

# The Youth's Instructor

COLUMBIA UNION COLLEGE FEB 16 1965

MARCH 9, 1965

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Readers capable of seeing beneath  
the surface will find much to  
ponder, much to praise, in

One of These Days *Quip*

[Sabbath School Lessons for March 13]



# 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 sinless world to the universe of God.

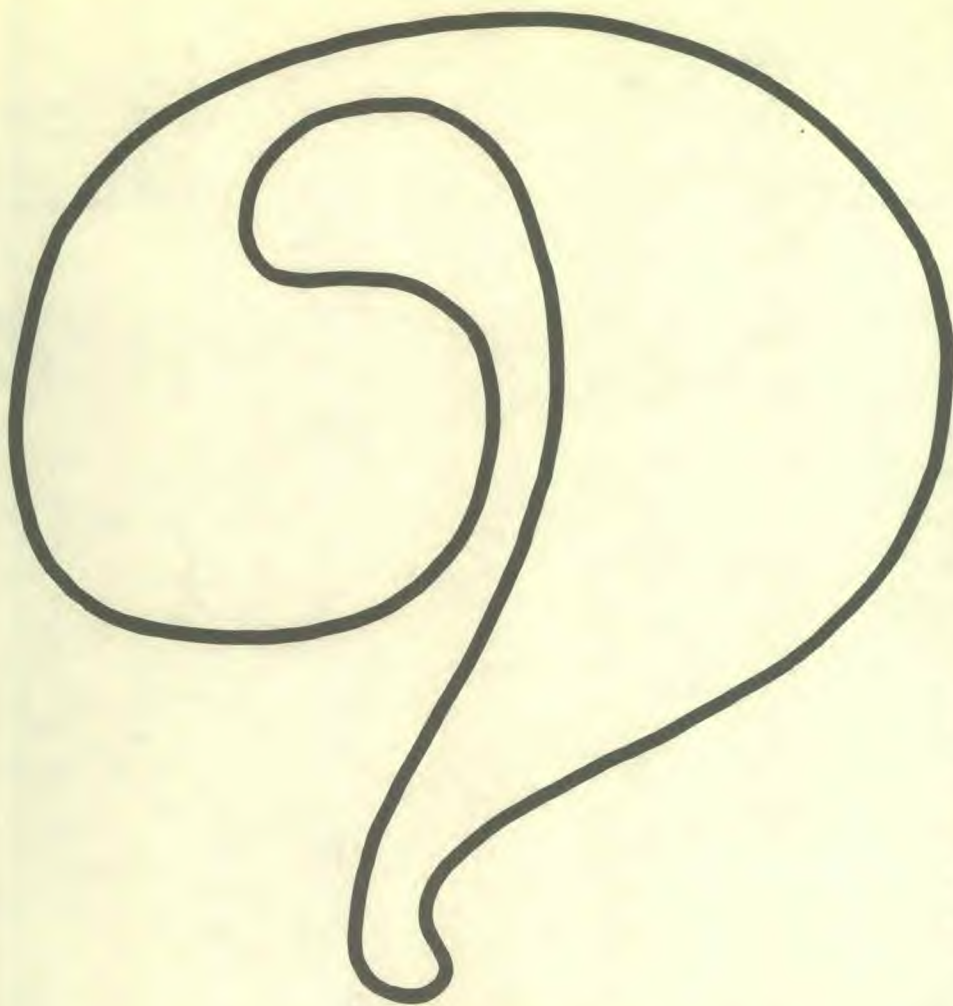
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## The Great Question

by CARROL S. SMALL, M.D.

A MILLIONTH of an inch! Could you measure an object of that thickness? No, nor could I. But with modern instruments, I am told, it can be done.

At the New York World's Fair in 1939 my eye was caught by a length of heavy rail supported by standards three feet apart. An instrument with a large dial was connected with the midpoint of this piece of rail, and the visitor was invited to place a twenty-five-cent coin on the rail. The dial, he was told, would measure the amount of the rail bent under the weight of a quarter. Sure enough, the needle moved to a figure indicating a few millionths of an

inch. Properly impressed by such precision, I retrieved my quarter and passed on to new marvels.

How do we achieve precision in measurement? Two steps are necessary: (1) Select a proper standard; (2) Measure the unknown by it. All schools in America have yardsticks or metersticks. We are taught that 36 inches equals one yard, and 39.34 inches equals one meter. The meterstick is divided into thousandths, all presumably alike, each called a millimeter. Millimeters, each about 1/25 inch, are further divided into microns (1/1000 millimeter).

"Now," you say, "that is slicing

things pretty thin." You're right. But a micron is further subdivided into thousandths, called millimicrons. The sheet these words are printed on is about 1/500 inch thick, which is 50 microns or 50,000 millimicrons! But that is not the end of precision measurement. The spectroscopist splits his units one notch further and uses angstrom units, each one tenth of a millimicron. A wave length of green light is about 5,890 angstrom units long, or 589 millimicrons.

What is the use of such precise terminology? How can a scientist be sure of such infinitesimal measurements? To me it is still somewhat of a mystery. But in dealing with molecules and atoms and atomic fragments, such units have meaning. For instance, the hydrogen atom, smallest of all the atoms, is about 1.25 angstrom units in diameter. But its nucleus is only 1/10,000 of that!

Now a philosopher would view the above discussion with misgivings, if not disdain. He would point out that every one of these units of measurement depends for its definition on some other unit of the series. No one of the group is primeval and eternal in itself. The philosopher wants to know, What is your *absolute* standard? What can you depend upon without fail? In other words, *What is truth?*

Our philosopher may snort when we tell him that a meter is defined as "one ten-millionth of the distance from the equator to the North Pole on the meridian passing through Paris," and ask us who walked the meridian to measure that? and with what measuring stick? But we must stop here and tell him that all human measurements are relative, and he will simply have to be satisfied with the geometric unit of the meter.

No one wishing to manufacture meter sticks is required to cut ten million equal sticks that will exactly reach from equator to pole. There is deposited in Paris a platinum bar bearing two finely engraved lines, which at 68°F are precisely one meter apart, or so we say. We simply define the meter in terms of that piece of platinum. (The physicists were not satisfied. They have now defined the meter as "1,650,763.73 wave lengths of the orange-red line in the spectrum of a krypton isotope of atomic number 86"!)

It was not always so. Noah was told to build an ark three hundred cubits long, fifty cubits wide, and thirty cubits high. These seem to be the oldest recorded standards of measurement. How long is a cubit? The distance from the point of the elbow to the end of the middle finger. But on whose arm? An understanding seems to have been reached, and the ancient Egyptian cubit was about 20.6 inches. The Greeks used the Olympic cubit of 18 inches. (The area of a square an Olympic cubit on a side was approximately equal to that of a circle an Egyptian cubit in diameter.) In Hezekiah's day the cubit was about 17.6 inches. Maybe man had shrunk by then!

The measurements of ancient and medieval times are hard to understand and to interpret. What was their standard? It changed with place and time. Then how could men be sure of anything? No wonder an ancient bazaar was a hubbub! And no wonder the Temple court in Christ's day was in confusion, with many nationalities and as many standards in weight and coinage.

Is not the fundamental question of all time the one propounded by Pilate: "What is truth?" Everything human fluctuates. To say a book is worth a dollar says nothing. Do you mean U.S. dollar, Canadian, Chinese, Mexican, or Confederate? And do you mean as of today or yesterday? Values change.

What is an acre? Any schoolboy will tell you an acre is 160 square rods. But what is a rod? Sixteen and a half feet. And a foot? Why, that's simple—it was once defined as the length of an average adult human male foot. In sixteenth-century England the legal definition of a rod was established by lining up sixteen men leaving church on Sunday morning and measuring the combined length of their left feet!

In A.D. 1324, Edward II of England decreed that three barley kernels from the middle of a barley head, placed end to end, equaled one legal inch! And Henry I set the yard as the distance from the tip of *his* nose to the end of *his* thumb. Only in the past century have precise measuring instruments been available.

What is truth? One sure definition exists, found in John 17:17—"Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is

truth." Nowhere in all creation can a sure standard be found except in God's Word. As psychologists and magicians can demonstrate, the evidence of the senses is not always reliable. Two witnesses in court may both have seen a given event, and yet give conflicting and confusing testimony. The "shell game" has shown that the hand is quicker than the eye. So what can we really, absolutely, believe?

In 1896 at Eskilstuna, Sweden, was made the first set of Johansson gauge blocks—oblongs of steel polished and squared until, when touched together and twisted slightly, they would stick as if glued. When a Johansson gauge block is marked 0.650 inches, it is that, and not 0.649 or 0.651. Thanks to such precise standards it is possible to make a million automobiles whose parts are interchangeable. A piston precisely made for an engine will fit in any one of a thousand such engines! Johansson gauge blocks approach absolute truth in mechanics.

But Pilate's famous question did not refer to metric definitions. What is truth in the realm of politics? or in ethics? or in religion? Philosophers and sages from Nimrod to Camus have written reams of speculation, but seldom agree among themselves. To one, truth is what can be demonstrated. To another, it is what is logical, evidence or no evidence. And another defines truth as whatever statement will best serve his purpose at the moment. What is truth? The same two tests mentioned above are needed here: (1) Select a proper standard. (2) Measure the unknown by it.

We return inevitably to the simple statement "Thy word is truth." It alone is sure. Satan said, "Thou shalt not surely die." God said, "Thou shalt surely die." Which shall we believe? Hananiah, speaking God's message, said, "Within two full years will I [the Lord] bring again into this place all the vessels of the Lord's house, that Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon took away . . . : for I will break the yoke of the king of Babylon" (Jer. 28:3, 4). But Jeremiah had said, "And this whole land shall be a desolation, and an astonishment; and these nations shall serve the king of Babylon seventy years" (chap. 25:11).

Whom should Judah believe? Two men, each claimed to be God's prophet,

giving contradictory prophecies and counsel. "What is truth?" the hearers might well ask.

What evidence can be cited to support the statement "Thy word is truth"? Or are we blindly to accept without documentation?

God appeared to Abraham and said, "Know of a surety that thy seed shall be a stranger in a land that is not their's, and shall serve them; and they shall afflict them four hundred years; and also that nation, whom they shall serve, will I judge: and afterward shall they come out with great substance." Now this prophecy contains no less than eight specifications, all of which we may be sure Satan did his best to frustrate. One of these predictions involved time, which pinpoints the events and renders exact fulfillment much more difficult. But what happened? Every condition was fulfilled, and on "the selfsame day" the Israelites came out "with great substance." God's Word is truth, and His promises are assuredly kept.

The pagan ancients believed the earth was flat, and that it was borne on a mighty elephant. And where did the elephant stand? On a great tortoise! And the tortoise—? But Isaiah wrote under inspiration, "It is he that sitteth upon the *circle* of the earth." Some commentators take this as evidence that he knew the earth was round. Even as late as A.D. 1492 Columbus had to fight the pessimism of those who believed that if he sailed far enough he would fall off the edge of the flat earth. Isaiah knew better than that in 700 B.C.! As for the elephant and the tortoise, Job, in 1500 B.C., said, "He stretched out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon *nothing*." Is God's Word truth? Is it scientifically reliable?

King Nebuchadnezzar had ambitions to establish a dynasty that would last forever. But Daniel dared to stand before him and predict, "And after thee shall arise another kingdom inferior to thee." How dared he predict the downfall of apparently invincible Babylon? But it fell! God's word came true.

In the same prophecy Daniel also said of the nations emerging from the collapse of Rome, "But they shall not cleave one to another." Kings and generals and dictators from Charlemagne to Napoleon to Hitler have tried to weld Europe into one great kingdom, but to no avail. God's Word still stands, and repeated challenges only buttress its monolithic stability.

The same King Nebuchadnezzar be-

came bold in oppression of God's (and Nebuchadnezzar's) three faithful servants on the plain of Dura, and boastfully asked, "And who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?" Such questions God frequently answers with startling promptness. Did He this time? The promise of Isaiah, "When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned," was fulfilled most conspicuously on behalf of the three Hebrews.

In Isaiah 53 the sorrows of the Messiah are vividly and minutely por-

## Uncertainty

by IRMA B. LIDNER

You would not mock  
a faith that gropes  
from door to closing door  
and strains to catch  
the slivered gleam of hopes.  
I lean upon Your arm  
in dark, blind  
corridors of seeking.  
God, help me find  
the latch.  
Is this the one?  
Then may I hear  
Your certain speaking,  
and let it open  
to my knock!

trayed. And in Daniel 9 the very time of His advent is specified with exactness. The mathematical odds that two uninspired writers, at distances of 700 and 540 years, could by sheer chance successfully predict such events are hopelessly small, but these predictions were right to the smallest details. God's predictions do not fail. "Thy word is truth."

The prophet Micah foretold that Messiah would be from Bethlehem in Judea (Micah 5:2). But Hosea, his contemporary, said God's Son would be called out of Egypt (Hosea 11:1). And two of His typical forebears, Samson and Samuel, were Nazarites, which the Jews understood as support for the idea that Messiah would come from Nazareth. How could He be from three widely separated places at once? But in ways beyond human contrivance, the prophecies were fulfilled. Is God's Word truth?

Jesus, in Mark 13, predicted the darkening of the sun and the moon as

signs of His second advent, and placed them "in those days, after that tribulation." Was this prediction fulfilled? The "days" referred to ended in 1798, but tribulation largely subsided by the time of the Revolution in America in 1775-1776. Somewhere in the last 20-30 years of the 1260 should occur the striking celestial events foretold. Did they thus occur? Yes, the dark day occurred in 1780. (What must the contending British and Colonial armies have thought of these fearful portents?) God's words come true, and exactly.

Jesus said, "Ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars. . . . For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom," and Paul echoes, "When they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them." For many decades men have sought to ensure world peace, by Hague Convention, League of Nations, World Court, and now by United Nations. And with what results? The great hope of the midtwentieth century is faltering, and peace, like a rainbow, is always beyond our grasp. Jesus pointed to "wars and rumours of wars" as indications of His soon coming, and He promised no world peace. Is His Word true?

Even the seemingly casual pronouncements of Divinity are worthy of notice. Thirty years ago Europe witnessed the sudden rise of two dictators who lived by the sword if ever rulers did. The rape of Ethiopia and the betrayal of Poland are but two examples of their ruthless bloodthirstiness. And one of them boasted that the Third Reich would last a thousand years! But Jesus said, "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Do you think the two dictators had time to ruminate upon this prophecy before their ignoble deaths? Does the Word of God have power? "Thy word is truth."

A rather pathetic state of society among God's chosen nation is depicted in Judges 21:25. "In those days there was no king in Israel: every man did that which was right in his own eyes." But God said, through His servant Solomon, "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." "Thy word is truth"—truth in astronomy, in sociology, in history, in everyday Christian living.

How shall we judge the veracity of modern-day prophets and preachers? "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word,

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## Gratitude

**Pacific** Herbert P. Ford is Public Relations secretary of the Pacific Union Conference, including the radio-TV ministry. His 1963 Photo Mart entry was titled "The Sea Roaring." The sea is the Pacific Ocean on the Monterey coast of California.

**Minnesota** "I'm aware of the fact that THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is not a recipe book, but I would like to see a recipe printed once in a while for a vegetarian dish—not one using a prepared vegetarian product. We can't get them here except by ordering, and postage makes that nearly impossible. We would appreciate a recipe starting from scratch to help us prepare a main dish (vegetarian). Simple ones at first, please. I've never seen soy beans on sale anywhere around here either, so maybe there are recipes that do not use them. We would be so happy if you could help us." MRS. WAYNE VEILLIEUX, International Falls.

• The idea has been placed on our agenda for future development.

**Michigan** "My main reason for writing is to thank you for the counsel given September 8, 1964, on the question of cheese. . . . You can thank the counselor who wrote that answer for me with a big, big Thank you. . . . We enjoy the articles by Dr. and Mrs. Small especially. And Dr. Shryock's articles have been priceless. . . . We just would not be without your fine paper in our home. We enjoy every bit of it." MRS. GRACE NELSON, Adrian.

**Canada** "In your January 5 issue in Radarscope, the statement is made, 'Outside the U.S. the full flush of fall color is visible only in . . .,' not mentioning the Atlantic Provinces of Canada. I cannot speak for all of Canada, but our provinces are second to none in our fall coloring. I know a few of you have been here but maybe not in the right time of year." MABEL L. MACPHEE, Dartmouth, N.S.

**Major** "It is a small matter to profess the Christian name; but it is a great and sacred thing to live a Christian life." —IT 454.

Jesus was disappointed.\* His destination was Jerusalem and en route He was passing through Samaria and Galilee. The specific location of one incident is veiled in the expression, "He entered into a certain village."

It was "as he entered" that ten men, lepers, "lifted up their voices," calling, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us."

The act of compassion was instantaneous. "When he saw them, he said unto them, Go shew yourselves unto the priests."

"And it came to pass, that, as they went, they were cleansed."

The ten men possibly dwelt together, gathered to one another to render what help and sympathy their common malady could afford. The inflexible law of the day meant isolation from family, dis fellowship from the congregation of Israel.

Even the air surrounding such a sufferer was considered polluted by his breath. "Whatever he touched was unclean."

"Away from his friends and his kindred, the leper must bear the curse of his malady. He was obliged to publish his own calamity, to rend his garments, and sound the alarm, warning all to flee from his contaminating presence. The cry, 'Unclean! unclean!' coming in mournful tones from the lonely exile, was a signal heard with fear and abhorrence."

Unhappily for the conscientious, the mental torture of the disease may have been greater than the physical, for Jews regarded leprosy as a judgment in consequence of sin.

Add the column of woes such a disease imposed, and you gain a faint concept of what its removal must have meant. To be clean again, welcomed back into the fellowship of family and friends—what must it have been like? Can you even imagine what such a return must have been, from the society of the living dead, back to the associations of loved ones, and worship, and business, and social activities?

Is it any wonder that Jesus, having lifted the pall from these men, voiced the question, "Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?"

Nine men went home that day, maybe to wives, to children, to neighbors, to occupations, the separating stigma gone. Nine men who moments before were without hope, without promise, with ultimate death their only avenue of release.

And not a word of thanks among them?

And he who did return with a loud voice glorifying God, falling on his face in gratitude at the feet of Jesus, was a Samaritan.

For all the hourly good things we enjoy, from hands withholding nothing we can absorb, what sort of praise do we return our Lord? Does He oftentimes have reason to be disappointed in us? Are strangers more ready to give thanks than the members of His family?

WTC

\* Based on Luke 17:11-19, and *The Desire of Ages*, pp. 262; 347, 348.

## coming next week

- "THE ANGEL'S HAND"—Talaá pointed to the gasoline lantern that hung from the center of the tent. Picking up a stone as big as a softball, he stepped to the entrance. He threw. And that was when he saw the angel's hand!
- "HOW LONG SHOULD PARENTS BE BOSS?"—The desire to be independent of his parents is a good thing if the young person uses it wisely, says Harold Shryock, M.D., in another of his timely looks at youth problems.



# Friday-the-Thirteenth

## *Runaway*

by JAN S. DOWARD

IT WAS nearing closing time for most businesses in downtown Olympia, Washington, March 13, 1959. As on any other Friday evening, everybody was eager to get home for the weekend, and by five-thirty the streets were beginning to fill with cars. Within fifteen minutes they would be jammed to capacity.

Perhaps no Olympian thought of it at the time, but it was almost the tenth anniversary of the worst recorded earthquake in the area. On Friday the thir-

teenth, in April, 1949, the capital city had suffered three million dollars' worth of damage.

Two miles south at the Tumwater switchyards a Union Pacific crew was unwittingly setting the stage for a kind of diabolical celebration of Friday-the-thirteenth catastrophes.

The switching crew had uncoupled a section of a train from the locomotive, placing several cars on a siding for East Olympia while the other units were pulled into the Olympia Brewing

Company yard. Left behind were fifteen cars with hand brakes that had not been set. A dozen of these were loaded with plywood and plaster board. Three were empty, but even these weighed about twenty tons apiece. The loaded boxcars weighed nearly seventy tons each. The crew had been operating in the area for about three hours in routine work when, unnoticed, the fifteen cars began slowly moving away. When the crew returned, their spotted cars had disappeared.

The grade from Tumwater to downtown Olympia is rated at only one percent, but by the time this nine-hundred-ton monster got under way it had gained a terrible mile-a-minute momentum that spelled death and destruction where the track came to a dead end behind the station on Fourth Avenue.

At five forty-five the traffic light turned red, halting the flow of automobiles in front of the Union Pacific Depot. As the seconds ticked off, the roaring runaway was flying toward the concrete buttress behind the station.

In the next moments those involved in the drama to be enacted at the depot took their places. Some were across the street seated on the stools in Bill's Kitchen, while others hunched over the counter at the Eastside Club Tavern.

William Crane and his wife had just ordered their evening meal at the China Clipper restaurant.

Directly across the street from the depot was the Sta-Well Health Store. Mrs. Francis Garton, owner, was busy counting the day's receipts.

On the corner of Fourth Avenue, Rube Cohn checked the front door of his auto parts store. He was turning to see whether his dog, Dutch, who always stayed in the store at night, had enough food.

On the depot side of the street James Yenney, whose music store was a block west, parked his station wagon and began walking toward the mailbox at the main entrance of the depot. He wanted to get his letters mailed before the evening pickup.

The last motorist to cross the Fourth Avenue intersection was Ellis Ayers, who wanted to buy a train ticket to Los Angeles but couldn't find a place to park in front of the depot. He had parked a block east and was getting out of his car.

Inside the Union Pacific Station thirty-six-year-old Kenneth A. Dilley, railroad telegrapher, sat with his back to the tracks, directly in line with the oncoming runaway. While his fingers were working the keys, his wife Betty was several blocks away walking toward the station to talk with her husband a moment before she went to work at the telephone office.

Fred Jennings, Union Pacific chief clerk in Olympia, was sitting at his desk in the depot's general office, not far from Dilley's desk. Nearby were Lauren O. Gans and Lloyd Pickett, general clerks.

At the Union Avenue crossing a few blocks south, a motorist slammed on his brakes, barely missing the fifteen

boxcars that rumbled by. His first shock was followed by a second. There was no engine!

The second hand on the depot waiting room clock moved ahead.

Betty Dilley quickened her pace. There were only a few more moments left to spend with her husband.

Everything began happening at once. Like a Paul Bunyan battering-ram the first car made contact with the steel railway bumper guard at the end of the line, bending it like a rubber

hose. Slamming into the concrete platform, the car continued through the brick wall as if nothing were there. Here this leading charger in the giant picked up Kenneth Dilley and carried him across the waiting room and straight through the next brick wall. Exploding into the street, it roared across and plowed deep into the Sta-Well Health Store, depositing Dilley's body in the attic.

A rumbling sound like the detonation of dynamite caused Mrs. Garton



*The front of the depot showed that clean-up operations had almost been completed.*



*Across the street from the depot, a boxcar had just been removed from this store.*

to look up to see a shower of bricks and sparks. Instinctively she threw up her right arm to ward off the expected blow. Sacks from the counter tumbled about her, and then a heavy timber pinned her to the floor amid twisted steel. There was barely enough breathing space for her to call for help.

The second car followed, but was bent by the crack-the-whip effect of the remaining cars. It slammed into Bill's Kitchen, Haumann's Floral and Gift Shop, and the Eastside Club tavern. The third car jackknifed in the street, angling right into the China Clipper restaurant and shoving one automobile into Rube Cohn's auto parts store and another into Bill's Kitchen. Two more boxcars and an empty gondola car

overturned in Fourth Avenue, while the sixth car protruded from the terrible swath cut through the depot. The remaining units jumbled up behind the station in a mad derailment of confusion.

For those nearest the runaway it was time to flee. And some were fortunate enough to be able to move.

Chief clerk Jennings looked up from his desk as the first car came roaring past, and in an instant he had moved ten to fifteen feet toward the outside door. Clerk Pickett had already got up from his seat and had walked across the room, away from the coming trouble, but the other clerk, Gans, was pinned to the floor by a section of the station roof.

Across the street Rube Cohn yelled at Dutch, and they both scampered out the back entrance. William Crane ducked under the restaurant table and called to his wife, who was also under the table. When they collected their wits they ran for the rear of the building. Once safely outside, however, Crane returned and helped rescue five women trapped in the debris by the front door.

One of the fastest men on foot at the time was Yenney. As he deposited the letter in the mailbox in front of the station, the first car plowed through the back wall.

"I ran like everything to the middle of the intersection!" he exclaimed later. His dash was through a gantlet of flying planks, bricks, plaster, glass, and a cloud of dust, but he survived.

Ellis Ayers took one step, and his jaw dropped open. From the appearance of the station disintegrating before his eyes, he would have to go shopping elsewhere for that ticket to Los Angeles.

Betty Dilley rushed ahead and then stopped short. Viewing the gaping hole in the depot, she knew she was too late.

The light at the intersection of one-way Fourth Avenue changed to green. Not a motorist moved. Before them was a wild mass of twisted steel, loose bricks, broken concrete, and tangled boxcars becoming visible through the rising dust. High-voltage wires snaked dangerously through the rubble. Gas seeped out from a broken main.

Of the twenty people injured, none knew at first what had happened. Some thought it was the beginning of a guided missile war; others thought it was dynamite. When the cries for help were heard from Mrs. Garton deep inside her health store, the rescue crew pulled her up beside the box car. She blinked her eyes at the large railroad sign and wondered how it got there. It was only then that she realized a freight train had hit her establishment and that she was looking at the side of a box car.

When the final count was made, and only one man had lost his life, Olympians realized that they might have fared worse. A few seconds' difference in the light at the Fourth Avenue intersection, or a fire at the broken gas main, and the story would have been much sadder.

The runaway could have been stopped easily by a simple block under the wheels placed there before the cars began to roll. It is the same with runaway sins.

## That Old Ironing Board

by LUCILE H. JONES

**W**HY NOT have a girl come in and do the ironing each week?" my husband asked. "Oh, it costs too much," I replied. "I guess I'm just too Scotch." But in my heart I knew that was not the only reason. It was not only the cash that I clung to. It was really that old ironing board.

Autumn, winter, spring, and summer that old board had been prayed over, sung over, and wept over. As the wrinkles in little shirts and pants had been smoothed away, so the problems and perplexities in many a crisis had vanished. No, I would stay up an hour later or get up a bit earlier. I would do the ironing myself. I was tied to the strings of that old ironing board cover more tightly than my boys were tied to my own apron strings, and that was pretty tight.

Every worn layer of those old covers held memories. There was the dufoam cover that Maye and I had bought at the fair. That sneaky, slick salesman must have been glad to get rid of that. And there's the grayed cotton cover with three scorched spots. They probably arrived there when I was called by a sweet childish voice saying, "Come and watch me, Mommy. See what I can do." Oh, yes, and there's the silicon-treated cover that Millie gave me. It was her way of saying, "I still love

you. Will you forgive me?" after she had accepted an invitation from an unapproved escort the week before.

That old board has shared my heartaches and fears, joys and elations, through the years. We bought it when we bought the house—fresh and new like our own young spirits. When measles, mumps, and chickenpox popped out, that old ironing board and God knew about my fears and worries. When one of the boys worked late and I could think of a hundred gruesome accidents, that old board was in a good place right by the window where I could tell God all my anxieties, ask His help, and keep a close watch to see if my child was nearing home.

There was the time when Tommy's choice of a friend was a perplexing and disappointing experience. After finishing the last piece of clothes in the basket that night, I knew what I would do. I would sit down, write him a letter, and leave the rest to God. The decision made while ironing that basket of clothes, and the prayers that went with that letter changed the course of his life to one of thrilling service for his Master.

Oh, no! I could never pay anyone to take my place at that old ironing board—I'm not even sure I'd let anyone pay me for the privilege of doing it.



*"Are you certain this is fact—  
do you have proof? Might it not be  
merely a rumor?" I queried.*

# Seventy TIMES Seven

by **ROGER W. COON**

**P**ASTOR, I've been wondering whether I should divorce my wife!"

My head jerked upward as I tried to hide a double take at my visitor's opening words. The best books, you know, say you shouldn't let the counselee see your surprise at anything he may say to you.

"Did you come for advice, teacher, or merely to get me to agree with a decision you've already made?" I countered.

It was his turn to be taken aback.

As he thought it over I tried to gather my wits. It wasn't easy to do in this small, mud-block, corrugated-iron-roofed building in a clearing on the edge of a West African forest seven degrees north of the equator.

The near-suffocating heat and enervating humidity, both crowding 100,

made any attempt at rational, connected thought difficult.

I was in the middle of a Week of Prayer at an Adventist mission school. From the start I had invited them all, students and staff, to come in for a visit. A time schedule for counseling had been posted.

They came, in disappointingly small numbers at first. Their problems, certainly not insignificant to them, had a certain sameness to me as I listened to one after another, hour after hour, in what to me was a damp, oppressive atmosphere of an alien tropical clime.

Then this.

I looked at the young man in front of me as I motioned him to a seat. In his early thirties, I guessed. But one could never be sure—a white man is as poor a judge of an African's age as the latter is of the former's.

"Why have you been wondering whether you ought to divorce your wife?" I asked, waiting expectantly for the No. 1 reason for divorce in Africa and Asia today.

It never came.

His wife, it seems, had borne him two children. Well, at least she was not stigmatized by the age-old curse of barrenness, fated to be put away childless as had so many of her ostracized sisters in these lands where progeny—not property—is the prime consideration of society.

Instead, she had been unfaithful to him.

It was the same tragic tale that, but for a few minor changes of setting or detail, could be repeated on any of a half-dozen continents around the world.

A devoted couple, a joyous wedding, a home blessed with the reckless laughter of exuberant children; then a gradual—but increasing—disenchantment, marked by the dropping of first one and then another of those little courtesies that marked an earlier, happier day; then, finally, the shattering discovery that one who had promised to be faithful had exchanged fidelity for a fling.

"Are you certain this is fact—do you have proof? Might it not be merely a rumor?" I queried him.

"It's true," he replied.

Then the teacher told of how one afternoon he had followed his wife, at a discreet distance, how she had gone from her own dwelling to the house of an acquaintance, and how shortly thereafter he had surprised them both in a compromising situation.

"I believe I have a right to a divorce, do I not, pastor?" he asked me.

"If what you have told me is true, then probably you do," I conceded. "But first let me ask you a few questions.

"Do you still love your wife?"

"Well, yes," he replied. His voice betrayed a notable lack of conviction, still less enthusiasm.

"Do you still love your two children?"

"Oh, very, very much." I could see that he meant it.

"Have you thought what divorce would mean to your little ones?" I persisted.

"Oh," he shrugged, dismissing this question as irrelevant, "I've already arranged that. They'll be well taken care of. The woman I'm planning to marry has agreed to make a place for them in our new home."

"Wait a minute, teacher. I wonder whether you've really thought this thing through. It's not quite that simple, even here in Africa. In circumstances such as yours, divorce is a solu-

tion. It is not necessarily the only solution, and it well may not be the most desirable solution. You have a right to a divorce, but you have other rights too!"

mother, no matter how willing they may be, or how hard they try. The new home you propose to establish will be *your* home, but it will never be *their* home. If you proceed with divorce you simply orphan two children.

"Now, suppose you go ahead with your plan, remarry, and take these two youngsters into the new home. How successful will this solution really work out to be? Will there really be peace and happiness in the home? Your new wife will certainly want children of her own, won't she?" I asked, having some understanding of African psychology.

He nodded agreement. He was planning for a larger family himself.

"When your new children reach

"A minister learns a lot of things from talking with people who have been involved in tragic circumstances and situations. Only one who has gone through this thing himself really understands the total horror of it."

"Pastor, I really do love my children. I would never knowingly do anything to hurt them. What do you suggest? And what did you mean when you said although I had a right to divorce I had other rights too?"

"According to a strict, legal interpretation of the Scriptures, and our *Church Manual*, if your wife was actually unfaithful to you, you have a right to divorce her, and to remarry, as a church member. But, as I see it, you have a higher right."

"What higher right?"

"The right to forgive. As a matter of fact, irrespective of whether you divorce your present wife, you've simply got to forgive her for this wrong against the sanctity of your marriage if you ever hope to see the inside of the walls of the New Jerusalem."

He looked at me in astonishment.

"Remember, Jesus said, 'If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.'"

"You see, teacher, some people who harbor grudges and display an unforgiving spirit forget that they call down a curse from God upon their own heads every time they repeat the Lord's Prayer!"

"How's that, pastor?"

"In the Lord's Prayer we say to God, 'Forgive us . . . as we forgive.' In effect, we ask God to treat us exactly as we treat others. But, listen, friend! Have you ever been baptized?"

"Yes. But what's that got to do with this?"

"Well, that baptismal service was really a marriage ceremony, you know! As a result of it you were joined to Christ by being joined to His church—His bride. Have you ever sinned against your heavenly Bridegroom?"

"I guess I have."

"Did He divorce you because of it?"

"No, He didn't."

"He had a right to do so, though. In the Bible sin is likened to spiritual adultery, in view of the sacred relationship between the baptized believer and Christ."

"Christ had a right to divorce you on grounds of unfaithfulness. He also had a higher right—the right to forgive you. And He chose to exercise that higher right. Aren't you glad He did?"

"Do you mean I ought to take my

## The Brook

by GRACE V. WATKINS

How strange that anyone should look  
Upon his neighbor's crystal brook  
And let the clouds of envy rise  
Within his heart's gray-shadowing skies,  
When he could swiftly draw away  
The tangled grass, the stones, and clay  
From fields that are his own, and know  
A bright, a rich-abundant flow!  
The Source is ever near, how near,  
With cooling springs so deep and clear  
That they are adequate to feed  
Man's every need!

school age, suppose you don't have enough money to educate both them and your first two? Won't your new wife view her two step-children as competitors with her own children for your affection—and your money? Indeed, may it not be possible that she will view these two as competitors with herself? I've seen it happen more than once in other countries."

The teacher, sobered, fell silent. He knew I told the truth. Since he made no effort to speak, I pressed home the matter further.

"And what of the effect of the divorce itself on your children? Again, most adults have no conception of the deep injury it brings the little ones. There is absolutely nothing," I continued, slowly and with deep feeling, "that can so completely shatter their developing personalities as the total, cataclysmic breaking up of their entire miniature world; and this always happens with divorce."

"In disputes, adults generally tend to take sides. But where parents are concerned, children are most often fiercely loyal to both father and mother, no matter which may be at fault. Most grownups simply don't understand this. Therefore, no outsider can ever really take the place of a father or a

mother, no matter how willing they may be, or how hard they try. The new home you propose to establish will be *your* home, but it will never be *their* home. If you proceed with divorce you simply orphan two children.

"Now, suppose you go ahead with your plan, remarry, and take these two youngsters into the new home. How successful will this solution really work out to be? Will there really be peace and happiness in the home? Your new wife will certainly want children of her own, won't she?" I asked, having some understanding of African psychology.

He nodded agreement. He was planning for a larger family himself.

"When your new children reach

wife back, after the way she shamed me before the whole village?"

"I know of another man who did."

"Who?"

"He was a church worker, like you. He happened to be a minister—lived about three thousand miles northeast of us here.

"He married a young woman by the name of Gomer. Their home was blessed by the arrival of a man child, whom he named Jezreel. It meant 'God scatters.'

"Perhaps the fond father felt God had scattered happiness over his whole life. In view of later developments, however, ironically it might have meant the exact opposite!

"You see, this young preacher and his wife were having domestic difficulties. Perhaps he had to spend a lot of his time in preaching and church work—he lived in an especially wicked age, similar to our own. Maybe Gomer felt she was being neglected. Perhaps she even threw it up to him that he loved his work more than he loved her. The chilling breezes of estrangement began to blow through their little home. A daughter was born, and he named her Lo-ruhamah—meaning 'unpitied' or 'unloved.'

"Things were going from bad to worse. Gomer was spending more and more time away from home now, and when the third child came the young prophet's suspicions of his wife's unfaithfulness were fully aroused. He named 'his' new son Lo-ammi—'No kin of mine!'

"Finally, Gomer left altogether. She gave herself to an abandoned life to 'enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season' (Heb. 11:25). Pity was, like so many other of the wayward daughters of Eve, she didn't realize how short that 'season' really could be.

"After her paramour had tired of his latest conquest, he sold her as a slave. Word of this soon reached the sensitive young preacher. It was a small world then, as now. This kind of news always travels fast.

"Still at home with his three children, the rejected husband sorrowfully pondered his fate. And through this experience, as Dr. Clovis B. Chappell has so admirably sketched this compellingly moving story,\* our prophet friend began to see God in a new light—his very tears had become 'telescopes' through which he looked deeply into the heart of infinite Love—more so perhaps than any other man of his age.

"He learned, first, something of the

true nature of sin—and of goodness. In Gomer's wrong to him he more clearly saw how his people had wronged God. Then, too, he realized God's grief over man's sin—that our God is a suffering God. Finally, through his horrible ordeal he discovered the amazing mercy, the forgiving love of God, through his own forgiveness. He simply couldn't forget about Gomer.

"His name? Hosea—the prophet of the Old Testament.

"And although he had a 'right' to a divorce if ever a man did, he slipped away one night, going down past the haunts of shame to the slave market. He paid the proprietor fifteen pieces of silver, and a little barley. Remember, the going price of a slave was thirty pieces of silver. But now Gomer was shopworn merchandise—not very desirable—and Hosea picked her up on the bargain table for half price. He took her back into his own home and restored her as the queen of their little domestic circle.

"Friend, that's the greatest love story in the whole of the Old Testament!"

The teacher was silent for a long time. Although it was hot and humid in the little room on the jungle campus, it was not perspiration that slowly trickled down over his cheek and fell

to the cracked cement floor beneath our feet.

"Pastor," he finally said, "how did it come out? The story, I mean."

"I don't know. The Bible doesn't say. How will yours come out, teacher?"

"I don't know." He fell silent again. There wasn't really much more to say.

"Let's pray together," I suggested. On our knees we told it all to Jesus. He already knew, of course; but somehow it helped.

Then we got up, shook hands, and he slipped out the door through the lengthening shadows of the fading light in the late afternoon tropical sun.

I never saw him again.

I've often wondered about Hosea and Gomer, how they managed after their reconciliation.

And I've often wondered about my African teacher friend, whether he had the courage to exercise his "higher" rights. Or did he take the popular way out?

In particular, I keep thinking of those two little ones in his home . . .

Sometimes it isn't good to think too much!

\* See "The Betrayed Husband" in . . . *And the Prophets* (Nashville: Abingdon-Cokesbury, 1946) and "The Prodigal Wife" in *More Sermons on Biblical Characters* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1923).

## FAMILY FARE

# Silverfish

by JANE WOELKERS

**W**E WERE singing the last song of the opening exercises at Vacation Bible School when I cast a glance toward the floor. Moving swiftly along on three pairs of legs was a perfectly streamlined silver something (bug, beetle, or insect) that glistened like a drop of mercury. His beauty held me breathless, and I was disappointed when he disappeared under the pew.

After the children had passed to their classes I went in search of this silver creature, but it had gone as quickly as it had come. My opportunity to observe it was short, and I felt slighted, for I possess an intense curiosity about natural things. Since

I could not observe the creature—which I later learned is called by Webster "a wingless insect,"—I went on my way.

A few weeks later a small mail-order catalog was delivered to my home. I had no intention of making any purchases; out of curiosity I thumbed quickly through it. Near the end, on the lower left-hand page, was a picture of my beautiful silver crawler with "KILL SILVERFISH" written in bold black letters. I read on. "They're active all year, eating your linens, clothing, paper, furnishings, synthetic fabrics."

Like silverfish, sin may be attractive, but it is a destroyer.



*ROY HAD driven his father's tractor up and down the long rows of the new corn.*

FIRST OF SIX PARTS

# One of These

by NORENE LYON CREIGHTON



*LIFE on the farm had been happy.*

ROY MC CAULEY carefully closed the trunk on his ancient Ford and straightened up. The sixteen-year-old let his eye run thoughtfully over the rear of the car. Everything seemed in order. The license tag was in place. Nothing was sticking up in the back window. The bumper was polished to gleaming brightness, except for a stubborn rust spot or two.

Gently he kicked at the left rear tire as he slowly headed for the driver's seat. Excitement was welling up in his mind as he opened the door. This car, only four years younger than he, was to be his accomplice in a great adventure. He ran his hand down the recently waxed door as he paused a moment before stepping in.

His eagerness to be on his way was matched only by his reluctance to leave the two silent people who stood watching him. He had felt their gaze like four burning holes on the back of his head as he had lifted the five-gallon can of gas and placed it beside the jug of water that he had put in the trunk as a safety measure against the unknowns of the trip before him.



He avoided their eyes as he rearranged the luggage until it was organized to his satisfaction. The spare fan belt had been tucked in next to the tire tools so that he could find it easily should it become necessary.

Now there was nothing left to do—except the hardest thing of all. He turned solemn blue eyes toward his parents.

"Well, son," his father managed to say, and then stopped as he became absorbed in picking a fleck of hay from his overalls. His mouth opened and then closed, but no words came.

Roy turned and took a step toward his mother. He could see the tears standing in her brown eyes, but she stood tall and straight and did not attempt to wipe them away. Her voice was firm and clear as she said, "We'll miss you, son. But if you still feel sure this is the thing to do we will not stand in your way."

He bent to kiss her and then held out his hand to his father. "Good-by, Dad. I guess there isn't any use telling you again that I appreciate all you've done for me, and all. What I mean is, well, we've been over all that before. A fellow just has to get out on his own sometime, and I

guess that time has come for me." He walked again toward the car.

"Roy," said his father, trying to lighten the atmosphere as he walked with him to hold the door while he got in, "the money we'll save on groceries alone in your absence will be enough for your mother and me to retire on in luxury!"

Roy grinned appreciatively, automatically dissolving the lump that had risen in his throat. Good old dad—always good for a laugh! His mother was smiling now, and looking in at him through the window on the other side of the car.

He started the motor and let it idle. He had dreamed of this moment for months. During his senior year at high school, and through the long hot months since graduation when he had helped his father tend and harvest the crops, he had planned that this fall he would leave home—not that he wasn't happy at home or didn't love his parents. It was simply that he felt a restlessness he had to satisfy.

The heavy summer work was done, and he felt he could leave with a clear conscience. Now that the day had arrived, he seemed bent on deferring the actual parting as long as possible. He glanced toward the large square farmhouse that had been his only home. The early-morning sun bathed it in freshness, making a sweet picture for remembering. Across the leaf-covered lawn was the barn where he had spent long hours milking in the chill darkness before school. Even now he could almost smell the sweet breath of the cows as they munched the hay he had tossed down to them.

He jerked back to the present as his mother said in a typically motherly way, "Now you drive carefully and take care of yourself. I can hardly stand to think of your going that far away from home, and all alone, too."

"Sure, Mom, I'll be careful." Slowly he put pressure on the clutch and pushed the stick into low gear. Looking first toward his mother and then back to the other side of the car where his father stood, he said softly, "Remember, I love you both." Then he released the clutch, at the same time depressing the accelerator. The car moved down the drive.

As he turned onto the empty highway he touched the horn and waved before moving quickly into a higher gear and taking off down the road. He could not look back now, but he knew they would still be standing there, watching until he was out of sight.

The old Ford purred along as he settled back to enjoy the freedom of the open road before him. To his left, about a mile across the flat stubbled fields, the Nittany Mountain range rose sharply to lean against the brilliant morning sky.

From earliest childhood he had been

# e Days



*STEPPING from the car, he stretched and cast a critical look at his twelve-year-old Ford, noticing that its wax job was dimmed by the dust of travel.*

fascinated by these mountains, longing for the day when he would be big enough to climb them. He had liked to look across the valley at their long, straight ridges knifing the sky. The foothills, knobby and broken, nestled close under the shadow of the ridges, stretching into the distance, looking like boxcars on a siding; or were they elephants walking in a line, trunk to tail?

There were no craggy peaks in these mountains. Everything was smoothly covered with a dense growth of trees. Today the hills were a riot of color, as the autumn reds and golds and bright scarlets vied with the blue of the October sky to claim his attention from the highway before him. To his right, on the other side of the valley, another range lay bathed in the sparkling sunshine, its colors blended into a soft purple haze.

Between him and these mountains lay the fields of his father's farm. As they whizzed past his window he could see himself as a small boy driving his father's tractor up and down the long rows of the new corn, dragging a cultivator behind him. It had pleased his father to see him take an interest in the farm work at such an early age. A tractor had been purchased with hand controls that could be manipulated by a boy of seven. Roy loved to drive that tractor. He had been proud the day a farmer had asked his dad whether he would let the boy come and operate the tractor for him when he was short a man during the haying season.

By the next year other farmers in the valley had heard of his ability with the tractor, and he had many offers of work during the haying, and later during wheat and oat harvest. These Pennsylvania farmers knew a good bargain when they saw one. This small boy would work all day in the broiling sun for a dollar or two, a pat on the head, and a few words of praise, and they were saved the expense of hiring a man to do the job. But just the same, Roy was getting ahead.

He smiled to himself with satisfaction as he recalled the first time he had visited the local bank on his own business. His head was barely up to the counter. Somehow he gained the clerk's attention, although he could hardly be seen from below the marble slab in front of the teller's window.

"What can I do for you, young man?" the teller asked, stretching his neck to look down at Roy through the bars.

"I want to start a bank account," a piping voice answered. Then he

reached up and laid his money on the counter.

The bank teller's eyes widened as he counted the money. Forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty. Fifty dollars! He peered down again at the small boy.

"Yes, *sir!*" said the teller, as he whipped out a bank book and began entering the figures.

Roy pocketed the book, then got a drink of ice water from the fountain on his way out of the bank. Having that book in his pocket was all the satisfaction he sought for the long hours he had spent working in the hot sun. He had always wanted to have money in the bank, and now he had it. He had carefully saved all the money that came his way. No temptation to him were the candy and gum machines that he saw everywhere in town. He could think of better ways to use his money than to chew it up and spit it out. Although he was young in years, he knew he would get older after a while, and then he would know better how he wanted to spend that money. In the meantime he would let it rest in the bank and grow.

Roy smiled again as he remembered how his reputation for driving a tractor had grown until he was busy from morning till night all summer for the next few years, and how he had finally realized his own worth and upped his price. He had made frequent trips to the bank, and at home kept his bank-book carefully hidden.

The passing scenery thrilled Roy with its familiarity. He wondered when he would be seeing it again. What did life have in store for him? He was eager to find out.

After another few minutes of driving he saw his grandfather Zimmerman's house in the distance. "Should I stop and say good-by to grandpap again?" he asked himself. "No, I guess it would be better if I didn't stop. I said good-by to him yesterday. No use prolonging the agony of getting away."

But he couldn't put his grandfather out of his mind. The porch where the vines crawled over the ends to keep the sun off, where they had held those long, earnest conversations, gave him a homesick feeling. He couldn't help thinking it was because of those talks he was making this trip. It was there he had first felt discontent with his life. On that porch they had discussed the Sabbath and how it should be kept holy. They had also studied many other puzzling things about the Bible, and he had learned to enjoy reading it for himself.

One of the texts he had learned to love was "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." Grandpap himself was a bit like those hills—old and strong and solid. His dark brown eyes crinkled with happiness under his bristling white brows, and he always seemed to have something to say that would lift Roy's spirits and make him yearn for better things. And he always meant to do those things. He would say to himself, "One of these days I'm going to be a really good Christian and go to church and keep the Sabbath and do things the way I know I should."

His grandfather wasn't the only one who had talked to him about the Bible. His own mother, who had been reared under that loving influence, had her name on the Adventist church books, and she knew what was right. She used to tell Roy that the Sabbath ought to be kept holy. But neither did she want to cross dad. Not that dad was hard to get along with. He worked so hard that neither of them could bear to go off on Sabbath and leave him with all the work to do alone. Dad didn't go to any church, and one day was like the next to him. The time or two they had gone into town to church, he had not said much, but they had known he didn't like their being gone.

Thus they had drifted back into carelessness and had kept peace at all costs. Then, too, the group met in a dusty old hall instead of a church building, and there weren't any young people Roy's age, so he had never developed an interest in going back.

Sometimes weeks would go by and he would never have a serious thought about religion. School and chores kept him busy. And then there was the roller rink. On Saturday nights he and his cousin and friends spent the evening there. There wasn't anything he liked better than skating when he had the time to spend at it. Learning all the new steps at the rink could keep a fellow occupied for quite a while, he told himself.

When he had almost completely forgotten about religion, a trip to grandpap's would bring it all back again. In his kindly way, the old man kept hammering at him.

Like last year when he had received the invitation from Aunt Sarah and Uncle Ed Shaffer to come to Phoenix and stay with them and finish his senior year at the academy there. His grandfather had urged him to accept the invitation. He pointed out that if a fellow found it difficult to live at home the

way his conscience told him, then he owed it to himself to give it a try somewhere else. He thought the influence of other young Adventists would be a help to Roy.

Roy had argued that he couldn't leave dad. He decided he would stay with his parents and finish high school. But he promised himself that when he was through school and had a driver's license and a car he would make the trip to Arizona and stay for a while. He knew Uncle Ed and Aunt Sarah were Adventists, and he was looking forward to seeing what it would be like to live in an Adventist home. He felt his life would then be his own to live, and he determined to make the best use of it that he could.

Although Roy had rarely attended church, he had been taught by his mother to pray. This habit had persisted since early childhood. Each night before he went to bed, he knelt and said a prayer. Lately, during these quiet times on his knees, he had promised God that one of these days he would start living the kind of life he knew he should.

As the hills of home swept past his window and vanished in the rear-view mirror, Roy put his reminiscing aside and gave his full attention to the long trip ahead. His great adventure was before him. All his weeks of planning and preparation were about to be fulfilled. In a burst of happy exuberance he exclaimed aloud, "Uncle Ed, Aunt Sarah, Arizona—here I come!"

Several days later, as Roy approached the outskirts of Phoenix, Arizona, he pulled in at a gas station where he saw a telephone booth at the edge of the lot. This would be a good place to call his relatives and let them know he had arrived, and to get directions to their home.

As he stepped from the car and stretched to get the kinks out of his legs after his long trip, he cast a critical look at his twelve-year-old Ford, noting that its wax job was considerably dimmed by the dust of several days' travel. Before he made that call he would freshen himself up and get the car washed. He wanted to look his best when he arrived. He was quite pleased with himself for having been able to make the trip all the way from Pennsylvania out here alone, without any trouble.

When he had found the house and Aunt Sarah opened the door for him, he was almost overwhelmed with a rush of homesickness at sight of her. Although younger, she reminded him very

much of his mother. Those days alone in the car as he traveled across country seemed to have been about one hundred years each in length! He could hardly remember when he had left home. He was so happy to see someone he knew—someone from home.

Aunt Sarah gave him a hug and exclaimed as she looked up at his nearly six feet of height, "Why, Roy, how you've grown!" Then as she ushered him inside, she went on, "We expected you'd get here today. Of course, we didn't know whether you had trouble with the car." She glanced out the window at the faithful Ford in the driveway. "How did you drive that long distance by yourself?"

While he was shaking hands with his uncle and everyone was talking, he couldn't help sniffing appreciatively the tempting aromas coming from the kitchen. When mom's lunch had run out on the way he had had to begin

buying food, and that had been the worst part of the trip. He had never cared much about restaurants and their greasy odors. Supper turned out to be all his nose had promised. Home cooking surely beat most of the stuff you could get in restaurants, he thought, as he finished his second helping of pie.

Later, as his aunt was cleaning up the kitchen, he and Uncle Ed sat in the living room and talked about his trip. He was proud to be able to talk man to man about the perils of the highways and the gas mileage of his car.

Soon it was bedtime, and Aunt Sarah showed him his room. He was more tired than he realized as he prepared for bed, and as he dropped to his knees for his prayer, he felt his words getting a little jumbled. But he was sure God would understand how thankful he was to have made the trip safely.

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

## Wit Sharpeners

### Joshua

by BERT RHOADS

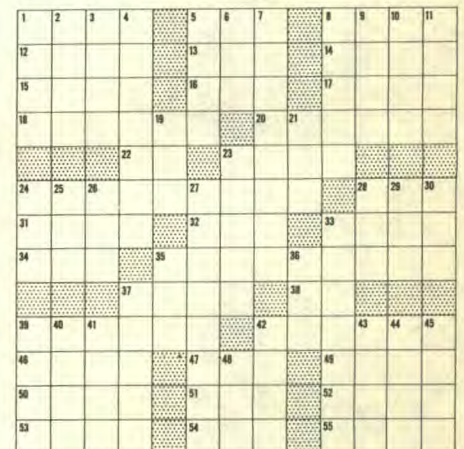
#### Horizontal

- 1 Period when something occurs
- 5 Arabian garment
- 8 Chemical, abr.
- 12 Jewish month (Neh. 6:15)
- 13 To recede
- 14 Haema
- 15 1003 Rom. let.
- 16 Man's name
- 17 America, abr.
- 18 Clergyman
- 20 Bible king (Ezra 5:7)
- 22 Masc. subjective case of him
- 23 Insects
- 24 Cap. city of Palestine
- 28 Lifetime
- 31 Broad piece of level land
- 32 Large
- 33 Waterfall
- 34 Medical, abr.
- 35 Ruler of the Jews (John 3:1)
- 37 Musical sound
- 38 Heathen king (Deut. 31:4)
- 39 Son of David (2 Sam. 5:16)
- 42 Edible vegetable
- 46 Hammer
- 47 Diameter, abr.
- 49 Irido
- 50 Prefix-before
- 51 Chest or coffer
- 52 Man's nickname
- 53 Empty, void
- 54 Honey insect
- 55 Secluded narrow valley

#### Vertical

- 1 Temperature, abr.
- 2 Plural of ilium
- 3 Am. naturalist

- 4 Son of David (2 Sam. 5:15)
- 5 Eon
- 6 Barrel, abr.
- 7 Man cast into furnace
- 8 Scorches
- 9 Prefix-half
- 10 Australian bird
- 11 Name of a planet
- 19 Order of Eastern Star, abr.
- 21 Atmosphere, abr.
- 23 Girl's name
- 24 Tight place
- 25 Before
- 26 A color
- 27 Man who had care of ark (1 Sam. 7:1)
- 28 Purpose
- 29 African antelope
- 30 Plural of en
- 33 Long gaiter
- 35 Downward drowsy motion of head
- 36 Female deer
- 37 German silver coin
- 39 And others, abr.
- 40 Lonesome
- 41 Small quantity
- 42 Inland body of water
- 43 Eurasian mountain chain
- 44 Bit or jot
- 45 Adam's home
- 48 Anger



Key on page 19

From page 4

it is because there is no light in them" (Isa. 8:20).

But is not seeing believing? Not always. Peter told of being eyewitness to the majesty of Jesus, then added, "We have also a more sure word of prophecy" (2 Peter 1:19). More sure than what? More sure than seeing. The "evidence" of the senses cannot always be trusted. Airplane pilots tell of flying on their wing ends and *feeling* as if in level flight. Feelings and perceptions are not all trustworthy.

"All who neglect the word of God to study convenience and policy, that they may not be at variance with the world, will be left to receive damnable heresy for religious truth. Every conceivable form of error will be accepted by those who wilfully reject the truth."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 523. The apostle Paul spoke of those who "received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved" (2 Thess. 2:10).

"Satan can present a counterfeit so closely resembling the truth that it deceives those who are willing to be deceived, . . . but it is impossible for him to hold under his power one soul who honestly desires, at whatever cost, to know the truth."—*Ibid.*, p. 528.

But, what is truth? "Thy word is truth."

Are miracles the test of the true God, the true doctrine? On Mount Carmel, the bringing down of fire from heaven was acceptable evidence. But soon we shall see false gods doing miracles. "And he doeth great wonders, so that he maketh fire come down from

heaven on the earth in the sight of men" (Rev. 13:13).

"The last great delusion is soon to open before us. Antichrist is to perform his marvelous works in our sight. So closely will the counterfeit resemble the true, that it will be impossible to distinguish them except by the Holy Scriptures. By their testimony every statement and every miracle must be tested."—*Ibid.*, p. 593.

Ever more precise instruments of truth will be necessary. By the use of proper gauge blocks one can determine to a ten thousandth of an inch the size of an object. Indeed, a decision finally was necessary in the world of mechanics whether to define one inch as 25.4000 millimeters, or 25.4001! The former figure won!

"Trivial difference," you say. Yes, but it *was* a difference. Now see what Satan's last deception is, and how carefully it must be compared with God's Word.

"As the crowning act in the great drama of deception, Satan himself will personate Christ. . . . The great deceiver will make it appear that Christ has come. In different parts of the earth, Satan will manifest himself among men as a majestic being of dazzling brightness, resembling the description of the Son of God given by John in the Revelation. . . . This is the strong, almost overmastering delusion. . . .

"But the people of God will not be misled. The teachings of this false christ are not in accordance with the Scriptures."—*Ibid.*, pp. 624, 625. "See-

ing is believing," you say? Obviously not. To detect the counterfeit, one must adopt a true standard, and then compare the unknown with it.

"Thy word," the "more sure word of prophecy," is truth. Listen to the inspired question—"Are the people of God now so firmly established upon His word that they would not yield to the evidence of their senses? Would they, in such a crisis, cling to the Bible, and the Bible only?"—*Ibid.*, p. 625.

More exact than rulers, or metersticks, or calipers, or gauge blocks, or spectrosopes, is the Word of God. Will we cultivate "the love of the truth"?

The greatest question in all history, the study of wise men ages before Pilate and centuries after, has but one answer. What is truth? "Thy word is truth."

And Peter echoes, "The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: but the word of the Lord endureth for ever."

### BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but recently it was announced to the press that the radioisotope, polonium 210 (also known as Radium F., and discovered in 1898 by Madame Curie), is to be found in all inhaled cigarette smoke regardless of the type of filter used. What was not made public was the easily calculated fact that polonium 210 is 400 times more radioactive than uranium, and 4,000 times more deadly than ordinary radium, weight for weight.

Other vital facts are: (1) the half life of polonium 210 is 138 days; and (2) the calculated fact that polonium 210 even after 10 half lives (or after 1,380 days) is still four times more radioactive than ordinary radium!

Polonium 210 decays with the production of some gamma (X) rays, and considerable alpha rays (helium nuclei) with energies greater than five million electron volts. Polonium 210 particles in the cigarette smoke become embedded permanently in the tiny air sacs of the lungs, where they bombard the delicate tissue with radiation.

The above appeared in the Los Angeles Times, January 25, 1964.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

## On a Clover Found in a Dictionary

by JANE MERCHANT

Pressed docilely within  
Verbose authority  
One clover seems a thin  
Fragile minority  
Of incidental worth  
Among rich verbal gleanings;  
Yet clover preserves the earth  
That gives the words their meanings.





# The Winds of Conscience

by *MYRON GRIFFIN*

**I**S YOUR conscience in good working order, or does it need to be taken in for repair?

Someone once described the mechanism of a conscience as a three-cornered apparatus that pricks as it turns, unless the corners are worn off.

It might not be a bad idea to have those corners checked and sharpened as one would have his automobile checked and repaired. A man may have a dozen different cars in his lifetime. In fact, he can change to a different model every year if he chooses, but his conscience is a delicate, supersensitive soul mechanism that is an all-essential part of him and can never be traded in on a new model. A man can have his car checked every thousand miles and watch it carefully between checks, but chances are that he doesn't know the condition of his conscience.

How about you? Is your conscience performing properly? Oh, you suppose it is. You remember noticing that it slowed you down a few times lately. It must be working. Last week you thought about spending an evening at the theater, but it put up such an awful fuss that you decided you could not go. Yes, it is working all right.

Do you think that just because it is working it is giving top performance? A car may run, but it could be ready for the junk heap. A person's heart beats until the moment of death. The heartbeat is the root of life, but not of health.

If you are interested in checking your conscience and its performance may I suggest that you take it out into the wind for its test.

There might not be a strong wind on your life at the moment, but you do not need one. There is something about the stimulus of a gale that causes even a conscience with definite mechanical defects to perform beautifully, thereby deceiving its owner and putting him completely off guard. A little breeze is far better for checking purposes. It is the little wind, the everyday wind, that quickly shows up conscience flaws.

The gale that blows toward a downtown theater may be powerless. But the little breeze may cause the same Christian to slow down and stop instead of passing the drive-in theater along the highway. The little wind might cause him to linger a half hour with television to see the same kind of thing he would be looking at in the theater.

Of course, you reason, there is not the objectionable environment at home that there would be at the theater. But I wonder about the word "environment." Certainly I think that the word has been overworked. We have talked too much about environment when we should have boldly said that the theater itself is fundamentally wrong.

Many a young person has made the mistake of considering his conscience in good condition because he firmly resisted the temptation to stop at the magazine store and pick up some wild detective story, but once he is in his own home, he thinks nothing about the radio blaring out the same thing, only more dramatized. When friends come he says he was not really listening, or he had forgotten that the thing was on.

It is the little winds that count. There is a strong wind that blows toward deliberate falsehood, and many withstand it successfully, but when the small gentle breeze blows across the income tax blank, what happens?

There was a time for soliciting mission funds in a northern city. A certain man was given opportunity to help in the worldwide work being carried on for the benefit of humanity. Why was the request refused? That man was an employee of the government. In his work for the Internal Revenue Service he had recently come across an obviously inaccurate tax return—a return of a Seventh-day Adventist!

Some men would not think of lying to their wives, but they think it a mark of stupidity to pay an honest income tax, when all one has to do is fill in the blanks the "right way." What is it about an information blank that so easily lulls an otherwise good conscience to sleep? It may be a soft wind, but it is an evil one.

Then there is the breeze that blows at the left arm of the man who drives. Traffic rules are really nonsense anyway, he reasons. Why worry about the number of tickets? It is a hobby to collect things these days. If he is clever he can elude paying the tickets by including them in his expense account. Dishonest? Yet before the day is over he may spend a half hour trying to convince his neighbor that the Ten Commandments are still binding.

The winds blow not only in the offices and across the highways but into the windows of the home and school, too. Sue is fast developing into a young lady. A look into her room would convince you that she is going to make a fine housekeeper. With a look into her closet and drawers, however, one might

understand why she can get her room in order so fast. It has probably never occurred to her that making a job look complete, when it is just begun, is a step toward hypocrisy and dishonesty.

And the student? The winds blow fiercely in the classroom. It takes real fortitude not to copy from across the aisle, but that same student's conscience may not function when he writes an English theme and does not bother to enclose the words of others in quotation marks. The United States has copyright laws that make it a serious offense to steal the thoughts and words of others. Should the standards

of the Christian be lower than the ones of the government?


Yes, many people, after checking their consciences in the wind, will feel a great need of taking them to the Master to have the points sharpened or the whole thing repaired. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."<sup>1</sup> Is your conscience "as true to duty as the needle to the pole"?<sup>2</sup> Or is it easily bent by the winds of circumstance, of convenience, and supposed economy—the winds of everyday life?

<sup>1</sup> Prov. 14:12.

<sup>2</sup> Education, p. 57.



## HIGH NOON ON THE SLOPES

That look of rapturous anticipation bodes no good for those excitingly delicious meatballs awaiting their lunchtime pleasure. The meatballs were prepared quickly and easily by their host from Entree with gravy—by Worthington Foods, Inc. 



### SENIOR - XI—The Christian and His Church

MEMORY VERSE: "Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellowcitizens with the saints, and of the household of God; and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord: in whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit" (Eph. 2:19-22).

STUDY HELPS: *Christ's Object Lessons*, pp. 309-345; *SDA Bible Commentary*.  
AIM: To set forth the Christian's relationship and responsibility to the church.

#### Introduction

"During ages of spiritual darkness the church of God has been as a city set on a hill. From age to age, through successive generations, the pure doctrines of heaven have been unfolding within its borders. Enfeebled and defective as it may appear, the church is the one object upon which God bestows in a special sense His supreme regard. It is the theater of His grace, in which He delights to reveal His power to transform hearts."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 12.

#### The Meaning of "The Church"

1. What was the assembly of God's people called in Old Testament times? Deut. 5:22; Acts 7:38.
2. How were these assemblies designated in the New Testament? Acts 14:27; 1 Cor. 4:17.

NOTE.—Someone has said, "The church is never a place, but always a people; never a fold, but always a flock; never a sacred building, but always a believing assembly. The church is you who pray, not where you pray." The church is an assembly or society or community of called-out ones.

3. What experience precedes membership in the church? 2 Cor. 6:16-18; Rev. 18:4; Rom. 1:6, 7.
4. What is the church declared to be? 1 Tim. 3:15.

NOTE.—Christ designs that heaven's order, heaven's plan of government, heaven's divine harmony, shall be represented in His church on earth. Thus in His people He is glorified. Through them the Sun of Righteousness will shine in undimmed luster to the world.—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 680.

#### Joining the Church

5. How does a man become a member of God's church? Acts 2:41, 47.

NOTE.—The steps by which one becomes a Christian and a full member of the church are outlined in the Bible as follows:  
a. Come to Christ (Matt. 11:28).  
b. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts 16:31-34).  
c. Repent—be converted (Acts 3:19).  
d. Be baptized (Acts 2:38).  
e. Old man must be crucified (Rom. 6:6).  
f. Become dead to sin, alive unto God (Rom. 6:11).

- g. Be free from sin and become servant of righteousness (Rom. 6:17, 18).
- h. This brings holiness and everlasting life (Rom. 6:22, 23).
- i. This makes him a member of "the household of God" (Eph. 2:19).

#### 6. How does Paul describe the Christian's consecration? Rom. 12:1, 2.

NOTE.—Rom. 12:1, 2. The Christian's consecration.  
The appeal—"I beseech you."  
The act—"present your bodies."  
The sacrifice—"A living sacrifice, holy, acceptable."  
The reason—"Your reasonable service."  
The method—"Be not conformed to this world."  
"Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind."  
The result—"That ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God."

#### The Work of the Church

7. What was God's purpose for His church in Old Testament times? Gen. 12:1-3; Gal. 3:6-9.

NOTE.—God's church is the court of holy life, filled with varied gifts and endowed with the Holy Spirit. The members are to find their happiness in the happiness of those whom they help and bless.

Wonderful is the work which the Lord designs to accomplish through His church, that His name may be glorified. . . . From the beginning God has wrought through His people to bring blessing to the world.—*The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 12, 13.

8. What service must the church render to the world today? Matt. 28:19, 20.

NOTE.—The church is God's appointed agency for the salvation of men. It was organized for service, and its mission is to carry the gospel to the world. From the beginning it has been God's plan that through His church shall be reflected to the world His fullness and His sufficiency. The

members of the church, those whom He has called out of darkness into His marvelous light, are to show forth His glory. The church is the repository of the riches of the grace of Christ; and through the church will eventually be made manifest, even to "the principalities and powers in heavenly places," the final and full display of the love of God.—*Ibid.*, p. 9.

9. What were Jesus' parting words to His disciples? Acts 1:8.

NOTE.—The church is God's fortress, His city of refuge, which He holds in a revolted world. . . . From the beginning, faithful souls have constituted the church on earth. In every age the Lord has had His watchmen, who have borne a faithful testimony to the generation in which they lived. . . . God brought these witnesses into covenant relation with Himself, uniting the church on earth with the church in heaven.—*Ibid.*, p. 11.

#### The Support of the Church

10. What basic plan does God have, to provide for His house? 1 Cor. 9:13, 14.

NOTE.—As to the amount required, God has specified one tenth of the increase. This is left to the conscience and benevolence of men, whose judgment in this tithing system should have free play. And while it is left free to the conscience, a plan has been laid out definite enough for all. No compulsion is required.—*Testimonies*, vol. 3, p. 394.

11. What examples of liberality do we find in the early apostolic church? Acts 4:32-35; 2 Cor. 8:1-5, 7.

NOTE.—This liberality on the part of the believers was the result of the outpouring of the Spirit. . . . One common interest controlled them—the success of the mission entrusted to them; and covetousness had no place in their lives. Their love for their brethren and the cause they had espoused, was greater than their love of money and possessions. Their works testified that they accounted the souls of men of higher value than earthly wealth. . . . Money, time, influence—all the gifts they have received from God's hand, they will value only as a means of advancing the work of the gospel.—*The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 70, 71.

12. In what spirit should our gifts to God be made? 2 Cor. 9:5-7.

NOTE.—Unselfish liberality threw the early church into a transport of joy; for the believers knew that their efforts were helping to send the gospel message to those in darkness. Their benevolence testified that they had not received the grace of God in vain. What could produce such liberality but the sanctification of the Spirit? In the eyes of believers and unbelievers it was a miracle of grace. Spiritual prosperity is closely bound up with Christian liberality. The followers of Christ should rejoice in the privilege of revealing in their lives the beneficence of their Redeemer. As they give to the Lord they have the assurance that their treasure is going before them to the heavenly courts.—*Ibid.*, p. 344.

#### Thoughts for Meditation

1. It is a great privilege to be a Christian and a part of the Christian church.
2. This privilege also carries with it certain very definite responsibilities and duties.
3. The true Christian never thinks of how much he can get out of his church but rather how much he can give to his church.
4. "Not until God ceases to bless His children will they cease to be under bonds to return to Him the portion that He claims."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 339.
5. "God has made the proclamation of the gospel dependent upon the labors and the gifts of His people. Voluntary offerings and the tithe constitute the revenue of the Lord's work. Of the means entrusted to man, God claims a certain portion,—the tenth. He leaves all free to say whether or not they will give more than this. . . . Should means flow into the treasury in accordance with this divinely appointed plan,—a tenth of all the increase, and liberal offerings,—there would be an abundance for the advancement of the Lord's work."—*Ibid.*, pp. 74, 75.

### Key Wit Sharpeners

1	T	2	I	3	M	4	E	5	A	6	B	7	A	8	C	9	H	10	E	11	M
12	E	L	U	L	13	E	B	B	14	H	E	M	A								
15	M	I	I	I	16	O	L	E	17	A	M	E	R								
18	P	A	R	S	19	O	N	20	D	21	A	R	I	U	S						
				22	H	E	23	A	N	T	S										
24	J	25	E	R	U	S	27	A	L	E	M	28	A	29	G	30	E				
31	A	R	E	A	32	B	I	G	33	L	I	N	N								
34	M	E	D	35	N	I	C	O	36	D	E	M	U	S							
				37	T	O	N	E	38	O	G										
39	E	40	L	I	A	D	A	42	L	E	G	43	U	44	M	45	E				
46	T	O	O	L	47	D	I	A	48	I	R	I	D								
50	A	N	T	E	51	A	R	K	52	N	A	T	E								
53	L	E	A	R	54	B	E	E	55	G	L	E	N								

## YOUTH—XI—The Christian and His Church

**MEMORY GEM:** "Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ" (1 Peter 2:5).

**ILLUMINATION OF THE TOPIC:** *Prophets and Kings*, pp. 15-22; *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 9-16; *Messages to Young People*, pp. 196-209.

### Introduction

"The church is God's fortress, His city of refuge, which He holds in a revolted world. Any betrayal of the church is treachery to Him who has bought mankind with the blood of His only begotten Son. From the beginning, faithful souls have constituted the church on earth. In every age the Lord has had His watchmen, who have borne a faithful testimony to the generation in which they lived. These sentinels gave the message of warning; and when they were called to lay off their armor, others took up the work. God brought these witnesses into covenant relation with Himself, uniting the church on earth with the church in heaven. He has sent forth His angels to minister to His church, and the gates of hell have not been able to prevail against His people."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 11.

### 1—The Meaning of "The Church"

1. By what name was the assembly or congregation of God known in Old Testament times? Deut. 5:22; Acts 7:38.

2. What were these assemblies called in New Testament times? Acts 14:27; 1 Cor. 4:17.

The term "church" has a number of meanings in our day that it did not have in the early Christian days. To some it means a denomination, such as the Methodist, or Baptist, or Presbyterian church. It is also used to designate a building, as when we speak of the Episcopal church on the corner of 8th and Elm streets. The third and most correct meaning for the word refers to a specific congregation meeting in a given place, as the church in Hartford, or London, or Mombasa.

Someone has said, "The church is never a place, but always a people; never a fold, but always a flock; never a sacred building, but always a believing assembly. The church is you who pray, not where you pray." This is the meaning of the word as used in the New Testament. The church is an assembly, or society, or community of called-out-ones, or saints.

3. What is a person called upon to do before joining the church? 2 Cor. 6:16-18; Rev. 18:4; Rom. 1:6, 7.

4. What did the apostle Paul declare the church is? 1 Tim. 3:15.

"Christ designs that heaven's order, heaven's plan of government, heaven's divine harmony, shall be represented in His church on earth.

Thus in His people He is glorified. Through them the Sun of Righteousness will shine in undimmed luster to the world."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 680.

### 2—Joining the Church

5. From earliest times what has been the accepted method of joining the Christian church? Acts 2:41, 47; 8:36; 22:16.

There have been persons who have strongly objected to the physical rite of baptism. They want to enter the church but wish to climb up some other way. But the command of Jesus to His disciples was explicit, "Go . . . , teach all nations, baptizing them" (Matt. 28:19). His instruction is clear: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved" (Mark 16:16).

The Bible plainly outlines the steps by which one becomes a Christian and a full member of the church. Every step is important.

- Come to Jesus. Matt. 11:28.
- "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." Acts 16:31-34.
- Repent—be converted. Acts 3:19.
- Be baptized. Acts 2:38, Acts 22:16.
- The old man must be crucified. Rom. 6:6.
- Become dead to sin, but alive unto God. Rom. 6:11.
- Be free from sin and become the servant of righteousness. Rom. 6:17, 18.
- This brings justification, holiness, and everlasting life. Rom. 6:22, 23.
- He becomes a member of the "household of God." Eph. 2:19.

6. What appeal does Paul make to all church members, and what change will appear in their lives? Rom. 12:1, 2.

"All true reformation begins with soul-cleansing. It is by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the mind through the power of the Holy Spirit, that a change is wrought in the life. . . .

"Make God your entire dependence. When you do otherwise, then it is time for a halt to be called. Stop right where you are, and change the order of things. . . . In sincerity, in soul-hunger, cry after God. Wrestle with the heavenly agencies until you have the victory. Put your whole being into the Lord's hands soul, body, and spirit, and resolve to be His loving, consecrated agency, moved by His will, controlled by His mind, infused by His Spirit. . . . then you will see heavenly things clearly."—*Sons and Daughters of God*, p. 105.

### 3—The Work of the Church

7. What did God intend that His church in Old Testament times should be? Gen. 12:1-3; Gal. 3:6-9.

"It was a high honor to which Abraham was called,—that of being the father of the people who for centuries were to be the guardians and preservers of the truth of God to the world, the people through whom all the nations of the earth should be blessed in the advent of the promised Messiah."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 15.

8. What similar responsibility has God placed upon His church today? Matt. 28:19, 20.

"The Saviour's commission to the disciples included all the believers. It includes all believers in Christ to the end of time. It is a fatal mistake to suppose that the work of saving souls depends alone on the ordained minister.

All to whom the heavenly inspiration has come are put in trust with the gospel. All who receive the life of Christ are ordained to work for the salvation of their fellow men. For this work the church was established, and all who take upon themselves its sacred vows are thereby pledged to be coworkers with Christ."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 822.

"The church is God's appointed agency for the salvation of men. It was organized for service, and its mission is to carry the gospel to the world."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 9.

9. What were Jesus' parting words to His disciples? Acts 1:8.

"Christ did not tell His disciples that their work would be easy. He showed them the vast confederacy of evil arrayed against them. . . . But they would not be left to fight alone. He assured them that He would be with them; and that if they would go forth in faith, they should move under the shield of Omnipotence. He bade them be brave and strong; for One mightier than angels would be in their ranks,—the General of the armies of heaven. He made full provision for the prosecution of their work, and took upon Himself the responsibility of its success."—*Ibid.*, p. 29.

### 4—God's Plan for Church Support

10. How did God expect His ministers to be supported? 1 Cor. 9:13, 14.

"Under the Jewish economy, gifts and offerings formed an essential part of God's worship. The Israelites were taught to devote a tithe of all their income to the service of the sanctuary. Besides this they were to bring sin offerings, free-will gifts, and offerings of gratitude. These were the means for supporting the ministry of the gospel for that time. God expects no less from us than He expected from His people anciently. The great work for the salvation of souls must be carried forward. In the tithe, with gifts and offerings, He has made provision for this work. Thus He intends that the ministry of the gospel shall be sustained."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 300.

11. What examples of liberality are found in the records of the early Christian church? Acts 4:32-35; 2 Cor. 8:1-5, 7.

"This liberality on the part of the believers was the result of the outpouring of the Spirit. . . . One common interest controlled them,—the success of the mission entrusted to them; and covetousness had no place in their lives. Their love for their brethren and the cause they had espoused, was greater than their love of money and possessions. Their works testified that they accounted the souls of men of greater value than earthly wealth. . . . Money, time, influence,—all the gifts they have received from God's hand, they will value only as a means of advancing the work of the gospel."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 70, 71.

12. In what spirit should our gifts to God be made? 2 Cor. 9:5-7.

"God designs that the exercise of benevolence shall be purely voluntary, not having recourse even to eloquent appeals to excite sympathy. . . . He is not pleased to have His treasury replenished with forced supplies. . . . The very best manner in which to give expression to our love for our Redeemer is to make offerings to bring souls to the knowledge of the truth. The plan of redemption was entirely voluntary on the part of our Redeemer, and it is the purpose of Christ that all our benevolence should be freewill offerings."—*Testimonies*, vol. 3, p. 413.

### What Is in This Lesson for Me?

Have I accepted the invitation of Jesus to be baptized and become a member of His church? If so, have I accepted my responsibilities as a member of that church. It is a great privilege to be a Christian. Am I living up to this high privilege?

# Counsel Clinic



**Question** *I have been told that it is a sin to eat between meals. If this is so, will you please tell me where it can be found?*

**Counsel** In *Counsels on Diet and Foods*, page 175, we are told that, "The stomach must have its regular periods for labor and rest; hence eating irregularly and between meals, is a most pernicious violation of the laws of health." In this same volume, page 182, Mrs. White declared: "Three meals a day and nothing between meals—not even an apple—should be the utmost limit of indulgence. Those who go further violate nature's laws and will suffer the penalty."

In both of the foregoing statements eating between meals is declared to be a "violation of the laws of health," a violation of "nature's laws." In this same book, page 17, the author wrote that "God is as truly the author of physical laws as He is author of the moral law. . . ."

"It is as truly a sin to violate the laws of our being as it is to break the ten commandments. To do either is to break God's laws. Those who transgress the law of God in their physical organism, will be inclined to violate the law of God spoken from Sinai."

At this point, however, room must be allowed for individual judgment. Am I a sinner because I eat a bar of candy within a half hour after my noonday meal? Am I a transgressor because I am forced, owing to a digestive ailment, to eat four to six times a day—small amounts at each meal—but six meals in all? Am I a sinner because, after eating a very light breakfast—owing to circumstances—and having exercised strenuously in the morning, I find myself eating something to satisfy a craving hunger, let's say, at 11:00 A.M.? Perhaps blood sugar may be so depleted that food is demanded under the circumstances. Let every man accept the principle, and let no man judge another.

The Spirit of Prophecy counsels against eating between meals are directed to those habitually indulging this injurious and pernicious practice.

The Lord's servant is stating a principle—allow five to six hours between meals, and your stomach will do you good service throughout your lifetime. But if you eat between meals, you prolong the digestive time needed, and when you sit down to your regular meal the weary stomach is required to take up anew the burden of digestion, not having completed caring for its previous load. This wears the internal organs and prepares the way for disease. This is the physiological principle at the heart of the counsel. Mrs. White is not trying to make this matter a church rule or an ecclesiastical law. She is merely stating physical principles that govern the physical man. Happy is the person who is attentive to these benign and life-giving statutes written upon every organ of our physical bodies.

**Question** *In THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR of December 17, 1963, I read that "it is the general practice among Seventh-day Adventists to pay tithe on all gifts of money and on the estimated value of the garden vegetables," et cetera. I have counseled people to pay tithe on every gift, even little presents (birthday, Christmas, et cetera), not only on gifts of money. I am not quite sure as to whether this conclusion is right. If it happens, for instance, that a rich father-in-law presents to his poor son-in-law a piano, or even a house or farm, how should he manage to pay the tithe? Are we to pay tithe on every gift received, or only on gifts of money?*

**Counsel** Anything that represents an increase of net worth to an individual is subject to tithe. Whether the increase results from earnings, gifts, legacies, or from some other source is not important. The question to be answered is "Does my owning this represent an increase?" If it does it is subject to tithing.

Sometimes wedding or other gifts are received that may have intrinsic value, but may be of only nominal value to the recipients. A young Adventist couple received a sterling silver tea service

from a non-Adventist relative. They felt they could not dispose of it lest they offend the giver; yet it had little value for them personally. They settled the matter by tithing the set on a nominal value basis, determining that when time should pass and they could dispose of the item they would then tithe on the difference in value.

Receiving a home, farm, stocks, or bonds as gifts should pose no serious problems, for no doubt one could easily secure a loan, if ready cash were unavailable, for 10 per cent of the value, which could be repaid to the bank or lending institution.

A safe rule to follow in deciding whether or not to pay tithe is "If in doubt, do." The Lord honors faithfulness and liberality toward His cause.

**Question** *I know that it is wrong to drink tea or coffee as a habit, but if a person has an ulcer and finds relief from the pain by drinking tea once in a while, is this still wrong? I have heard that Mrs. White says tea is good for an upset stomach, but have never read it. Is there any such statement? If so, where is it found?*

**Counsel** I do not find a statement in which Mrs. White says that tea is good for an upset stomach. However, I do find the following statement on page 302 of *Selected Messages*, book 2:

"I have not bought a penny's worth of tea for years. Knowing its influence, I would not dare to use it, except in cases of severe vomiting when I take it as a medicine, but not as a beverage."

This is the only statement I can find in which she mentions tea being used as a medicine, and this is specifically for severe vomiting. It is true that when she became very seaisick on her ocean trips she would drink a little tea to settle her stomach. There are many statements all through her writings concerning the harmful effects of drinking tea. You can trace them through the *Index* to her writings.

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.

# Missionary Volunteer



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## Radarscope

Key to source abbreviations published January 14, 1964.

► Ocracoke, North Carolina, can be reached only by water. A toll ferry makes a three-and-one-half-hour crossing from the North Carolina mainland. Although the island has modern hotel and motel accommodations and a variety of sports, there are some common things it does not have. These include a policeman, a jail, a traffic light, a pool hall, an elevator, a brick building, a chain store, a doctor, a lawyer, a dentist, a printer, a sidewalk, a billboard, a drugstore, and a bank.

National Geographic Society

► With the probability that it will not lose or gain more than a second in 300 years, a complex clock helps provide super-precise timing instruments essential to the tracking of missiles and space satellites. Looking more like a control panel than a timepiece, this sensitive instrument provides the time and frequency standard that guides production of quartz crystal oscillators, which are used to operate electronic clocks for the government.

AT&T

► Afghanistan is building a network of modern roads to link Kabul, the capital city, with the Khyber Pass and other historic landmarks. When completed, the road from Kabul to Kandahar will reduce the arduous trip to a comfortable day's drive. In 1880 it took 22 days for a British general to lead 10,000 men along the same route.

National Geographic Society

► In the USSR all men over 35 and all women over 30 are required to have a medical examination at least once a year. Twenty million people were examined in 1963, and the mass campaign, begun in 1948, was intensified during 1964.

WHO

► If all the volumes in the Washington, D.C., Library of Congress—270 miles of shelves—were reduced with the new microfilm process, they could be stored in six standard filing cabinets.

AT&T

► Tourism ranks third as a source of national income in Egypt. In 1963 there were 404,109 tourists, as against 291,180 in 1962, an increase of 39 per cent.

UAR

► The only Englishman to become pope of Rome, was Nicholas Breakspear (Adrian IV) who was born near St. Albans in Hertfordshire, and succeeded to the papal chair in 1154.

EAW

► An Australian sheep rancher claims that his nine-year-old rhesus monkey can drive a tractor, herd sheep, and spread hay for feed. Australian tax authorities have ruled that the monkey is a bona fide employee and allow the rancher a tax deduction for him.

National Geographic Society

► India's national malaria eradication program, begun in 1958, is showing results, according to a recent report that showed that no deaths were attributed to malaria in the country during 1963. The number of malarial attacks dropped to 50,000 compared to 1948 when malaria killed two million persons and afflicted 100 million others.

AMA

► Islam's holiest shrine, the Kaaba, is getting a new setting so that the increasing numbers of pilgrims to Mecca can fulfill their sacred duty more easily. The Saudi Arabian Government has begun a multimillion-dollar project to enlarge the Great Mosque, in whose open courtyard the Kaaba stands. According to tradition the shrine was built by Abraham at the command of God. The east corner of the Kaaba preserves the Black Stone, a meteoric rock that Arabs considered sacred long before Mohammed founded Islam.

National Geographic Society

► Geese have been held in high regard by both ancient and modern man. These barnyard creatures have served as field hands, night watchmen, and substitute sheep dogs. They have been credited with having saved Rome from the Gauls in 390 B.C., when their noisy clamor set up by the presence of the strange marauders woke the Roman army, which promptly defeated the enemy. Farmers keep geese in cotton fields, mint fields, and strawberry patches to keep weeds down. The geese dine on the errant grasses but are not interested in cotton, mint, or strawberries. Geese also herd sheep. A goose can manage a flock of sheep by honking them along and nipping their tails when they get too slow. *Ford Times*

► A valuable device for measuring ocean water temperatures both rapidly and at many depths simultaneously is the thermistor chain, a 37,500-pound string of sensors that can be lowered from the stern of a ship to a depth of 800 feet and operated while the ship is underway. Since the sensors, called thermistors, report their readings constantly, the thermal structure of the ocean can be measured in two dimensions—depth and distance. The readings are then fed to a computer on board ship that translates them into isotherms (lines of equal temperature).

*Naval Research Reviews*

► Only 36 civilian lighthouse keepers remain in service, according to the United States Coast Guard, which has jurisdiction over all lighthouses and other aids to navigation. On retiring, these civilians will be replaced by Coast Guardsmen. There are 10,858 light stations of various kinds along the nation's coast and lake shore. These are fully automatic, except for 287 manned lighthouses. There were more than 400 manned stations less than a decade ago.

National Geographic Society

► Through grants awarded by the Association of American Medical Colleges from funds made available to them, United States medical students may be eligible for fellowships to work in remote medical stations in underdeveloped areas of Africa, Asia, Latin America, and Oceania. Grants will cover travel costs and living expenses for periods of at least 10 weeks. Junior and senior medical students only are considered.

*Science*

► When cars cross the 1,260-foot span of the Royal Gorge Bridge, located near Canon City, Colorado, their occupants are riding 1,053 feet above the Arkansas River in the canyon below. This is claimed to be the world's highest bridge. It has an 18-foot-wide roadway, and there has never been an accident on the bridge.

*The Highway User*

► Fuel cells planned for the Gemini space craft will use hydrogen and oxygen. Chemical energy from the reaction will be converted into electricity. The ingenious cells will yield an important bonus: drinking water for the astronauts.

National Geographic Society

► Today businessmen in England are using 659 private planes for traveling from place to place. Six months ago the number was only 51.

EAW



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