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## ORDER FROM YOUR BOOK AND BIBLE HOUSE

Review and Herald Publishing Association, Washington 12, D.C.

*The Youth's Instructor, June 19, 1962*



*Marie's pronouncement fell heavily in the quiet room. Even as she put on her coat and left the group, no one spoke or moved to detain her.*

by JEANNE PETTIS

A DRIZZLY spring night was falling. Marie Wells stood by the window, her spirits as gray and gloomy as the sky. Maybe if she would quit struggling and go the way of the crowd, life wouldn't seem so hopelessly complicated.

"Why, oh, why must I keep going to public school year after year?" the unhappy girl half-whispered to the empty room. "I get so tired of missing all the activities my high school friends enjoy. Seems there's always some reason I can't participate. Everybody thinks I'm odd too; I don't wear make-up, go to shows, or dance. Sometimes I feel like giving up and doing what everyone else does, but something seems to hold me back. I don't know what it is—maybe it's the good training mother used to give me when I was a little girl.

"Why did she have to die when I needed her so much? If she were still here, it would be so much easier to be an Adventist. Strange how dad has kept Peggy and me going to church all these years, even though he won't go along."

Two teardrops trembled on her eyelids, then spilled over and trickled down her cheeks.

"If I only had one friend that believes as I do. If dad knew how lonesome I am, maybe he would let me go to the academy. He's just the best father in the world, but of course I can't expect him to understand how much I want to be with other Adventist young people. And I don't dare ask him again since he warned me not to mention the matter any more."

Seeing a familiar figure come up the walk, she tried to hold back the tears, but something inside seemed to burst. She threw herself on the couch and tried to cover her sobs with a pillow.

"Dear me, what's wrong with my girl?" Mr. Wells asked kindly. "Tell your old dad all about it."

Marie lifted her head long enough to wail, "I want to go to Maplewood!" Shocked at her own boldness, the distraught girl buried her face again, braced for a rebuke that never came.

"Well, you can go."

# guided decisions





# 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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VOLUME 110, NUMBER 25 JUNE 19, 1962

Hardly able to believe her own ears, she sat up again. "Oh, Dad, do you really mean it? Can I really go to Maplewood next year? What made you change your mind?"

Mr. Wells looked at his daughter with a fond, understanding smile as he answered calmly, "It's a long road that has no turning."

## priority

by IRMA B. LIDNER

See, here are yellow tulips,  
Satin smooth, along the walk.  
Say not a word, come but apart,  
For yellow tulips  
Have a stronger claim  
Than ordered talk  
Upon my heart.

During the two years while Marie attended academy she was able to form many friendships with Christian young people who shared her hopes and desires. When the time for her graduation drew near, she didn't know whether to be glad or sorry. She hated to leave the place where she had spent the happiest time of her life. Many of her friends would be in college in the fall, but she couldn't join them. Well, she would try to be cheerful and helpful so her father wouldn't be sorry he had let her go to Maplewood.

Back home, Peggy welcomed her sister with a big hug. "Oh, Marie, I'm so glad you're back. I've missed you so much!"

"It's good to be home again too." She tried to show more enthusiasm than she felt. "Say, is anything new going on around here? I've been gone for so long that I am woefully behind times."

"No, I don't thi—oh, yes, there is too. Belle started a club for a group of her best friends. We call it the Live Wire Club."

Marie was interested at once.

"Is it something like that club the MV Society used to have?"

"Well, yes, only this time we're doing it on our own. Pastor Sorensen's wife doesn't like the idea very much, but I don't know why she has any right to fuss. We don't do anything bad. Maybe she doesn't like us to have a few non-Adventists in our club. But Belle thought it would be a good way to get some of them interested in the church. And when Belle has an idea—well, it doesn't do very much good to object!"

"What do you do in this club, anyway?"

"Oh, we have hikes and other outings. We went horseback riding once, and want to go swimming as soon as the water in the lakes is warm enough."

"Sounds like fun. Do you think Belle would let me join?"

"Surely. She told me to bring you along."

And so Marie became a member of the Live Wire Club. Before many weeks had passed, her friends chose her to be their president. She was kept so busy with club activities that she didn't have much time to be lonesome for her academy friends. One of her most time-consuming responsibilities was taking care of the club newspaper. The other club officers frequently met at Marie's home to get the paper in readiness for the next meeting of the Live Wires. Marie was glad she didn't have to plan all the club meetings. Belle had a committee that arranged the programs.

"Is our club really fulfilling its purpose?" Marie sometimes wondered. "The non-Adventist members don't seem to be showing much interest in learning our beliefs. None of them ever come to church—none except Mel Owen. He has attended MV meeting a few times and then taken me home afterward. I wonder why he is so friendly to me? I'm sure he is really more interested in Belle. Oh, well, there can't be any harm in such a casual friendship."

One evening in late fall she walked to the home of Rose and Elmer Strouder for the next club meeting. As she thought over the items of business that she had to present, she realized that Belle had failed to tell her what the committee had planned for this evening's entertainment. Strange of Belle to forget—she had been so good about telling her before. Well, there was time enough to check before the meeting began.

She had been in the house only a few minutes when an excited, wide-eyed Sue came up to her.

"Marie," she whispered, "did you know that Belle has planned to have a dance tonight?"

Marie nearly swallowed her tongue.

"A dance! Why, Sue, we don't dance! Are you sure that is what she's planning?"

"Pretty sure. Everybody else is talking about it. I don't know why she didn't tell you. Maybe she thought you would try to stop her."

Marie was in a daze. What should  
To page 16

The Youth's Instructor, June 19, 1962



## budget item no. 3

**Mart** This week's cover pictures a passion flower. The photo, by Eleanor A. Schrawder, of Allentown, Pennsylvania, was a Photo Mart submission.

**Mart** THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR Photo Mart is open to readers of the magazine regardless of where they may live in the world. Submissions may be made at any time between the present and the November 30, 1962, deadline. Complete information and entry forms are free on request. Smart photographers who saved the March 6, 1962, listing of the 1961 season, saw the classes in which fewest submissions had been made. Since awards are made in each class when entries meet contest standards, photographers have the chance of entering some of their photos in classes where competition is less keen.

**Massachusetts** "I was surprised to find an ad in the April 24 copy on the second page for a transistor radio. There would be nothing wrong with the ad if it appeared in a secular magazine, but it does not belong in a journal that is primarily read on Sabbath by youth. The last place we need Madison Ave. Commercialism is in THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR." PAUL C. CHAPIN, Attleboro.

• The advertisement was not designed to sell radios but to induce readers to engage in literature evangelism with *Life and Health*.

**California** "In your YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR of January 16 we see four boys, some 500 pounds, on the back of a poor dumb burro. Does North Platte, Nebraska, have a Humane Society representative? He ought to visit your ranch when you laugh at the boys' ignorance." ELMER LINSTED, Palo Alto.

**Washington, D.C.** "I think you are editorially pricking the right people in your 'Out of Zebulun' series. Our need for top-flight writers cries out in our publications, but it seems to fall on deaf ears. I hope you see results from your appeals." MIKE JONES, Assistant Editor, *Listen*.

**Will** "As the will of man co-operates with the will of God, it becomes omnipotent."—MYP 101.

*The Youth's Instructor, June 19, 1962*

There is dynamic energy in prayer. It opens the windows of heaven, sometimes through unexpected channels.

On March 4, 1953, I wrote a young woman to ask if she would author something for this magazine. She did not reply to my letter.

On May 29, 1961, she wrote to apologize, and to tell what had happened to her in this time interval. I wrote and invited her to reactivate the assignment, but now to write about her experience. She promised to fulfill the new assignment.

On April 12, 1962, she wrote: "Your letter, together with a check for \$250, was received a few days ago. I am so happy that you found the story acceptable, and the check came as a complete surprise. I had no idea at all that there would be any remuneration. . . .

"The money might have been an answer to prayer. Our church is in the midst of a fund-raising program for the purpose of enlarging our church school. I had been praying that God would open an avenue for me that I might have the opportunity to make a substantial contribution. Then your check came. It will be used for that purpose. . . .

"It seems strange that an assignment which you gave me nine years ago should be fulfilled at this time and with such a story."

God answers prayer with both ordinary and extraordinary means. A disease is diagnosed in time, and a patient's life is spared through the ministry of a Christian physician. That is a miracle as much as manna six days a week with double amounts on Friday for forty years in a wilderness. The difference is one only of time, and era, and magnitude.

Money need not kill a life of prayer; but it often does. We learn to trust in a bank account with our name on it. Next, we conclude that the account belongs to us. But it doesn't; it is still God's whether in one figure or seven.

"Some think that only a portion of their means is the Lord's. When they have set apart a portion for religious and charitable purposes, they regard the remainder as their own, to be used as they see fit. *But in this they mistake. All we possess is the Lord's, and we are accountable to Him for the use we make of it. In the use of every penny, it will be seen whether we love God supremely and our neighbor as ourselves.*"<sup>1</sup>

God created man upright.<sup>2</sup> But it could be that there are some people going on all fours in our church today, just as Nebuchadnezzar did some while ago. Oh, we won't see them on their hands and knees. But their possessions give evidence of where the mind is.

When the rich young man had gone, Jesus commented: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!"<sup>3</sup>

I dislike that exclamation point after Christ's words, but that's the force with which He spoke them.

*Walter C. Crandall*

<sup>1</sup> *Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 351. (Italics supplied.) <sup>2</sup> Eccl. 7:29. <sup>3</sup> Mark 10:23.

## coming next week

- "MR. FAULKHEAD AND THE SECRET SIGN"—A thrilling story from documentary records on file in the White Publications office of the General Conference. By Arthur L. White.



# Gifts

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Review and Herald Publishing Association, Periodical Department, Washington 12, D.C.





*Young people respond to Joe Crews's altar call.*

## Arkansas-Louisiana Youth Congress

by NORMA PETERSON WINGER

**W**ILL they come? Can we expect Missionary Volunteers from the colorful Arkansas Ozarks 350 miles to the north? And what of the young people from the picturesque bayou country of southern Louisiana, another 350 miles away? Is the distance too great?

These were the thoughts of MV Secretary D. M. Winger as he and a

faithful crew of workers decorated the Shreveport Municipal Auditorium in preparation for the first conference-wide youth congress, on April 13, 1962. Booths depicting various phases of youth evangelism lined the auditorium foyer, while around the arena hung framed photographs of Advent pioneers. Sixteen-foot paintings illustrating each portion of the congress made a background for the stage.



*Congress site was the Shreveport auditorium.*



Trumpet fanfare announced the opening moment of the long-anticipated meeting. As the spotlight illuminated the huge replica of the 1962 MV motto suspended above the stage, the rich baritone of Prof. Paul Hill from Southwestern Junior College rang out in a song composed especially for this occasion. The last verse set the tenor of the congress meetings:

You, young man, and you, young lady,  
Standing firm on God's commands,  
Give your all, your life, your talents,  
To make great within His hands.

House lights revealed an opening attendance of nearly 1,700, the largest single congregation in the history of the conference. Quietly and reverently this group listened to the best in worshipful music produced by Ozark Academy and Southwestern Junior College students and talented youth throughout the field. Elder John Loor led us step by step through the last trials of Jesus, closing with an appeal for consecration to the Saviour, who gave His all for us.

Sabbath attendance soared to more than 2,000 worshipers, far more than half the total conference membership. In response to a morning call by Elder Joe Crews for definite dedication of lives to Christian service, 500 youth streamed to the front. Parents and other adults pledged support to these young people in every way possible. God's Spirit was markedly manifested.

Afternoon activities were highlighted by a mass Investiture service, Share Your Faith skits, and music at its finest. The cooperation of all youth requested to participate in these services was spontaneous and enthusiastic. The missionary Volunteers of Arkansas and Louisiana are ready and eager to give of their talents for the cause of God.

Saturday night provided thrills as the audience watched Adventist athletes pole-vault and high-jump. Ozark Academy's newly organized tumbling team demonstrated amazing agility, while its well-trained Medical Cadet drill team earned tremendous applause. Pathfinders participated in a grand march and in an early Advent pioneer pageant, which proved to be a favorite item of the evening program. In beards and old-fashioned dress, boys and girls depicted scenes from the lives of the founders of the message.

Servicemen were welcomed and honored by Clark Smith, servicemen's secretary of the General Conference, and a special guest of the congress.

To climax an inspiration-packed evening, L. M. Nelson, Southwestern

Union MV leader, challenged the youth to greater vistas in soul-winning attainment. Conference pastors, with young people from their churches, committed their districts to win a specific number of souls for God in 1962. The hands of the giant clock crept steadily onward to register 592 prospective members to be won.

Ozark Academy and Southwestern Junior College choirs, in opposite bal-

conies, sealed the pledges made in an antiphonal arrangement of an adapted hymn. As the piercing question, "Hark, who will work for Me?" was answered by the promise, "Lord, we will go for Thee," hearts silently vowed that these words would not fade with the grand finale of the song, but would live on in the lives and endeavors of Missionary Volunteers in every county and parish of the conference.

## No Greater Thrill

by INEZ STORIE CARR

**W**HEN I come I'll circle the house before I land." I remembered my son's words one day when I was home alone and heard a plane. I rushed to the front door, then to the back. "Where are my car keys?" I gasped. "Oh, here they are. Now to get to the car as fast as I can." Then I remembered my husband had the Nash.

I called to a stranger across the street, "Young man, will you take me to the Keene airport? That plane! It circled the house and dipped. I— I think—oh, it could be our son."

"Surely. I'm just waiting until that meeting at your church is over. I brought some people to it. Where is the Keene airport?"

"It's over there—on the hill. No, you can't see it from here, but I think that plane—" the words tumbled out without making sense.

"You will have to tell me which road to take," the stranger said.

"Any of these roads will take us there. Just start and I'll tell you where to turn west. You see, all my family are at the camp meeting too. I wanted to go, but was so tired I felt I should stay at home. Turn here and go up this hill."

I sat on the edge of the seat leaning forward to accelerate our speed. "Perhaps it did not land. I'm sorry if—"

"Oh, yes, I heard a plane land. See, there it is."

"Is it yellow and white? Is it a Bonanza?"

A little taller than I, he caught sight of the landing strip seconds before I could.

"Yes."

"Then it's our son and daughter-in-law."

Trembling with joy and with tears

rolling unwiped down my cheek, I cried, "It's Dick. It's Dick. Hello, son. Hello, Helen." They started lifting out luggage.

Just then a yellow car came racing up the hill. The brakes clamped. Our daughter just in from California and my husband jumped out.

Dick is a big fellow, but when his sister, who had not seen him for ten years, and his mother wrapped their arms about him there was not much of Dick to be seen.

Tears of joy were really cascading down our faces, and Dick's voice was a bit husky as he patted our backs saying, "Well, well, it's nothing to cry about."

"I guess I'll be going now." It was the stranger's voice and I turned to thank him, noting his eyes were brimming almost to the overflow point. "It was a real pleasure, madam. I would not have missed this for anything. Not everyone gets such a welcome."

Then he was gone. I still do not know who he was.

That much thrill for a son coming home. What will it be when down through Orion comes the Son of God. How we will watch the sky. How wrapped about with joy we will be. How tears of relief and love will roll down up-turned faces.

We, His children, will watch that great plane of glory and shining angels coming down through the Orion gateway. "A great white cloud, its base a glory like consuming fire, and, above, the rainbow" draws to a stop and we are caught up to meet Him in the air. There can be no greater thrill for earth-bound creatures—a thrill that will completely swallow up all sorrows and fetters.



*Tom's first deliberate faux pas in Army protocol was lightly—surprisingly so—dismissed. The second held promise of real trouble: three officials and the sergeant dealt with him. Result: next day Tom behaved in a soldierly manner at drill time.*

by BETTYE MANIER

# *Having done all— to*

# STAND

**A**-TEN-SHUN!" snapped the sergeant. And all the recruits darted forward in unison.

"The first duty of the day will be learning how to handle the rifle," he barked.

"This is a time when no man will be excused," he continued.

At the final remark Tom Marsh's heart sank. He had been in the Army approximately three weeks, and all had gone well for him so far—too well, in fact.

When the other fellows were issued cigarettes, Tom always found a way to avoid the group. In the mess hall he was careful not to choose the food he thought might contain lard or something else with which his stomach was not familiar. Each night he slipped very quietly to his knees, and between joking remarks from a few of the fellows, he prayed to his heavenly Father.

His parents had warned him before he had been called, that he should try to get into the medical corps. For some reason, he found himself in the Army with a combatant status. To his delight and in answer to his prayers, he was immediately assigned to medical quarters.

During the past few weeks he had often asked himself what he would do if he were suddenly called for combat. Many of the fellows had been called for combat duty. He had missed being called several times. And each time he

had offered a prayer of gratitude to his heavenly Father.

Then just yesterday the order had come in. All men were to report for duty on the drill field. Seven o'clock in the morning was no time to start an argument with the commanding officer. What should he do? Should he just stand there and look stupid? Or should he run back to the barracks and hide? What had the other Adventist boys done in this situation? In 1945, when Tom was inducted, the military had not yet established all the practices that make in-service situations so comfortable and convenient as they now are for Adventist servicemen.

While still wondering what to do, he barely heard the drill sergeant's orders. He was alerted to the present again when the men began to file out toward the center of the field. He then turned and abruptly followed. As the men formed a single line, a sergeant starting at one end of the line, began to toss a rifle to each man as he passed him.

"What shall I do? Oh, help me God!" he prayed.

As the sergeant came nearer and nearer, Tom's knees began to shake, and he began to perspire. Then it happened! The sergeant was suddenly standing before him glaring, it seemed, right into Tom's face. He tossed the gun to Tom, and in a split second the answer came.

Tom stepped aside and let the gun go clattering to the ground! There was a

stunned silence among the soldiers, for none dared to look to see what had happened.

"Report to the office, soldier," the sergeant ordered.

"Yes, sergeant," Tom replied.

He turned and left quickly. He remained in the office for half a day waiting for the sergeant to return.

While sitting there he had plenty of time to think. He knew that there had been quite a few Seventh-day Adventist boys who were combatant soldiers. Would it matter if he should bear arms? After all, he was not in battle now, and there would not be any actual killing.

But down in his heart Tom knew these were not the right answers. The struggle inside was as tough a war as he ever anticipated fighting. The only armor he used was a prayerful heart and the will to do right.



Finally, about three o'clock that afternoon, the sergeant walked into the office. At first it seemed as though he had forgotten about Tom, but by a change in facial expression he let Tom know that he had not forgotten. Then his expression softened a little and it looked as though he might even smile. Poor Tom, now bewildered, sat waiting as one might on an April day. Sunshine or storm? Which would it be?

"Well, private," the sergeant said, "I guess I judged you just a little too hastily this morning."

"Sergeant, I—" started Tom.

But the sergeant interrupted, "I reckon I didn't give you a fair chance. You meet us out on the field in the morning, and we'll act as though nothing ever happened."

"But, sergeant—" Tom started but was interrupted again.

"Never mind, just do as I say. Good-by now. See you in the morning at seven-thirty sharp."

As Tom turned to leave the building, his thoughts were running riot. What would happen tomorrow if he got sent to the office? Would he be called to higher authority?

Back in his barracks the jeering and teasing started as soon as he opened the door.

"What happened, Marsh?"

"Wish I could hop aside when a rifle was tossed my way!"

"Say, Buddy, where'd you learn such tricks?"

Being good-natured and well-reared, Tom took these remarks in a humorous attitude, trying to laugh along with the other fellows. But deep inside another battle raged. Although he fought this battle with laughter on the outside, within he prayed a prayer for strength to endure.

The next morning he was the first one up in the barracks. He sat on his bed for a long while with his open Bible in his hands. With his head slightly bent he sent a prayer upward to Heaven, asking for guidance in the duty that lay before him, for he knew he would have to tell the sergeant why he did not bear arms. Keeping a prayer in his heart, he left the barracks with the other fellows to start another day of drilling.

The order was given to the men to form a single line. Once again his heart began to beat wildly. And the same questions ran through his mind. A small voice seemed to say, "Let the Lord lead you." And deciding to harken to the voice, Tom lifted his head high with the others and waited the arrival of the rifle. The same sergeant came closer and

closer. Then, there he was—standing in front of Tom! He gave the rifle a gentle toss so as to make sure Tom would catch it.

But as the gun left the sergeant's hand, Tom stepped aside as he had done the day before, and once again the rifle clattered to the ground. It seemed as though every man in the platoon took one quick glance and then shifted back to attention. The sergeant only stared as though he could not believe what he had just seen. Again he ordered Tom to go to the office. This time to remain there all day.

As Tom entered the office building, the war within him began once again. He thought of many excuses he could make, but he knew only one answer would work. When the sergeant finally arrived five hours later, he had three officers with him. He motioned for Tom to follow them into the office.

"Have a seat, private," one officer said as Tom entered the small room. "We'd like to ask you a few questions."

"I understand that on two occasions you have used behavior contrary to Army rules, meaning, of course, that such acts are subject to punishment," stated another officer.

"Yes, sir, I realize that," Tom said.

"Well, young man, do you have an explanation for your mistake—if we can call it such?" the officer continued.

"Well, sir," he began, "I am a Christian. I believe in the Bible from cover to cover. Nowhere in that Book do I find my God giving me permission to take another's life. But He does tell me that I ought to obey God rather than man."

## Countrywoman

by JANE MERCHANT

The gentle rains that farmers love  
Come slowly, steadily from above,  
And farmers on wide porches stand,  
At peace with their replenished land.

Always to her those days were best  
When fields had rain, and men had rest;  
And they will always be, although  
She left the farm ten years ago.

She misses breadths of field and hill  
But has a small green garden still,  
And smiles as rains sift softly down,  
When country weather comes to town.

"Young man, of what church are you a member?" questioned the officer.

"Sir, I am a Seventh-day Adventist," Tom stated proudly.

Then the three officials turned to the sergeant. "Do you realize that this young man has the right to be a non-combatant soldier?"

"I do now, sir," replied the sergeant, "but the captain ordered *all* men to be out on the drill field for the last couple of mornings. I thought this included everyone."

"So it does, sergeant," replied the officer, "but each man doesn't have to drill with a rifle. We drill our Seventh-day Adventist boys differently. You are excused, Private Marsh; see you on the drill field in the morning."

Wondering what was to happen next, he found himself anxiously waiting for the next drill session. In the morning he marched out with the other men, this time having a little more confidence than he had had the day before. He stood at attention with eyes straight ahead and awaited the sergeant.

Soon the officer stood in front of him and without any hesitancy he tossed an odd-looking object to him. Tom caught it and placed it on his shoulder. To his surprise he had caught a pitchfork! He glanced at the sergeant and saw him still smiling.

For the rest of the day, he drilled with the pitchfork, and in his heart he carried a song—a song of thanksgiving that another battle of his war had been won.

Once again God had taken care of His own. The battle had been rough, but the hardest part of the war was now over. Satan had lost this battle.



► For the first time in history, men have navigated boats up the Colorado River between the Grand Canyon's walls. A nine-man team achieved the feat in four new marine jet-propulsion units. The run took nine days and ended with one broken leg sustained when a boat plunged over a ten-foot wave, and with a lost jet. The jets' Colorado River course stretched 350 miles through northwest Arizona from Lake Mead to Lees Ferry. Between the two points the river level rises 2,000 feet. There are 15 to 20 major rapids and hundreds of lesser ones along the passage. **NGS**

► The British Government, as a result of the recent findings linking smoking and lung cancer, may consider the establishment of clinics to help smokers overcome the habit. A smoker who uses 40 cigarettes a day is 29 times more likely to die of lung cancer than a non-smoker, and in addition burns up \$430 each year on his indulgence. **BBC**

► The Los Angeles-New York round-trip flight in four hours and 42 minutes by an Air Force jet left thousands of broken windows in the path of its sonic boom. Sonic boom coverage is now included in about 40 per cent of the broad homeowner package insurance policies written in recent years and would cover such damages. **AMA**

► The famous 40-foot obelisk in Abgig, which has lain on its side for centuries, is to be moved to and erected in the center of the city of El-Fayum, some 60 miles from Cairo, Egypt. Fayum is an oasis in the middle of the desert, the largest oasis in the United Arab Republic. **UAR**

► Using both fixed-wing aircraft and helicopters, the United States Forest Service firefighters during 1961 parachuted to 1,221 fires, 55 per cent more than in 1960. They flew 62,000 hours on all missions, and dropped 7.7 million gallons of fire retardants on 1,868 fires. **Aerospace**

► Predictions are that the home of the future will include a controllable indoor climate with artificial sunlight. It may also include healthful bacteria-killing radiation in all living quarters, and have movable exterior walls and roof sections, like a convertible automobile. **Chrysler**

► The crew of the Polaris submarine *Thomas A. Edison* established a Navy first when on the maiden voyage they enjoyed music on a piano, the first ever installed on a submarine. **AMC**

► The tax which British smokers paid on their tobacco to the Exchequer last year rose to £800 million or \$2 billion. **Report on Smoking**

► When robins cock their heads searching for worms in the ground, they are looking, not listening. Lacking bifocal vision, the birds can see best when a single eye is pointed down. **NGS**



Key to source abbreviations published January 2, 1962.

► A tiny microphone less than half the length of a paper clip will be installed in smaller missiles to monitor acoustical noise during flight tests. Weight of the total package, including a 14-inch output cable, is only 15 grams. **Aerospace**

► During a recent five-year period local educational authorities in Britain spent \$14,000 in telling the youth about the dangers of smoking, while during this same period the tobacco companies spent \$100 million on advertising. **BBC**

► To trap wild animals for research, naturalists are using a sleep-inducing gun that fires a needle-tipped syringe. The injection of a nicotine solution paralyzes the animal temporarily and harmlessly. Zoos' "Bring 'em back alive" hunters have also found the flying syringe invaluable. **NGS**

► To protect space crews and equipment against the searing temperatures of atmosphere re-entries, an aerospace company has developed a new material composed of a flexible blanket of water. Called Thermosorb, the invention resembles a cross between a piece of wet felt and a fine-grained cellulose sponge. It retains water with such tenacity that specimens have been subjected to 16 times their weight in a centrifuge, without the water's separating. Placed between the inner and outer walls of a space craft, it can hold the inside temperature of the vehicle well within human tolerance limits while the temperature of the outside skin may be as high as 4,000° F. **Aerospace**

► More than a third of Britain's annual crop of medical school graduates are emigrating to other countries. From 1956 to 1960 the number of Britons annually entering practice in the United States rose steadily from 104 to 192. The possible explanation, say British sources, is that young doctors find the National Health Service relatively unattractive economically, professionally, and ideologically. **AMA**

► For the first time in seven years, total casualties from motor vehicle accidents over a calendar year decreased with a slight drop in 1961. Although the reduction was a little less than one per cent, it represented 400 persons who are alive who would have died, and 21,000 persons who would have been injured if the 1960 ratio had held even. **Travelers Insurance Companies**

► A device called a plasma torch, which can melt any known material with no resulting change in composition, is now being used in aerospace industry. The device is a spray system which is used very much like a blow torch. It puts out ultraviolet rays and terrific heat, up to 30,000° F. The generally used carrier gas is argon. **Aerospace**

► The United States Department of Defense is building the Blue Mountain Seismological Observatory near Sparta, Oregon, as part of the program to detect and identify underground nuclear weapons tests. The \$700,000, six-man facility consists of 21 monitored seismometers located in underground, watertight vaults. **Science**

► More thunderstorms occur in the interior of Florida than any other place in the United States and possibly of the entire earth. Meteorologists attribute the storms to a convergence of sea breezes moving into the peninsula from the east and the west. **NGS**

► The Gulf of California represents a fault in the surface of the earth that goes more than 30 miles deep and was formed by the drift of Baja California and southern California away from the Mexican mainland. **UCAL**

► The National Institute of Dry Cleaning gives these estimates of the average useful life of a garment: woman's basic suit, four years; street dress, two years; house dress, one year; cloth coat, three years. **AMA**

► Communist regimes control the lives of more than 915 million people, or about one third of the world's total population. **Carbide News**





# Walk

## Into the Ni

the

boy, curled up on a pile of life jackets on the river boat, shivered in the darkness. He shivered because he was cold and because he was afraid. Opening sleepless eyes, he looked up at the star-filled heavens and reflected lonesomely that somewhere under that night sky was home, somewhere through a bewildering maze of Pittsburgh streets and on beyond for many miles. It seemed like halfway round the world, for he did not know the way, and the few nickels and dimes in the pocket of his jeans wouldn't begin to pay a fare.

Shifting position and wrapping his arms tightly about himself for warmth, he settled down once more and wished for sleep to rescue him. Somewhere in the distance a train whistle moaned, a siren wailed of trouble. Then it was quiet again—quiet except for the splash of wind-washed waves against the boat. He listened in fascination. Something about that sound . . .

He was seven again and seven was old enough to go with his dad almost everywhere. That is why he had been with him that Sunday morning. For a moment his shiver became a shudder as memory emerged from the shadowy depths of his boy-years.

They had gone to the river to deliver a boat. There they met the customer and a small crowd of his friends, who one by one took a run to try out the new boat.

As the last man brought the boat to shore, he turned to Mr. Gray and said, "It's your turn now."

He shook his head. "No, it's almost noon. Jack and I gotta be getting home to dinner."

"Aw, come on," the man urged. "After all, you built the boat. You oughta find out how it feels in the water."

As Mr. Gray continued to shake his head, another joined in the persuasion. "It'll take just a few minutes," one said, while another added, "Dinner can wait that long."

Reluctantly, and contrary to an apparent strong feeling of resistance, he stepped into the boat and with a roar of the motor was off. The crowd on the shore, including the little boy, watched the boat head up the river and then turn for the trip back. Suddenly there was a flash of silver as the sun's rays caught the bottom of the boat.

Gasps of shocked surprise subsided into stunned silence as all eyes strained to see a head emerge from the dark and swirling water. There was only the sound of the



by **MARION MERCHANT**

ILLUSTRATED BY JEANIE MCCOY

ht

The path was a  
familiar one, and yet  
it was entirely new tonight.



waves washing against the shore until, at last, the long moment of waiting was broken by a hushed, "He's gone."

Seven years old was too young to comprehend all that those words meant. But the little boy knew that it was a stranger's hand that led him away, it was by a stranger's side he trudged; and a cold, choking fear told him that his sunshiny world had somehow been shattered.

The weeks and months and years that followed were lonely, and sometimes cold and hungry and shabby. The fatherless family lived as best they could on what the welfare provided, and what they could grow in the garden, and what Jack, as soon as he was able to work, could earn by working on neighboring farms.

It would seem that this responsibility would have made him into a steady, thoughtful boy, but it didn't. Instead, the years turned him into a worry to his mother, a tease to his brothers and sisters, and an aggravation to the neighbors.

Sometimes he would disappear for a day or so at a stretch with no word of warning or explanation. Farmers who found their straw stacks in disordered heaps uttered angry accusations; he was known for such prankish doings. His grandfather predicted he would never grow to be old—he'd be hanged first!

The wind lifted a wisp of light brown hair and he burrowed his head deeper into the cold hardness of his makeshift bed. He had thought he'd had it hard at home, but what wouldn't he give to be back there—like he was before the "years" that seemed to have elapsed since morning.

He had been over at a neighbor boy's house when a truck drove up and a man stepped out. The man had talked briefly with his friend, offering him a job. Perhaps it was the eagerness in Jack's eyes that made the man turn to him and say, "Why don't you come along too?" Promptly Jack accepted. He had been looking for work for some time and was ready for any offer.

The three of them stopped at home long enough for Jack to bound into the house with the announcement, "I've got a job!"

"Where?" his mother asked.

"I don't know."

"What are you going to do?"

"Don't know that either."

Without asking more she went to her purse, emptied it of all the change she had, and handed the money to him. He shoved it into his pocket and with a shouted "Good-by" was out the door,

across the yard, and into the truck. The tennis shoes, jeans, and straw hat he was wearing were all he took with him.

It was late afternoon when they reached the job, which turned out to be on a boat with two-week runs down the Ohio River. Everything was new and strange, and from the first Jack felt uneasy with foreboding.

By dark all of the crew, including the neighbor boy, had left the boat for food and shelter in nearby hotels and rooming houses. All except Jack. An accounting of his finances warned him that it would be a hungry two weeks with not enough money for one candy bar a day. As for a place to sleep, he would simply have to find the most comfortable spot on the deck and spend the night in solitude.

So it was that on his first night he was curled up on the pile of life jackets with no covering but his jeans—cold, hungry, lonesome, and afraid—afraid because for the first time in his life he felt he was into something too big for him.

Somehow the days managed to come and go. He existed through the long, lonely nights and suffered through the long, hungry days. And he endured the teasing and taunts of the rough crew. Short, skinny, weighing only a hundred pounds, he was the butt of many a jest and joke. The coarseness and the foul language of the crew was different from the ways of the simple farm folk he had known. This strangeness, too, added to his wretchedness.

Yet in their roughness these men had soft spots of kindness. Noting his efforts to live on meager rations of candy bars and cookies, they took to bringing him food of one kind or another as they returned to work in the morning. But it wasn't enough or of the right sort for a growing boy, and the endless gnawing in his stomach only matched that in his heart. He lived for the end of that two-week eternity when he could head for home. Every day and every night strengthened his resolve to never, never come back.

He wanted nothing more than to be at home again with someone else to do the facing of the world. He wasn't big enough, or wise enough, or old enough to do it yet himself. He would go back to the ways of the weather-beaten old farmhouse and to mom and to the seven younger brothers and sisters, and be blissfully content. And he would be good to them, good out of appreciation for what they now had come to mean.

It was this sort of thinking that filled

the tedious days and the unending nights until at long last the day came when he claimed his pay and, in company with the neighbor boy and others headed that way, started for home.

It was already night when they reached the town from which the two boys must walk the remaining ten miles. "Be here by midnight Sunday," the driver called after them as they started out, "I'm leaving then."

"I'm not coming back," said the neighbor boy.

"I'm not either," Jack added, and it was wonderful to say it.

It was nearly two in the morning when he bounded up the creaky steps and onto the porch. The family heard the screen door bang, and one by one they stumbled out to meet him while his mother lit the old kerosene lamp. He glanced around the dimly lighted room, absorbing the familiar details. Then solemnly he drew from his pocket the \$46 pay check and handed it to his mother. Even in the shadowy room he could see her eyes light up with appreciation. It was a proud moment for him and he could almost forget how dearly it had been earned.

What luxury it was that night to crawl between sheets, to stretch out on a bed again, and to feel the nearness of his brother after those nights of being so alone! For a few brief moments he considered the riches of it all, and then dropped into contented sleep.

Next morning at breakfast he recounted the two-week experience. He was matter-of-fact about it, told simply what he had done, where he had been, and the things he had seen. The part about the lonely nights, the hungry days, the teasing, and all the other miserable features he kept to himself. Neither did he tell them that this was the first time in two weeks that he could eat until he was satisfied.

Afterward he wandered around outside, through the barn and the shed, down the lane, across the fields and up the creek, all the while feeling how good it was to be where he belonged. Following behind him everywhere he went that day was an admiring crowd of brothers and sisters. He sensed that in their eyes he had become somewhat of a hero. And he couldn't help noticing that his mother looked at him with a different expression—pleased, proud, and relieved. It was as if she saw a change had happened, that no longer was he the wild, unpredictable youngster he had been, that now there was another man in the family, someone to help her, someone to lean on.



He was sitting on the porch steps late that afternoon, idly whittling on a branch that had fallen from a tree nearby, when he became vaguely conscious of an uncomfortable feeling. Just a trace at first, a disturbing thought began to grow in his paradise. At first he ignored it, then repressed it. When that didn't stop it, he fought it, beat at it, tried to cut it down. But nothing he did could control its growth until, like a mountain, it filled his whole world. *They were expecting him to go back!*

How could he tell them that he wasn't going back, that he couldn't go back to those long, lonely, sleepless nights and the hot, hungry, miserable days? But then he thought of what that pay check would mean—food and shoes and overalls and dresses—and he wavered, torn between his own intense desire to stay and his responsibility for doing what he could toward caring for the family.

As his stay at home wore on, the battle grew to raging proportions. By Saturday night he might as well have been out on the life jackets so far as receiving comfort from his bed was concerned. And a candy bar would more than have sufficed his appetite for breakfast and dinner Sunday. A strange silence enveloped him as he just sat or walked aimlessly about, preoccupied with his problem. Every hour that passed brought him nearer to the time when he must make up his mind.

As the afternoon wore away, one after another began to ask, "When are you going?"

"Dunno," he would answer dully.

Supper came, but he wasn't hungry then either, even though he knew that if he went it would be the last good meal for at least two weeks. Seven o'clock. Seven-thirty. It began to get dark. The chickens went to roost. The cow came up from the pasture. The younger children began to get sleepy. It was time to go to bed. Desperately he wished he could crawl into his own, secure for the night, safe from the world outside.

By nine o'clock he would have to decide. That would just give him time to make the ten miles back to his ride. He watched the hands of the old clock move slowly around and he listened as the minutes closed in on him.

Nearby his mother sat mending, occasionally breaking a thread as she finished one little patched dress and rethreaded the needle for a worn, blue shirt or a faded apron. If he went back, he reflected, there wouldn't have to be so much mending, or faded, thread-

bare clothes. Could he let them down? Could he disappoint their expectations of him?

Then, finally, the clock showed nine. With a half-caught sigh, he rose slowly but decisively. Reaching for his straw hat, he turned to his mother. "Guess I'll be going now," he said simply. "Good-by." And with that he slipped out the door.

He walked swiftly across the yard to

the swampy hole in the near end of the Dibler pasture; the rustling to the right, the cornfield on Cochran's, and the movement along the fence row, some of the Miller cattle in the hilltop field.

Home country, so much a part of him—and he was leaving it. Again there was that surging feeling of wanting to cry. But he wouldn't. *No, he wouldn't.* He was no longer a little boy who could run into the house and to

## sentiment

by LOIS BRAY

When I kiss the hair of my small son,  
I smell the dust, the grass and sun.  
Every somersault comes to view,  
The butterflies chased, and the sand pile too.  
I feel the to and fro of his old tire swing.  
I hear his curiosity in everything.  
God was wise when He made small boys,  
And summertime to fulfill their joys.

the sandy road. In a numb sort of way he knew he was walking away from home for good, in the sense of ever really belonging there again. He was walking away from the shelter of childhood, from the warm security of family and familiar surroundings. He was leaving behind what at that moment he wanted most in life, turning his back on what he needed and what was only right and fair he should have. It was a cruel wrenching away, too soon and too sudden. For one last moment he hesitated, then he turned toward the night.

He wanted to cry, to sob out the way he felt deep down inside. He had wanted to cry those days and nights on the boat, but he didn't. Instead he set his mind to thinking that soon it would be over and he could last it out. Now he wanted to cry for the way he had felt then, for the struggle of his decision, for what he was leaving, for what he was going to, for the hopelessness of it all. The shadowy tracks of the lonely country road along which he bent his unwilling feet led away into a dark and forbidding unknown in which there was not one ray of pleasant anticipation to lighten the path or to beckon him welcomingly toward the future.

The blackness of night was everywhere about him. He knew the road, though, and marked its wandering way by familiar sounds. The sighing of leaves overhead meant the oak at the bend in the road; the crescendo of frogs,

mother. He would swallow his tears and face up to the fact that from now on there was no place to go or no one to turn to when things got rough; he was on his own.

He resolved to bury his feelings. He wouldn't let himself even think about missing home or mom or the kids. He wouldn't let himself be torn inside by loneliness and fear and the misery of being teased and laughed at. He would simply put his mind to other things and keep going the way he had to go, regardless. And with these thoughts his face set into grim, determined lines, into a look that years afterward was to tell the story of that night.

He was down the hill now, over the creek, by the woods, and past the corner. Ahead gleamed window shapes of light. This was where the neighbor boy lived. He was inside, probably in bed now, lost in a sleep from which he would waken to another day at home, and to other days and weeks and months. Wistfully Jack looked up at the bedroom window and wished this night could be like that for him.

The light faded behind him as he trudged on into the darkness, along a road empty but for him. But the kind of path he was following was not an empty one, for along that same way all the heroes of the years have gone, the great men of the ages. Alone, each has walked the path into his own night, away from comfort, from ease, from safety, toward



an unknown of hardship, sacrifice, toil, and tears. But each in his turn chose this path because he saw something there greater than its cost.

It was almost midnight when Jack turned into the yard of the man with whom he was to finish his journey.

"Why, hello there," the man called out in surprise. "Thought you weren't going back."

Jack only mumbled, "Changed my mind."

"Couldn't get the other boy to come with you?" the man continued as the two climbed into the truck. "Didn't try," Jack responded briefly and settled back into the seat.

During those early morning hours as the truck roared along the highway toward the city, the man turned to look at the slight figure curled up on the seat beside him. "Ought to've stayed home," he mused. "Pretty tough life for some-

one like him. He's nuthin' but a boy."

Just a boy? No. This was a boy no longer; this was a *man*.

*Jack spent the next seven or eight years on the river. Eventually a kind boat captain took an interest in him, helped him over his social awkwardness, encouraged him to go to night school and on for training in art, for which he had noticed Jack had talent. Today Jack is a technical artist at North American Aviation in Columbus, Ohio, and that is where I met him, at a Dale Carnegie class at which he told this story.*

*Is it worth the cost to turn away from what counts so much in life, toward an experience that offers at best only the satisfaction of doing what one knows he should do?*

*Jack answered the question the way he ended his story: "The best walk I ever took!" he said.*

to the minister with only one ear, she began to realize more fully what a dangerous situation she had escaped from. How had she ever found the courage to leave? Something had seemed to compel her to get away. What was that something? Her mother probably would have told her that it was the Holy Spirit. But why should He pay any attention to her? She wasn't anybody. And besides, she had been neglecting God altogether too much lately.

When Pastor Sorensen gave an opportunity for testimonies, she stood.

"I had planned to spend my evening somewhere else," she admitted frankly, "but I'm glad I came here. I want to follow my Master more closely from now on."

Just after Christmas, Marie was asked to become teacher in a one-room church school in Willowdale, a nearby small town. She had had no experience or training, but consented to fill in since the former teacher had left in the middle of the school year. She enjoyed her teaching, and she couldn't have asked for a nicer place to live than in the Watt's home. But she was more lonesome than ever. There were absolutely no young people her age in the Willowdale church. How she missed her friends back home!

Then one evening Mrs. Watt called her to the telephone. Marie was surprised to hear a familiar voice on the other end.

"Hello, Marie. How's the school-teacher?"

"Why, Mel! What a surprise! Of course, I'm fine—but what's the occasion? Why are you calling me?"

"Do you remember when I told you about that car I was going to get? I thought maybe you'd like to take a ride in it this weekend. It's in the garage now, getting all fixed up, but it should be out in a day or two. I could come for you Friday and bring you to MV meeting here that night. I'd take you anywhere you wanted to go while you were here. Then Sunday night I could take you back to Willowdale."

"Oh, Mel, that sounds wonderful! I'd just love to spend a weekend at home too."

"O.K. then, Marie. I'll call you again Thursday night and let you know for sure about my car. Good-by."

Marie was beaming from ear to ear as she told Mrs. Watt the good news. Somehow Mrs. Watt didn't seem to share her enthusiasm.

"Mel isn't an Adventist, is he, Marie?"

"No, he isn't, but that doesn't matter,

## GUIDED DECISIONS

*From page 4*

she do? She just couldn't join the rest of the group in dancing—she didn't know how, anyway. She wouldn't feel right sitting there and watching the others dance, either. Should she try to talk them into doing something else? Evidently everyone else wanted to dance. She probably couldn't change their minds if she tried. Well, everyone had arrived now. She mustn't keep them waiting any longer.

Hardly realizing what she was doing, Marie called the meeting to order and took care of the club business, then sat down while Lloyd read the newspaper aloud. She looked around, still trying frantically to decide what her next move should be. Her thoughts whirled like a spinning top.

"What is this club accomplishing, anyway? Maybe we should have listened when Mrs. Sorensen objected to it. Maybe she did know what she was talking about. There is June over in the corner. She used to be such a sweet Christian girl before she started going with Don. She might never have met him if they didn't both belong to the Live Wire Club. Don never shows the slightest interest in the church. I wonder if it is true that June is planning to marry him. Doesn't she realize what a mistake that would be?"

Her thoughts came back to the present as she heard her friends laughing.

What had they found so amusing about the newspaper? Oh, it must have been that bit of nonsense about John Harding walking down Main Street powdering his nose with a marshmallow. Marie didn't blame him for being rather indignant as he denied the whole thing. It had been a rather silly story to put in the paper.

As Lloyd sat down, she realized that she couldn't put off her decision any longer. She stood and faced the group.

"I understand that a dance has been planned for this evening." She hesitated, expecting some kind of explanation. No one spoke, or even moved. She took a deep breath, then continued her unrehearsed speech.

"If you intend to have that kind of entertainment, then I must resign as your president." Still no one spoke.

In the uncomfortable silence that followed, Marie put on her coat and hurried to the front door. Her one desire now was to get away as quickly as possible. She half-expected Mel to follow her, but he didn't.

As she left for home she realized that it was Wednesday night—prayer meeting night. She turned her steps in the direction of the church. She hadn't been to prayer meeting for a long time. She would have to go more often after this.

While sitting in the church, listening



does it? We're not sweethearts—just good friends."

Mrs. Watt dropped the subject but not her look of concern.

Sometime during the small hours of that night, Marie was awakened by someone calling through the heat register. It was Mrs. Watt.

"Marie, get up and come downstairs to the living room. My husband and I want to talk to you."

She donned her housecoat, and stumbled down the stairs, her eyes still half shut. What on earth was wrong? Something terrible must have happened for them to wake her up like this.

Mr. Watt didn't waste any time, but came right to the point.

"Marie, we realize that your affairs are probably none of our business. But ever since you came to live with us you have seemed like a daughter. Frankly, we're worried about your friendship with Mel. Don't you know what the Lord says about association with unbelievers?"

Before she could say a word, Mr. Watt opened his Bible and read several texts on the subject. Finally she had a chance to speak.

"Oh, Mr. Watt, I know all those texts, and I believe them too. But I don't plan to marry Mel. I'm certainly not in love with him now, and don't think I ever could be. He's just a friend that is fun to be with. And I've been so lonesome here in Willowdale with no young people around. I thought that going home for the weekend would be a nice change."

"Maybe you don't love Mel now," Mrs. Watt answered, "but who knows, you might fall in love with him on the way home Friday. Of course, you have to make the final decision. But we'd feel much better if you stayed here."

Now fully awake, she felt like laughing as she returned to resume her interrupted slumber. It seemed ridiculous for the Watts to be so concerned about her when there was nothing really wrong. She and Mel certainly had no serious intentions. Maybe the Watts were right, though. She was sure they had her best interests at heart.

But could she drop Mel so abruptly? Would he understand? Perhaps she could persuade him to join the church. He had shown a little interest at times. Just before she left home Mel had told her of a dream in which an angel warned him to change his ways. Maybe the Lord wanted to use her to help Mel become a Christian.

Marie had to dismiss this idea, though. She knew too many girls who

had tried to convert a fellow and had ended up unhappily married to a non-believing husband.

But then, who said she was going to marry Mel? Surely she couldn't fall in love with him just over the weekend, as Mrs. Watt had suggested. Or could she?

She was surprised at the tug on her own heart when she even thought of giving up her plans for the weekend. Could it be that she liked Mel more than she wanted to admit? Or was she just looking forward to seeing dad, Peggy, and her friends? She probably wouldn't see much of them, though, if Mel had his way. He sounded as though he meant to fill most of her time.

What would he say if she told him not to come? She was sure he would be furious, and besides, she wanted to go. And yet, she hated to disappoint the Watts when they had been so sweet to her and tried to keep her out of difficulty. But what would she say to Mel? How could she ever explain?

The ringing of the telephone Thursday night stretched her already tense nerves even tighter. Fearfully she lifted the receiver.

"Marie, everything is all settled. I got my car, and she's working like a top. What time do you get through teaching tomorrow?"

She swallowed several times and took a deep breath before answering.

"I'm sorry, Mel, but I won't be able to go with you this weekend."

"What do you mean, you won't be able to go? Why not?"

"Well—I—I just feel that I should stay here this weekend. And besides, it's such a long trip for you to make."

"But, Marie, you know I don't mind the trip. Just look what I get in the end!"

"I appreciate your willingness, Mel. Thanks a lot for the invitation, but I really must stay here. I'm sorry."

As she sat down, trying to relax, one statement Mel had made kept repeating itself in her mind.

"Just look what I get in the end."

What did he mean by that? Was it possible that he had more serious intentions than she realized?

Now that the ordeal was over, she wondered what had made her go through with it. Was it just the counsel Mr. and Mrs. Watt had given her? She didn't think so, for while she was now beginning to see their viewpoint, at the time of their talk she had seen no cause for concern. Then what was this mysterious something that once again had guided her in the right direction? Could it be that the Lord had something better in store for her?

Another spring night was falling. Again Marie stood by the window, but this time her spirits were bright and happy. Soon Bill would be home. How good the Lord had been to provide her with such a wonderful husband, one who shared her faith in God and her desire to share it with others. Mrs. Summers' visit this afternoon had made her realize more than ever how the Lord had guided her life.

Mrs. Summers was an old family friend who had known Marie's mother very well. Marie hadn't seen her for several years and had been overjoyed at her unexpected call.

Just before she left, Mrs. Summers had remarked, "Marie, I've really enjoyed talking with you and seeing Baby Dell. I wish your mother could have known, before she died, that everything would work out so well for you. She used to worry about leaving her two young daughters with no mother."

"Yes, I suppose so." Marie held her own precious daughter close. "I was only ten when she died, and Peggy was just four years older. I had such a talent for getting into difficulties of one kind or another it's a wonder I didn't get off on the wrong track entirely."

Mrs. Summers hesitated a moment before answering.

"I don't think it's a wonder, Marie. I



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think it is a direct answer to your mother's prayers. Would you like to hear what she told me the last time I visited her in the hospital?"

Marie nodded.

"I had visited her once before and found her rather depressed. She felt that Peggy would be all right, since she was older. But you were so young and unsettled that she was afraid something terrible would happen to you. Then just before her death, I found her cheerful and happy.

"'Edith,' she told me, 'I'm not worried about Marie and Peggy any more. I have always prayed for them, especially since I learned that I wouldn't be with them much longer. I'm sure the Lord won't forget my girls when I'm gone. I believe He will give them special care and guidance. Everything will be all right now.'"

The young mother was thoughtful as she watched her guest drive away. Was it possible that her mother's prayers had followed her all these years? Certainly it hadn't always been easy to remain a Christian. She shuddered as she thought of the many times she could have gone the wrong direction—and almost did miss the way.

What if dad had made her stay in public school instead of sending her to Maplewood? What if she had stayed in the Live Wire Club and had participated in their dancing and other worldly amusements? And what if she had kept on dating Mel—and had married him, perhaps? She might be in June's shoes by now.

June had married Don, one of the non-Adventist Live Wire Club members. He had become an alcoholic. June tried desperately to hold the marriage together, but finally she had left Don. Marie was so thankful that no such tragedy had come into her life. Motherless teen-ager that she had been, almost anything could have happened to her.

Seeing a familiar figure come up the walk, she smiled. Bill was almost home. She had so much to tell him tonight. She knew he would agree that the Holy Spirit had been guiding her decisions in answer to her mother's prayers of faith.

She turned away from the window and glanced in the direction of the crib where golden-haired Baby Dell was sleeping. What a precious assurance praying mothers had!

There were quick steps. Then Marie heard the front door opening softly and with a happy heart she went to meet her husband.



*Easily discerned is the eland, with its graceful spiral horns.*

# AFRICA'S Wilderness Babies

*from SOUTH AFRICAN TOURIST CORPORATION*



*Kruger National Park is a king-sized playpen for babies of many families.*

ONE of the world's biggest "nurseries" is filled with animal babies whose antics and peccadilloes would surprise and baffle even the most knowledgeable of human mothers. This king-sized playpen for the wilderness younger set is South Africa's famed Kruger Park, where fascinated visitors from all over the world observe four-legged youngsters romping, dining, and being trained by their parents.

Playful as pups, elephant babies have to *learn* that dignified bearing which characterizes their elders. They're real "cry babies," especially if separated from mother! Compared with human babies, though, the elephants outgrow this stage fairly quickly—at the age of twelve

or thirteen they're ready to have families of their own.

You've probably heard somewhere that giraffes can't utter sounds—can't "talk." Well, a baby giraffe is no different from a little boy or girl when it comes to crying for mamma. The long-legged little ones can make a bleating sound just as sheep do.

In sprawling Kruger National Park the bleat of the baby giraffe is apt to be heard loud and clear *and* often, especially when one of them comes face to face with an elephant. It's then that mamma comes to the rescue, shielding her offspring between her long forelegs. Even mamma's vocal chords can function when necessary.

"Little" hippos (forty pounds at birth!) are the submarines of the animal kingdom. Before weaning, they feed underwater, surfacing every few seconds for air.

After feeding time, mamma hippo settles her massive frame on the muddy bottom of her lake or pond home, and her offspring climbs aboard, riding "hippoback" until he's old enough to travel on his own and defend himself against the more aggressive inhabitants of his watery world, the crocodiles.

To the uninitiated observer, it would seem that the crocodile eats with great compassion for the unfortunate creature he has selected for his dinner. All through his meal those "crocodile tears" flow. But





Mr. Crock isn't sobbing from pangs of conscience; swallowing is so great an effort for him that his eyes bulge out and he sheds copious tears as he eats.

Says one of the keepers at Kruger, where even the most tranquil pools are infested with crocodiles, "At birth, the little fellows are no more than a few inches long. They have a constant struggle to keep themselves out of the gaping maws of adult crocks and hawks who feed on them and keep their numbers within limits."

If the Kruger crocodile population were permitted to explode, within six years or so (the babies grow a foot a year at first) the whole park would be bursting with them.

A condition such as this would not please the royal family of cats at the park. The lioness, with her cubs, likes plenty of room to prowl around and teach her youngsters to catch their food, and in the giant game reserve, she gets it.

When lion cubs are born—three or four in a litter—they're covered with leopardlike dark spots. Mother is strict about the hours her little

alliance is formed between zebras, who are most alert during the day, and wildebeests whose eyes are open widest at night.

The small fry are hidden in tall grass, and the adult allies provide each other with a 'round-the-clock alarm service. If mother wildebeest runs off with the herd in search of food one day, her little one is apt to emerge from his hiding place and follow her. She knows then he's almost ready to take care of himself.

The littlest of all the little ones at

Kruger is the pigmy shrew. Mother weighs in at one seventh of an ounce, so you can imagine the hair-weight of her offspring.

These animal babies, through the years, have become the favorite attraction of visitors to South Africa from all over the world. Roaming unrestrained in the wildlife reserve, they can be seen through almost every clump of bushes, on every open plain—their almost-human antics often heartwarming, sometimes hilarious.

## Out of the Darkness—Light

by PEGGY HEWLETT

### SIMPLE TRANSFORMER

by FRANCES OETTEL

A lily,  
New kindled  
At hushed morningtide,  
Is the Power and Glory,  
Gently implied.

ones keep; as a matter of fact, she doesn't permit them to leave the cave until they are more than two months old.

Then, stepping along in the tracks of their mother and usually an older sister, the little lions get a liberal two-year education in the life of the jungle. A female lion is able to groom each litter properly for adulthood, because she doesn't have cubs more often than every two years.

While lion babies are on the prowl, the other mothers of the animal kingdom at Kruger are not idle, especially the zebras and wildebeests. Their offspring must learn to protect themselves. To do this, an

**A**NXIOUS eyes swept the horizon as the sun sank lower. With slow determination the countryside snuggled down silently in her black sleeping bag. The scattered lights of the faculty homes twinkled with those of the two dormitories, but they cast no more light over the slumbering hills and fields than did the distant winter stars above.

We glanced at the clock—nearly seven o'clock and not a sign of the diminutive aircraft. Pilot Daniel Walter and Speaker Frank Fowler from Andrews University were scheduled to be at Wisconsin Academy for vespers in half an hour. We thought of that tiny plane out over Lake Michigan. What if—?

Even if the young men did arrive now, how could they accomplish a safe landing in the field below the school, clear of snow but generously ribbed with frozen ruts?

Our watch dragged on. Several times the low rumbling of laboring semitrailers on the highway and the brilliance of Venus had deceived us. But finally there could be no mistake. Swooping low like a bird of prey, blinking one red eye and one green, the plane roared overhead.

The children rushed to the window, while my husband hurried out to flash the headlights of the car.

The fields seemed to snuggle deeper in their dark blankets. Momentary worry plagued us. How can those boys be brought down safely?

But we had not been alone in

our watch. In an instant the dormitories spilled out scores of young people. Clutching flashlights, many raced like jet-propelled fireflies down the hill and over the fields. Of one accord a trio of drivers placed their cars at opposite ends of the field, headlights dispersing the deadly darkness.

The flashlights bobbed a cheery welcome as their owners jumped up and down in their enthusiasm along the far end of the makeshift landing strip.

All eyes were fixed on that shadowy bird, circling above. Once, the pilot roared down and touched the ground momentarily with the wheels, feeling his way, judging the distance.

Then he came down again, a beautiful landing! The lights had guided him in.

As the plane taxied closer to the school, escorted by the triumphant lights, many thoughts raced through my mind: "The lights brought them safely in" . . . "Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life" . . . "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?"

You and I are pioneering a journey. How can we arrive safely at our destination? There are so many hidden ruts and barbed fences. But we need never "fly blind." We may exclaim with the psalmist, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."



# Sabbath School Lessons

Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

## Youth

### XIII—Confidence in the Spirit of Prophecy

(June 30, 1962)

MEMORY GEM: "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision" (Acts 26:19).

OUTSIDE READING: *Testimonies*, vol. 5, pp. 668-670, 678-683; *Selected Messages*, vol. 1, pp. 40-48.

#### Introduction

We have seen how the Lord has communicated His messages to the church through this agency. It is clear that the gift is of God. The important question now is, What does the Spirit of Prophecy mean to me?

#### 1 For Reproof

1. By what figurative language did God describe the work of the ancient prophets?

"Therefore have I hewed them by the prophets" (Hosea 6:5).

NOTE.—The hewing here referred to is the same as the hewing of stones for construction purposes. Here is an apt symbol illustrating how the heavenly Sculptor takes the rough granite of the soul and fashions it into a thing of beauty that will adorn the temple of the Lord forever.

2. For what particular purpose did the Lord send His prophets to His people of old?

"He sent prophets to them, to bring them again unto the Lord; and they testified against them" (2 Chron. 24:19).

3. How did the people respond?

"But they would not give ear" (2 Chron. 24:19).

4. What did Judah want of her prophets?

"Prophecy not unto us right things, speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits: get you out of the way, turn aside out of the path, cause the Holy One of Israel to cease from before us" (Isa. 30:10, 11).

NOTE.—"There are some in these last days who will cry: 'Speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits.' But this is not my work. God has set me as a reprove of His people; and just so surely as He has laid upon me the heavy burden, He will make those to whom this message is given responsible for the manner in which they treat it. God will not be trifled with, and those who despise His work will receive according to their deeds."—*Testimonies*, vol. 4, pp. 231, 232.

5. How did Ahab accuse Elijah? and Micaiah?

"Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" (1 Kings 18:17).

"He doth not prophesy good concerning me, but evil" (1 Kings 22:8).

NOTE.—"It is Satan's plan to weaken the faith of God's people in the *Testimonies*. 'Satan knows how to make his attacks. He works upon minds to excite jealousy and dissatisfaction toward those at the head of the work. The gifts are next questioned; then, of course, they have but little weight, and instruction given through vision is disregarded.' 'Next follows skepticism in regard to the vital points of our faith, the pillars of our position, then doubt as to the Holy Scriptures, and then the downward march to perdition. When the *Testimonies*, which were once believed, are doubted and given up, Satan knows the deceived ones will not stop at this; and he redoubles his efforts till he launches them into open rebellion, which becomes incurable and ends in destruction.' 'By giving place

to doubts and unbelief in regard to the work of God, and by cherishing feelings of distrust and cruel jealousies, they are preparing themselves for complete deception.'"—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 672.

#### 2 For Understanding

6. What principle is given to help the honest seeker in his study of revealed truth?

"We have received . . . the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God" (1 Cor. 2:12).

NOTE.—"The Bible is its own expositor. Scripture is to be compared with scripture. The student should learn to view the word as a whole, and to see the relation of its parts. He should gain a knowledge of its grand central theme,—of God's original purpose for the world, of the rise of the great controversy, and of the work of redemption."—*Counsels to Parents, Teachers, and Students*, p. 462.

Just as the student is admonished to view the Bible as a whole, so he should gain the full picture of all the Spirit of Prophecy counsels available on a given point, putting statement with statement. He should take care also to study and use each statement in its proper context. To do so will save him from serious pitfalls. When studied in this manner, the counsels take on a beautiful balance and their simple practicality is easily discerned. He sees how "the testimonies themselves will be the key that will explain the messages given, as scripture is explained by scripture."—*Selected Messages*, vol. 1, p. 42.

7. What is God's "confirmation" plan?

"Come behind in no gift; waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall also confirm you unto the end, that ye may be blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. 1:7, 8).

NOTE.—The Spirit of Prophecy is one of God's confirming agencies; that is, used wisely and properly, it will confirm His people in His message. Notice now some of the ways the gift is not to be used:

(1) *Not to be used as an iron rule or club.* "They profess to believe the testimony borne, and some do harm by making them an iron rule for those who have had no experience in reference to them."—*Testimonies*, vol. 1, p. 369.

(2) *Not to be used as proof for unbelievers.* "Some have taken an injudicious course; when they have talked their faith to unbelievers, and the proof has been asked for, they have read a vision, instead of going to the Bible for proof. . . . The visions can have no weight with those who have never seen them and know nothing of their spirit. They should not be referred to in such cases."—*Testimonies*, vol. 1, pp. 119, 120.

(3) *Brief excerpts are not to be selected and used out of context.* "There are those who pick out from the Word of God, and also from the *Testimonies*, detached paragraphs or sentences that may be interpreted to suit their ideas, and they dwell upon these."—*Selected Messages*, vol. 1, p. 179.

"Many study the Scriptures for the purpose of proving their own ideas to be correct. They change the meaning of God's word to suit their own opinions. And thus they do also with the testimonies that He sends. They quote half a sentence, leaving out the other half, which, if quoted, would show their reasoning to be false."—Ellen G. White *Manuscript 22*, 1890.

#### 3 A Vital Question

8. What did Paul ask Agrippa?

"Believest thou the prophets?" (Acts 26:27).

NOTE.—"Satan has ability to suggest doubts and to devise objections to the pointed testimony that God sends, and many think it a virtue, a mark of intelligence in them, to be unbelieving and to question and quibble. Those who desire to doubt will have plenty of room. God does not propose to remove all occasion for unbelief. He gives evidence, which must be carefully investigated with a humble mind and a teachable spirit, and all should decide from the weight of evidence. 'God gives sufficient evidence for the candid mind to believe; but he who turns from the weight of evidence because there are a few things which he cannot make plain to his finite understanding will be left in the cold, chilling atmosphere of unbelief and questioning doubts, and will make shipwreck of faith.'"—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, pp. 675, 676.

9. What happens when there is no vision?

"Where there is no vision, the people perish" (Prov. 29:18).

NOTE.—"Satan is . . . constantly pressing in the spurious—to lead away from the truth. The very last deception of Satan will be to make of none effect the testimony of the Spirit of God. 'Where there is no vision, the people perish' (Prov. 29:18). Satan will work ingeniously, in different ways and through different agencies, to unsettle the confidence of God's remnant people in the true testimony."—*Selected Messages*, vol. 1, p. 48.

10. What was Jehoshaphat's inspired counsel to Judah?

"Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established; believe his prophets, so shall ye prosper" (2 Chron. 20:20).

NOTE.—"Some will yield their faith, and will deny the truth of the messages, pointing to them as falsehoods.

"Some will hold them up to ridicule, working against the light that God has been giving for years, and some who are weak in the faith will thus be led astray.

"But others will be greatly helped by the messages. Though not personally addressed, they will be corrected, and will be led to



shun the evils specified. . . . The Spirit of the Lord will be in the instruction, and doubts existing in many minds will be swept away. The testimonies themselves will be the key that will explain the messages given, as scripture is explained by scripture. Many will read with eagerness the messages reproving wrong, that they may learn what they may do to be saved. . . . Light will dawn upon the understanding, and the Spirit will make an impression on minds, as Bible truth is clearly and simply presented in the messages that since 1846 God has been sending His people. These messages are to find their place in hearts, and transformations will take place."—*Selected Messages*, vol. 1, pp. 41, 42.

Much is being said and written on many sides about the power of positive thinking. Modern Adventist teen-agers need to be developing also the power of negative thinking, the ability to discriminate between right and wrong, and to say No when in doubt. We have available now a veritable treasury, priceless in its value, of those "guidance counseling" devices to help young people chart a sure and safe course through to God's kingdom. Those words are in quotes in the preceding sentence to suggest that while the world does a lot of talking about guidance counseling, it actually knows very little if anything about it apart from God. Consequently, most of the guidance counseling we are exposed to in the world is but a poor and cheap imitation of the real thing, which we have available now in this priceless treasury consisting of such books as *Messages to Young People*, *The Adventist Home*, *Child Guidance*, and *Education*. But this is only a part of their pricelessness. The rest is found when one looks

inside the covers of these books and finds, as he surely will, that they make interesting reading. Further, they make sense, even now when so many are saying, "Times have changed," as if to wave history away and suggest that principles and standards too have changed. But the Adventist youth knows better. And these books prove it.

## Quizangles

1. What seems to be the sure fate of prophets? (1)
2. Of what is the church to make sure while waiting for the coming again of Jesus? (2)
3. Who will do the confirming? (2)
4. What will this confirming work accomplish? (2)
5. Why is it important to believe God's prophets? (3)

NEXT WEEK, July 7, 1962—Lesson title: "Eve, the Mother of All Living." Outside reading: *Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 44-62 (chapters 2, 3). Memory gem: Gen. 2:18.

# Earliteen

## XIII—Believe His Prophets

(June 30)

TEXT TO REMEMBER: "Whereupon, O king Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision" (Acts 26:19).

AIM: To show (1) that certain principles should guide our study of the Spirit of Prophecy, and (2) that our happiness and salvation may depend upon our personal acceptance of its counsels.

### 1. What if the Prophet Reproves Me?

READ: Hosea 6:5; 2 Chronicles 24:19; Isaiah 30:10.

God is the great heavenly Sculptor, hewing out rough stones from the quarry of the world, shaping and fashioning them to become polished stones for His temple. This hewing process is often done through reproof and correction sent through His prophets.

"There are some in these last days who will cry: 'Speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits.' But this is not my work. God has set me as a reprover of His people; and just so surely as He has laid upon me the heavy burden, He will make those to whom this message is given responsible for the manner in which they treat it. God will not be trifled with, and those who despise His work will receive according to their deeds."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 679.

What is God trying to do for us when He reproves us?

In most cases what is the true reason why the "Testimonies" are rejected?

Who is responsible for the way prophetic counsel is treated, the prophet, or the hearer?

### PROBLEM FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

If you were in genuine earnest about preparing for heaven, would you want a prophet to speak "smooth things" or to "prophesy deceits"?

### 2. Dangers of Doubt; Blessings of Belief

READ: 1 Kings 22:8; Acts 7:52; 2 Samuel 12:7-9, 13.

"It is Satan's plan to weaken the faith of God's people in the *Testimonies*. 'Satan knows how to make his attacks. He works upon minds to excite jealousy and dissatisfaction toward those at the head of the work. The gifts are next questioned; then, of course, they have but little weight, and instruction given through vision is disregarded.' 'Next follows skepticism in regard to the vital points of our faith, the pillars of our position, then doubt as to the Holy Scriptures, and then the downward march to perdition. When the *Testimonies*, which were once believed, are doubted and given up, Satan knows the deceived ones will not stop at this; and he redoubles his efforts till he launches them into open rebellion, which becomes incurable and ends in destruction.' 'By giving place to doubts and unbelief in regard to the work of God, and by cherishing feelings of distrust and cruel jealousies, they are preparing themselves for complete deception.'"—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 672.

When one is unwilling to accept reproof delivered by a prophet, it is natural for him to blame the prophet himself for any trouble that may follow. True ☐ False ☐

The end result of rejecting a prophet is to reject God Himself. True ☐ False ☐

The Spirit of Prophecy in the remnant church has not only reproved individuals but has also worked diligently to restore the ones reproved. True ☐ False ☐

### PROBLEM FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Would it inspire your faith and love for the gift of prophecy in our church if you knew that individuals were not reproofed, and then scorned and left alone to wrestle with discouragement?

### 3. Understanding the Testimonies

READ: Acts 26:19; 1 Corinthians 2:12, 13.

A human error that is all too common is to read inspired counsels, and then to think: "That certainly fits Brother So-and-so!" Paul's response to the heavenly vision is the only safe and sensible one for the Christian. His attitude toward divine counsel was responsible for a completely changed life. Paul did not stop to question or argue points that he did not then understand, but obeyed fully and without hesitation.

This attitude toward inspired counsel should underlie our study of truth. It is the only approach that will enable us to understand either the Bible or the writings of the Spirit of Prophecy given to illuminate the Scriptures.

### Fill in the blanks:

"Whereupon, O king Agrippa, I was not \_\_\_\_\_ unto the heavenly \_\_\_\_\_."

It will always be impossible to understand God's counsels to us while we are unwilling to \_\_\_\_\_ those counsels.

### PROBLEM FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Are those who take an isolated statement from the Spirit of Prophecy and make it the basis of their belief, following a safe course?

### 4. Prophecy in the Light of Time, Place, and Circumstance

READ: Hebrews 5:12; 2 Peter 1:1-15.

Although prophets received revelations from God, they themselves felt the need of learning more and more about the will of God. They realized that they needed to grow and advance in their knowledge of God. Therefore they were diligent students of the Scriptures. Every Christian should feel the same way, trying in every way to avoid errors and to grow in character. It should be understood that the testimonies of the Spirit of Prophecy were given to help do this.

In order to reach the people where they were, God instructed Mrs. White to deal with even small details of many problems, as well as with broad principles. Because many counsels were given for specific problems of certain individuals, it is necessary to consider the time, place, and circumstances of the giving of the message of counsel. Only then can we be safe in finding the principle involved and applying it to our experience. Circumstances may change, but principle does not.

What do even teachers of the Word of God need to do if they are to continue to be useful to God?

To what does the apostle Peter say we should give diligence?



What factors must we consider in applying certain specific counsels of the Spirit of Prophecy in our own experience? Although time, place, and circumstance may change in relation to prophetic counsel, what never changes?

#### PROBLEM FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

What do you think is the only way in which you can recognize an unchanging principle, distinguishing it from a practice or standard that is affected by time, place, and circumstance?

#### 5. Believeest Thou the Prophets?

READ: Acts 26:27; Proverbs 29:18; 2 Chronicles 20:20.

"My brethren, beware of the evil heart of unbelief. The word of God is plain and close in its restrictions; it interferes with your selfish indulgence; therefore you do not obey it. The *Testimonies* of His Spirit call your attention to the Scriptures, point out your defects of character, and rebuke your sins; therefore you do not heed them. And to justify your carnal, ease-loving course you begin to doubt whether the *Testimonies* are from

God. If you would obey their teachings you would be assured of their divine origin. Remember, your unbelief does not affect their truthfulness. If they are from God they will stand."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 674.

"Satan has ability to suggest doubts and to devise objections to the pointed testimony that God sends, and many think it a virtue, a mark of intelligence in them, to be unbelieving and to question and quibble. Those who desire to doubt will have plenty of room. God does not propose to remove all occasion for unbelief. He gives evidence, which must be carefully investigated with a humble mind and a teachable spirit, and all should decide from the weight of evidence."—*Ibid.*, p. 675.

"Some will yield their faith, and will deny the truth of the messages, pointing to them as falsehoods.

"Some will hold them up to ridicule, working against the light that God has been giving for years, and some who are weak in the faith will thus be led astray.

"But others will be greatly helped by the messages. Though not personally ad-

ressed, they will be corrected, and will be led to shun the evils specified. . . . The Spirit of the Lord will be in the instruction, and doubts existing in many minds will be swept away. . . . Light will dawn upon the understanding, and the Spirit will make an impression on minds, as Bible truth is clearly and simply presented in the messages that since 1846 God has been sending His people. These messages are to find their place in hearts, and transformations will take place."—*Selected Messages*, vol. 1, pp. 41, 42.

What is the result to the people where there is no vision?

What great good will come to you as a young person if you seek to live at all times in harmony with the Bible and the Spirit of Prophecy counsel?

Is it just as dangerous to your spiritual life to neglect the "*Testimonies*" as it would be to reject them?

#### PROBLEM FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Have you taken a positive and decided stand to accept and to be obedient to the Spirit of Prophecy?



**Question** Recently I was talking to a boy who doesn't believe in doctors, medicine, or shots. I was asked why we don't believe fully in Christ, trusting Him entirely. I didn't know quite how to handle this question.

**Counsel** The Scriptures are filled with evidence that man plays an important part in maintaining physical health. He must plant and cultivate and reap by the sweat of his face, thus giving him the needed exercise to give him an appetite and aid in the digestion of his food.

To keep well by preventive agencies is far more important than getting well through remedial mediums. Also spiritual healing is given the priority over physical healing in the Bible, and is therefore the greatest of all physical remedies. See Psalm 103:3; 3 John 2.

The following is one of many relevant statements in the writings of Sister White: "When the gospel is received in its purity and power, it is a cure for all the maladies that originated in sin. The Sun of Righteousness arises 'with healing in His wings.' Not all that this world bestows can heal a broken heart, or impart peace of mind, or remove care, or banish disease. . . . The life of God in the soul is man's only hope. The love which Christ diffuses through the whole being is a vitalizing power. Every vital part—the brain, the heart, the

nerves—it touches with healing. By it the highest energies of the being are roused to activity. It frees the soul from the guilt and sorrow, the anxiety and care, that crush the life forces. With it come serenity and composure. It implants in the soul joy that nothing earthly can destroy,—joy in the Holy Spirit,—health-giving, life-giving joy. . . . If human beings would open the windows of the soul heavenward, in appreciation of the divine gifts, a flood of healing virtue would pour in."—*The Ministry of Healing*, pp. 115, 116. This experience was demonstrated during apostolic days and will be again during the latter rain.

We bring many diseases upon ourselves: "Many persons bring disease upon themselves by their self-indulgence. They have not lived in accordance with natural law or the principles of strict purity. Others have disregarded the laws of health in their habits of eating and drinking, dressing, or working. Often some form of vice is the cause of feebleness of mind or body. Should these persons gain the blessing of health, many of them would continue to pursue the same course of heedless transgression of God's natural and spiritual laws, reasoning that if God heals them in answer to prayer, they are at liberty to continue their unhealthful practices and to indulge perverted appetite without restraint. If

God were to work a miracle in restoring these persons to health, He would be encouraging sin."—*Ibid.*, p. 227.

Also, the Lord expects us to take advantage of medical information and practices and do everything possible to help ourselves: "Those who seek healing by prayer should not neglect to make use of the remedial agencies within their reach. It is not a denial of faith to use such remedies as God has provided to alleviate pain and to aid nature in her work of restoration. It is no denial of faith to co-operate with God, and to place themselves in the condition most favorable to recovery. . . . We should employ every facility for the restoration of health, taking every advantage possible, working in harmony with natural laws."—*Ibid.*, pp. 231, 232.

How sensible and reasonable! Otherwise, why the instruction to establish a medical school and sanitariums and hospitals all over the world? How unreasonable the belief and teachings that there is no sickness or death. If this were true, then there could be no miracles of healing. But all such claims are false, for there can be no healing for a disease that does not exist.

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

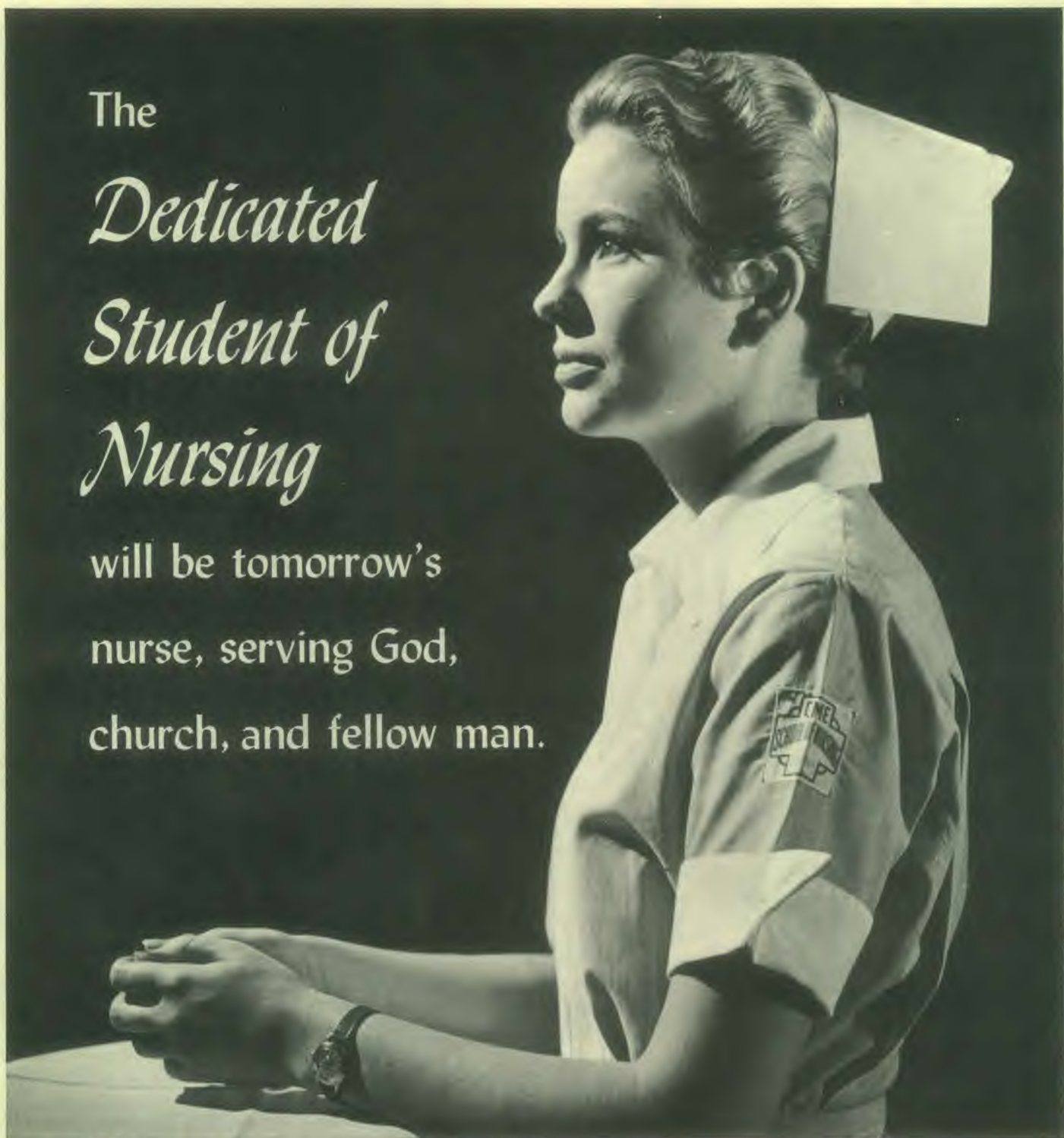
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