

# the **Youth's** instructor

JULY 9, 1963

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## **My Silk in the Wind**

[Sabbath School Lessons for July 13]





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JUNIOR YOUTH AND  
EARLY TEEN-AGERS

# Junior Guide

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*A camping type of vacation affords variety, flexibility, and adventure.*

I LOVE to cuddle up in my cot and breathe the pine-scented air and listen to the treetops rustling in the wind." Beth yawned sleepily in the early dawn. "I wouldn't miss a trip like this for anything."

My wife and I were on a summer motor camping trip, traveling from one place of interest to another with our easily portable tent. It was a truly carefree journey. We could tarry as long as we enjoyed the scenery and accommodations, sleep until nearby campers began banging on their breakfast tins, eat without waiting in line, and drink in the beauties of mountain and seashore to the full without the hurried summons, "All aboard! Last call for bus 72!"

When Beth uttered her memorable declaration we were camping in Acadia National Park at Bar Harbor, Maine, the most eastern of our national parks. This is the spot where the mountains come right down to the sea. As a matter of fact, at this point, according to official information, "eighteen mountains literally rise out of the sea, and in the cool green valleys between there are twenty-six lakes and ponds." The most prominent elevation is 1,532-foot Cadillac Mountain, the highest point within the boundaries of the United States along the Atlantic coast.

An easy drive up this mountain gave us a panoramic view of the resort town of Bar Harbor at the base and a broad outlook over the Atlantic Ocean. Acadia and Everglades National Park at the tip of Florida are our only two national parks fronting on the Atlantic.

Acadia is a typical national park with 588 campsites in a beautiful wooded area, most of them equipped with fireplaces, tables, and benches. We enjoyed the miles of mountain trails, the nature-study trips conducted by a ranger of the National Park Service, and one of the weekly campfire evenings with fun and good fellowship under the stars.

After a few days of real vacation at Acadia we reluctantly moved on westward to a private camp near Portland, Maine. Here again we were entertained before a huge bonfire, with music and impromptu singing.

Next day we packed our tent and supplies and were off again westward

toward the White Mountains of New Hampshire. We had no sooner started than a steady downpour began. How fortunate we felt that our tent and other equipment was packed before the rain came. Of course, there were showers at times when we were in camp. We had the car radio, a crossword-puzzle book, and interesting reading matter to while away the time when the weather was not pleasant. Sometimes we simply relaxed on our cots and enjoyed the patter of the rain on our tent roof. When possible we camped on a gentle slope on fairly high ground and ran a trench to the rear of the tent to carry off the rain water. On this particular trip the weather cleared by evening and we joined a crowd of sightseers at the top of Blue Hill to see the setting sun spread a thin golden ribbon along the darkened crest of the Presidential Range, a sight we shall never forget.

Our campsite was in Dolly Copp Forest Camp in a city of tents sheltering visitors from all parts of the country. After supper we gathered with other campers in a pavilion to sing and relate stories and experiences. One seasoned dweller in the great outdoors told how he had run out of funds on one of his trips. He tried to cash a personal check at a town bank, but was refused because of the lack of proper identification.

In his perplexity he stood near the teller's window wondering what to do, for he was desperately in need of funds. The president of the bank came along and gave him a searching look. "Didn't I see you at the penitentiary?" the official asked. The camper's hopes dropped to the zero point. To be looked upon as a criminal was adding insult to disappointment. "Aren't you the tourist who changed a tire for me after our visit to the penitentiary?" the president persisted.

"Why, yes, I am," responded the camper with a broad smile as his despair gave way to expectation. After a happy exchange of reminiscences the camper of course got his money.

At this camp we were near Mount Washington, which rises 6,288 feet to be the highest point in the northeastern States. A cog railway runs to the top, but we decided to make the as-

# *Living in the Great Outdoors*

by LAWRENCE RHOADS



# the Youth's instructor

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is a non-fiction weekly. It is published for young adults who are capable of asking sincere questions, and who seek to know the counsels of Scripture. Its contents are chosen to serve readers who want to reach maturity—spiritually, socially, intellectually, and physically. Its staff holds that God is man's heavenly Father; that Jesus is man's Saviour; that genuine Christians will strive to love God supremely and their neighbors as themselves.

Its pages reflect an expanding objective from 1852 to 1963. First it was essentially a vehicle for providing youth Sabbath school lessons. Now it also provides many added services for a generation that should witness the literal return of Jesus and the restoration of a sinful world to the universe of God.

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cent in a public station wagon, not trusting the brakes of our own car for the steep grades.

Usually the summit is shrouded in clouds, but it turned out that a rare clear day afforded us a wonderful view of the surrounding peaks and intervening valleys. We did not envy the meteorologists who stay in the weather observatory which is anchored to the rocks to prevent its being blown away by the hurricanelike gales.

Not far distant was Crawford Notch where we camped in what seemed like a gigantic bathtub, with Mount Webster and Mount Willey rising abruptly on each side. Scars on one of the mountains showed where there had been a landslide that buried seven members of the Willey family as they fled from their cabin. By a quirk of circumstance the slide was parted by a huge boulder above their house, and they would have been unharmed if they had remained in their home. This site was of special interest to us because it was the setting for Nathaniel Hawthorne's story "The Ambitious Guest."

It was a short run to another of the three notches in the White Mountains—Franconia Notch. Along the way were scenic spots such as Echo Lake, which we enjoyed because of its picturesque setting and the marvelous echo that the surrounding mountains returned to us. We had a clear view of the Old Man of the Mountains, or the Great Stone Face, which is 1,200 feet above Profile Lake and is formed by five separate ledges. It is considered the most famous of natural profiles. We were adventurous enough to ride the aerial tramway to the top of Cannon Mountain for another bird's-eye view of the Presidential Range and to explore the Flume Gorge, a chasm with waterfalls and high-flanking walls.

From New Hampshire we turned southward into Massachusetts to relive the Colonial period of our country in the museums of Salem, the old inns of Lexington, and the replicas of the huts of the Pilgrim Fathers in Plymouth. We also saw the famous Plymouth Rock with the carved date, 1620.

Such is the itinerary of a two-week motor camping trip in picturesque and historic New England. Similar trips can be taken in many sections of the U.S.A. Motor camping is interesting, healthful, educational, and at the same time economical. The camper can pitch his tent for a single night or for a stay of weeks, as fancy dictates. Once an outfit is procured, it need not cost much more to enjoy such an outing than to stay at home, except for the expense of running a car.

Campsites are free to the public in national parks and forests and in many State recreational areas. The motor camper can travel in comparative comfort and safety, and he meets many who take to the great outdoors in preference to plush motels and swanky restaurants. The pleasure of eating outdoors, sometimes within sight of a towering mountain or on the shore of a wind-swept lake, appeals to many.

The motor camper can enjoy the Sabbath in the quietness of the woods without becoming involved in the merrymaking of holiday crowds. Regular Sabbath services are conducted in some of our national parks. During the summer of 1961, in Yosemite National Park, a total of 2,969 persons joined in Adventist services, averaging 185 each Sabbath. The largest group in the church bowl for any service was 370.

The motor camper will not lack company and opportunities to form new friendships. It is estimated that

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## Blue Trumpets

by LEE AVERY

The summer morning sky no bluer burns  
Than morning glories shining on my fence.  
I look at them, and suddenly see you.  
Their constancy is like your loyal heart,  
True as their blueness in the sunny light.  
One day last spring you gave the seeds to me—  
You could not have a garden of your own—  
And giving them, you gave to me as well,  
Blue trumpets, voicing certainty and faith  
Whenever the bewildered heart has need!



## Criticism-2

"Then Jesus beholding him loved him."<sup>1</sup>

So far as I can determine, about the only persons Jesus ever condemned were the critics and the hypocrites. He certainly did not condemn the rich young ruler.

It was Paul who wrote, "The love of money is the root of all evil."<sup>2</sup> "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" Jesus exclaimed.<sup>3</sup> Some who have riches love them. It isn't the riches at all that condemns them. It's the loving of riches instead of God, instead of people.

Yet how many there are who criticize the person of wealth. Maybe he does drive a bigger car than you do. Does this license you to criticize? Maybe he does have a swimming pool in his back yard, and your swimming is done in the bathtub. Does this provide credentials for criticism?

I believe that scores of wealthy church members among us are practicing the Bible policy: "Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips."<sup>4</sup> They observe Jesus' counsel: "When thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men."<sup>5</sup>

"Then Jesus beholding him loved him."

"Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?" Judas asked.

"Let her alone: against the day of my burying hath she kept this," Jesus answered.<sup>6</sup>

Who knows but that by skimping and saving and sacrificing even some necessities, Mary had actually spent three hundred pence for her gift? She kept it by giving it, supplying the world for all time a model of loving service to others.<sup>7</sup>

I have not one shadow of a doubt but that in our church today are some considered poor whose gifts for the gospel work often outmeasure those of their critics.

It was the widow who gave one fourth penny, two mites, who caught Jesus' approbation above the wealthy who paraded with their gifts ahead of her.

Young adults need to fix their eyes on Jesus and let no man detract them from their gaze on the divine Model. By training yourself to see "no man, save Jesus only," you will automatically accomplish two things—a kinship with your fellow men and the death of a disposition to find fault with what another may do.

He whose eyes follow the Master most closely, whose feet fellowship in the lanes of service He trod, has scant inclination *and no time* to cannibalize on other Christians.

He who sees his own life in constant review before the mirror of Jesus Christ finds so many imperfections still to be washed away that when he does look at others, they appear to be farther along sanctification's road than he himself is.

*Martin D. Crouse*

<sup>1</sup> Mark 10:21. <sup>2</sup> 1 Tim. 6:10. <sup>3</sup> Mark 10:23. <sup>4</sup> Prov. 27:2. <sup>5</sup> Matt. 6:2. <sup>6</sup> John 12:5. <sup>7</sup> Mark 14:9.

**Falls** The entry form accompanying E. Douglas Day's Photo Mart cover this week places Middle Falls in Letchworth State Park, New York. The water tumbles a distance of 107 feet at this point in the Genesee River. The park encompasses an area publicized as the "Grand Canyon of the East."

**New York** "In my mail today I received four of my favorite secular magazines, *Time*, *National Geographic*, *Reader's Digest*, and *American Home*. It struck me as high tribute to your staff that, without second thought, I laid them all aside to open a brand-new *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*. I have overshot the age group you are aiming at, but many an article has challenged me to higher living. You are competing successfully with some of the best writers of the day." JUNE STRONG, Batavia.

**West Virginia** "A few years ago when the editor first made his appeal for writers to the *INSTRUCTOR* I felt a compelling urge to answer. However I put the idea aside as one of those ideals that makes one stretch. As the calls kept coming I found myself listening. Your 'ad' in the April 30 issue seemed to say, 'J. F. Harold, I mean you!' So if you are looking for an amateur, a beginner and a greenhorn, you have one." J. F. HAROLD, Elkins.

**California** "My admiration and inspiration grow with each succeeding issue of *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*. I have only seen mention of the publication for writers once [*Tab Set*], and will have to ask for a subscription without specifying it by name. I like the style of articles appearing—to the point, without extraneous material." JEANNE M. PARRETT, Napa.

**Washington** "The thing that has given me the most delight of all in the recent *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTORS* are the wonderful poems. It is a new day in our papers, with this type of poetry. I still feel the dearth of good spiritual themes, as such, though." MRS. HELEN BOND, College Place.

**Character** "Strength of character consists of two things,—power of will, and power of self-control."—MYP 412.

coming next week

- "STORY WITHOUT A MORAL"—As Author Robert Parr collected his book illustrations from the wet sidewalk, a stranger stooped to help.



ONE AFTERNOON Pastor and Mrs. Conmack called at the Webster home.

"Elder Stevenson arrived this morning, Mrs. Webster," Elder Conmack said. "This evening I will bring him along to meet your family."

"Oh, Mr. Conmack, do you think you should? Have you forgotten the frosty welcome you had the last time you and Mrs. Conmack visited us? John asked you then, politely but very plainly, not to come again. I am afraid he will make a scene."

"Mrs. Webster, we must come. You are planning to join the Adventist Church, and your husband must understand that you are doing everything openly and not trying to deceive him in any way."

"Well," she replied with a shrug of her shoulders, "we'll hope for the best. At supper tonight I shall try and prepare him, so it won't come as a shock."

When he learned of the proposed visit, Mr. Webster became very upset. At first he thought he would just slip away. Then he changed his mind. After all, this was his home; they were the ones to get out.

Hardly had the visitors arrived and been seated before Mr. Webster pointed his finger at Pastor E. J. Stevenson and said most emphatically, "I don't want you in my house, and I don't want anything to do with you."

"Friend," broke in Pastor Conmack in a calm voice, "let's be reasonable. We haven't come here to quarrel with you. Surely this matter can be settled peaceably."

"There can be no peace between you and me," remarked Mr. Webster icily, rising to his feet. "In fact, I want nothing to do with either of you. I wish the same could be said of my wife, but I know I cannot stop her."

"I think we had better go," remarked Pastor Stevenson quietly to his companion. Together the two men walked out of the house.

"Good night, friends," they called out as they passed through the gate.

"Good night," replied Mrs. Webster, her husband glowering beside her.

Fearful that her husband might try to prevent her being baptized, Mrs. Webster did not tell him of her intention. This she later decided was a mistake, which she regretted deeply in years to come.

The four candidates, together with a few others who were planning on baptism at a later date, drove up into the mountains. There, in a river not

far from the beautiful Nchya Falls, they were baptized.

The month was August; the year, 1948. Because it was midwinter, the water was icy cold. A feeling gripped Mrs. Webster as she came up out of the water that she would always walk this new path alone. With the kindly admonitions of Pastor Stevenson warm in their hearts, the little company returned to their homes.

When Mr. Webster learned that his wife had actually taken the final step, had been baptized and enrolled as a full member of the Adventist Church, his fury was terrible. Never had he behaved in such a manner. Seizing his gun, he rushed down the street toward Pastor Conmack's house, vowing to shoot him.

In great fear Mrs. Webster fled to Mrs. De Beer. They both fell on their knees and prayed God to protect His servant. Their prayers were answered, for the enraged husband satisfied himself with hurling rocks through some of the windows of the minister's house, all the while shouting insults at the man of God.

Weeks and months flew by. The weekdays were peaceful enough, but as each Friday evening drew on, Mr. Webster became increasingly abusive and violent. Repeatedly he threatened to desert Mrs. Webster and their four children. One day when he seemed more determined than ever to carry out this threat, Mrs. Webster went to talk over the problem with Mrs. De Beer.

"Whatever shall I do if he really goes? How can I feed and clothe four children?"

"Have you had any training to prepare you for work?"

"I am registered with the government as a children's nurse, but I feel I should take further training. I might go to Pretoria and take a course in midwifery, but what would I do with the children?"

There seemed no easy answer to this question, and silence followed. Then quietly, calmly, she looked at her friend and put the question.

"If I must go to Pretoria, could you take my children until I can finish? Would you?"

Mrs. De Beer looked at her friend for a long while. After all, she had her own four children to consider.

Then, "I will," was the simple answer, and Mrs. Webster knew that her friend meant it. That answer gave her new hope. It was the first glimmer of hope, the first indication, that there might be a way out of her difficulties.

*"There can be no peace between you and me," Mr.*

*Webster told the pastor and the evangelist*

*who was with him.*

*It was clear that he meant every word he said.*

## PART TWO

# Into a

The need for such did not arise, but it was comforting to know she had such a loyal friend.

The difficulties in the home increased. On Friday afternoons the father often arrived home after having tarried too long at the neighborhood bar. As he observed the way the house was cleaned and prepared for Sabbath, a smoldering rage often seized him. Furniture would be kicked over, and threats shouted violently. He would begin to abuse or bicker with whichever member of the family attracted his attention. This would continue until supertime, by which time he would be in fine fettle to make the meal a time of misery for all of them, picking and quarreling until he could get someone so annoyed that he would quarrel with him. After supper he would usually go off to bed, giving the family a feeling of great relief.

By sundown on Sabbath, Mrs. Webster was frequently completely exhausted, both mentally and spiritually. The Sabbath, instead of bringing joy and peace, seemed only to be the cause





Jennie Webster sits in front of her sisters, Joan and Judy. Tommy stands on the left.

# LARGE PLACE

by VIRGIL ROBINSON

of ever-sharpening conflicts. As each week began, he became the kind and considerate father they had known and loved for so long. In spite of all her troubles, however, she never once thought seriously of leaving him or of taking the children away.

After her baptism Mrs. Webster made certain changes in her diet and menus. She and the children discontinued the use of many articles of food. For her husband she continued to prepare bacon on weekdays, but would not do so on Sabbath mornings. In fact, on Sabbath she did no cooking at all. The food was all prepared on Friday, to be warmed as needed the following day.

When the husband discovered this he became very angry. He was willing to accept warmed-over food any other day of the week, but not on Sabbath. Considering his protests unreasonable, Mrs. Webster did not change her arrangements. Of course, there was a cook boy in the kitchen who was quite capable of preparing anything the husband might order.

Suddenly one Sabbath morning a new idea came to him. Turning to his wife he remarked, "I don't know why I didn't think of this solution before."

"What are you talking about? What solution?"

"About how to get my breakfast cooked on Saturday mornings."

"Oh? Well, what do you propose to do?"

"Jennie is nearly twelve now. She can fix it for me. It is time she got her hand into kitchen work."

Walking into the hall, he shouted for Jennie to come and prepare his breakfast. But there was no answer. He stepped into the children's bedroom where he found three children, but no sign of Jennie. He went all through the house, searching everywhere, calling; but there was no answer.

In a rage he fell back on the cook boy again. Realizing that he would be late for work should he linger in search of Jennie, he hurriedly ate his breakfast and left the house. Only when she was sure that her father had gone did Jennie crawl out from under the bed where

she had been hiding. For a period of time after that Jennie took long walks every Sabbath morning, returning only after her father had gone to work.

Thinking that if he could only separate his wife from her Adventist friends he might shake her faith, Mr. Webster moved the family to a house in another part of town. Surely now, he thought, she will get over this foolishness. But it made no difference. On Sabbath mornings he took the car; not because he particularly needed it, but to deprive her of its use. It made no difference. She walked across town to the little hall which she and the other faithful members had hired for Sabbath services.

At first Mr. Webster allowed the children to go with her. Then, believing that if they were not allowed to go, his wife would remain at home also, he flatly refused permission for the children to go to church. According to Rhodesian law they could not go without his consent. She found it hard to leave them, particularly as she realized that John frequently came home at noon and would find the children alone. After the service she frequently stood and talked with Mrs. De Beer or Mrs. Wonnacott, dreading to go home, never knowing what her husband might do next. For years the mental pressure never eased.

Christmas came, and with it the holiday check that Mrs. Webster's relatives in England never failed to send. This check often amounted to between thirty and forty pounds, and Mrs. Webster always made it stretch. The year after her baptism she heard of a camp meeting to be held at Gwelo, a town more than three hundred miles away. How she longed to attend! She talked with Mrs. De Beer about it, and together they prayed that they might go.

The more she thought of it, the more eager was Mrs. Webster to go. She made some dresses and sold them. When the time came to leave she found she had exactly the amount she needed to meet her share, and together the two women drove to Gwelo. How wonderful it was to see so many Adventists together! How they drank in the messages that came to them at the meetings, storing up strength for the conflicts to be faced when they returned.

Back home once more in Umtali, Mrs. Webster found her days reverting to the old monotonous routine. Mr. Webster harped continually on two themes. First, he was going to leave them, and second, why wouldn't members of his family attend the bioscope



(moving pictures) with him. There were times when his threat to leave home seemed very serious. After all, they had four children, two of them very small, and Mrs. Webster would have no visible means of support.

One morning after a particularly ugly outburst, when the domestic sky seemed blacker than ever, she stood in the bedroom with all four children crying around her. Gulping down sobs, Jennie threw her arms around her mother and wailed, "Mommy, whatever are we going to do?"

"Well, Jennie," her mother replied, "your grandmother was a widow with two children and she managed; your Aunt Mae had three children and she managed; so I guess I can manage with four!" She heard someone tiptoeing softly down the hall, and she realized that her husband had been listening outside the door to all she said.

On another occasion when he emphatically stated that he was going to leave, she looked him squarely in the eye.

"I think it would be a good idea if you did leave home," she said. "Which suitcase would you like me to pack? I believe the boy has your clothes all washed and ironed, and you are free to go immediately. May I help you in any way?"

"What will you do when I am gone?" he asked, rather bewildered to find his bluff called.

"Go first, and find out afterward."

He knew she meant every word, and from that time on there was much less said about his proposed departure. Nevertheless, she began to think more and more of what she might do to support herself and the children if she should find it necessary. From a small sum she managed to save she bought a typewriter, went back to school, and took a course in shorthand and typing.

Her husband watched her, his feelings a mixture of annoyance and amusement. Didn't she realize that anyone who refused to work on Saturdays could not get ahead or even find a job in the modern world? She persevered, however, and after completing the course, she looked for a job and was surprised and delighted to find one.

She was particularly pleased to find that she could take much of the work home with her. A few weeks later she got another job helping in the office of a cannery, mostly during morning hours. This gave her a feeling of independence and security.

The matter of attending the bioscope came up again and again. It really hurt Mr. Webster to know that neither his wife nor his children would go with him to the pictures. Somehow he simply couldn't enjoy them as he would if someone were with him. He refused to listen to their objections. "If I can't take you to the bioscope, there is nothing I can do for you," he complained.

When Jennie was about fourteen Mrs. Webster's cousin and his wife came to visit. They wanted to see a particular picture and invited Mr. Webster to go also. Knowing it was useless to try to persuade his wife to go, he decided that Jennie must. Terribly upset, the child left the house and tried to slip away. Hurrying after her, he failed to notice the big open forty-four-gallon sunken drum of drain water standing outside the bathroom, and he fell into it with a tremendous splash.

That mishap should have ended his determination to take Jennie to the pictures, and he knew it. But too furious to listen to reason, he dragged Jennie off to the bioscope. Nobody enjoyed the picture, and Mr. Webster decided not to take his daughter again, feeling that there was no pleasure in her forced company.

One day the training she had given her children returned to bless and strengthen Mrs. Webster. After a particularly bitter argument over attendance at the bioscope, she felt sick and tired of the whole business.

"Just for the sake of peace," she said to herself as she went to her bedroom, "I'll go once."

Dressed for town, she went into the children's room. Their faces were a study.

"Where are you going, Mommy?" asked Judy. Tommy sat up in bed, gazing at his mother.

"I'm tired of all this nonsense. I am going to the bioscope with daddy just once, for the sake of peace."

The children began to cry. They became frantic.

"How can you think of such a thing, Mommy? The girls at school will see you go. Then when they ask us and we refuse they will say, 'But we saw your mother there,' and, Mother, what will we be able to say?"

The weeping and wailing became louder. The idea never came into their heads that if mommy went they might have the privilege too.

Without another word Mrs. Webster slipped back into her bedroom and changed again. Her husband never knew how near he came to getting his way.

Since the children were not allowed to attend Sabbath school, they decided to meet at home. They secured the necessary supplies from the Sabbath school in town and began to meet in the Webster home every Sabbath afternoon. Many of their neighborhood playmates were invited. The regular program was carried out, with songs, prayers, reports, mission reading and all. Thus the father's refusal was turned into a genuine blessing.

The years went by. A new probation officer came to Umtali. Mrs. Webster went to him to find out whether her husband could be compelled to allow her children to attend church. Kindly but firmly the man pointed out that under British law the husband is head of the house, and his word is law.

Being an understanding man, he invited Mr. and Mrs. Webster to come and see him, which they did. Each was encouraged to speak freely. After listening to both, the officer realized that there was little hope that either would ever change opinions so long and firmly held.

"In all seriousness," he said, looking from one to the other, "this difference in ideas and ideals is certainly going to bring you both into the divorce court sooner or later. You must compromise."

"But what is there I can compromise about?" asked Mrs. Webster.

The man leaned back in his chair, To page 20

## Seventh Photo Mart FOR COVER PIX



**DEADLINE: November 29, 1963**

**REQUEST DETAILS:**

**The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR**  
Takoma Park  
Washington 12, D.C.



The men who directed the thinking of delegates to the Bible Conference  
were both wise and knowledgeable; the young men and  
women who sat before them had a common  
goal—a more complete view

of God's Word and  
its message for  
Christians  
in a modern and

# Bible Study in Depth

reported by **BEATRICE CRANDALL**

complex world. Recorded

here are the salient points of

the weekend discussions.

**I**N THE sanctuary of the Sligo church in Takoma Park, Maryland, four hundred young people from various parts of the Columbia Union Conference gathered to join Columbia Union College in its Missionary Volunteer program. Meanwhile, across the street in a small chapel of the union headquarters, some fifteen men talked quietly, contemplating the task before them. It was Friday night, March 1, 1963, the beginning of the Columbia Union Youth Bible Conference. The men in the chapel were MV secretaries and the educators who would instruct the Bible study groups for the next two days.

"Dealing with God's Word is serious business," declared E. M. Peterson, union MV director, as he addressed the little group. There was prayer, and then the men walked to the church to begin the conference. This was to be the second such meeting to be co-sponsored by the union MV department and the Sligo church. The first was held in 1961.

That night, with Joe Spicer, college MV leader, as chairman, CUC students presented "The Book and I" in speech and music. As part of the program the instructors for the Bible study sections were introduced, and the assembly was invited to ask questions from the floor.

"Would the Fox sisters recognize spiritualism as it is today?"

"Will a sin-repent, sin-repent experience be strong enough to carry us through the time of trouble?"

"How can we be certain of the accuracy of the carbon-14 test?"

The questions and answers were a

rapid-fire introduction to the purpose of the conference.

Sabbath morning brought a sermon by Elder Paul C. Heubach, of the Walla Walla College, Washington, church. "The Second Touch" was the sermon title, with Mark 8:22-26 as the basic scripture. "They bring a blind man unto him, and besought him to touch him."

There are four types of spiritual blindness outlined in Mark 8: (1) The blindness of the multitude, eager for material things; (2) the blindness of the Pharisees; (3) the blindness of the disciples; and (4) the blindness of one who knows he is blind.

It was the blindness of the disciples that now troubled the Master, said Elder Heubach. Forgetting that once they had fed five thousand with five loaves and two fishes, they now looked with despair on four thousand and asked, "From whence can a man satisfy these men with bread here in the wilderness?" And when once again a multitude was miraculously fed, the disciples still were spiritually blind. "Perceive ye not yet, neither understand? . . . Having eyes, see ye not?" questioned Jesus.

He was now going to use the blind man's experience to reach the disciples. He perceived that the disciples needed a second touch. Their vision was blurred. Though they had been with their Master a long time, they still did not see clearly. Because their vision of the Messiahship of Jesus was a blurred vision—they thought of a temporal and not a spiritual kingdom—they were not ready to spread the gospel with full

power. After a second touch, a clearer understanding of the mission of Christ, they would be prepared to preach effectively.

"Have you the blindness of the multitude?" Elder Heubach queried the congregation. "Is your vision like that of the Pharisees? Are you like the blind man groping for the light? Most of us," continued the speaker, "are like the disciples. We have partial vision, and we need the second touch. We need to get our eyes opened. By beholding we will become changed."

A contractor friend, related Elder Heubach, stood by his supply shed one day, looking across the field to a garden where a man hoed. He was not standing as he hoed, but sat on an orange crate. He would hoe, scoot the crate ahead; hoe, scoot the crate ahead. What a lazy fellow, thought the contractor. Curious, he inspected the scene more



closely, to find that the man had one leg missing and was using the orange crate to prop himself up. A second look changed the contractor's thinking.

"When we see Him, our Lord," paralleled the speaker, "as He really is, what a difference will come in our relationship to Him! We must have our eyes opened to the nature of sin, to our own self-righteousness, to the realization that our goodness can never match Christ's, to the great controversies of the times in which we live, and most of all to the needs of others by our side."

## contrast by CECILIA STANLEY HILL

A million years shall pass,  
And still I'll see those nailprints  
In His hands,  
His feet.  
How shall my joy in heaven  
Be complete  
When He, my blessed Lord  
Who knew no sin,  
No fall,  
Shall still be bearing scars for me,  
While I bear none  
At all?

"How is your spiritual vision?" was the climaxing question. "Get your eyes open to the things that count. Jesus will not leave you with blurred vision. He will give you the second touch."

It was with this avowed desire to receive the second touch that the young delegates reconvened Sabbath afternoon to begin their classes. There were eight class hours—three Sabbath afternoon, two Saturday evening, three Sunday morning, followed by a general assembly. Four class hours were allotted to cover a discussion topic. The topic was then repeated in the next four hours.

Under this procedure each delegate could attend two of the classes offered: "Understanding God's Word," L. G. Moulds, instructor in religion, CUC; "Spiritism and Last-Day Delusions," L. E. Froom, professor of historical theology, Andrews University; "Psychology and Religion," Paul C. Heubach, pastor and religion teacher, Walla Walla College; "Creation and Evolution," F. L. Marsh, professor of science and religion, Andrews University; "Discipline and the Christian Life," W. G. C. Murdoch, dean, Theological Seminary, Andrews University; "Last-

Day Events," D. F. Neufeld, special editor, Commentary Reference Series (later volumes), Review and Herald Publishing Association; "The Body, the Temple of God," Dr. John Scharffenberg, director, International Nutrition Research Foundation; and "The Gospel and Social Classes," William A. Lovelless, pastor, Sligo church.

Before the conference ended I was to wish many times that I might attend all the sessions.

In my rounds I came first to Dr. Marsh's group. As he began his discussions on Creation and Evolution he

drew a circle on the blackboard, divided it in half, and marked each division. The top half was the supernatural, or religion; the bottom half was the natural, or science.

The tool of the supernatural—religion—is faith, predicated Dr. Marsh. The tool of the natural—science—is scientific method. The trouble today comes from mixing the two areas. Each is an area in itself. Textbooks on science are continually being revised as scientists change their minds, but principles of the religionist are sure. The genuine scientist will not tell you how it ought to be in religion. He will be tending to his own work.

"Except for the few instances in nature upon which there are definite Biblical assertions, natural science and Bible religion have no conflict," said Dr. Marsh. "They exist on different levels of reality." He proceeded to show that not one Biblical assertion on natural science has been rendered obsolete by the findings of modern science.

After detailed study of the origin of plants and animals as taught by evolutionists and as taught by creationists, Dr. Marsh gave a summary of his conclusions:

1. Evolution compromises the omniscience of God. As described by its own devotees, evolution is an extremely long-drawn-out, indirect, inefficient, wasteful, trial-and-error method; a bungling process with many false starts and dead ends. It is impossible to think of God, who is described in Job as "perfect in knowledge," creating a man in His image by using such a crude method.

2. Evolution compromises God's attribute of love, because this method is described as a harsh, discordant, selfish process where might makes right. God would not employ so cruel a method in forming man in His image.

3. Evolution brings parts of the Creation story into conflict. Genesis 1:30 says that all animals ate plant materials only. Evolution teaches that from the beginning living things have fed on one another.

4. Evolution compromises the dignity of man by saying that at best he is merely a noble beast. God says we are His sons and daughters by special creation.

5. Evolution strikes directly at the fourth commandment, which says the Lord made heaven and earth and all that is in them in six days. Evolution makes the days of Creation long periods of time ranging in length from 20 to 100 million years.

6. The basis of Christian teaching is the golden rule of love and kindness. Evolution is built upon the conception that might makes right and only the fittest survive.

7. Evolution tends to excuse man's mistakes—since every gene man possesses came from beasts, it isn't his fault if he acts like a beast!

8. Evolution confuses the plan of man's redemption. Christ died to save a fallen man, not a noble beast.

"It is our privilege to bring to men and women the glad news that they are not the offspring of mere beasts, without hope, but rather sons and daughters of Christ," concluded Dr. Marsh. "They are specially created and lovingly redeemed, and endowed with a glorious future."

Going upstairs to Dr. Murdoch's room, I found myself again a part of an animated group of young people. On the blackboard were words that could rightly become guidelines for the Christian:

Not Faith and Works  
but

Faith *that* Works

The steps in the pathway of salvation  
To page 18



► The proportion of persons in the United States with at least a grade-school education now tops 78 per cent. More than 41 per cent have completed high school, and more than 7.7 per cent are college graduates. Du Pont

► Japan ranks third behind the United States and the United Kingdom in number of television sets—9 million. Japanese television fans gather in noodle shops and bathhouses to watch favorite programs. In many nations community television sets are installed in public places. San Juan, Puerto Rico, shelters sets in waterproof boxes in public squares. National Geographic Society

► What is believed to be the oldest deer in the wild has been reported from a deer hunting camp near Fort Cove, California. The animal's age, 29, was determined by a tag that had been attached to one of its ears by the Utah Department of Game in 1933. The animal was mostly skin and bones and had no teeth. The wild deer generally lives for about eight years, possibly 12 years at the most. Even in captivity, 20 years is an advanced age for a deer. IWLA

► More than 400,000 residents of Hong Kong's 'squatters' shacks and city slums have been resettled in government estates. The resettlement blocks, shaped like an H and seven stories high, contain apartments that consist of a single room 12 by 10 feet. Condition of tenancy is that each room must house no fewer than five adults. Two children under 10 rate as one adult, so that the average number in a room is about eight. Rent is less than \$3 U.S. a month. One of the most spectacular of the estates houses 63,000 people, in 32 H blocks. There are 11 estates in the colony. A half-million people are still waiting for rehousing. WHO

► Thinking that it would be a good thing to introduce into the United States all the birds mentioned by Shakespeare, Eugene Schieffelin, a New York drug manufacturer, began importing chaffinches, skylarks, nightingales, and starlings. His finches, larks, and nightingales promptly perished, but the 100 starlings he brought here in 1890-91 and released in New York's Central Park flourished. Starlings have now become a nuisance, defying every means to exterminate them. However, the starling has some admirable qualities. He is an indefatigable destroyer of insect pests, an industrious family man, and a pleasing mimic. The starling can perfectly imitate the voice of a peewee, a flicker, a jay, or a wren. Ford Times

► A rich source of protein, plentiful in all seas, is zooplankton. It is now being made into a fish paste in the Far East. In Thailand, for example, more than 5,000 tons of plankton are eaten every year. One of the microscopic single-celled freshwater algae, *Chorella*, transforms almost all the solar energy it receives into vegetable matter, and multiplies at such a rate that in 12 hours its weight can increase fourfold. It yields 18 tons of food per acre annually, 10 times as much as wheat. Thus a water surface five miles square could provide enough protein to supply the needs of 80 million people. *Chorella* contains six times as much protein as rice, 30 times as much vitamin A as calf's liver, and four times as much vitamin C as spinach. Its taste is somewhat like that of spinach. WHO

► The first commercial-size plant in the United States to use peacetime atomic energy as a catalyst in a production process will soon be put on stream by the Dow Chemical Company in Midland, Michigan. The plant will utilize cobalt-60 as the catalyst in the production of ethyl bromide, a product used as an organic intermediate in the synthesis of a number of chemical products such as solvents, fumigants, refrigerants, and many pharmaceutical compounds. Dow

► California's ponderosa pine are in danger of extinction unless ozone can be reduced through smog control measures. It is estimated that 15,000 acres of ponderosa pine in Riverside, Los Angeles, and San Bernardino counties have been hit by ozone. The gas destroys chlorophyll in pine needles, which drop, leaving trees partially denuded and subject to attack by insects and disease. UCAL

► Syria, which gained its independence from France nearly 20 years ago, is slightly larger than North Dakota. Syria's 72,000 square miles support 4.9 million people.

National Geographic Society



Key to source abbreviations published January 15, 1963.

► "Sumer Is Icumen In," composed at Reading Abbey in the thirteenth century, is the oldest piece of music extant with English words.

National Geographic Society

► The largest dealer in Government reports, pamphlets, and books is the Superintendent of Documents of the U.S. Government Printing Office. Nearly 180 million publications were distributed by this office last year. Every day at least 10,000 pieces of mail are delivered to the Government Printing Office, the world's largest printing house. USDL

► There are now 21,840 doctors in group practice, as compared with 13,440 in group practice in 1959. Now in private practice are 170,200 doctors, compared with 160,600 in 1959. In percentage this amounts to a 62.5 increase in the number of physicians entering group practice, with only a 6 per cent increase in the total number engaged in private practice. New Medical Materia

► The British Museum, now roughly comparable to a combined U.S. Library of Congress-Smithsonian Institution, began in 1753 when Sir Hans Sloane bequeathed his library and natural history collection to the British nation. Royal libraries and purchases of private holdings of books and antiquities were added through the years so that the museum outgrew its quarters many times. Recently proposals have been made to build a separate library and to modernize the museum exhibits, enabling the public to make better use of the museum's enormous resources.

National Geographic Society

► Working plans for a modest program of cooperation in outer space were agreed upon recently by Soviet and American scientists meeting in Rome. One area of discussion was a meteorological program that will greatly extend the world's advance knowledge of weather patterns. There will be rapid exchange of cloud pictures from each nation's weather satellites, beginning in early 1964, and ultimately the coordinated launching of such satellites to provide broader coverage of the earth. By 1964 the Russians will be ready with their first weather satellite, and the U.S. will be replacing Tiros with a second-generation satellite, Nimbus. Information will pass continuously between the two countries on teletype and facsimile wires to be constructed between the two world weather centers at Suitland, Maryland, and at Moscow. Information will be used in weather forecasting. Science





# My Silk

by DALE CRANE as told to DAVID THOMAS

THERE was no backing out now. The DC-3 skimmed down the runway, and we were in the air. I had been up a dozen times before, but this was the first time the trees and people on the ground seemed to become miniatures of another world so fast.

I was painfully aware of how high we were climbing, of the big hollow spot in my stomach, and of the copper taste of fear in my mouth. My eyes suddenly caught sight of the first-aid

wagon; it crawled with determined slowness out toward the big H that marked the target. I shuddered. That target was not for a bomb or a practice shot with a sack of sawdust, but for a human body—mine.

My mind spun; thoughts raced each other and seemed to crash against my skull. What if my chute streamered? Augering in—that's what the old-timers called it. Or what if it didn't open at all? I licked my dry lips and patted my emergency chute. "O God," I forced the prayer out, "please help me not to think these thoughts or I'll never get out the jump door."

At the moment when I thought I would explode, my memory took control, and again I was listening as a

friend told me of the exploits of the best fire-fighting crew in the world.

My own interest in fire fighting had started two years before, in the spring of '59, when I determined that if I could remain a good Christian I would join the smoke jumpers. I wrote to the jumpers' headquarters in Missoula, Montana, early in the spring. Their reply reached my home town of Lewiston, Idaho, in three weeks.

I ripped open the envelope, almost tearing the letter inside, but my exuberance was cut short when I found I didn't have enough fire-fighting experience. At first I was completely discouraged; then I read the letter again. For the first time I noticed that the Sabbath was no problem. My lack of experi-



*One member of the forest team yearned for opportunities beyond those afforded a member of the trail crew; he set his sights for a spot among the smoke jumpers, and worked to achieve his goal.*

# *in the Wind*

ence was the only thing that stood between me and the rugged life of the jumpers.

I began getting the experience I needed when I was accepted for duty in the Lachsa district in northern Idaho. Here I met Loui Hartig, a tough-minded old-timer with a heart of gold. And here I learned the many reasons why the jumpers want their trainees to have sufficient fire-fighting experience.

The first three days of district duty were spent lazily—just listening to lectures on forestry and watching films on fire fighting. Then the work came. We began with brush piling. This is a never-ending job—the more brush I piled, the more there seemed to be.

My hands were blistered for the first two weeks, and my muscles ached at night for a month.

About the first of July I was transferred to trail crew. By this time I was beginning to really like my work. Trail duty wasn't easier, but it took me deep into the mountains. On a clear evening the sunset would turn to flowing gold and cover the western horizon with red flames that melted slowly into the hills in the distance. As the red faded, trees and sky would merge in blackness.

Crisp mornings brought freshness and a feeling of vigor. They usually brought a blue sky, too, with a field of cotton-white clouds slowly changing patterns at the will of a mountain

breeze. When I had the chance I would browse through nature's art collections, or walk to a secluded mountain lake where I could enjoy music of God's own composition played by the wind in the pines.

The alarm that marked my first fire came early in the morning. A chill of excitement crept through me. By truck we and our equipment—pulaskis, backpacks, axes, and shovels—went to the northern edge.

The fire spread slowly. We cut a fire-break on the north side and then fought against the blaze from the edge. It was two o'clock before we were relieved and given a chance to eat. I looked up. There was no sky now, and the gray smoke was broken only by a bright haze where the sun was trying to add its heat.

Heat—the thought made me grit my teeth. I glanced around at the faces of the other fire fighters. Beads of sweat made rivulets down their blackened faces, and exposure to the heat had made the skin on their necks red and raw.

Our rations were filled with flakes of ashes that had to be ignored and deliberately swallowed. The meal was short. I finished eating and was about to join the crew of fighters on the downhill side when a tree crashed into the fire above me. The sound caught my attention. My eyes followed the edge of the blaze and stopped on the half-charred body of a squirrel that lay about six feet from the flames. His muscles quivered for a moment, but one of the fire fighters mercifully killed him with a shovel.

There wasn't much time to think about life or death, but I stopped for a moment and wondered how many other lives the blaze had taken. The thought was not a pleasant one. I forced it from my mind and went back to work. By nightfall exhaustion took over, and my romantic ideas about fighting fire had vanished.





*An emergency pack is at Crane's right hand.*



*Landings are not easy in high altitudes, because the atmosphere is much thinner.*

One afternoon long after that first fire I was sorting the jumble of identification cards and whatnot that my billfold had accumulated when, glancing at a pocket calendar, I realized that it was August 9. The summer was three fourths over, but where had it gone? I let my mind run over the past two months. There had been three major fires, each spreading destruction and destroying natural habitat and animal life. I realized that fire no longer meant a thrill, but rather a challenge to fight for life and for the beauty of the country.

In the early fall I ran into a new problem. To get into the smoke jumpers' organization I needed a good recommendation from Loui Hartig. District supervisors don't like to lose the men they've trained, so I thought it would be best to start planting the idea of my joining the smoke jumpers.

By late fall everyone on our crew knew that I had my eyes on jump training. Loui knew, and I was hoping he would come and assure me of a good recommendation. But the days wore on, and he never said a word.

I hated to leave the forest that fall. Autumn had splashed color everywhere. The aspen and birch leaves were a shimmering gold and red, giving the lower valleys a touch of fantasy. The Sunday before I left for college I took a long hike. The trail led up a moun-

tain covered with groves of aspen and pine. I climbed to the ridge and followed it to the highest peak. Letting my eyes sweep over the country below, I saw a hundred glimmering shades of color. I stayed until the sun had slipped to the horizon, then started home just as night came stealing silently up from the valleys. Walking under a red-painted heaven, I couldn't help feeling that protecting this heritage was a high calling.

College came again. On October 16 I licked the seal of a heavy envelope and slipped it into the mail slot. That envelope contained my application for smoke jumping, a cover letter, and

all my hopes for the summer of 1960.

I dropped in for the mail one rainy day in December and in the box was a bigger envelope than usual. I wasn't expecting an answer from the jumpers yet, and I felt a little fidgety as I slipped it out. It was from a Government post, but it wasn't Federal. I glanced at the return address; my eyes immediately picked out "District No. 5."

"That's good ol' Lachsa," I mentioned to a friend who had come for his mail too. And trying to conceal my feelings, I added, "I wonder what Loui wants?" I actually knew well what Loui wanted. He wanted me to work on the district crew again next summer,



*Each packer's work is labeled so that if any chute fails to open properly, the man who packed it will be readily identified.*





*Rugged terrain may not afford easy landing.*

and he had probably told headquarters that I could use another summer's experience before jumping. I opened the letter, and there it was in black and white: "Dear Dale: District 5 will be needing experienced men beginning June 15. We would appreciate—"

I didn't want to read the rest. Then I noticed some rough scrawl down in the corner. It read: "Crane, so you've decided to desert us and hit the silk. Well, if I wasn't so old I'd go too. Sent your recommendation off last week. I really pitched 'em a good one." It was signed "Hartig." I never did read the rest of that letter, and I doubt if Loui expected me to.

My acceptance came in February. It was simply a note telling me I had been accepted and giving me the details on when to report and what equipment to bring.

I arrived at Missoula on Sunday, June 12, and checked into the jumpers' dormitory. There were a few other recruits in the building, and I introduced myself to some of them. The rest of the day dragged by slowly. The new "greens" were both excited and afraid, and tension was high.

We rolled out of bed at eight o'clock Monday morning. My roommate was all smiles when we went to breakfast. "This jump training is going to be a snap," he remarked. "I just completed six months of active training in the Army. They get you up early there; none of this eight-o'clock-white-shirt stuff goes." I envied his confidence, but I didn't say anything.

We were supposed to sign our job and insurance papers right after breakfast, but instead, a hard-jawed veteran lined us up. His crisp voice came out in a regular military bark as he gave us instructions. "All right, all you candidates for smoke jumping, we're going to do some twelve-count push-ups." He demonstrated, and we copied. After a half hour of push-ups, with short breaks between counts of twelve, we were ordered to run the airfield track. The track was a mile long, and wearing boots and other gear, I found that this

We were up the next morning before light cracked the eastern sky. An hour of calisthenics set the pace for the day. Breakfast was quiet. We would begin training today for our first jump, and nobody had much to say. I glanced down the row of faces; I saw only serious eyes, some blue, some gray. Each man had a taste of training experience now, and each man knew that all of us wouldn't make it through. The meal was short, but the silence was very long.

The two weeks of training before the first jump include a wide variety of



*A silk full of wind is a beautiful sight, especially appealing to the man attached to it.*

particular mile was all of 5,280 feet.

After running we spent an hour and a half on the obstacle course, which consisted of jumping off high boards, climbing over fences, crawling through brush, and running through soft sand. My muscles were so tired when I started that I wasn't sure I'd make it. My sides ached and my mouth was dry. But there were no rest breaks, and no water fountain a few feet down the hall as there was at Sitner Hall.

When I pulled my boots out of the sand and headed for the dormitory, I knew how good a dinner break could feel. We signed the official papers during our break, and then headed out to the field again. The afternoon was spent in doing calisthenics. Our instructor knew more ways to stretch muscles than I had ever imagined possible. The feel of clean white sheets that night is one of my fondest memories.

training situations. One of the first things the jumper learns is how to land correctly, and we practiced landing rolls on the Canadian swing. The instructor showed no mercy. We had to learn each roll or we couldn't jump. No allowance for accidents is made in the jumping business.

Of all the equipment in training, I became most familiar with the shock tower. Here each trainee learns how to jump out of several kinds of planes. Each plane requires a different exit position, and for safety the jumper must know each exit position by instant reflex. This takes many hours of practice and unnumbered jumps off the tower. When the jumper is on the tower, the instructor will yell the type of plane he wishes the jumper to simulate a jump from, and the trainee must take a specific exit position. Then he must wait for the jump master, or



"spotter," to slap him on the calf of the leg before he jumps.

As easy as this procedure sounds, it really played on my nerves. The instructor would often yell "jump" and clap his hands, or he would slap his hand on the wooden platform and yell, "Go-go-go!" The trainee must not jump under any circumstances, however, until he feels the slap on the back of his leg. If a jumper goes off the platform before he is slapped, he is given two hours of extra training.

The reason for emphasizing the slap signal is safety. The first jumper on a real mission is always slapped. I knew this training would pay off, and I had to do an extra two hours of practice only once.

After several jumps off the shock tower my hips and shoulders became red where the chute harness straps fitted. And after a few days they turned raw. I nursed them at night, but each day brought a battery of new jolts. After a week the raw spots hurt all day. By that time, however, I had so many other aching and tired muscles that the strap marks didn't hurt much more than the rest of my body.

The let-down tower is a piece of equipment that is exclusive to jumper training. It is about thirty-five feet high, and here the jumper is taught how to get down out of trees. Learning the operation was not so easy as I thought it would be. To prepare for the let-down the jumper loops his rope three times through a metal ring attached to the midsection of his outfit. Then he passes the end through a second ring attached to his suit near the base of his neck. He must then tie the rope to a limb above his head, and without looking at the knot, pass the other end under his right leg and slide down.

To pass the test, the jumper must make a let-down in three minutes. I was afraid of the process at first. It gave me a light feeling in my stomach to trust my weight to a knot I had tied in fifteen seconds, especially when I couldn't see it first. But after surviving the first few let-downs, I acquired faith in the method.

I awoke the morning of June 23 just in time to greet the first tint of red that pushed through the gray to make room for the sun. It was a quiet morning—a little too quiet. Only a whispered breeze gave movement to the dawn.

I didn't have to go through my usual process of waking up. I knew I had been asleep, but I couldn't remem-

ber the transition between sleep and consciousness. I swung my feet out and let them come in contact with the cold floor; it was pleasant to feel how solid it was.

I stared for a moment at my roommate's empty bed. The bare mattress told the story, and I was sorry. He had left three days ago. He hadn't passed the test on the obstacle course;

## surrender

by D. ARTHUR DELAFIELD

**If the reed did not  
bend in the wind,  
it would break.  
The reed is not stubborn,  
The reed of the lake.**

**If the ice did not  
melt in the sun,  
it would stay.  
The ice yields to sunshine,  
The night to the day.**

**If the leaves did not  
drop from the oak,  
it would die.  
So the leaves are set free,  
Bright leaves of the sky.**

he hadn't been prepared. I wondered how prepared I was for today. It was a sobering thought. I turned to the window and checked the runway. As my eyes grew accustomed to the light, a DC-3 took shape; it stood poised and ready at the near end. Strange thoughts flooded me; today we would jump.

"Inspect your gear. We have about four minutes." The spotter's voice slapped reverie into reality, and I was amazed that my mind had covered so many experiences in so little time. I froze for a second, and then began methodically checking the gear of the man ahead of me. His life might depend on my inspection. Buckles secure? Straps straight? Pack tight? Everything was O.K.

I could feel the man behind me checking my equipment. Little jerks told me that he was testing the buckles. He dug his fingers under the main harness straps, and they were secure.

"Prepare to jump." The spotter's voice was steady over his shoulder as he inspected the jump area. The jump door stood wide open; the wind tore at his hair and blew wrinkles into his leathery cheeks.

I was the third man in line, and I took my position three steps from the door. Jumper number one stood in the open doorway. I could see only his back. I glanced at the spotter who was kneeling with his hand poised and his eyes on the ground. Suddenly I realized how much responsibility was his.

My eyes shifted to the men still sitting along the floor of the plane. The row was completely silent, but lips moved. I wondered what sort of god each man had. Was it a personal God like the one I was depending on? I didn't know, but I had a quick thought that this was a time when even atheists would turn into believers.

The spotter's hand started to drop. My eyes recorded the action in mid-air, and even though my heart was pounding, the blood seemed to freeze in my veins and my mouth turned as dry as dead pine needles.

"Go get 'em, Tiger." The spotter's voice cracked above the roar of the plane as his hand came down on its target. The first jumper disappeared. The man ahead of me took one step and he too was gone. I tried to think about counting to five, but my mind went blank. I shut my eyes and hurled myself through the door. The horizon turned 180 degrees, and after turning to several different angles, it finally righted itself. I was falling fast. I fell so long that I thought my chute wasn't going to open. Then it hit.

The jolt was worse than anything I had experienced in training. But when I gazed up, that big orange and white canopy that had blossomed out above me made me forget about all the jolts I'd taken since I began training. Hovering up there it looked more beautiful than it had ever looked when I was training.

I glided down, concentrating on guiding the chute so I would hit the target. I landed about five feet from it.

I collected my canopy and straightened up to look around. Some of the men were laughing; others were silent; wives were embracing husbands; and each jumper was getting the feel of the ground under his feet. Warm thoughts rushed into my mind.

I was a jumper now, and the worst was over. I pulled off my helmet, wiped the sweat from my forehead, and told my God how much I appreciated life and air and solid earth. I waited a moment for Him to answer, then I squared my shoulders and headed for the checkup station. The rest of the week would be a tough pace.



THE SIZE of the paper on which the Fifty-six inscribed their names was  $29\frac{3}{4}$  by  $24\frac{1}{4}$  inches. It was parchment paper. But it was not the size or quality of the paper that made the document immortal. It was the words that had been written on it. Words that began, "When in the Course of human events . . ." and that ended, "And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor."

When the Fifty-six signed their names to the Declaration they realized that they might be signing their death warrants. They were dissolving the political bands that had connected them to another, and should the rebellion fail, they would be hanged for treason. Already George III had offered a reward of 500 pounds apiece for the capture of two of the signers, John Hancock and Samuel Adams. But they did not concern themselves with consequences. They believed in the rightness of their cause, and they were willing to pay the price for their convictions.

Hancock, the first to sign, wrote his name in large, bold letters. "There!" he is said to have exclaimed, "John Bull can read my name without spectacles, and may now double his reward of 500 pounds for my head." Stephen Hopkins, one of the oldest of the signers, was afflicted with palsy and wrote with a shaking hand. As he handed the pen to the next signer he said, "My hand trembles but my heart does not."<sup>1</sup>

While the New York delegates were signing the document, the invading fleet was already at their shores. They knew there would be reprisals, and retribution came quickly. The estates of Lewis Morris and William Floyd were plundered. The timber crops and gardens were destroyed and the cattle were driven away. For seven years both families were exiled from their homes.<sup>2</sup>

Philip Livingston, a wealthy New York importer, lost all his business interests and his mansion to the enemy. His estate on Brooklyn Heights was taken by the British and used as a naval hospital. Some of the property that was not plundered he sold to help finance the war.<sup>3</sup>

# the fifty-six

by RUTH JAEGER BUNTAIN

Not only was the home of Francis Lewis pillaged and burned, but his wife was carried off as a prisoner. Confined to filthy lodging, "she had no bed to lie on and no change of clothing for several months." Although she was later released, she had been so ill-treated that she never regained her health.<sup>4</sup> Mr. Lewis spent his later days "in comparative poverty, his independent fortune having in a great measure been sacrificed on the altar of patriotism during his country's struggle for independence."<sup>5</sup>

Other signers whose homes were plundered or destroyed were Francis Hopkinson, George Clymer, William Ellery, and Lyman Hall.<sup>6</sup>

Because Pennsylvania delegate John Morton joined the patriots, he was socially ostracized by neighbors, friends, and relatives. He died eight months after having signed the Declaration. He was a man of sensitivity, and those close to him felt that the unkind treatment had shortened his life.<sup>7</sup>

Robert Morris, who has been called the "financier of the American Revolution," raised large sums for the Continental Congress by pledging his own fortune as collateral for the loans. He wrote, "The late movements of the

army have so entirely drained me of money that I have been obliged to pledge my personal credit very deeply in a variety of instances, besides borrowing money from my friends and advancing to promote the public service every shilling of my own."<sup>8</sup>

Wealthy Carter Braxton suffered heavy financial losses as a result of the war. He had a fortune invested in ships, and many of these were seized by the British. "Debts due him were worthless in the depreciated currency," and he spent his later years in poverty.<sup>9</sup>

Thomas Nelson, Jr., commander in chief of the Virginia militia and a member of one of the richest families in the State, ordered his men to fire upon his own home, for he believed that Cornwallis planned to commandeer it for headquarters. Nelson also raised two million dollars for the Revolutionary cause by using his own properties as security. They were sacrificed when the loans came due, and he was never reimbursed for his losses. Both his health and fortune were sacrificed.<sup>10</sup>

Arthur Middleton, Thomas Heyward, Jr., and Edward Rutledge fought in the war and were captured and taken to St. Augustine to a loathsome



prison. There for many months they suffered mistreatment. The large estates of Middleton and Heyward were plundered.<sup>11</sup>

While serving in the war, Thomas Lynch, Jr., suffered a severe illness that left him a semi-invalid. Doctors suggested a change of climate, and he sailed for France where he hoped to regain his health. The ship floundered in a storm, and he and his young wife were never heard of again.<sup>12</sup>

One night eminent Judge Richard Stockton, a delegate from New Jersey, "was dragged from bed and brutally treated." He who had been the chief justice of the New Jersey Supreme Court was thrown into jail to suffer from cold and hunger. He was inviolated by the treatment. When he returned to his home he found that its furnishings had been burned, his horses stolen, and his large private library destroyed. His fortune had likewise gone, and he and his family had to accept charity. He did not live to see the triumph of the cause for which he had sacrificed.<sup>13</sup>

While "Honest John" Hart's wife lay dying, Hessian soldiers damaged his gristmills and plundered his farmland. Hunted like a convict, this sixty-five-year-old man fled to the woods.<sup>14</sup> While in hiding he was often hungry and in need of a place to sleep at night. "In one instance, he was obliged to conceal himself, during the night, in the usual resting place of a large dog, who was his companion for the time."<sup>15</sup> His wife Deborah died while he was hiding in the woods.<sup>16</sup> He returned home after the battles of Trenton and Princeton. Although he was reunited with his children, his health had been impaired, and he died before victory had been achieved.

The two officer sons of Abraham Clark, an American political leader during the Revolution, were captured and confined to a prison ship, the *Jersey*. Eleven thousand American prisoners died on that vessel. The British offered to release his sons if Clark would renounce the Revolutionary cause. Although he knew they were being mistreated, he refused the offer.<sup>17</sup>

There were others of the Fifty-six who also suffered and sacrificed for the cause in which they believed and for which they had the courage of their convictions. Their selflessness, courage, and heroism are a reminder to the members of the remnant church that convictions can make no impact unless there is the courage to give them expression. And causes cannot

triumph unless those who believe in them are willing to suffer and sacrifice for them.

We too have professed belief in a cause, a religious one. We too have "dissolved bands"—those which had connected us with Satan. We too have declared our independence—from his Satanic kingdom of darkness. We too have pledged our allegiance—to the Prince of Peace and "the faith that was once delivered to the saints." Are we as willing as the Fifty-six to sacrifice lives, fortunes, and sacred honor?

## BIBLE STUDY IN DEPTH

From page 10

tion were noted as (1) grace (Eph. 2:8), the initiatory act of God whereby He follows after a sinner; (2) faith, not what I do but what has been done for me; (3) redemption, a substitutionary transaction whereby Christ takes the sinner's place; (4) regeneration (John 3:3-7), a change of spiritual nature, being born from above by the power of the Holy Spirit; (5) repentance, a change of mind respecting God, respecting ourselves, sin, and righteousness; and (6) conversion, a change of conduct and of direction.

Out of the exchange of ideas came the following observations. Salvation is a continued progressive process. I *am being* saved. If we have accepted Christ and believe that His faith is sufficient, then from that time on, our motive in whatever we do will be an outgrowth of that choice. We do not keep the law to be saved; we keep it because we love to. We are not legalists or servants to the law; we are sons of God.

The difference between loving obedience and legal adherence was artfully illustrated. Dr. Murdoch, reared in the Scotch countryside, sometimes worked with his brothers in the fields alongside the servants. When evening came and the village bell would ring six o'clock, the servants would dig their forks into the earth and stop their work. Even the horse learned to quit at the sound of the bell. But the sons of Murdoch kept working at their task till the work was done, because they were members of a family and were prompted by love.

The idea was further reinforced by a sentence from *Steps to Christ*, page 59: "When, as erring, sinful beings, we come to Christ and become partakers of His pardoning grace, love springs up

Perhaps the test of our convictions will come sooner than we think.

<sup>1</sup> Merle Sinclair and Annabel Douglas McArthur, *They Signed for Us*, p. 31.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 39-41.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 40.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 38, 39.

<sup>5</sup> Charles A. Goodrich, *Lives of the Signers to the Declaration of Independence*.

<sup>6</sup> Sinclair and McArthur, *op. cit.*, pp. 45, 50, 58, 66.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 55.

<sup>8</sup> Dorothy Horton McGee, *Famous Signers of the Declaration*, p. 161.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 247.

<sup>10</sup> Sinclair and McArthur, *op. cit.*, pp. 70, 71.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 65.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 43, 44.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 41, 42.

<sup>15</sup> Goodrich, *op. cit.*, p. 229.

<sup>16</sup> McGee, *op. cit.*, p. 138.

<sup>17</sup> Sinclair and McArthur, *loc. cit.*

in the heart. Every burden is light; for the yoke that Christ imposes is easy. Duty becomes a delight, and sacrifice a pleasure."

To answer the question, What is justification by faith? Dr. Murdoch read the statement found in *The Faith I Live By*, page 111: "It is the work of God in laying the glory of man in the dust, and doing for man that which it is not in his power to do for himself. When men see their nothingness, they are prepared to be clothed with the righteousness of Christ. . . . The thought that the righteousness of Christ is imputed to us, not because of any merit on our part, but as a free gift from God, is a precious thought. The enemy of God and man is not willing that this truth should be clearly presented; for he knows that if the people receive it fully, his power will be broken."

Finally, man may be adopted into the family of God. "Through this simple act of believing God, the Holy Spirit has begotten a new life in your heart. You are as a child born into the family of God, and He loves you as He loves His Son."—*Steps to Christ*, p. 52.

It was again ten-minute-break time, and I chose to listen to Dr. Scharffenberg for the next hour. As I arrived he was distributing leaflets on proteins, P/S ratios, vegetable protein foods, and cholesterol. There were sheaves of material prepared on health principles as set forth by medical authorities and by our own Spirit of Prophecy writings. I gathered enough reading material to become a fair authority on nutrition!

Again there was a blackboard list to copy down. 1. Exercise. 2. Stress. 3. Diet low in fat. 4. No meat. 5. Overeating. In the making of the list the discussion covered the original diet as op-



posed to the average American diet, and the question of heart attacks, including the problem of elevated blood cholesterol. A medical journal report pointed out that a particular study had indicated that a vegetarian diet could prevent 97 per cent of our coronary occlusions. Luke 21:34 was noted here as being both medically and spiritually true: "Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting [overeating], and drunkenness [alcoholism], and cares of this life [stress]."

Overeating is U.S. public health problem number one, the doctor reported. Half of all Americans above the age of thirty are substantially overweight, a high percentage seriously so. And yet, paradoxically, we hear about the starving American. More than 55 per cent of the average American's energy supply is either devoid of vitamins and minerals or at least dangerously low in them.

Did you know that overeating can cause absent-mindedness and dishonesty? The doctor read from Ellen G. White's *Counsels on Diet and Foods*,

page 138: "You are a gormand when at the table. This is one great cause of your forgetfulness and loss of memory. You say things which I know you have said, and then turn square about, and say that you said something entirely different. I knew this, but passed it over as the sure result of overeating."

We were told that in the normal diet to maintain optimum health, as well as in a reducing diet, fruits and vegetables are the most desirable foods. Nutritionists consider vegetable-protein foods to be of the highest quality. Vegetable oils or polyunsaturated margarines are recommended.

Dr. Scharffenberg concluded his studies with this challenge: Seventh-day Adventists have a moral duty to present the health message to their community. "It is the very essence of all right faith to do the right thing at the right time," he quoted from *Testimonies*, volume 6, page 24. "This message of nutrition is a right message, and now is the right time," was the doctor's comment.

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

## LIVING IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS

*From page 4*

more than twenty million campers were living outdoors last summer, and some put the figure much higher.

The initial cost of motor camping equipment (aside from the car) need not exceed one hundred dollars; perhaps less for those who have some equipment from camp meeting excursions. The principal item is the tent. The type of shelter preferred by campers who wish to tour a section of the country and not stay long in one place is the umbrella tent. This is light in weight, easily assembled, and provides the most head room for a given floor area. A tent of this type, large enough for a small family, can be erected in about twenty minutes—after some practice. The cost would be about sixty dollars for canvas of good quality.

It should have a sewed-in, heavy canvas floor to keep out insects and provide a clean, dry footing. Other desirable features are two screened windows that can be opened and closed from the inside and an awning to extend in front of the tent. Some campers attach the awning to the side of their car so they can go from car to tent under cover. Side curtains can be

fastened to the awning to provide a completely enclosed entrance to the tent.

Such a tent can be quickly and easily pitched by one person. The tent floor is spread out and fastened to the ground with steel spikes. Then the assembly that holds the pyramid-shaped top is inserted and raised with a center pole. Some outfits have metal rods running along the corners to support the tent without a center pole.

Campers may be able to use some equipment from their homes until they know their needs more fully. They will find eventually many articles especially adapted to motor camping. A choice can be made between cots and sleeping bags.

Cots give a more homelike appearance to the interior of the tent and are convenient for lounging during the daytime. They take up more floor space than sleeping bags, however, and consequently accommodate fewer at night.

Cots range in price and comfort from a folding canvas cot at about \$4 to an aluminum cot with springs at \$12. Sleeping bags are priced from

about \$8 to \$25. Campers prefer cots, tables, and chairs that are strong, light in weight, and easily folded into a small space.

There is novelty and fun in cooking with an outdoor fireplace. But the camper will need a camp stove which, as one ad says, "folds like a suitcase, cooks like a range, and prepares meals for days with one filling of fuel." The fuel may be gasoline, propane gas, or alcohol. A portable two-burner stove will provide a steady flame and efficient cooking even on windy days.

An especially convenient outfit for meals consists of a set of utensils that nest easily into one kettle to carry. Such a set may consist of three kettles, one each of two, four, and eight quarts; a large fry pan; and plates and cups for four people. All the utensils nest compactly into the eight-quart kettle, and the fry pan serves as a cover. Such an outfit costs from six to ten dollars.

Some may prefer paper cups and dishes, to eliminate dishwashing. Campers as a rule do not bother with elaborate cooking. Even the simplest meals have zest when eaten out of doors. One of the pleasures in traveling is the variety of foods in various parts of the country. The New England cherries and blueberries were a special delight to us.

It is a wise expenditure for the prospective camper to get a tent and other equipment of good quality. Motor camping is not limited to a single trip. The enthusiast in outdoor living may want to spend summer after summer exploring the country, and he should have a tent that will give years of good service with proper care. Motor camping is a hobby that offers new fields of adventure throughout a lifetime.

The United States, moreover, is not the only country that caters to the camping tourist. Canada and most European countries invite campers and are ready to furnish helpful information.

Further helpful information on motor camping in our national parks and forests can be obtained by writing to the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C., for the free pamphlet, No. 35, on National Parks.

Morsan Tents, Inc., 10-21 50th Avenue, Long Island City, New York, issues a free catalog and handbook that give a list of books on camping and the addresses of departments of conservation in the different States and foreign countries. They also furnish information on camping facilities.



From page 8

thinking carefully what he wanted to say. Turning to Mrs. Webster, he said, "You must not insist on taking your children to church until they become seventeen and are able to support themselves."

Then turning to the husband he asked, "Do you agree to that, John?"

"I am prepared to accept that arrangement," Mr. Webster replied.

This compromise brought great comfort to Mrs. Webster, for it was the first glimmer of light she had seen in years. Now she had something toward which she could work. Children and mother together began training and preparing for the day when at the age of seventeen they would leave home and take care of themselves.

After their first thrilling camp meeting at Gwelo, Mrs. Webster and Mrs. De Beer did not miss one that followed. During the course of a meeting held in 1956 an urgent call was made for colporteurs.

"What's a colporteur?" asked Mrs. De Beer.

"I don't know," replied her friend.

"Let's volunteer anyway," Mrs. De Beer suggested. "It is evident they need them."

So they volunteered to do colporteur work in Umtali, and only later did they learn what was involved. When the books arrived they divided the town into two parts, Mrs. Webster taking everything on one side of the main street and Mrs. De Beer the ones on the other. Surprisingly, both did well. Mr. Webster was furious, all the more so because they were making a success of it.

"The whole thing is not right at all," he fumed one day. "The gospel is not to be sold, but given freely."

In the end his opposition became so strong that Mrs. Webster felt it wise to turn her half over to Mrs. De Beer and began to think of what she could do to bring the message "freely" to the people of Umtali. There were very few active members in the church. Mrs. De Beer was interested in the Missionary Volunteer work, and she started a society with half a dozen members.

Mrs. Webster's leanings were toward home missionary work. Her main problem was to find the necessary literature for distribution in the town. Someone suggested putting a notice in one of the church papers, asking for

used copies of Adventist periodicals. Not wishing to do it by halves, Mrs. Webster sent identical notices to the Review and Herald, the Australian Signs Publishing Company, and the Stanborough Press, England.

This brought results! Mrs. Webster was away on a short holiday when the first avalanche of mail arrived. Upon her return she found that one whole side of the living room was covered. There were rolls of papers stacked halfway up the wall and over the table and sideboard. Then came the gigantic task of sorting the papers, trying to arrange them in such a way that they would give a connected presentation of the truth. Night after night the women worked until midnight and after. Pounds and pounds were spent on postage, for Mrs. Webster was determined to acknowledge the receipt of every package.

Then the two women sallied forth and began a systematic visitation of every home in Umtali. Although they gave them away by hundreds, the papers continued to arrive by thousands.

The town had been blanketed with Adventist literature. The conference arranged for Pastor Shepherd to go there and hold some meetings. These Mrs. Webster was determined to attend. Now new conflicts arose, because her husband strongly objected to her going out at night. Still she continued to go, only to discover one night upon her return that he had securely locked every door. That night she slept in the car.

Perhaps it was an oversight, thought Mrs. Webster to herself, though in her heart she felt sure that he must have known she was not in the house when he locked it up tight. The next night the same thing happened, and this time she slipped over to Mrs. Wonnacott's house and slept there. Early the next morning she went home. The kitchen boy let her in before the family was awake. This happened several times.

One morning she was startled when men came and fastened iron bars on the outside of all the windows. Her husband was afraid she might come home and manage to slip in through one of the open windows!

"What next? What next?" muttered Mrs. Webster to herself.

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



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# Sabbath School Lessons

Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

## Youth

### II—Hosea, the Prophet of Love

(July 13, 1963)

**MEMORY GEM:** "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely: for mine anger is turned away from him" (Hosea 14:4).

**OUTSIDE READING:** Hosea, chapters 1-3; *Prophets and Kings*, pp. 279-285.

#### Introduction

Hosea, the first of the minor prophets, made his appearance in the northern kingdom of Israel at a time of outward prosperity but of fearful inward decay. The king, Jeroboam II, had succeeded in pushing back the enemies of Israel which had pressed so grievously on her frontiers during the preceding century. The fundamental causes for her weaknesses, however, remained unchanged. The calves set up by Jeroboam two centuries previously remained objects of worship by a misguided people. The appeals of Elijah and Elisha had produced no lasting reformation. Because of a number of weaker kings on the throne of Assyria the nations of western Asia were for the moment enjoying a short respite from her cruel raids, but that was soon to change. Hosea and the prophets who succeeded him brought once again before the people the folly of their ways, and made earnest appeals to them to repent and return to God. Their messages went unheeded, and Israel was crushed beneath the wheels of the Assyrian war machine.

#### 1—Tragedy in Hosea's Family

**Scriptures:** Hosea 1:2-9; 2:2, 5; 3:1-3.

##### Notes:

"The dominant theme of the book of Hosea is the love of God for His erring children. The experiences through which the prophet passed in his own family life, and the feelings of his own heart toward his faithless wife, gave him a glimpse into the boundless depths of the Father's love for His people."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, vol. 4, p. 886.

Some commentators "observe that the narrative by no means establishes that Gomer was of questionable character when Hosea married her, since the phrase 'of whoredoms' may sim-

ply describe her ancestry, not necessarily her personal character, or may proleptically [in anticipation] describe the woman's future status. That she later became unfaithful appears clear (ch. 3:1-3). However, the precise time of her fall is not clearly pointed out."—*Ibid.*, on Hosea 1:2.

"The prophet is believed to have used throughout ch. 2 the actual experiences of his unfaithful wife as a representation of unfaithful Israel. Since Israel had committed spiritual adultery with idols, she had naturally ceased to be the spouse of God. She was no longer united to Him by faith and love, and so God disowned her. Hosea depicts in ch. 2 God's deep sorrow because of Israel's unfaithfulness."—*Ibid.*, on Hosea 2:2.

##### Questions:

1. What kind of wife did Hosea marry?
2. What were the names of the children of Hosea and Gomer? What did their names mean?
3. What deep personal tragedy came to Hosea in his marriage relationship with Gomer?
4. What was Hosea commanded to do? How low had Gomer fallen, and what did he pay to redeem her?
5. What mutual compact did Hosea enter into with his redeemed wife?

#### 2—Israel's Spiritual Adultery

**Scriptures:** Hosea 5:13; 7:11; 12:1; 4:12-14.

##### Notes:

"Like a silly dove. . . . The utter simplicity of a dove's flying right into the bird catcher's net without suspecting or observing it (see Prov. 7:23), is effectively used as a graphic illustration of Ephraim's folly. In asking Egypt and Assyria for help, Israel did not realize she was putting herself in a position to whet the territorial appetite of these imperial powers who sought to control Palestine. Thus Israel lost her national sovereignty and independence."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Hosea 7:11.

The term "Ephraim" as used throughout the book of Hosea refers to the ten-tribe kingdom of the north. Ephraim was the largest and most influential of those tribes.

"The iniquity in Israel during the last half century before the Assyrian captivity, was like that of the days of Noah, and of every other age when men have rejected God and have

given themselves wholly to evil-doing. The exaltation of nature over the God of nature, the worship of the creature instead of the Creator, has always resulted in the grossest of evils. Thus when the people of Israel, in their worship of Baal and Ashtoreth, paid supreme homage to the forces of nature, they severed their connection with all that is uplifting and ennobling, and fell an easy prey to temptation."—*Prophets and Kings*, pp. 281, 282.

##### Questions:

6. Realizing her weak position, what foolish step did Israel take to try to strengthen her position?

7. How did God through the prophet describe the spiritual blindness of Israel?

#### 3—God's Yearning for Israel

**Scriptures:** Hosea 11:8; 10:12; 13:9, 10; 14:1.

##### Note:

"The prophet makes one last appeal to His people to forsake their iniquity and turn to the Lord. It was not yet too late. But the day of opportunity was fast slipping away. The war clouds were darkening on the eastern horizon. Assyria was at the zenith of its power and its imperialistic ambitions were soon to engulf the idol-mad, vice-intoxicated nation of Israel. Inasmuch as the prophetic ministry of Hosea extended to the reign of Hezekiah (ch. 1:1) and the fall of Samaria came in the 6th year of that king's reign (2 Kings 18:9, 10), it is possible that this final message was delivered shortly before the final day of doom."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Hosea 14:1.

##### Questions:

8. What despairing question did Israel's divine King ask as He viewed her headlong plunge to disaster?

9. What was God waiting and willing to do for His people, even in that late hour?

#### 4—Israel's Nature

**Scriptures:** Hosea 4:16; 6:4; 11:7; 4:17.

##### Notes:

The stubborn and rebellious attitude of the northern kingdom is compared to the attitude of a backsliding heifer. Anyone who has ever tried to lead a heifer when it did not want to move will understand the full meaning of this simile. "The people of the northern kingdom were determined to have their own way, and so were like an unmanageable heifer that resists being trained and cannot be used to plow."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Hosea 4:16.

What a tragic thing it is when a nation or a church or an individual takes a position that makes it impossible for God to lead them! "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded" (Prov. 1:24). Then it is that God says he is "joined to idols: let him alone."

##### Questions:

10. With what graphic words does the prophet describe Israel's wayward nature?

11. What tragic pronouncement follows persistent, willful rejection of God's offer of mercy?

#### 5—God's Plan for Repentant Israel

**Scriptures:** Hosea 14:2-6, 8, 9; 10:12.



## Notes:

"Yet the permanent message is of love. Though the pathway of love's triumph lies through suffering, of which no man can ever know the measure; though the cost of the restoration of the faithless lover be that of the bearing of judgment by the faithful lover, still love moves right onward, singing ever the song of the victory that is to be. We must never forget how this book of Hosea ends. Ephraim says at last, 'What have I to do any more with idols?' When that word is uttered, the victory of love is won."—G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, *Living Messages of the Books of the Bible*, p. 172.

"The just shall walk in them." God reveals His ways to us, not that we may know them only, but that we may do them. "The end of

moral science is not knowledge, but practice," said the Heathen philosopher. (Aristot.) . . . In God's ways there is no stumbling block, and they who walk in them, are free from those of which other ways are full. Whereas, out of God's ways, all paths are tangled, uneven, slippery, devious, full of snares and pitfalls, God maketh His way straight, a royal highway, smooth, even, direct unto Himself."—E. B. PUSEY, *The Minor Prophets*, vol. 1, p. 142.

## Questions:

12. Had Israel heeded the message of God through Hosea, what was He prepared to do for them?

13. What steps must be taken by those who would walk and not fall?

# Earliteen

## II—Thinking About Life

(July 13)

TEXT TO REMEMBER: "I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live" (Deuteronomy 30:19).

AIM: To guide in choosing life and not death.

### 1. You Must Choose Your Way of Life

READ: Jeremiah 21:8; Matthew 7:13; James 4:14.

"It rests with yourselves, young men and women, whether you will become persons of trust, of integrity and real usefulness. You should be ready and resolute to take your stand for the right, under all circumstances."—*Testimonies*, vol. 4, p. 655.

"No man without his own consent can be overcome by Satan. The tempter has no power to control the will or to force the soul to sin. . . . The fact that Christ has conquered should inspire His followers with courage to fight manfully the battle against sin and Satan."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 510.

"If you cling to self, refusing to yield your will to God, you are choosing death. To sin, wherever found, God is a consuming fire. If you choose sin, and refuse to separate from it, the presence of God, which consumes sin, must consume you."—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, p. 62.

Name the different ways of life Jeremiah says are put before us.

Name what is at the end of the narrow way.

Name what is at the end of the broad way.

Name the substance to which James likens life.

### FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Which is easier, to live for Christ or to die for Him?

### 2. The Advantages of Choosing Life

READ: Matthew 7:14; Psalms 34:9, 10, 12-22; 91:14-16.

"Pure religion has to do with the will. The will is the governing power in the nature of man, bringing all the other faculties under its sway. The will is not the taste or the inclination, but it is the deciding power which works in the children of men unto obedience to God or unto disobedience."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 513.

"Men and women may reach God's ideal

for them if they will take Christ as their Helper. Make an unreserved surrender to God. To know that you are striving for eternal life will strengthen and comfort you. Christ can give you power to overcome. By His help you can utterly destroy the root of selfishness."—*Ibid.*, vol. 7, p. 49.

"The desire to honor God should be to us the most powerful of all motives."—*Messages to Young People*, p. 149.

What does Matthew say of the way that leads to life?

Make a list of the benefits that come from making God your choice, as given by David in Psalms 34 and 91.

### FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

"Man can shape circumstances, but circumstances should not be allowed to shape the man."—*Messages to Young People*, p. 194.

How can you shape your circumstances?

### 3. Choose Life and You Choose Character

READ: Proverbs 22:1; Ecclesiastes 7:1.

"The ideal of Christian character is Christlikeness. As the Son of man was perfect in His life, so His followers are to be perfect in their life."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 311.

"Balanced by religious principle, you may climb to any height you please."—*Messages to Young People*, p. 37.

J. P. Morgan on one occasion was asked what he considered the best bank collateral. "Character!" he replied. And John D. Rockefeller once said: "The most important thing for a young man is to establish a credit—a reputation, character."

Horace Greeley, an American journalist, is credited with this statement: "Fame is a vapor, popularity is an accident; riches may take wings and fly away; and those who bless you today may curse you tomorrow. There is only one thing that endures, namely, character; for character is based on conscience and conscience is based upon Christianity."

### Who said?

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

"A good name is better than precious ointment."

"Fame is a vapor, popularity is an accident. . . . There is only one thing that endures, namely, character."

## What Is in This Lesson for Me?

What are the key words of the book of Hosea? Might they not be LOYALTY and FAITHFULNESS? Perhaps I am not tempted to fall down and worship idols as the children of Israel did. To us, that seems stupid. Yet in His Sermon on the Mount, Jesus said that motives are more important than actions, since they are the cause for actions. What do I think about most, read about most, talk about most—things of heaven or things of earth? Which has the stronger magnetic influence over me—heaven or earth?

### FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

What is the difference between reputation and character?

Why is the following true: "The life of a true Christian is a living Bible"?

### 4. Choose Christ for Life and You Will Be in Good Company

READ: Hebrews 11:4, 5, 7, 8, 17, 20-23; Ezekiel 20:12, 20.

"Being a Christian means wholeheartedly accepting Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour; then taking the steps to begin the Christian life and make it grow. . . . Being a Seventh-day Adventist implies first of all being a converted and daily growing Christian."—T. H. JEMISON, *Facing Life*, p. 151.

The heroes of Hebrews 11 all chose life and were Seventh-day Adventists. They kept the Sabbath and looked forward to the second coming of Christ to establish His kingdom. Our Seventh-day Adventist youth of today are in very good company with the Old Testament heroes.

"Then set your aim in life high, as did Joseph and Daniel and Moses; and take into consideration the cost of character-building, and then build for time and for eternity."—*Messages to Young People*, p. 124.

What has God given to be a sign between Him and His people?

What should be the place of Seventh-day Adventist youth in the world today?

If young people of the world observed your life would they want to become Christians?

Write the names of ten Old Testament heroes found in Hebrews 11.

### FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

Is it harder for Seventh-day Adventist youth today to be pure, faithful, and true than it was for Joseph, Moses, Jacob, or Abel?

What do we have to overcome that they did not?

### 5. Set Your Mark High

READ: 1 Corinthians 9:24; Philippians 3:13, 14.

"Remember that you will never reach a higher standard than you yourself set. Then set your mark high, and step by step, even though it be by painful effort, by self-denial and sacrifice, ascend the whole length of the ladder of progress. Let nothing hinder you."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 331, 332.

"Success in any line demands a definite aim. He who would achieve true success in life must keep steadily in view the aim worthy of his endeavor. Such an aim is set before the youth of today. The heaven-appointed purpose of giving the gospel to the world in this generation is the noblest that can appeal to any human being. It opens a field of effort to everyone whose heart Christ has touched."—*Education*, p. 262.

"Higher than the highest human thought can reach is God's ideal for His children. Godliness—godlikeness—is the goal to be reached."—*Ibid.*, p. 18.

What aim did Paul have in his life?



What is the aim in your life?  
What should be our aim in the race of life?

#### FOR CLASS DISCUSSION

If one person believed some money had been lost in the path and one didn't, would there be any difference in the way they looked for it?

If one runner believed he could win the prize and one didn't, would there be any difference in the way they ran?

How are you running?

#### 6. Life's True Aim

READ: John 3:16; 5:24; Titus 2:11-13.

"Life's true aim is not to secure the greatest possible gain for themselves, but to honor their Maker in doing their part of the world's work, and lending a helpful

hand to those weaker or more ignorant."—*Education*, pp. 221, 222.

"Be ambitious, for the Master's glory, to cultivate every grace of character. In every phase of your character building you are to please God. This you may do; for Enoch pleased Him though living in a degenerate age. And there are Enochs in this our day."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 332.

"The Lord is soon coming. Talk it, pray it, believe it. Make it a part of the life. You will have to meet a doubting, objecting spirit, but this will give way before firm, consistent trust in God."—*Testimonies*, vol. 7, p. 237.

Paul in writing to Titus summed up the Christian life in a few "do's" and "don'ts." True ☐ False ☐

We should deny ungodliness and worldly lusts. True ☐ False ☐

"We should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world." True ☐ False ☐

We should look for "that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of . . . our Saviour Jesus Christ." True ☐ False ☐

Let us repeat John 3:16.

We are Seventh-day Adventists. Some of us were born in the truth. Maybe some of us accepted the truth later in life. Why are we Seventh-day Adventists? Why are we here in Sabbath School today? Is it just because we were born in the truth, or is it just a habit? Is it because we have heard, believed, and chosen to accept Jesus Christ and obey Him? When you were little, father and mother's choice was sufficient for you, but now you should make the choice for yourself. Will you make that choice now?

## Champagne for Mother

by VINNIE RUFFO

IT WAS Mother's Day. My husband and our three young children were treating me to a day of leisure, beginning with breakfast at a fashionable lodge nestled in the verdant, pine-studded foothills of the Santa Cruz Mountains. We drove slowly that morning while viewing the trees in blossom, and sometimes gasping at the beauty of the spring color. Here and there were fields interspersed with deep-blue lupines and golden poppies, sometimes accented with flashes of crimson color. All about, the fragrance of God's beauty met us.

It recalled to my mind the wonder of God's promise and the glory of the resurrection. Even nature in the springtime responds to the new call of life and all about us was evidence of nature being aroused from its winter dormancy.

Soon we arrived at the lodge, and were seated at a neatly set table. The pure whiteness of the tablecloth caught my eye. Elegant tribute was being shown to mother, from the beauty of the delicate orchids on her dress to the superattentiveness of the many waitresses hovering about the dining room. Works of art adorned the walls, depicting the uninhibited beauty of nature with her palette of rainbow hues. All about the charming dining room, mothers were being honored, and justly so, was my thought.

From the dining room with its solid-glass wall, we gazed out at a plush scene. There was a kidney-shaped swimming pool bordered with lush tropical plants, and trees lent their cool beauty. Near the pool was a long white table, obviously set to accommodate a large number of people for breakfast, right there under God's clean sky and pure air.

My husband and I smiled in approval at the scene. Then we saw them. A group of adults had gathered—men and women, all of them conversing brightly and pleasantly. We watched and presently we saw bottles circulating among them. Then came the waitress carrying glasses. But they were not fruit juice glasses, though this was breakfast time. No. Could it really be so, what we were seeing? Now there was no doubt about it. They were champagne glasses!

As we continued to gaze, slightly oblivious of our own breakfast growing cold, we saw the champagne being poured. We watched lips as little speeches were made in honor of mother. Cigarettes were being offered jovially and mother—the gift of God to all—was drinking champagne for breakfast and puffing on her cigarette.

A few years ago this scene would not have disturbed me. "So what?" I would have thought. "Champagne is the height of elegant drinking, and

why shouldn't mother be honored with it?"

But now, out of the fullness of my heart my prayer of gratitude burst forth, "O God," I whispered, "thank You for precious light—but for the grace of God, I too might have been on the other side of that glass wall drinking champagne for breakfast, and aiding Satan in his battle to delude the human mind. Thank You, too, God, for Your promise that man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

Again I gazed intently upon these people. Mothers, fathers—victims of Satan's dragnet of deception. They were obviously not the neighborhood-tavern type. These were well-dressed, progressive members of society, women representative of the average mother in their neighborhood.

O that we could have shared our faith with them! Mothers of the third angel's message are not found drinking champagne for breakfast. They partake of the invitation of Christ, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." \*

\* Rev. 22:17.

### BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but the fire, according to the report of the Court of Inquiry, that led to the loss of the 20,000-ton Canadian Pacific liner, *Empress of Canada*, was caused by a cigarette in a cabin. The liner keeled over and sank at Liverpool in January, 1953, after a blaze which lasted for many hours.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG



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