

The Youth's Instructor

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In the seventh of his series on the Holy Spirit, Joe Engelkemier gives consideration to

Surpassing the Incredible

[Sabbath School Lessons for February 20]



The Youth's Instructor

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

Its pages reflect an expanding objective from 1852 to 1965. First it was essentially a vehicle for providing youth Sabbath school lessons. Now it also provides many added services for a generation that should witness the literal return of Jesus and the restoration of a sinful world to the universe of God.

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THE SINKING

THE EXPLOSION awakened me from a half-awake condition. I made an effort to arouse my senses to meet some emergency that had befallen the ship. Suddenly I realized my foolishness in retiring to the bunk and cabin with such danger impending.

About an hour before my watch as radio officer was completed at midnight I had listened to the staccato sounds over the air of a ship delivering its last message. It had been torpedoed, and by now was plunging to the ocean floor.

"Is this really the position of the torpedoed ship? Why, that's barely 20 miles away!" the alarmed messenger explained as he took the message from me. The repeat message was being relayed by the shore station.

"Yes," I replied, "no question about the position." He rushed the message to the bridge.

Within an hour our turn had come. A torpedo hit us and wrenched a gaping hole in the ship. A torrent of water began flooding the engine room.

Then a fellow junior officer entered the cabin, and with forced nonchalance announced that the ship had been torpedoed. I already knew it. No routine gun firing would make an explosion like that. The huge vessel had been lifted and shaken as a rat might be shaken by a dog.

I was stunned, and traces of panic ran through my mind. I grabbed clothes as I could find them, choosing older clothes "just for the lifeboats," while I left my smartest uniform to sink with the ship. Panic produces some foolish reactions.

Swiftly attired, complete with lifebelt, I made my way to the radio room. But my dexterity had not brought me to my post of duty before further calamities had befallen, portending graver danger to all aboard. First, the regular thump! thump! of the engines was stilled. Water quickly choked movement of the generators, and their wailing to a standstill was accompanied by the dimming of every light in the ship. Now all was darkness, except for the occasional flash of a flashlight; and silence, except for the ringing shouts of men giving orders and others answering them.

I encountered a man engaged in trying to light a few oil lamps that had been placed at strategic points around the ship. But someone had forgotten to replenish them with oil. Perhaps it was as well, for the vessel began to develop a strong list to starboard.

The radio room was humming with activity, and was lighted with a solitary bulb from a battery. The chief radio officer was tapping out a message on the emergency spark transmitter. Would the range be sufficient? We must be 350 miles from Ireland. Would Northern Ireland Radio hear? Of course, many ships would hear, but they dare not answer or relay a message in this danger area.

Yes, it was heard. The shore station to which I had listened an hour before and which had repeated the last distress signals was repeating the message that the huge ex-passenger liner *Laurentic* had been torpedoed. Whatever our fate, the admiralty would know.

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"A spray of water covered me. Hard upon the heels of this explosion of the second torpedo, I heard a scream from a boat."

OF THE LAURENTIC

by PETER L. PARKER

Help would be sent. But would they reach us in time?

A tall gaunt figure entered the doorway of our radio cabin. He seemed unperturbed and unhurried, but when our light shone upon his face, painfully harassed features were revealed. He had been called from retirement to command this ship at the beginning of the war.

"Is the message out?" he solemnly inquired. Upon receiving the affirmative reply, he with equal gravity announced, "Abandon ship!"

The message was taken up with authority by younger voices until word quickly spread among the ship's company of 400 men. (This premature command to abandon ship was later rewarded with official reproofs from the British Admiralty office.) The command simultaneously unmanned every gun on the ship from the anti-aircraft on the bridge and poop deck to the heavy-shell guns on the lower decks.

Some weapons were within range of submarines, one of which emerged from ocean depths. The shadow of its dark conning tower passed slowly by the stern, so close at one instance that it was impossible for our guns to be angled to destroy the enemy. Now it slithered once more out of sight.

Confusion seemed to make the abandoning of ship an unusually disorderly process. However, when I reached my lifeboat station I found the boat already lowered and more than half full. I stood on the deck watching men clamber down, and was fascinated by the pandemonium of voices ringing

throughout the decks. Many seemed intent only upon escaping. It seemed to me that we were fleeing at first strike, putting up no fight at all.

Suddenly I heard the voice of a young lieutenant, cheery and courageous above all the rest. His balanced commands won my admiration. He was taking the responsibility of expediting everyone safely to the lifeboats.

I remembered him so well—Sublieutenant Lawrence, R.N.V.R. I recalled that a few days before in the officers' lounge he had been cornered and ridiculed by another officer. Lawrence was a well-educated man. He was ribbed, I perceived, because of jealousy of his academic advantage. I wondered where Lawrence's opponent was at this time. Was he acting as bravely?

Lawrence grabbed my arm with a "You're next, man; get down the ladder." I obeyed, and from the upturned faces in the boat below, I thought I must be the last man in our boat. The starboard decks were almost deserted by this time.

As I clambered about halfway down the tall steel sides the next calamity occurred—an explosion in the water below, but to the left. Looking down, I saw a brilliant bluish flash beneath the water at the ship's side. Simultaneously, the ship shook violently, and I grimly gripped the ladder.

A spray of water covered me. Hard upon the heels of this explosion of the second torpedo I heard a scream that came from a boat near the spot where the torpedo entered the ship. I could dimly discern the limp figure of a man

in the water. I concluded the scream had been his last, for I could see him no more.

Looking down to where our lifeboat was, I saw that the men had been able to hold it by the ropes, and I quickly clambered into it. Another man followed me. Next I heard the voice of Lieutenant Lawrence ringing out: "Cut the ropes. We can't loosen them from here." A sailor's knife performed the task, and with a push of the oars we were away.

We could not see around us except in murky shadows, as the moon had not risen to lighten the clouds. The sea was not choppy or rough, but a heavy swell made rowing difficult.

Shortly we heard a panic-stricken cry in the water from a man who had been stunned and had just regained consciousness. "Where am I? Where am I?" We were near enough to be able to proffer him an oar and haul him to safety in our boat, where he recovered.

Away from our ship cabins we soon discovered a lack among us—warm clothes. The September air 350 miles from Ireland was chilly. One man entering our boat from the engine room had picked up only his shirt and trousers. But by distributing clothes we were tolerably warm.

Presently a new danger developed. Another ship on the scene was keeping guns actively manned and was repeatedly shelling the target of supposed submarines. Some of their shells came so close to us that we ducked down in the boat as far as possible. By frantic rowing and careful steering we manip-

ulated our craft away from the line of firing, and we seemed safe for a while.

The *Laurentic* was only a shadow now, a silent wraith that an hour before had pulsed with life. She had carried thousands of passengers between Liverpool and New York, but now lay sinking slowly into the Atlantic Ocean.

The final act in the destruction of the *Laurentic*, however, was as dramatic as its first blow by the torpedo. An explosion resounded through the air, greater than that caused by another torpedo. Ship's officers calculated that the magazine had been hit. The ship's stern quickly heeled down into the water. For one grotesque moment her bow lifted into the air. In the next moment she went gurgling out of sight.

From all reliable reports, no one had been left on the ship by this time except one man, who had raided a store

of liquor as soon as the first torpedo struck and had become too stupefied to save himself. Even the captain with his young midshipman secretary escaped on a rubber dinghy.

The loss of 80 men out of our crew of 400 was principally through the torpedo explosions themselves and because one of our lifeboats drew alongside another ship during the night. The host ship to our survivors was targeted by the U-boats in the act of rescue, and a lifeboat full of men was blown up.

Dawn came, quiet, still. Nature seemed unaware of the tragedy of five ships sunk that night. Rays of light shone upon the water, revealing clearly the bobbing lifeboats on the sea's swell. The enemy was gone, and we had no doubt that rescue was on its way. It came in the form of angry little destroyers knifing through the waves and

generously dropping depth charges at any hint of enemy activity beneath the surface.

The H.M.S. *Achates* drew near our lifeboat, and a rope net was let down the side of the ship. The net rather than a ladder is used so as to make the least possible delay of the ship, for a still ship is a perfect target for the enemy.

The other men scrambled up to the deck so quickly that I soon found myself alone in the lifeboat looking for my cap. An officer's voice boomed over the side and arrested me in my foolish pursuit. As soon as one foot was on the net, the destroyer's engines roared; they seemed to have propelled the vessel to 25 knots before I reached the deck. Once more the *Achates*, racing ahead and zig-zagging, dropped its depth charges.

We reached the friendly port of Gourick, Scotland, in two days. The destroyers had been called away from protecting a convoy, and they resumed these duties with us aboard. Not until the danger zone was passed did they head for port.

It was after midnight when we survivors poured onto the shore and assembled in groups at the railway station. We were able to search for friends among the survivors. Shortly I heard a familiar voice. It was the voice I had heard on the deck summoning every man to safety while neglecting his own.

I must have looked foolish, but in that moment I lost all self-consciousness. Rushing to him with wet eyes, I grabbed his hand and shook it vigorously. "I'm so glad to see you!" I said again and again. "I admired so much your bravery and courage." His face shone at the compliment.

After this happy scene I was surprised to see one officer jeering at another. I had to eavesdrop, for it was clear the chiding officer intended to make himself heard.

"Fine officer you are!" he prodded. "Took the lifeboat with the motor, and left the rest of the men assigned to that boat to drown." I inadvertently stared at the accused man. With guilt and anger in his face he turned away from the tormenting accusation. I could not help despising him.

The whole experience was an unmasking of real character. It separated the courageous from the cowards, without reference to rank or gold braid. I was only 18, and the etching of the experience was deep. It was something like the sorting of the sheep and the goats in the great judgment day.

Best Dolly

by ROSELYN EDWARDS

THE PREBEDTIME rituals had been completed, and daddy carried pajama-clad Laura upstairs to her bedroom. But as soon as he started to tuck her in, she remembered one thing that had been overlooked.

"My dolly," she cried. "Where's Best Dolly?"

"I'll go get it," daddy offered. "We left it downstairs."

"I will go," Laura said. "I want to get Best Dolly." She wound her chubby arms around daddy's neck, so he picked her up again, and together they went back to find the doll.

"Best Dolly" didn't have any other name yet. I wondered whether the poor toy would last long enough to be formally named, with all of the affection it was getting.

It had looked all right when we first saw it. It wore a long white dress, and a fancy little bonnet covered its silky hair. It was a soft little doll, just the right size to fit into the small Christmas buggy, so we bought it. Laura fell in love with it the minute she opened the box.

Now its dress was spotted and stained. The ribbon of the bonnet strings had frayed away, and the bonnet was in the mending basket.

The once-silky hair was coarse and matted from much stroking and patting. The stuffing in the soft body had shifted, so that the head and arms hung at grotesque angles. In spite of countless washings, dolly's face seemed to be always dirty. But Laura's love for the pitiful toy remained a bright and shining thing in spite of the doll's loss of personal attractiveness.

They came back upstairs with Laura hugging Best Dolly triumphantly. Now Laura was ready to settle down in the bed, cuddling the doll tenderly and stroking its bedraggled hair. As she hugged the dolly to her, Laura's face wore an expression of perfect love and contentment. She nestled her cheek against the shaggy hair and began to let herself relax.

I looked down at my little daughter and her treasure, and I could almost feel the force of the love she was lavishing upon her toy.

"She's too young to let her affections be influenced by outward appearance," I said. "Someday she will learn to be more selective."

But should she be? Our heavenly Father's love is not influenced by outward appearance, for He looks on the heart.

Advance or Stagnation?

Pride Like a recent cat cover, the picture this week must convey its own story. The photographer's only description was "Pride." Viewers will have to decide whether Karl H. Bahr, of La Paz, Bolivia, was referring to man, or animal, or both.

Oregon "Your September 29 issue . . . raised the question about some of the material appearing in the INSTRUCTOR. If we cannot advertise in the INSTRUCTOR about good books for our young people where will we get this information before them? And for the new types of meatless chicken, if anyone does not want to read such material on the Sabbath, they do not have to, just because it is in the INSTRUCTOR." Elder H. J. PERKINS, Portland.

On High Seas "When we arrived on this boat September 26 part of our cabin luggage was several YOUTH'S INSTRUCTORS. Now we have only the one given us at the Monrovia church last Sabbath. This A.M. I sat down to finish reading it so I could pass it along. Many times previously I planned to thank you for this good paper, which I've enjoyed for more than forty years.

On High Seas "All of the passengers on this boat are missionaries. Only three of the eleven are SDA's, but we meet each morning when not in port, for A.M. devotions. One woman this week read a text on harmony. At the end, when opportunity was given for comments, I read the last few paragraphs of the article 'Harmony' in the March 17 issue, which was in my hand. Thank you, Mr. Beeler, for your inspiring article, and Dr. Saxon, for 'It's the Way You Eat,' and Eva Tuttle, 'A Lost Art.' Eva, if you wish a missionary pen pal write to me at A.C.W.A., Ilishan-Remo, Nigeria." HAZEL RILEY, Nigeria.

Ceylon "How much we enjoy THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR! The copies do not arrive in the 'mission lands' until the date is somewhat past current, but we are always delighted with each copy." Mrs. JOHN F. SIPKENS, Colombo.

Battleground "The warfare against self is the greatest battle that was ever fought."—3T 106.

The speed with which our world is increasing in knowledge may at times be unbelievable. No other generation has seen such movements or such changes. How can we relate to this age?

We recounted last month some of our impressions at the New York World's Fair. The square mile of Flushing Meadow contains a seemingly incomprehensible display of human knowledge and achievement. The accomplishments of education, industry, architecture, were ingrained upon our minds.

But, nagging insistently, came the question "From where?" The Fair's downbeat seemed to echo the theory of evolution—man's continuous upward progress. Such a theory is popular to the unregenerate mind. It doesn't talk about ugly words like *sin*, *disobedience*, *Fall*.

Seventh-day Adventists and many other Christians reject unequivocally this theory. We base our whole pattern of living upon the revelation of God to man through His Word. Man, created perfect in Eden, fell. His only hope was a divine Saviour. The sweetest story of all time has now been retold for almost two millenniums.

All this is well and good, we may say. We accept the Bible. We believe man was created in God's image. We believe Christ died to save us. But what can we do with the ever-increasing array of facts and theories that meet the inquiring mind in a modern world?

Dr. L. Nelson Bell, writing in *Christianity Today*, comes to grips with this problem. He answers, "Only the Holy Spirit can enable Christians to distinguish between scholarly advances with deepened spiritual insights, and unbelief and denial of truth couched in clever terms. There has never been a time when such perception was needed more than now."

His statement alludes to so-called enlightenment that is not advance. It denies the truths that have been tested over the centuries. It is a pseudo sophistication.

God does not lead us unmindful of the past. He is "the same yesterday, and to day, and for ever." Paul wrote, "If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed."

Thus we can be assured that "new light" cannot be sent by God if it contradicts the truths of Scripture. Dr. Bell points this out clearly: "In a game, both contestants must agree to the rules and abide by them. In maintaining Christian truth one *must* take his stand with the clear affirmations of the Scriptures and against those who would deny them."

To the intelligent and perceptive mind on today's Adventist campuses come many perplexities. Advance in thinking is essential. But the liar of Eden hasn't grown dumber through the centuries. On the unsuspecting he would palm off counterfeits that are not advance at all. They are only the shell, the pseudo sophistication. Unmasked, they are stagnation.

JJ

coming next week

- "ROCK RIVER"—"Have you seen a boy with a gray cap and jacket—and a red scarf around his neck?" Miss Jacobs had patiently chased boys off the ice all day, but this time— By Charlotte Jean Oliphant.
- "BREAKFAST SKIPPERS' DISEASE"—Jackson A. Saxon, M.D., writes about the typical complaints of chronic fatigue, weakness, nervousness, and inability to concentrate. They are associated with poor breakfast habits.

On Sand Vetch

and PEOPLE

by VIOLA M. NASH

SAND VETCH! That has a peculiar sound when you stop to think about it. If I didn't know it was a plant I might think it was a paint color. Or a game children play at the beach. Or an irritating, infinitesimal creature that gets down your neck or in the sandwiches at a picnic.

But of course I know it is a plant. I've always known that. I'm not really a farm girl, but I grew up in a big gray house on the last street of a small town, practically next door to the farms. From our back door we could see the sign that said "Village Limits, Unincorporated."

The house is still there—and the road and the sign. Follow the road,

and you come to the cemetery where generations of our family are buried. Next is the gravel pit and the sliding hill. Then the duck pond where in dimly remembered days I fished for sunfish and bluegills with my great-grandmother. And there, across the road, is the winding drive that leads to the big white house where grandpa brought grandma as his bride and lived with her until he was carried off to the cemetery fifty-seven years later.

It was in the big, old-fashioned kitchen of that house, sitting on the knee of my grandfather—who sat in his captain's chair at the end of the table—that I learned about sand vetch.

Grandpa might be talking with my uncles, or maybe a neighbor.

"I hear the Morris place is for sale," somebody would say.

"How much they asking?"

"I dunno. I didn't ask. I wouldn't have it if they gave it to me. Won't grow nothin' but sand vetch and mullein."

So there you have it. Sand vetch—good for nothing. Well, it must be. Nobody wanted a farm that would grow it. And that's what I went on believing for more than twenty years.

Now I've changed my mind.

The summer came when the rain stopped earlier than in most years. The sun was hotter and the wind was drier. Plants of all kinds wilted and died. I watched the sand vetch we had planted on the bare knob of the hill next to the lane. It kept growing. It had every reason to quit. If it had been people it probably would have. But it didn't know better, and it kept growing.

My scorn turned to admiration as I watched. We had put it in the least desirable spot on our whole place. We gave it no help or encouragement. I can just hear people in that situation, can't you?

"What's the use? Nobody cares about me. Stick me away off here and expect

me to do a job!" Sounds like some people I know when they are asked to sit on the back row in the choir or teach in the cradle roll.

After a while even the weeds began to die. Maybe the vetch wasn't feeling so good, but nobody could tell it. It kept on growing. More than that, it made progress. The wind that was killing other plants carried the specks of seeds from the courageous vetch plants, and the spots left vacant soon displayed feathery green stems and then purple blooms. Before frost came those plants had infiltrated the garden, put down roots in bedraggled flower beds, encircled the house, jumped the driveway, and dipped their tips in the creek.

When spring came again the garden was a solid patch of sand vetch.

"Say," the man said when he came to plow, "you've got a good stand of vetch there. That was a smart thing to do, planting that in the garden. Best fertilizer you can get."

"Didn't plant it," I said. "It spread from the hill."

I bent down and pulled a handful. "Thank you," I said to the unknowing plants. "Thank you for seeing what needed to be done without being told. That's like my favorite kind of people."

Now I wait for spring and watch for the sand vetch to reappear. Once I see the stout green stems and delicate leaves I know that before long the bare, gravelly hill will have a crown of blossoms. Those blossoms remind me of housewives who sing while doing the dishes and small boys who whistle while they hoe corn. It's something extra that makes the world a kinder, brighter place.

Not all the jobs in the world are fun or exciting or glamorous. But those deep-purple flowers on that uninviting hill always remind me that there is joy in doing the Master's bidding, no matter what or where it may be.

SUPPOSE you are in college. One day during chapel a school official interrupts the program to announce that the head of the United Nations is on campus and will shortly be in to say a few words of greeting, and will then be taken on a tour of your school. What would be your reaction if during the tour he was shown into your dormitory room, and if he visited some of your classes and took note of the assignments you had prepared? And what would you think if you learned that one object of his visit was to get acquainted with you and to assure you of his interest in your studies?

It would be incredible, you say? Then consider something even more awesome.

In our minds let's go back across the decades to a student assembly in the Avondale School, in Australia. Ellen G. White is speaking: "We need to realize that the Holy Spirit, who is as much a person as God is a person, is walking through these grounds,"¹ she declares.

A visit by a head of state to a Seventh-day Adventist campus may sound incredible. But through the halls and shops and classrooms and dormitories of the Avondale School walked one of the members of the Godhead. Does not this surpass the incredible?

I don't know to what extent this declaration impressed the students. I don't know whether realization of this fact changed anything in their classrooms and in their work habits and in their sleeping quarters. Perhaps some of them shrugged the thought off altogether. Some were probably troubled at the thought. At least some must have greeted the announcement with awe and joy.

But what a thought for a student body to ponder—the Holy Spirit, one of the three greatest Beings in the universe, walking through the grounds of a school campus!

On November 12, 1962, Congressman H. Allen Smith visited Glendale Academy and spoke to the student body. Then on January 6, 1964, California State Assemblyman Howard J. Thelin was a guest on our campus, also addressing the student body. We were deeply impressed by the visit of these distinguished guests, and grateful that they would take the time to show their interest in our school.

We would have been even more impressed by the visit of a king or a president. How awesome, then, is the thought that the One who is with the Father and the Son in running the uni-

Surpassing the INCREIBLE

by JOE ENGELKEMIER

verse—a realm of thousands of billions of milky ways—walks through the grounds of a school campus.

Why did He come to Avondale? Why does He visit your campus? Because "the Holy Spirit loves to address the youth."² His eyes run to and fro throughout the whole earth, yes, and across a school campus, "to shew himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward him."³

It must be that the Holy Spirit delights in young people.

Sometimes as teachers we can understand a little of how He must feel. Especially after teaching for years on the same campus, you get to know people pretty well. You find delight in the atmosphere of a school, and most of all, in its students. Friendships, classes, activities, weeks of devotion, hikes, seminar trips, ski trips—what a panorama crosses your memory when you sit back and reflect for a few moments. One enjoys it all—because of the lives that touch your life and leave treasure in your heart.

How much more must the Holy Spirit find pleasure in being on a school campus!

Should we not also find delight in Him?

In days of old a veteran teacher was being transferred. "Ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken away,"

was his statement to the valedictorian.

"I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me," the young man replied.

The request was granted. Thus it was no accident that when the young graduate, Elisha, began teaching in the schools of the prophets himself, "his words of instruction . . . were confirmed by the deep movings of the Holy Spirit."⁴

Today, located over all the earth, the Seventh-day Adventist Church has 397 colleges and academies, and 4,677 elementary schools—a total of 5,074 modern "schools of the prophets." More than 340,000 students are enrolled, taught by 13,897 teachers.⁵

Should not each student, like the youthful Elisha, earnestly desire a double portion of the Spirit of God? And should not the words of each instructor be confirmed by "the deep movings of the Holy Spirit"?

For, remember, "the Holy Spirit loves to address the youth."

What can a student body and faculty do to make the Spirit of God welcome upon a campus?

First, we must recognize our need of Him. Training of the head is not enough. Learning a vocation is not enough. If as a student your first goal is the ability to go out and earn big money the Holy Spirit can be of little

help to you. You have no room for Him. Your first goal must be a converted heart, a changed way of life, so that you value the heavenly things above the earthly.

Somehow we must all come to recognize that without the help of the Holy Spirit all our plans to accomplish great things for ourselves—or even for God—will be dismal failures. Writes the servant of God, “If divine power does not combine with human effort, I would not give a straw for all that the greatest man could do.”⁸

Second, we must put away the sins we have cherished. Suppose a student has hidden under his mattress the kind of literature that he would be ashamed for his mom or dad to see. How can he possibly expect the Spirit of God to feel welcome in his room? Or if a student cheats on a quiz, how can he kneel and invite the Spirit’s guidance?

“Grieve not the holy Spirit of God,” urges Paul.⁷ Cherished sin does exactly that, not because the Holy Spirit is easily offended, but because we so harden our perceptive powers that we can no longer respond, and He withdraws.

A third requirement for His presence is dedication to that which is the purpose of all Seventh-day Adventist schools—helping take the gospel to all the world. We may not all be training for denominational employment, but we are all appointed to be ambassadors of heaven, so that whatever our vocation, part of our responsibility is to share our faith.

After all, by both creation and redemption, we belong to God. He made us, and then He redeemed us. All we are or ever can be belongs to Him. Then “let us not refuse Him that which, though it cannot be given without merit, cannot be denied without ruin. He asks for a whole heart; give it to Him; it is His, both by creation and by redemption. He asks for your intellect; give it to Him; it is His. He asks for your money; give it to Him; it is His. . . . He asks us to be absolutely and completely for Him in this world as He is for us in the presence of God.”⁸

L. R. Callender relates the story of such dedication on the part of a young woman at Pacific Union College. It was the Week of Sacrifice, and at the close of the week, during a Friday evening meeting, the college girls in the dormitories handed in sealed envelopes containing their offerings.

Some of the girls had forgone personal needs in order to contribute to

the \$900 that was given. Some were not able to give at all, and in one envelope was this simple note: “I do not have money, but I am preparing myself for service in some foreign mission. The best I can do is to give my life as a sacrifice. I hope it will help.”⁹

Such a gift the Holy Spirit delights to accept.

In return, He bestows priceless gifts, both for time and for eternity.

He makes the Bible become a living book. Under His influence “the promises spoken by the great Teacher will captivate the senses and animate the soul with a spiritual power that is divine. There will grow in the fruitful mind a familiarity with divine things that will be as a barricade against temptation.”¹⁰

This alone—“a barricade against temptation”—is of infinite value. As youth, temptation is one of our biggest problems. We succumb so often that either we develop an indifference toward sin or we become so discouraged that we quit and simply drift along.

Either reaction is disastrous. Indifference eventually becomes an almost impenetrable infidel hardihood.

Discouragement, on the other hand, may give way to self-loathing and even despair bordering on derangement. A 24-year-old convict at a Texas prison became so desperate that he blinded himself with a hypodermic syringe so that he would not be tempted to commit forgery again. A former high school honor student, he was serving his sixth sentence for forgery in nine years. He was quoted as saying, “I would rather ruin myself for life than ever be confronted again with the temptation to do more forgeries and bring more disgrace and sorrow to my family.”

How much better to meet temptation with a consciousness of the strength and power available through the Holy Spirit. Like Jesus, we can be “fitted for the conflict by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.”¹¹ Like Him, we can repulse the enemy with “It is written.”¹²

The Holy Spirit will “enlighten the mind and enlarge the comprehension.”¹³ He will help us to see issues clearly, for “God is light.”¹⁴

One December morning in 1963, as Sacramento, California, was entering its fifth day of cold, chilling fog, the weather forecaster waxed poetic about the situation. “The day dawns dark, dreary, dismal, dank, and drizzly,” he gloomily reported.¹⁵

His words unwittingly described the condition of the natural mind—biased, prejudiced, and shrouded by dense fogs

of selfishness and sin. The light of the Holy Spirit changes all this. Under His influence fog is dispelled, one’s discernment becomes more penetrative, one’s judgment better balanced.

The Scriptures suggest, “Anoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayest see.”¹⁶ This eyesalve is defined as “spiritual discernment.”¹⁷ It is the wisdom and grace imparted by the Holy Spirit which “enables us to discern between the evil and the good, and to detect sin under any guise.”¹⁸

Besides imparting spiritual discernment, the Holy Spirit strengthens the intellect, for “the Spirit of God, received into the soul, will quicken all its faculties.”¹⁹

The Holy Spirit is, in fact, the secret of attaining maximum intellectual efficiency. “As in the case of Daniel, in exact proportion as the spiritual character is developed, the intellectual capabilities are increased.”²⁰

One time I talked with a student who was concerned because as far as she knew she had no special talents with which to serve God. I pointed out to her that her greatest talent was the deeply spiritual nature and wonderful personality which God had given her, and then the next day as she was leaving class I handed her a card upon which I had copied this passage: “Your success is in your simplicity. . . . ‘Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord.’”

Later I learned that she placed this card on her bedroom mirror, where she would be reminded of it daily. I am confident that in the kingdom, when all the outworkings of influence can be traced, her achievements will excel.

That one of the members of the Godhead will be a guest upon your campus surpasses the incredible. But in view of His delight in young people, and in view of what He can do for them, should we not make Him more than just a guest? Should we not cherish His presence every moment of every day?

Next Week: The Devouring Desert

¹ *Evangelism*, p. 616.

² *Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 132.

³ 2 Chron. 16:9.

⁴ *Prophecy and Kings*, p. 240.

⁵ 1963 Statistical Report.

⁶ Ellen G. White, *Review and Herald*, Feb. 18, 1890, p. 98.

⁷ Eph. 4:30.

⁸ *The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 566.

⁹ L. R. Callender, “The Greatest Gift of All,” *Review and Herald*, April 6, 1961, p. 23.

¹⁰ *Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 132.

¹¹ *The Desire of Ages*, p. 123.

¹² Matt. 4:4.

¹³ *The Desire of Ages*, p. 379.

¹⁴ 1 John 1:5.

¹⁵ *Sacramento Bee*, December 16, 1963, p. A4.

¹⁶ Rev. 3:18.

¹⁷ *Selected Messages*, book 1, p. 358.

¹⁸ *Testimonies*, vol. 4, p. 88.

¹⁹ *The Desire of Ages*, p. 251.

²⁰ *The SDA Bible Commentary*, Ellen G. White Comments, on Dan. 1:20, p. 1168.



My Entrance Into LIGHT

by MARY R. WILLETTS

PART FIVE

MY FIRST semester at San Jose State College was attended with a spirit of exhilaration. There was wonderful freedom of movement. Among other things, now I did not have to concern myself with the fact that if I should inadvertently happen to miss worship attendance for three times, my monthly leave privilege would be suspended. I had never opposed the moments of worship—but subsequent loss of privileges in connection with this sacred time, stirred up feelings of resentment within me.

What I did not realize was that lifetime habits were being formed at La Sierra. Some people, if left to their own discretion would probably seldom, if ever, attend the worship sessions. Therefore some measures of compulsion seemed to be justified.

At La Sierra it was my custom to forfeit breakfast, because I had never cared for the cocoa served, and did not like milk. Incredible as it may seem, that was the situation. Now, in my new

environment, everyone around me drank coffee. Wherever I went it was offered as a sign of hospitality. It wasn't long before I told myself that it really wasn't such a bad beverage. After all, as mother had pointed out, we had for years included it in our mealtime consumption, with no visible outward effects. Oh, my conscience told me that it was a false stimulant, not good for the nervous system, but I assured myself that I would not become addicted if I drank only a cup now and then. Before long, whenever it was offered, rather than explain why I should not drink it, I would accept. It was only a matter of time until my conscience ceased to rebuke me.

My Catholic friends, who were completely unenlightened regarding the unclean meats, often served them at their table. Although I could not now bring myself to participate freely of these foods, I did not offer any explanation. I, who had had a great deal of light on this subject, simply sat at their

table and never once gave a reason as to why they should not be eaten. Often, however, I wished I had the courage to tell them what I had learned. Unfortunately, I did not.

For some reason I could not slip into a feeling of complete complacency around my Catholic friends, even though I enjoyed my new freedom. I sensed a vast chasm between us. The beautiful truths that I had learned were yet in my heart. I told myself that I could keep these truths intact, safe and sound, without having to associate with the Adventists. A full awareness, however, had not yet convicted me with the truth that "righteousness hath no fellowship with unrighteousness."

The Bible continued to be my mainstay, yet I did not care to attend church, paradoxically enough. I felt that was not necessary. Sometimes I remembered the admonition found in the Bible not to forsake assembling together, but "exhorting one another: and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching," but I managed to stifle that thought, too.

Within a few weeks, because of this strange feeling, I had taken a room across the campus in a dormitory, and was no longer in living-room association with my Catholic friends. Here I felt quite at home.

Life at San Jose State College was like being in a constant whirl after the quiet atmosphere of La Sierra. Many of the thousands of students who attended San Jose State smoked without inhibition of any kind. A nonsmoker seemed to be an oddity. There were always wild parties in session somewhere in the college area. Thankfully, I could never bring myself to accept an invitation to join. My whole being shrank from the thought of participation in such gatherings.

It did not take a detective to discover the beer cans deposited at random in the college area, or to note the steady stream of chummy men and women filing in and out together from the little apartments that surrounded the college. Often the police were summoned to subdue a gathering, or investigate a complaint. The newspaper would carry an account of some of these escapades.

Not many months had passed when I found myself looking back at La Sierra College with appreciation. I remembered the wholesome air, literal and otherwise, that surrounded the

campus, the clean-cut deportment of the great majority of its students, the many godly instructors, the Friday night reverence, the Sabbath serenity. I had to admit to myself that the merits of this State college faded into insignificance when compared to the fullness of spirituality available at La Sierra. Even the instructors were radically different. Many times in the various classes that I took, mostly in the field of education, the professors would teach the facets of the theory of evolution.

Sometimes I wanted to shout, "But we are not descendants of monkeys. We were created by a living God." But I could only remain shocked and mute.

During my last semester, before graduation, I enrolled in a course entitled advanced creative writing. I felt that here was my opportunity to put on paper a few of my experiences connected with religion, for the course dealt strictly with creative writing. All papers were submitted in this class with a pen name, and only the instructor knew the identity of the writer. These papers were then placed in a designated folder and put into the college library. One of the course requirements was that each student in the class read all creative papers submitted by the other students who were taking this course, and then submit detailed criticisms.

One summer a few years before, while I was still in attendance at La Sierra, I had been given an opportunity to assist in the chaplain's office at the Glendale Sanitarium. While in this position I had an experience that somehow I now felt impelled to write about. This is what I wrote:

One day the telephone rang. The anxious voice of a nurse said, "Please have the chaplain come to room 27. The patient is very ill and needs someone from the chaplain's department." The chaplain was out, and since no one else was around, I found myself hurrying to that room.

I found the patient writhing in pain. Between breaths he blurted out that during his lifetime he had never felt the need of God. He repeated over and over, "I've been selfish, and oh, it is too late now. He could never forgive me. Too late—too late—" Anguish lined his face.

My Bible was in my hands. Having had no experience with the sick or the dying, I did not realize that I was looking into the agonized face of a dying man—that even now he stood on the brink of eternity.

With a bewildered simplicity I prayed for divine guidance. Immediately I felt an answer. Every word and action thereafter, it seemed, must have had divine origin. I turned the pages of the Bible and read to the man the account of the thief on the cross. It had not been too late for him. The man stopped his moaning and twisting. His eyes looked upward—a new look appeared. Peace covered his face. Was it a vision of the God whom he had neglected during his lifetime that he saw? I do not know. Only eternity will tell.

The next day I returned to his room. I stared at the empty bed. I felt a strange conviction. Perhaps someday we would meet again, standing before the throne of the Majesty who never finds it too late to forgive sinners.

Like a pack of vultures, all the student critics swooped to attack my paper. Here are the comments: "Pollyanna-ish, melodramatic, antagonizing, unfit subject matter, ineffective." I asked myself, "Is there not a single believer in the class?"

The instructor's comment was this (she held a Doctor's degree): "The notion of a death-bed conversion and redemption in the mind of most readers is melodramatic and stock-type. In other words, the situation itself is likely to antagonize many readers as unsuitable material for successful treatment.

"However, to me it seems that, short as 'Too Late?' is, it is presented with considerable vigor, directness, and power. The account seems to me to have striking sincerity, and I read it with the greatest interest. The incident is narrated with such straightforward candor that, despite the ordinarily melodramatic nature of the death-bed repentance, the reader is inclined to believe this one and to accept the scene as real. The sentence 'Peace covered his face' is an awkward statement, certainly; and in this sentence alone the work seemed to me to waver into unacceptable sentimentality."

After that, all papers submitted by me dealt with more "suitable subjects."

This experience shook the props under my feet. I realized with sadness that here in a senior college graduating class, the future master minds of society and industry had categorized the subject of God's plan of salvation in the stereotyped words, "Pollyanna-ish and melodramatic." Even the instructor had suggested it was unsuitable material for successful treatment.

With this came the realization that

to the world Adventists must indeed appear to be a "peculiar people." Also with this came the strong realization that La Sierra College was a learning institution of a highly superior nature—that God was its director. Clearly I saw the inferiority of spiritual famine that existed on the campus of which I was now a part. I told myself, however, that inasmuch as this was my last year before graduation, not much harm had been done. I would simply not allow this type of environment to alienate me from the truths I still loved.

Several months before graduation a significant turn of events came about. A young man—I'll call him Ralph—came into my life. He was the son of my valued Catholic friends who had strongly encouraged me to come to San Jose. Ralph was a young man of great integrity, honesty, respectability, and industriousness. As daily we became better acquainted with each other, I found that he possessed qualities that endeared him to me, and within a short time we knew that we had fallen in love with each other.

I fully realized that Ralph was Catholic. He was fully aware of the fact that I had become a Seventh-day Adventist, after having been born and reared as a Catholic. The subject of religion, however, was always tucked away in the background, and never came to the front until we had decided that we wanted to be married to each other. Ralph did not know the real reason for my exodus from La Sierra College and was completely unaware of my inner feelings regarding the subject.

Then came the moment when we had to discuss the matter of the marriage ceremony. Which church were we going to be married in? Ralph's church would not consider performing a marriage with a Protestant, much less a so-called heretic, and should he marry outside the church, as far as Catholic statistics were concerned the marriage would be null and void, unrecognized by the church. The church taught that when a Catholic married in this manner, he was "living in sin."

I was faced with a big decision.

Because Ralph and I had never discussed religion, I did not know his thoughts on the subject before us. Though I had severed my connection with the Adventist Church, the prospect of going back to the Catholic Church, even in name only, was unthinkable. How could I re-enter a dark world after having received God's glorious light? How could I be a hypocrite?

I did not disclose my thoughts to Ralph. I considered myself an Adventist at heart only, but did not tell him this. Yet I had to make a decision. I knew, too, that if I went to an Adventist minister with my problem, not only would he probably refuse to marry us but would likely try to dissuade me from marrying Ralph. "And yet," I told myself, "Ralph has all the qualities I want in a husband. He is the man I am going to marry."

Finally, expecting a bombshell, I said to Ralph, "Since I am not a Catholic any more, I could not possibly be married in a Catholic church. No priest would marry us. Besides, I would not want to be married in a Catholic church."

The bombshell did not come. He pondered. He was a man of few unnecessary words. At last he looked me squarely in the eye and said, "I am willing to be married outside the Catholic Church. In fact, we can go to Reno and be married if you like."

At this I breathed a heavy sigh of relief, for I knew the complications that could arise had he objected to my statement. But the idea of marriage outside a church was positively revolting to my way of thinking. One in Reno sounded sacrilegious! A solution crystallized in my mind, and I popped out with, "Why can't we be married in the little stone church?" It was a little church that looked like a view on a post card and was situated near Ralph's home. We had gone by it scores of times, and I had always admired the quaint all-stone exterior. Both of us knew it was a Protestant church, but we did not know which denomination. That did not seem to matter.

He brightened and replied, "Fine! Let's check into it tomorrow." The following day we searched out the pastor and discovered it was a Presbyterian church. The pastor was a fine man and was happy to perform our marriage, even though we were total strangers to him and his church.

Thus it was that Ralph, a Catholic, and myself, an Adventist at heart, were married by a Presbyterian clergyman, who asked no questions at all. Ralph's family and friends, politely, but with a feeling of strangeness, attended our wedding in a Protestant church. Most of the members of my family were back in the East and did not attend the ceremony.

After our marriage and after graduation I accepted a teaching position in a public school. I found myself daily comparing the Adventist schools, where

I had done student teaching, with the public schools, where the subject of a heavenly Father, a loving Redeemer, could never be mentioned. Sometimes I longed to blurt out the many wonderful Bible truths that I had learned, for they were still precious to me. I longed to direct the minds of my pupils to One who had designed the almost incredible plan of salvation. But, of course, I dared not.

At home the subject of religion was a silent one. I did not attend church, and now was beginning to sense a huge gulf between the fervency of my experience as a new convert and my present state. I know that the Spirit of God never ceased to strive with me. But I would never admit to myself that I had steered away from the true path by my

HOPE

by IRMA B. LIDNER

**Through despair and fear
One glowing hour
Threads a circuit clear
To high-voltage power.**

failure to associate with God's people. I told myself that always I would believe the Bible truths as they had been taught to me at La Sierra, and that, after all, was sufficient. I closed my eyes to the fact that the devil believes—and trembles. Conversion means growth, not stagnation. It also means that one must strive daily in the path of sanctification.

Later I was to learn this from the Spirit of Prophecy writings: "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. 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 love to hear the gospel preached, and therefore they think themselves Christians. . . . They will be as much surprised as was the unfaithful servant in the parable to hear the sentence, 'Take the talent from him.' Like the Jews, they mistake the enjoyment of their bless-

ings for the use they should make of them."¹

But at the time I was ignorant of this sentence to be imposed by our great and just God.

Then God blessed our marriage with a baby boy, and later with another little boy. I found it impractical to teach school, and found myself devoting twenty-four hours a day, it seemed, to the never-ending demands of motherhood. In my own fashion I tried to keep the Sabbath, which simply excluded any heavy labors on that day. I could not possibly receive the blessing of God as promised for that special day, because I had forfeited the privilege of worship with fellow believers.

Though now I seldom found time even to glance at the Bible that had been so precious to me, disturbing pangs would strike the very core of my being. Our marriage was a happy one. Ralph was a most considerate and kind husband and father, yet he was content to crest along on life's tide with no thought of working out his salvation. He was perfectly content with his Catholic teachings. Yet never did he voice interference with my way of religious thinking. The subject of religion was simply ignored.

But each day I sensed a void in my life. I, who had had the glorious light from God's throne penetrate through the chasm of darkness that had heretofore been my heritage, now had no time for God.

Time passed—time that can never be redeemed. One day when our boys were around three and five years of age I made a sudden decision. The decision came like a bolt out of the sky. I said to my husband, "The children are getting old enough now to attend church. All children need religious training. I would like to take them to the Seventh-day Adventist Sabbath school."

I waited for his answer. As I have said, my husband was a man of few words. He replied, "Yes, all children should have religious training. If you want to take them to your church, go ahead and take them."

I breathed a sigh of relief. As wonderful a man as I knew him to be, I expected at least some slight opposition to this suggestion to take the children to my church and not his.

I could only be thankful to my heavenly Father for the first victory on my trip back.

The light of God that has come across my path through heavenly di-

To page 21



by E
as told to M

FULL

WHEN I was six years old my mother took me to a performance of Ringling Brothers Circus. When I was eight I attended a Seventh-day Adventist service. Both experiences had a profound effect on my life.

"Attended" a service is using the term loosely. Actually, I had only sat on the steps of a tiny frame building a few blocks from our home in Lawrence, Kansas, and heard a sermon about the Sabbath.

When I rather excitedly reported at home that we should be going to church on Saturday instead of Sunday, my mother, a Presbyterian, told me to stay away from anyone who taught such outlandish things. When she found that I had been there again, she paddled me good and told me what she would do if I ever went back. She added that Adventists were "peculiar people" who didn't want other people "bothering them."

The threatened punishment was too great a hazard, and besides, I had another and more absorbing interest in life—acrobatics. Ever since I had watched those bespangled figures walking on spidery wires high above the heads of the crowd and flying from one trapeze to another, I was determined that someday I'd be up there myself.

I had strung wires back of the barn

and also constructed a trapeze of clothesline and a broomstick, which was hung over the haymow so that if I fell I wouldn't be hurt. To my delight I found that I had a natural sense of balance, and I practiced whenever I had a chance and for as long as possible. I moved the wire higher and higher as I gained confidence, and even added a balancing act as I stood on the wire.

We were poor, and my mother was a hard worker. For a time she did laundry for other people and then opened a boarding house, where she fed students from the university.

I had been born in Kentucky and had an older brother and sister, but my father died when I was quite young. After mother remarried I had a little half-brother and a half-sister whom I came to love dearly.

My mother was not a demonstrative person. What gestures and words of affection she was capable of went to the two younger children. I suppose she loved me, but she never showed it in any tangible way, even though I helped her faithfully by gathering wood for her laundry fires, delivered the bundles, and later helped with the endless chores of a boarding house.

She was determined that both her sons should be well educated but felt that school was wasted on girls. She thought nothing of keeping me home

from school whenever she felt like doing so. This was a real hardship for me, because I was eager for an education.

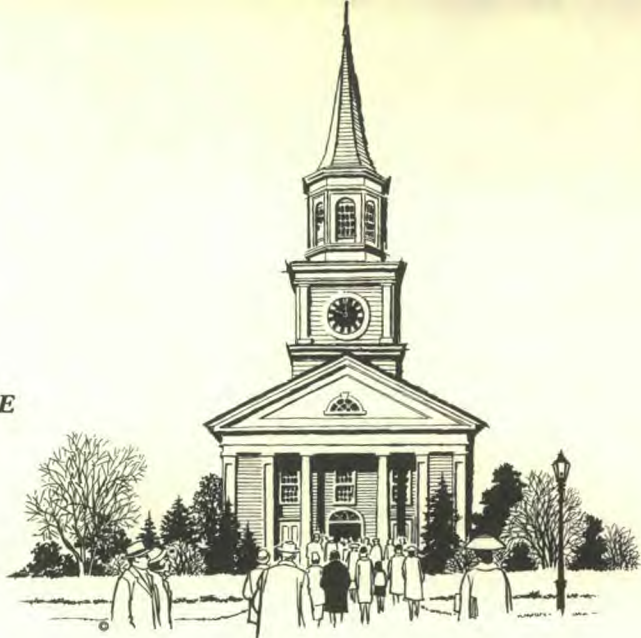
My teachers also were concerned about my irregularity. They made it possible for me to become a mother's helper in the home of a Professor Johnson, who was on the faculty of the university. The Johnsons were kind to me, and the affection of their little children fed my love-starved heart.

Mrs. Johnson taught me the fine art of good housekeeping and also the fundamentals of catering, so that I could go into that profession if I cared to. However, this happy situation lasted only a few years, and when I was fourteen years old the Johnsons moved away. Faced with the old pattern of hit-and-miss attendance at school, I decided to launch out on my own.

There was a company playing in Lawrence, and I saw in it the first step toward a circus career. It was made up of a number of different types of entertainers who traveled together, and was owned by a Louis Nichols. When I asked him for a job, his reaction was, "Why in the world would you want to work for a circus?"

Out tumbled the whole story of my unhappiness at home and the fact that I could walk a wire, balancing objects at the same time, and sing. This last was thrown in as an extra sales point,

HARRIS
RET GREENE



CIRCLE

because the visiting music teacher at school had said that my voice had remarkable volume and tone and showed real promise. I had always enjoyed singing for my own pleasure and listening to the echoes as I walked back through a park after delivering the laundry bundles.

Papa and Mamma Nichols, as everyone connected with the show called the owner and his wife, had been considering adding a girl singer to their company if they could find the right type. When he asked me to sing something for him I launched into the first song to enter my mind, "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree."

He smiled kindly and suggested that I go over to the hotel to see his wife. She was a very motherly person and asked whether I would like to be their little girl. They would talk it over and let me know in a few days.

I nearly burst with my secret as I went about my daily chores at home. I haunted the Nicholoses all week, and finally I was told to meet Mrs. Nichols in their compartment of the show train Sunday afternoon.

After I had finished the dinner dishes and had the kitchen spotless I slipped out the back way with my few personal belongings in a canvas telescope bag and made my way to the Sante Fe Rail-

road yards. I was glad the porter seated me on the side of the train away from the depot so that no one would see me and report that I was running away.

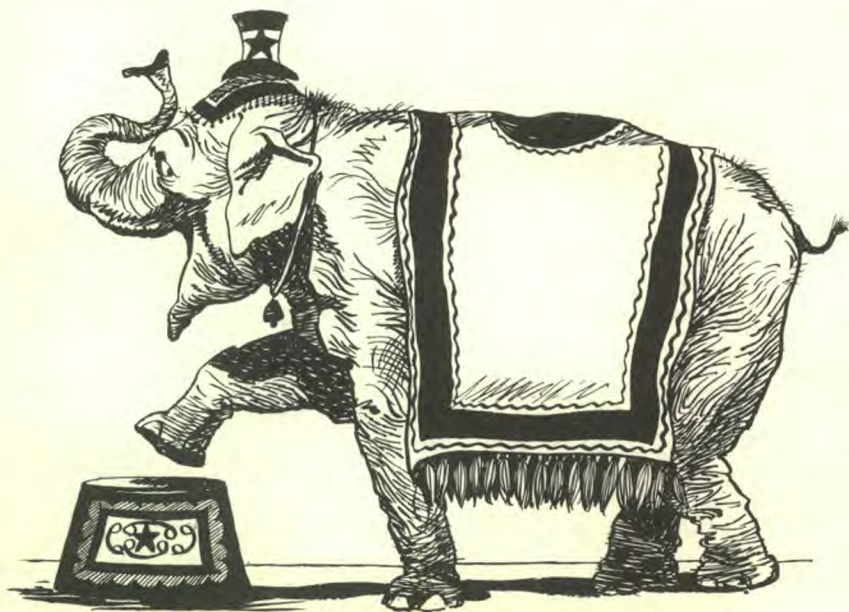
To my astonishment, several months later I learned that my mother had given consent for the Nicholoses to be my legal guardians, and while I was slipping away in greatest secrecy, the family was waiting on the front porch to bid me good-by. My older sister and her beau walked down to the depot to see me off, but didn't catch a glimpse of me!

The Nicholoses treated me like a daughter. They bought me suitable clothes and had a costume made for me to wear when, surrounded by flowers and pastoral scenes, I sang the words that were flashed on a screen. The dress was of pink lawn, made on modest lines, with a great deal of white lace and some ribbon bows. Later I sang from the top of a revolving globe as my skirt, made of 135 yards of white cheesecloth, swirled about my ankles.

They taught me how to project my voice, how to hold my hands as I sang, and other important points for a singer to know. The only musical instruction I had had was group singing in the classroom at school. Life with the Nicholoses was one I enjoyed, surrounded by their love and giving pleasure to all the people who came to each performance. Once, swamped by homesickness, I went back to Lawrence to see the family, but the cheerless greeting from my mother and the general drabness sent me back to the Nicholoses in a few days.

I still looked forward to the day when I could be up there among the high wires and trapezes. When the Nicholoses sold the show in order to retire I went with the one-ring Cole Brothers Circus, owned by Elmer Jones. I visited the Nicholoses in their retirement home whenever I was near Iowa.

As I advanced in the field of entertainment, going to larger circuses and always as a featured artist, I fulfilled my dearest wish and was perfectly at home introducing many new and thrilling details to my act. Surprisingly enough, I was the first circus performer in America to combine balancing with a slack-wire routine and plates spun simultaneously above my chin, nose, and forehead as I walked the wire—a far cry from those early days behind the barn.



The most spectacular part of my work was whirling my entire body in dizzying circles as I hung by my teeth. I used no net below me, and for eighteen years I never had an accident. Singing was always a part of my performance, and without a public-address system, my contralto voice carried to all parts of the three-ring circus tents.

I could never bring myself to wear the abbreviated costumes associated with entertainment, not even leotards, which one sees worn quite casually even in public these days. I made all my own dresses. When the act made it appropriate, I wore a military uniform with skirt.

In addition to my work as an aerialist I sometimes worked with elephants, and was reputed to have the fastest elephant act in any circus. Years later, when Ringling Brothers Circus played in a town about 20 miles from where I was living, I visited the animal tent. Three of my former elephants were there—faithful Modoc, Mary, and Babe—and they welcomed me excitedly, as happy as I was at the reunion.

Those who perform high above the tanbark of a circus tent must practice the most rigid self-discipline to maintain good health, steady nerves, and tranquillity of spirit. We rehearsed endlessly to keep at peak performance, because every movement is carefully timed and must be as much a part of us as breathing.

A great pianist is reported to have said, "If I neglect my practice one day, I feel it; two days and my family senses it; three days and my audience would be aware of a difference."

An abscessed tooth caused my first and most serious accident. When one is traveling from place to place there is no chance to have extensive dental care except in winter quarters or when the circus is in a large city for several days. I stood the pain as long as I could, and then had the harness maker (an important part of every circus) make an adjustment on the strap by which I swung myself in the climax of the act. It worked during the matinee, but during the evening performance I accidentally came down full force on that poor tooth, and for a fraction of a second relaxed my hold. It was enough to send me crashing to the ground.

The band swung into a new and lively number as is always done to distract attention from an accident, and I remembered reaching up painfully to push the whole front of my lower jaw back into place.

I was rushed to a hospital with both

shoulders broken, front and back, plus both arms and a number of ribs. There was no telling what internal injuries I had. Very little hope was held for me. However, I didn't despair, because I had unbounded confidence in my heavenly Father and in my own splendid constitution. As the bones knit I was completely paralyzed on one side. But even that cleared up, and in a surprisingly short time I was back again on my lofty perch. I never used a net, even after this experience, and I continued my "iron jaw" routine with as much confidence as before.

As I traveled back and forth across the country from ocean to ocean and even down into South America, I often thought of the little Adventist church back in Kansas. One Saturday morning the manager asked us all to be as quiet

as possible, because we were pitched adjoining a Seventh-day Adventist church. I was glad for the opportunity to slip next door for a service, and took several of my friends with me.

After thirty-two years under the big top I retired to a rural area far from the bright lights. My nearest neighbors, who lived at some distance, were named Shepherd, and they gave me religious literature and offered to help me if I ever needed any assistance.

Late one evening I heard a Voice of Prophecy broadcast, and sent for the free Bible course that was offered. Now I would know what Seventh-day Adventists believed and I wouldn't be "bothering" them. I was delighted with the things I learned, and filled out the lessons as fast as I received them. Imagine my surprise when one day Mrs. Shepherd came to see me, and she was carrying some of the very lessons I had mailed in.

"How in the world did you get hold of those?" I demanded to know, and she told me that she was one of the teachers who corrected Voice of Prophecy lessons. She was so happy over my interest in the message and the progress I was making that she couldn't wait to tell me.

That was the first I knew that the Shepherds were Seventh-day Adventists! I had come full circle, but a strange one, from that Saturday in Lawrence, Kansas, when I had sat on the steps of a little frame building and heard a sermon about the Sabbath. After I had completed the lessons and had some additional studies I was baptized.

People are inclined to look down on the men and women of the entertainment world as lacking in spiritual values. This is not necessarily so. Among my associates, who were the featured performers, almost all had deep spiritual beliefs. Oddly enough, many were members of one or the other of two large denominations with widely divergent teachings.

I am now assisting as a nurse aid in one of our denominational hospitals, because I love people and enjoy serving them. There is as big a thrill (although a vastly different one) in making a patient clean, comfortable, and happy as there was performing before vast crowds of people and all the glamour that went with it.

I think of every patient as a sacred trust from the God of heaven, who watched over me through a long and dangerous career until I could come to know and love the wonderful message of a soon-coming Saviour.

Wit Sharpeners

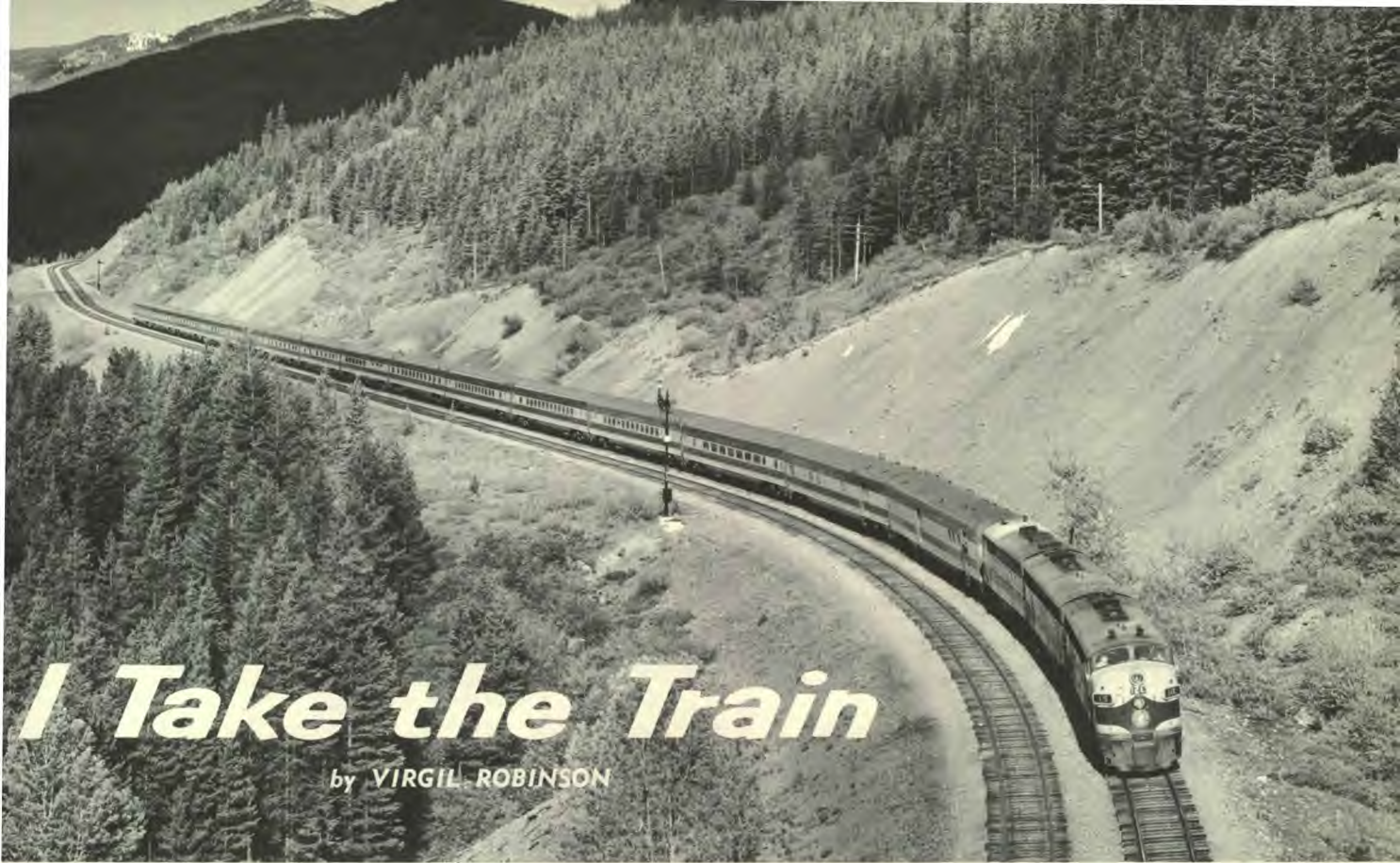
BIBLE ACROSTIC

by HELEN PETTIGREW

When you have filled in the blanks according to the definitions, arrange the letters according to their numbers. You will have a verse in the Bible, and the first letters of the words filled in will, when reading down, give the book from which the verse is taken.

- A. _ _ _ _ _
51 23 57 7 4 38 27
- B. _ _ _ _ _
47 53 33 28 35
- C. _ _ _ _ _
21 29 49 12
- D. _ _ _ _ _
31 11 8 32 59 37 61
- E. _ _ _ _ _
45 20 36 50 26 3 44 10
- F. _ _ _ _ _
60 24 14 58 42
- G. _ _ _ _ _
5 15 2 17 54
- H. _ _ _ _ _
55 46 25 56
- I. _ _ _ _ _
39 43 22 18
- J. _ _ _ _ _
1 41 52 9 40 48
- K. _ _ _ _ _
19 30 16
- L. _ _ _ _ _
34 6 13
- Father of Samuel
Husks (Matt. 3:12)
Young of the horse family
They rejected the counsel (Luke 7:30)
Elevates (Prov. 14:34)
David used it to slay Goliath (1 Sam. 17:40)
Son of Hammoleketh (1 Chron. 7:18)
One who shapes the tool mentioned in Psalm 74:5
Son of Noah (Gen. 5:32)
Dot (Matt. 5:18)
Old word for "antiquity"
Point of the compass (abbr.)

Key on page 19



I Take the Train

by VIRGIL ROBINSON

THE SUN went down and the stars came out over the little town of Davis, California. Far down the track appeared a single light, which gradually became brighter. The hoarse cry of the Diesel locomotive announced that the *Cascadian Limited* was slowing for a stop. Passengers, standing in the glare of the headlight, waited patiently as the train drew up. Platform doors opened. Porters stepped down to assist us.

"Your car, sir?" one of them asked as I stood wondering whether to go forward or back.

"Number 126."

"Two cars back, sir, just behind a club car."

Five minutes later I was located in my roomette, watching the lights of the village disappear. I was starting on the longest train journey of my life, one I had often dreamed of taking. Pulling out my ticket, I once more read the words: Davis, Seattle, Vancouver, Montreal, New York, and Washington. It was late February, and I anticipated seeing plenty of ice and snow.

Eighteen months before, I had talked with Dr. Alonzo Baker at Helderberg College. Even then I had told him of my dream trip.

"Going to go by train! Nobody travels that way any more."

"Do you fly everywhere you travel?"
"Sure enough. I haven't been on a train for years."

"Well, I think I see more from the train than you do from the air."

"Yes," replied Dr. Baker, "and I suppose you realize that you will probably be the only one in your car!"

Thinking of this conversation, I glanced out into the night, watching cars flash by on the highway paralleling the tracks. How correct had my friend been in his estimate? I left my seat and made a tour of the coach. Nearly every roomette was empty. Then, near the front of the car, I found another solitary passenger, my sole companion on Number 126. Dr. Baker had not been far wrong!

I next rang the bell for the porter.

"You can make up my bed now," I told him.

"All made up already, sir," he replied. "You just move this bar and the bed comes down, all ready to get into."

A few minutes later I was snug in bed. Lights out, I watched as the small towns of northern California flashed by. A few twinkling lights, a few neon signs, then darkness again. The bed was soft, the movement of the train gentle. It was easy to fall asleep. Two or three times I awoke and glanced out-

side. Once I saw a small sickle of a moon shining through tall dark pines on the snow beneath. We must be in the vicinity of Crater Lake, I thought. What a pity that one must travel through such beautiful scenery at night!

Early the next morning I saw that the mountains were gone, and we were traveling through more level country. But looking away to the northeast, I saw the first beams of the morning sun touching the pure-white summit of Mount Hood. And all during that Monday one mountain after another would arise in grandeur on the horizon—St. Helens, Rainier, Baker.

Before crossing the Columbia River we entered the city of Portland for an hour's stop. Our car was shifted, and it was as a Union Pacific train that we left the city, passing nearby docks where ocean steamers were tied while unloading cargoes from many lands. This train carried a vista dome car, and I hastened to avail myself of the opportunity to view the passing countryside from the glassed-in top of the car. All morning we crossed Washington, passing many beautiful homes built along the various bays of Puget Sound.

Half past one took us to Seattle for another hour's stop. I took this opportunity to replenish my larder—apples,

bananas, raisins, and a loaf of raisin bread. Yet another train awaited us when the gates opened, this time the *International Limited*, operated by the Great Northern. Much of the afternoon we wound around long arms of the bays that make this a land of water. White-winged boats skimmed along before a fresh breeze. The sun went down over Vancouver Island, and in darkness we pulled into Vancouver station.

"How do I get to the Canadian Pacific station?" I inquired of the conductor.

"Take a taxi, unless you feel like walking a mile and a half." Since my suitcase weighed nearly sixty pounds, I hailed a nearby cab. After a quick ride, we pulled up in front of an imposing building. Ignoring the redcap who rushed forward to seize my luggage, I trudged into the station.

Again the gates opened, and I walked down the platform until I reached car number 240, where I made myself comfortable in a tourist sleeper section. The car directly behind mine was another vista dome. Even before we left the station I was investigating its possibilities. I knew the following day would find us winding through the grandest part of the Canadian Rockies. I begrudged the hours that would be devoted to sleep. "If I wake early, will the dome be open?" I asked the chef in charge of the nearby coffee shop.

"Sure," he replied, "come as early as you like. Stay up there all night if you have a mind to."

As we moved out of the station soft music was relayed over the public-address system. Again I made my way to the vista dome, happy to find an unoccupied front seat. The dome was dark; the music continued. City lights gradually disappeared. Arms of the bay stretched on both sides of the track, with steamers tied up here and there.

At first the dome contained many passengers, who disappeared later in the evening. I found it hard to tear myself away from that magic place. Our powerful headlight pierced the darkness ahead, illuminating the track. It was thrilling to hear the whistle. I don't know how they have done it, and perhaps it was only my imagination, but somehow the Canadian Pacific whistles seemed very similar to those of the almost-forgotten steam engine.

Reluctantly I found my way to the berth that the porter had prepared for me.

The next day, Tuesday, was the high light of the trip. Early dawn found me again in my elevated perch, watch-

Solution

by MARY LOUISE CHEATHAM

How can a thing as shining as our love
Have ever let itself become involved
With petty irritations of the day
Where minor problems seem to go unsolved?

Sometimes I think about it in the night,
How, confidently, when our love was new,
You felt you had been guided finding me,
I felt I had been guided finding you.

I think about it in the dark, then smile.
His love is with us still for every need.
I think we must be very rich, we two,
To count our trifles problems—rich, indeed!

ing as we followed a winding river up into the mountains. Then we separated from it and followed a smaller stream. As we climbed ever higher, the outside air became colder. Snow patches began to be seen. The ice shelf from the bank reached farther out into the stream until it stretched right across in places where the current moved more slowly. Time after time we plunged into tunnels when there was no shelf between mountain and river along which the train could travel.

As the morning continued, the mountains became grander, the stream more insignificant. It was interesting to look ahead and wonder through which gap the train might find a way. Few trees were to be seen on the summits of the peaks, which were pure white as the snow line came ever lower. At length we reached a place where it seemed there was no possible route. Making straight for the center of the mountain, we plunged into the famous Connought Tunnel, five miles long.

As the train emerged from the tunnel the tiny stream still flowed faithfully beside the track, but its water could hardly be seen. Then the track leveled off, and we saw the stream no more. After a time we beheld a sign announcing that we had reached the Great Divide, the highest point on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Another stream had its source here, flowing not west, but east, its waters eventually to reach the frozen wastes of Hudson Bay.

The day was perfect, the sky cloud-

less. As the scenery became more magnificent, the vista dome car filled until not a vacant place could be found. The passengers talked freely with one another, pointing out the many places of interest. My companion on the front seat volunteered the information that he was on his way back to Africa as a missionary for the Assemblies of God Church. When I told him that I had spent twenty-five years in that land he was very interested, and we found many things in common to discuss.

By eleven o'clock snow was everywhere, and the outside temperature was steadily dropping. At the stations that appeared hourly, the train usually stopped for five or six minutes. Having a post card to mail, I stepped off the train at one of these stops. When I asked a station foreman what the temperature was, he informed me that it was fifteen below zero!

Turning, I noticed with a start that the train was moving! I hurried to the steps where I had left the train, only to find the door closed. Swinging myself to the next door, I pounded with all my might. The conductor was lowering the platform, having already closed the door. Fortunately he heard me, lifted the platform and opened the door. He had not observed my departure from the train. I was thankful not to have been left behind in such a chilly part of the world!

Now we began to see tracks in the snow, some large, some small. Many and varied were the speculations as to what had produced those tracks. Then,

rounding a curve, we were delighted to see seven elk walking together across the frozen river. During the next hour we beheld a solitary moose, he of the mighty antlers, standing watching our train. Some of my fellow passengers saw a group of Rocky Mountain sheep, but they escaped my eyes.

More rugged and wild became the mountains, their summits rearing up into the clear sky for ten thousand feet and more. Great cascades of ice were frozen to the cliffs as if arrested in the act of falling. Few cars were seen on the highways, many of which were closed by recent heavy snows.

By midafternoon we reached world-famous Banff in the heart of the Rockies, where we stopped for ten minutes. Cameras clicked on all sides. At the station stood a bus inviting passengers to visit the famous Banff Hotel, at the head of the valley about two miles away. Not many availed themselves of the opportunity. Few passengers lingered on the platform the full ten minutes. The subzero temperature drove them to the shelter of the warm train. Once again, moving east, we had to change our watches. This occurred three times on the journey across Canada. I wished that someone like Joshua of old could command the sun to stand still and lengthen this day of wonder and beauty.

Shortly after we left Banff the mountains suddenly diminished to foothills, and within three hours these had given way to flat prairies. Only by gazing backward to where the receding peaks were being bathed with the light of the setting sun could we reassure ourselves that they were real and still standing where God placed them long ago.

There was half an hour's stop at Calgary, home of some of the most renowned rodeos of the Canadian West. Night came on early in that northern clime. Orion seemed to travel along with the train. The mountains might be gone, but the snow seemed deeper than before.

Wednesday was the coldest day of the trip. In the morning it was impossible to see out of most of the car windows. The outer part was covered with the figures Jack Frost delights to make, and even on the inner pane one could scrape off a thin film of ice. As hot air from the locomotive entered the frigid air, it turned to such dense clouds of steam that at times the whole train was enveloped.

When I stepped off the train at Brandon I knew that this was a kind of air I had never experienced. It

seemed like a knife in the lungs. Glancing hastily at the thermometer, an additional shiver ran down my spine as I saw that it reported forty-two degrees below zero!

Near Winnipeg, enormous grain elevators were visible for miles. In fact, all across these prairie provinces we passed elevators. There was no sign of ground. It was hard to believe that under the snow blanket lay land that within a few months would be resplendent with hundreds of miles of living green wheat.

If Tuesday was the day of great

mountains, and Wednesday the day of great cold, then Thursday was the day of deep snow. One could not help admiring the grit of people living in towns and villages we passed through that day. Fence posts and fence lines were obliterated. Snow was piled up to the window levels. All about us cars were buried, gone into snowy hibernation for the winter. So deep was the snow under the telephone lines that if one stood on the icy surface, in many places he could have reached up and grasped the wires that normally would be twenty-five feet above the ground.

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"The Sabbath School Department indeed appreciates the funds which have come in for our world-wide mission investment program as a result of the Loma Linda label-saving plan, and we commend this worthy project to our people everywhere."

Over \$157,000.00 given to missions

Think of it! Labels and box tops that might have been burned and destroyed were saved and turned in for Sabbath School Investment and as a result the Loma Linda Food Company has paid over \$157,000.00 to assist the ever-expanding mission program. Remember, there will be more money for missions if you save Loma Linda labels.

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DOLLARS MEAN *Souls!*

QUALITY FOODS SINCE 1906

YOUR DENOMINATIONALLY OWNED FOOD COMPANY

We passed a little red schoolhouse. In the back yard boys had dug forts for themselves with high walls and loopholes for observing their opponents. In one of these lay a large pile of snowballs, waiting for the time of dismissal, when battle could be resumed. Here was Fido's house in the back yard, only the peak showing. Fido had no doubt long since taken refuge in the warm air of kitchen or barn.

Now I understood more fully what the pioneers meant when they referred to "a hard winter" or spoke of being "in the grip of winter." For truly winter had this world in its grasp. We passed miles and miles of lakes without being able to see a single drop of water. It was as if Nature had rolled out a great pie crust and then sprinkled the surface with finest white sugar or flour. Winter arrived, and Nature surrendered. Lakes and rivers were taken captive, not to be unshackled until the sun returned from his sojourn in the southland. Even the trees had hauled down their leaves like flags, in token of surrender. Yet beneath all that frozen desolation lay millions of seeds that would again spring up and clothe the world with beauty.

On Thursday morning we sped across the deserted woodlands of eastern Ontario, and entered Quebec. The sky still held its brilliant blue, and the sun continued its steady march across the southern sky. One rarely saw a road with a black surface, nearly all were white. In spite of that, I looked in vain for the old-fashioned sleigh pulled by horses in jingling harness. Not one did I see.

At half past six a brief stop in Ottawa was made, and a little after eight we entered the suburbs of Montreal, soon afterward arriving at the Windsor Street station. It was good to find that

the *Montreal Limited*, operated by the New York Central, departed from that station. Soon the gates were opened and the rush to the train began. Again I occupied a roomette. In half an hour we had crossed the great St. Lawrence River. I pulled down my bed and was nearly asleep when there came a knock at the door. It was the United States Immigration officer.

"Where were you born?" he asked.

"St. Helena, California."

"How long have you been in Canada?"

"Since Monday night."

"Very well," and he was on his way, making no request to see my passport, which was easily accessible.

On Friday morning we were running alongside the Hudson River, but little of the river could be seen. I thought the ice stretched from shore to shore until I saw a heavily laden barge being towed slowly along the middle of the stream. Then I saw a narrow strip of open water near the center of the river.

Down the valley we flashed, passing many historic places—Hyde Park, home and last resting place of Franklin D. Roosevelt; West Point, its gray walls rising on the western shore. Nearer New York we passed beneath a part of Sing Sing Prison. A glance at the timetable revealed that we were late, perhaps as much as forty minutes. My train for Washington, the *President*, was due to leave at eight o'clock. It was more than a mile from Grand Central down to the other depot. The train seemed to travel more and more slowly. Then like a mole hiding from the light of day, we plunged into the tunnel beneath busy, roaring New York City.

At fourteen minutes to eight I stepped off the train and made my

rush for the street. Throwing my bags into the nearest taxi, I asked the driver to rush to Penn station. Soon we were on Broadway. I looked in vain for the tons of ticker tape that had rained down on John Glenn the morning before. The street was clean; the sweepers had done a thorough house-cleaning job during the night.

Watching the time, I was dismayed as we seemed to be caught by red light after red light. At three minutes to eight we pulled up at the station. Handing the driver my fare, I seized my bags and rushed into the station. "To the Trains" read the sign, and I hastened along. Before me was the gate, and I virtually swam down the stairs as hundreds of commuters swarmed up on their way to work.

"Newark, Trenton, Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore, and Washington," sang out the conductor. Stepping onto the train, I dropped my bags and panted. Thirty seconds later the doors closed and the train began to move.

I stood up until we reached Newark, where many of the passengers got off. Outside were long rows of houses, many slums, with here and there a car graveyard. When we reached country areas the trees and bare earth seemed naked without that blanket of snow so beautifully laid in Canada. I could see that it was still very cold, as ponds were rimmed with shell ice. Picking up a newspaper abandoned by a departing passenger, I read of an appalling disaster of the day before—a giant astrojet airliner had crashed into the shallow waters off Long Island, killing all its passengers.

Promptly at eleven-forty-five, on time to the minute, we pulled into Union Station, Washington, D.C. It seemed hard to believe that my longest train ride was at an end.



Sabbath School Lessons

FEBRUARY 20, 1965

Prepared for publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

SENIOR - VIII—The Christian's Time

MEMORY VERSE: "The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates" (Ex. 20:10).

STUDY HELPS: *Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 342-346; *Testimonies*, vol. 3, p. 146; vol. 4, p. 412; *The SDA Bible Commentary*.

AIM: To show that our time belongs to God to be used as He directs.

Introduction

"Our time belongs to God. Every moment is His, and we are under the most solemn obligation to improve it to His glory. Of no talent He has given will He require a more strict account than of our time.

"The value of time is beyond computation. Christ regarded every moment as precious, and it is thus that we should regard it. Life is too short to be trifled away. We have but a few days of probation in which to prepare for eternity. We have no time to waste, no time to devote to selfish pleasure, no time for the indulgence of sin. It is now that we are to form characters for the future, immortal life. It is now that we are to prepare for the searching judgment."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 342.

Allocation of Our Time

1. What does the wise man say regarding a time for various events? Eccl. 3:1-8.

NOTE.—*Season*. Literally, "an appointed time," from a root meaning "to determine," "to decree." A season is therefore not merely a convenient time, but a decreed time. God has ordained certain seasons for the various natural phenomena. . . .

Purpose. From a Hebrew word whose root means "to take delight in," "to have pleasure in." The noun, therefore, basically means, "that in which one takes delight," a vocation or an avocation. This same noun is translated "pleasure" in Isa. 58:3, 13; Mal. 1:10, and "delight" in Ps. 1:2; 16:3.—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Eccl. 3:1.

2. What does God say about a time for work? Ex. 20:9.

NOTE.—God gave Adam and Eve employment. . . . They learned how to till the soil and to care for the things which the Lord had planted. They did not regard labor as degrading, but as a great blessing. . . . God never meant that man should have nothing to do. . . . Labor is to human beings what they make it. . . . There is science in the humblest kind of work, and if all would thus regard it, they would see nobility in labor. Heart and soul are to be put into work of any kind; then there is cheerfulness and efficiency. . . . Faithfulness in the discharge of every duty makes the work noble, and reveals a character that God can approve.—*Fundamentals of Christian Education*, pp. 314, 315.

3. What was Christ's instruction to His weary disciples concerning a time of rest? Mark 6:31.

NOTE.—He [Christ] saw, too, that they had become weary in their labors, and that they needed to rest. . . .

He did not urge upon His disciples the necessity of ceaseless toil.—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 359, 361.

4. How can sleep be either a blessing or a curse? Eccl. 5:12; Prov. 6:9-11.

NOTE.—The bright morning hours are wasted by many in bed. These precious hours, once lost, are gone never to return; they are lost for time and for eternity. Only one hour lost each day, and what a waste of time in the course of a year! Let the slumberer think of this and pause to consider how he will give an account to God for lost opportunities.—*Testimonies*, vol. 4, p. 412.

5. What example did Jesus set us in finding time to pray? Matt. 14:23; Luke 6:12; 18:1.

NOTE.—Have a place for secret prayer. Jesus had select places for communion with God, and so should we. We need often to retire to some spot, however humble, where we can be alone with God.—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, p. 84.

The Sabbath Is God's Time

6. At the close of Creation what did God do? Gen. 2:1, 2.

7. After resting on the seventh day, how did God set it apart? Gen. 2:3.

NOTE.—After resting upon the seventh day, God sanctified it, or set it apart as a day of rest for man.

"In Eden, God set up the memorial of His work of creation, in placing His blessing upon the

seventh day."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 48. (Italics supplied).

8. How should we regard God's time? Ex. 20:8-11; Isa. 58:13, 14.

NOTE.—God saw that a Sabbath was essential for man, even in Paradise. He needed to lay aside his own interests and pursuits for one day of the seven, that he might more fully contemplate the works of God, and meditate upon His power and goodness. He needed a Sabbath, to remind him more vividly of God, and to awaken gratitude because all that he enjoyed and possessed came from the beneficent hand of the Creator. God designs that the Sabbath shall direct the minds of men to the contemplation of His created works.—*Ibid.*, p. 48.

God reserved to Himself a specified portion of man's money—one tenth, the tithe—and of man's time—one seventh, the Sabbath. No man can without guilt appropriate either for his own interests or use.

God's Memorial a Sign

9. How long was the Sabbath to endure? Ex. 31:16, 17; Isa. 66:22, 23.

NOTE.—The Sabbath was not for Israel merely, but for the world. It had been made known to man in Eden, and, like the other precepts of the Decalogue, it is of imperishable obligation. Of that law of which the fourth commandment forms a part, Christ declares, "Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law." So long as the heavens and the earth endure, the Sabbath will continue as a sign of the Creator's power. And when Eden shall bloom on earth again, God's holy rest day will be honored by all beneath the sun. "From one Sabbath to another" the inhabitants of the glorified new earth shall go up "to worship before Me, saith the Lord." Matt. 5:18; Isa. 66:23.—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 283.

10. Of what was the seventh-day Sabbath declared to be a sign? Ezek. 20:12; Ex. 31:13-17.

NOTE.—All who regard the Sabbath as a sign between them and God, showing that He is the God who sanctifies them, will represent the principles of His government. They will bring into daily practice the laws of His kingdom. Daily it will be their prayer that the sanctification of the Sabbath may rest upon them. Every day they will have the companionship of Christ and will exemplify the perfection of His character.—*Testimonies*, vol. 6, pp. 353, 354.

11. How did Jesus, the Lord of the Sabbath, make clear how the Sabbath is to be observed? Matt. 12:8-12.

The Test and Blessing of Obedience

12. What warning message is borne to the world by the third angel of Revelation 14? Rev. 14:9-12.

13. How is the ultimate question of obedience to be settled? Acts 5:29.

NOTE.—Every man will be tested. Obedience or disobedience is the question to be decided by the whole world. All will be called to choose between the law of God and the laws of men. Here the dividing line will be drawn.—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 763.

The Sabbath will be the great test of loyalty, for it is the point of truth especially controverted. When the final test shall be brought to bear upon men, then the line of distinction will be drawn between those who serve God and those who serve Him not.—*The Great Controversy*, p. 605.

14. What blessings did Isaiah promise to those who observe the Sabbath? Isa. 58:13, 14; 56:6, 7.

Thoughts for Meditation

1. Our days and years are limited. Therefore "Teach us to number our days." Ps. 90:10, 12.

2. Time is the substance out of which life is made. Time must be used, not saved. When lost it can never be recalled.

3. The seventh-day Sabbath is God's portion of the time He gives to man. The use you make of that time is a measure of your love and loyalty to God.

Key Wit Sharpeners

- | | |
|-------------|-----------|
| A. Elkanah | G. Ishod |
| B. Chaff | H. Axer |
| C. Colt | I. Shem |
| D. Lawyers | J. Tittle |
| E. Exalteth | K. Eld |
| F. Slings | L. SSW |

T H E N I
1 2 3 4 5

S A W T H A T
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W I S D O M
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E X C E L L E N T H
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F O R L I Y, A S
28 29 30 31 32 33 34

F A R A S
35 36 37 38 39

L I G H T
40 41 42 43 44

E X C E L L E N T H
45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53

D A R K N E S S
54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61

Eccl. 2:13

YOUTH - VIII—The Christian's Time

MEMORY GEM: "The seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates" (Ex. 20:10).

ILLUMINATION OF THE TOPIC: *Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 342-346 (1923 ed., pp. 345-349); *Messages to Young People*, pp. 204, 301, 302, 322, 386.

Introduction

"Young men and women, you have no time to lose. Seek earnestly to bring solid timbers into your character building. We beseech you for Christ's sake to be faithful. Seek to redeem the time. Consecrate yourselves every day to the service of God, and you will find that you do not need many holidays to spend in idleness, nor much money to spend in self-gratification. Heaven is watching for those who are seeking to improve and to become molded to the likeness of Christ. When the human agent submits to Christ, the Holy Spirit will accomplish a great work for him."—*Messages to Young People*, pp. 301, 302.

1—Allocation of Our Time

1. What did Solomon say about a time for various events? Eccl. 3:1-8.

The fact that men find time for a thousand different types of occupations does not necessarily mean that they are all profitable. Nor are they all equally right in the sight of heaven. Sometimes there is a choice of using time in a good way, or using it in a better manner. Some speak of spending time as if they had unlimited quantities of it. The wise person will seek to invest his time in such a way as to bring the largest possible returns, both here on earth and in eternity. Here on earth we are on trial. Do we show that we know how to use time wisely? Then God knows that He can safely entrust us with unlimited time. The converse is equally true.

2. What does God say about a time for work? Ex. 20:9. John 9:4.

"God gave Adam and Eve employment. . . . They learned how to till the soil and to care for the things which the Lord had planted. They did not regard labor as degrading, but as a great blessing. . . . God never meant that man should have nothing to do. . . . Labor is to human beings what they make it. . . ."

"There is science in the humblest kind of work, and if all would thus regard it, they would see nobility in labor. Heart and soul are to be put into work of any kind; then there is cheerfulness and efficiency. . . . Faithfulness in the discharge of every duty makes the work noble, and reveals a character that God can approve."—*Fundamentals of Christian Education*, pp. 314, 315.

3. What invitation did Jesus extend to His weary disciples on one occasion? Mark 6:31.

"Christ's words of compassion are spoken to His workers today just as surely as they were spoken to His disciples. 'Come ye yourselves apart, . . . and rest awhile,' He says to those who are worn and weary. It is not wise to be always under the strain of work and excitement, even in ministering to men's spiritual needs; for in this way personal piety is neg-

lected, and the powers of mind and soul and body are overtaxed."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 362.

4. When is sleep a blessing? When is it a curse? Eccl. 5:12; Ps. 127:2; Prov. 6:6-11.

"How prevalent is the habit of turning day into night, and night into day. Many youth sleep soundly in the morning, when they should be up with the early singing birds and be stirring when all nature is awake.

"Some youth are much opposed to order and discipline. They do not respect the rules of the home by rising at a regular hour. They lie in bed some hours after daylight, when everyone should be astir. They burn the midnight oil, depending upon artificial light to supply the place of the light that nature has provided at seasonable hours."—*Child Guidance*, pp. 111, 112.

5. What example did Jesus leave us regarding time for prayer? Matt. 14:23; Luke 6:12; 18:1.

2—The Sabbath Is God's Time

6. What did God do at the close of Creation week? Gen. 2:1, 2.

"God saw that a Sabbath was essential for man, even in Paradise. He needed to lay aside his own interests and pursuits for one day of the seven, that he might more fully contemplate the works of God, and meditate upon his power and goodness. He needed a Sabbath to remind him more vividly of God, and to awaken gratitude because all that he enjoyed and possessed came from the beneficent hand of the Creator."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 48.

7. What two things did God do to the Sabbath day? Gen. 2:3.

"Great blessings are enfolded in the observance of the Sabbath, and God desires that the Sabbath day shall be to us a day of joy. There was joy at the institution of the Sabbath. God looked with satisfaction upon the work of His hands. All things that He had made He pronounced 'very good.' Genesis 1:31. Heaven and earth were filled with rejoicing. . . . Though sin has entered the world to mar His perfect work, God still gives to us the Sabbath as a witness that One omnipotent, infinite in goodness and mercy, created all things."—*Testimonies*, vol. 6, p. 349.

8. How should we regard God's time? Ex. 20:8-11; Isa. 58:13, 14.

"Turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and . . . honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure.' Nor does the prohibition end here. 'Not speaking thine own words,' says the prophet. Those who discuss business matters or lay plans on the Sabbath, are regarded by God as though engaged in the actual transaction of business. To keep the Sabbath holy, we should not even allow our minds to dwell upon things of a worldly character. And the commandment includes all within our gates. The inmates of the house are to lay aside their worldly business during the sacred hours. All should unite to honor God by willing service upon His holy day."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 307, 308.

3—God's Memorial Sign

9. For how long was the Sabbath to endure? Ex. 31:16, 17; Isa. 66:22, 23.

"The Sabbath was not for Israel merely, but for the world. It had been made known to man in Eden, and, like the other precepts of the Decalogue, it is of imperishable obligation. Of that law of which the fourth commandment forms a part, Christ declares, 'Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law.' So long as the heavens and the earth endure, the Sabbath will continue as a sign of the Creator's power. And when Eden shall bloom on earth again, God's holy rest day will be honored by all beneath the sun."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 283.

10. Of what was the Sabbath to be a sign? Eze. 20:12; Ex. 31:13-17.

"The Sabbath is a golden clasp that unites God and His people. . . ."

"All who regard the Sabbath as a sign between them and God, showing that He is the God who sanctifies them, will represent the principles of His government. They will bring into daily practice the laws of His kingdom. Daily it will be their prayer that the sanctification of the Sabbath may rest upon them. Every day they will have the companionship of Christ and will exemplify the perfection of His character."—*Testimonies*, vol. 6, pp. 351-354.

11. What principle of true Sabbath observance did Jesus give His followers? Matt. 12:9-12; Luke 13:11-16.

4—The Test and Blessing of Obedience

12. What warning message did the rev- elator see being carried to the world? Rev. 14:9-12.

This is God's answer to the ultimatum given His children as outlined in the closing part of Revelation 13. There the powers of earth threaten death to one and all who refuse to receive the mark of the beast and yield obedience to the commandment of men instead of the fourth commandment of God. In the message of the third angel God replies by pointing out the inevitable punishment of those who do accept the mark of the beast and yield obedience to her decrees.

13. How will God's children settle this issue? Acts 5:29.

"The Sabbath will be the great test of loyalty; for it is the point of truth especially controverted. When the final test shall be brought to bear upon men, then the line of distinction will be drawn between those who serve God and those who serve Him not."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 605.

14. What blessings are promised to those who properly keep the Sabbath? Isa. 58:13, 14; 56:6, 7.

"Then the Sabbath is a sign of Christ's power to make us holy. And it is given to all whom Christ makes holy. As a sign of His sanctifying power, the Sabbath is given to all who through Christ become a part of the Israel of God. . . ."

"To all who receive the Sabbath as a sign of Christ's creative and redeeming power, it will be a delight. Seeing Christ in it, they delight themselves in Him."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 288, 289.

What Is in This Lesson for Me?

A normal life span would give me about 25,000 days. Can I be sure of having that many? Not on this earth. No wonder the wise man, speaking to the youth, urged them to "Remember NOW, thy Creator." Every hour is a small piece of eternity.

Counsel Clinic



Question *I am going to be in the tenth grade this fall. Since my father is not an Adventist, I have to go to public school. I am shy and have few friends and am lonely, but the problem is that I am afraid of people. Can you help?*

Counsel Bless your heart! If you and I lived near each other I am sure we would be the best of friends, for "timid-wise" we would be much alike.

The human heart craves companionship, and mine was no exception. The Lord Himself said it is not good that we should be alone. So shy was I that I would go on the other side of the street so as not to greet someone I knew. Not until my last year in academy did I find courage to testify in Friday night youth meetings.

Yet all this I conquered and voca-

tionally became a dean of women for twenty-five years in our academies and colleges. Someone helped me with the sort of help you have also requested, and gladly I pass the formula on to you. Just remember that there are scores of others waiting for *you* to take the initiative, because they are too shy to do it. Hearts warm through contact. There is no other solution to loneliness. If one wants friends he will show himself friendly. Wait no longer. Advance through little acts of kindness, the appreciative word, the telephone call, or a note. If you brighten the corner where you are, it will brighten the corner where *they* are.

Everyone wants to be noticed. You will be surprised how quickly the dividends will be returned when you take the initiative. Never be afraid to extend the glad hand, and you will have immediate access to a glad heart. Your timidity will vanish as the dew if you melt the fear in the hearts of desired friends. Try it. It works—I know.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but, according to the Institute of Life Insurance, during the first six months of 1963 death claims paid by life insurance companies to families of policy holders killed in traffic accidents rose to a record high of \$86 million. This represents an increase of \$10 million or 13 per cent, over the same period of 1962. Since the number of traffic deaths is usually greater in the second half of the year, the institute estimated that such payments would total \$185 million in 1963.

These figures, of course, do not include the cost of the cars or the repair bills, neither do they include the cost of funerals, nor, of course, the loss of the services of those who lost their lives. Neither do they include the sorrow and the suffering of those who were left behind. Approximately 65 per cent of all these accidents were caused by someone who was under the influence of liquor while driving.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

MY ENTRANCE INTO LIGHT

From page 11

rection has clearly shown me that sincerity alone, while it is a commendable virtue, is powerless to lead one into the haven of salvation. Only God's truths, dearly cherished, safely anchored within one's heart, and put into living practice, can have the power to shield us from Satan's delusions and finally lead us to the new earth.

There are many in the Catholic Church, as well as the Adventist Church and in many other churches, who are motivated by sincerity alone in their relationship with God. A loving God has not left us without light on this subject, and in the writings of His messenger we read: "Sincerity will never save a soul from the consequences of believing an error. Without sincerity there is no true religion, but sincerity in a false religion will never save a man. I may be perfectly sincere

Question *The Sabbath means very much to me. When it is sundown worship time and you are at another's place would it be proper to say, "Let's have sundown worship"?*

Counsel Many times we are placed in circumstances as the sun sets on Friday or Sabbath evenings where we can, and should, let our light shine, and with tact suggest that we close or begin the sacred hours of the Sabbath with worship together. Often we may be in the homes of those who need such encouragement. It is so easy to mar the edges of the Sabbath and become careless with regard to worship. I feel that we will honor our God if we maintain sundown worship no matter where we are found.

If we will ask God for wisdom He will guide us in what to say, and help us always to be faithful when the hour comes for sundown worship.

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

The answer will represent the considered judgment of the counselor, but is not to be taken as either an official church pronouncement or, necessarily, the opinion of the editors. Every question will be acknowledged. Problems and answers of general interest will be selected for publication, and will appear without identification of either questioner or counselor.

(1) Submit only one question at a time. (2) Confine your question to one hundred words or less. (3) Enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope for the reply. (4) Send your question to: THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Counsel Clinic, Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, Washington, D.C. 20012.

in following a wrong road, but that will not make it the right road, or bring me to the place I wish to reach."²

While I was in the Catholic Church, sincere belief in the teachings of my church was my complete life, but that did not change the error of my beliefs, nor could this sincerity lead me to freedom from fear and to a pure discernment of God's truths. It was only when the Holy Spirit, through God's mercy, caused my path to cross that of one of God's servants, namely, Mrs. McCaffery, whose life was a living testimony for Him, that the gospel of Jesus Christ became beautiful and real, with death itself being only a promise of life eternal.

[This is the fifth installment of a six-part serial. Part six will appear next week.]

¹ *Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 365.

² *Selected Messages*, book 2, p. 56.

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Radarscope

Key to source abbreviations published January 14, 1964.

► If people consumed as much water as the average plant does in proportion to their weight, they would have to drink ten quarts a day.

National Geographic Society

► Still known as the Gerritsen Tide Mill, what is believed to have been the original tide grist mill in the United States stands today at Flatlands in the Borough of Brooklyn, New York. It was built in 1636. *Ford Times*

► The only known working water buffalo in the United States plows a muddy field in a Peace Corps training camp in the Waipio Valley on the island of Hawaii. The camp initiates volunteers into Asian farm life.

National Geographic Society

► More than 25 manufacturers of scale model cars are turning them out by the millions with collectors snapping them up eagerly. The same close attention is paid to quality and detail for the 1-25th scale cars as in plants producing real cars.

Automotive Information

► Scientists from the United States and Italy are using a highly sensitive device to find the ancient walls of the city of Sybaris, probably the wealthiest city of the world in the sixth century before Christ. The instrument, which detected the presence of a wall buried beneath some three meters of the accumulated silt of the centuries, measures local magnetism to one part in 100,000. *UCAL*

► Grizzly bears are holding their own in Alaska and western Canada. The total population in that portion of North America is estimated at 19,000 to 29,000 animals. However, south of the Canadian border the bear future is alarming. No more than 600 of these big bears occur in and around Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks. The tiny remnant group of 25 animals in northern Mexico seems doomed to extinction. *NWF*

► After studying 950 teen-agers in a Berkeley, California, high school, from their ninth grade to their twelfth grade, a group of public health educators concluded that despite extreme "busyness," strenuous physical work is rated rather low by both girls and boys. Both sexes disapproved of formula diets and of drinking skim milk rather than whole, but they approved of eliminating other fat foods such as French fries, gravy, and salad dressing, and of cutting down on sweets. They favored eating larger amounts of vegetables and especially of eating more fruit. *UCAL*

► Scheduled for completion in 1965 is the Great Slave Lake Railway, linking Roma in northern Alberta, Canada, to Great Slave Lake in the Mackenzie District of the Northwest Territories. This is the first time the railway has reached northward into the Territories, and it is expected to open up what may be the world's richest deposits of lead and zinc ore. Geologists estimate reserves at Pine Point alone at more than 60 million tons. *National Geographic Society*

► A new use for coal—as a water purifier before or after it is burned as a fuel in power plants—has been investigated and found promising by the Department of the Interior's Bureau of Mines. Studies have been completed of possible applications of a wide variety of coal and coal-derived materials as absorbents for removing soluble chemical and other contaminants, including detergents, from waste waters. *NWF*

► The needle of a magnetic compass varies in the direction in which it points from hour to hour. It moves eastward till about 8:00 A.M., then westward until about 2:00 P.M., followed by a gradual return eastward. In summer time this movement may amount to about a quarter of a degree. *EAW*

► Cambodia is among the smallest countries of Southeast Asia—about the size of Washington State. Its 5 million citizens include a minority of some 800,000 Chinese, Vietnamese, and Europeans. The nation gained independence from France in 1953. *National Geographic Society*

► Because of the friction caused by the tides, the rate of the earth's revolution is gradually decreasing—by about one thousandth of a second per day every 100 years. *EAW*

► Average fringe benefits provided by American employers for each employee in 1963 reached an all-time high of \$1,431. *NAM*

► A new portable stereophonic phonograph operates for up to six hours off its own sealed nickel-cadmium battery which can be recharged several hundred times from a regular home AC outlet. *AMA*

► Tokyo, Japan, adds some 168,000 new residents a year. Geographers put Tokyo at the top of the list of the world's largest cities. Though it comprises 28 different municipalities, it has a single administrative head. *National Geographic Society*

► Though accidents everywhere are increasing in number in Britain, those occurring in the home cause more deaths than those on the road. Most of these are not due to falling off ladders or down stairs, as might be supposed, but to "simple" falls at ground level. *RoSPA*

► Since 1949, the Communist Government of China has made some 2,000 geographical name changes. For example, the small trading town of Pailingmiao in Inner Mongolia now goes by the tongue-twisting title of Taerhnanmaominganlienhochi. This new name contains as many letters as the English alphabet. *National Geographic Society*

► The vanishing Tolowa, an Indian largely ignored in the annals of California history, has been the object of study recently. Remnants of two Tolowa villages, one that is hundreds of years old, have been found at Point St. George, in the north coast area near Crescent City. A complete flint workshop, fully equipped with a windbreak and worktable along with flints and arrowheads was found buried some six feet in the ground. It was undisturbed and in excellent condition. *UCAL*

► From a study made by the University of Rhode Island it has been concluded that trading stamps are not actually free, but contribute to consumer cost. Checking 185 dry grocery items both before and after stamps were offered, investigators found that prices increased two and two-tenths cents, or about six per cent. When the value of the stamps was measured, it was also discovered that they represented an extra two per cent increase in price over and above the combined actual worth of food and premiums. *Minutes*

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