

The Youth's Instructor

MAY 31, 1966

[Sabbath School Lessons for June 4]

MAY 5
1966

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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 1966. 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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City Window— 2:00 A.M.

by LEE AVERY

The city is still awake,
But the street lights blink,
Trying to keep their eyes open.
Now and then a car slides furtively along the canyon,
While I watch from above, wondering
Where it is going, where it has been.
This is a lonely piece of time
Floating between night and day.
Before I turn back to my bed,
I smile at the calm saunter of a shadowy cat
Crossing the street in no particular hurry.

Expensive Medicine

by ANDREW R. MUSGRAVE

TUAN, your medicine is expensive!" The remark came unexpectedly. We had been talking about religion, and this reference to medicine left me somewhat nonplused. I was not a doctor. The only medicine we had on hand at the mission station was pills for hookworm, and these we gave out freely.

Probing for some explanation of the remark, I discovered his meaning. "You Seventh-day Adventists have expensive medicine. Your religion is expensive. The pigs must go. The earrings must go. The dancing must go. The rice wine must go. There is tithe to give." Yes, I reflected, these things are true. The old heathen customs and habits of a lifetime receive quite a shake-up. But I wondered. Was this the only impact our religion made upon him? What had given him this impression?

My visitor went on to explain further. "Religion is like a medicine. Cheap medicine is worthless. It does not help us. Good medicine is expensive, but it works. I tell my people

that if they want a religion that will do something for them, then they should get the Seventh-day Adventist religion, for it will clean them up and make them better people."

Yes, this was true. This was what I had seen the gospel do for those who had been willing to pay the price. When I talked with a former witch doctor, now in his sunset years, and asked him whether he had ever regretted becoming a Christian, he gripped my arm, looked straight into my face, and with all the strength his shaky voice could gather he said, "Never do I want to be anything but a Christian. I never knew happiness before!"

Expensive medicine! These words spoken to me in an off-the-beaten-track village in far-off Borneo are still echoing in my mind. They have led to many a train of thought that has enriched my understanding of the gospel.

The remedy for sin was expensive medicine too. It cost a Life, the Balm of Gilead.

The Youth's Instructor, May 31, 1966



Forever Is a Long, Long Time

by MILDRED ELIZABETH MEYER

SUDDENLY it happens—it's spring again! You want to throw off your sweater, forget the geometry assignment, and hike in the country. The air is ringing with the songs of a dozen birds all tuned up at the same time. You want to head for the golf course or the ball diamond; or you want to wade in the creek or go on a picnic, depending upon who you are.

The campus has had its first spring haircut, setting off the beds of tulips and pansies even better than before, and perfuming the air with that newly mown grass smell. In your classrooms the heat has been turned off and the windows thrown wide open. It's hard to concentrate on Greek and chemistry

while outside the bluebirds are carrying dry grass for their home. But be careful, you're not a bluebird.

Just as homesickness sweeps over a dormitory—especially the girls' dormitory—in September, another malady strikes in the springtime: engagementitis. Now engagements are proper and sweet and a thing to be desired—in their place. But just because Jack and Mary become engaged, and Ted and Anne, and a dozen others, does not mean that it's the thing for you. And when it rises to epidemic proportions, watch out. Everybody's getting it. Sue is planning her wedding for June (and having difficulty keeping up her GPA), and even your roommate comes in

one night proudly wearing a new watch.

"What's the matter with me?" you ask your young self. "Why doesn't anybody ask me?"

You think of Joe, the fellow you've been dating for the past couple of months. He's handsome and athletic and—and you're sure you could put your feet under the same table three times a day and iron his shirts forever. You have seen only his best-foot-forward side, but you can't imagine his ever being anything but witty and thoughtful and liked by everybody.

Of course, you've never met any of his family, much less seen his home. But you don't give that much thought. Possibly they are quarrelsome or alcoholics

or have a strain of infidelity, but no—that couldn't be. Joe's not that kind. Besides, you'd be marrying him, not his family. That's what you think!

The worst of it is that Joe's foresight is no greater than yours. Your pretty blue eyes attract him; you're fun to be with. In fact, he suddenly decides he'd like to be with you on and on, for always. And the way the girls are getting spoken for on the campus lately, he'd better ask you before somebody else gets the idea.

Poor Joe! What he doesn't know won't hurt him—yet. But when it's a little late he'll wonder who ever kept the house clean where you came from, to say nothing of being able to balance a budget. As for meals, "Well, if she can't cook now, she can learn, can't she?" Sounds good, but just wait.

And so, because it's the popular thing to do on a campus in the springtime, you become engaged. Your education? Well, what's wrong with getting your education together? Nothing. It often doesn't work, that's all.

But hold on for a minute; let's look into the future. Not the immediately-following-the-ceremony future, but 'way on ahead. You do plan to live together forever—that's what the vow says, "Till death do us part." And forever is a long, long time.

Life is full of surprises, some good, some bad, and they don't stop with marriage. The most unromantic and most unexpected things have a way of cropping out. Your love for each other and your faith in God need to be strong enough to weather these situations if you are to live happily ever after, as you're now so sure you will.

Marriage is learning each other's faults and being able to overlook them. It's hearing your mate blamed for something—perhaps legitimately—and still standing by him, not condoning, but encouraging. You are one now, you know.

Marriage is seeing each other at your worst—curlers and greasy pants and sweaty shirts—yes, and frayed nerves. And away on down the line it's loving him when his hair gives up the struggle on top and leaves a bald spot, and his old belt just won't reach around any more. It's loving her when she's too ill to care how her hair looks, or when, years later, you look at that wedding dress and wonder how she ever got into it. And it's loving steadfastly in case of disfigurement or a crippling accident.

A friend of ours, mother of five married children (each of them educated and each a staunch Seventh-day Ad-

ventist), tenderly cared for her invalid husband for thirteen years without his being able to see her, talk with her, or even to recognize her.

Marriage is for life, you know. For better or for worse.

Marriage means babies usually, sooner or later. They mean dimples and chubby arms around your neck and cute little suits and dresses. They also mean diapers and feedings around the clock, and being scared within an inch of your life when a fever soars up to 105° at 11:00 P.M. It means new shoes

A Different Joy

by JANE MERCHANT

Who lives with sadness
Values best
Happiness seen
And unpossessed:

Absolute joy
In children's faces,
The curve of bliss
A puppy traces,

Birds flying high,
Fish swimming deep,
Which do not mourn
And need not weep.

Whose hours and days
And years are sad
May give warm praise
When some are glad.

unbelievably often and doctor bills and staying home and spilled milk on your best suit.

It could mean waking up for that 2:00 A.M. bottle after falling into bed late, exhausted, asking your mate if he would please feed the baby this once, only to hear him mumble, "You wanted him; you get up." You drag your feet out onto the cold floor and stumble toward the refrigerator, tears sliding down your cheeks as you wonder how this could be the man who looked into your eyes at your wedding and sang how he'd love you forever.

Marriage is doing the routine things—washing dirty socks, getting three meals a day, ironing and baking and mending, dusting and polishing and scrubbing and waxing, repairing the car and struggling with the old washer because you can't afford to hire a mechanic. It's keeping up the lawn and fighting weeds in the garden, building shelves and paying endless bills. Not for

a year, or five years, or ten, but on and on and on. There's no graduation from this course. It's for always. And it's your responsibility, once you say, "I do."

You can take it in your stride if you're happy together. It's drudgery if you're not.

Marriage is never looking at a third party, thinking secretly, "Isn't she lovely; guess I was too hasty"; or "He has a wonderful personality; wish I'd looked around awhile." It's too late now. Marriage is for keeps, so you had better know the one you team up with for a good, long time in order to be pretty sure you'll want him for keeps.

It's for mature people, capable of making sensible decisions. It's for the man prepared to support a wife and family, not one who expects his folks or hers to help out. It's for the girl with a working knowledge of economy and nutrition, the girl who has sufficient education and experience to become the breadwinner in an emergency.

Marriage is taking your place in the community. You compose a family now, and families should do their part as good citizens.

Marriage is establishing the family altar. It's praying together and growing together spiritually, studying the dependable Guidebook and the inspirational "lesser light." And he who is too young to read the *Review and Herald*, his church paper, is too young to marry.

Working side by side in a school industry, two young wives compared notes one day. "I'm not sorry I married Tom, but I'm sorry we married so young," said one.

"That's the way I feel," the second answered. "We can both see now that we should have taken our folks' advice. As it is, I've had to drop out of school, and it's all we can do to keep Jim going. If I had only finished my course first!"

Across the campus similar sentiments were expressed by several students. Still another had to admit to herself that she was sorry she married the man she did. And why not? The romance worn off, her immature husband had left her and the babies, having met someone who now appealed to him more.

So watch out for the springtime campus epidemic, engagementitis. The excitement of gift showers and tulle and meeting at the altar can mean the beginning of deep contentment together—if you marry the right person; and if you're ready. But if not—remember, marriage is forever. And forever is a long, long time.

Hands and Eyes

The magazine you have taken up to look at and read is the product of many pairs of eyes and hands, representing numerous professions, crafts, and skills.

From the idea in a writer's mind to an open page before you, a "handful" of workers, or dozens of people may have participated in shaping the final printed product. The number depends on the size of the publishing establishment.

Four workers are occupied full-time in the offices of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. They handle the varied and complex details associated with manuscripts, correspondence, editing, research, indexing, and checking on each stage in the process of publishing.

The two editors and the two editorial secretaries giving full-time attention to this magazine follow individual schedules assuring a new issue for your hands every 168 hours. Priority on all schedules has to do with those items related to the issue on its journey through the publishing house.

It should be remembered that the time of the editorial staff given to each issue is only a portion of the total time required to place it in your hands.

One editorial secretary processes all correspondence as it comes in daily, Monday through Friday. In 1965, for instance, first class mail alone totaled about three thousand pieces. Included in this were many containing manuscripts—free lance, regular features, and assigned.

Letters addressed to Counsel Clinic go to the other editorial secretary. She types the questions submitted and turns them over to the associate editor. He assigns the counselors to whom they should be sent. When the answers return, they are forwarded immediately to the questioners. Copies of the questions and answers are surveyed by the associate editor, and those that would have universal value on publication and concern topics not recently published are placed on the editor's desk.

The secretary who opens correspondence reads all poetry, and passes on to the editor that which has relevancy to the target audience and is in the topic areas the inventory lacks. Each week she does the final work on the paste-up dummy. This includes correcting the "widows," writing captions and run-in titles, and inserting articles that adjust each page to full capacity.

All four staff members check the proofs when they come up in pages, and the correspondence secretary transfers all correction marks to the set that returns to the proofroom. She also maintains the title-author-subject indexes, and sends out complimentary copies to authors each week.

The other editorial secretary does all transcriptions for the editors. She develops the manuscript cost break-down on each issue, and maintains the manuscript inventory file as she requisitions checks for the authors. Besides handling the mechanics of Counsel Clinic, she files correspondence in the two individual author and general files, selects the Ellen G. White quote for Grace Notes each week, carries out special projects necessary to editorial objectives, and pastes up the Radarscope page. Many prose manuscripts receive her reader evaluation in addition to those of the editors.

Editing, manuscript reading, checking proofs, and overseeing the mechanical steps of principal responsibility to the staff account for much of the associate editor's time. Manuscript evaluations, including acceptances and rejections, assignments, issue layouts, page proofs, and planning help keep the editor occupied.

The men and the women who give their services to the publishing endeavors of this house are every one dedicated to their assigned tasks. Almost it seems unfair to write about the immediate members of the staff of a single periodical and fail to mention the many others whose work is just as essential to completion of a weekly issue. Were it not for their loyal contributions, you wouldn't have even this issue for your reading satisfaction.

What has been set forth here in part constitutes the program visitors cannot fully see when guides take them on a tour through the Review and Herald Publishing Association.

WTC

Night The dramatic scene on our cover this week was shot by photographer Teuvo Kanerva in Helsinki, Finland. He captioned his Photo Mart entry "Waiting in Night." A camera seems as closely associated with Mr. Kanerva as are his picture-hunting eyes.

File If you read English, belong to the Seventh-day Adventist Church, and know some of its members long past the "prime age" of youth, possibly you can help us. We're searching through this column for copies of this magazine published in the years 1856, 1857, 1888, and 1889. To the time of writing this column, we've received four copies, two from 1888 and two from 1889. If you can help find some issues carrying the datelines mentioned, we'll be sincerely grateful. Michigan and Ohio have been heard from to date, this leaves 48 States of the 50, plus all the rest of the world to be heard from.

Texas "I especially enjoy the covers by Teuvo Kanerva. Most of the others have been exceptionally well chosen too. The article by Edward C. Frank, M.D., 'No Immunity,' was timely. . . . Thank you for publishing a paper interesting to youth 'of all ages.'" MRS. L. O. KENDALL, Dallas.

Tennessee "'The Price of a Star' by Ann C. Burke, March 8, was inspiring. I too consider my little star a gift from heaven, and the price of returning her to our Maker is none too high. However, I find I often need to have my inspiration renewed. It's encouraging to realize that other mothers have the same ideals and struggles. I wonder whether reprints of the article could be obtained? They would be nice to include with baby gifts. If you inquired you might find others interested.'" MRS. NORMAN PEEK, Collegedale.

• The MV Department of the General Conference sometimes reprints something from our pages in its MV leaflet series.

Benefactor "He uses his gifts best who seeks by earnest endeavor to carry out the Lord's great plan for the uplifting of humanity."—MYP 48.

Where in the World Is the Church?

by WILLIAM LOVELESS

THE Christian church exists primarily for the benefit of those who have never come near it. As members of the church of God and followers of Jesus Christ, we must always remember why it is here.

We can remove all the trappings from the church, we can take away its buildings, we can take away its money, we can take away its committees, its social, economic, and political structures. When it is thus stripped we may not recognize it, but if we can take away all that has been devised by humans and all that is purely cultural, there still remains a body of mystery. This is why Paul wrote to the young pastor, "Great . . . is the mystery of our religion."

Take away all that is human, and there is still a great body of power, force, and transforming enthusiasm. God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, priest unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, and received up into glory. Great is the mystery of this story with its power not mysterious in terms of difficulty of understanding, nor impossibility of understanding, mysterious, rather, in the force that it has to transform lives after all that is human is stripped away.

Members of the Christian church have been living for centuries in a priv-

ileged era. Since Constantine signed the agreement that legalized the Christian church, Christianity has been in a privileged position in the West, and much of the time it has been respected, even sought after. But now we are moving into a different era. Today the church must justify its existence. It must speak relevantly to the problems of man and to the problems of the nation and of the world. It is being called in question. The mystery of our religion, this power which transformed one empire is no longer in a privileged era. We must assess our current practices and trappings in terms of a modern world, even as a general assesses his forces and equipment in times of emergency.

Field Marshal Montgomery, of Great Britain, recalled in his memoirs the near-defeat that England suffered because she was ill-prepared for what she met in 1939: "The British army entered the second world war in 1939 admirably organized and equipped to fight the 1914 war. It was totally unfit to fight a first-class war on the continent of Europe."¹

Although the men who comprised the army were first-class material, Montgomery observed that the strategy, the leadership, the weapons, were hopelessly obsolete and inadequate; and anyone who lived through the horror of the early forties knows what happened. While the British army was looking on,

the Germans engulfed Europe with their panzer divisions and dive bombers. Only God stopped Hitler at the Channel. The British strapped well-organized, strong men with strategic tactics, leadership, and equipment which was obsolete.

Since the close of World War II dramatic changes have occurred in the nature of our world and in the nature, almost, it seems, of man himself—changes that none of us could have predicted. These changes have altered the face of the earth and the nature of politics and government and the problems of man.

There is always the danger that today's Christians are well-equipped to fight a battle of 1945 instead of 1966, with strategy and weapons that have become obsolete. What a tragedy it would be if the work of God should be delayed because of outmoded equipment and obsolete strategic views, lacking a piercing, penetrating insight into how the church can minister in the world.

The church must emerge from its barricades and its flock of committed and loyal people in the sanctuaries and chapels where it worships so often, for worship without service is a dead end. It ends in itself. Venturing into the world of work, of apartment houses and office buildings, factories, and classrooms, the church finds an arena where real problems are being grappled with and where it is often felt that the church has no real answer, no relevant answer.

The search for relevancy goes on all about us. Duke Ellington may play what is called a jazz worship program in a Fifth Avenue church; churches may have jazz masses; pastors may pray with factory workers at noon; we may provide chapels in office buildings, change our language, and do away with the so-called outmoded ideas of God and say they are dead. But when all of the words are in and when all of the behavior is in, the church is here for the same purpose that motivated its Leader: to serve, to witness, to die.

Service is always relevant. It never changes meaning, no matter where we live or who we are. The primary purpose of the Christian church is to serve those who have never been near it. When this primary purpose is lost sight of in the search for so-called relevancy, then our worship—your worship and mine—is at a dead end.

From a sermon first preached at Sligo Seventh-day Adventist church, Takoma Park, Maryland, January 22, 1966.

There are some problems that block our ministry and our witness and our sharing. One of them is the problem of professionalism in a church where the ministry does this and the laity do that. The laity become second-class citizens. The minister is the one who dispenses all the answers and studies theology and does all the work of the church, and the laity drift into almost total ignorance of the Bible, its message, and impact.

People who want to be told what to believe and what to do will eventually drift into a pattern of religion that authenticates their own emotional needs. This is an easier way of life. Oftentimes the ministry contributes to the problem of professionalism. It makes a minister feel important to become an "answer man" and to have a lot of people depending on him. This has become a wonderful way to weaken and dull the force of the gospel. This is one of the problems in the church. It has been with us ever since there has been a church. Our laymen must sense the urgency of becoming in the very real sense priests and mediators of the gospel of reconciliation to the world in which they live and work.

Another problem is in the attitude that makes the church pull into itself behind its barricades and sit on the truth as if it were going to hatch somehow and come out in all its glory and brilliance. An artificial distinction between secular and sacred emerges. Everything that happens in the church is sacred, and everything that happens outside the church is automatically assumed to be secular. The whole world of work and the six days of the week are divided from worship, and worship again becomes dead end. There is no relevancy to the life lived in the office and the apartment house or in the classroom.

Another problem that confronts some of us is the problem of intellectualism, of knowing a good bit about God but never taking the trouble of risking commitment to Him. Yet none of us will be saved on the basis of how much we know. We will be saved on the basis of how much we have become like Him, because we have committed ourselves to Him.

Yet another difficulty confronts us as a church in Christ as we face the world. It arises in our own congregation because of human pettiness and insecurity. In his little spoof *Screwtape Let-*

ters, C. S. Lewis put his finger right on this particular problem. Dr. Lewis reports on some correspondence that he "came across" between the devil and one of his nephews, who was sent on a special assignment to this world.

In his "Devil's Guide to Tempting Worldlings," Satan instructs Wormwood, his nephew, that if he approaches his prospect with any such argument as that following Christ is unreasonable or illogical, he will get nowhere with him. Rather, the instructions say, you should whisper in his ear that the soprano is singing off key in the anthem, or the deacon's shoes squeak as he moves up and down the aisle, or the minister's appearance is distracting. Thus you may irritate and annoy your prospect at some little human fact like this in the church to which he belongs, and take the first step toward alienating this Christian from Christ and the church.²

The spirit of criticism has often crept into the church. In our attempt to make ourselves look good, we down others. We have our machinery in reverse. One of the problems in communicating and witnessing stems from our failure to accept the fact that in spite of personal foibles, everybody else in the church may be doing the best he can. Maybe he isn't everything we think he should be, but it may be his best for the present. Together as members in the church in Christ we are trying to present to the world a united front of loyalty to Christ.

These are some of the problems that block us in our communication, and most of them lie within the church itself. In the world we see not so many problems as challenges—challenges that confront the Christian church.

There are a multitude of challenges. The great cities of our country constitute one of the greatest challenges. By the turn of the century, if time should last, 85 per cent of the population of this country will be in cities.

The Council of Churches in the nation's capital has observed that as the population of Washington, D.C., soars, 50 per cent of the newcomers move into apartments, and fewer than five out of every one hundred apartment-dwelling families bother to become involved in the church. Further, the church appears to be ill-equipped to cope with the problem and is giving it little concern.

Metropolitan Washington's popula-

tion increase of five hundred thousand since 1960 spells trouble for the churches. They just aren't reaching the apartment dweller entrenched in his sanctuary of privacy. By 1975 there will be 2 million churchless persons in the metropolitan area of Washington, a figure equal to its total 1960 population.

Huge apartment houses where people don't know each other, where they have no neighbors, as it were, present a tremendous problem. The only thing you share is the noise upstairs and down and in the hall now and then when someone is having a party or their children stay up late. There is very little social group interaction. Virtual cities of apartment houses are springing up. And the churches simply aren't getting to them.

Here is one of the greatest challenges facing the church today: the great cities of this country and of this world, growing like mushrooms overnight, as it were, with great untouched masses never identifying themselves with the gospel of reconciliation that we hold so dear.

The students of the world present another urgent challenge. In five years there will be 7 million young people in America's universities and colleges. What a challenge this is to the gospel and to the church of God to minister to these young people who are still in their formative years. Their minds are relatively open to truth and to fact; they are searching for something that will give their lives direction.

Someone has summarized America's student as being lost, lonely, and lustful. The gospel has a message to proclaim to these students. By virtue of their training, they are suspicious of authoritarian approaches. A gospel message that is poorly put together and delivered emotionally does not appeal to them, for their heart cannot accept what their mind rejects. But there is no group in the world more susceptible to an honest and genuine presentation of the gospel of Christ. What a source for evangelism and what a source for the work of the church remains untouched.

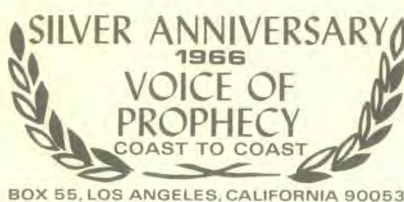
It is much more dramatic to go to the interior and minister in a jungle ministry, but what of the great mass of young minds? Communist China spends five hundred thousand dollars a year, a half million dollars, in postage alone, shipping Communist propaganda to Latin

America, mainly for the use of the students. The time is past when we say the students are the future leaders of the world. In many places, they are now the leaders of thought in their countries.

The rise of nationalism, racism, the rise of the indigenous church, are thrilling challenges confronting the church. When we try to be relevant and come up with the best techniques (and we must), we must have piercing, penetrating insight into the problems and strategic ways of reaching the minds of men. We must remember that the master strategist is the Holy Spirit, and all of the plans, all of the commitments of man, and all of his behavior are measured and weighed as they relate to the work of the Holy Spirit of God, which is to be poured out without measure into this world to bring a final conclusion to the agony of our present time.

Here is the Biblical description of that outpouring, known in Adventist terminology as the loud cry of the third angel: "And after these things I saw another angel come down from heaven, having great power; and the earth was lightened with his glory."¹ The culmination of the spread of the gospel of Christ will not end in some little dark corner or in the United States or in some civilized, localized spot. The entire world will see and hear the great message of the righteousness of Christ, for the common substance of the loud cry, according to God's inspired servant, is the righteousness of Christ and His ability to save men.

This is what Paul said when he called our religion a great mystery. It is a great mystery that this can happen. In the midst of a fallen Babylon, "the habitation of devils," which will entice nations and kings and merchants, mak-



Voice of Prophecy Topics for June

June 5	The Redeemer Appears and Departs
June 12	The Gospel Sevenfold
June 19	The Battle of Golgotha
June 26	The Sword of Goliath

ing them rich through her abundant delicacies, there is a glorious invitation: "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."²

This is an announcement that God wants to do something for you and me. This is the announcement of the loud cry and the invitation to God's people, to the world, and to the church, to come out of the apostasy that has plagued the world so long—the religious-political involvements that have encumbered the nations of the world—and stand on the platform of Jesus Christ and His righteousness sufficient.

The loud cry will unite families. The hearts of children will be drawn to their parents. Families will be reunited as they listen to the message of God and to the one simple question: Have you felt His regenerating power in your own life personally?

This is the question posed by the loud cry. The announcement is that God wants to do something for you today. He wants to draw you together with His people and with Himself. When He says "Come out of her, my people," His invitation is to come out of confusion, hostility, misunderstanding, false religious systems, apostate

Christianity, and to enter into fusion and oneness with one another and with God.

This is the message we must take beyond the barricades of the front door. There is no doubt that the world is waiting. The greatest problem in taking it will be our own apathy, an apathy that spells not only loss to the world but also great loss to us personally.

One of the most tragic examples of apathy came out of the Korean war, when American prisoners of war were convinced to spy on their fellow prisoners. The disintegration of morale that ensued was a dramatic demonstration of man's need for his fellows. Knowing he was in a camp of informers, many a prisoner gave up the fight for life, refused food, turned his face to the wall, and died. In one camp when a bully began pestering some of the weaker soldiers, no one attempted to intervene; they just sat and watched. Loyalty had been destroyed, and personal concern was lost. Three thousand American men died during that internment.

A Turkish battalion of soldiers—or what was left of a badly mauled Turkish battalion—was brought into one of the camps. They came carrying their wounded. When the interrogators came to the compound the Turkish colonel stepped forward and said, "I am commander in charge here. In accordance with military tradition and international agreements, any communications you give to these men will be given through me. They have been instructed not to speak to you." The colonel was promptly placed in solitary confinement.

When the interrogators came back, they were met with the same response, this time from a major. They dispensed with him. As the captains and lieutenants stepped forward to take command and were dispatched to solitary confinement, the pattern continued. It was finally decided that it would be impractical and impossible to put everyone in solitary confinement. Discipline was rigid, the wounded were taken care of, and that stalwart stand of Turkish Moslems broke the tyranny of one of the camps. Everyone, including the Americans, profited by that experience.

Jesus, our Commander, asks us to represent Him to the world. Where in the world is the church? Where in the world are you?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

but a University of Utah team, headed by Fenton E. Moss, assistant clinical professor in the university's graduate school of social work, has recently completed a study on alcoholism, indicating that in their opinion the most effective method of rehabilitating alcoholics was to take them out of the jails and in the vast majority of cases out of the hospitals.

"These people," he said,

"need enforced sobriety, and they can't get the right kind in either of these institutions."

Three types of management facilities are recommended: a public works center for those who are able to work, even though they might have poor vocational skills; a skilled-work center for those able to work and who have vocational skills; and a convalescent center for those who are completely unable to work.

W. A. SCHARFFENBERG

¹ FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY, *Memoirs*, vol. 1 (Cleveland: World Publishing Company, 1958), p. 37.

² C. S. LEWIS, *The Screwtape Letters*, a paraphrase.

³ Rev. 18:1.

⁴ Verse 4.



The Sound of Music

by JOE ENGELKEMIER

THE prisoner was desperate. Somehow he secured a large file, and patiently transformed it into a deadly knife. He would plunge it into his own heart.

One day the inmates were being marched from their cells to an auditorium for a meeting. This man slipped aside, took out the secreted knife, lay down upon a cot, and placed the tip of the blade against his chest.

"I will turn on the radio," he thought to himself, "and have a little music to hide any sounds that I might make."

He reached up and switched the dial. The voices of the King's Heralds filled his cell.

Fascinated, he listened. Gradually his arm relaxed, and the knife fell to the floor. Before the broadcast was over, he surrendered to the influence of the Spirit of God, and gave his heart to Christ.¹

Through the servant of God it has been pointed out that song has wonderful power—"power to subdue rude and uncultivated natures; power to quicken thought and to awaken sympathy, to promote harmony of action, and to banish the gloom and foreboding that destroy courage and weaken effort."²

"Power to subdue rude and unculti-

vated natures"—as Roland Hayes, the famed Negro tenor, once discovered when he was being hissed by an unfriendly audience. It was in 1924, when the French were using Negro troops to police the Rhine, arousing German resentment. Hayes was scheduled for a concert in Berlin, and though the American consul advised him not to go, he determined to keep the appointment.

On the stage at Beethoven Hall, he and his Negro accompanist were greeted with hisses. As was his custom, Hayes clasped his hands and lifted his head for a moment of silent prayer, but the hissing and stomping of feet continued—continued for ten interminable minutes. Then, abruptly, it stopped, and he began to sing Schubert's "Thou Art My Peace." An awed silence fell on the crowd as the soft, clear notes filled the auditorium. Said Roland Hayes later, "It was not a personal victory. It was the victory of a force that sang through me and won that audience. . . . I was allowing myself to be used by a power which is greater than I am, and it subdued the hatred in that audience."³

"Power to quicken thought and to awaken sympathy"—as was beautifully impressed upon me by a Sabbath eve-

ning worship held out in the southern Nevada desert. A group of young people on a trip to Lake Mojave had spent Sabbath afternoon hiking to some Indian markings in a rocky, desert area. As the westerling sun dropped below the horizon we gathered around a small campfire there in a canyon.

Dr. Robert Shearer told of some of his mission experiences in India, and then as the light of the flickering flames illuminated the desert twilight, we sang together. Far from any human habitation, alone with God and the sound of music, we felt drawn to Him and to one another.

The memory of that desert worship has often reminded me of the Bible promise that, even in the time of trouble, "ye shall have a song, as in the night when a holy solemnity is kept; and gladness of heart."⁴

"And to banish . . . gloom and foreboding"—of which another of our student outings provided an object lesson. One Christmas vacation we were headed from Glendale toward the youth camp at Wawona in Yosemite National Park. It was to be our headquarters for several days of snow skiing at Badger Pass. All up through the Central Valley we drove in a dense fog that had shrouded the valley for more than

a week. There was no gloom in our hearts (who ever heard of a group of skiers headed for the slopes being gloomy, even in fog?) but we could understand how those living in such fog day after day could become depressed.

As we left the valley and began the climb into the mountains, we could see that soon we would be out of the fog. Eight exuberant youthful voices (I hasten to add that I was driving a station wagon) began to sing. As the ascending highway thrust us up into the sunlight, every voice rang out with "Heavenly Sunshine."

portion of every Friday's class period to just relax and sing. An oft-repeated favorite was "Abide With Me." Well it is, I thought to myself as I listened, that even in the teen-age years one be aware of how swiftly "to it's close" can ebb out "life's little day."

I think again of several seniors visiting in a classroom after school, reviewing some texts we had underlined in Isaiah. As one of them pondered Isaiah 40:11, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd," it brought to her mind the words of a hymn, which, with the refreshing spontaneity characteristic of

"Let's sing," someone suggested. As for half an hour exuberant voices ascended through and beyond snow-covered pine boughs to the Creator, I felt anew the truthfulness of the words that through song "life takes on new meaning and new purpose, and courage and gladness are imparted to other souls!"⁷

"Life takes on new meaning and new purpose"—this would be a good test in choosing music. For there is, abroad in the land, a skillful charmer who makes music "one of the most alluring agencies of temptation."⁸ He well knows the power of emotion, and the effectiveness of certain classes of music in arousing temptation. A former choir leader, and a bold composer, he guides the production of innumerable tunes and songs that degrade tastes and allure into sin. Some of these, as in the case of the music used by Balak to seduce Israel at Baal-peor, can even be termed delightful—except for the far-from-delightful final results.⁹

"Angels are hovering around yonder dwelling," the servant of God once wrote. "The young are there assembled; there is the sound of vocal and instrumental music."¹⁰

"The sound of . . . music."

But what kind? "Christians are gathered there, but what is that you hear? It is a song, a frivolous ditty, fit for the dance hall. Behold, the pure angels gather their light closer around them, and darkness envelops those in that dwelling."¹¹

Where, in such a gathering, and in such music, is there anything that gives life "new meaning and new purpose"?

No one would suggest that all music sung and listened to by Christians should be sacred. But should not even secular music, if it is well chosen, give life "new meaning and new purpose"? Are there not at least some songs of love that elevate rather than degrade affection? And can one not choose, from songs of country and homeland, and from some of the folk songs, and from classical and semiclassical pieces, and from varied other secular sources, music that will add to life's purpose and meaning?

In contrast to the above gathering, let's look in on another one. It is a Saturday night during a summer vacation. Again there is a group of young people gathered, and again there is singing, but how different the atmosphere. Members of Glendale Academy chorale groups for the years 1960 through 1964 have gotten together for a reunion. About forty, most of them college students, have come together at a home.

For Childlike Faith

by ELOISE WADE HACKETT

Selflessly Naaman's little maid
Spoke of God's power—unafraid
Of being thought impertinent,
And mindful only of good intent.
What if that maid had held her tongue
Lest Naaman scoff at one so young,
Or ridicule and criticize
The prophet she thought good and wise?
If diffidence had kept her mute
How could healing have borne such fruit
That men still ponder it today,
And learn from it? Dear Lord, we pray
For childlike faith to equal hers
So that we too, when need occurs,
May hold out truth, a brimming cup
From which the thirsty one may sup.

Always above the gloom of the lowlands, there are sun-crowned heights to which we can be lifted on wings of song. As a youth Jesus "expressed the gladness of His heart by singing psalms and heavenly songs. . . . He held communion with heaven in song; and as His companions complained of weariness from labor, they were cheered by the sweet melody from His lips. His praise seemed to banish the evil angels, and, like incense, fill the place with fragrance."⁶

Heaven is a land filled with the sound of music. The angels sing. Of the Creator Himself it is written, "The Lord thy God . . . will joy over thee with singing."⁷ The joy of real living be it in heaven or on earth—is ever and always reflected in the sound of music.

The sound of music—how much it can mean to youthful hearts! I think of a senior Bible class where somehow we got started in the custom of taking a

teen-age years, she quietly hummed for a few moments.

Again, I see hikers on a High Sierra trail, surrounded by lofty mountain majesty, and someone singing "How Great Thou Art." There comes back to mind the singing at a temperance club Sabbath school under some palms at Cottonwood Springs in the desert. One who was there later wrote on a Bible paper, "There was a sacred feeling of angels being under those palm trees."

I think of another senior group, on a snowy February evening, hiking out to the church bowl at the Wawona youth camp. Between flurries of snow, an almost full moon would occasionally break through the clouds to transform the forest into a wintery scene of softness and reverence and beauty. About four inches of new snow covered the benches and the old log pulpit, so we just stood under a tall pine tree whose branches spread out protectingly over the church bowl.

One of their number directs, choosing some things new, and some things old—songs they have sung together oft before, songs that bring back memories of days gone by. Throughout the evening the atmosphere of both music and friendship is one that adds both purpose and meaning to life.

What did they sing? Songs like "Autumn Leaves," "I Like It Here," "God Bless America," "Poor Man Lazarus," "Dear Hearts and Gentle People," "At the Cry of the First Bird," "Heavenly Music," and "Hallelujah."

Could others find in similar music, at a Saturday night get-together, the same delight that was evident that evening? Why not? It all depends upon the tastes that one cultivates.

Consider a few examples of the kind of music that does not add to real life.

In connection with a 1960 jazz festival, Newport, Rhode Island, experienced "the worst rioting in its history." Marines and National Guardsmen were called in to reinforce city and State authorities, and Rhode Island Governor Christopher del Sesto personally took charge of law enforcement. Authorities declared a state of emergency and banned jazz performances. Said a press report, "Police arrested more than 200 persons Saturday night and another 100 went to hospitals when an unruly crowd of about 10,000 rioted after being denied entrance to the already filled site of the seventh annual Newport Jazz Festival."¹²

By its fruits such music can be judged.

Describing the reaction of his teenage daughter and 7,000 others like her at a performance of a music idol of a few years ago, a father wrote, "It was immediately obvious that the assemblage was under the influence of a strange, invisible opiate." After the program, which no one really heard because of the continuous screaming and swooning of the feminine audience, "a line of bobby-soxers moved past the platform. Each rubbed the stage floor with a tissue or a handkerchief and then hurried away clutching the precious memento."¹³

By its fruits idolatry and its accompanying music can be effectively judged.

Heaven's former choir leader works cleverly, leading a careless Christian on step by step. We leave the radio on to whatever pours forth, scarcely believing that it can in any way affect us. But it does. Writes Paul E. Hamel, "The physical changes that occur within our

bodies as we listen to music have been measured. Music actually does raise or lower blood pressure, depending upon the type of music. . . . Brain waves are altered from their usual pattern, pupillary reflexes change, and a host of other physiological changes take place as we listen to music."¹⁴

The same author suggests that one judge music by the company it keeps. He states that he does not want in his home the type of music played in gambling houses, night clubs, and brothels, and then remarks, "I don't believe that a Christian in his home, in his room, or in his car has any business inviting into his being music that is so much at home in places of ill-repute."¹⁵

Thus far civilization has survived rock 'n' roll, Presleyism, and Beatleism, though some are probably wondering whether it can take much more. Be that as it may, the days of such music are numbered, and if we cultivate a taste for it we inevitably exclude ourselves from the land where rock 'n' roll would be incongruous.

Even here, does this kind of music contribute anything to real living? Or is it an opiate that takes the keen edge off the satisfying joys of life?

The future of every Christian is destined to be filled with the sound of music. When Christ returns, "with anthems of celestial melody the holy angels, a

vast, unnumbered throng, attend Him on His way."¹⁶

Then, arriving back at the city of God, the angelic choir strikes the note of victory, and the redeemed all join in a mighty anthem that proclaims, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."¹⁷

And of the pulsating, ever-onward moving ages of eternity it is said, "The prophet caught the sound of music there, and song, such music and song as, save in the visions of God, no mortal ear has heard or mind conceived."¹⁸

"The sound of music"—of "songs and everlasting joy"¹⁹ will awaken yet richer joy as the delights of really living eternally increase.

Next Week: The Meditations of Lucifer.

¹ Story related in Voice of Prophecy radio broadcast, "Behold the Fig Tree," in the book of the month, *The Faith of a Devil*, June, 1958.

² *Education*, p. 168.

³ From WILLIAM L. STIDGER, *The Human Side of Greatness* (Harper and Brothers, New York), pp. 39-41.

⁴ Isa. 30:29.

⁵ *The Desire of Ages*, p. 73.

⁶ Zeph. 3:17.

⁷ *Education*, p. 168.

⁸ *Messages to Young People*, p. 291.

⁹ *Spiritual Gifts*, vol. 4a, p. 49.

¹⁰ *Messages to Young People*, p. 295.

¹¹ *Ibid.*

¹² *South Bend Tribune*, "Newport Now Near Normal," July 5, 1960, p. 1.

¹³ Dick Ashbaugh, *This Week* magazine, March 3, 1957, p. 25.

¹⁴ Paul E. Hamel, "A Psychology of Music for Christians," in *The Journal of True Education*, April, 1961, p. 12.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, pp. 12, 13.

¹⁶ *The Great Controversy*, p. 641.

¹⁷ *The SDA Bible Commentary*, Ellen G. White Comments on 1 Cor. 15:51-55, p. 1093.

¹⁸ *Prophets and Kings*, p. 730.

¹⁹ Isa. 35:10.

Pilgrimage

by JANE WOELKERS

FOR several summers Mary Storm and I have visited the Wild Animal Farm at Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania. Our friends and relatives laugh. "An animal farm is an animal farm. Once you've seen one you've seen them all." One visit for them is sufficient. But not for Mary and me!

We like to purchase food at the stands and feed the animals. It is pleasant to have a deer or a llama come close to receive his tidbit. We laugh when their lips tickle the palms of our hands. To an animal lover, these farms are a paradise where wild creatures lose their fear of man.

Mary and I have always known that some reason far deeper than our love for animals sends us to the farm and makes us long for it during the long winters. On our last visit there

we discovered what this reason is.

We had laughed so much we needed a rest. As we sat silently on a bench, watching the animals roam freely about, we became aware of another head between ours. We turned—to find a llama! When he realized we had no food he turned and walked away. With his head held high and his llama expression, he appeared to be indignant at our lack of manners.

It was then we understood the desire of our hearts. We looked at each other, smiled broadly, and exclaimed together, "Just like the new earth!" Yes, the animal farm with its trusting animals made us feel closer to the tranquillity and peace we are promised to have in the new earth. It is not "the farm" we long for—it's heaven.

When the Angels Couldn't

by CAROLYN STUYVESANT

SATAN leaned over to a glorious-appearing angel as he and ten thousand more sat in a discussion. "I want you to go," his lips moved. "You are one of my best helpers. You have worked daringly in this campaign for nearly six thousand years. A campaign! Yes, that is what it is. A campaign to get as many for death as possible. Millions we have, but millions more we want. We must campaign to the very last day.

"I want you to go down to Pacific Union College, to Andre Hall. Survey the place and see what you can find to lead those girls astray. And remember: the very best technique is to help them to forget God. Don't try to make them think of us—they don't have to believe in us, but just forget about the Power that will preserve them for heaven." *

The angel soared through the sky past San Francisco, leaving the Golden Gate bridge behind him. Across the brown hills he flew over Napa, bypassing St. Helena, and on up to PUC. The sun was setting as he arrived on Tuesday evening. The girls were in worship. What a fortunate situation! He could have the whole dormitory to himself. From room to room he could go, making his list.

Silently he entered the first room and looked about. A picture of Jesus hung on the wall. A Bible lay on the bed. "They would have a hard job forgetting God here," he told himself. "I'll look in another room."

He slipped next door. A row of red books was in the bookcase. He glanced at the titles. "*The Desire of Ages, Righteousness by Faith, Patriarchs and Prophets*," he read the titles half aloud. "Pretty hard to work here. Guess I'll move on. Maybe I'll find some obscene literature in the next one." But try as he would, he couldn't find any in the next room. Rhythmically the little ivory clock ticked the minutes away. He noticed on the way out that there was some knitting on the bed. But to another room he went.

"Perhaps I'll find some records here to pull them down," he thought as he went in. He almost stepped on a piece of sheet music—"The Stranger of Galilee." Apparently someone had slipped it under the door. On the desk was an unfinished letter to "Dearest Tom." The angel noticed that one paragraph said, "I can't understand why God let my mother die. He knew I needed her. God must be punishing me. Why does He expect so much of me?"

"That letter has possibilities perhaps," he reflected

* This story was prepared to present some of the snares of Satan to the women of Alpha Gamma at Pacific Union College during the week preceding the Week of Prayer.





as he hurried on to the next room. In the room an unfinished term paper lay beside a typewriter. The date due in the assignment book said *Nov. 2*. This was November 1. The title was "God's Love as Revealed in the Gospel of John." "I can't get far here, I'm sure," spoke the angel. "I'd better go up to second floor." And he did.

Opening the door, he looked around. "H'mm, a hi-fi. This is it!" He stepped over to a pile of records. His eye caught the titles, "Rock of Ages," "Beethoven's Ninth Symphony," McDowell's "To a Wild Rose." "This isn't for me," he said as he departed. "I think I'd better head back to the leader and let him take over."

He left unseen, as the girls walked up the front steps. On and on he flew in the darkness. The stars came out. The moon was bright on the valley below. Now the lights of San Francisco gleamed in the distance. "Why couldn't Satan have sent me there? That's easy territory," he pondered. "Bright lights, wine, dancing, movies, and everybody is captivated by it—everyone except these students up at PUC. Whatever will Satan say to me: I've not thought of a single thing to make them forget God, for every room has a Bible. They're enrolled in Bible courses. They go to chapel and church. I noticed those rules in their bulletin. It is impossible to do anything in that territory. Worst territory in the country for campaigning."

Suddenly he stood before Satan. "What did you find out?" asked the leader eagerly.

The angel hung his head. "You sent me to very difficult territory," he said slowly.

"Difficult?"

"Yes."

"And what makes you say that?"

"I went to a number of rooms and looked to see what I could find to make the girls forget God. But they have reminders everywhere. Bibles, those red books we abhor, pictures of Jesus, religious records. I noticed a bulletin that said that students are expected to attend church and chapel. They take Bible courses. I'm sure of that because I saw a term paper in one of the rooms which bore the title 'God's Love as Revealed in the Gospel of John.' It's due tomorrow. I didn't find any reading or music such as I really wanted. I say, it's pretty hard to forget God in that place! Why the whole college is surrounded by a forest and the people know that God Himself made it. It's impossible territory!"

"What about other things? What did you see?"

"Well, there was some knitting on one girl's bed. And a piece of sheet music on the floor. I almost stepped on it. I noticed a small clock in one room and a letter in another. But I found nothing for which I was looking."

The leader eyed the angel. "I guess I've kept you in the slum areas too long. You see, we use different techniques up there on Howell Mountain. There's scarcely a girl there that would fall for your methods. But really it doesn't matter. They don't have to do that. All they have to do is to forget God."

"But how can they forget with all those reminders? Why a church bulletin I saw on the way out talks about a Week of Prayer next week. A whole week of prayer! You better count me out on this territory or show me how it's done."

"I think you'd better learn. You mentioned several things we should work on. We'll do it tonight. We can cover the ground in a hurry." In the cool evening air Satan and twenty-two chosen angels made their way to Howell Mountain. They slipped in the front door past the monitor. She wasn't aware of their presence.

"Let's go to the room where the Bible was on the bed," whispered Satan to the first angel. Down the hall they went. A girl dressed in a pink housecoat was just picking up the black Book with gold letters. Quickly Satan said to her so that she thought the idea was her own, "I must get this book of Judges read for Biblical Philosophy. I've just started. I must hurry." On and on she read. "It was strange how God recorded all this blood and murder," she told herself. "It sounds as if He were pleased with it. I wonder—is God really like that? Maybe . . . maybe this part isn't true. I wonder. Maybe He is that way . . ."

"See," said Satan to the angels. "She's doubting just a little now because of the suggestions we made. She felt hurried, so she didn't pray tonight before reading. You have to stand around and wait until they begin to read. Then hurry them on. For if God doesn't help them, they go astray. You have to make them forget God. Then it's easy. She'll say some of these things to her roommate, and that will help her to come to our side."

"Where's the room with the red books?"

"Down here," the guide beckoned. The group entered. A girl was dusting the volumes. "Oh, dear," she was saying, "look at all the dust on *The Desire of Ages* and these other books. Seems as if I never get around to reading them."

"I know," her roommate replied. "Come to think of it, I've just glanced at devotional reading a few times this week. Seems as if there's so much to do. Why, I wrote eighteen letters for the swimming pool campaign yesterday. I'm sure God wants us to have a swimming pool. I was going to read at nine this morning, but Jeanette sprained her ankle, so I went with her to the nurse. Thought I'd get in a little this afternoon, but my work supervisor needed a little extra help. Have to remember the golden rule."

Satan winked at the angels. "This isn't too hard a case. Keep them so busy that they'll not have time to pray or read. Don't let those red books worry you. They're harmless so long as they're collecting dust."

In the next room was the ivory clock. "Ah," said Satan. "Clocks are good tools. There are a number of tactics you can use with clocks. See that the girl is so sleepy when she goes to bed that she forgets to wind it or forgets to set the alarm or forgets to see if it is slow. Then in the morning she'll wake up in a hurry—too big a hurry to take time for devotion." He whispered in the girl's ear. "You're really doing well on that knitting. If you'd get it finished tonight you'd be the first one through with your class project. That might help your grade."

The girl picked it up and began working. "Now watch," Satan said. "Hour after hour she'll work. It will be nearly midnight when she gets into bed. No Sabbath school lesson tonight. A mad dash in the morning. Too sleepy to be kind. Guilty when she falls. Too proud to repent. If this doesn't work, we'll simply try something else."

"Probably the same tactics will work with the girl who's writing the term paper. And then keep a crowd of girls around listening to the hi-fi. The girls who own it will find little opportunity for serious thought." Satan straightened up a little taller. "That sheet music has great possibilities. See that there's someone in the audience who is jealous of the singer or tired of the song. Then let them gossip—something like this: 'She surely doesn't practice what she sings' or 'why don't they get someone who can sing?' If possible, let the singer get her feelings hurt. See that she too will gossip. This works very well with college girls. It really helps them to forget God."

The twenty-two angels smiled at one other. "We're ready to do our best for your campaign, Satan. The more girls we can get, the better it will be."

"And now a word of caution," said Satan, as he moved closer to his angels. "Watch that Week of Prayer speaker. This is important. Read his notes. Then pick out the particular girl whom this sermon would benefit. See that she's too tired to come or that she has eaten so much she's only half awake. Or have company drop in right before the meeting, or corrupt and occupy her mind with angry thoughts of the girl who stole bread from her room. In this way they can forget God right in the meeting. Let her doubt his message too. Be sure that she criticizes the speaker and calls him a bore."

"You see, fellow workers, we've got to work. I mean *work*. We've been fighting for six thousand years. Little time is left. I'm going to leave now. If

you need help I'll send the reinforcements necessary. And if you see a girl remembering her God, be sure to ask for more help. And remember: Never quit, or give up—*never!*"

"All right," agreed the angels solemnly. Then the chief spoke. "I shall go immediately and look at the minister's notes." The others smiled in agreement. Stealthily Satan left the dormitory and went over to Graf Hall while the chief angel went to the minister's study. There were his notes. The angel bent over and read:

"Satan's step is noiseless, his movements stealthy, and his batteries masked.¹ We are in his country. Unless we are constantly on guard we shall fall an easy prey to his unnumbered deceptions. From the beginning it has been Satan's studied plan to cause men to forget God, that he might secure them to himself."

"I must hurry back and get busy if I'm to make them forget," he said to himself as he sped through the air. In the door he flew, and up to third floor. "I think I'll look in the prayer room—I've never been there before," he murmured. And there sat a girl with a red book on her lap and a Bible on the table. The angel watched her eyes as they moved across the page. She was reading:

"If Satan sees that he is in danger of losing one soul, he will exert himself to the utmost to keep that one. And when the individual is aroused to his danger, and, with distress and fervor, looks to Jesus for strength, Satan fears that he will lose a captive, and he calls a reinforcement of his angels to hedge in the poor soul, and form a wall of darkness around him, that heaven's light may not reach him. But if the one in danger perseveres, and in his helplessness casts himself upon the merits of Christ, our Saviour listens to the earnest prayer of faith, and sends a reinforcement of those angels that excel in strength to deliver him."²

Then he heard her pray, "O Father, help me not to get so busy that I will forget You. There's so much to do, but help me to remember You."

The angel looked down upon her and raised his eyebrows. At that moment two angels from heaven pushed him out the door. In terror he fled. Down the hall he flew until at last he reached the other angels. Motioning them close to him, he gasped, "It's—it's hopeless to try to capture them when—when they remember God."

¹ *Testimonies*, vol. 5, pp. 293, 294.

² *Ibid.*, vol. 1, pp. 345, 346.

Working With the Deaf

by RUTH BROWN KNOTEK

THE CRUCIAL MOMENT had arrived for the young mother with babe in arms and the much-concerned father sitting by her side. The doctor had just said, "Your son is deaf; there is no cure." The father gasped; the mother cried; but the child laughed playfully with his new toy. Little Danny couldn't hear them. He would never hear them.

Very likely many of us have imagined what it would be like not to hear, speak, or sing. In the time of Augustine it was believed that deafness made faith impossible; that those born without hearing were unable to learn and unable to find a place in society. Have our attitudes and prejudices changed in these modern times? Not always. Even today the deaf person is frequently misunderstood. Because of this lack of understanding and because of communication barriers, he is often left apart.

Quite fittingly Marie Beynon Ray remarks: "It's a curious thing—our attitude toward the hard of hearing. Blindness we consider tragic—deafness comic. We go out of our way to help the blind. We go out of our way to avoid the deaf. We give millions for the blind, but pennies for the deaf. Yet the deafened outnumber the blind by millions."

In commenting on church work among the deaf, Richard M. Phillips, dean of students at Gallaudet College, has said: "Church work for the deaf is far below what it should be. . . . There is probably more church work done for the natives of the Amazon than there is for the deaf in America."

I had been curious many times about the deaf. Were they odd or "dumb," as I had heard?

My curiosity was satisfied when a deaf-mute couple visited my church. After standing on the side lines a short

while watching the sign language, I learned a few words. When the interpreter noticed me, she called me over to be introduced. I greeted the deaf couple with "happy to meet you" in perfect sign language. My ego was certainly inflated, to say the least, when they poured forth praise. We made an agreement right then and there that I would give them Bible studies, and they would teach me the sign language.

When I had acquired a working knowledge of sign language, known as dactylology, I conducted Bible studies with other deaf-mutes. There was a reserved section for the deaf in our meeting hall where I would stand and interpret Bible lectures. The deaf folks would make note of the errors I had made, and we would discuss them after the service.

One evening I interpreted a lecture on Christian characteristics. I have never forgotten the following sentence: "The necessary attributes in our lives are faith, love, and hope." I felt that I was doing a magnificent job of interpreting—that is, until I got to the last word, "hope." I used the correct sign, but it should have been done at head level instead of waist level. I inadvertently told them that the necessary attributes in our lives should be "faith, love, and a hula girl"! We all had a hearty laugh over that one.

Our association was not only religious but social too. I'll never forget the basketball game of the year that I attended with my deaf friends. The Hollywood Deaf Club was playing the Los Angeles Deaf Club. These two teams had been rivals for years; and, quite frankly, I had expected the game to be brutal. The players were all deaf, but a few could feel the vibrations of the referee's high-pitched whistle.

For the benefit of those not able to perceive the whistle, the referee would

stamp his foot at the same time. When a foul was committed the referee blew and stamped, and somewhere on the floor a player raised his hand. I asked about this and was told, "Before the game can continue, the player must admit his foul."

One player had the ball ready to shoot for a basket when an opponent came charging at him like a bull moose. I don't know if the "charger" turned his ankle or tripped on his shoelace, but he went down like a ton of bricks right on his face. The player set the ball on the floor and carried his opponent to the first-aid room. No one touched that ball until he returned to continue the game. Considering their rivalry, magnificent sportsmanship certainly was shown.

A few years after I began working with the deaf in the Los Angeles area, my husband and I moved south of San Francisco. Jim, my husband, was determined to become a Seventh-day Adventist minister. Because the primary objective in our lives was to serve God, we decided to sacrifice and get Jim back into college. Within a few weeks we moved to Pacific Union College in Angwin, California.

While we were at the college we heard that a sign language class was being organized at a nearby church. Naturally we attended the class. When the instructor learned that I was an experienced dactylologist, he asked me to assist him. I was delighted with my new duties. Jim also became proficient in the art of sign language, and he took over the teaching of the class when the instructor moved to another area. I taught another weekly evening class in our home. The student attendance at both classes averaged about thirty.

A Seventh-day Adventist conference worker for the deaf in that area, Rex

Rolls, made arrangements to provide for a deaf center in the Napa church. The minister, Stuart R. Jayne, did everything possible to make us all feel at home. The Dorcas room was made available for our separate deaf Sabbath school class, which my husband conducted. A section was reserved for our group in the main sanctuary where I interpreted the church services. The Lord rewarded our efforts, for two of the deaf joined in fellowship with Him and became members of the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

How I wished I had more time to visit and to conduct Bible studies with the deaf. I was working six days a week to earn my "Ph.T."—that is "Put

Hubby Through." Although Sabbath was supposed to be our day of rest, it was crammed full of missionary activity for the deaf.

New horizons were in view. The Lord directed our ministerial call to the Southeastern California Conference. First, however, my husband would need an additional year of instruction at the Seventh-day Adventist Theological Seminary in Michigan. For this reason we had to train others to take over our work with the deaf. The Lord impressed Ron and Juanita Boyce, a ministerial student and his wife at Pacific Union College, to learn dactylogy. We moved to Michigan in August, 1963, and left our deaf work in the capable

"hands" of Ron Boyce and his wife.

Depending on the criteria used, estimates of the number of deaf and hard of hearing in the United States run into the millions. Within this group there are about sixty thousand who were born deaf; consequently, they have never formed a language pattern. Without a language pattern one can't think in words, can't communicate, and can't read. These abilities must be acquired by learning some form of speech—either by speaking audibly or by speaking with gestures.

Many schools give deaf children the opportunity to learn lip reading and speech. "Today there are 71 public residential schools for the deaf, 10 public day schools, 206 public day classes in regular schools, 16 denominational and private residential schools, and 45 denominational and private day centers."

Some public schools follow the principle that a child who demonstrates inability to read lips should be taught by means of the manual alphabet and sign language. One man we know speaks and lip-reads so well that you would never guess that he is a deaf-mute. On the other end of the spectrum is a boy who wasn't allowed to use "signs" in school; and he didn't have the ability to learn lip reading. His emotional maturity has been deeply affected by these inhibitions.

The Seventh-day Adventist Church has just started working for the deaf, and much of this work is being done on the West Coast. In the Los Angeles area is a deaf minister, Neil Davidson, who has an active group of about twenty members. They conduct their own Sabbath school and church service. Yes, they even sing in "signs."

Rex Rolls in the Northern California Conference is a worker for the deaf. He is not a deaf-mute, but his heart is really with those people. He will try to procure jobs for the unemployed or do whatever is needed to help them. In the Washington-Oregon area Art Griffith, a deaf-mute, effectively ministers in this work. As far as I know, these are the only paid workers for the deaf in the Seventh-day Adventist Church, although I know several people who volunteer their time.

"The very ears of the deaf ones will be unstopped, . . . and the tongue of the speechless ones will cry out in gladness" (Isa. 35:5, 6, *New World Translation of the Holy Scriptures*). This wonderful promise will be fulfilled when Jesus comes again. In the meantime, will Christians stand idly by with placid indifference toward the deaf?

Wit Sharpeners

Matthew Is Called to Be a Disciple

Mark 2

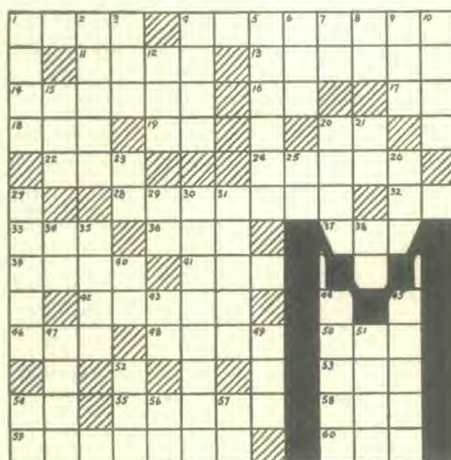
Across

- 1 Original name of Matthew
- 4 "scribes and Pharisees murmured against his . . . s" Luke 5:30
- 11 "publicans and sinners sat . . . together" :15
- 13 "sitting at the receipt of . . ." :14
- 14 "and said unto him, . . . me" :14
- 16 Second tone of the scale
- 17 Seventh tone of the scale
- 18 One and one
- 19 Names (abbr.)
- 20 Father
- 22 National Recovery Administration (abbr.)
- 24 Rubbish
- 28 Father of Levi
- 32 "Levi the son . . . Alpheus" :14
- 33 Being
- 36 Duet
- 37 "he . . . a man, named Matthew" Matt. 9:9
- 39 Foray
- 41 ". . . sinners to repentance" :17
- 42 "I came not to . . . the righteous" (pl.) :17
- 46 Wild ox of Central Asia
- 48 Day
- 50 Hurrah
- 53 City of Benjamin I Chron. 8:12
- 54 "When Jesus heard . . . , he saith" :17
- 55 "go ye and . . . what that meaneth" Matt. 9:13
- 58 Salt
- 59 "a great . . . of publicans and of others" Luke 5:29
- 60 Piece out

Down

- 1 "And he . . . all, rose up, and followed" Luke 5:28
- 2 Courage
- 3 Sick
- 4 "came and sat . . . with him and his disciples" Matt. 9:10

- 5 "when the . . . s and Pharisees saw him eat with publicans" :16
- 6 Hint
- 7 See 26 down
- 8 Pint (abbr.)
- 9 Nephew of Abraham
- 10 Arabian military commander
- 12 Levi was the . . . of Alpheus
- 15 "made him a great feast in his . . . house" Luke 5:29
- 20 "And it came to . . ." :15
- 21 "And . . . he passed by" :14
- 23 Lava (Hawaii)
- 25 Ruthenium (abbr.)
- 26 and 7 down ". it that he eateth and drinketh with publicans" :16
- 27 "I will have . . . , and not sacrifice" Matt. 9:13
- 29 Limited (abbr.)
- 30 "Why eateth your Master with . . . s and sinners" Matt. 9:11
- 31 "as Jesus sat at meat in his . . ." :15
- 34 Western Continent (abbr.)
- 35 "no need of the physician, but they that are . . ." :17
- 38 "Matthew, sitting . . . the receipt of custom" Matt. 9:9
- 40 District Attorney (abbr.)
- 43 Same as 29 down
- 44 "And he . . . and followed him" :14
- 45 "They that are . . . have no need of the physician" :17
- 47 Singing voice
- 49 Grown boy
- 51 Ancestor of the Anakim
- 52 High mountain
- 54 Inspected [and] condemned (mil. abbr.)
- 56 Each (abbr.)
- 57 Railway (abbr.)



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Key on page 21

Call Him Jonah

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

by MAE HENDRICKS

THURSDAY came, and there was still no word from the commander.

"This is as much as I can take," Johnny said to himself. "I must move now, or else it will be too late!" He was beginning to think that they were testing his sincerity, as well as his patience, so he sat down and wrote another request, stating why he wanted Sabbath off. He submitted it to the company commander's office, then left to go about his business.

On Friday evening the commander did not mention the second request. Johnny feared he might be ignoring it.

Sabbath morning dawned bitterly cold. Snow lay in a thick blanket everywhere. The thermometer hovered near the zero mark. It proved to be the coldest weather in eighty years!

After he had breakfast and worship, the soldiers were told to fall in line for marching exercises.

Johnny hurried out to the parade ground with the others, shivering as the bitter cold wind struck him in the face.

The regimental commander stood on the platform. The band was facing the platform ready to strike the first note. Twenty companies of 90 to 100 men each stood in rows ready to start the march.

"Dear Lord," he prayed, "now is the appointed time to move. Help me to be

faithful to Thy commandments. Give me courage and strength to stand. In Jesus' name I ask. Amen."

With this prayer on his lips, and before his courage could dwindle, he quickly stepped out of line.

As Johnny stepped out he went straight to the commander and stood at attention.

"I'm sorry, sir, I cannot join any of the activities today," he said.

The commander looked down at him silently for a few moments. Never had he

come up against such insubordination before, and for a few minutes he apparently didn't know what to say.

Finally he spoke. "Stand aside over there next to the pavement."

Johnny did as he was told, and then the marching started.

As he stood at attention in the snow, though he wore heavy army regulation boots, it wasn't long before his feet began to ache, then lose all feeling. He was afraid to stamp his feet to get the circulation started for fear the commander would ask him why he could do that kind of exercise on his Sabbath day and not march. What would be the difference? So he remained as motionless as he could.

Gradually the numbness crept to his hands and up his arms. A cold north wind was blowing about his head. He began to ache. How much longer could he stand here inactively? But he felt that he would rather freeze to death than to give the slightest indication that he was uncomfortable.

The marching seemed to go on and on without end. At last, when it seemed that it would never end and that he couldn't take it another second, orders were given for the marching to stop; and the men began to leave the field to go to their classes.

The commander completely ignored Johnny standing there as he too left the field.

Johnny wondered how long he had been standing in the snow. Looking at his watch, he was surprised to find that it had been two hours! How he had done so, he never knew, except by the grace of God.

Unsure as to what he should do next, the thought came to him that he should go directly to the office to try to straighten things out.

It was with great difficulty that he tried to walk on his numbed feet, but at last he reached the hallway outside the office.

How nice and warm it was there! It wasn't long before his ears, fingers, and feet began to tingle and hurt as the circulation started again.

As he stood there, he felt he could hardly find the courage to face the issue, but at that moment he saw the assistant commander coming toward him.

Seeing Johnny standing there, he stopped short.

"What are you standing here for?" he demanded. "Why aren't you in class?"

"I can't join the activities on Saturday," the soldier explained.

"You're acting childish! Go to your classroom!" he ordered, beginning to turn red in the face.

The determined young man stood his ground.

"I'm sorry, sir, I can't!"

The officer turned on his heels and went to the commander's office.

In a few minutes Johnny was summoned into the office.

"Look," the commander said firmly, "I told you all this would be impossible! I'm willing to exempt you from line call and marching, but classes you can't miss!"

"I'm sorry, sir, I can't go."

The commander studied Johnny.

"Look here," he demanded, his voice rising, "do you realize that if this were wartime, you'd be court-martialed and possibly lose your life?"

"I understand that," he calmly replied. "But since I have only one life, I'm willing to give it to God first and to my country second, if need be. I cannot have an alternative, even if it does cost me my life."

The commander stood up and folded Johnny's request.

"Well," he said, "I highly respect your religious convictions when I see they mean so much to you, but I'm afraid I have done all that I can for you personally. I will take your paper to the battalion commander and see what he says."

When he left, a platoon sergeant came and told him the lieutenant had left instructions for him to go to class until the results were known. Johnny declined, so the platoon sergeant ran after the commander and told him. He was soon back with orders that Johnny was to follow the lieutenant to the battalion commander's office. When they got there, he wasn't in.

Johnny was thoroughly discouraged over the way things were going. He felt that he had done everything in his power to get Sabbath off, and he didn't know what more he could do. But God knew what else could be done.

An American military adviser, knowing the young soldier's position and sympathetic to the stand of Seventh-day Adventists, intervened with the commander of the military university. As a result of this intervention, the commander issued orders permitting Johnny to be absent from the base until 1:00 P.M. on Sabbaths and also permitting him to be completely excused from duty until after sundown. How happy he was when he learned of this.

Later in class, the instructor, who was not a Christian, explained to the class why Johnny would be absent from class on Saturday in the future. Afterward Johnny said he could not have done a better job of witnessing for God than his instructor had done.

When the class period was over, the men gathered around him, asking all sorts of questions concerning his religion. He answered their questions without reservation. One man asked him to teach him how to have the same kind of faith in his own religion as Johnny had in his.

He knew that now all the men he was associated with knew who he was and what he stood for. Not only these but the high officers in the military university now knew who Adventists were.

Johnny is still witnessing for his Saviour by his conduct in the army. Not long ago he received the highest commendation for the best conduct, a spirit of cooperation, and leadership. Best of all, he is able to be in church every Sabbath morning and to help in various programs of the church. Soon Angie and the boys will be back.

Surely the ways of the Lord are best. Johnny Avakian found it so.

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by MARYAN B. WILKINSON

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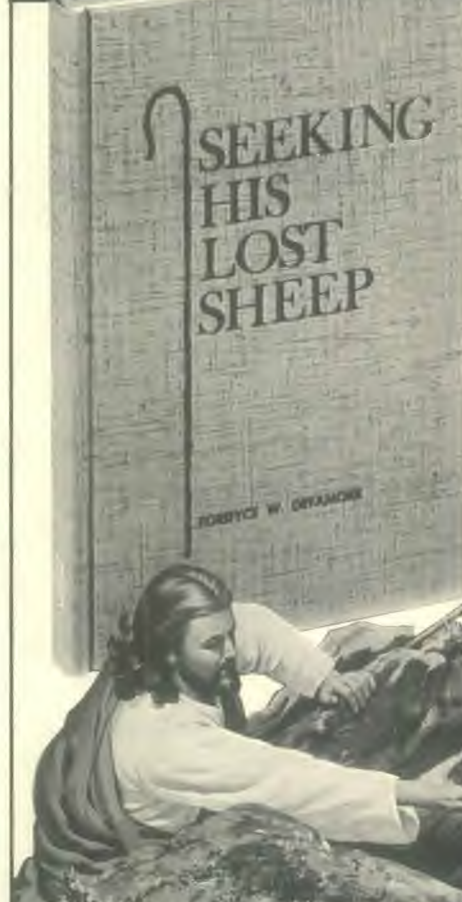
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PUBLISHED AT SOUTHERN PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

Sabbath School Lessons

JUNE 4, 1966

Prepared for publication by the General
Conference Sabbath School Department

SENIOR

X—Diligence and Industry

MEMORY VERSE: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest" (Eccl. 9:10).

LESSON HELPS: *Testimonies*, vol. 5, pp. 178-182; *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 346-358; *Counsels to Parents, Teachers, and Students*, pp. 273-280; *The SDA Bible Commentary*.

Introduction

Much counsel has come to us emphasizing the need for bringing moral principles into our everyday work. Honest and thorough labor, whether physical or mental, is an old-fashioned virtue that is becoming obscured today by a growing indolence that demands shorter working hours and more leisure for personal pleasure. It is with the conviction that pure religion and conscientious labor go hand in hand that this lesson has been prepared. The lesson calls for a re-emphasis of the joy and satisfaction in tasks well done, of objectives realized through perseverance and industry, of accomplishments attained through cultivated skills and fellowship with the Master Workman.

Benefits of Honest Labor

1. Because of Adam's transgression, what decree from God came upon the human race? Gen. 3:19.

NOTE.—"The life of toil and care which was henceforth to be man's lot was appointed in love. It was a discipline rendered needful by his sin, to place a check upon the indulgence of appetite and passion, to develop habits of self-control. It was a part of God's great plan for man's recovery from the ruin and degradation of sin."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 60.

2. What blessing is promised to the God-fearing toiler? Ps. 128:1, 2.

NOTE.—"It was God's purpose to alleviate by toil the evil brought into the world by man's disobedience. By toil the temptations of Satan might be made ineffectual and the tide of evil stayed. And though attended with anxiety, weariness, and pain, labor is still a source of happiness and development, and a safeguard against temptation."—*Counsels to Parents, Teachers, and Students*, p. 274.

3. How is the laboring man's lot compared with that of a rich man? Eccl. 5:12.

NOTE.—"Those who are always busy, and go cheerfully about the performance of their daily tasks, are the most happy and healthy. The rest and composure of night brings to their wearied frames unbroken slumber. The Lord knew what was for man's happiness when He gave him work to do."—*Testimonies*, vol. 2, p. 529.

4. How does the lot of the diligent contrast with that of the slothful? Prov. 10:4.

NOTE.—"The persevering and industrious are not only happy themselves, but they contribute largely to the happiness of others. Competency and comfort are not ordinarily attained except at the price of earnest industry."—*Ibid.*, vol. 5, p. 180.

Christ's Example and Teaching

5. What was the occupation of Jesus before He began His public ministry? Matt. 13:55; Mark 6:3.

NOTE.—"Jesus is our example. . . . He lived to please, honor, and glorify His Father in the common things of life. His work began in consecrating the lowly trade of the craftsmen who toil for their daily bread. He was doing God's service just as much when laboring at the carpenter's bench as when working miracles for the multitude."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 74.

6. How did Jesus teach the disciples proper balance between labor and rest? Mark 6:31.

NOTE.—"Christ's words of compassion are spoken to His workers today just as surely as they were spoken to His disciples. . . . It is not wise to be always under the strain of work and excitement, even in ministering to men's spiritual needs."—*Ibid.*, p. 362.

"Let the laborer carefully husband his strength, and when wearied with toil, let him turn aside and commune with Jesus."—*Gospel Workers*, p. 245.

7. What invitation of the Saviour shows His sympathy for the careworn toilers of the earth? Matt. 11:28.

NOTE.—"In these words Christ is speaking to every human being. Whether they know it or not, all are weary and heavyladen. All are weighed down with burdens that only Christ can remove. . . . He invites us to cast all our care upon Him; for He carries us upon His heart."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 328, 329.

8. Beyond earthly security and the reward of toil, for what should we strive? John 6:27. Compare Prov. 23:4, 5.

NOTE.—"The prayer for daily bread includes not only food to sustain the body, but that spiritual bread which will nourish the soul unto life everlasting."—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, p. 112.

"Christ presents to us something higher to toil for than merely what we shall eat, and what we shall drink, and wherewithal we shall be clothed."—*Testimonies*, vol. 3, p. 164.

YOUTH

X—Diligence and Industry

MEMORY GEM: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest" (Eccl. 9:10).

ILLUMINATION OF THE TOPIC: *Messengers to Young People*, pp. 36-48; *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 346-358; *Counsels to Parents and Teachers*, pp. 273-280; *The SDA Bible Commentary*.

TARGET: An understanding of the relationship between diligence and industry; and success and achievement.

Introduction

Much counsel has come to us emphasizing the need for bringing moral principles into our everyday work. Honest and thorough labor, whether physical or mental, is an old-fashioned virtue that is becoming obscured today by a growing indolence that demands shorter working hours and more leisure for personal pleasure. It is with the conviction that pure religion and conscientious labor go hand-

Paul's Pattern and Counsel

9. In what spirit and manner did Paul support himself in the work of the Lord? 1 Cor. 4:11, 12.

NOTE.—"Before he became a disciple of Christ, Paul had occupied a high position and was not dependent upon manual labor for support. But afterward, when he had used all his means in furthering the cause of Christ, he resorted at times to his trade to gain a livelihood."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 347.

10. Of what did Paul remind the believers at Thessalonica? 2 Thess. 3:10, 11.

11. How diligently, and with what motive, should all labor and service be performed? Col. 3:22, 23.

NOTE.—"The humble, common duties of life are all to be performed with fidelity; 'heartily,' says the apostle, 'as to the Lord.' Whatever our department of labor, be it housework or field work or intellectual pursuits, we may perform it to the glory of God so long as we make Christ first and last and best in everything."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 459.

12. What counsel to Timothy should be heeded by all believers today? 2 Tim. 2:15. Compare Rom. 12:11.

NOTE.—"None can know what may be God's purpose in His discipline; but all may be certain that faithfulness in little things is the evidence of fitness for greater responsibilities. Every act of life is a revelation of character, and he only who in small duties proves himself 'a workman that needeth not to be ashamed' (2 Timothy 2:15), will be honored by God with weightier trusts."—*Education*, p. 61.

Diligence Commended

13. What characteristic leads to advancement, even in the world's work? Prov. 22:29.

14. In view of the brevity of life, how should each day's tasks be performed? Eccl. 9:10; 12:14.

NOTE.—"We are to look upon every duty, however humble, as sacred because it is a part of God's service. Our daily prayer should be, 'Lord, help me to do my best. Teach me how to do better work. Give me energy and cheerfulness. Help me to bring into my service the loving ministry of the Saviour.'"—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 474.

in-hand that this lesson has been prepared. The lesson calls for a re-emphasis of the joy and satisfaction in tasks well done, of objectives realized through perseverance and industry, of accomplishments attained through cultivated skills and fellowship with the Master Workman.

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1. What decree did God make for the human race after Adam sinned? Gen. 3:19.

"The life of toil and care which was henceforth to be man's lot was appointed in love. It was a discipline rendered needful by his sin, to place a check upon the indulgence of appetite and passion, to develop habits of self-control. It was a part of God's great plan for man's recovery from the ruin and degradation of sin."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 60.

2. What blessings are promised to the faithful worker? Ps. 128:1, 2.

"At the creation, labor was appointed as a blessing. It meant development, power, happiness. The changed condition of the earth through the curse of sin has brought a change in the conditions of labor; yet though now attended with anxiety, weariness, and pain, it is still a source of happiness and development. And it is a safeguard against temptation. Its discipline places a check on self-indulgence, and promotes industry, purity, and firmness. Thus it becomes a part of God's great plan for our recovery from the fall."—*Education*, p. 214.

3. What is one blessing enjoyed by the toiler denied to the idle rich? Eccl. 5:12.

"Riches and idleness are thought by some to be blessings indeed. But when some persons have acquired wealth, or inherited it unexpectedly, their active habits have been broken up, their time is unemployed, they live at ease, and their usefulness seems at an end; they become restless, anxious, and unhappy, and their lives soon close. Those who are always busy, and go cheerfully about the performance of their daily tasks, are the most happy and healthy. The rest and composure of night brings to their wearied frames unbroken slumber. The Lord knew what was for man's happiness when He gave him work to do."—*Testimonies*, vol. 2, p. 529.

4. What are the contrasting results of laziness and industry? Prov. 10:4.

"Though the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong, yet he that deal-eth with a slack hand will become poor. Those who are diligent in business may not always be prospered; but drowsiness and indolence are sure to grieve the Spirit of God and destroy true godliness. A stagnant pool becomes offensive; but a pure, flowing brook spreads health and gladness over the land. A man of persevering industry will be a blessing anywhere."—*Testimonies*, vol. 4, p. 410.

2—Christ's Example and Teaching

5. What occupation did Jesus follow before beginning His public ministry? Matt. 13:55; Mark 6:3.

"For a period of at least twelve or fifteen years, Mary's Son undoubtedly worked with tools, first alongside His reputed father Joseph, and later probably alone or with his brothers, and all that time He went in and came out before the people of His home town as one who plied the lowly trade of a carpenter. . . .

"Tradition bears out the view of Jesus given in these interesting verses by Mark. Joseph is believed to have died some years before, and Mary's first-born Son had taken His place as a

wage earner, and was known in the village as Jesus the carpenter."—M. E. OLSEN, *The Carpenter of Nazareth*, p. 12.

6. How did Jesus indicate there should be a balance between work and rest? Mark 6:31.

"Christ is full of tenderness and compassion for all in His service. He would show His disciples that God does not require sacrifice, but mercy. They had been putting their whole souls into labor for the people, and this was exhausting their physical and mental strength. It was their duty to rest."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 360.

7. What gracious invitation did Jesus extend to the weary, careworn toilers of earth? Matt. 11:28.

"In these words Christ is speaking to every human being. Whether they know it or not, all are weary and heavy-laden. All are weighed down with burdens that only Christ can remove. The heaviest burden that we bear is the burden of sin. If we were left to bear this burden, it would crush us. . . . He will take the load from our weary shoulders. He will give us rest. The burden of care and sorrow also He will bear. He invites us to cast all our care upon Him; for He carries us upon His heart."—*Ibid.*, pp. 328, 329.

8. Beyond earthly security and the reward of toil, for what should we work? John 6:27. Compare Prov. 23:3-5.

3—Paul's Pattern and Counsel

9. How did Paul support himself while doing the Lord's work? 1 Cor. 4:11, 12; Acts 20:34.

"The greatest of human teachers, Paul accepted the lowliest as well as the highest duties. He recognized the necessity of labor for the hand as well as for the mind, and he wrought at a handicraft for his own support. His trade of tentmaking he pursued while daily preaching the gospel in the great centers of civilization. 'These hands,' he said, at parting with the

elders of Ephesus, 'have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me.' "—*Education*, p. 66.

10. What important rule of life did Paul lay down? 2 Thess. 3:10, 11.

"Paul not only endured the taxation of the physical powers in common labor without one feeling of either belittling or degrading himself, and without discontent; but he bore the burden while at the same time exerting the activities of his mind to advance and attain in spiritual knowledge. He taught, and he practiced the lessons he taught. He had repeated visions from God, and from the light given he knew every man must be a worker with brain and muscle and sinew. . . .

"The custom of supporting men and women in idleness by private gifts or church money encourages them in sinful habits, and this course should be conscientiously avoided. Every man, woman, and child should be educated to do practical, useful work."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, Ellen G. White Comments, on 2 Thess. 3:10, 14, 15, pp. 911, 912.

11. In what spirit should all work be done? Col. 3:22, 23.

"There is science in the humblest kind of work, and if all would thus regard it, they would see nobility in labor. Heart and soul are to be put into work of any kind; then there is cheerfulness and efficiency. . . . Let the educated ability be employed devising improved methods of work. This is just what the Lord wants. There is honor in any class of work that is essential to be done."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, Ellen G. White Comments, on Mark 12:30, p. 1112.

12. What counsel to Timothy should be heeded by all believers today? 2 Tim. 2:15. Compare Rom. 12:11.

"It is the duty of every worker not merely to give his strength but his mind and intellect to that which he undertakes to do. . . . You can choose to become stereotyped in a wrong course of action because you have not the determination to take yourselves in hand and reform, or you may cultivate your powers to do the very best kind of service, and then you will find yourselves in demand anywhere and everywhere. You will be appreciated for all that you are worth."—*Ibid.*

4—Diligence Commended

13. What two characters in Bible times made rapid advance because of faithful performance of their duties? Gen. 39:2-5; 1 Kings 11:28.

"The marked prosperity which attended everything placed under Joseph's care was not the result of a direct miracle; but his industry, care, and energy were crowned with the divine blessing. Joseph attributed his success to the favor of God, and even his idolatrous master accepted this as the secret of his unparalleled prosperity. Without steadfast, well-directed effort, however, success could never have been attained. God was glorified by the faithfulness of His servant."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 214-217.

14. In what manner should each daily task be performed? Eccl. 9:10; 12:14.

"Do not pass by the little things, and look for a large work. You might do successfully the small work, but fail utterly in attempting a larger work and fall into discouragement. Take hold wherever you see that there is work to be done. It will be by doing with your might what your hands find to do that you will develop talents and aptitude for a larger work."—*Testimonies*, vol. 6, pp. 432, 433.

"This is the gospel of labor, ring it ye bells of the kirk,
The Lord of love came down from above, to live with the men who work.
This is the rose that he planted, here in this thorn-cursed soil;
Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil."

—HENRY VAN DYKE

My Jesus Is Jehovah-Jireh

by DONALD F. HAYNES

JESUS and His Father made a covenant of salvation for me, and I keep right on acting as though I will not have any part of it.

It's a funny thing how this works out in practice.

I do want salvation, of course.

I joined the church.

I go to church.

I pose as a Christian.

I suppose my friends would all agree that I am at least slightly more than respectable.

I have never killed anybody, or kicked a puppy, or cheated a widow.

But somehow, every time I look at my record I come away far from impressed. For it simply isn't getting me anywhere, and I know it. Surely this is not what Jesus came to do for me.

So I have just about decided to give up this utterly pointless crusade and let Jesus do with and for me what He

came down to this fallen world to do.

But I find that I can't even do that. For I have no capacity, no mechanism, not even an urge to turn to Him. I can't even want to. All I can hope for is to be willing for Him to come all the rest of the way and do it for me.

This I will do, by His infinite, inscrutable grace. Now.

Not because I understand it. I don't. But just because I am willing to admit that He has completely overpowered me with His love.

Having done it, how am I going to keep it done?

The fact is, I can't do that either. This is not a once-for-all business. I can see now that it is His will to stay here in my heart and keep this wonderful thing going to the honor and glory of His holy name. This is what He came to do.

He is Jehovah-Jireh. He will see to it.

Who Gets the Bargain?

by LUCILE JOY SMALL

THERE is something fascinating about a bargain. I found one recently. It was in a large music store in Los Angeles. I was looking around while my nephew was trying to find a violin concerto. The record bargain table attracted my attention. It was offering large long-playing demonstration records for only ninety-nine cents. I couldn't pass that by without investigating.

Most of the records were the kind that we never play in our home. But there was one envelope that looked good to me—sacred organ music played by Lorin Whitney. My nephew was ready to go, so I quickly paid for my record and left the store feeling quite proud of my thrift.

The next day I put my new record on the player.

It was cheap jazz! Now I understood why there was an X on the corner of the envelope.

Whose fault was it that I was disappointed? I saved the record to remind myself to write a story about bargains.

And I did some thinking, too.

Jesus Christ has purchased me. He

gave not ninety-nine cents, but everything He had, including His life. I wasn't a bargain. What did He get?

Actually, He can't even take me home yet because as I am I would spoil the atmosphere of heaven. But when I give evidence that I will enjoy the things that He is preparing for

me, then I will be ready for a place in His home.

"The Lord is disappointed when His people place a low estimate upon themselves. He desires His chosen heritage to value themselves according to the price He has placed upon them. God wanted them, else He would not have sent His Son on such an expensive errand to redeem them. He has a use for them. . . . They may expect large things if they have faith in His promises." *

Who gets the bargain in this transaction?

*The Desire of Ages, p. 668.

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► Two new safety features—an energy absorbing steering column and dual braking system—will be standard equipment on all 1967 model passenger cars put out by a leading American manufacturer. The steering column provides that in the event of a severe front-end collision, the column will “collapse” or shorten at a controlled rate, when the force of impact is applied to it at either end. Special mountings on the dash and beneath the instrument panel permit the column to absorb energy under force from an accident. This cushions the impact of the driver against the steering wheel and also prevents the column from being forced toward the driver. The new system will have dual cylinders, one controlling front brakes and the other rear brakes. Thus the front and rear brakes will be controlled separately and independently. A warning light will appear on the instrument panel if one or the other or both brake cylinders are not functioning.

The Highway User

► Carved out of a red-streaked sandstone cliff by water, frost, and wind, a spectacular stone arch looms in a remote gorge of Paria Canyon, 12.5 miles northwest of historic Lees Ferry, Arizona. It has been calculated that the arch's opening stretches about 250 feet across and 165 feet high. Only four white men probably have visited the arch: the flyer who first spotted it while going over the desert area, a National Geographic man, and two helicopter pilots who flew them up the deep canyon for a landing. The arch has been named Wrather Arch, honoring Dr. William Wrather, who died in 1963, and was the world's foremost petroleum geologist.

National Geographic Society

► Boatbuilding is changing today from a piecemeal operation to computer-controlled volume production. Boaters in the United States spend some \$2.6 billion annually on boats, equipment, service, and fuel. The export market amounts to about \$9.2 million of pleasure craft a year.

Lamp

► A new “tool” in the British industry is the “plasma torch” which employs a flame hotter than the sun's surface, and can cut through almost any material.

BBC

► Because the ground is so hot in the Sahara, the rain sometimes evaporates before it hits.

National Geographic Society

► There are 100,000 species of insects in the world.

EAW

► Noisy snow scooters are replacing reindeer-drawn sleds as transport among the Laps of Northern Europe.

BBC

► Young lions in zoos satisfy their deep-seated hunting instinct by attacking the nearest moving object—their mother's tail.

National Geographic Society

► Over 96 per cent of the school-age children of Taiwan attend schools in a free educational system. More than 60 radio stations, 31 daily newspapers, and over 550 periodicals keep the people informed.

Editor's Digest

► In an electronic cockpit simulator in Atlantic City, New Jersey, veteran pilots are checking out the control system of an airplane, almost as long as a football field, which will fly at nearly three times the speed of sound.

Lamp

► At present, the maximum vehicle weight permitted on completed sections of the 41,000-mile Interstate Highway System is 73,280 lbs. (except in States that had higher limits before July 1, 1956). In addition, 30 States restrict the over-all length of a truck-trailer combination to less than 65 feet.

Automotive Information

► Fuel cells may some day power everything from rockets to the family television set. The cells convert fuel and oxygen directly into electricity. Elimination of the usual intermediate heating step results in efficiency as high as 80 per cent above conventional power sources. Theoretically, fuel cells can operate on almost anything—ammonia, alcohol, sawdust, decaying leaves, or even rotten coconuts. In practice, hydrogen is most often used.

National Geographic Society

► All the information contained in a 10,000 volume library can be transmitted in 15 minutes over an experimental system recently designed by Bell Telephone Laboratories. The system can send 3,456 telephone calls or two television programs over the same transmission path, using a technique called Pulse Code Modulation (PCM). PCM is already being used commercially for transmitting 24 telephone calls, or comparable amounts of data, over distances of up to 50 miles on a pair of wires. The new high-speed PCM system, when fully developed, will be able to transmit voice, television, and data signals of the highest quality from coast to coast over coaxial cable.

AT&T



Radarscope

► Cloverleaf interchanges have been a part of the American highway scene for almost four decades. The first such structure, whose design remains basically unchanged today, was built in 1928 on a New Jersey section of the Lincoln highway, near the town of Woodbridge. The interchange, constructed at the junction of two non-divided highways, was called “a safety intersection” when it was opened to traffic in 1930. *Automotive Information*

► In the seconds it takes to draw a deep breath, nine new babies join the earth's population. Seven of the nine are to be found in the developing lands. By the year 2,000, as health and economic levels rise, eight of every nine will be born there. Thus within the next 35 years the emerging nations could well grow by three billion persons. The estimated increase among the developed countries is about one-half billion.

Abbot

► Recent discovery of huge phosphate deposits has inspired a new dream of prosperity for the Spanish Sahara in northwest Africa, a 102,703-square-mile desert enclave between Morocco and Mauritania. The find could amount to 1.3 billion tons.

National Geographic Society

► Advertising revenue for magazines reached an all-time high for 1965 of \$1,077,826,882, an increase of 8.2 per cent over 1964, reports the Publishers Information Bureau. The number of advertising pages rose 5.5 per cent.

AMA

► More people now live in metropolitan area suburbs than in central cities, reports the Urban Land Institute. Suburbs had a population of 68 million in 1965, compared with 61 million for central cities.

Automotive Information

► The typical American business leader is 53.4 years old and entered business at age 21.4, taking 23.9 years to achieve his position.

Advanced Management Journal

► President Abraham Lincoln's stovepipe hat served him as a spare office. He carried important papers in the hat's crown. National Geographic Society

1903

LOOKING FOR SOULS?



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