

The Youth's Instructor

MAY 19, 1964

A veteran book editor in a major
publishing house makes a

Plea for Ready Writers

[Sabbath School Lessons for May 23]



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 1964. 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 sinless world to the universe of God.

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Feeling Rich

by GARY H. HARDING

ONE DOESN'T need to be rich to feel rich. I felt rich the other day as I looked over the boxes of fruit in our home. It seemed that prosperity had paid an extra visit. Much of the fruit had come from a woman in the country whom my wife knows. There were apples, prunes, peaches, and pears. This prosperity I felt came from being surrounded by the bounties of the land and the richness of friends I didn't even know.

This experience and others similar have caused me to try to find what makes me feel rich. Certainly my bank account doesn't show me to be rich. It must then be in my attitude. Some persons seem to think that everything is owed them; consequently they miss feeling rich. These especially miss the experiences that have nothing to do with money at all.

There are several, no, many causes for feeling rich. Let me explain a few that I have found.

I have climbed mountains and looked over the valleys below. As I stood on the summit, I felt as though I owned the world. Why? I

knew I possessed the right to the beauties and peace there as much as anyone. It was my country.

Even at home, and with something of a far different type of possession, I can feel rich. This time it is the family car. After I have it cleaned inside and out, and after I have the wheels scrubbed and the paint polished, I can feel equal to any man as I drive down the street, even if that man's car is ten years newer. I feel rich. Why? Because I feel respectable.

A clean house, a happy daughter, and a loving wife make me rich. I'm rich in security. And I can feel rich with ten cents in my pocket.

I can feel as rich as a king with a new pair of shoes, or with the boxes of groceries surrounding me in the kitchen as I help my wife unpack them. I am rich with the feeling of well-being.

Why do I feel rich? Why do I know I am rich? It is because I count these experiences as blessings and not merely as that which is due me. Yes, I'm rich.

We are all rich—if we only knew it.

The Paths of Service

by GRACE V. WATKINS

Sometimes the paths of service lead
Where thorns of dark injustice grow
Within a wilderness, and winds
Of chill misunderstanding blow.
But roses bloom beyond the thorns,
And those whose temple hearts are bright
With candle flame of faith discern
A shining valley filled with light,
Where winds that once were stern and cold
Sing larges warm and sweet and gold.

Sitters

Before the Wedding

by HAROLD SHRYOCK, M.D.

Marriage for Keeps

IT WAS an evening in June. The wedding guests were seated in the small chapel. Reginald and the minister and the best man were waiting for the signal to enter. Music was already being played. The groom was nervous, and his hands were cold and clammy. The best man spoke a reassuring word, but to his surprise Reginald whispered in return, "I wish I felt confident that this is the thing to do."

The minister overheard the comment and reassured, "That's all right, Reginald. Most prospective bridegrooms feel just as you do. Don't take your present thoughts seriously."

Next month is June, and there will be many weddings. Inasmuch as many prospective bridegrooms and even some prospective brides will experience doubts and uncertainties, it is appropriate that we consider this interesting but troublesome experience of jitters before the wedding.

Should the doubts that come to mind just before the wedding be taken seriously? Before we can answer this ques-

tion, it is necessary to delve into the nature of these doubts. In anticipation of such a scrutiny, however, we can say that some of these doubts should be taken seriously and others brushed aside.

About three weeks before his wedding Edward came to my office to say that he was worried. The wedding invitations were even then being mailed and he wasn't sure as yet whether it was best for him to go ahead with the plans for marriage.

He had just returned from a visit at the home of the parents of his bride-to-be. All activities were focusing on the wedding preparations. The parents had been carrying out their respective responsibilities. And the bride had been so busy that Edward felt she didn't pay sufficient attention to him.

"After all," he said, "within three weeks I am supposed to be her husband. It seems to me that her greatest pleasure should have been to spend time with me during my visit. Instead, she almost brushed me aside as a nuisance."

He was fearful that his bride's response to him was not as wholehearted as was his to her. It was hard for him to understand that a young woman is under a certain pressure to arrange for an appropriate wedding. With the urgency of completing the preparations on schedule, this was no time for him to expect his intended to sit leisurely on the love seat in the parlor while precious time slipped away!

Jitters before the wedding may affect women as well as men. Martha told Ted only four days before their wedding date that she had decided not to go through with the marriage. This was upsetting to him, not only because he loved her but, incidentally, because his parents were traveling a long distance to be present at the wedding, and it was then too late to advise them of a change in plans.

The next day Martha told Ted that she had reconsidered. Instead of this being reassuring to him, it only compounded his uncertainty, for now he considered her unstable.

In recounting the experience several years later, Ted told me that he was sorry he had not refused to go ahead with the marriage. He had allowed his better judgment to be overruled by the desire to spare his parents the disappointment of making a useless trip to attend his wedding.

About a month before his wedding Lester confided his fear that he was not equal to the challenge of being a good husband. I talked with him as sympathetically as I could and was still unable to discover any particular reason for his uneasiness. Someway he seemed to be overwhelmed with the prospect of having to carry the responsibilities a husband properly assumes.

A few months later I met Lester again, and was happy to notice a smile on his face and an attitude of confidence. I believe that his experience of jitters before the wedding was the kind that could safely be explained as a hesitancy to face the uncertainties that lay ahead.

"I'm really not so good a cook as Harry thinks I am," was Rosalee's confession. "He has tasted some of the candy and cookies I have made, but really this is not a fair way to judge whether I am able to cook. Fact is, I dislike cooking. Now that our wedding date is approaching I'm afraid that

Harry is going to be disappointed when he finds I can't prepare the kind of meals he is expecting."

Whether her fear was justified, I do not know. But I believe that she should have discussed the matter frankly with Harry, not only as a matter of being honest with him, but also as a means of relieving herself of the dread that their marriage might bring disappointment.

In another case it was the fear that his wife of the future might dominate him that prompted a boy to seek counsel. His prospective bride was critical of the way he held his hands, of the way he slurred his words when speaking over the telephone, and of his failure to keep his car clean and polished. He explained, "I have always had a determination that I will not be dominated by a woman."

The typical man is on guard to prevent his ego from being crushed. No doubt the girl in this case was more aggressive than some, and in view of his predetermination not to be bossed, I advised him to arrange for a series of personality tests for himself and the young woman. This would help them to determine whether their personalities were really compatible.

Jack was taking the medical course, but he was not a good student. A few evenings before their wedding date Carlene came to pour out her anxiety over the possibility that he might fail in his studies and thus might never become a physician.

The mental image of her future with Jack included the specification that he would be a successful doctor. She, of course, would be "the doctor's wife." The thought that this part of her hopes for the future might not be realized was so distressing that she suffered a severe case of jitters before the wedding.

Carlene should have placed her loyalty to Jack as the most important consideration. If he became a physician, well and good. If matters did not work out this way, she should be happy to share life with him in some other role.

It was springtime, and Paul and Esther were looking forward to their marriage in June. "One thing bothers me," Paul admitted. "A few evenings ago we were at a party, and when the time came for us to leave I played a little trick on Esther that she seemed to resent. We were getting our coats and hats as we prepared to leave. I hid behind the door for a moment for the simple purpose of teasing her. On our way home she took me to task because I had humiliated her in front of our friends. She forgave me all right, but I

am wondering whether this is the way she is going to treat me throughout our marriage. It seems to me that she has not accepted me as her intellectual equal."

He deserved the reprimand that Esther gave him. It was a childish thing for him to do.

On the other hand, if the consistent pattern of their relationship to each other is such that Esther tends to assume the role of a mother by figuratively slapping Paul's hands whenever he does something she does not approve, then marriage to each other will include incidents in which Paul will feel that his masculine ego is not sufficiently respected.

Sometimes it is a troubled conscience that causes a person to have jitters before the wedding. One bride of a few days told me, "As our wedding day arrived, the thought gripped me that I was making a mistake. But when I mentioned my fears to Herbert, he seemed so hurt that I didn't have the heart to follow my conviction that I should cancel the wedding."

Here is an instance in which a prospective bride had made compromises in her plans for marriage that her conscience did not approve. Subsequent events made her wish that she had heeded the voice of conscience rather than accede to Herbert's proposal.

Now that we have seen by the recital of several real-life situations that young people, both men and women, often pass through the experience of jitters before the wedding, it is time to renew the question, Should jitters be taken seriously?

The experience of dealing with many young people both before and after marriage has led me to believe that there are five situations in which these troublesome fears and doubts should prompt a careful re-evaluation of the plans to marry.

My counsel is, Delay or abandon the

plans for marriage (1) when both prospective husband and prospective wife share the doubts; (2) when the doubts in the mind of either party have been of long duration; (3) when either party believes that his prospective partner in marriage is inferior intellectually, spiritually, or socially; (4) when doubts occur at the climax of a courtship that has been too brief; or (5) when the doubts result from a conflict at the level of conscience and when marriage would require that either party go contrary to what he believes to be right.

There are many cases of jitters before the wedding in which the troublesome trepidation does not rest on one of the five situations mentioned above. At such times, the prospective husband or wife may not know why he feels hesitant. Perhaps it is because marriage is so final and he hates to burn the bridges of his personal liberties, or perhaps he hesitates to accept the responsibilities marriage involves.

It is safe to rely on one's long-range evaluation of his prospective partner in preference to taking seriously the questions and doubts that crowd in just before the wedding. If throughout an adequate period of courtship a young person has felt perfectly clear in beaming his plans toward marriage to this particular person, then surely his reactions of many months are more trustworthy than the thoughts accompanying an attack of prewedding jitters.

When jitters before the wedding do not seem to lend themselves to logical explanations, it may be well for the prospective husband and wife to seek professional help in obtaining an evaluation of their personality traits and characteristics. It will be reassuring to both parties if it is determined that they are well suited for each other. If, however, it is discovered that their prospects of compatibility are not good they should face up to the evidence of not being adapted for marriage to each other.

The New Carpet

by NORENE LYON CREIGHTON

The hillsides
Have new carpeting,
Where winter snows have lain.
It's floral,
Set on velvet green,
Tacked gently down
With rain.

Grace Notes

and letters to the editor

Discoverer The keen eyes of photographer Teuvo Kanerva saw through the camouflage and found this mother with her new season models.

Wisconsin "Your series of editorials last year was one factor in my beginning to write. My teachers in college had always encouraged me to write, but every day seemed so full that I kept putting it off. My ten-year-old daughter is also interested in writing, so after reading your editorials we both began. Her first attempt sold, and mine didn't. We got busy with sewing, and somehow the box of typing paper, the package of second sheets, and the carbon paper got put away in the upstairs hall.

Wisconsin "Then when her story appeared in the *Junior Guide* [now *Guide*], we were both inspired to try again. This time I am keeping at it." MRS. ROSELYN EDWARDS, Arpin.

Conferences Prospective and practicing writers find real profit in attending writers conferences. Several editors, teachers, and writers from our church have gained benefit from the conference at the American Baptist Assembly, at Green Lake, Wisconsin. July 4-11 brings its seventeenth annual Christian Writers and Editors' Conference. Information is available from Margaret S. Ward, program director, Christian Writers' Conference, American Baptist Convention, Valley Forge, Pennsylvania.

Conferences The sixth annual St. David's Christian Writers' Conference is scheduled from June 21-26, on the campus of Eastern Baptist College, about twelve miles west of Philadelphia. A complete listing of 1964 conferences is given in *The Writer* for April.

Radio It is time for Adventist amateur radio operators to send information about their stations for the August 25 issue of *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, which carries the 1964 amateur radio log.

Reading "I am very anxious that our young people shall have the proper class of reading; then the old people will get it also."—MYP 288.

The Youth's Instructor, May 19, 1964

We Hold These Truths

A Brand of Writing

"At a young people's meeting here a minister spoke on novels. He stated, 'A novel is a story in prose about imaginary people or events. Certainly some of the stories in *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* are novels, and accepted.' Is this so? This is what we would like to know. I would appreciate a personal reply, and not through the *INSTRUCTOR*."

In answering the letter containing this paragraph we asked permission to quote it editorially, and it was granted.

The staff of *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* does not knowingly publish novels. Since authors as well as editors are human, it is sometimes possible for the former to deceive the latter. Possibly as frequently as twice a year an author with a guilty conscience writes to us to confess his dissembling.

We are always ready to forgive a confession to falsehood. But we think it highly irregular for anyone to say without qualification that some of the stories in *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* are novels, and accepted. Any such were accepted along with the integrity of the author.

Thousands of contributors to our pages know that *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* is a nonfiction weekly. This is the first sentence in the page two panel listing our staff. Every Pen League writer has read the first sentence of the honor page he signs and sends with his manuscript. This states that "the editors of *THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* make a conscientious effort to ensure that only true-to-fact stories are accepted for publication."

We hold to this policy because we believe the counsels of the messenger of the Lord to our church. Ellen G. White was not just another researcher, reporting her findings on a brand of writing. Her counsels were divinely inspired. To despise them would be to "fight against God."¹

The counsels of inspiration go so far as to say that "there are works of fiction that were written for the purpose of teaching truth or exposing some great evil. Some of these works have accomplished good. Yet they have also wrought untold harm."²

"Yet they have also wrought untold harm" constitutes a warning that the staff of this publication sincerely heeds.

When we encourage individuals of all ages to put their writing talents to use, we refer specifically to the production of true-to-fact manuscripts.

It is our conviction that truth, calling forth as it does the blessing of God upon the reader absorbing its written message, will accomplish many times more good than the cleverest piece of imaginary writing. It is to this approved brand of writing we are committed.

WTC

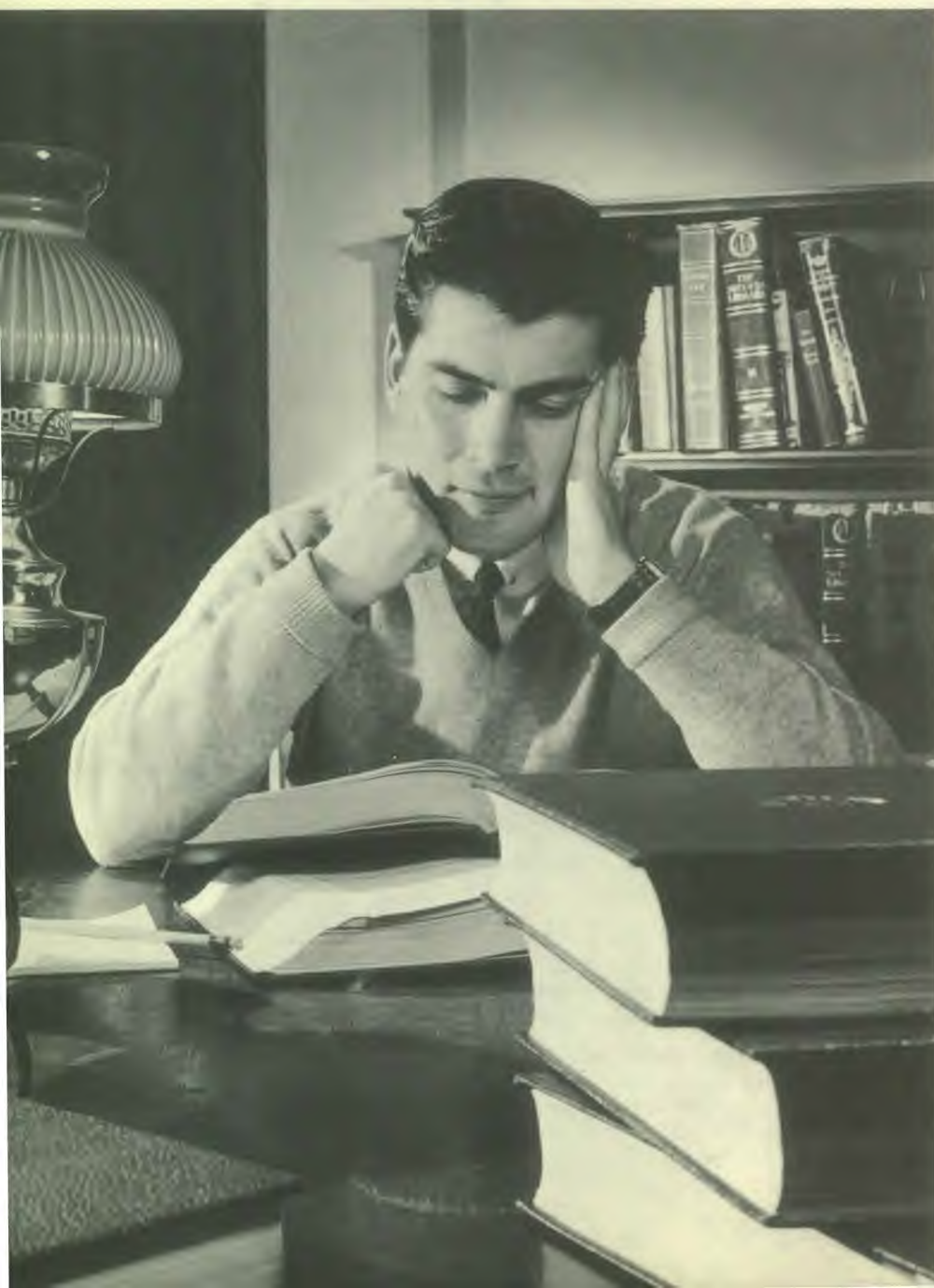
¹ Acts 5:39. ² *The Ministry of Healing*, p. 445.

coming next week

- "MONDAY MORNING MERCY"—When the steering wheel was turned the car went straight forward toward the car in front. Something was broken. You may read the outcome next week. By Drusilla Hertogs.
- "MATTIE'S BIBLE"—Often Henry and Katie studied far into the night, until they were too tired to study any longer. They knew of no one who kept the Sabbath, but they were both strong-willed, and when convinced they immediately acted. By Marlow W. Dawes.

Plea for Ready Writers

by HARRY MOYLE TIPPETT



SO AT last I was on my road to Damascus."

These are the concluding words of a significant chapter in the life of William Allen White, militant journalist around the turn of the century. His trenchant pen led the editorial style of his day in a cry for social justice and civic righteousness.

This fourteenth chapter of White's autobiography is entitled "And Suddenly There Shined Round About Him a Light From Heaven," obviously taken from the New Testament account of Paul's conversion. After reviewing the influence of his college studies on his adolescent thinking, the author tells of a singular encounter with a stranger on the street one Sunday evening. The stranger channeled this seventeen-year-old boy's thinking into an evaluation of Jesus Christ and His teachings. It provided a new directive for his life, and from that moment his aspirations leaned against the sky. Hence the chapter title and its provocative conclusion.

Who was the stranger on the street of Emporia, Kansas, that evening eighty years ago? White never found out. But his powerfully moving books and his nationally quoted *Emporia Gazette* might never have had their day of influence were it not for that chance encounter.

More than twelve thousand new book titles come off American presses each year with a welter of information and misinformation, of kaleidoscopic philosophies, political discussion, literary criticism, social satire, and religious persuasion. Who writes them? What circumstances induce the authors to become writers? Who molds their points of view? How significant are their pro-

Today a plethora of utilities are at hand for implementing the dissemination of the gospel in one last earnest appeal to men. High on the list is writing.

nouncements and how do their views and contentions square with truth and life's imperishable ideals? How many reading these books cry, "Whereas I was blind, now I see"? How many reading them feel, as the Emporia journalist did after his brief association with an idealist, that a light from heaven shone round about them?

Our editorial staffs are deeply concerned over the dearth of Seventh-day Adventist writers. I marvel at the number of potential writers in the church who do not write for publication. In the hundreds of Christmas greetings that I receive each year I find delightful year-end letters reviewing family histories for the twelvemonth, and expressing vital convictions that the end of all things is at hand, but seldom do I see these writers' names in printer's ink. Where is the touchstone that will spark resolution in these literate people to write articles for our periodicals and books for our children and youth?

In an era when history is fulfilling prophecy almost faster than it can be recorded or evaluated, with American freedoms and liberties breaking down, with the head of the papal church taking the lead in global church union, with the ominous threat of a world calendar that will give us a wandering Sabbath again in the offing, with divorce statistics rapidly catching up with marriage records, with hooliganism spreading among teen-agers as they destroy school properties and mug the elderly on city streets, with the unproved theories of evolution being taught in public schools as unassailable truth, with heads of state in some of the new nations depending on spiritistic séances for their political decisions—where are the writers who can interpret the times in the light of God's warning counsels to this pathetically confused and spiritually blind generation?

But we must not pose the query without explaining why the manuscripts of some of our writers never find publication. The truth is that in many cases

they do not squarely meet the issues of the times. Or they are presented with no fresh outlook or analysis pertinent to current reading interests. Or on the other hand they are so far out on the limb of speculation or oracularism that we dare not be responsible for them. But editorial eyes are continually running to and fro looking for writers who have something vital and significant to say to a world that is groping for a meaning to life.

At the risk of being misunderstood, I must express my conviction that writers cannot be made by merely studying courses in writing mechanics. Valuable as such courses are, they do not often provide the incentive to students to be interpreters of the times, preachers of righteousness, or mentors of public morals. The making of a writer is therefore not the work of a college English department alone. Jacques Barzun in his *Teacher in America* observes, "Writing can only be taught by the united efforts of the entire teaching staff. . . . A written exercise is designed to be read; it is not supposed to be a challenge to clairvoyance. . . . A student in college must be inspired to achieve in all subjects the utmost accuracy of perception combined with the utmost artistry of expression. The two merge and develop the sense of good workmanship, of preference for quality and truth, which is the chief mark of a genuinely educated man."

I know from personal experience behind the lecterns of English classrooms the joy I felt in the intelligent support I got from teachers in other college departments. Those had a sense of mission in not only orienting students to knowledge in their specialized fields. They recognized that the expression and communication of their knowledge to others was a vital aspect of their education.

I hold in happy memory a colleague in a chemistry department who graded his students on their English as well as on their knowledge of chemical formula-

las. To him their grasp of scientific information was limited to the clarity with which they could express its principles. The challenge to writing comes from ideas and concepts stirred by observation of the times in relation to the best that has been thought and said in the world. In theology, literature, history, science, and the arts, therefore, the Christian student finds his ideals shaping, his opinions forming, his knowledge fusing, until like Paul he cries, "Woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel!" or like Luther writes his conviction in some world-shaking manifesto.

One thing is certain: writing is a unique ministry in this present generation of high literacy, rapid precision presses, and colorful engraving. To the modern Christian youth the divine inquiry, "What is that in thine hand?" should inspire him to assess his potentials. The rod of Moses, the oxgoad of Shamgar, Samson's jawbone retrieved from a desert carcass, all served their time in vanquishing the enemies of the Lord.

Today a plethora of utilities are at hand for implementing the dissemination of the gospel in one last earnest appeal to men, "Be ye reconciled to God." With a noble family heritage, a rich education at the feet of Gamaliel, an endowment of unusual gifts, and an effulgent revelation from Heaven, Paul was made a minister of grace to the early church. With stylus on wax or clay, perhaps, or with reed on papyrus, he toils fully wrote his Epistles as part of that ministry.

Discussing the ministry of writing not long ago in *Christianity Today*, Harold N. Englund was pointedly articulate. He described the Spartanlike role the writer plays in bringing his ideas to the birth. He observed, "The writing ministry lacks the exhilaration of public preaching services. There is no choir of voices in the composing room, no lovely Christian symbolism on a typewriter keyboard, no stained-glass

windows in the editorial offices. There is no beaming parade of well-scrubbed parishioners ready to file by at five o'clock and say, 'My, that was a fine editorial!' Writing is lonely work, hidden work, often unappreciated work. . . . It always calls for more than we have—more thought, more reading, more prayer, more literary craftsmanship."

Despite the apparent lack of glamour in the writing profession, aside perhaps from the adulation one receives from having written a best-seller, there are deep and rewarding satisfactions for the conscientious and gifted penman.

Where would our coveted liberties be were it not for the dedicated penmen of the American revolution? What incalculable impetus toward the kingdom of God millions of people have found from reading a single book like Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* or Sheldon's *In His Steps*. How many would have been kept on the heavenward way by frequent reading of that cameo of the gospel *Steps to Christ*, by Ellen G. White?

Certainly in the providence of God the modern printing press was developed to keep luminous and permanent the profound things of the Spirit. Mr.

Englund says again that to be communicative to our times in any significant way, the writer "needs to be caught up into the presence of God and remain there until something of a divine perspective anoints his spirit and suffuses his work." Where are the writers of the Advent Movement who are willing to seek that kind of preparation?

The Chicago *Daily News Service* is authority for the statistic that the average person spends a total of only twenty-six minutes a day in articulate speech. He supplements that much communication to those around him with grimaces, smiles, frowns, nods, and assorted body movements. Thus in less than a brief hour in twenty-four he manages to indicate his wants, his wishes, his opinions, his passing needs. He doesn't need much of a reservoir of information or backlog of talent for moving along comfortably in the groove where life has placed him. If as a writer he would make greater impact upon his generation he must seek deeper roots, mentally, culturally, spiritually.

The more one becomes conversant with the concepts, beliefs, and philosophies that have motivated the peoples of past generations, the greater is his scope for evaluating current ideas and move-

ments in relation to God's everlasting verities. And where can the Adventist student discover those eternal absolutes better than in a Christian classroom? Where may he hope to see the light from heaven shine round about him, broadening his vision, resolving his faith, stirring his resolutions, motivating his will to communicate his convictions except under teachers who are sensitive to their divine commission?

Since my appeal to our college instructors has thus far been thinly veiled, let me remind them that not all the prophets are made in theology courses, not all the seers find their calling in history seminars, not all teachers are fitted for service in education classes, not all artists are inspired in music studios and art salons, not all the scribes are created in journalism workshops. But a class in the music masters may spark a youth to devote his life to the ministry because he saw Bach write on every composition "To the glory of God." A major in theology may find Scripture unfolding in archeology and conceive a passion for history. A student in philosophy may explore Burke's *On the Sublime and the Beautiful* and dedicate his talent to the teaching of literature.

Who can know at what hour, in what study, in what bypath of knowledge the writer is born and given his "Open, sesame" to literary exploits. Could it possibly be in counsel with a classroom teacher?

Lou walked into my office one day during my teaching career with a hesitant, crestfallen look. "I don't seem to fit in here at college," he began. "No one understands me, teachers or students." I encouraged him to go on.

"As you know, I like to write poetry, but everybody laughs at it. When I hear the wind singing in the wires overhead, I'm moved to write verses on what I thought I heard. Is there anything queer in that?"

"No, Lou," I said. "People with poetic temperaments find stimulation to creative thought in all sorts of situations. Those who laugh at such people are themselves insensitive to the unseen values evoked by such stimuli, that's all. Don't let anyone discourage you from your creative moods."

There was much more to the interview, but Lou went out of my office that morning more than twenty years ago with a big grin on his face. From his subsequent career in public relations and activities journalistic, I believe that from that hour he too was on his way to Damascus.

PAYDAY

by OMA GENTRY

DO I HAVE to wait until next month for my check?" I asked as I belatedly turned in my labor report on payday.

"Yes, I am afraid you will," the cashier remarked. "You will just have to wait. It's too late now."

"Well, then, may I come and live at your house for a couple of weeks?"

"No, my check is spent already."

"Oh, that is just fine. Then you have your pantry all restocked, and I could come."

"That is just the trouble. We don't have it restocked."

"Then what are you going to do?" I asked.

"Oh, we can go over to the in-laws."

"Fine. May I go with you?"

"Well, I am afraid not. I don't think they would accept you as soon as they would me."

"You mean they would think I was an outlaw instead of an in-law?"

"That's just it."

"Well, I guess I will simply have to starve!"

This bit of banter with the conference office cashier because of the tardiness of my report started me to thinking.

What about my final time sheet? Will the Great Cashier have to say, "It is too late!"

"He that is unjust, let him be unjust still." "Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment; and some men they follow after." *

How important it is to meet the schedule of the company. How important to have met the conditions when "payday" comes.

* 1 Tim. 5:24.

WHY I Couldn't Say No

by VINNIE RUFFO

THERE," I said to my contented self as I made the last entry in the ledger for the month of May. "One more month to go and I'll be caught up." I was bookkeeper for my husband's contracting business, with the unusual privilege of having the records close at hand in our office at home. The bookkeeping could be done whenever I found several hours free from my other duties.

Time! That was the catch. Paul was an excellent employer. He never pressed. "Just so you have a profit-and-loss statement ready any time I need one," he would say.

Things like camp meeting had set me behind somewhat. Now I was happy to be seeing light through the figures. Soon I would be up to date.

One day the jingle of the telephone jarred my complacency. "Mrs. Ruffo," greeted our Sabbath school superintendent, "how are you this fine day?"

While the preliminaries were being settled, all the excuses I would need had arranged themselves in my mind.

They were good ones—such as all this bookkeeping, for instance. After all, this was our bread and butter, wasn't it? Oh, I knew why Bea Straub was calling. She needed some kind of help for Sabbath school—they were always needing help. I had always said Yes before. This time I knew I couldn't.

Then it came, "And so we wonder if you would be our Vacation Bible School director for this year." The telephone almost dropped from my hands. This I had not expected.

"Vacation Bible School director?" I asked in awe. "What's a Vacation Bible School?" My background had included teaching school, but in view of my former Catholic background the sound of "Bible school" had a foreign ring for me.

Mrs. Straub explained patiently, "We invite children from anybody's neighborhood to our school. This gives them the opportunity to learn Bible stories. For some, this could be their very first introduction to the Word of God. It will give them an insight into the love of God. The school is conducted just like a regular school, with classes for each age group. The teachers cover a program of songs, nature projects, Bible lessons with activity books, and they even have craft classes, which the children all love."

She continued to explain that in the past many little ones had been won to the church, and even parents, because of this wonderful open door.

I was beginning to see the purpose. As she talked my teacher's heart leaped with enthusiasm. I couldn't think of anything more rewarding than working with the receptive, unpolluted minds of little children. "And, of course," continued Mrs. Straub, "you would have to organize and supervise the whole thing."

That was a little unnerving. Well, I had my excuses ready. Much as I would like to—how would I ever catch up on the multitude of duties that were mine as mother of three young children, housekeeper of our large house, not to mention this incessant bookkeeping? Besides, I told myself, "I'm already a Sabbath school teacher. Isn't that enough?"

Mrs. Straub talked on, and I found that something was happening to my thinking. Some irresistible force di-



Little hands fashioned craft articles—slippers, vases, ornate bowls, glass paintings, et cetera.

rected my mind to the fact that "in the great judgment day those who have not worked for Christ, those who have drifted along, carrying no responsibility, thinking of themselves, pleasing themselves, will be placed by the Judge of all the earth with those who did evil. They receive the same condemnation."¹

The side of me that was uncooperative and unsanctified attempted to dismiss that verdict with, "That can't mean me. I attend Sabbath school and church faithfully every Sabbath, don't I?"

But that irresistible force continued to bend my thinking with, "Many who profess to be Christians neglect the claims of God, and yet they do not feel that in this there is any wrong. They know that the blasphemer, the murderer, the adulterer, deserves punishment; but as for them they *enjoy the services of religion*. They love to hear the gospel preached, and therefore they think themselves Christians. . . . Like the Jews they mistake the enjoyment of their blessings for the use they should make of them."²

Now I felt a little uncomfortable. Could that mean me? "He who refuses to impart that which he has received will at last find that he has nothing to give."³ This I could not refute, for I was a trained, experienced teacher. God expected me to impart my services!

I left Bea Straub (mentally, that is) talking on the telephone while I saw myself on the judgment day. When I was asked why I had said No to a divine call, what would I say? That I had too much housework, too many children, too much bookkeeping—when all heaven's network would be listening and eternity stretching beyond?

Could I harden my heart to all this? Could I harden my heart to any call for help? The answer came quickly. I must give my talents, my time (I could always make time to do the things I wanted most to do), and my all, or else I would be only a hypocrite. As long as there was one moment of time left, one soul groping for help, my consecration belonged to God first of all. And my answer would have to be, "Yes, I'll help," again and again and always.

"Well, Mrs. Straub, if you will only quit talking, I will give you my answer," I said (inadvisably, of course).

Finally she stopped. The spontaneous answer came, "Yes, Mrs. Straub. The Lord has just told me this is the service He expects from me for the next two weeks. I'll do my best." The brief silence on the other end of the line told me she was recovering from a slight shock.

She often had said, "It is so hard to get anyone to help with church duties."

Our church in Campbell, California, conducted its Vacation Bible School. God's direction was visible from beginning to end. For two weeks the church was filled with the smiling faces of 125 children—72 of whom were non-Adventists. Among them were at least ten children from Catholic homes. One Catholic mother voiced her opinion this way, "This is exactly what I have been looking for for my child."

For two weeks dedicated leaders, teachers, and helpers told eager children Bible stories, and lusty young voices shouted praises to God in song. Little hands fashioned craft articles they proudly took home—such as slippers made from carpet pieces, pretty vases, ornate bowls, glorified glass paintings, and Rock of Ages book ends. One nature class delved into the fascinating world of butterflies and daily heard lectures by Mrs. Rose Morris,

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Open Letter to a Student-3

by ELIZABETH REEVES

THE PARABLE of the Talents is for today's student, though its lesson is seldom taken as seriously as it might be.

Perhaps this is because most people think of a talent as a package with their name on it, one that can be opened and readily identified, one clearly visible to them in their earliest years. While it is true that the talents of many people are recognizable, and conscientiously developed or buried—at an early age, it is also true that many people fail to find anything valuable enough even for burial purposes at any time in their lives. Once they have ruled out the possibility of functioning as soloists, they bypass the choir loft and lapse into silence.

Education can, of course, play a major part in the discovery and improvement of your talents. But a college degree is not the answer for every person seeking to prepare himself for God's service. Because of the national stress on college training, many students are entering colleges who should not, and would not, ordinarily do so.

Persons who are far better suited for a trade or a service by virtue of their interests and aptitudes, are spending an unhappy, unprofitable time in college. Such a situation is especially prevalent in our own denominational schools, owing partially to limited facilities for trade train-

ing on the more advanced levels.

It is imperative that the individual learn what he is best suited for and then find a way to train himself for that line of work. He can't afford to be hampered by well-meaning friends who narrow the field of choice to preaching, teaching, medicine, et cetera, if he is not interested in or suited for these fields. Pioneer courage is needed even today: it takes real daring to blaze an occupational trail in 1964!

Prayer should play an important part in your search for your true abilities and talents—and in your plans and efforts to develop them. God will guide you so that no matter how small or insignificant the talent may seem it will be used to honor Him in some way.

As your talents become evident to you, you have a sacred obligation to give everything you have in mining and refining these gifts. The world has accepted and will continue to accept mediocrity in many areas, but the true servant of God recognizes that his utmost effort will always be required.

We are to become "corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace," and no rough stone was ever polished with a now-and-then, halfhearted effort. Our polishing will require steady, thorough work, combining our effort with God's strength and guidance.



If I Owned Montana

by HELEN GODFREY

IF I OWNED Montana! Yes, if I did I doubt that I would own more than I do now. What I own is all in boxes. Packed in boxes for another move and still another. But if I owned Montana, I wouldn't have more.

Oh, yes, I have dishes and curtains and vases and even a few pieces of secondhand furniture, but what is mine more than my new yellow coat or my set of silverware are my boxes and boxes of books.

Long ago when I was still reading Uncle Arthur and Robert Louis Stevenson, I began to collect books. At first they were paperbacked children's stories; later, worn volumes that aunts and uncles didn't want to throw away. When I went to academy I reluctantly agreed to take only a few of the most necessary with me. Even then the car was hopelessly loaded.

Long, long ago the familiar cadence of *Hiawatha* and "The Village Blacksmith" and *Evangeline* beat a rhyth-

mic pattern into the fabric of my memory. Was it daddy's reading beside the kitchen range? Was it a teacher's reading to me before I could read for myself? And then, somewhere the magic of Wordsworth and his daffodils danced away the clouds. And Elizabeth Barrett Browning was quietly weaving sonnets I did not understand, but read for the beauty of word and rhythm.

A teacher, I think it was Mrs. Gilbert, assigned "Lake Isle of Innisfree" and a few days later "The Barrel-Organ." And Yeats and Noyes were my friends. Keats had always been with me. And Milton came because I had to read *Paradise Lost*; Milton with a million visions of grandeur, and explanations that did not always fit. I cried when Blake's lamb was lost in the more awesome tiger.

Poetry was not my only reading joy, though it was first and best. Biography was a painless route to history, and I found myself captured by tales of great

people and places that fit together into a complete picture. On the west wall of the academy library there was a set of books full of pictures and descriptions of events that have changed the world. I always sat beside them in study hall, hoping to finish assignments in time to find a few minutes for another chapter.

The world of ideas came because I liked to shock the librarian by taking unusual books. At first I chose books that had been in the library for years and never checked out. I wanted to surprise Miss Larson. I would take three or four gray volumes to my room and leave them there until they were due.

Once I had nothing to do but look at a book of essays, and I found it interesting. The fever I caught as a result was incurable, its effects far reaching. Though painful at times, such reading is usually pleasant enough

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by

MARIANNE

MILLER

Match

SUBCONSCIOUSLY I reached up to reassure myself that my hair was in place. Could there be a smudge on my face? Why was that woman still staring at me? I tried to concentrate on unloading the groceries.

"Pardon me, miss, but you're a Seventh-day Adventist, aren't you?"

Surprised, I glanced up to meet the questioning eyes of the young woman at the Publix checking counter.

"Why, yes, I am," I answered, wondering how she had detected my religion in particular. After all, I mused, surely there are other young women who do not wear jewelry or make-up.

Recognizing my puzzlement, she smiled. "You see," she explained, "you Seventh-day Adventists are always so happy with life!"

I glanced at mom, but she had wisely remained silent. She knew me better. I noted the faint smile playing about her lips. Returning to meet the young woman's gaze, I smiled, thanking her. Then I picked up my load of groceries and turned to leave, casting one last glance at the woman as I thought of her observation.

Riding home, I contemplated the incident. It was such a trivial thing for her to notice. Or was it? Could it be that my cheerful countenance had prompted her to notice me as an Adventist? Yes, I thought, fortunately I had been like the pattern she had made for Seventh-day Adventists. That was her idea of us—"always happy." Her words lodged in the depths of my brain and unaccountably bothered me.

I pondered. Sure, I was a happy

enough girl in my late teens, but I hadn't even considered seriously that a pleasant countenance really represented my religion. I didn't always possess that inner happiness and I knew it. People, especially young adults my age, judged my church by my personal attitudes, my standard of living, and how well I lived up to that standard. The latter I soon found out by chance.

Some time later, while traveling to Virginia, I seated myself in the double-decker, express bus. Having chosen a straight-through bus, I settled back, anticipating a restful trip with no distractions; however, I was wrong. To my dismay, at every stop the bus lost two passengers and gained four, until soon I was obliged to gather my train case, coat, pillow, and other belongings to make room for an unwelcome seatmate.

"I didn't think it was possible," she said, "for me to live out the Seventh-day Adventist religion. Eagerly I scrutinized them for one little slip."

ing the Mold

My peaceful trip was interrupted. There were many servicemen traveling now at the end of the holidays; in all probability he would be one of them.

He was. I stole a sideways glance at him as he lowered his blue eyes and asked, "May I sit here?"

"Sure," I greeted him civilly enough, noting his short-cropped, blond hair and clean-cut appearance. Then I reverted to my own thoughts, but even they proved unmanageable. "Wouldn't this be a perfect time to share your faith with someone your own age?" they prodded. "You often say you'd like to if you only had the time!" That I couldn't refute. I certainly had all the time I could use. "But," I argued, "even though he is about my age, he's most likely not interested in religion, especially mine." Content with this reason-

ing, I succeeded in putting the matter from my mind.

"Where are you going?" the voice at my side inquired pleasantly.

"Back to school," I stated matter of factly.

"How nice," he proceeded; "so am I."

His name was Ron Noland; he attended military school and was also returning to his studies. This information I gained without any effort on my part. Pulling out a pack of cigarettes, he offered, "Care for a smoke?"

"No, thanks," I shrugged. "I don't smoke." I expected the usual question, but he didn't ask it. He merely smoked and talked of other things. I didn't press the matter.

Glad for a release from his semi-monolog, I welcomed the twenty-min-

ute rest stop at one of the stations. Relaxing in the terminal, I turned around only to face my newly acquired traveling companion. "May I buy you a cup of coffee?" he offered courteously. Then noting my glass of orange juice, he remarked, "You don't drink coffee, do you?"

"No, I don't."

"I didn't think so." He was pleased with himself at this discovery. "You're a Seventh-day Adventist, aren't you?"

"Why, I surely am," I responded immediately in spite of my surprise. I dawdled my straw around in my glass of juice as I recalled the woman in the Publix who had recognized me as an Adventist. I had resolved then to cheerfully attain Christian perfection; but at this rate, no disinterested observer could tell that I was proud of my faith. I wasn't overly pleased with myself. Had he not almost forced the acknowledgment from me I would not have volunteered it. Was I ashamed of the fact that I was an Adventist? Of course not—but no one would have known it.

Everywhere I ventured, there was someone watching my attitude, my outlook on life, and now even my personal habits. Perhaps people expect more from the average Seventh-day Adventist than they receive.

After the break expired, we climbed into the bus and settled ourselves for the remaining stretch of highway.

A few moments passed, then my seatmate began to talk. "I suppose you don't drink or dance either. I've known Seventh-day Adventists before, and they never did. Another thing I've noticed is that you girls are more attractive because you don't paint your faces like Indian warriors."

So that was it, I reflected. Had I worn make-up, or if I had accepted the proffered coffee, I would have failed to coincide with his ideal for Seventh-day Adventists. I sobered to think that even a seemingly small act on my part might have completely destroyed his image of

all Christians, especially Adventists.

"If you call yourself a Seventh-day Adventist Christian," my thoughts proposed, "then you must live up to the reputation. It is proving to be one that reveals happiness, healthfulness, and high morals. It's getting to be quite a bill to fill, isn't it? A stranger has just evaluated your church by your actions." They were right. Others were judging my right to be an Adventist. I felt that I dared not disappoint them. Never would I wish to destroy someone else's image of Adventism.

I pondered this for some time, but a girl's life in college is a busy one, therefore I felt that I had more pressing matters to attend to. The fact that others might be watching me was promptly forgotten, at least for a while. What I failed to realize was that others were still looking to Christian youth to hold up that Christlike standard of living under all circumstances of life, but I was soon reminded.

I was shopping downtown with a girl friend, looking for a semiformal dress to be worn to the Valentine banquet scheduled for a few days hence.

"Listen," Dotty suggested, "we've combed all the dress shops in town and we're still empty handed. Let's try once more, then quit."

"I'll go until I find one," I uttered somewhat doggedly. Our limbs were aching, but picturing that new dress for the banquet spurred us on.

Dotty and I had been asked by our favorite dates to the banquet, so only the best would do. I knew Buster would not want to date a girl who looked flashy or gaudy; Dotty felt likewise about Lloyd.

Entering the ladies' shop with the most promising display window, we wearily fingered through the semiformals hanging on the racks. We soon found a few possibilities and draped them over our arms. An attentive clerk came to our assistance.

"May I help you girls?" she inquired.

"Yes, Ma'am," we replied, "we'd like to try these on."

After some deliberation we each selected a dress. Dotty as well as I was not expecting her comment. "Aren't you girls from that church-affiliated college a few miles south of town? You're Seventh-day Adventists, aren't you? I can almost always tell you girls by your choice of modest dresses that are always in good taste."

So this was her conception of Adventism—an attractive, modest group of people. I had unconsciously fitted her picture of Adventists. "But what a

waste," I mused, "if the imperfections of my character are not trimmed so that I will fit the mold of Christian perfection."

To my utter astonishment, others had been watching me while I was doing such mundane things as grocery shopping, traveling, even choosing a dress. Someone else's soul salvation might depend on how I lived every day; this I knew. Indeed, I knew it all too well. I once had a friend, a voice teacher of mine, Professor Cramer, who had consented to help an evangelist friend conduct a series of meetings in a Southern town.

A certain elderly member of the Adventist church in that community longed to come and hear the beloved message, but she had no means of getting to the meetings. She finally appealed to her youngest daughter, who was strongly prejudiced against Adventists, to provide the transportation and attend the services. It was only out of love for her aged mother that she reluctantly agreed to do so. She would take her, but—she stipulated—only under certain conditions: "No one there is to mention one single thing to me about the meetings. No one must ever pressure me. I will take you, provided absolutely nothing is said to me personally about religion."

Night after night the two were there—the dear aging mother and the stone-faced daughter, who sat in the congregation bedecked in jewels, as if daring anyone to speak to her. The services continued, the promise was strictly kept, and she remained unchanged.

Covering his amazement, the evangelist said nothing when, a few Sab-

baths later, he saw her accompany her mother to church minus her make-up and jewelry. Perhaps she had just left them off, he reasoned, so that she would not feel out of place. Still no one bothered her. No one even mentioned the meetings to her or commented upon her attendance. Only warm impersonal friendliness and kindness were shown toward her.

Nights later the evangelist gave an appeal. The daughter was the first to come forward, giving her life to Christ. After the meeting, she waited, beaming, to speak to the young evangelist and Professor Cramer.

"I didn't think it was possible," she said, "for me to live out the Seventh-day Adventist's religion. Furthermore, I didn't think anyone else could live up to those standards either. I set out to prove you wrong. You'll never know all the times or the places I have spied on you. I watched you, Professor Cramer, your lovely wife, the evangelist, his wife, the Bible instructor, and even the pianist. I must admit that I never saw one of you fail in any one of the standards of your church. I looked for everything I could. Eagerly I scrutinized for even one little slip. But you never failed. Then, and only then, I determined that I wanted an experience that would make me like that."

"I inwardly shuddered," Professor Cramer told me, "when I realized how her very decision for Christ was based on how closely I lived up to the doctrines I professed."

Recalling my own experiences, I also trembled to realize how forcefully every act carries its effect to uplift or let down, to attract or turn away.

The Twins

by GERALD MEYER

A pair of little cribs stood by my bed;
Within each crib a tiny baby lay.
Each babe had big blue eyes and lips so red,
Blond hair—they looked alike in every way.
It was as if the Master had a plan;
And, liking it decided to make two.
So, with His carbon paper He began
To duplicate the pattern as He drew.
But as He worked, a change soon came about—
A sudden flash of creativity—
And, smilingly, He tossed the carbon out,
And finished each one individually.
The covers moved; four tiny feet came through—
One pair in booties pink—the other blue.

ON APRIL 23, 1953, accompanied by Elder Haynes, John Woodrow Jones heard the clack of his own military shoes down the terrazzo halls of an ancient Navy building in the nation's capital. In two wars he had never lacked courage under enemy attack. He had never dreaded descent into the ocean. And cancellation of the hearing this morning would have been to him a major disappointment. But he felt his heart beat hard against his uniform as the two of them passed door numbers nearing the one on his summons.

Behind a ponderous mahogany table in the hearing room sat four beribboned officers. A functionary of some sort, busying himself about such peripheral items as ash trays and window adjustments, moved unobtrusively around the edges. The panel looked as inscrutable as the Egyptian sphinx. Before these weatherbeaten old salts Carpenter Jones's own puny cluster of ribbons seemed of no consequence. These men had devoted their lives to the Navy, and their present function was to guard its traditions from the corrosion of conflicting opinions. Could John make these officers see the merit in granting men like himself, in granting men like Hilton Nelson, the advantage of that freedom for which the Navy fights? He would try. Here faced him a type of battle for which Carpenter Jones *was* armed, for which he had armed himself with care. Words were the weapons here, words freighted with conviction. Should Navy men who fight in defense of the freedom of others be denied that freedom themselves?

Carpenter Jones requested that the hearing be opened with prayer. * J. F. Dreith, a Lutheran chaplain on the panel, approved. The senior member of the panel invited John to do so. "Dear God," he prayed aloud, "we thank Thee for this great nation and for devoted men who defend it." His voice

sounded thin and lonesome to himself in the big silent room. Across his mind flashed the picture of a fragile wisp of incense ascending from an altar. "Bless this nation, we pray," he continued, "and these men who give of their time and experience in resolving hard questions. Grant wisdom to determine what is good in the problem before us. May a way be found to solve the problem before us in the best interest of the Navy and the personnel concerned. May Thy name be honored in the decision that will be rendered. May Thy will prevail. In Christ's name. Amen."

The hearing was brief. A fragment of it reveals the crucial point:

"Do you know the mission of the United States Navy?" questioned Chaplain Dreith.

"Yes, sir. The mission of the United States Navy is to defend this nation against the common enemy and to preserve its freedom."

"Then your refusal to bear arms declared in the correspondence before us, makes you a weak link in the Navy's chain of defense."

"It might, sir, in many positions. But I am sure that a place can be found for me where I can serve the Navy without need of arms. You have seen that my service record is excellent. I have advanced to my present rank by regular Navy procedures. Navy men fight for the freedom of others. I aspire to see them enjoy freedom themselves."

But the panel did not yield. The four men held that an officer must be willing to serve in any place and to use any weapon. Chaplain Dreith spoke for the panel. He was the one who had seemed like a prosecuting attorney. But as Carpenter Jones was leaving, Chaplain Dreith came for a personal word. Seizing Jones's hand in both of his he said, "Jones, you really have something in this new-found religion of yours. I hope you stick with it." And in Bremerton a month later, when Mr. Jones had accepted an honorable discharge from the United States Navy, a superior officer said to him, "Jonesy,



The Treasure Hunter

by PAUL T. GIBBS

you've done the right thing. What you have done is what we should all be doing." So John Woodrow Jones was out but not down. Feeling his tactical defeat a moral triumph, he looked forward with courage.

As the Puget Sound fog lifted from Bremerton Harbor the next morning, Brother John Jones rose to greet the day as a free citizen of the United States. Flexing youthful muscles, he drew a full breath. "I'm a young man yet," he

* Chaplain Dreith mentioned above is now Rear Admiral J. Floyd Dreith, CHC, Chief of Chaplains, USN.

told himself. Thirty-three years of age, he reviewed considerations about what to make of himself. "We'll not report mission completed on the past," he conceded. "Maybe mission terminated is better. And now for the future."

Deep-sea divers were in sharp demand in 1953. Salvage companies in Seattle, San Francisco, New York, and London were bidding for diving men at pay scales from forty to ninety dollars an hour. That is correct, forty to ninety dollars an hour! Deep-sea divers were getting that much. John's Navy-trained know-how in salvage work made these jobs his for the taking. But life had convinced him that salvaging sunken freight from harbor floors had no rewards comparable to those of rescuing human derelicts from the seas of life. He remembered the glow of spiritual fervor in the conversation of the two colporteurs he had met in Norfolk. Under the tutelage of William Gardner, a former hunters' guide from Wyoming, Brother Jones began selling Seventh-day Adventist books among his former colleagues, the Navy personnel of Bremerton.

During the following nine years in Seattle and Tacoma, Washington, and in South Bend, Indiana, Colporteur-Evangelist John Jones has experienced the discouragements and elations common to those in that work. One young couple who had placed a large order, he recalls, refused the books on delivery. That was ordinary disappointment. What grieved Colporteur Jones especially was that the husband had prepared a list of texts by which he tried to unsettle John's own faith in Adventism. That seemed to Jones like multiple ingratitude.

Colporteur Jones recalls one winter week when South Bend shivered under ice and snow. Up to Friday afternoon he had not made one sale. It looked like a blank week. Taking momentary refuge in his car, John meditated on promises he remembered from *Colporteur Ministry*. He resolved to call at one more home. There a young mother said, "Those books for children are exactly what I want. I'm compelled to work. My little ones must be left with baby-sitters. These books will provide something wholesome for them in my absence."

But John Jones, colporteur, remembers shadow spots with difficulty and tells of them only when prodded. He looks at the floor when questioned about them. By natural disposition he dwells in sunny areas. When he is narrating encouraging incidents, that old

one-sided smile of his spreads evenly across his face. He remembers that in Tacoma, a Mrs. Trowbridge said to him, "I know what you are. You are a colporteur. You sell Seventh-day Adventist books."

"You are exactly right. How did you know?"

"I was an Adventist until twelve years ago. And I must get back. I must find some way of getting to Sabbath school again."

Brother Jones had prayer with the woman. He gave her a *Sabbath School Lesson Quarterly*. (He always carries an extra in his car for just such circumstances.) He arranged transportation for her to Sabbath meetings. Mrs. Trowbridge was later rebaptized.

Another time in Tacoma, when Colporteur Jones had introduced himself at the door as a Christian worker, a Mrs. Oscar Olson, lady of the house, explained, "Although I am a Catholic at present, I lean toward Seventh-day Adventism."

"Then you may be interested to know," Brother Jones responded, "that I am a Seventh-day Adventist."

Mrs. Olson's face brightened. Later she purchased books. But best of all she joined the Adventist Church, and at this writing is herself an active colporteur.

Perhaps John's favorite experience also dates back to the same city. In response to a midmorning knock a sad and confused-looking mother came to the door. After a brief conversation she said, "No, I'm not interested in buying anything. My son is in the hospital. Already he has had thirty-seven pints of blood," she explained. "This morning I learn the doctor has ordered two more. Up to this time I've been able to

pay. But now I have no money, and fifty is like fifty thousand dollars when you don't have it. I'm in no mood to buy anything. Besides, I don't need anything except blood for my son."

But Colporteur Jones had established credit in a city blood bank, and now he had a constructive idea. "Madam," he interposed, "may I use your telephone?"

"I suppose so." The mother looked uncertainly in the direction of the telephone.

While looking up the number of the blood bank, John inquired the son's name and the name of the hospital. In a matter of seconds he had ordered two pints of his own blood credited to this boy.

"Do you mean to tell me," the woman exclaimed, "that you are giving blood to my son, a total stranger, a boy you have never even seen?"

"My work is to help people in any way I can," Colporteur Jones explained. "It is my pleasure to make this contribution to your son's physical needs. And I have some wonderful books that will help in his moral training."

In a minimum of time John had another order for *Bible Pageant*.

In the past nine years Colporteur John Woodrow Jones has sold more than sixty thousand dollars' worth of Seventh-day Adventist books and periodicals. He has specific knowledge of five baptisms in direct consequence of his ministry. He is confident there have been many more. The glamour of deep-sea diving remains only as a receding memory. He looks forward, instead, to meeting in the kingdom the treasures he is rescuing from this troubled sea of life.

Secret of Success

by MARGARET EVELYN SINGLETON

She's one who considers how a plant must feel,
The snug-tuck need, yet room to stretch root-toe.
She says, "I just imagine, as I kneel
And dig, were I in there I'd like it so."

She strokes a petal, gently pats a leaf,
The tender gesture bringing forth her smile:
"It may look odd," she looks down at a sheaf
Of blooms in hand, "but the plants approve my style!"

Sarawak Soliloquy

by ANDREW R. MUSGRAVE

I HEARD the drums last night—throbbing drums, heathen drums, savage drums! From the darkness of the distant jungle came the haunting beat of the midnight fetish. The eerie, ceaseless throb beat upon the stillness till all sleep was gone.

In thought I followed the sound into the deep jungle—to the village of Kampong Keniong, where Satan and his legions of darkness would hold sway tonight.

A new life was to begin its journey into the world—a baby was to be born. The devil was there to see that time-honored customs were followed. In vain the Christian teacher, Rosy Lindang, had labored to break through the centuries of superstition. The family had listened and agreed. But fear still lurked within. Suppose something went wrong? Did not the experiences of the past show them their path of duty? Custom must be obeyed or else the spirits would become angry and take revenge!

The only doctor in attendance was the witch doctor. He was there to give advice, to see that tradition was not broken. The baby was born, and by the law of averages, survived.

WHY I COULDN'T SAY NO

From page 10

whose twin sons had spent many years collecting samples of these exquisite creatures.

When the night came for the closing program, the church was filled with children and parents. Children sang the songs they had learned and performed their finger plays. The primary class recited the entire chapter of 1 Corinthians 13. The junior class conducted a Bible-quiz program.

The following Sabbath in our kindergarten Sabbath school class were three shiny new faces. If Vacation Bible School could fashion such a change in conduct in their three little ones during

A fire was built within the hut. For twenty-eight days the mother was made to sit with her back to the fire. Custom forbade her to move. Custom forbade her to lie down to sleep. Custom forbade her water to drink, so rice liquor was her only

IF I OWNED MONTANA

From page 11

to outweigh the work it necessitates.

Travel stories with Jean Shore, or stories of the needs of the people of the world with Dr. Dooley, or mission adventure with Barbara Westphal made my world larger. Sometimes these books were full of laughter as well as information. I won't forget *Treasure From the Haunted Pagoda*, by Eric B. Hare.

A very special kind of book was nearby from picture-book days. My parents' copy of *The Great Controversy* was thick and full of impressive pictures of beasts and tragedy and triumph. When I could read it, I understood that it was unlike most books, for its author claimed knowledge trans-

drink. These were the decrees of the witch doctor, the bonds of Satan.

Darkness covered the village, and gross darkness the people. The Christian teacher wrestled "not against flesh and blood, but . . . against the rulers of the darkness of this world." Her heart and sympathies were with the mother in her abject misery. She bowed her head in silent prayer and consecration to her unfinished work in this village.

I heard the drums last night—throbbing drums, heathen drums, savage drums! How much longer will they beat the rhythm of the centuries?

cending human knowledge. I found the claim was good. *The Desire of Ages*, even more, created within me a capacity to love God simply because I could see Him in that book.

It took thoughtful teachers to help me see the difference between the artificial and the genuine in books I chose to read. Even then I made a few mistakes. I know that if I were to choose my books again, I would leave on the library shelf some I have read. Some were not wholesome. Some were simply not worth the time and effort it took to read them. But when the good was made accessible to me, I found that anything less than good was not satisfying. The very best I have read again and again for fear I will forget the things they make me know or the way they make me feel.

And so it is true—if I owned Montana, I would not own more than I do now, for the whole world is mine with all the good and great things in its storehouses.

the two weeks, thought one set of parents, imagine what weekly attendance at Sabbath school could do.

God is opening doors. This is just one little evidence of God's direction. After two weeks my ironing had piled to within a few inches from the ceiling, and our meals had been without frills (who needs them, anyway), and my bookkeeping was still behind. But I was grateful for the small part—the very privileged part—that had been mine when God called and had received the right answer.

¹ *Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 365.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*, p. 364.



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Sabbath School Lessons

MAY 23, 1964

Prepared for publication by the General
Conference Sabbath School Department

YOUTH—VIII—A Song of Utter Faith

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Psalm 46.

MEMORY GEM: "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge" (Ps. 46:7).

ILLUMINATION OF THE TOPIC: *The Desire of Ages*, chapter 38; *Education*, pp. 260, 261; *The Ministry of Healing*, pp. 51-58; *Steps to Christ*, chapter "Faith and Acceptance"; *The Great Controversy*, chapter 40.

TARGET: To strengthen faith in a God who can keep, protect, and deliver.

Introduction

Psalm 46 has been called "the Song of songs of faith." The psalm is a glorious hymn on the theme so important for us who live in these last days, that in the midst of earth's calamities and distresses God's children are secure, for God is with us. As such it "will bring special comfort to the people of God in the time of trouble (see GC 639). In that fearful hour, when a mighty earthquake such as never was will convulse the earth; when the sun, moon, and stars will be shaken out of their courses; when the mountains will shake like a reed, and ragged rocks be scattered on every side; when the sea will be lashed into fury and the whole surface of the earth be broken up; when mountain chains will sink and islands disappear (Matt. 24: 29, 30; Luke 21:25, 26; GC 637; EW 34, 41), the saints will find protection in God."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, vol. 3, p. 745.

1—Faith in the Lord of Creation

1. What does the psalmist declare God to be for His people? Psalm 46:1, first part.

"Psalm 46 has been designated Luther's Psalm, because the great Reformer, who was accustomed to singing it in time of trouble, paraphrased it in his hymn, 'A Mighty Fortress,' No. 261 in *The Church Hymnal*. The psalm is a glorious hymn on the theme that, in the midst of the upheavals of nations, God's people are safe."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, vol. 3, pp. 743, 744.

2. What has God ever been to His people in the time of trouble? Verse 1, second part.

In every hour of trouble, when God's people have turned to Him, whether the Red Sea lay before them, or they were threatened with a burning fiery furnace or a den of lions, they have found Him to be always present.

"Oliver Cromwell, it is said, asked the people to sing this psalm, saying: 'That is a rare psalm for a Christian. God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. If

pope and Spaniard and devil set themselves against us, yet in the name of the Lord we shall destroy them. The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.' Psalm 46 was sung in Paris by the revolutionists of 1848; in India by the hard-pressed British in the Sepoy rebellion. It may be the hymn of God's people during the increasing perils of the last days."—*Ibid.*, p. 744.

3. Since God has never failed His people, how may we feel even in times of great physical danger? Verses 2, 3.

A comparison of these verses with the description of the events to take place on earth when Christ returns, as found in Revelation 6: 16, 17; 16:18-21, and the book *Early Writings*, pages 285-288, indicates that these verses are prophetic of the time of the end.

2—Faith in the Lord of Human History

4. To what place of joy and peace was the attention of the psalmist directed? Verse 4.

This would seem to be a reference to the river of life, first brought to view in the Garden of Eden, and seen again by the revelator proceeding out of the throne of God in the earth made new.

5. What is it that will give permanence to the city of God? Verse 5, first part.

Through the centuries cities of earth have risen and fallen. Gone are the once great cities of Thebes, Tyre, Nineveh, and Babylon. Even in the twentieth century it is possible to point to "ghost cities" which were once thriving centers of industry, but which now stand deserted. Such will not be the fate of the city of God. God is in the midst of her and she will not be moved.

6. When does God promise help for His children? Verse 5, second part.

The Hebrew words translated "right early" read literally "at the turning of the morning." The Christian's first thought on waking should be that God sustains, even as his last thought on going to sleep at night should be one of complete confidence. We have the promise, "Those that seek me early shall find me" (Prov. 8:17). Christ our example sought God in the early morning.

7. How has God manifested His power in the tumult of nations? Verse 6.

The heathen means "the nations." "The very earth seemed to melt or dissolve before him. Everything became still. The danger passed away at his command, and the raging world became calm. The Bible abounds in language of this kind, showing the absolute power of God, or his power to control all the raging elements on land and ocean by a word."—ALBERT BARNES, *Notes, Critical, Explanatory and Practical on the Book of Psalms*, vol. II, p. 43.

The raging of the wicked against the people of God has never ceased all down through the ages. Time and again, brutal crusades were proclaimed against the Waldenses, God's

church "in the wilderness," and time after time God delivered His faithful witnesses, "and that right early."

8. On what assurance may God's people base their faith in a sure deliverance to come? Verse 7.

"The Lord of Hosts.' 'The name first occurs in the mouth of Hannah, 1 Samuel 1:11, and is applied to God as the Great King whom all created powers, the armies both in heaven and in earth, obey. To this Name the Psalmist immediately subjoins another, 'the God of Jacob,' the covenant God of His people. Thus we are reminded . . . of the double prop on which our faith rests; the infinite power whereby He can subdue the universe unto Himself, and the fatherly love which He has revealed in His Word. Where these two are joined together, our faith may trample on all enemies.'"—J. J. STEWART PEROWNE, *The Book of Psalms*, vol. 1, p. 374.

3—Faith in the Lord of Eternal Peace

9. To strengthen his faith, what is God's child invited to contemplate? Verse 8.

This verse may have a double application. The student of history can plainly see the outworking of God's justice in His dealing with nations. From the day when He overthrew the impious efforts of the builders at Babel, and wiped the wicked cities of Sodom and Gomorrah from the earth, God has continued to intervene in the affairs of earth to bring about conditions favorable to His people. In a wider sense the children of God will be invited to see the total desolation of earth as it will appear during the millennium.

10. What will God bring to an end? Verse 9.

The dream of the nations today is for peace. It is the greatest longing of the peoples of earth. But man cannot banish war. Only the Prince of Peace can do that when He destroys the devil, the instigator of all strife.

11. What advice does God give to those who live in the midst of the strife and turmoil of a wicked world? Verse 10, first part.

"The first clause of this verse has been paraphrased: 'Hush! Cease your tumult and realize that I am God.' We talk too much and listen too little. We lack Christian poise and steadiness, because of our ceaseless busyness. Moses spent 40 years in the land of Midian (Acts 7:29, 30), Paul three years in the desert (Gal. 1:17, 18; AA 125-128), and Jesus 40 days in the wilderness (Matt. 4:1, 2), in preparation for the responsibilities of the divine call."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, vol. 3, p. 745.

12. What will be made clear to those who in stillness contemplate the actions of God? Verse 10, second part.

It is interesting to note that the tense used in this verse is future. Today it is man that is exalted in the earth, or perhaps it might be better to say who has exalted himself. The day is soon coming, spoken of by the prophet, when "the loftiness of man shall be bowed down, and the haughtiness of men shall be made low; and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day" (Isa. 2:17).

13. What reassuring words does the psalmist repeat at the close of his hymn? Verse 11.

The idea that God is with us—"Immanuel"—is very precious. We must not forget, however, that like all promises, this is conditional. "The Lord is with you, while ye be with him; and if ye seek him, he will be found of you; but if ye forsake him, he will forsake you" (2 Chron. 15:2). So long as we seek God, He will be with us.

What Is in This Lesson for Me?

The indications are that the time is not far distant when you and I, yes, all of us, are going to be in need of a refuge, a pres-

ent help in time of trouble. How can I be assured of a refuge when I need it most? What does it mean in Psalm 91:1 when it speaks of one who abides "under the shadow of the Almighty"? This is not an

occasional visit, but a daily experience. Am I abiding in Him day by day, or am I inclined to go into situations where I know I cannot have His blessing or His protection?

SENIOR—VIII—A Song of Utter Faith

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Psalm 46.

MEMORY VERSE: "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge." Psalm 46:7.

STUDY HELPS: *The Desire of Ages*, chapter 38, pages 359-362; *Education*, pages 260, 261; *The Ministry of Healing*, pages 51-58; *Steps to Christ*, chapter "Faith and Acceptance," *Prophets and Kings*, pages 201-203; *SDA Bible Commentary*, on Psalm 46.

AIM: To increase our faith in God's care by deepening our realization that God actually dwells with His believing child.

Introduction

Psalm 46 has been called "The Song of Songs of Faith." The psalm is a glorious hymn on the theme, so appropriate for us who live in the last days, that in the midst of earth's calamities and distress God's children are secure, for God is with us. As such it "will bring special comfort to the people of God in the time of trouble (see GC 639). In that fearful hour, when a mighty earthquake such as never was will convulse the earth; when the sun, moon, and stars will be shaken out of their courses; when the mountains will shake like a reed, and ragged rocks be scattered on every side; when the sea will be lashed into fury and the whole surface of the earth be broken up; when mountain chains will sink and islands disappear (Matt. 24:29, 30; Luke 21:25, 26; GC 637; EW 34, 41), the saints will find protection in God."—*S.D.A. Bible Commentary*, on Ps. 46:11.

The psalm has three stanzas practically equal in length, with refrain and Selah appropriately placed, depicting three scenes of commotion and encouraging the child of God to exercise faith in the ever-present Lord of hosts. A celebrated victory in the days of Jehoshaphat made it possible for the Israelites to sing Psalm 46 with understanding. *Prophets and Kings*, pages 201-203.

Faith in the Lord of Creation

1. Upon what basic truth does the psalmist's faith rest? Ps. 46:1, first part.

NOTE.—"The order of the words in the Hebrew places emphasis on the word 'God'—He, nothing else, is our refuge in the face of calamities of every sort. The statement really reads thus: 'God is for us refuge and strength,' the important thought being that God is on our side."—H. C. Leupold, *Exposition of the Psalms*, page 363.

2. What has God proved to be in the face of calamity? Verse 1, second part.

NOTE.—"If we encounter difficulties, and in Christ's strength overcome them; if we meet enemies, and in Christ's strength put them to flight; if we accept responsibilities, and in Christ's strength discharge them faithfully, we are gaining a precious

experience. We learn, as we could not otherwise have learned, that our Saviour is a present help in every time of need."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 34.

3. In view of God's reliability, what should be our attitude in times of extreme physical danger? Verses 2, 3.

NOTE.—"The convulsions of nature, the earthquake that throws the mountains into the sea, the roaring of the waves, the cataclysm of the tidal wave—these phenomena as well as any commotions and revolutions in the political world need not shake the one who trusts in God. Whatever may happen, God is a proved refuge."—*S.D.A. Bible Commentary*, on Ps. 46:2.

Selah. The word here marks the close of the first stanza; it appears again at the close of the second and third stanzas (verses 7, 11).

Faith in the Lord of Human History

4. In what figure does the psalmist describe the happiness of the faithful? Verse 4. Compare Ezek. 47:1-5; Joel 3:18; Zech. 14:8; Rev. 22:1.

NOTE.—"Our spiritual life must be daily revived by the stream that makes glad the city of our God."—*Testimonies*, vol. 8, p. 27.

5. What is the reason for the stability of the faithful? Ps. 46:5, first and second parts. Compare Isa. 12:6; Ps. 16:8.

6. When does God give help to His trusting children? Ps. 46:5, last part. Compare Lam. 3:22, 23; Ps. 3:1-6.

NOTE.—"The Hebrew words translated 'right early' read literally 'at the turning of the morning.'"

The Christian's first thought on waking should be that God sustains, even as his last thought on going to sleep at night should be one of complete confidence. This is working faith.

7. How has God manifested His power in the tumult of nations? Ps. 46:6.

NOTE.—"The heathen" means "the nations." "The very earth seemed to melt or dissolve before Him. Everything became still. The danger passed away at His command, and the raging world became calm. The Bible abounds in language of this kind, showing the absolute power of God, or His power to control all the raging elements on land and ocean by a word."—Albert Barnes, *Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, on the Book of Psalms*, vol. 2, p. 43. Compare the experience of the disciples on the stormy Sea of Galilee. Matt. 14:22-33.

8. What reason is again given for God's people remaining unmoved? Verse 7. Compare Ps. 23:4.

NOTE.—"The Lord of Hosts." "The name first occurs in the mouth of Hannah, 1 Sam. 1:11, and is applied to God as the Great King whom all created powers, the armies both in heaven and in earth, obey. To this name the psalmist immediately subjoins another, 'the God of Jacob,' the covenant God of His people. Thus we are reminded . . . of the double prop on which our faith rests: the infinite power whereby He can subdue the universe unto Himself, and the fatherly love which He has revealed in His Word. Where these two are joined together, our faith may trample on all enemies."—J. J. Stewart Perowne, *The Book of Psalms*, 1864 ed., vol. 1, p. 227.

The idea "The Lord of hosts is with us" is epitomized in the name Immanuel, "God with us" (Isa. 7:14; 8:8, 10).

This verse, sounding the keynote of the psalm, is the refrain to the second and third stanzas. See verse 11. It would not seem inappropriate to insert it also at the close of the first stanza, after verse 3.

"Comforted by this verse, John Wesley courageously met the approach of death. He quoted it the night before his decease, and was heard repeating its promise all through the night hours.

"Our strength lies not in self, nor in alliance with worldly power, but in God. Calvin said: 'That the faithful might learn that, without any aid from the world, the grace of God alone was sufficient for them. . . . Therefore, though the help of God may but trickle to us in slender streams, we should enjoy a deeper tranquillity than if all the power of the world were heaped up all at once for our help.'"—*S.D.A. Bible Commentary*, on Ps. 46:7.

Faith in the Lord of Eternal Peace

9. What testimony to God's power does the psalmist bear? Ps. 46:8.

10. What else is accomplished by God's power? Verse 9.

NOTE.—Here is a picture of complete victory. The field of battle is strewn with broken weapons and burned vehicles.

11. What advice does God give to those who are in the midst of tumult and catastrophe? Verse 10, first part. Compare 2 Chron. 20:17.

NOTE.—"The first clause of this verse has been paraphrased: 'Hush! Cease your tumult and realize that I am God.' We talk too much and listen too little. We lack Christian poise and steadiness, because of our ceaseless busyness. Moses spent forty years in the land of Midian (Acts 7:29, 30), Paul three years in the desert (Gal. 1:17, 18; AA 125-128), and Jesus forty days in the wilderness (Matt. 4:1, 2) in preparation for the responsibilities of the divine call."—*S.D.A. Bible Commentary*, on Ps. 46:10.

"When every other voice is hushed, and in quietness we wait before Him, the silence of the soul makes more distinct the voice of God. He bids us, 'Be still, and know that I am God.' Ps. 46:10. Here alone can true rest be found. And this is the effectual preparation for all who labor for God. Amid the hurrying throng, and the strain of life's intense activities, the soul that is thus refreshed will be surrounded with an atmosphere of light and peace. The life will breathe out fragrance, and will reveal a divine power that will reach men's hearts."—*The Desire of Ages*, page 363.

12. What else will be known by those who heed the advice to "be still"? Ps. 46:10, last part.

13. With what emphatic reassertion does the psalmist close this psalm of faith? Verse 11.

NOTE.—The idea that God is with us—"Immanuel"—is very precious. However, "the church militant should not play with the illusion of having 'God in the midst of her.' Immanuel is a motto of condemnation as well as of confidence. The psalmist waited for the day of the Lord. So also shall the Christian wait."—Samuel Terrien, *The Psalms and Their Meaning for Today*, page 76.

For Meditation

1. What can the realization of the meaning of "Immanuel" do for me in the common affairs of daily living?

2. How can I learn to hear God's voice above the noise and confusion of the 1960's?

3. What is the basis of a faith that delivers?

Counsel Clinic



Question *I am a high school senior. Every year the graduating class takes a trip which lasts about a week. The members of my class have decided to begin the trip on Saturday. Should I go?*

Counsel No.

Question *Please explain Exodus 20:5. I have been caring for a mongoloid baby, and a neighbor says that God punishes people by permitting them to have such babies. I don't think God would use a baby in that way just because of something the parents did. Am I wrong? Did Mrs. White give any counsel on this?*

Counsel Exodus 20:5 reads as follows in the Smith-Goodspeed translation: "For I, the Lord your God, am a jealous God, punishing children for the sins of their fathers, to the third or fourth generation of those who hate me, but showing grace to the thousandth generation of those who love me and keep my commands."*

There is no use trying to dodge the clear statement of this text. Sin does result in punishment, and some of that punishment is in this life. It is entirely another thing, however, to say a person who is suffering "is being punished." Sin does produce punishment which results in suffering.

This is not the same as saying that all suffering is punishment. Job suffered terribly, but it was a test, not a punishment. Jesus told the disciples that the man born blind suffered "neither for his own sin nor for that of his parents, but to let what God can do be illustrated in his case" (John 9:3, Goodspeed).

Our loving heavenly Father does not intend that innocent babies should suffer because of something the parent has done. On the other hand, in order that we should be free to love Him, God made us free to rebel against Him. I am sure God's heart is broken over mongoloid children. Whether it was their parents' sin which caused this I cannot say, but it is a pretty safe guess

that no one else can be sure about it either, including your neighbor. It is rebellion against God which has produced such imperfections. When sin is destroyed such things will happen no more. Read *The Ministry of Healing*, page 221.

We can be sure, however, that someone who takes care of such a child in love, making the sacrifices necessary to make his or her life as pleasant as possible, is doing something of which Jesus would approve. Perhaps this child has been given to "let what God can do be illustrated" to your neighbors.

Counsel The statement in Exodus 20:5 relative to the visiting of the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation is true in this sense, that the evil deeds of the fathers, even in the natural course of events, bring suffering upon the children, even to subsequent generations. Certain loathsome chronic diseases are brought upon children as a natural consequence of the actions of the parents, in which these children have no part.

In other ways the ill-advised, selfish, or reckless course of the father may result in poverty or slavery to his children, or children's children. Whether this is the principle referred to in this text or not, we have no way of knowing.

It is very certain, however, that God does not call upon innocent children to pay for sins in which they had no part. How can we know this? The Jews believed that every evil which came upon them was a punishment from God because of their own sins, or those of their parents.

In Luke 13:1-5 Christ points out that this idea of physical suffering being the immediate and direct visitation of God's wrath because of sin in the current or the previous generation was quite false.

Then again in John 9, the disciples, laboring under this same misconception, asked the Master, "Who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?" The Master refuted the concept their question implied.

We cannot believe that a loving Father would inflict the cruel punishment of a loathsome disease or a blighting of the mentality on an innocent child for some sin or wickedness in which he had no part.

These conditions are the outworking of natural laws, some of which we do not yet understand.

Counsel There is no simple answer to the query concerning the problem of human suffering in the world. Certainly God is love, and none of the misery, illness, decay, and death in the world can be attributed to that love. All the inequities of our human existence can be traced ultimately only to sin and the master mind of evil whose destructive work began in heaven and will not cease until that evil one himself is destroyed.

In the case of the mongoloid baby for whom you are caring, you may be assured God had nothing to do with it, nor does He hold the parents responsible. The ancient idea that affliction was a punishment for sin is disproved in the story of Job, whom God called perfect (see Ps. 87:6; Luke 12:47, 48; John 15:22; Acts 17:30; 2 Cor. 8:12).

In interpreting Exodus 20:5 we must remember that certain natural results are to be expected from dissipation, profligacy, and vice. In this sense the text would read "the iniquities." God does not initiate them, and seldom does He prevent them, for He has the lesson of the terrible results of sin to teach unfallen worlds. But to the faithful in heart, even to the parents of afflicted children, He has promised to be gracious in restoring them whole in a beautiful world made new and free from suffering and the effects of evil.

May I suggest that you send to your Book and Bible House for Heubach's *Problem of Human Suffering* that reviews the whole matter in small compass. It is only 15 cents.

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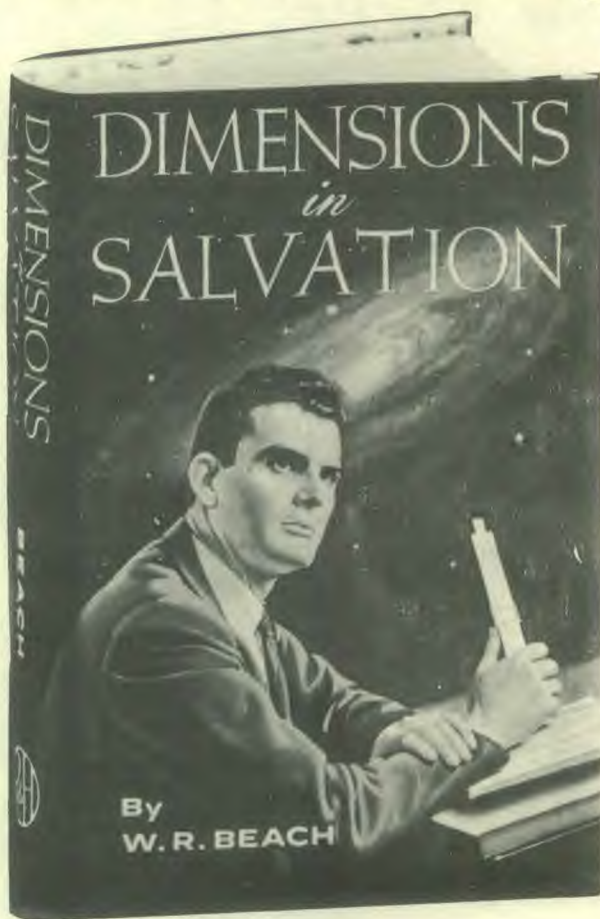
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► In Japan, Akita dogs have a status usually reserved for public monuments and masterworks. A champion is declared a "national art treasure" and made a ward of the government. The prize-winning canine cannot be taken out of the country. The dogs, which weigh 100 pounds and look something like arctic sledge dogs, were rarely seen in the United States prior to World War II, but some 600 of them are now registered here. Akitas are often used as seeing-eye dogs and in police and army work. Webbed feet make the dogs powerful swimmers for life-saving duty.

National Geographic Society

► By feeding a tiny radio transmitter to a dolphin, a University of California scientist has made the first recordings of body temperatures from inside a free-swimming marine animal. The experiment marks a significant step in the development of new techniques for bringing detailed physiological information from inside living creatures.

UCAL

► In a survey of more than 100 of the nation's technical schools and their deans, it was discovered that the majority of the science educators play musical instruments, indicating a tie between scientific interests and musical aptitudes.

AMC

► The Vietnamese revere poets as sages and saints. Many families have their own private poems passed down from father to children which are never published.

National Geographic Society

► The Hungarian Communist government has allocated \$44,000 for the restoration of the centuries-old historic Roman Catholic cathedral in Kalocsa, according to the Prague Radio.

The Arsenal

► Of the 100 million Americans who use the water for recreation, it has been estimated that more than 40 million would drown if they had to swim 50 feet to save their lives.

ANRC

► The hydrodaktypsychicharmonica was an eighteenth-century musical instrument, also known as a glasspiel. It was played by rubbing the rims of glasses with wet fingers. Mozart wrote an adagio for the glass harmonica.

National Geographic Society

► Seat belts were first patented in the United States in 1885, to be used to secure passengers in carriages. They became standard for racing cars in the 1920's, and were offered by one 1950 passenger car, but failed to catch on. Sales of seat belts in 1963 were an estimated 14 million.

MLPFS

► There were 511 persons from the field of medicine among the 1,700 refugees who were occupied in some branch of learning when they came from the Soviet Zone of Germany to West Germany during the past six years. It is reported that nearly one third of the refugee-scholars were professors or lecturers at universities.

AMA

► Staffed by professional librarians from all over the country, and occupying 10,000 square feet of floor space, a unique computer-equipped reference library is one of the outstanding features of the United States Government exhibit at the New York World's Fair. The information center, known as "Library/USA," concentrates on the 76 broad subject areas of the Federal Pavilion's "Challenge to Greatness," exhibit. Some 2,000 standard reference books are supplemented by an electronic information-retrieval system.

ALA



Radarscope

Key to source abbreviations published January 14, 1964.

► With the rising waters of Egypt's Aswan High Dam changing the picture of the Nile Valley, many governments are contributing funds and technical assistance to preserve historic monuments. One of these is the mammoth shrine of Abu Simbil, built 3,200 years ago out of a rocky cliffside for the god-king Pharaoh Rameses II. Artisans will dismantle the huge temple, stone by stone, and rebuild it on a desert plateau overlooking the present site. The project will cost \$33 million to \$39 million; the United States will pay about one third.

National Geographic Society

► Keep America Beautiful, Inc., was established in 1953 to combat the nation's litter problem. Litter cleanup costs taxpayers \$500 million a year; urban communities spend \$300 million of that amount for cleaning streets; \$100 million is spent on highways; and litter-caused fires cost more than \$22 million.

Ford Times

► Ships passing through Panama Canal locks are towed by electric mules, locomotive engines running on rails atop the lock walls. Towing or braking, the engines never go more than two miles an hour, and are guided by signals from the ship's pilot.

National Geographic Society

► The traveler's check was first created in 1891 by J. C. Fargo, president of the American Express Company. A total of \$9,120 in traveler's checks was issued the first year. Since then the volume has risen steadily, reaching millions of dollars daily.

Smithsonian

► Pieces of teakwood beams 1,000 years old have been found in India in a good state of preservation. Teak has been used in India for 2,000 or more years.

National Geographic Society

► Tanganyika, with an area of 360,000 square miles, is a large but sparsely populated country. Its peoples number 9.5 million.

IDA

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