves, carved from the mountains in 200 B.C., have been turned into health clinics. Here 200 poor children get a daily CARE lunch, made from dollar food packages sent through the CARE organization.

CARE

► More vessels pass through the historic Kiel Canal than through either Panama or Suez. West Germany leads in use of its own short cut. Other flags seen most frequently are those of Russia, Finland, Sweden, Norway, Britain, the Netherlands, and Poland.

NGS

► More than 100,000 copies of the Sermon on the Mount were distributed in 32 national parks during the summer of 1961 by the American Bible Society in cooperation with the National Parks Christian Ministry.

ABS

► Gibraltar, the smallest Crown Colony in the British Commonwealth, has its own government, its own stamps, and police force.

NGS



*J. M. Fadehan stands beside his shop's sign.*

*Top: Site of the Ife Hospital church effort. Below: Participating in the meetings were Harold M. Cherne (not shown); T. B. Ajayi; the author; J. Akin Adeoye; H. C. Lamp; and Mrs. Cherne.*



THE pediatrics ward of the mission hospital was filled, as it usually is, with little folks suffering from ailments found in almost any pediatrics unit. A new case had just been admitted, and the doctor had been called. The respirations of the little girl were rapid, labored, and interrupted with periods of severe coughing. An expression of distress was on her face, and with a look of fear her eyes glanced quickly from one object to another in her new and strange environment.

Two silent bystanders, faces drawn with lines of concern and anxiety, patiently waited. They hoped to grasp some word of encouragement that might come from the lips of the doctor examining their daughter.

These were the Fadehans. They lived about three miles from the hospital in Ife town. Mr. Fadehan's father was one of the notable chiefs of this Yoruba community. Ife is known as the oldest of the communities in Western Nigeria, a land whose population has grown beyond the hundred-thousand mark.

Tortuous, narrow streets without sidewalks, some paved, other clay-surfaced ones, which became badly corrugated during the rainy season, led to

# Not in idle

by

SHERMAN A. NAGEL, JR., M.D.

*Left: This picture of the baptismal group shows Mr. Fadehan standing third from left, second row. Right: Mrs. Nagel (left) and Mrs. Paul Gensler pose with the Ife Hospital Dorcas Society.*



the hospital. Bicycles, a few taxis, an occasional bus or truck, conveyed those who did not come by foot. Some of the streets were illuminated by electricity. Along others crude lights made from discarded condensed-milk tins burned either peanut oil or kerosene to give what meager light brightened the little shops that lined the streets. Weird shadows danced from the chimneyless flames flickering in the evening breeze.

Among the business places was the printing shop of the sick girl's father. The shop's walls were constructed from the most commonly used building material in Ife town, adobe. Corrugated iron sheets kept out the heavy rain and the strong rays of the tropical sun that beat down on the roof. The plant consisted of one room a little smaller than the average sitting room. Equipment was meager. A simple hand-operated press did the printing. Work was done in both English and Yoruba, for Mr. Fadehan had learned English during his school years, though his education was hardly more than the equivalent of

elementary school. His wife spoke no English, but she could read the vernacular.

Day by day the mother or the father or both came to visit their daughter. With the passing of each day the power of the disease was being broken, and progressively, health and vigor were returning. Gone were the drawn lines and anxious looks of the parents. Smiles now greeted both them and the nurses as they ministered to the child's needs. Then the day came when the discharge papers were signed, and once more the young Miss Fadehan was home. But she was frequently to return to the hospital compound, not as a patient, but as a faithful attendant of the hospital's Sabbath school.

About the time of her discharge the hospital church conducted a three-month medical-evangelistic effort in Ife. A site in the center of the town was leased, and a temporary open-air meeting place was constructed. Most of the 1,200 seats consisted of mahogany planks set on cement blocks for footings. Three times a week during the relatively dry season from March to May thousands gathered to hear the speakers. Usually the standing audience was twice that of the seated one. Only on two or three evenings did showers disturb the meetings.

At the close of the meetings Mr. Fadehan was among those who signified their desire to prepare for baptism. Unknown to those conducting the effort, he had been among the thousands who had heard the messages, first, by what he saw and experienced in the hospital while his daughter was a patient, and second, from what impres-

sions the Spirit of God had made on him during the many evenings he attended.

He soon became a regular member of the hospital's Sabbath school, and was assigned to the pastor's class. The Sabbath school adult department numbered more than three hundred, and a larger number was divided among the various children's divisions. At first, his daughter was too timid to leave her father and be alone with the other children in the primary department. Quietly she would sit by the side of her father. The Sabbath school teacher was well known to her, for he had been her doctor when she was ill in the pediatrics ward.

It was the custom to take the home missionary reports in each individual Sabbath school class. Week after week, for almost every item in the report, up would go the hand of Mr. Fadehan. "Freely ye have received, freely give," and Mr. Fadehan did indeed give of this truth, which to him had now become so precious.

One day he came to the pastor of the church and expressed his desire to print some tracts at his own expense for distributing to his non-English-reading business contacts. There were virtually no vernacular tracts for him to copy. Consequently, in his spare time, he made tedious translations of the English into the Yoruba. Then, at his own expense, he printed this literature and distributed it.

The hospital chaplain too had been doing some translating of tracts into the Yoruba language. The business manager of the hospital approached Mr. Fadehan and asked him to make a print of two thousand tracts. The title of the tract was "Who Changed the Sabbath?"

When the work was completed and delivered to the hospital, the bill was asked for. "No charges," was Mr. Fadehan's reply. This act was typical of his service. He was not a man of means. Profits above his business expenses were meager. But his love for God was great, and it was demonstrated in faithful, sacrificial service for the Master. But trials were ahead of him.

Because of his acceptance of the seventh-day Sabbath, he closed his print shop during its hours. Employees began to leave him. They wanted Saturday employment. His work began to fall behind, and he was unable to turn his jobs out in time to please his customers, though night after night during the week he would work alone late into the morning hours to try to keep up with his customers' desires.

His chieftain father had progressively

# ness



increased his opposition to his son's religion. This was climaxed one night by the father's shutting his son out of his house.

Mr. Fadehan had traveled more than one hundred miles to Ibadan to attend the evening lecture given by Elder E. R. Walde, General Conference secretary for the Voice of Prophecy at the time. Returning late that night, Mr. Fadehan found himself standing before barred doors. No amount of knocking, nor the appeals of sympathetic neighbors who had been awakened by the knocking, could persuade the father to open the doors. At that time, according to the custom frequently practiced, he lived in a portion of his father's large compound, which had one common door of entrance.

His wife too was unsympathetic to her husband's convictions. The death of one of their children embittered her even the more. She and others believed these trials had come because her husband had chosen to unite with this strange sect of seventh-day keepers, or "Seven-days," as the Adventist Church is at times spoken of in Nigeria.

Time after time Mr. Fadehan came to the pastor with his problems, asking for counsel, for prayer. It seemed at times his trials were greater than he could bear. But as God turned the affliction of Job, so too, his tide of troubles was to subside. His business began to build up again, and as time went on he was able to secure cooperative employees to help him in carrying on again. In December, 1958, I had the joy

of baptizing him along with twenty-two others.

His wife was for a long period unsympathetic to his faith, but the Lord used the Dorcas ladies of the church to help break down much of the prejudice in her heart. Shortly after the Fadehan child died, the Dorcas ladies made multiple visits to the bereaved home and there had prayer with the parents.

Prejudice was slow to dissolve, however. Once, in a period of discouragement, Mr. Fadehan came to the Dorcas Society leader, Mrs. S. A. Nagel, and told her that he was thinking seriously of divorcing his wife and marrying one who would be sympathetic to his new faith.

"Brother Fadehan, you keep praying for your wife. If you will be a faithful husband, God can use you to win your wife to Him," Mrs. Nagel counseled him. She told him not to worry about the fact that his wife was still wearing earrings and jewelry, but to let God speak to her heart and do His work there. As soon as the love of God came into her heart in its fullness, the jewelry would automatically come off. And sure enough, the jewelry did come off. For many months now she has been attending Sabbath services with her husband.

How well I remember visiting the father's compound shortly before I left Nigeria for furlough. His house was a large two-storied structure, portions of which were still uncompleted. There was a friendliness in the father's face. He was a large man, and his home was filled with children of varying ages, for

he was a polygamist. Many of the younger children wore no clothes, and this is typical of the tropical up-country region. We knelt together, those children, some of their mothers, this father, on that mud floor, and I asked God's blessing on this home, and prayed that each in the home would be willing to be led by the great Father above. Yes, prejudice had been broken down by the faithful, silent, kindly witness of a son in his own father's house.

In front of his shop stands a sign, "Fadehan and Brothers' Printing Works—Printers, Publishers, Bookbinders. . . . Open daily except on Sabbath day (Saturday)." It is a twenty-four-hour reminder to all who pass of this member's convictions, another way he has of actively witnessing for Christ.

This statement is taken from a letter I received from him while I was home on leave:

"I will continue to wait for my King, not in idleness, but in earnest work and prayer until He comes. I am very sorry to say that I have no sound education to impress my country people about the Word of God, but still yet I will try with the little knowledge I have to bring them the 'Light.'"

After returning to Nigeria to take up again my duties at the Ile-Ife Hospital, with Dr. Lawrence Longo I visited Mr. Fadehan in his home. He lives in two small dark rooms behind his printing press. But in almost every corner of the house there were reminders of this man's love for God and his zeal to do his part in the finishing of God's work. Bibles, English tracts, Yoruba literature, pictures of the Master and the Bible on these walls, all revealed the atmosphere of the home and the shop.

What an inspiration to be able to kneel in that brother's home and to hear the prayer Dr. Longo offered in behalf of this brother and his family, that the blessings of God and the joy of His service would continue to be the experience of the life of this son of Heaven.

A few weeks ago he was ordained a deacon in the Hospital church. The spirit of Christ's self-sacrificing love is the spirit that permeates heaven. Christ's followers will possess such a spirit and will work accordingly.

I believe sincerely that this is the spirit that is being manifested in the daily life of this church member who has not lost his first love. It is this same spirit in the lives of God's children the world around that will hasten the dawn of that wonderful day when the meek "shall inherit the earth."

## FAMILY FARE

### *Cigawettes Dirty!*

by EDNA MAE FAIRCHILD

**Y**OU LIKE cigawettes? I don't! Cigawettes are dirty. Dey not good for you. Dey not good for me. Ugh! I don't like smoke. We don't eat fire. You like dat song, Ronnie? I don't. Mommy don't." Suddenly the room was quiet. There was no more conversation. There was no more music from the radio.

I peeked around the corner from the utility room where I was sorting clothes before doing the family washing.

In the kitchen near the radio stood my two-and-one-half-year-old Davy with the radio plug in his hand. Beside him stood his four-year-old cousin Ronnie who had received the lecture on temperance.

A discussion program called "Viewpoint" had been interrupted momentarily for the commercial dealing with cigawettes. The catchy little tune, the song Davy had referred to, didn't please his ear, so not being able to reach the radio dial, he pulled the plug as he had seen me do at other times when we heard rock 'n' roll beat or jazz.

Davy had learned about "bad cigawettes" several days before when his Sabbath school memory verse was introduced. If only young men and women of two and one-half plus ten or twenty or thirty could realize that "cigawettes are dirty . . . not good for you."

# They are our boys— KEEP them our boys

by THEODORE LUCAS



LETTERS—they come continually from servicemen and others, commending our program of servicemen's literature.

One young man writes, "So please do not remove my name from the list of periodicals that you have been sending us. We would miss them terribly, for they are very good."

From a teacher in an Adventist college comes this word: "Through the years I have seen the good results of supplying our servicemen with our denominational papers. Eternity only will show the full results.

"Before the General Conference systematically mailed our good literature, I used to send *Sabbath School Lesson Quarterlies* to the servicemen with whom I corresponded. One of them wrote me of how he received the *Quarterly* on Friday afternoon before the last Sabbath of the quarter and hurried to type the first lesson of the new quarter for five other Adventists who had no *Quarterlies*. Surely we must keep our servicemen supplied with our good literature."

This from a student: "I appreciate the good literature that I received while stationed on Cape Cod. This . . . caused me to become an Adventist. I am now in college, preparing for a place of usefulness in the Master's service."

A serviceman writes: "I really enjoy the *Review and Herald* and *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* that you send each

week. I let others read them, especially the German believers in the Heidelberg SDA church. There are about 75 members here, and about 30 can understand English."

Aboard the U.S.S. *Los Angeles* a serviceman writes: "These magazines are a great help to me on my road to becoming a true Seventh-day Adventist. I do want the literature, as it is a great morale booster."

Here is an interesting note from a non-Adventist serviceman: "Yesterday I attended the Seventh-day Adventist church. I attended a class prior to the morning worship at which time I was given a copy of the *Sabbath School Lesson Quarterly* and *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*. I am not familiar with the doctrines of Seventh-day Adventists. I find the church here to be very enlightening and inspiring and would like to learn more. . . . Could I obtain a subscription to the *Sabbath School Lesson Quarterly*, *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, and the *Review and Herald*? I have several friends who have also been attending the SDA church, and we could all share these materials."

Again we live in the days of the crusaders. Today millions of the youth in the world are waging courageous warfare for ideals of freedom, decency, and order by law. These crusaders may battle with smoking guns and crashing tanks, but the youth of the church must wage a spiritual warfare—a crusade to

save lost men and women for Christ.

Anciently the knight astride his horse, wearing upon his tunic a blood-red cross, and crying, "God wills it," shared in one of the greatest adventures of all history. But that bold knight was the tool of ambitious tyrants, and his cause proved unworthy of his sacrifice.

Today our servicemen are crusading for Christ. They blaze the way for the Advent message. The tumult and welter of a blood-drenched world challenge them to serve God and country.

The world needs Christ. It needs the reviving hope of the Advent message. It needs the ministry of kindness. Wounded hearts crave sympathy and the comfort that God's Word alone can give. In this dark time of hate, of despair, of fear, our young men in the service go forth as bearers of faith, hope, and love—crusaders for Christ. They must find in the hearts of those they have left behind a willingness to help, a generosity that is indicative of our interest in them.

Never before have unconverted youth on the edge of time needed Christ so much, and never before have the devout, earnest young people of the church needed the experience of winning other youth as much as they need that experience today. Your generosity on Sabbath, May 12, in the interest of the Servicemen's Literature Fund will do much to send the Advent message to all the world in this generation."

From page 4

wouldn't hurt to talk with her, I reasoned.

"They are denominational papers, aren't they?"

"Yes, sir; I represent the Seventh-day Adventist Church. We publish a number of periodicals on various subjects each month." She leafed through a few and pointed out some of the articles in them. There were *These Times*, *Life and Health*, *Liberty*. I studied her as she spoke about the literature she was showing. Here is a true Christian, I thought, out working to help others.

Then an idea came—"Maybe she can answer some of the questions that have been bothering me." At least I could ask. "Miss, I've been studying my Bible for a couple of weeks and have become much interested in it. There are some things, however, that I don't understand. Maybe you can help me."

Her face brightened even more. "You know, some other women and I have Bible studies every Friday evening right here in this neighborhood. You might find them helpful. Take this card," she said. "It has the time and place printed on it. What is your name, sir?"

"Bill."

"I'm Margaret Murray, Bill. I do hope you can come to our meetings. You will like the pictures we show on the screen, and all of our studies are taken from the Bible. Many young people come out each week and enjoy them."

"That sounds great. Friday night? I'll be there."

And I was. The message that night on heaven and Christ's second coming really went home to my heart, for the pictures portrayed on the screen agreed perfectly with what I had been finding in my Bible.

"Did you enjoy the pictures tonight, Bill?" asked Margaret after she had introduced me to her sister, Lola, and to Mrs. Goddard who completed the trio who sold literature in the city and conducted the meetings.

"We want you to come again next week. We have another good topic and more beautiful slides."

I returned the next week and the next and the next. The message that was unfolding thrilled me. Sometimes Friday nights weren't enough, and we spent other nights during the week in Bible study at the Murray sisters' home. I liked the warm feeling of conviction that swept over my soul each time a

new doctrine or prophecy was explained to me from the Bible. I knew God was speaking to my heart.

Every Sabbath that I could be relieved from duty I attended Sabbath school and church and was deeply impressed by the members who were consistently warmhearted and neighborly—a whole church that lived the Bible. Especially there were Margaret and Lola, those two sisters who had such an interest in my spiritual life, and Mrs. Goddard, who had helped me to understand the difficult parts of the Bible studies. All were such sincere Christians. How I longed to be like them. But I wasn't like them—I was a smoker!

Satan obviously didn't want to let me out of his ranks, for since my first encounter with Adventists he had been tempting me more than ever before. He had my shipmates remind me of my past, and they told me that I wasn't good enough to expect anything from God. But the Spirit reasoned that I didn't have to be good to come to Christ; that instead, I had to come to Christ to become good.

No, the barrier between me and this new hope-giving message was not my past, for it could be forgiven. It was the future—more specifically, my smoking. I was smoking a whole pack every day. It seemed that my every attempt to stop failed.

One Friday night after I arrived at the meeting, Margaret announced that a minister from Washington, D.C., was holding a Week of Prayer nearby and that she wanted all of us to go to hear him every night that we could.

Glad for the opportunity for more spiritual reinforcement, I accepted the invitation to ride with the Murrays that first night. As we drove along, Margaret told me more of the speaker for the week. "He is E. L. Minchin, a well-loved young people's speaker; you will surely enjoy hearing him this week."

"Sounds good, Margaret," I said, wondering whether she could possibly know how good.

That week marked a milestone in my life. Elder Minchin didn't preach doctrines; he preached practical godliness. He preached deliverance from sin and explained God's attitude toward sin and the sinner. The last night of the series, he extended an altar call for those who wanted to make a full surrender. My heart was melted that night; and as God spoke to me there was nothing

to do but respond. With tears streaming down my cheeks, I prayed an earnest prayer that God would accept my life and help me overcome my habit of smoking. I went away from that meeting feeling redeemed and accepted.

But in the next few days there were many "last cigarettes" smoked. Each was going to be the last, but there was always another. I was discouraged. But wasn't I trying? Yes, but I was helpless.

God, however, was still guiding. One night soon after my decision, I picked up my *Steps to Christ* and received another gleam of hope. My eyes caught some words that were obviously written for me: "Your promises and resolutions are like ropes of sand. . . . The knowledge of your broken promises . . . weakens your confidence in your own sincerity, and causes you to feel that God cannot accept you." The words were a mirror held to my soul. "But you need not despair. . . . By yielding up your will to Christ, you ally yourself with the power that is above all principalities and powers."\* This was wonderful. Was not this what the chaplain had told me in the first place? We must rely on Christ, for He is stronger than any habit. Praying a prayer for deliverance that night, I felt very close to God. Surely this was the end of my smoking, I thought.

Next morning as I squirmed out from under the warm bedcovers, the habitual idea of "just one more smoke" hit me.

The seconds in which I entertained that thought ended with my lighting a cigarette.

"This isn't the way," screamed my conscience. "You can't expect God to help you if you don't let Him."

Throwing the just-lighted cigarette down, I hurriedly gathered all that I had in my possession. With a righteous fury I would have supposed impossible for me, I crushed and mangled them as I threw them violently into the large trash disposal at the end of the hall.

"This is it, dear God; this is it," I rejoiced. From that day on, I had a sense of assurance that God was on my side and that we would conquer the habit together. Never again has the desire for cigarettes come to me.

As I arose from the baptism waters December 21, 1957, claiming the spotless robe of Christ's righteousness, my heart bowed in adoration to the One who had stayed my wayward steps with a dream—unmistakable in meaning—and had helped me make that dream come true.

\* *Steps to Christ*, pp. 47, 48.



JEANIE now began to make definite and enthusiastic plans for the long trip to Honduras. By this time the twins' personal effects had grown to startling proportions. Both birthday and Christmas had added to the ever-increasing piles of gifts that doting friends and fond relatives were sure they would need, once they were back in the mission field.

The twins were running about now and experimenting with everything. As Jeanie packed their things into suitcases and boxes, she had to work doubly hard in order to keep them from pulling everything out again, for they didn't want their possessions packed away.

Finally, one day when the packing was nearly completed, Grandpa and Grandma Weston came into Jeanie's room and sat down on the edge of the bed, smiling at each other knowingly.

"Shall we tell her?" asked grandma with mounting excitement.

"Sure," grandpa said, "I reckon we'll have to."

"Well, we've decided to drive you down to Texas and have a visit with Melvin and Amy while you put the adoption through."

Relief swept through Jeanie like a cooling breeze over a parched desert. She got up and with a great deal of ceremony hugged them both. "I think you're wonderful to even consider doing a thing like that for us," she said.

"Well, you didn't think we'd let you take those babies across country alone by bus or train with your lame back, did you?" asked grandpa with a light in his eyes.

Two days later, when they got all their luggage packed into the car and the trunk compartment, Jeanie began to wonder where anyone would sit. "Travel is broadening in more than one way," she said as she squeezed herself into the back seat with the twins and sundry items.

Arriving in Texas a couple of days later, Jeanie scarcely unpacked before she made an appointment to see an attorney. "It will take about two weeks to put the adoption through legally," the attorney told her the next day. "I hope that won't inconvenience you too greatly."

travel

is

broadening

by WILMA ROSS WESTPHAL

"No, that will be fine," Jeanie assured him as she took her leave. She didn't bother to tell him they had feared that the adoption would take several months.

Jeanie had left everything packed that she could get along without during their stay in Texas, and so the day she finally came home with the adoption papers she was practically ready to resume the journey. While she was packing the remaining possessions into boxes and suitcases, Melvin and Amy came into her room and sat on the edge of the bed and grinned at each other knowingly.

"Shall we tell her now?" Amy asked with an edge of excitement in her voice.

"I suppose we'll have to," Melvin said practically.

"Well, I'm going to take you and the twins down to New Orleans and see that you get on the boat," Amy said as casually as possible.

Jeanie got up without any ceremony and hugged them both. "This is simply too good to be true."

"You didn't think we'd let you take those babies across country alone by train or bus with your lame back, did you?" Melvin asked teasingly.

"Elsa and I will take you to New Orleans," Amy told Jeanie one day.

"You've been talking to the folks," Jeanie accused gaily. "I don't care if you *are* related, you two couldn't have said the same thing they did in the very same way, without being coached."

"And why not?" Amy retorted good-naturedly. "Now that everything has turned out so well for you and Bob and the twins, we have to have a little fun along the way, don't we?" She motioned to Elsa Reed, her sister-in-law, to come in. "And Elsa's going with us so that Marilyn Faye and I won't have to come back alone."

"Oh, won't that be great? Why, this is going to be a lark, and just think, I've been dreading this trip for months! Which all goes to prove that worry is sheer waste of time and nervous energy."

When they arrived in New Orleans they looked up Grace and J. Lee Neil, who had been friends of the Westons for a number of years. Out of the bigness of her heart, Grace offered to keep the twins and Marilyn Faye, while Amy, Elsa, and Jeanie went shopping. Bob had written and asked Jeanie to shop for an electric washing machine, a refrigerator, a portable sewing machine,

# Rhubarb Blossoms

by LEE AVERY

Between the seasons of the lilac  
And the peony,  
I have picked two rhubarb blossoms  
For the empty vase.  
Like ivory coral from a lonely reef,  
Like sea-lace laughing upward,  
This back yard beauty, delicate  
And newly seen!

a kitchen cookstove, a studio couch, a new bed, small rugs, and any materials Jeanie would need for curtains and draperies, as well as some merchandise from the five-and-ten.

Ever after, when Jeanie thought of New Orleans, she would recall the feverish shopping from the time the stores opened until closing time; she would remember being eased out of the stores at the end of the day by harassed clerks who were obviously afraid they might stay the night. Once on the street, the three of them would invariably have to fall back into single file to allow room for the bundles.

The stove, refrigerator, and other bulky articles were sent directly to the docks. Each night for several nights the shoppers, with aching backs and throbbing heads, looked at one another across the formidable pile of purchases and forced themselves to get it all packed into crates and boxes for shipping. Amy was the acknowledged packer of the party.

"Amy," Jeanie would say, "you'd better do the packing, and we'll wrap and bring things to you. You can get more into less space with a smaller amount of energy expended than anyone I've ever known. All the experience I've had packing and moving hasn't perfected the art in me, I'm afraid."

Finally, however, it all came to an end. That is to say, almost to an end. There was an item on the shopping list which she had been nearly ashamed to mention until that last day when it was evident to all that she was soon to board the S.S. *Taloo*, alone with a pair of squirming, fleet-footed investigators just fourteen months old. Finally she told them with averted eyes, about a child's harness she'd heard was being carried in some of the stores. What she didn't tell them was the fact that she'd been harassed night and day with the dreadful possibility of the twins' rolling off the ship's deck into the foaming waters.

Amy and Elsa thought the idea of a child's harness for each twin was a good one, so they made a final tour of the shops until at long last they found a department store whose clerks seemed to understand what they were talking about.

"Sure, we have a child's harness," one of the clerks said. He went back to look through the stock and finally returned with two boxes. "Say, you're lucky," he reported. "These two are the last of the stock."

It turned out that Jeanie's farewell gesture to New Orleans was to accept the harnesses unwrapped, pay for them, and race for the docks. They had barely boarded the ship and were looking around Jeanie's cabin when there was a long blast, and the traditional call, "All ashore who're going ashore."

Jeanie shut the door of the cabin securely with the twins safely inside, and accompanied Amy, Elsa, and the Neils as far as the gangplank. There were the final farewells and some very inadequate thanks on Jeanie's part; then they separated. The gangplank was slowly taken up and secured to the ship's side. Jeanie stood on deck next to the rail, waving frantically with her kerchief as long as there was a dim outline of gray against the receding horizon.

Finally, when there was nothing but water in sight, she groped her way to the cabin and released all the welled-up tears that had been accumulating through the long, stretched-out series of leave-takings along the way. It was comparable, she thought wryly, to cutting a dog's tail off by inches, except that this sort of suffering had nothing whatever to do with dogs.

At first, the stewardess brought their meals to the cabin. It wasn't until the afternoon of the second day that Jeanie had the courage to venture forth with the twins at the ends of two leashes. As soon as they reached the deck they

were immediately surrounded by curious tourists.

"Oh, how sweet," they would say. "Are they twins?"

"Oh, yes indeed," Jeanie would answer. "They're twins all right. Just multiply everything by two, and you have it—even to trouble," she added as an afterthought.

There was always this human bulwark surrounding them. "I might have known," she mumbled under her breath. The twins couldn't have rolled off the deck if they had deliberately tried!

It had been eleven long months since Bob had gone ahead to Honduras. Jean had made a daily ritual of showing his picture to the twins and having them say, "Daddy." After they had traveled more than three days and nights, they steamed into the harbor at Tela, and she wondered a little uneasily how they were going to take the sudden appearance of a daddy. Her fears were ungrounded, however, for when he came into the cabin and they had a chance to look him over, they held out their arms saying gleefully, "Daddy! Daddy!"

Jeanie clung to her husband fondly. "Why, you haven't changed at all, dear," she said. "Eleven months is an eternity sometimes."

"Don't you think I know it?" Bob said. "And, just for the record, I did lose weight until I knew everything was working out and that you and the babies were actually on your way home at last."

"We've been on our way from the time we left Medford months ago," Jeanie reflected soberly. "It's been so long that our arrival seems more like a dream than reality even yet. It was marvelous though, that things worked out

## key wit sharpeners

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so that I didn't have to travel alone with the twins on the train or bus. I just don't think I could have made it. God has been very good to us."

"Yes," Bob said, "I did a little worrying about the situation myself. When the twins are ready we'll take them with us to the customs office. Everything should be ready to take out in an hour or so. Did you have any trouble shopping for the household goods?"

"Trouble?" Jeanie laughed. "Here, you put Marilee's shoes on her, and I'll put Rosilee's on her. They don't like to wear shoes yet, but I keep at it. You may as well get used to the idea of helping with them. They're going to be with us for a long while, you know."

"They'd better be, after all we've been through to get them. But you didn't answer my question about the shopping. How did it go? Were you able to get everything?"

"Oh, yes, but we were simply rushed to death. If it hadn't been for Grace Neil keeping the twins and their little cousin for us, we never could have finished. And while I'm making acknowledgments, I never would have gotten through shopping and packing without Amy and Elsa. They were superb. We were so tired out by night that we'd laugh at the slightest provocation. We'd pack half the night, then start out as soon as the stores were open the next morning. It was a race every minute."

"Well," Bob said, "I'm sorry you had to rush so, but I knew if you didn't get what we needed to set up housekeeping here, we'd be in a bad situation. You see, there isn't much here in the way of household goods."

"I'm curious about the house you wrote about. You certainly didn't tell me much. What's it like? Does it have a yard? Hurry and tell me all about it."

Bob smiled. "Here, my twin is ready. How about yours?"

"Mine is ready, but you didn't answer my question yet."

"Well," Bob evaded, "the house isn't so nice as the one in Tegucigalpa, of course, but it's much warmer here on the coast than it is in the interior, and all the houses are of frame construction. And to set your mind at ease, I'll tell you that there *is* a yard all right—a pretty good-sized one. There's more good news, but you'll just have to wait for the rest until we get to La Ceiba."

"O.K. then," Jeanie laughed, "let's go." Whereupon, each carrying a twin, they left the ship and headed toward the customs offices.

*Next week: And Four to Go.*

*The illustration (right) is reproduced from the National Wildlife Federation's series of Wildlife Conservation Stamps. The educational programs of the Federation are largely supported by income received through the distribution of these stamps.*



## Turtlehead

by E. LAURENCE PALMER

**T**HE TURTLEHEAD is rarely abundant but within its range it is common enough so that in one form or another it may be found now and then on almost any field trip at any time of the year. Of course, the plant in winter looks little like the attractive plant of late summer and fall.

The turtlehead is named probably from the remote resemblance of the flower to a turtle's head. It also goes under such names as balmony, snakehead, galane, or tête de tortue. The fact that it has been given so many common names might indicate that it has been sufficiently attractive to be given a name by persons other than botanists. Since the flower is not edible, has no recognized medicinal flavoring or other practical values, and is not poisonous it must rely on its beauty for whatever place it may have in nature's Hall of Fame.

Its beauty, if it has any, is not blatant. It has no spectacular fragrance. It never occurs in sufficient numbers to add masses of color to a part of the landscape, even if it were brilliantly colored. Its modest beauty and relative rareness are factors in its charm.

Turtlehead grows in wet spots, such as the banks of swamps and marshes, and it is not uncommon in the little eddies along the edge of a brook. It grows to a height of up to three feet, which is tall enough to get the flowers high enough to be seen among the usual associated plants. The stems are angled and smooth.

The leaves are smooth, bright green, up to six inches long, with well-toothed margins and short stems, if any stems are present. The leaves are opposite and more or less uniform in size from the lower to the upper portions of the stem.

The flower looks something like a bottle gentian but is for the most part white, delicately tinged with pink, crimson, or sometimes a bluish color. Sometimes it is more greenish white and white than as suggested above. The upper lip of the flower overlaps the under lip for a short distance, but the whole flower is rarely more than one and one half inches long. The stems remain erect through the winter, holding the capsules that bear the seeds.

When the flower is in bloom it may be visited by the Baltimore checkerspot butterfly, whose caterpillars are reported to be dependent wholly upon this plant as a source of food.

Turtlehead ranges from Newfoundland to Florida and west to Manitoba, Iowa, and Texas. There is a closely related red turtlehead, which has flowers definitely reddish to purplish. The red turtlehead is generally smaller than the regular turtlehead and is found in wet places from Virginia to Iowa, south to Arkansas and Florida and to some extent into Mississippi. Another form, which is a variety of the red turtlehead, is found from Minnesota to Arkansas and east to Indiana.—NATIONAL WILDLIFE RELEASE.

# ANY QUESTIONS, GIRLS?



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- How can I know if he loves me?
- Can I ever hope to feel really rested?
- How can I develop charm?

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BY BELLE WOOD-COMSTOCK, M.D.

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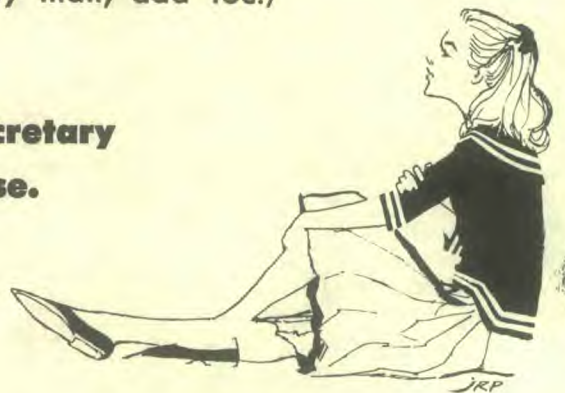
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# Sabbath School Lessons

Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

## Youth

### III—The Broad Scope of the Prophet's Work

(April 21, 1962)

MEMORY GEM: "By a prophet the Lord brought Israel out of Egypt, and by a prophet was he preserved" (Hosea 12:13).

OUTSIDE READING: *Selected Messages*, vol. 1, pp. 33, 34; *Education*, pp. 45-50.

#### Introduction

The prophet is more than a forecaster. He speaks for God as His representative, and he speaks forth the words of the Lord as God's messenger. In each case, God's prophet opens up the "secrets" of the divine mind and will to the inquiring mind of man, imparting knowledge and guidance essential to his well-being.

#### 1 Many Phases in This Endeavor

##### 1. What does God reveal to His servants the prophets?

"Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets" (Amos 3:7).

NOTE.—So the scope of the work of the prophet is as broad as God is. For the prophet is God's messenger. Whatever God has for him to do, that he will do when, where, how, and for whom God indicates.

##### 2. What was Moses' work as the prophet of Israel?

###### Memory Gem.

NOTE.—Predictions were a relatively minor part of Moses' work as prophet. He was primarily a leader and a protector of Israel, acting always under the direction of God.

Not all who were called to the prophetic office did the same type of work. John the Baptist performed no miracles, but he was sent to prepare the way of the Lord. Jesus declared that John was "more than a prophet," and that "there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist" (Matt. 11:9, 11). Samuel's work was largely one of spiritual guidance.

From a study of the life and work of the Bible prophets, you will observe the broad scope of their spiritual activities. Beyond the immediate and special functions of receiving visions and imparting light in sermons or written messages, these inspired men and women spelled out by precept and example the high destiny of the church in holy living and witnessing. Elisha was a reformer and an educator. Nathan and John the Baptist were reprovers of sin. Isaiah was a counselor; Paul and Peter, evangelists and pastors; Ezekiel, a shepherd of God's flock.

#### 2 The Example of Moses

##### 3. What was the first great truth revealed in Moses' writings?

"In the beginning God" (Gen. 1:1).

NOTE.—When a preacher says God is, that is to be expected. Otherwise he has no right to the preaching office. But when a scientist says God is, that is news. So here is a scientist saying it, Dr. Andrew C. Ivy. Who is Dr. Ivy? At the end of an introduction to Dr. Ivy's article in *The Evidence of God*, John Clover Monsma says he is "one of the world's outstanding specialists in cancer and functions and ailments of the gastrointestinal tract." Here is Dr. Ivy's statement about God: "Is there a God? Yes. I am as certain that there is a God as I am certain of anything. I am as certain that there is a God as I am that I am, or exist."—Page 225. (Published by G. B. Putnam's Sons, 1958.)

"The preparation of the written word began in the time of Moses. Inspired revelations were then embodied in an inspired book. This work continued during the long period of sixteen hundred years,—from Moses, the historian of creation and the law, to John."—*The Great Controversy*, p. v.

##### 4. Whence did Moses receive the statues and precepts he gave to the children of Israel?

"I have taught you statutes and judgments, even as the Lord my God commanded me" (Deut. 4:5).

"Remember ye the law of Moses my servant, which I commanded unto him" (Mal. 4:4).

NOTE.—"Moses was commanded to write, as God should bid him, judgments and laws giving minute instruction as to what was required. These directions relating to the duty of the people to God, to one another, and to the stranger, were only the principles of the ten commandments amplified and given in a specific manner, that none need err."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 364.

"Had the Israelites obeyed the instruction they received, and profited by their advantages, they would have been the world's object lesson of health and prosperity. If as a people they had lived according to God's plan, they would have been preserved from the diseases that afflicted other nations. Above any other people they would have possessed physical strength and vigor of intellect. . . .

"The Israelites failed of fulfilling God's purpose, and thus failed of receiving the blessing that might have been theirs. But in Joseph and Daniel, in Moses and Elisha, and many others, we have noble examples of the results of the true plan of living. Like faithfulness today will produce like results."—*The Ministry of Healing*, pp. 283, 285.

#### 3 Instruction and Reproof

##### 5. How is the prophet an educator?

"The student preachers afterwards said to Elisha" (2 Kings 6:1, *The Complete Bible in Modern English*, by Fenton).

"They have not hearkened to receive instruction" (Jer. 32:33).

NOTE.—"The schools of the prophets were founded by Samuel, to serve as a barrier against the wide-spread corruption, to provide for the moral and spiritual welfare of the youth, and to promote the future prosperity of the nation by furnishing it with men qualified to act in the fear of God as leaders and counselors. In the accomplishment of this object, Samuel gathered companies of young men who were pious, intelligent, and studious. These were called the sons of the prophets."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 593.

"The schools of the prophets, established by Samuel, had fallen into decay during the years of Israel's apostasy. Elijah reestablished these schools, making provision for young men to gain an education that would lead them to magnify the law and make it honorable. . . . Just before Elijah was taken to heaven, he and Elisha visited these centers of training. The lessons that the prophet of God had given them on former visits, he now repeated. . . .

"The heart of Elijah was cheered as he saw what was being accomplished by means of these schools."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 224.

##### 6. What is an even more difficult role of the prophet?

"I send thee to the children of Israel, to a rebellious nation" (Eze. 2:3).

"Be not dismayed at their faces, lest I confound thee before them" (Jer. 1:17).

NOTE.—"He sent His prophets to warn the guilty, denounce their sins, and pronounce judgment upon them. . . . In His providence the Lord has seen fit to teach and warn His people in various ways. By direct command, by the sacred writings, and by the spirit of prophecy has He made known unto them His will. My work has been to speak plainly of the faults and errors of God's people. . . . I have been shown that it is not mine to choose my work, but humbly to obey the will of God."—*Testimonies*, vol. 4, pp. 12, 13.

##### 7. What is the fundamental business of the prophet?

"The things that I write unto you are the commandments of the Lord" (1 Cor. 14:37).

NOTE.—"The *Testimonies* are not to belittle the word of God, but to exalt it and attract minds to it, that the beautiful simplicity of the truth may impress all."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 665.

#### 4 Preparation of Candidates for the Kingdom

##### 8. When Saul sought out Samuel what did Samuel agree to do for him?

"I . . . will tell thee all that is in thine heart" (1 Sam. 9:19).

##### 9. What message of hope did Isaiah bear?

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God" (Isa. 40:1).

##### 10. What was the burden of Amos?

"Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel" (Amos 4:12).

NOTE.—"Prepare to meet thy God" is the consuming burden of the messages of the prophets through all time. The first *Testimony* pamphlet published in 1855 closed with an article entitled, "Prepare to Meet the Lord." (*Testimonies*, vol. 1, pp. 123-126.) In the last article in the last volume of the *Testimonies*, published fifty-four years later, in 1909, the same pen urges:

"My brother, my sister, I urge you to prepare for the coming of Christ in the clouds of heaven. Day by day cast the love of the world out of your hearts. Understand by experience what it means to have fellowship with Christ. Prepare for the judgment, that when Christ shall come, to be admired in all them that believe, you may be among those who will meet Him in peace."—*Testimonies*, vol. 9, p. 285.

### Quizangles

1. By whom did God bring His people out of Egypt? **Memory Gem.**
2. By whom did God preserve Israel? **Memory Gem.**
3. How much of God's plans for us has He concealed? (1)
4. What additional title does God give to the prophet? (1)

5. Did God have a beginning or was He in the beginning? (2)
6. What alternatives confront the prophet of God? (3)
7. What is the chief business of every prophet? (4)

NEXT WEEK, April 28, 1962—Lesson title: "The Prophetic Vision." Outside reading: *Early Writings*, pp. 13-20; *Testimonies*, vol. 1, pp. 58-61, 21-35. Memory gem: Hosea 12:10.

## Earliteen

### III—What a Prophet Is Asked to Do

(April 21)

**TEXT TO REMEMBER:** "And by a prophet the Lord brought Israel out of Egypt, and by a prophet was he preserved" (Hosea 12:13).

**AIM:** To show that usually prophets did more than foretell future events.

#### 1. The Prophet, as a Leader and Revealer of Secrets

**READ:** AMOS 3:7; HOSEA 12:13.

"In consideration of the exercise of the prophetic gift, attention has been focused so largely on the element of prediction that many times the broader aspects of the function of the prophets have been obscured or entirely lost from view. Theirs was a *broad* work, by no means restricted to foretelling the future. These were men who filled an important place in the history of God's people, not only because of their multiplied responsibilities in the community or nation, but because of the nature of the messages sent to the people through them. Not only were they used to reach the professed people of God; they were delegated to carry the word of the Lord to the world."—T. H. JEMISON, *A Prophet Among You*, p. 42.

"My work has covered so many lines that I cannot call myself other than a messenger, sent to bear a message from the Lord to His people, and to take up work in any line that He points out."—*Selected Messages*, vol. 1, p. 34.

What kind of "secrets" can you think of that a prophet might reveal, other than future events?

What things that Moses did can you think of which show that God is interested in every part of the life of His people?

What did Moses do as a prophet that helped keep the people well and strong? Which would you think is of greater importance—foretelling the future? or helping to prepare for the future?

#### PROBLEM FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Would you reject a man who claimed to be a prophet just because he had never performed a miracle?

#### 2. The Work of Moses

**READ:** Genesis 1:1; Deuteronomy 4:1, 2, 5.

"The preparation of the written word began in the time of Moses. Inspired revelations were then embodied in an in-

spired book. This work continued during the long period of sixteen hundred years, —from Moses, the historian of creation and the law, to John."—*The Great Controversy*, Introduction, p. v.

"Moses was commanded to write, as God should bid him, judgments and laws giving minute instruction as to what was required. These directions relating to the duty of the people to God, to one another, and to the stranger, were only the principles of the ten commandments amplified and given in a specific manner, that none need err."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 364.

Moses is believed to be the writer of the first five books of the Old Testament, in which we find the only written record of how our world began, the record of the Flood, religious laws, health laws, community laws, and many other instructions from God.

Moses wrote the Ten Commandments. True  False

The story of Creation which Moses wrote in the book of Genesis was taken by him from some legends handed down from generation to generation. True  False

Moses was shown in vision every detail of religious worship that God wanted His people to follow. True  False

God warned Moses specifically not to add to, or take away from, anything he was commanded to write or speak to the people. True  False

#### PROBLEM FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Do you think that any man could be intelligent enough, or educated well enough, to produce by himself all the wise counsel that Moses gave to the world?

#### 3. The Teachings of Moses

**READ:** Malachi 4:4; Deuteronomy 34:1-5.

"In the teaching that God gave to Israel, the preservation of health received careful attention. . . . Health principles were taught and sanitary laws enforced."—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 277.

"Had the Israelites obeyed the instruction they received, and profited by their advantages, they would have been the world's object lesson of health and prosperity. If as a people they had lived according to God's plan, they would have been preserved from the diseases that afflicted other nations. Above any other

people they would have possessed physical strength and vigor of intellect."—*Ibid.*, p. 283.

"The Israelites failed of fulfilling God's purpose, and thus failed of receiving the blessings that might have been theirs. But in Joseph and Daniel, in Moses and Elisha, and many others, we have noble examples of the results of the true plan of living. Like faithfulness today will produce like results."—*Ibid.*, p. 285.

Name as many things as you can that you think might have been included in what is called the "law of Moses."

Where did God ask Moses to go just before his death?

What was God's purpose in taking Moses up onto this high mountain?

Which of the scenes that Moses saw on Mount Nebo do you think must have given him the most joy?

#### PROBLEM FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

If health instruction through a prophet was important in Moses' day, do you think health instruction through a prophet is important to us today?

#### 4. Instruction and Reproof

**READ:** 2 Kings 6:1-3; Jeremiah 1:17-19; Ezekiel 2:3-8.

"The schools of the prophets were founded by Samuel, to serve as a barrier against the wide-spread corruption, to provide for the moral and spiritual welfare of the youth, and to promote the future prosperity of the nation by furnishing it with men qualified to act in the fear of God as leaders and counselors. In the accomplishment of this object, Samuel gathered companies of young men who were pious, intelligent, and studious. These were called the sons of the prophets."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 593.

"The schools of the prophets, established by Samuel, had fallen into decay during the years of Israel's apostasy. Elijah re-established these schools, making provision for young men to gain an education that would lead them to magnify the law and make it honorable. . . . Just before Elijah was taken to heaven, he and Elisha visited these centers of training. The lessons that the prophet of God had given them on former visits, he now repeated. . . .

"The heart of Elijah was cheered as he saw what was being accomplished by means of these schools."—*Prophets and Kings*, pp. 224, 225.

Who were the sons of the prophets? Who started "church schools" in Bible times?

What happened to the nation of Israel when the schools of the prophets were neglected?

What do you think was the most difficult work of the prophets?

#### PROBLEM FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Would you say that God's people need schools of the prophets today?

#### 5. Guides and Teachers of God's Word

**READ:** Jeremiah 29:19; 32:33; Zechariah 1:3-6; 7:7-14; 1 Corinthians 14:37.

"By the time Jeremiah began his ministry, about twenty years before the first

Babylonian Captivity, the situation appeared to be beyond hope; but still God worked through the prophet to try to avert the coming disaster. . . . The prophet was on hand to give counsel as to how to meet the critical times successfully, but his words were ignored even after they were asked for by the Reubenlike king.—T. H. JEMISON, *A Prophet Among You*, p. 157.

"The Testimonies are not to belittle the word of God, but to exalt it and attract minds to it, that the beautiful simplicity of truth may impress all."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 665.

With what words does God express His eagerness to teach His people the right way?

Of what is it an indication when one turns his back upon someone who is trying to talk with him?

What does it indicate to you when the messages of several different prophets, living at different times, all agree perfectly?

What would you say of one who claims

to be a prophet if his messages are all full of dark and mystical utterances that no one understands?

#### PROBLEM FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

If it took the work of the Holy Spirit to give the prophets the messages they wrote, what do you think is the only way in which we may understand them?

#### 6. Getting Ready to Meet God

READ: 1 Samuel 9:1-10, 18-20; Isaiah 40:1, 2; Amos 4:12, last part.

"There is instruction that the Lord has given me for His people. It is light that they should have, line upon line, and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. This is now to come before the people, because it has been given to correct specious errors and to specify what is truth. The Lord has revealed many things pointing out the truth, thus saying, This is the way, walk ye in it."—Ellen G. White, *Letter 117, 1910*, quoted in *Messenger to the Remnant*, p. 82.

"My brother, my sister, I urge you to prepare for the coming of Christ in the clouds of heaven. Day by day cast the love of the world out of your hearts. Understand by experience what it means to have fellowship with Christ. Prepare for the judgment, that when Christ shall come, to be admired in all them that believe, you may be among those who will meet Him in peace."—*Testimonies*, vol. 9, p. 285.

When we do not know which way to go in our lives, to whom must we go for guidance?

How does God usually give guidance to those who come to Him for help?

What part of the prophet's work do you consider most important?

In what ways do you think the work of prophets, either ancient or modern, has influenced you the most?

#### PROBLEM FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Can you expect God to give you needed guidance in your life if you do not regularly and faithfully read and study the Bible and the Spirit of Prophecy?



**Question** *A dear friend of mine doesn't believe there is a hereafter. After you are dead you are dead, he says. Going on, he states that if God knows everything, why did God make man, knowing he would sin? I've tried to answer this question for him, but it seems that we are going in circles.*

**Counsel** Your first question has to do with belief in the hereafter, which you say your friend does not have. For the Christian, belief in an afterlife is based on revelation. There is no scientific proof, nor can philosophy give conclusive evidence for life after death. We believe because God says there will be a resurrection. If your friend is not willing to accept the Bible as the revealed will of God, and as truth, there is no way of convincing him. You need first to build up his faith in the Holy Scriptures.

Your second question will also be difficult to answer for one whose faith does not rest soundly on the Bible. I would suggest that you read and digest thoroughly the chapter "Why Was Sin Permitted?" in *Patriarchs and Prophets*, and/or the chapter "The Origin of Evil" in *The Great Controversy*. I know of no better answer to the query your friend raises.

I would stress the high privilege of freedom of choice, a privilege akin to one of God's attributes. No one would

want to surrender this privilege. The alternative to the right of self-determination would be a condition in which man would be a mere machine, passively under the control of God. There would be no happiness in such a condition. There could be no true love, for love is a matter of voluntary relationship. God would thrill no more at our expression of love for Him than we would thrill at a robot saying to us, every time we pressed a button, "I love you."

Since God was interested in the happiness of man whom He was about to create, He made him self-determining, even though a risk was involved and even though He knew that man would fall.

To your friend this apparently seems quite unfair. But remember that God also made provision whereby everyone might be saved. If men are lost, it is by their own choice. Furthermore, this experiment of evil will run only a short time; then sin will be eradicated. The fact that sin has existed for a time will immunize the universe against future lapses into it, and as a result there will be greater, and in fact, perfect, security.

There will be no uncertainty about the baneful results of the wrong choice, and men will voluntarily choose to have nothing to do with sin. Their love for God will be founded on a greater ap-

preciation for His character, as a result of the demonstration of God's nature in the outworking of the plan of salvation.

Finite man cannot understand all the mysteries of God's dealings in the universe. But sufficient information has been imparted so that man may exercise an intelligent faith. At the same time, God has not removed the possibility of doubt, and a man may doubt if he chooses. But think of the frightful loss.

Even if your friend would not be quite sure, he would be infinitely better off accepting the Christian way. Let us assume for a moment that there is no God and no afterlife. Nothing would be lost; in fact, much could be gained, by living the Christian life, since it is a much more satisfying life.

On the other hand, if there is a God and a judgment and an afterlife, the unbeliever sustains a terrific loss. He is foolish to take a chance.

I hope these few observations will help you to say something that will make your friend think seriously. Pray earnestly for him, and remember that although Heaven works through human channels, it is the Holy Spirit that must bring conviction.

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