

The Youth's Instructor

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There is real drama in the quiet
workings of the ways of God
in human hearts

A Call to Obey

[Sabbath School Lessons for April 3]



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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Right of Way?

by ALBERT J. PATT, M.D.

HURTLING toward me with seeming hostility, roared the Vellore town bus. I was on the edge of the asphalt on my side of the narrow road. Buses and trucks in this land usually race down the middle of the road, the drivers squeezing a large rubber-bulb horn relentlessly, ordering everyone driving a smaller vehicle to the shoulder. Only at the approach of another equally large vehicle would a driver yield part of the road.

I had made up my mind. This time I would not slow down and leave the pavement. I had as much right to it as did the bus driver. I would continue on my side, forcing him to move over to his. So I intended.

However, as I guided my scooter toward the oncoming behemoth, I was acutely aware that my determination to stay on the road did not impress the driver. Obdurately he occupied my side, as well as his.

Realizing, finally, that my obstinacy was having no effect, and that my stubbornness was really stupidity, I applied both hand and foot brakes while still on the pavement, then

veered to the left onto the sandy shoulder. My indignation at the man who recognized no one's rights was heightened as road dust and exhaust fumes from the bus engulfed me.

When enough of the swirls had settled so that I could see, I returned to the hardtop, wondering how much of my scooter and me would have been worth salvaging had I insisted on my right of way.

A number of years ago, I recalled, I had ridden with a friend on a California highway, before the era of multilaned, intersectionless super highways. We were making good time. Suddenly a car on a side road sped toward the intersection with no apparent intent to stop. Though it annoyed me, my friend slowed down to permit the car to enter the highway a few yards ahead of us.

"You didn't have to do that," I objected. "You have the right of way!"

Not once taking his eyes from the car ahead, he replied sagely, "Many a person who has insisted on his right of way has been found in a hospital bed or a cemetery plot."

Metamorphosis

by JEAN CARPENTER MERGARD

This morning as I trudged to work,
 Weighed down, possessed by worry's load,
 The sun, as if by some strange quirk,
 Turned grass to emeralds by the road.
 Mint-fresh the breeze became, the sky
 A sapphire dazzle to the eye.

I quaffed of mint upon the wind,
 Filling each obsolescent lung.
 My eyes drank in the gems—I grinned,
 And tasted spring-tang on my tongue.
 Then I, replete with day unfurled,
 Strode on as if I owned the world.

Timid Thomas

by ROBERT H. PARR

A PART from Peter, perhaps the most fascinating of the apostles is Thomas. Thomas was undoubtedly a twin. The Aramaic *Te'ôma'* means "twin," as does the Greek *Didymos*. It is thought that he was the younger twin, for in those days only the older (or the stronger) twin was given a surname. Didymus was not his surname; it was rather the equivalent Greek for the Hebrew "Thomas." Nor did the Master, apparently, deem it necessary to bestow a cognomen upon him, as in the case of Peter. History, however, has added the appellation—not without good reason—"the doubter."

Thomas was not the most outgoing personality among the disciples. He seems to have been introspective, a worrier, a man who preferred to rely on his senses rather than on his faith or his intuition. The most charitable judgment could not label him an optimist. He was more inclined to brood over the worst possible outcome; yet his devotion to the Master was unquestioned. There are those who believe that he was a carpenter, which if true would be a reasonable point of contact with, and an attraction to, Jesus.

Strangely, he is usually coupled in the lists of the disciples

in the Gospels with Matthew, who was, to all appearances, the direct antithesis of Thomas. It could well have been that these two men saw in themselves the complement one of the other. Matthew was a businessman; Thomas, a worker with his hands. One was pleasant and forthright, the other inclined to be reserved and even gloomy. Thomas had led a rather circumscribed life; Matthew had, as we say, "been around." Levi Matthew, as one would expect of an ex-tax-gatherer, was a man of decision; Thomas was unsure of himself, hesitant, tremulous in a situation, afraid of what might be.

When Jesus on one occasion declared that He was returning to Judea, the disciples were aghast. His last visit there had been fraught with danger, and they reminded Jesus that the Jews had sought to stone Him. When He insisted that His friend Lazarus was sleeping, and that He must go to awaken him, it was Thomas who voiced the doleful resignation of them all. "Let us also go," he said to the rest, "that we may die with him" (John 11:16).

But was it only resignation, nothing more? Could not that flickering flame of loyalty—which he suffered to be ex-



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**Thomas recognized his Lord,
and his heart leaped for joy.
He cast himself at His feet.**

tinguished only once, that is, when he, with the rest, "forsook him and fled"—have been glowing a little more brightly than might at first be imagined? Perhaps he was saying in effect: "If our Master insists on going to His death, let us go with Him—let us stand by His side; it is our reasonable service."

As the Messiah's earthly span neared completion, Thomas was still confused. Like so many before him, and countless millions since, he felt he had not been deceived by a cunning piece of trickery, yet he lacked a positive knowledge of where he was going. When Jesus, preparing the twelve for His departure,

cifixion, recognizing that in companionship and fellowship there was strength. Thus it was that they saw the risen Lord. But Thomas was still reeling from the blow. "He heard reports of the others, and received abundant proof that Jesus had risen; but gloom and unbelief filled his heart. As he heard the disciples tell of the wonderful manifestations of the risen Saviour, it only plunged him in deeper despair."¹

More than that, his pride was hurt. Even if he could adjust to the fact that Jesus would not establish an earthly kingdom, "it wounded his vanity to think that his Master should reveal

He would meet with them once. Just in case.

Then, as they ate, Jesus was standing in their midst. Gently He turned to His doubting disciple and invited him to feel the nail prints and examine His spear-pierced side. It was enough. Thomas had all the proof he needed. His doubts evaporated; his skepticism was banished forever; his gloom was dispelled by the living Sun of Righteousness. Flinging himself at His feet, he exclaimed, "My Lord and my God."

In that sublime moment Thomas was converted. Never again was his mind to know the clouds of despair that had so much spoiled his outlook. Never again would his faith waver. No more would he have to rely on the evidence of his senses to convince him. It was an entirely different Thomas who heard the Master say, "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

Faith ever translates itself into action. Apparently it was so with Thomas. He is believed to have set his face to the east, preaching the gospel as he went. How far he went we cannot tell, yet it seems that his former gloom and pessimism were now matched only by his daring and vision. Tradition says that he took the gospel to Parthia and Persia. Some claim that he died there. Yet there is another school of thought that has him laboring in India, where he suffered martyrdom, probably it is said, on what has long been called "St. Thomas' Mount," near Madras.³

Perhaps the most intriguing theory is that he reached right into the heart of China with his faith. Those who adhere to this belief point out that in Sian Fu, the ancient capital of China, there has been found an antique tablet on which there is the picture of a man—a man with unmistakable Jewish features. And under this likeness is the word "Do-Mah," which is, by interpretation, "The Twin." Furthermore, it is said that the Chinese people in that area have long practiced a religion that is unlike any other in all Cathay. It has about it the undeniable aura of Christianity.

Although his actual field of labor may be doubtful, one thing is certain—Thomas became a missionary, fearless, intrepid, and forthright. And in so becoming he has left an example to the timid, the fearful, and the uncertain that when they see the Christ with unclouded vision as their Lord and their God there is no limit to their horizons of service.

¹ *The Desire of Ages*, p. 806.

² *Ibid.*, p. 807.

³ Cassel's Concise Bible Dictionary (1909 ed.), p. 722.

Venture

by PEARLE PEDEN

Begin again,
O heart, dismayed, forlorn;
The willow rises after wind—
Its branches scattered, torn.
But see—anew,
Released from winter's cold,
The quickened growth, a lacy gown
Of Spring's fine-burnished gold.
So you arise,
To live, to laugh, to sing,
To take to winter-weary hearts,
The joy and warmth of spring.

spoke of building mansions for them, and described the certainty of His return, it was the timid disciple who spoke up. "Lord," he said, with pathetic earnestness, "we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?"

It was this groping, hopeless remark that revealed the turbulence that was the mind of Thomas. But it brought forth the most reassuringly gentle reply, the reply that has assuaged the fears of all the Thomases through all succeeding ages, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

The darkness of the day of crucifixion entered the soul of Thomas, as it blackened the hopes of all the disciples. It not only checked the fires of faith; that dreadful day extinguished the flame completely. The cowardice of Thomas was no worse than that of the others, nor was it any more excusable. But his hopes were blasted perhaps more than those of his friends, for at least they came together after the cru-

Himself to all the disciples except him. He was determined not to believe, and for a whole week he brooded over his wretchedness, which seemed all the darker in contrast with the hope and faith of his brethren."²

That week was a miserable one for Thomas, as it is for every Christian who allows himself to wallow in the slough of despond. His oft-repeated "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe" must have caused his friends considerable concern. They were even more disturbed because as they gathered every evening in the upper room there was one notable absentee—Thomas. How could he ever see his risen Lord if he failed to gather with them?

But Thomas was a curious man. Could his brethren perhaps be right, after all? In spite of himself, there was that rekindled flicker of hope which his natural skepticism could not quench.

Wanted: More Samaritans

Gong An unidentified Bolivian is sending out a "Last Call for Sabbath School" in the week's cover scene. Karl H. Bahr took the picture February 2, 1963, in Pacollo, Bolivia, and submitted it in Photo Mart. A fragment of railway iron, plus a stick and a stone, make an excellent "signal system."

California "I have just finished reading your article 'The Gospel in Sign Language' [January 12]. I was much intrigued by the title, for I have become interested in the ministry to the deaf in the past year or so. I want very much to learn this language, for I feel that a great deal of missionary work could be done this way." JAY R. ROBINSON, Orange.

California "This is not in the least degree a criticism. But as one who was reared on the farm and used horses for every possible purpose, the drawing of the horse and buggy on the back page of the issue of February 2 entitled "In Grandfather's Day" certainly gave me a siege of genuine laughter as I examined that harness on the old nag driven by grandpap." A. E. HAGEN, Paradise.

California "The author of 'Behold the Monarch' appearing January 12 should be congratulated for an effective and timely allegory. Thank you also . . . for the definite improvement in the caliber of articles appearing in recent issues." PAUL DI MAURO, Loma Linda University.

California "This is the first time I have ever written a letter to a magazine, but I was so impressed with 'Behold the Monarch.' When you are in a boarding school it is so easy to complain. But this allegory helped me rearrange my thoughts and put the most important things first. It must be our love for God that is the basis of our religion, not our set of rules. Thank you so much for printing such a tremendous article." BETH DAVIDSON, Angwin.

Goal "We cannot equal the pattern; but we shall not be approved of God if we do not copy it and, according to the ability which God has given, resemble it."—2T 549.

In May of 1960 a part-page manuscript came to us from Florida. Its message was relevant to Christian concern, much more so than some have thought to adopt. Here are its first three paragraphs:

"Not long ago a young woman friend of mine stopped in my home for a short visit. It was not long until Easter. Someone remarked that we would no doubt see plenty of Easter finery even in our own church the day before Easter. She is a vivacious young woman, mother of three small children.

"You know," she said, 'we have a poor family in our church (it is a small church), and they don't get new clothes very often. When they do they are only plain things. Some of us girls got together and decided that on Sabbath before Easter we would all wear something we have been wearing to church before.'

"Another friend of mine told me once she wished it were so she could attend a little country church where folks didn't wear such fine clothes."

A mother-author among Seventh-day Adventists has written, "Many a woman remains away from the house of God because her shabby, ill-fitting garments are in such striking contrast to the dress of others. Many a sensitive spirit cherishes a sense of bitter humiliation and injustice because of this contrast. And because of it many are led to doubt the reality of religion and to harden their hearts against the gospel."

On the preceding page she had written: "In all our work, the principle of unselfishness revealed in Christ's life is to be carried out. Upon the walls of our homes, the pictures, the furnishings, we are to read, 'Bring the poor that are cast out to thy house.' On our wardrobes we are to see written, as with the finger of God, 'Clothe the naked.' In the dining room, on the table laden with abundant food, we should see traced, 'Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry?'"¹

Self-restraint for the sake of others has more than one face. With the exemplary women of our illustration, it manifested itself by deliberate self-discipline in deference to others less fortunate. With the certain Samaritan, it involved the surmounting of the barriers of prejudice, the application of human concern that towered above race, or rank, or station.

Young Christian adults of 1965 can rise above the Cains and Achans and Sapphiras of earlier days.

Christ's followers of all times are those who carry in their beings a demonstration of the new commandment He bequeathed: "That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."²

The upward path is smoother when those with whom we journey have tender thoughts made tangible toward those with whom they travel.

WTC

¹ *The Ministry of Healing*, pp. 206, 207. ² John 13:34, 35.

coming next week

- "SAVED FROM PERIL"—For the second time that evening Bill fled from any further questioning. He had walked away from the dance before his combo performed. This was so unlike steady, reliable, usually rational Bill. By Linda Lee Locke.
- "THE UNIFYING SPRING"—"These English," I confided to Michel with animation as I warmed up to my subject, "seem to do everything completely backwards!" Then I caught myself. It could add variety to life to do a thing two different ways!

A SUMMER'S REWARD

LONG AFTER our voices in the college choir had relinquished the last triumphant notes of the "Hallelujah Chorus," its exuberant spirit echoed and re-echoed through that closing Friday night meeting of the fall Week of Prayer at Southern Missionary College.

From my seat in the choir loft I saw but dimly the banks of students stretching before me. Elder Robert Spangler, our speaker, had just covenanted with us to meet him on the sea of glass the first Sabbath evening in heaven and to sing that same anthem of praise to our Redeemer. No visual obstruction hindered my view, but my mind was flooded with the glories of heaven so graphically depicted that night in word and song. I could see Jesus inviting us to enter the pearly gates, eat of the wondrous tree of life, walk on the shining streets—even sit on His throne.

Blending harmoniously into the glorious scene were joyous testimonies of my fellow students speaking of their love for Jesus and pledging fidelity in His service. Suddenly a clear low voice drew my soaring thoughts back into the auditorium, and my eyes focused on a tall, neatly dressed young woman standing before the microphone at the pulpit.

Margo's personal testimony was simple: "I'm so happy that I know Jesus now, and that I'm sure He loves me."

That was all. But as I watched her leave the rostrum I knew that my cup of joy, already full, had been made to overflow. And evidently its brim was near my eyes, for they too were wet.

Margo Newde's confident words seemed one more irrefutable answer to the glaring question that had confronted me on this same campus the previous spring (1963), before the close of my junior year. It had been Elder Ray James, MV secretary of the Florida Conference, who had thrust the distressing need for a decision upon me.

"Smuts," he had countered, "how would you like to spend the summer in Florida keeping the youth busy for ten weeks?"

Wonderful! I thought, until he added, "You can spend the last four weeks conducting an evangelistic campaign with the young folks. How's that?"

With what fervor I had asked for time to think it over! The job in the college cabinet shop represented security, the familiar, to me. I enjoyed my work there. But evangelism? I had had no experience. How could I step out into the unknown? Besides, the shop needed men in the summer. Would I not be deserting my post? What's more, I could earn more if I stayed.

After I had talked the matter over with my boss and my Master I knew I must write Elder James and tell him that I would accept the challenge, but that he should be sure to have some experienced man nearby to keep an eye on me. He obliged by placing me near two young-hearted but seasoned men, Elders A. D. Burch and Jack Price in Tampa.

How vivid the fears that assailed me for weeks after mailing the reply! The project was by no means a small one. Six weeks of Operation Fireside, choir practicing, Friendship Team work, handbill distribution—scores of details nobody had thought of, and then a full-scale real-life evangelistic series! Could I preach a representative series of sermons? Would anybody come to the meetings? Where would I live? Would not the hot Florida weather wear me out before I began? Most of all, would the youth join me in the endeavor and give their wholehearted support?

It did not take me long to discover answers to my questionings. Some of the Seventh-day Adventist young people "couldn't care less," others proved to be unreliable "yes men," but many, many of them were eager to be like Jesus and to work as hard as they could for others.

Gertrude and Nancy were one of eight Bible-study teams. Each team prepared only one study and presented it eight times in the same number of homes. In this way the guests invited from each home would receive a short series of studies. The idea was to prepare them for the campaign by presenting inspirational subjects such as "Prayer," "Heaven," "Jesus Saves Us."

These two girls were naturally fearful; as a matter of fact, they were abnormally fearful, but they met their fears with determination. They asked me to come with them on their first attempt because they were sure that somebody was going to ask difficult questions, and I was to answer them! Strangely enough, nobody asked tricky questions or saw the girls' shaking knees or their wet palms. Yet I know everybody enjoyed their smiling faces, happy testimonies of love, and the study itself.

An hour later we were in the car on our way home. Their nervousness had changed to an excitement that seemed to thrill every fiber of their hearts. Together they fired a hundred and one remarks at me in the course of two city blocks. I remember only one: "Whew, I was afraid! But honestly, that was fun!"

The feelings of the other teams in our Operation Fireside were no different; everyone had a satisfying story to tell. After Mrs. Burch, who was co-ordinating the whole project, had tallied our reports she announced that sixty-two non-Adventist people were receiving the studies. I realized that sixteen youth were having a refreshing experience, nor was I excluded.

The time was drawing near for the meetings to begin. All of us were working feverishly. Ed Schneider organized a corps of pleasant, winsome girls into an effective group of usherettes, but

by SMUTS VAN ROOYEN

dogmatically insisted on calling them "ushers." One man was a majority to Ed. When he showed me the red ribbons with the word "Usher" printed in gold, which the girls were to wear on their white blouses, I knew things would go off well because even the small details were being properly cared for.

There were many pleasant surprises in store for me. On the day when we men went to clear the lot for the airatorium, we found it was not necessary to use the picks and shovels we had brought. Jacky NeSmith was already in the process of leveling the needed area with his father-in-law's bulldozer. There were many sighs of relief, especially from Elder Price—preachers' hands seldom are the most calloused in town! Jacky did more than level a spot with his tractor; he mowed the grass for parking. His faith was great—five acres' worth.

One week before the opening night, Dan Cressler, one of the senior youth in Tampa, came to visit me. He had an excited sparkle in his eyes that betrayed his solemn face.

"You think we'll get the people out, Smuts?"

"Five thousand handbills' worth, plus friends the members bring," I assured him and myself.

"You think the radio would do any good?"

"Radio? That would be perfect! We could let the whole city know! But how can we do that?"

Dan's smile was reassuring, as were his words as he spoke in the professional manner of a financier: "Tell you what! Julie and I will put it on the air and in both newspapers. I have some contacts." And they did. Somehow Dan managed to have our meetings announced fourteen times over the radio. Later I discovered that the funds

used for advertising was the money he and Julie had not spent on their honeymoon.

With that kind of spirit behind the project I knew there would be results in souls won and decided blessings for us all. In a few short weeks, in the homes of Tampa, people who had not met Jesus would be happy in His love.

Our faith and hard work were rewarded. We had nearly five hundred in attendance the first night and an average of approximately two hundred and fifty each night for the entire series. It was with great satisfaction we looked over the congregation at the opening meeting. The number present impressed us. Yet I think if we had known how this mass of faces would become "Margo" and "Mamma the Russian," "Mr. and Mrs. Foster," "the women from Honduras" and "Johnny," we would have been impressed, not by numbers but by the opportunity to make so many friends.

Perhaps the Lord, knowing our overconfidence, looked down on us the evening of the third meeting and decided to remind us that we should depend on Him. Furthermore, He may have felt that we needed to be bound together as a team with even stronger bands. If so, He accomplished His objectives with one masterly stroke.

I arrived at the airatorium early on this particular night to see whether the structure was standing up to the elements. As soon as I stepped out of the car, my freshly combed hair was whipped out of place and pasted flat on my head by the fierce wind. Over us heavy thunderheads gnashed their teeth. I wondered whether the people would dare leave their homes on such a night.

With some forebodings I entered the airatorium. But the blowers that inflate this "tent without poles" were

humming smoothly. A flip of a switch, and the public address system came on clearly. All the *Gospel Melodies* were in place and the palm trees on stage were watered. Everything was in order. I began the final review of my sermon while the people came in. By the time the rain started pouring down, nearly three hundred seats were taken and it was time to begin.

In good evangelistic style Wendell Spurgeon led the congregation in singing "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." Upon hearing these familiar but encouraging words, I knelt on the blanket that covered a little of our sawdust floor, thanked my Friend for having held the rain until we were all in, and placed my will in His hands.

The word "Amen" still lingered on my lips when a vicious bolt of lightning struck straight at our power pole. Immediately all was cave-black inside the airatorium. The organ drained to silence, the singing faded away, and the large blowers ground to an asphyxiated stop. Outside, the rain thundered down on the roofs of the parked cars.

"Lord, we can't send these people away like this," I prayed desperately. "Please get us electricity for the blowers!"

Then I slipped to Wendell's side and assured the congregation that all would be well in minutes, once we had started the auxiliary electrical unit, which was especially for such emergencies.

Outside, Rudy O'Neal, Elder Jack Price, and others worked feverishly in the rain. The auxiliary motor would not start! The reason was simple—not a drop of gas was left in the tank and the battery was completely run down. (I had left the switch on all day!)

Jacky NeSmith came to tell me of the predicament, while Rudy pulled a car over to the motor in order to si-

phon gas and run lead wires from the car's battery. By now the airatorium had lost its rigidity and was wallowing like a wounded whale in the fierce wind. I could picture it ripping itself to shreds on the light poles inside. Within minutes it was so deflated that I had to hold the canvas off the switchboard. It was cool and vibrated under the pelting rain.

As I watched the ushers dismiss the congregation row by row, sending them out to be drenched, my heart cried out in utter despair, "Why, Lord? Why?"

Soon all were outside seeking the shelter of their cars if they had such. It did not make much difference, for they were soaked to the bone before reaching the parked vehicles. Those of us on the inside dismally beheld the emergency exits, part and parcel of the canopy of such a structure, batter down our chairs as they forcefully surged in and out.

"A light! Electricity!" someone shouted. Pandemonium. The blowers sighed, sighed, yawned—and then blew! Within minutes our airatorium stood firm, but empty.

"We're having the meeting, aren't we?" I heard two excited boys ask.

Somewhere in the mists of my cold mind a text began flashing its light: "Compel them to come in." I looked down at the dripping hair of the little fellows.

"Tell the people to come back in," I instructed. "Tell them they must come in."

The ushers and our organist, Mrs. Schneider, were the first to return.

"We had a prayer band for you in our car," she said as she passed me.

"So did we," chimed in others.

"I prayed in the rain," said another.

Almost without exception the people returned to take their seats. Yet I must confess that there was not a trace of similarity between the first and the second congregations. All wavy hair had waved good-by, and trouser creases had vanished in the rain. But something else had entered—a kindly spirit, revealed by understanding smiles radiating from the faces of women wearing their husbands' jackets, an old man draped to his ears in a blanket, the undampened fervor of voices proclaiming, "You can smile when it's cloudy or fair. You can smile anytime, anywhere!" We were beginning to realize the promise, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit."

This too was the foundation upon which I built the last evening—the meeting of the call.

Never before had I had such yearning to call sinful men and women to Jesus as I did that last night. I preached with the Spirit stirring my heart, and when the organist began to play softly, I knew that men would be making a real decision between eternal life and eternal death. The significance of it all overwhelmed me. My language seemed a heavy burden weighing down the urgent desire I had to lay the choice before them.

"O God," I prayed, "use my foolishness."

Then I made a simple promise to the congregation: "There is no reason on earth why you should leave this meeting tonight with your fears and insecurity. Right now, before you leave, you can have the peace of mind you desire if you'll only come forward and believe that Jesus can help you." I continued to explain that we were not going to baptize anyone who was not ready, but would do so only upon request by the individual.

Gertrude slipped to the side of her cousin, Johnny. The two pastors also infiltrated into the congregation.

I looked over the people. Definite tension filled the place, but what is to be expected when so much is at stake? Margo Newde was sitting in her usual seat in the front row. I knew she wanted to respond, but that she was "battling it out." How would her position in her family change if she became an Adventist? What about the friends she had? How long would her wavering faith hold? I nodded for her to come forward, and she came!

Several children followed her, and Karen, one of the usherettes. My heart rejoiced, and yet it was torn with anxiety at the same time. Where was "Mamma"? Was she finding it too hard to relinquish the sentiment of her childhood, the Greek Orthodox Church, and accept this new way of life? The Fosters and the women from Honduras also were keeping their seats. To the latter it was a matter of returning to the faith which they had failed, or remaining in the wild whirl of pleasure in the world.

I knew then why calls are at times so extended. Finally, I made one more appeal. Someone moved on the left of me. I turned and saw Gertrude's cousin, Johnny, a man in his mid-twenties, walking forward. Tears rolled down his cheeks, but he was not ashamed of them, for to him they were symbols of a triumphant encounter with Satan. To our teams his tears symbolized victory over fears.

And what will tears matter to those privileged at last to sing the song of the redeemed, the great "Hallelujah Chorus"? What will all of my anxiety and hard work matter if on that first reunion I am privileged to look across the sea of glass and experience unspeakable joy as I recognize not only the faces of schoolmates, loved ones, and others for whom I will yet be honored to labor but also these first fruits from my first evangelistic effort?

Now—Once Again

by CECILIA STANLEY HILL

It would seem a gentle mountain slope
Would quite exhaust
A dreamer's inspiration,
That he would have lost
The fresh bright shock of loveliness
When he has captured it
In memory, sketch, and rhyme,
At every new throat-clutching time.
But here I stand transfixed
Before this petal-spangled rise,
As though it were impossible
For me to move my feet—
My eyes!
While heart cries out for more, and more,
And more,
As if I'd never seen spring climb a hill before!

One of These Days

by NORENE LYON CREIGHTON

PART FOUR

ROY MUNCAULEY'S only thought at the time of the collision was that the loss of his car would change his plans for a honeymoon trip. But his father generously came to the rescue and insisted that he take the family car. So he and Elizabeth were able to leave on schedule.

After a short trip to Washington, D.C., and through the Shenandoah Valley, they returned, eager to get started building their home. They took up temporary residence in the home of Roy's parents while their house was being built.

Elizabeth did not give up her job when they were married. After her day's work she came home to assist her mother-in-law, or help Roy with something on their new home. There were many things they could do after the builders had finished for the day that would speed things along.

Days of plastering and evenings of house building whirled through the months ahead. Roy was happy when the day finally came that he could mix the plaster and apply it to the walls of his own home. He had become proficient in the years he had worked for Uncle Melvin, and was proud of his ability to make the even, shell-like swirls on the ceilings.

They chose a soft-green-tinted plaster for the picture-windowed living room. The kitchen, soon to be filled with gleaming new appliances, and the dining alcove were a cheerful yellow. Of the three bedrooms, it was only natural that one should be finished in boyish blue, and another in baby pink. The full basement was cemented and plastered, waiting for the laundry equipment to be installed. The large expanse would make a wonderful place for entertaining friends, or for children to play.

With all the activity of house building besides their regular jobs, Roy and Elizabeth did not have time for much additional serious thinking. It was true that his mother had found an occasion or two to speak to Elizabeth about spir-

itual matters. But since she herself was not attending church or seeming to live her beliefs, there was not much to attract or interest Elizabeth about the Adventist religion. Roy never found it convenient to discuss religion with her, either. How could a fellow talk seriously with his wife about things like that when he was not living it himself?

He was convinced of one thing—Elizabeth was surely a wonderful wife. Always ready to help in his projects,

or do the things he was interested in doing. Sometimes he wondered why he didn't ask her to go to church with him. Then he would remember the dark steps leading up to the hall; the grotesque, black-draped pictures on the wall, the sagging floor, and the pitiful handful of older people who made up the congregation. He just couldn't ask her to go to a church like that.

One day a letter came that started the old thoughts again. "Uncle Sam"



Roy and Elizabeth were happy, and looked forward to having their own dream home.



The large expanse made a wonderful place for entertaining and for children to play.

was inviting him into the service of his country for two years. Roy received a questionnaire to be filled out, and it asked his religion.

He hesitated a while before filling in the answer to that question. To his knowledge his name was still on the Adventist church books out in Phoenix. At least he had never heard anything to the contrary. Since he intended someday to live again the way an Adventist should, he decided to put "Seventh-day Adventist" in the blank for religion.

In answer to the question as to whether he was a conscientious objector, he wrote "No." He supposed that meant that he objected to all military training. He had never heard of 1-A-O. When he was baptized he had been too young to be concerned with the draft. Somehow this bit of information had never been explained to him.

The McCauleys had been living in their new home for several months when one May morning found Roy boarding a bus headed for Fort Knox, Kentucky. In due time he had his GI haircut and was dressed in Army clothing.

His first duty was to attend a briefing by the commanding officer. This was to acquaint the new recruits with the Army routine, and to instill the respect of the military into their boyish hearts. The commander's brisk manner and voice were guaranteed to do just that.

As Roy listened he glanced covertly at the rest of the fellows assembled in the room with him. What was it going to be like away from Elizabeth and their new home, having to associate with people he had never seen before, having to follow Army routine?

Suddenly his thoughts were jerked

back to the present. A warning light began to blink in his mind. What was the commander saying? "Now remember, men," his crisp voice stated, "this is an infantry and artillery outfit. Among other things, you will learn the use of guns and weapons. If there is anyone here who has the idea he doesn't believe in bearing arms, he is considered a conscientious objector." He paused a moment and let his steely gray eyes roam over the room giving emphasis to his statement, then continued, "When I leave this room, if there are any conscientious objectors here I want you to follow me out of the building for some personal conversation." He wheeled and strode from the room.

Until this moment Roy had not understood what a conscientious objector really was. But he was sure of one thing: it could not be right for a Christian to bear arms with intent to kill.

It came to him with lightning swiftness that today—*now*—was the hour of decision! He could no longer put off until "someday" his intention to live a Christian life. It was now, or maybe never. In the split second it took him to adjust to these new thoughts, remove himself from his seat, and walk from the room with the eyes of all the other new recruits staring at his back, he made the decision that would change the rest of his life. When the commanding officer reached the outside door, Roy McCauley was right behind him.

"So you're a conscientious objector." It was a statement, rather than a question, although the officer's tone was not entirely unkind.

Roy found his voice. "Yes, sir," he said. "I do not believe in taking life."

"What is your religion?"

Instinctively Roy knew he dared not hesitate in his answer. He could not face up to the years he had wandered away from God in the presence of this officer. He would have to settle that later. With an on-the-spot decision to make his answers completely the truth from now on, he said distinctly, "I am a Seventh-day Adventist, sir."

"Oh, yes—a Seventh-day Adventist. I've heard about them. Well, son, we can't make you bear arms, but as for that Saturday business, there is no way you can get around that. We have inspection here every Saturday morning, and you will have to stand inspection just like everybody else."

As Roy returned the officer's parting salute, he was glad this was early in the week. He would have a few days to decide what to do. He did not know where to turn for help.

Thursday evening, as he rested on his bunk, he heard a strange voice downstairs asking whether anyone knew where Roy McCauley could be found. Roy sat up and listened. Soon a soldier whom he had never seen before came into the room, and was motioned in his direction.

"Hello," said the friendly soldier. "I'm Specialist George Pickle.¹ Do you have an aunt by the name of Lillian Adams, who is a missionary in Korea?"

"Yes," answered Roy in a puzzled voice.

George Pickle sat down and faced Roy with a friendly grin. "How long have you been here?"

"Since the beginning of the week."

"Looks as though I got the word in time."

Roy looked mystified, but his perplexity was to deepen as he listened to George Pickle's explanation of why he was there.

"As soon as your mother learned where you were to be stationed, she wrote to your aunt and uncle in Korea and told them about it. Remembering that I was still stationed at this base, your aunt immediately wrote me a letter and asked me to look you up. She said you had been baptized at one time but had drifted away from the church. She thought if I could talk to you when you were first inducted maybe I could help you in case you had decided to be an Adventist, and were having any trouble with the military."

Roy could hardly believe the letters could have flown back and forth over the ocean so quickly, for it had been only a few days since he had left home. Surely Someone must have been watching over him, and speeding those letters

on their way so that George would find him in time to help him decide what to do about this first Sabbath on the base.

He was thrilled to hear George's story of his conversion and baptism in Korea. Roy's Aunt Lillian and Uncle Winston Adams had had quite a bit to do with George's decision. They had opened their home to him whenever he could get away from his base, and he had spent many hours by their fireside, singing hymns and studying the Bible with them. Now God was letting George pay back the Adamses for their interest by using him to help their nephew.

"Tomorrow's Friday. We've got to get on the ball," stated George. "I'll get in touch with the local pastor for you tomorrow, and we'll see what he can do about getting you excused from Sabbath duty."

Friday when Roy returned from drill he heard his name being paged over the loud-speaker. When he reached the company commander's office he saw a stranger waiting to greet him.

As the man extended his hand to Roy, he said in a friendly Southern accent, "I'm Elder Noble Shepherd. I hear you're havin' a bit of difficulty."

"Yes, I am," answered Roy. "It was surely good of you to come."

"Do you think they could find a place where we could talk privately?" asked Elder Shepherd.

The company commander was most obliging in showing them a room where they could be alone. Elder Shepherd asked many questions about Roy's beliefs in order to assure himself that Roy was sincere. Roy poured out the story of his backsliding and told of his recent decision to return to the faith. The pastor was convinced.

They left the room and went back to the office, where Roy introduced Elder Shepherd to the company commander. At once the pastor began to explain the beliefs of Seventh-day Adventists and to explain the privileges that Roy should have as an Adventist in the Army.

"He won't have any trouble over bearing arms," said the company commander, "but I don't believe we will be able to excuse him from duty on Saturday."

"But, sir," said Elder Shepherd earnestly, "there is an article that has been enacted that gives protection to Seventh-day Adventist boys, and gives them the right to be free from duty from Friday evening at sundown until Saturday at sundown."

"Yes," agreed the commander, "but

that article does not apply to basic training."

"Sir," said Elder Shepherd politely, "that article protects our boys from the moment they are inducted into the service, until they get out."

"Well, we'll have this boy up for interviews by the chaplains in a few days, and after they have checked his records we will come to a decision," said the company commander.

"Sir," persisted Elder Shepherd, "I need a definite answer about *this* Sabbath before I leave today."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the company commander kindly. "I will take it upon myself to give him a pass for tomorrow, and in the meantime we will investigate his case. If everything is not in order, then next week he will be restricted."

During the next week Roy had three interviews with different chaplains who were to decide whether he was bluffing, or whether he was sincere in his beliefs. During that time an affidavit had to be secured from Phoenix, the church of his baptism, stating that he had been a member.

The Army was finally satisfied that Roy was really an Adventist, and he could now begin to live it. He was retained at the Fort Knox base for the first eight weeks of training, then was sent to Fort Sam Houston, Texas, where Adventist men are usually sent for all their basic training.

Friday nights he would take long walks while the "GI parties" were in operation. His buddy on the top bunk, who had overheard all the conversations between Roy and George Pickle, did the work for their whole area, thus releasing Roy from helping to clean the barracks, and keeping the other GI's from being down on him.

During the eight weeks spent at Fort Knox, because of the company commander's special Sabbath passes, Roy was able to join in Elder Shepherd's Sabbath afternoon missionary program. He went with other young people from the nearby church to pass out literature and Bible course enrollment cards. Not being allowed to wear civilian clothes, he always hoped his territory would not take him into homes where Army personnel would be found.

At one or two homes he was met with exclamations of surprise when the people learned what he was doing. One person said, "This is certainly unusual work for a soldier to be doing—enrolling people in a Bible course!" Another said somewhat more forcefully, "Since when has there been such

a change in the United States Army that they are trying to get people to read their Bibles!"

One Sabbath afternoon, after the missionary work had been done, Elder Shepherd and Roy began talking about Roy's home and his wife, Elizabeth. Before the day was over, Roy decided to write Elizabeth's name on a Voice of Prophecy enrollment card and send it in. He and Elder Shepherd² and the family knelt together for prayer over that enrollment card, asking that God would bless it in a special way, and that Elizabeth would accept the teaching it would bring.

When Roy reached Fort Sam Houston he had another Adventist friend waiting to help him—a chaplain, Captain John Keplinger, who had also been stationed in Korea and knew the Winston Adamses. To Roy it was like being distantly related to the captain to learn that he was acquainted with his aunt and uncle.

While stationed at Fort Sam, Roy had no trouble with Sabbath duty, since provisions are made to accommodate Adventist men at this base. He could attend services each weekend, and spend time at the Adventist service center in San Antonio, where he took advantage of the well-stocked library to read up on the things he should have known long ago about his religion.

He now had three goals in mind: to be a strong Adventist, to see his wife accept the Adventist faith, and to rate medical laboratory technician's school.

His habit of praying had stayed with him into his military life, and he made these three things the object of his prayers. The last of these goals was answered first. He was accepted for medical laboratory technician's school.

During the five months he was stationed at Fort Sam Houston, Roy worked on the first of his goals. In an endeavor to get a better background in Adventism, he devoured the papers that are furnished to the service men, such as *Life and Health*, *These Times*, and *The Youth's Instructor*.

He was still in the dark as to the result of his second ambition. Elizabeth wrote that she was studying the lessons, but she did not discuss them with him in the letters. He did not know whether she was accepting what she was learning or not.

¹ "God Found Me in Korea," *Instructor*, March 28, 1961.

² A few years later Elder Shepherd was called to the Pennsylvania Conference, and he and Roy renewed their acquaintance at camp meetings.

This is the fourth part of a six-part serial. Part five will appear next week.

The jostling crowd pushed forward.

In just five minutes

by RUTH SUMMERS

A Call to C

MY FELLOW PASSENGERS were deep in thought, their heads dropping and lifting with the motion of the train—rather like a row of marionettes at a seaside puppet show.

As we twisted and turned on our dark journey beneath the metropolis I couldn't help noticing the tense, careworn expression on each face. I had seen it before, many times. One had merely to go along the sidewalk, ride in a streetcar, or look around in a restaurant to see it. People everywhere seemed to be weighed down with problems and anxieties. If only they could grasp, I thought, that there is Someone very near, just longing to help them. What a difference it would make! The world would be a much more cheerful place, full of peace and assurance instead of worry and fear.

Lured by the atmosphere of the compartment, my own thoughts drifted back to the time when I too had been filled with fears and uncertainties. Only a deep trust in God's promises had brought confidence and hope.

"And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife . . . for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold" (Matt. 19:29).

Yes, He had wonderfully kept His promise. There was the opportunity of attending our missionary college, the numerous friends made there from all parts of the world, the thrill of graduation and taking up the Bible instructor's work, the satisfaction of helping to further the gospel message through the ministry of music and song, the unforgettable trip to the Zurich Youth Congress—so many, many happy experiences!

But the greatest joy of all had come in seeing men and women accept Jesus as their Saviour and make their decision for baptism. To share their trials of faith and witness their growth in grace—encouraging them with one's own experiences—bring the greatest joy anyone could wish for. It is a joy that reaches right through to eternity.

It seemed God had given me just

*time now for wistful thought.
I must be on duty in uniform.*

Obey

about everything. Yet that longing that revealed itself at unexpected intervals once more surged forward. Yes, there *was* something more, something that even lots of hard work could not completely shut out. It was—

"Piccadilly Circus!" The raucous voice of the guard broke through my reverie. Catapulted back into the present, I grabbed my bag and managed to get through the doors before they closed firmly behind me.

The jostling crowd pushed forward. No time now for wistful thought. In just five minutes I must be changed into uniform and on duty. It was Sabbath, and I was on my way to our evangelistic center in the west end of London.

As I ran up the station steps into the warm September sunshine, the sight-seers turned to gaze at the world-famous scene behind them. Cameras clicked, and I darted in and out, hoping no one would later discover a strange brunette blotting out half the picture.

The Youth's Instructor, March 30, 1965



"But I'm not Welsh. My folks are English," he said.

There was no need for me to turn to be reminded of that picture. It was all too familiar—the flashing lights of the advertising world, the incessant traffic, harassed as always by the hurrying, honking taxis, the continuous stream of shoppers, office workers, and sight-seers, and last but by no means least, that well-known figure, poised high above the fountain and quite unmoved by the confusion. On one untiring leg Eros stands with bow at the ready, waiting, it seems, to shoot his arrow into any unsuspecting heart that comes within range.

It came to me then that I too had the work of awakening love in the hearts of men and women. But there was no doubt in my mind as to which of us used the sharper weapon! Entering the one-time cinema and now evangelistic center, I thanked God for the mighty two-edged sword of His Word.

The morning passed, bringing the much-needed spiritual refreshment and blessing that come to all who seek them in the Sabbath of the Lord. After a quick lunch I spent the afternoon sitting behind the reading room reception desk.

This was usually an interesting time as I met all types of people, helping them choose library books and answering their questions. It was rather quiet this particular afternoon, and soon, in the peace of the room, my thoughts began to pick up the broken threads that had fallen when I left the train that morning.

Ever since the time I walked out of the High Court eighteen months before, there had been a strange emptiness in my heart. I had fought it with prayer and hard work, but it never really left me. It was strongest when I visited a family and watched the children play at mother's knee, or when I entered my room each night after a busy day.

It was natural, I suppose, to feel this way. Once I had had a companion and a lovely home. Oh, I did not regret my decision when compelled to choose between these and my Saviour. Life had new meaning now, and it was thrilling to live according to God's plan. But having once shared my life with someone, I knew how much more wonderful it could be to build a real

Christian home where love would reign.

But if it was God's will for me, then He must do the choosing. In the meantime I would lean heavily on Him. Self needed to be forgotten, and by His grace and through His work I would endeavor to do just that.

A number of people streamed into the reading room. The film on smoking and lung cancer had ended, and I was kept busy dealing with their various requests.

"Do you have a leaflet on smoking and lung cancer, please?" The question came in what sounded like a slight Welsh accent from a dark-haired young man wearing spectacles.

Handing over the leaflet, I smiled and asked what he thought of the film. He said he was most impressed, having only recently given up smoking himself. He seemed eager to talk.

"This is my second visit to the center. My friend Mae brought me along a month ago to the Sabbath services. This is the first opportunity I've had to come again."

He turned and looked briefly around the room. "Is Bill Maynard here today? He lent me a couple of books, and I'd like to keep them a while longer."

As I lifted the intercom receiver I was pleased to see him take out of his brief case, *Patriarchs and Prophets* and *Daniel and the Revelation*.

"Who shall I say wants to see him?" I asked.

"Oh. My name is Hughes—John Hughes."

Having spoken to the caretaker and passed on the information that he was coming over immediately, I asked, "Do you come from Wales?"

"Well, yes, I do."

I congratulated myself too soon.

"But I'm not Welsh. My folks are English, and I was born in India. You see, I'm a regular soldier, stationed in Wales. I get a weekend leave once a month, which enables me to visit London."

I told him I'd have to take a course in dialects, and we laughed at my expense.

Just then Bill appeared, and the two went off talking together. A few minutes later John Hughes was back. Seeing me reading the Bible, he began questioning me on the Adventist faith.

In spite of his short acquaintance with Seventh-day Adventists, he had learned a lot about their beliefs. He was an avid reader, and more important still, he seemed to remember almost everything he read. His questions were not asked to raise objections, but rather out of a real desire to know what was truth.

"However," he stressed, "don't think I'm going to change my religion. I'm just interested to know why you believe these things."

My short experience told me not to take this too seriously. Others have been as adamant, but they always reckoned without the power of God. But if he did change his mind he would face a real test of faith. As a soldier in the British Army he would, I knew, find it very difficult to keep the Sabbath.

Yet, I thought, as he walked away, what a wonderful experience you could have. It might well be a trying one, but such a rich faith would grow from it, and how important a witness to those looking on as God worked it all out!

It was not for me to know then that this is just what was to happen. Neither was I to know how interested a witness I would be in this soldier's experience. The weeks and months of tension ahead, the trying of faith, and the final victory were not revealed just then. God doesn't work that way. In His plan we are to live a day at a time, and, oh, how wise is His plan!

The next few weeks were busy ones as we prepared for the opening of a new campaign in London. With letters to be addressed and handbills to deliver there was little time to wonder whether John Hughes had changed his mind about his religion. It was therefore with a certain amount of surprise that I heard a familiar voice call my name as I made my way to the auditorium for Sabbath school four weeks later.

I turned to see John standing on the fringe of a group of church members. I smiled and shook hands. "It's good to see you again!"

We chatted for a while and then earnestly he said, "I've got a few more questions to ask. Will you be on duty this afternoon?"

I said I would be, and we arranged to meet in the reading room after lunch.

It appeared that during the past month John had read a number of books on Adventist beliefs and was also studying the Voice of Prophecy

Bible course. His questions covered almost every aspect of the faith, and we spent most of the afternoon reading and comparing the scriptures.

As each point was raised, discussed, and subsequently made clear, he would nod in agreement and pass on to the next. It became obvious that he was not only gaining an understanding of the truth but actually accepting it—even though at first he did not admit it.

A month in the army camp had, so it seemed, starved him spiritually, and he was eager to spend every spare minute studying the Bible. In Wales he was unable to attend an Adventist church on Sabbath mornings, because of army training; therefore, during each monthly leave we made the reading room our regular meeting place for discussion and study.

During one such discussion John startled me with a most unexpected question. "Forgive my asking, but are you Mrs. or Miss?" I smiled. It was reasonable enough. He had heard both applied to my name. Perhaps it was time to do a little personal witnessing to show just what God can do. So I told him of my marriage and of how shortly afterward I attended Adventist meetings and was later baptized. Then, leaving nothing out, I described the day my husband said I must choose between him and my new faith. Because of my love for Christ, and the unfaithfulness of the partner who had once professed to love me, I chose the better way.

Finally, I related my visit to the High Court, where the past was completely severed and a new road opened before me. I told him how precious Jesus had become and how He had poured out blessings without number, which more than recompensed for any worldly treasure laid aside.

Obviously the story had made some sort of impression, and I prayed that it might encourage John to surrender his life to Christ.

One Sunday evening the prayer was answered. John asked us to pray for him the next morning, as he planned to see his superiors about making an official change in his religion. Having two and a half years of service still to do, he would need permission to keep the Sabbath throughout that time.

We rejoiced in the decision and promised to pray earnestly about it.

At nine o'clock the next morning we knelt, during workers' meeting, to present John's case to the Lord. We prayed for God's direction, and above all for the power and courage we knew he

would need to stand firm. As I rose from prayer my thoughts remained for a moment where our prayers had been directed—in the army camp way up north. What was happening now?

John's palms were moist and his knees distinctly shaky as he waited to be called into the captain's office. There was no escape now. Having come thus far, he must see it through. After what seemed an interminable wait the door opened and he was ordered to enter.

Marching into the office, L/Cpl. Hughes came smartly to attention and saluted.

"Well, Hughes?" The captain glanced up briefly from the papers on his desk. Offering a silent prayer, John spoke.

"Sir, I wish to change my religion from Anglican to Seventh-day Adventist. Also, I have become convinced that

the seventh day of the week is the Sabbath, and I would like to be free from sunset Friday until sunset Saturday to observe it."

It was as if a weight rolled from him as soon as the words were out. He was conscious of the fact that the matter was no longer in his hands. He had surrendered, and now God was in control. Apprehensively he searched the captain's face, awaiting the reply.

"If it were left with me, Hughes," the officer retorted bluntly, "the answer would be No. But this isn't in my department. You must see Major Richards. I'll arrange an appointment for sometime today."

"Thank you, sir!" Another salute and he was outside once more.

Walking back to his billet, he couldn't help wondering what sort of reception the major would give his request. The captain had given small

Wit Sharpeners

Fill in the words in the top section. Use these letters in the lower section as indicated by like numbers. A letter over a given number is placed above its corresponding number in the lower area. When completed you will have a helpful quotation from *Messages to Young People*, page 175.

1. Husband of Naomi

45 51 83 64 13 22 77 73 2
91 48 86

2. "But when he was yet a great way _____, his father saw him" (Luke)

3. Man who lived the longest

54 69 30 44 10 42 80 67 36 32

4. "_____ of kings and Lord of lords" (Revelation)

18 46 11 25

5. "Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the _____" (Matthew)

57 75 39 24 72 17 56 5 70 82

6. "... _____ and Magog, to gather them together to battle" (Revelation)

12 3 90

7. "... and as the chariot rolls upward, the _____ cry, 'Holy' . . ." *The Great Controversy*

53 7 55 40 59 65

8. "Let _____ be light" (Genesis)

43 62 26 87 66

9. Capacity for exertion

76 58 85 16 47

10. English reformer

27 34 19 92 29 79 49

11. "... where the women _____ hangings for the grove" (2 Kings)

6 20 68 33

12. "... and cast him into the _____ pit . . ." (Revelation)

78 88 1 31 52 35 50 63 4 81

13. "_____ the trumpet among the nations" (Jeremiah)

38 60 8 21

14. "Ye _____ of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?" (Acts)

89 74 84

15. "Thou didst _____ the heathen in anger" (Habakkuk)

61 28 14 23 41 9

16. Cook in hot fat

15 71 37

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52
53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	
78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	Key on page 23										

A letter arrived from John, and as I read my heart sank.

foundation on which to build any hopes. But was he not endeavoring to obey the Captain of heaven? Surely he must cast away doubts and fears, trusting in Him who is "able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think."

Later that afternoon the major listened carefully to the repeated request.

"But, Hughes, even the Jewish boys have to work on their Sabbath. How can you expect to enjoy a privilege that was refused them? Now this matter of making an official change of religion in the army records—if you're quite sure about it, then we'll send in the usual notification. It takes about one month to finalize, and in the meantime you can expect a visit from a minister of the Anglican Church."

That was all. Thanking him, John left. At last the wheels were in motion! He had made the first move, and all he could do now was to wait patiently for further developments.

About two weeks later, on Remembrance Sunday, the minister arrived. Inevitably the main topic centered on the Bible Sabbath. Having nothing to offer scripturally as evidence for Sundaykeeping, the minister brought the

interview to an early close, promising to send some literature on the subject. It was the last John saw of him, and the promised literature never came.

This experience made John even more convinced that what he had found was indeed truth. Men in trying to argue against it only succeeded in setting forth its pure light in complete contrast with their own shadowy teachings of false doctrine.

Shortly after this, John and I began a correspondence that was to continue through many months. No longer did we need to wait a month before discussing any further problems, and news of what was happening in his experience reached us much sooner.

My first letter to him was difficult to compose. I sat chewing the end of my pen while the pad lay untouched on the table.

John had written to say he had decided to take part in the next baptism just before Christmas—could I send all necessary details immediately?

But he was not yet keeping the Sabbath. While awaiting further news from his superior officers he was fulfilling army duties as usual. What should I advise him to do? There would not be

another baptismal service for four or five months. Should I suggest he wait until then, when the whole problem may have been sorted out? But the army had promised nothing. Maybe he should indicate by a definite decision that he was determined to keep the Sabbath whatever happened.

"Dear Lord, please tell me what to write." Gradually my thoughts cleared, and I began to write:

"You cannot be baptized until the Sabbath question is settled. Why not surrender completely and begin keeping the Sabbath this very week? Who knows what miracle God may perform to open the way? Perhaps we could arrange to pray at the same time—say 10:00 P.M. each evening? I have found this a great source of encouragement when faced with difficulties."

Five anxious days passed before the reply finally came.

"You will be glad to know I've decided to keep this coming Sabbath, whatever the cost."

On Sabbath we earnestly prayed again that John might receive strength for the day and that God's name might be glorified at last. Then we waited for news. When it came we thrilled to see the power of God at work.

Right at the last minute John had been given a weekend pass, beginning Friday afternoon. The officers, on being informed of John's intentions for that Sabbath, were loath to take any action against him until they had carefully examined the case. In the light of his former good conduct he was allowed to use his annual leave for each Sabbath until they reached a final decision.

One Sabbath afternoon just before Christmas, John was baptized. It was a day tinged with sadness. From India both his parents had pleaded by letter that he postpone his baptism, as they felt he was making a mistake in joining the Adventist Church. His mother was to undergo an operation on the very day of his baptism, and she was afraid the concern she felt for her son would retard her recovery.

Later, when John heard she had made remarkable progress, he said, "It is as though God is smiling His approval. I know I've taken the right step."

Time passed, and John's experience became more closely linked with mine. When he was on leave we spent as much time together as my work allowed, and on returning to camp, he wrote more and more frequently. Indeed, added to these were many long-

Along Toward April

by DOLORES BRADBURY

The time is along toward April,
So why shouldn't the world be
Exquisitely lovely
As far as the heart can reach,
And much farther than the eye can see?
Why should I wonder anew
At the fragrance of blossom dew,
And the intense gold of jonquils,
Or the tender, milky blue
Of the sky, with clouds
Like pinches of cotton, pushing through?
Why do I stand, removed and remote,
A catch in my throat,
As robins unwind their fluted songs,
Note on silvered note?
Why should I be surprised
At the absolute, fabulous feel of this day?
Along toward April it is always this way.

distance calls, all of which helped to bring the news of latest developments more speedily.

John had now been informed that transfer to a unit where he could keep the Sabbath was, in his particular case, impossible. Inevitably the day must come when an order would be given for him to work on the Sabbath, and it would come soon—unless the Lord intervened.

But the weeks passed, and although each weekend brought the threat of trouble, somehow it was averted. It was a trying time, and only his trust in the Lord kept him from anxiety and fear. Yet this waiting period was all in God's plan, for John was kept busy in a wonderful way.

Many of the men wanted to know more about this soldier's religion. On a number of evenings John was found sitting on his bed, Bible in hand, with a small group around him. Books were lent and studies given. In a letter home he wrote, "It thrills me to know their interest is held and that they want to know more!"

Indeed, those studies sometimes went on into the early hours of the morning. Such was the interest of the men looking on.

One evening while on leave, John patiently tried to explain to me the intricacies of certain knots I was required to learn for the Master Guide Course. However, there is a knot that is tied with neither rope nor string. That evening John and I promised each other that if it was God's will we would one day unite our lives in service for Him.

We did not announce our engagement immediately, as we wished to visit my parents and seek their blessing. But my vacation was many weeks ahead, and John's future so uncertain that we could only leave it in God's hands and look to Him to open the way when the time was right. In spite of all the uncertainties it was a happy time. We believed God's blessing was upon us, and this faith was our greatest encouragement.

Again the weeks passed, and still no order was given. Now my vacation was near, and our hopes were high for a few days to be spent together with my folks.

A letter arrived from John, and as I read my heart sank.

"I'm afraid my summer leave is all used up. Soon the order will have to be given. I'm working on Sundays at present to get off on the Sabbath. Cheer up, Ruth. If the good Lord wants us to

have that vacation together then He will work it out. Let's pray about it. Remember, He always knows what is best.

"The men are asking me why I'm working Sundays. It's another great chance to witness. The news of my situation has spread like wildfire. They seem to be waiting to see whether the soldier who has been talking about his faith all these months really means to act upon it. It's a great challenge, but God is able to see me through. Pray for me!"

Replacing the letter in its envelope, I remembered John's request. "Give

him the grace, Lord, to put Thee first . . ." A long time ago someone asked me what main quality I looked for in a husband. "Someone who loves God supremely," I replied, "and who would always put Him first." I knew I had found him.

It seemed trivial and selfish to ask God to give us our vacation together when there were much greater problems to lay before Him, but God loves to bless and encourage His children in times of stress, and it was with much joy that we found ourselves spending a few days in central England at my folks' home. They were delighted with

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A few days later he was taken to the detention camp.

our news and at once accepted John as their own son.

We returned south and spent the last day of that memorable vacation exploring some well-known, beautiful gardens near London. Coming down the Thames by river boat at the close of the day, we stood in the stern and watched the sun slowly sink behind the stately figure of Big Ben.

Neither of us spoke. To talk of tomorrow and John's return to camp would have marred the beauty and peace of the scene before us. But there was no need to speak of it. In spite of our trembling, human hearts we knew God was in control, so we rested in His peace.

As John walked down the road that evening on his way to the station, I knelt in my room once more to pray. He was whistling as he walked, and the familiar tune echoed and re-echoed until I could hear it no longer:

"Trust and obey,
For there's no other way
To be happy in Jesus,
But to trust and obey."

The next Sabbath morning John was sitting alone in his quarters reading the Bible when suddenly the door opened. Three men entered, headed by the major.

"Corporal Hughes!"

Now on his feet, John stood stiffly to attention.

"Sir!"

"Is this your bed?"

The major pointed to the one on which John had been sitting.

"Yes, sir!"

Turning, the major nodded to one of the men, and a rifle was placed upon the bed.

"Hughes, take the rifle and report to the parade ground immediately."

Politely but firmly, John replied, "I'm sorry, sir, but I cannot."

Again the order was given and again John refused.

Two minutes later, and under close arrest, he was taken on the double to the office, where details of the incident were recorded. He was also informed that there would be a court-martial in due course.

Being allowed to invite a church representative to the court-martial, John unhesitatingly asked for Pastor W. Leslie. This minister had helped

many of our boys in similar circumstances and was well versed in such proceedings.

It was therefore with much relief and pleasure that John greeted him on the morning of the court-martial. Indeed, had that good man had no previous experience in matters of religious liberty, merely the sight of his cheerful, smiling countenance would have done much to relieve any tension felt at that time.

At the close of the hearing John was sentenced to three months' detention, and Pastor Leslie, with a few encouraging words, left on his two hundred-mile journey to London.

Over the telephone he told me that John's hope now lay in making an appeal before a civil tribunal, with a view to obtaining release from detention and any further army service. But he must first serve two thirds of the imprisonment. "So," I thought, slowly replacing the receiver, "all we can do now is wait—and trust."

John sat in the guardroom watching the evening light fade as night drew across the sky. He wondered how long he must wait before being escorted over the hundreds of miles south to the detention camp. No use trying to work that one out, he thought. It will come soon enough. Might as well get to bed.

He yawned and stretched. As he did so a sharp pain cut through his elbow. He'd had it all day each time he tried to bend or stretch his arm. Only while sitting quietly had he been able to forget it. Because it was just about time for our prayer appointment, he decided to pray about it.

Later, when getting into bed, the sharp pain reminded him that he had

forgotten to mention it in his prayers, after all. Well, it did seem rather small when compared with the other things he had to pray about. Even so, he bowed his head and asked the Lord, if it was His will, to remove the pain by morning.

He lay down. Unwittingly he leaned on the offending elbow. Automatically steeling himself for the painful response, he was surprised when none came.

Deliberately he bent his arm and stretched it out again. No pain. Still unbelieving, he forcefully jerked his arm up and down. There was no doubt about it—all pain had gone! God had not waited until morning, but had answered his prayer immediately.

He suddenly felt the presence of Jesus as never before. This was how it was going to be during the next few months. No need to worry about Sabbathkeeping in prison. God had just given the assurance that even the smallest need would be taken care of. With his mind at rest, John fell into a sound sleep.

A few days later he was transferred to the detention camp, where he was indeed allowed Sabbath privileges. Applying for the appeal to be made later, he then tried to settle into the unfamiliar round of prison life.

It was easy to witness here for his faith, as inevitably the question was asked, "What are you in for?" Once again he found himself talking about the Bible. Books and magazines were placed in the hands of interested readers, and a small light of hope and truth was kindled in another dark place.

Two months' detention passed, and at last he was taken under escort to London for the appellate tribunal.

Pastor Leslie was there; also the evangelist who had baptized John; and I as Bible instructor was allowed to be present. Each of us was required to witness to the sincerity of this soldier who believed in putting God first.

Finally, John was called for questioning. The tribunal was to decide whether he had acted upon true religious conviction. A favorable verdict would mean a recommendation to the War Office for his immediate release from all army service. But if the judge and two lawyers remained unconvinced, then he would finish his sentence and return to camp, only to face the same problem all over again. How important, then, were his answers to be! We waited anxiously for the lawyer to begin.

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Voice of Prophecy Topics for April

April 4
April 11
April 18
April 25

The Way to God
The Time to Trust
The Life Everlasting
A Few Words About Prayer

Sabbath School Lessons

APRIL 3, 1965

Prepared for publication by the General
Conference Sabbath School Department

SENIOR - I—The Creator of the Universe

General Introduction

"As regards this earth, Scripture declares the work of creation to have been completed. 'The works were finished from the foundation of the world.' Heb. 4:3. But the power of God is still exercised in upholding the objects of His creation. . . . Every breath, every pulsation of the heart, is an evidence of the care of Him in whom we live and move and have our being.

"Not by its own inherent energy does the earth produce its bounties, and year by year continue its motion around the sun. An unseen hand guides the planets in their circuit of the heavens.

"The God of heaven is constantly at work. It is by His power that vegetation is caused to flourish, that every leaf appears and every flower blooms. Every drop of rain or flake of snow, every spire of grass, every leaf and flower and shrub, testifies of God. . . .

"Many teach that matter possesses vital power, . . . and that the operations of nature are conducted in harmony with fixed laws, with which God Himself cannot interfere. This is false science, and is not sustained by the Word of God. Nature is the servant of her Creator. God does not annul His laws, or work contrary to them; but He is continually using them as His instruments.

"God's handiwork in nature is not God Himself in nature. . . . While nature is an expression of God's thought, it is not nature but the God of nature that is to be exalted. . . .

"The hand that sustains the worlds in space, the hand that holds in their orderly arrangement and tireless activity all things throughout the universe of God, is the hand that was nailed to the cross for us."—*The Faith I Live By*, p. 28.

MEMORY VERSE: "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God" (Eph. 3:17-19).

STUDY HELPS: *Evangelism*, pp. 613-617; *Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 33-43; *Selected Messages*, book 1, pp. 246-251.

AIM: To help the student gain a fuller appreciation of the nature and character of the Creator.

Introduction

"God reveals to us as much of His wisdom as it is best for us to comprehend. He reveals what we need to understand of His

eternal nature, His ability to accomplish what He wills (omnipotence), His perfect knowledge (omniscience), His all-pervading presence (omnipresence), and His perfect character. He has made plain His relationship to man by setting forth His plan of life. He reveals His interest in this world in His way of dealing with His creation—including what is in store for the future. It has been left with us individually to determine how we will use the means God has provided for us to discover Him and His will for us. The fullest, clearest, and most specific revelation of God is the Bible. However, there are several other methods of revelation which make large contributions to our understanding."—T. H. JEMISON, *Christian Beliefs*, pp. 3, 4.

These other methods of revelation are through nature, through human relationships such as the love that exists between human beings, through Jesus Christ, through divine providence, through personal experience, and through the Holy Spirit.

Origin of All Material Things

1. How did all material things come into being? John 1:1-3; Heb. 11:3.

The Nature of God

2. What does the Bible tell us of the eternity of God's existence? Ps. 90:1, 2; Isa. 40:28.

NOTE.—"In the Word, God is spoken of as 'the everlasting God.' This name embraces past, present, and future. God is from everlasting to everlasting. He is the Eternal One."—*Testimonies*, vol. 8, p. 270.

3. What does the Bible say about God's presence? Ps. 139:7-12; Jer. 23:23, 24.

4. What is said of the Creator's wisdom and knowledge? Col. 2:2, 3; Isa. 40:28.

5. What does the Bible reveal regarding the power of God? Jer. 32:17; Matt. 19:26.

6. What divine title implies that God is self-existing? Ex. 3:13-15.

NOTE.—"I am that I am. . . . In Hebrew as in English, this name is a form of the verb 'to be,' and implies that its possessor is the eternal, self-existing One (see John 8:58; DA 469). Its all-embracing universality precluded any comparison of the God of the Israelites to the deities of Egypt and other nations. It was designed to provide Moses and his people with strong consolation in their affliction and powerful support for their confidence in the realization of His purpose to deliver them."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on Ex. 3:14.

7. How is the greatness of God contrasted with the finite limitations of man? Ps. 8:3, 4; Eccl. 8:17.

NOTE.—"A wise man. Man is privileged to study God's created works, and His revealed Word; but he must beware of being 'wise in his own conceit' (Prov. 26:5) and of thinking himself able to comprehend the depths of divinity (see Job 11:7)."—*Ibid.*, on Eccl. 8:17.

8. How is God's unchangeableness described? Mal. 3:6; James 1:17. Compare Heb. 13:8.

NOTE.—"Man may change his relation to God by complying with the conditions upon which he may be brought into the divine favor, or he may, by his own action, place himself outside the favoring condition; but the Lord is the same 'yesterday, and today, and forever.' . . . With Him [God] there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 630.

The Unity and Trinity of God

9. How emphatic are the Scriptures about there being but one true God? Deut. 6:4; Isa. 44:6.

10. Which three Persons are named together as members of the Deity? Matt. 28:19, 20; 2 Cor. 13:14.

NOTE.—"There are three living Persons of the heavenly Trio; in the name of these three great Powers—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit—those who receive Christ by living faith are baptized, and these Powers will cooperate with the obedient subjects of heaven in their efforts to live the new life in Christ."—*Evangelism*, p. 615.

11. How far back into eternity has Christ, the "Word," been one with the Father? John 1:1-3; 17:5.

NOTE.—"From the days of eternity the Lord Jesus Christ was one with the Father; He was 'the image of God,' the image of His greatness and majesty, 'the outshining of His glory.'"—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 19.

"Christ was God essentially, and in the highest sense. He was with God from all eternity, God over all, blessed forevermore."—ELLEN G. WHITE in *Review and Herald*, April 5, 1906.

Before the entrance of sin among the angels, "Christ the Word, the Only-Begotten of God, was one with the eternal Father—one in nature, in character, and in purpose—the only Being in all the universe that could enter into all the counsels and purposes of God. By Christ the Father wrought in the creation of all heavenly beings."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 493.

"From all eternity Christ was united with the Father, and when He took upon Himself human nature, He was still one with God."—ELLEN G. WHITE in *The Signs of the Times*, Aug. 2, 1905.

12. How is God ever present with His people on earth? John 16:7, 13. Compare Gen. 1:2.

NOTE.—"The greatness of God is to us incomprehensible. 'The Lord's throne is in heaven' (Psalm 11:4); yet by His Spirit He is everywhere present. He has an intimate knowledge of, and a personal interest in, all the works of His hand."—*Education*, p. 132.

God's Paternal Interest in Man

13. How completely is God acquainted with our lives? Ps. 139:1-18, 23, 24.

NOTE.—"Our God has heaven and earth at His command, and He knows just what we need. We can see only a little way before us; 'but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do.' Hebrews 4:13. Above the distractions of the earth He sits enthroned; all things are open to His divine survey; and from His great and calm eternity He orders that which His providence sees best."—*Testimonies*, vol. 8, pp. 272, 273.

14. Which of the attributes of God is frequently emphasized? 1 John 4:8; Eph. 3:17-19.

NOTE.—"All the paternal love which has come down from generation to generation through the channel of human hearts, all the springs of tenderness which have opened in the souls of men, are but as a tiny rill to the boundless ocean when compared with the infinite, exhaustless love of God. Tongue cannot utter it; pen cannot portray it. You may meditate upon it every day of your life; you may search the Scriptures diligently in order to understand it; you may summon every power and capability that God has given you, in the endeavor to comprehend the love and compassion of the heavenly Father; and yet there is an infinity beyond. You may study that love for ages; yet you can never fully comprehend the length and the breadth, the depth and the height, of the love of God in giving His Son to die for the world. Eternity itself can never fully reveal it."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 740.

YOUTH — I—The Creator of the Universe

MEMORY GEM: "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God" (Eph. 3:17-19).

ILLUMINATION OF THE TOPIC: *Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 33-43; *Selected Messages*, book 1, pp. 246-251.

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Nature is not the only means employed by God to reveal Himself to man. In Christ was the most perfect revelation of the Father's character. He speaks to us also in His Holy Word, the Bible, and by means of His Holy Spirit. He speaks to us by means of His divine providence, and by that still small voice, which we call the conscience, placed in the hearts of all men to act as a compass on the voyage through life.

1—Origin of All Material Things

1. Where did all visible things come from? John 1:1-3; Heb. 11:3; Col. 1:13, 16.

The deepest students of science are constrained to recognize in nature the working of infinite power. But to man's unaided reason, nature's teaching cannot but be contradictory and disappointing. Only in the light of revelation can it be read aright. "Through faith we understand."—*Education*, p. 134.

2—The Nature of God

2. What does the Bible tell us concerning the period of God's existence? Ps. 90:1, 2; Isa. 40:28.

In the word, God is spoken of as "the everlasting God." This name embraces past, present, and future. God is from everlasting to everlasting. He is the Eternal One.—*Testimonies*, vol. 8, p. 270.

3. What does the Bible say of God's presence? Ps. 139:7-12; Jer. 23:23, 24.

4. What are we told concerning the Creator's wisdom and knowledge? Col. 2:2, 3; Isa. 40:28.

No finite mind can fully comprehend the existence, the power, the wisdom, or the works of the Infinite One. Says the sacred writer: "Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea." The mightiest intellects of earth cannot comprehend God. Men may be ever searching, ever learning, and still there is an infinity beyond.—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 116.

5. What does the Bible reveal concerning the power of God? Jer. 32:17; Matt. 19:26.

When God promised Abraham a son in his old age, Sarah laughed. The Lord rebuked her and asked the question, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Jeremiah gave the answer, "There is nothing too hard for thee."

6. By what name did God reveal Himself to Moses indicating His eternal existence? Ex. 3:13-15.

With solemn dignity Jesus answered, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I AM."

Silence fell upon the vast assembly. The name of God, given to Moses to express the idea of the eternal presence, had been claimed as His own by this Galilean Rabbi. He had announced Himself to be the self-existent One, He who had been promised to Israel, "whose goings forth have been from of old, from the days of eternity."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 469, 470.

7. How is God's greatness contrasted with man's finite limitations? Ps. 8:3, 4; Eccl. 8:17.

God encourages us to contemplate His works in the natural world. He desires that we shall turn our minds from the study of the artificial to the natural. We shall understand this better as we lift up our eyes to the hills of God, and contemplate the works which His own hands have created. . . .

All the works of God are speaking to our senses, magnifying His power, exalting His wisdom.—*Sons and Daughters of God*, p. 110.

8. In what other important aspect is God different from mankind? James 1:17; Mal. 3:6. Compare Hebrews 13:8.

God always has been. He is the great I AM. . . . "I am the Lord, I change not," He declares. With Him there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. He is the "same yesterday, and to-day, and forever." He is infinite and omnipresent. No words of ours can describe His greatness and majesty.—*Medical Ministry*, p. 92.

3—The Unity and Trinity of God

9. What positive statements are found in the Bible about there being only one God? Deut. 6:4; Isa. 44:6; 1 Cor. 8:6.

Jehovah, the eternal, self-existent, uncreated One, Himself the source and sustainer of all, is alone entitled to supreme reverence and worship. Man is forbidden to give to any other object the first place in his affections or his service.—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 305.

10. Which three persons are named together as members of the Deity? Matt. 28:19, 20; 2 Cor. 13:14.

"There are three living persons of the heavenly trio; in the name of these three great powers—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit—those who receive Christ by living faith are baptized, and these powers will co-operate with the obedient subjects of heaven in their efforts to live the new life in Christ."—*Evangelism*, p. 615.

One occasion on which the three persons of the Godhead were present was the baptism of Jesus. God, the Son, knelt on the bank of the river; God, the Father, spoke from heaven; and God, the Holy Spirit, descended upon Christ in the form of a dove. The manner in which three persons may be united in perfect unity is beyond the powers of the human mind to comprehend.

"In regard to the personality and prerogatives of God, where He is, and what He is, this is a subject which we are not to dare to touch. On this theme silence is eloquence. It is those who have no experimental knowledge of God who venture to speculate in regard to Him. Did they know more of Him, they would have less to say about what He is."—*Medical Ministry*, p. 92.

11. For how long has Christ, the "Word," been one with the Father? John 1:1-3; 17:5.

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The theme of Ps. 139 is God's omniscience and omnipresence. The psalmist recognizes God as present everywhere. One who is not only all-powerful, but also all-knowing, One who has formed man from the womb, and One whose presence man cannot escape.—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, vol. 3, p. 925.

14. What attribute of God's character is most frequently emphasized? 1 John 4:8; Eph. 3:17-19.

All the paternal love which has come down from generation to generation through the channel of human hearts, all the springs of tenderness which have opened in the souls of men, are but as a tiny rill to the boundless ocean, when compared with the infinite, exhaustless love of God. Tongue cannot utter it; pen cannot portray it. You may meditate upon it every day of your life; you may search the Scriptures diligently in order to understand it; you may summon every power and capability that God has given you, in the endeavor to comprehend the love and compassion of the heavenly Father; and yet there is an infinity beyond. You may study that love for ages; yet you can never fully comprehend the length and the breadth, the depth and the height, of the love of God in giving His Son to die for the world. Eternity itself can never fully reveal it.—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 740.

From page 18

"What is the world membership of your church? Why must you keep the Sabbath so rigidly? Why Saturday instead of Sunday? Who says the law was changed? If you don't believe in working on Saturday, why allow others to do it for you by using public transport to church?"

So it went on—sometimes taunting, sometimes ridiculing. Clearly the questioner was trying to expose any ulterior motive or insincerity behind the

plea of religious conviction. Unfortunately, John was too busy dealing with the rapidly delivered questions to think of this. In mounting indignation he completely forgot himself while trying to defend the faith he loved. As his voice rose higher and higher my hands clenched together in a hot, sticky grip.

"Please, God, don't let him lose control—help him *keep calm!*" Another question, aimed to confuse, was fired

at him. Breathlessly I watched John open his mouth to reply.

Wonderfully, miraculously, his voice was subdued and polite. From then on it remained that way as he dealt with further questions, until finally the examiners rose from their seats, signaling that the tribunal was over.

With immense relief we stood chatting with the two ministers before saying good-by. Then we separated to go to our homes, and John, under escort, was returned to the detention camp. We went on our way—to await the all-important decision.

Three days later I arrived home after an evening's visiting, to be greeted in the hallway by my excited landlady.

"Oh, Ruth," she exclaimed, "there was a long-distance call from Wales—they're calling back later."

From Wales! Only one person ever called me from there—John! He must have been released, and such an early release could mean but one thing. I leaped upstairs, repeating over and over, "He's free, he's free!"

When the call came later that evening John's surprisingly calm voice assured me that it was indeed all over. He was packing his belongings and would be in London in a few days—this time for good. It was almost unbelievable. But most wonderful of all, he had been given an honorable discharge and carried an excellent character reference. This meant much less difficulty in finding new employment. What a tender, loving God is He who supplies our every need! "O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him" (Ps. 34:8).

God by no means ended His blessings here. John found very good employment and a comfortable apartment. Three months later we were married. Now three years have passed, and we can look back and see that God has been with us right through until now. He has continued to guide in every way. His strength is sufficient for our every need, and we have no fear in leaving the future in His sure hands.

In our personal, individual experiences we discovered that no price is too high for the peace and joy we can have in Jesus. Now in our united life we desire only to help others find that same heavenly contentment and assurance. For Him who has done so much for us, we can do no less.

This story is a sequel to "A Price Worth Paying," published October 17, 1961.

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Radarscope

Key to source abbreviations published January 14, 1964.

► Oil from the jaw of a porpoise once was preferred for lubricating fine watches. *National Geographic Society*

► Driver education courses enrolled 1,649,837 of nearly three million eligible students in the past school year. They were taught by 25,575 instructors. *Automotive Information*

► Timber cut from the National Forests during fiscal 1964 totaled 10.9 billion board feet. This is twice the amount of timber cut from the forests in 1954, and 900 million board feet more than was cut a year ago. *IWLA*

► Castillo de San Marcos is the oldest fort in existence in the United States, built by the Spanish to safeguard the city of St. Augustine, Florida, the nation's oldest permanent settlement. Begun in 1672, construction took a quarter century. It was considered impregnable, and was never proved otherwise. *Ford Times*

► In Kenya, Africa, some soccer teams have their own medicine men to assure a good season. One witch doctor, dressed in soccer shorts and feathered headdress, runs up and down the sideline muttering incantations and waving his magic wand—the thigh bone of an ox. Teams finding themselves outplayed frequently ask the referee to change the ball because they suspect it has been bewitched. *National Geographic Society*

► Observational neutrino astronomy, a new branch of astronomy, is expected to yield its first positive results in 1965. This new branch of astronomy will provide direct tests of the theory of nuclear energy generation in main sequence stars; some information about high-energy physics that is unobtainable with the available laboratory accelerators; a test of a hypothesis concerning the production of high-energy electrons in strong radio sources; and improved estimates of the average energy density in the universe. *Science*

► Early in 1965, the United States will establish a new research station in the Antarctic. Named Palmer Station, in honor of an early nineteenth-century explorer, it will be located about 1,700 miles from the South Pole on Mountinous Anvers Island, about 25 miles off the coast of the Antarctic Peninsula. Scientists will investigate the glaciers, geology, plant and animal life, of the peninsula region. Biologists plan to study antarctic insects, the only permanent land-dwelling animals in Antarctica. They will also survey plant life. Anvers Island marks the southerly limit of flowering plants. *Naval Research Reviews*

► Assault on the world's greatest treasure house—the ocean and its bottom—has begun in earnest. Miners are scooping up diamonds from the sea floor off South-West Africa, tin off Thailand, and iron ore off Japan. German prospectors have struck natural gas under the North Sea, and experts believe major oil deposits will be found there. European countries hope North Sea oil will make them independent of petroleum now imported from the Middle East. *National Geographic Society*

► Calabar beans, seeds from a vine, were used for centuries as ordeal poisons in West African witchcraft trials. If guilty, the accused person presumably ate the bean slowly, and typical symptoms developed. The innocent person, unafraid of the trial, supposedly ate the poison rapidly, and vomiting from gastric irritation afforded automatic protection. *Science*

► United States airlines in 1948 carried 83.1 per cent of all air passengers traveling to and from the United States across the North Atlantic. By 1963 this trend had shifted, with foreign airlines now carrying the majority of these passengers—58.5 per cent. *Aerospace*

► Americans spend about 41 cents of every dollar on services. Their expenditures bring them baby-sitters, car rentals, and computers to do their research, as well as improved medical care, education, and shelter. *USCC*

► In colonial America all white pines larger than 24 inches in diameter 12 inches from the ground were reserved for the king. *Ford Times*

► The monarch butterfly gathers in Northern States in autumn and flies South in swarms thousands strong. Their descendants complete the round trip. *National Geographic Society*

► Today more than 24 million women are employed in the United States, including 13.6 million working wives. In general they supply special personnel needs; they rarely displace men. *DuPont*

► Snowflakes are not frozen water, like hail and sleet. Crystals form in the atmosphere when water vapor solidifies on microscopic particles such as dust. These particles may measure only five-hundred-thousandths of an inch in diameter. *National Geographic Society*

► Only library in the world established to house one book—the Bible—is the American Bible Society's Bible House on New York City's Park Avenue. There are 23,324 copies of Scripture on its shelves, in which 1,136 languages and dialects are represented, including early documents from the Greek and Hebrew. *ABS*

► Twenty Army trucks, often rumbling over all but impassable roads, in 1919 made the first convoy crossing of the continent to prove the vehicles were adaptable to the rigors of war. The convoy required 56 days to make the trip from Washington, D.C., to San Francisco, California, averaging 61 miles a day. Taking part in the historic venture was a tank corps captain named Dwight D. Eisenhower, who was to become the thirty-fourth president of the United States. *Automotive Information*

► Scientists are now imitating the high-pitched cries of the hunting bat in an effort to drive insect pests away from cotton fields. Night-flying bats locate their prey in the dark by the radar method of squeaking as they fly and listening for the echo of their cries bouncing from the prey. In laboratory tests it was found that the bollworm responded in the same manner to simulated sounds as to actual bat cries. Scientists believe that bursts of sound at a frequency of 21 kilocycles per second would be effective for broadcasting over the fields. This frequency would not be heard by humans, who usually detect sounds up to only about 15 or 18 kilocycles per second. *IWLA*

Key

Wit Sharpeners

"Those who hunger for knowledge that they may bless their fellow men will themselves receive blessing from God."

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