

AUGUST 6, 1968

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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*Sabbath School Lessons for August 10*



# 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 1968. 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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VOLUME 116, NUMBER 32 AUGUST 6, 1968

## One Last Question

by CORAMAE THOMAS

If you must call Creation racial myth,  
Prophetic Word, a vague Hebraic ode,  
Affirm the Fall as legendary tale,  
Mosaic law, Judaic legal code,

Let psychiatry heal ego and id,  
New aeronautics make the heavens free,  
Leave Christian, self-devoting brotherhood  
To operate through sociology,

Aver satanic tempter nerve synapse,  
The prayer of faith, a tranquilizing thought,  
Call righteousness a maturation goal,  
Proclaim man's sin a guilt he has been taught,

Declare the dying martyr paranoid,  
Superfluous that Christ for sin atone,  
Confirm that He was man who died as man—  
Then, tell me, who shall roll away my stone?

## Association

by MAVIS FINCH

MRS. W. sorted the dirty clothes into piles on the kitchen floor. A farm wife with six children always has a mountain of clothes to wash, and she was anxious to get the job done. Quickly scooping up an armload of clothes, she carried them down to the dimly lighted basement and dumped them into the washing machine. She stooped to adjust the hose on the machine but jumped back startled. There, curled up in the shadows beneath the washing machine, was a snake.

"Copperhead!" she shuddered, remembering that a short time earlier a copperhead had been found in the basement.

"Norma," she called loudly, "bring the hoe, quick."

Obediently Norma came running, and with a few good whacks with the hoe the snake was killed. Picking it

up on the hoe, Mrs. W. carried it outdoors into the sunlight, where, to her surprise, she discovered it was not a copperhead but rather a harmless bull snake.

Now, every farm wife knows that the bull snake is not the farmer's enemy. Quite the contrary. It is his friend. Being nonpoisonous, it is quite harmless, and its appetite for mice and gophers makes it an asset around the barn or garden, where such pests are likely to be found.

"It was a good snake, Mamma!" Norma exclaimed. "Why kill it?"

"Well, honey," her mother said, "it was in the wrong place. And because it was in the wrong place it was mistaken for something evil."

"'And the moral is this,'" Norma quoted with a twinkle in her eye.

Her mother smiled. "Is the moral necessary this time?"

The Youth's Instructor, August 6, 1968



# The Ninth Miracle



*Yelling or yawning, the biggest part of a nine-day-old baby seems to be his mouth. The father (author) photographed his child.*

by LEAMON L. SHORT

**I**T WAS 2:30 Sabbath morning. The hospital waiting room was empty and quiet. When I had arrived there at 5:30 the previous morning there had been a bustle of restless activity as eight other "expectant fathers" and I awaited news from the delivery room.

Now, almost twenty-four hours later, on Sabbath morning, the eight other "expectant fathers" one by one had received the anxiously awaited news that their wives had given birth. All eight new arrivals were boys. Eight miracles of birth. Would ours be the ninth boy? Or the first girl of the night?

Then, as the ordeal was over for each father, he rushed to the pay telephone to announce the good news to various and sundry relatives. That done, he shuffled, sleepy-eyed but happy, to the elevator, and home.

One new father, who had waited

twenty-one hours, said to me: "I hope you don't have to wait as long as I did." At that time I had no idea how long it would be. His remark did not bring the intended encouragement.

It was nine days before Christmas. This modern hospital was so unlike the stable in Bethlehem where two other parents witnessed a miracle of birth.

In the waiting room Kathleen's mother, Mrs. Marjorie Elick, was waiting. She had come from California to Collegedale, Tennessee, to help us "see our first-born into the world." She was an indispensable help to us. She had given birth to two children of her own, now grown, and had delivered "at least a hundred Indian babies" during the twelve years she and her husband were missionaries in the jungles of Peru.

This was of special assurance to me. If the baby was born at home or in the



car before we could get to the hospital, she would know what to do.

Still we had taken all precautions. The car's gas gauge was on "full." Days before, we made a practice run to the hospital to be sure we wouldn't get lost when "the day" came.

Everything went according to plan. But we could have lost our way, run out of gas, repaired two flat tires, and still arrived at the hospital on time.

Kathleen and her mother had teased

in the morning before the baby is born." Twelve hours had passed.

Mrs. Elick was not allowed (hospital rules) to be with Kathleen and me in the labor room. So periodically I left to keep her posted on her daughter's progress. By her reaction I could determine whether the "signs of progress" were good, bad, or meaningless. Suspecting that the labor would be long, she had brought her knitting with her.

On one visit I noticed that she had

outside the double doors leading to the labor rooms. I thought, If they let me go back to the labor room now, it means we still have a long wait. If they say No, it means she has been taken to the delivery room and our baby will soon be here.

"May I go back to the labor room?" "No," said the nurse.

That was the best "No" I had heard. I went back to the waiting room and reported again. We were the only ones there. It was now 1:30 A.M. I collapsed into a chair. For the first time in more than twenty hours I relaxed. In two minutes I drifted into a peaceful sleep.

Half an hour later I awoke with a start. "Mr. Short, you have a big baby boy," boomed the husky voice of the doctor.

I rose from the chair with difficulty. The awkward position in which I had been sleeping left my legs cramped and wobbly. Weak-kneed and bleary-eyed, I saw my son for the first time. There are no words to express my feelings at my first sight of Brian Lee Short, the ninth miracle in twenty-four hours.

The doctor looked at my blank, bewildered expression, and evidently assuming I was unimpressed by the sight of my red, wrinkled son, whisked him away.

A few minutes later the nurse held Brian up to the nursery room window so that his grandmother and I could take a longer look. He weighed in at seven pounds seven ounces; he was wrinkled, red, and had an elongated head. But he was beautiful.

"Don't worry about his long head," said my mother-in-law. "That's normal after a long labor, and it will round out in a few days. Look at his long nose. He looks just like his daddy."

How can women tell who a little, red, wrinkled baby looks like!

We waited another hour, until 4 A.M., when the nurses brought Kathleen from the recovery room. We tried to talk to her, but, under sedation, she was bewildered and incoherent. She did not know it was all over.

"We have a boy baby," I told her. At the word *baby* she became instantly alert. Her eyes brightened.

"You mean he's here? It's over? We really have a baby?" She threw her arms around me.

Then tired from the ordeal of childbirth, she lapsed back into sleep.

Her mother and I quietly left the hospital room, sleepy but happy, each in our own thoughts about the night's ninth miracle.

## Bless You

by ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

Bless you for being in my sky  
So bright a star, so bright a star.  
Bless you for being to my heart  
All that you mean, all that you are.  
My radiance arrives with you.  
With you it goes, with you it goes.  
Bless you for being to my life  
So sweet a rose, so sweet a rose.

me: "Since you are a sound sleeper, we may some night go to the hospital and leave you sleeping."

On that Friday morning I awoke at five to find my wife was not in bed. I got up and peeked out into the living room. There they were, Kathleen and her mother, calmly preparing to go to the hospital. Since 2:30 A.M. they had been timing the labor pains.

"The pains are now ten minutes apart, and it's time to go to the hospital," they matter-of-factly informed me. Trying to exude the same calmness, I went about shaving, dressing, eating breakfast, and warming the car for the seventeen-mile trip from Collegedale to Chattanooga's Memorial Hospital. Almost every minute I spent in the labor room trying to comfort my wife. Each hour was eternity for her, but in my anxiety for her I felt no sense of the passing of the hours. As I watched her in pain I was helpless.

As morning turned to afternoon I tried to comfort her. "It will soon be over, and we will have a child, a part of each of us." She smiled through tears, and I knew she was sure that our "little miracle" would be worth the pain and more.

About 5:00 P.M. Friday, after one of his periodic checks, the doctor informed me that it "will be late tonight or early

put away her knitting. "Did you run out of yarn?" I inquired.

"No, it's Sabbath now," she replied simply. In my anxiety for my wife, time had become meaningless.

I returned to the labor room. I did not expect to be there this long, and had brought no Sabbath reading. There was no Bible in the room. I tried to pass the time by writing, but my heart was not in it. The clock said 1:10 A.M. The past twenty hours had been minutes to me.

"I feel something pushing," she told me at one point. I didn't know what it meant, but I knew it was a change in her progress. I pressed the nurse-call button. Instantly, it seemed, a nurse swept into the room. She took one look and left. In a moment she was back with the head nurse.

Thinking that the long hours in the labor room were about over, I headed for the door. I took one look backward at my wife. Seeing me hesitate, the nurse thumbed me out the door. My wife did not know when I left the room.

I reported the latest news to my mother-in-law, now the waiting room's last occupant.

"It won't be long," she said. "They should be taking her to the delivery room now."

I went back to the nurses' station



## Conflict of Interests

Korah was a Levite, a cousin of Moses. He was a man of ability and influence. When Israel had left Egypt for Canaan he had been appointed to the service of the tabernacle. Unfortunately, he became dissatisfied with his lot. Since Aaron was older than Moses, the priesthood came to him and his house. But Korah was jealous of this honor, and he began to feed his imagination with thoughts that were evil.

When Moses was called into the mount to receive the Ten Commandments, Korah was in the company that went with him. Also with him were two men from the tribe of Reuben, Dathan and Abiram. These three had earlier conspired together to undermine the influence of Moses and his brother. Even though they had seen the judgment of God fall upon Miriam because of her jealousy and complaints against Moses, they failed to read the warning that could have kept them from their ultimate doom.

As Moses reviewed the charge these men brought against him, he discerned that Dathan and Abiram had not taken so bold a stand as had Korah. He summoned them to appear before him, hoping that they might have been drawn into the conspiracy without having become wholly corrupted.

Their reply to his call was, "We will not come up."

The next day, in one of the most dramatic encounters of all history, Korah and 250 princes came with their censers into the court of the tabernacle, at the command of Moses.

The chapter in *Patriarchs and Prophets* on "The Rebellion of Korah" shows how each one in the conspiracy was given opportunity to repent and thus escape punishment.

Korah had withdrawn from the assembly and joined Dathan and Abiram. Moses came to the men with a last warning. The warning was spurned. As the men, with their families beside them, stood defiantly in the doors of their tents, retribution came. The earth parted, and these men with their families were swallowed in the pit.

In His mercy God had allowed the 250 princes to see this destruction of those who had deceived them. "These men, not being the first in rebellion, were not destroyed with the chief conspirators. They were permitted to see their end, and to have an opportunity for repentance."

Unfortunately their sympathies were still with Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. What is the lesson for us in our day?

Be ever so careful whom you follow. It is possible that someone might attempt to lessen confidence in the appointed leadership of the church. Let us not incur the frown of God by turning away from the leading of those whom He has appointed.

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## Grace Notes

**Profile** This week's cover is from Hazel O. Austin, of Cedaredge, Colorado. "I noticed the resemblance of a man in this rock formation when I drove to an out-of-the-way ranch to get a story for the newspaper. As far as I know, I was the first to notice and photograph it."

**Reprint** A new book on writing came from an Adventist publisher this summer. Permission to use the first chapter from the book was given by the author and the Southern Publishing Association's book editor, Dr. C. A. Oliphant. The book fills a real gap.

**Insider** As a Seventh-day Adventist editor, Elder Yost knows our publishing program from the inside. Because of this his book should have real impact in helping an ever-widening circle of writers to produce timely and significant material for our publications.

**Chapters** Other chapters include The Process of Writing; Special Forms: News and Poetry; Illustrating and Submitting Manuscripts; Adventist Journalism Tomorrow. Dr. Roland E. Wolseley, of the School of Journalism at Syracuse University, supplies a pertinent foreword to the book.



# Her Tempestuous Temper

by PAUL T. GIBBS, Ph.D.

HER eyes grow narrow; breath comes quick and shallow. Even her name, *Sarai*, means contentious, violent. That is when peace prevails. And this is an occasion of domestic turbulence. For Hagar, her own former maidservant, has treated her with contempt. Hagar has not been an ordinary household slave, but Sarai's own special private property. Now she puts on airs of superiority over her mistress. Little wonder that the wife of this leading figure in the land of Canaan is outraged. Her long-time slave, recently elevated to a higher status, has looked upon her long-time mistress "with contempt."

Long before becoming enraged at Hagar, Sarai became impatient with delay in a matter of great importance. Three times the Lord had promised Abram posterity—descendants so numerous that they would become a great nation. And for ten years since responding to the call to Canaan this childless couple has waited and hoped—for ten long years. Often Sarai may have heard Abram pray, "O Lord God, what wilt thou give me, for I continue childless? . . . Behold, thou hast given me no offspring." Sarai's own hopes of parenthood have vanished with the years. "The Lord has prevented me from bearing children," she says. And she smarts under the reproach shared by all barren Hebrew women.

To Sarai it appears that the Lord needs human help in arranging His divine plan for Abram. And she believes herself the one who can manage. So it is that, a while back, "Sarai, Abram's

wife, took Hagar the Egyptian her maid, and gave her to Abram her husband as a wife." But as soon as Hagar knew that she would become a mother, "she looked with contempt on her mistress."

In Sarai's world plurality of wives is common practice. Civil law even provides that a childless wife shall get for her husband a secondary wife. A child of the secondary wife belongs to the first and legally inherits the family estate. Socially and legally the plan is approved. And God has told Sarai's husband, "Your own son shall be your heir." A son by Hagar will be his "own." And, in the promises of posterity made to Abram, Sarai herself has never been mentioned. So she may have assumed God's acceptance of her plan. And in this matter Abram "hearkened to the voice of Sarai" instead of asking the Lord about it.

Now Sarai is first to feel the abrasive quality of her own device. Already sensitive to the reproach of sterility, she is unprepared to find this maidservant practicing superior airs. She never anticipated exchanging status with her slave. But Hagar looks condescendingly upon Sarai. And jealous rage tears away every petal from the flower of Sarai's generous purpose to gratify her husband with a son and heir.

Now that the scheme has gone sour Sarai blames her husband for the plan that she herself devised. "May the wrong done to me be on you!" she screams; May "the Eternal punish you and avenge me!" (Moffatt).<sup>\*</sup> "I gave my maid to your embrace, and

when she saw that she had conceived, she looked on me with contempt. May the Lord judge between you and me!"

Family emotions are in turmoil. Sarai feels frustrated. She probably presumes that her husband will intervene in defense of Hagar as his secondary wife. She may be as much surprised, then, at Abram's response as she is angered by Hagar's behavior. Abram says, "Behold, your maid is in your power; do to her as you please." He will not intervene in this quarrel. He still considers Hagar Sarai's maid. She has full authority and full freedom to deal with Hagar according to her own discretion. And when she discovers that Abram will not interfere, but still considers Hagar her maid, Sarai turns her vengeance toward the spirited but insolent and tactless Hagar.

Thus unrestrained, Sarai deals "harshly" with her rival, humbling and afflicting her. She demotes Hagar to her former slave status. She threatens her with beating and with subjection to the slave mark. Sarai cannot legally drive Hagar away. But the harshness of the treatment she imposes arouses Hagar's haughty spirit and drives her out from Abram's sheltering camp into the inhospitable desert.

When Hagar returns of her own accord, Sarai may be more disappointed than surprised. But she is disarmed by an unexpected humility. Hagar says she will obey orders and submit to punishment.

No doubt Hagar's change of attitude is convincing. And in support of it she tells a convincing story: An angel came



to her while she was resting by a spring of water in the wilderness. Without being told, the angel knew her name, her address, and her position in life. He said to her, "Hagar, maid of Sarai, . . . return to your mistress and submit to her." Hagar must not seek release by running away from home.

To Sarai this report is most impressive. She is accustomed to hearing that angels have talked with Abram. But not with any woman, certainly not with a mere slave, certainly not with this disagreeable, destitute outcast. But the complete change in Hagar convinces her mistress that an angel has found this maidservant in the desert, has talked with her, and has sent her back to her proper place and duty. God has a plan in life even for Hagar.

And Sarai may discern a warning to herself in one detail of the incident. The angel said to Hagar, "The Lord has given heed to your affliction." If the Lord noted who received the affliction, He must also know who administered it, and in what spirit.

So Sarai readmits Hagar to Abram's household. And Hagar bears "Abram a son; and Abram . . . [calls] the name of his son . . . Ishmael," that is, "God hears." Thus the angel directed Hagar that the child should be named. To her this must mean that *God hears* the sob of even an outcast slave. To Abram "God hears" may mean that the Lord has heard his prayer for a son of his own. And from the angel's report to Hagar, that Ishmael's descendants will be so multiplied that "they cannot be numbered for multitude," he may infer that this child is identified with the divine promise to himself, the promise of an innumerable posterity. To Sarai the name "God hears" may suggest that God heard her tirades against Hagar and has sent Hagar back as a rebuke to Sarai.

Now the river of Sarai's life flows on through thirteen silent years. No record tells whether Hagar maintains the meekness with which she returned from her desert flight. Nor whether Sarai and Hagar mutually despise each other. Nor whether Sarai suspects Hagar of pretending not to hear when called. Nor whether Hagar finds excuses to be conspicuous when Abram is present. Nor whether she contrives to make her relationship to Ishmael obvious when there are guests.

We are not told whether Sarai, watching Ishmael grow from babyhood to boyhood, comes to love him as her own. We are not told whether she has a

soothing assurance of Abram's untainted affections. Or whether, on the other hand, she is prevented from correcting Hagar by fear of offending him. And from spanking Ishmael for tracking in dirt. Does she, after a while, come to expect that Abram will take sides with Hagar if the two women disagree? Does Sarai grow bitter under a nagging apprehension that this mother of Abram's only son may be usurping her husband's affections?

Does Sarai enjoy seeing this first-time father at eighty-six years of age take pride in Ishmael? A child that is his but not hers really? Is she glad to have him see the baby often? Is she amused at seeing the father tickle the baby's feet to make him show his dimple? When Abram takes the growing youngster on his knee to entertain him with long-time-ago stories about life in far-off Mesopotamia, or with stories of the time when daddy led out his own trained soldiers to rescue Cousin Lot from bad men who were carrying him captive far away from home—and his little girls all in tears—at such times does Sarai hover near and listen admiringly?

Does she share in Abram's pride when doting father and admiring son stroll hand in hand among grazing flocks, at the season when spring flowers turn Canaan's hillsides into brilliant gardens and when newborn lambs gambol about their mothers? Does she ask that Ishmael have an orphan lamb all his own for a pet?

Sarai assumes that Ishmael is the child of promise through whom the covenant will be fulfilled. This is Abram's own son, as the Lord has promised. He is a legal heir by the laws of the land. Abram, she can see, loves the boy. He, Sarai herself, Ishmael, Hagar—the whole household considers Ishmael the heir.

Years run their course, and in God's own time there comes a change. On a certain sultry summer noontide while Sarai is ninety, and Abram at ninety and nine relaxes in the shade of Mamre's spreading oaks, Sarai's world is turned for her downside up. Comfortably concealed behind the flap of her tent door, she sees three strangers approach her husband and talk with him. At first she does not know they are angels. But presently she hears one of the three ask Abram, "Where is Sarah your wife?" A human being would not know her name. And Oriental custom forbids a stranger's asking about a wife. Presently the speaker lays claim

to divinity in saying, "I will surely return to you in the spring, and Sarah your wife shall have a son."

Being told that at ninety years of age she is to become a mother, Sarah laughs "to herself." A laugh, no doubt, of bitterness over the barrenness of her lot. A silent sneer perhaps. Being out of sight behind her husband and his guests, she thinks her private contempt will not be known.

During the year that follows, Sarah has much to buoy her spirits. Now she too, like her haughty handmaid, has been visited by an angel and promised a son. And in view of her advanced age, Sarah's son will be a miracle child in a sense beyond that of Hagar's. Hagar may still preside at the family kneading trough. But her advantage over Sarah is diminished.

The miracle birth of Isaac precisely as promised lifts at last the sense of reproach from Sarah's weary heart. She exclaims, "God has made laughter for me; every one who hears will laugh over me." Unlike her cynical sneer a year earlier, this laughter flows from exuberance of joy. The infant Isaac brings her renewed assurance of Abraham's devotion. "Who would have said to Abraham that Sarah would suckle children?" she asks. "Yet I have borne him a son in his old age."

The first three years of Isaac's childhood are uneasy ones for Sarah. Not that she doubts Abraham's welcome of the child. But Isaac's birth does require revision of family plans. Ishmael remains the eldest son, the first-born. For fourteen years Sarah has seen Abraham's pride and his affection bestowed upon Ishmael. The whole household—even including Sarah herself—has assumed that Ishmael is the family heir. His claim is legally as valid as Isaac's. Custom favors Ishmael. And Sarah may see that Abraham still prefers that Ishmael inherit his wealth and his promises. Ishmael's claim no doubt gains support from the inference, however mistaken, that the angel's promise to Hagar of innumerable posterity identifies him with the promises to Abraham. Sarah is not assured of her son's supremacy.

When Isaac is three and her rival's son seventeen, Sarah joins her husband in making "a great feast on the day that Isaac . . . [is] weaned." Socially and ceremonially the event is important. Taking full advantage of this opportunity, Sarah dresses the child in ceremonial robes, indicating that he is heir to his father's estate. For the first



time the three-year-old is served solid food and for the first time he eats in the presence of guests.

Others may be less attentive during the feast, but through suspicious eyes Sarah sees "the son of Hagar the Egyptian . . . playing with her son Isaac." This is not the good-humored play of big brother entertaining little brother to keep him quiet. Prompted and abetted no doubt by his mother, Ishmael is teasing or ridiculing or tormenting the child. His behavior angers Sarah. These Egyptians are challeng-

of an alien outcast and will certify Isaac's right of succession.

In this Sarah forgets that, however obnoxious these two are to her, Ishmael is *Abraham's son*, his own flesh and blood, for fourteen years of fond expectations his only son. In loving Isaac, Abraham has never ceased to love Ishmael. To the Lord, Abraham has said, "Oh that Ishmael might live in thy sight." Sarah is demanding as great pain and sacrifice from her husband as she is from Hagar. If not for Hagar or Ishmael, consideration for

and . . . [sends] her away." The water container is the complete body skin of a goat well sewed together.

There is some reason why this patriarch who loves his son and is bitterly grieved at sending him away, some reason why this wealthy uncle who one time gave his nephew Lot first choice of all the land of Canaan, some reason why this good neighbor who magnanimously refused all booty when he had rescued the citizens of Sodom from captivity—there is some reason why Abraham sends a defenseless woman and her untried son off as outcast slaves with nothing. "Bread and a skin of water"! No guide! No attendant! No beast of burden! Nor anything for a beast of burden to carry!

As a slave Hagar may have no property rights. If she is permitted even little personal belongings and such keepsakes as every woman treasures, these trinkets must share space with bread and water on human shoulders. This is most unlike Abraham, this hurrying off as possessionless vagrants a woman who may have done the family laundry and have combed her mistress' hair for two decades, and a son so long and so warmly loved that the father intended him as the heir.

Sarah may be that reason. Years ago her harshness once frightened a defenseless Hagar away and alone into the desert—until an angel sent her back. Now she has required the expulsion of mother and son regardless of the rights and feelings of Hagar, of Ishmael, and of Abraham himself. The Lord has told Abraham since this crisis developed, "Whatever Sarah says to you, do as she tells you." And faithful Abraham does just that. Sarah has told; Abraham is doing.

Probably Abraham knows that this woman who peeked and eavesdropped behind his back when he was entertaining three travelers is now peering through a slit in her tent to prevent any last gesture of kindness. She may be listening with jealousy-sharpened ears to hear any syllable of sympathy. Sarah demands expulsion, not consideration.

Thus abruptly ends the story of Sarah's life. Thirty years this time pass in silence. Sarah "reverenced her husband, and in this she is presented in the New Testament as a worthy example." She died at Hebron. It may be to his credit that "Abraham went in to mourn for Sarah and to weep for her."

\* The texts in this article credited to Moffatt are from *The Bible: A New Translation* by James Moffatt. Copyright by James Moffatt 1954. Used by permission of Harper & Row, Publishers, Incorporated.

## Clutter

by EDNA ATKIN PEPPER

It's not the cleaning gets me down,  
But putting things away.  
It seems I need a litter bag  
To end each cluttered day.

The papers and the baby's toys  
Compete with current mail.  
The tumbled books and odds and ends  
All tell a cluttered tale.

Somehow I must keep keepin' on  
Till all the journey's through,  
When books and toys and precious mail  
Make way for life anew.

God grant me an uncluttered mind,  
An ordered heart to hold  
Love's riches spilling from each hour  
As flying days unfold.

ing Isaac's claim to priority. This advertising of Isaac as his father's heir has aroused Hagar's and Ishmael's opposition. Like summer lightning among thunderheads, jealousy flashes from Hagar to Sarah to Ishmael to Isaac.

Pent-up emotions that have smoldered in Sarah's heart now erupt into vindictive anger. She does not spew fire, but she may wish she could. "Cast out this slave woman with her son," she demands; "for the son of this slave woman shall not be heir with my son Isaac." Repetition of this term *slave woman* evinces bitterness and contempt. To Sarah, Hagar and Ishmael are intruders—the one a low-cast Egyptian slave, the other a half-breed who will always make trouble. She is demanding some legal action like divorce that will disinherit Ishmael as the son

Abraham should diminish her demands. She is trampling his heart. Beyond this, the fact that Ishmael was of her own planning ought to soften her temper.

Sarah need not be told that "the thing . . . [is] very displeasing to Abraham on account of his son." He "[resents] this keenly on account of his boy" (Moffatt). The fatherly heart recoils from the cruelty of expelling the lad and his mother as outcasts. Sarah must know this. But she also may know that her husband desires Ishmael to share at least in his wealth and even in the covenant blessing. This her jealousy forbids. God approves of Sarah's plan, but not, surely, of her behavior.

"So Abraham . . . [rises] early in the morning, and . . . [takes] bread and a skin of water, and . . . [gives] it to Hagar, putting it on her shoulder . . .



*At the first touch of the dropper he began gulping the warm milk as if he were a greedy little pig.*



# The Orphan

by ANN CLAYTON  
FIRST OF TWO PARTS

HE LAY there curled in the palm of my hand, too young even to have his eyes open. Weak, chilled, and hungry, that squirrel baby presented a sad sight when my neighbor called me over to ask whether I would take him off her hands. She had found him lying on the ground at the foot of her tallest eucalyptus tree, evidently fallen from a nest. I had never had much success with raising wild things, but was eager to try.

The day before, we had been uneasy over loud voices mingled with the ominous sound of shots coming from the hills back of our home. Loving wild creatures as my husband, Jerry, and I do, we feared that some of our beloved pets were the targets. Now as we glimpsed this tiny squirrel infant, we felt we knew the reason for his tragic situation. The mother had probably been shot and the helpless little one had fallen out of the nest while trying to find nourishment.

His chances for survival looked pretty slim as I wrapped him carefully in my sweater, carried him home, and snuggled him down into my sewing basket, hurriedly emptied of its contents. Now how and what to feed him?

A fast search through the bathroom

cupboards turned up a good medicine dropper with a blunt end. I cleaned it, filled it with warm milk, and taking the wee mite in my left hand, held the dropper to his mouth. He just must have food, and I was prepared to force feed if necessary.

It wasn't! At the first touch of the dropper he roused, and clutching at the sides of the glass tube with both

little front paws, began gulping the warm milk like a greedy little pig. Such sound effects! Jerry heard the smacking and gulping clear in the living room and joined me to watch while that half-starved wild baby guzzled down dropperful after dropperful of the warm liquid.

Then, hunger satisfied, he snuggled down under the sweater, tightened him-



*"Now what could this be?" It-sybit seemed to say. (It happens to be Mexican bananas.)*





*Itsybit samples his first apple and decides that it constitutes a rather appetizing supper.*

self into a little ball with his three-and-a-half-inch tail encircling his fuzzy body, and was sound asleep before we could exchange delighted glances. We were over the first hurdle, and we breathed two long audible sighs of relief.

"What shall we name him?" I asked Jerry, as we gazed into the basket much as new parents would linger over the bassinet of their first-born.

"We'll call him Fagan," my husband joked.

"Jerry, you always want to name everything Fagan," I protested.

"Well, can you think of anything better?"

"He's such an itsybit," I replied. And that was how he got his name.

Next morning we were delighted to find Itsybit cozily sleeping, still rolled into a tight little ball beside the hot-water bottle I had tucked in with him. He did not stir until I picked him up and touched his mouth with the tip of the medicine dropper. This time he drank even more eagerly than before, and he was much stronger. Elated at his improvement, I went about the task of hand feeding him every two hours.

Several days later his eyes were open, and we could see he was growing and gaining weight. How we grew to love that little fellow. And what a welcome addition he was to our home.

Our favorite hobby was watching wild things, and my cup of happiness was now filled to overflowing with the presence of this little red squirrel baby whose future rested in my hands.

Just when I was rejoicing that all was well, I rose one morning to find Itsybit lying limp and disinterested, refusing food. Frantically I telephoned a friend whose love for animals is as keen as mine.

"What can I do for him?" I wailed. "I simply must save him—we love him so much."

"Change his formula!" was the quick answer. "Boil his milk and dilute it with rice water or oatmeal gruel."

And that was how I found myself rising early to strain cereal water for Itsybit, staying up to give him a late feeding, moving his basket by the register at night to keep him warm, changing it through the day to keep him cool, and otherwise playing the role of foster mother to this charming little orphan.

Many were the friends who predicted I would never be able to keep him alive. But in a day or so he had recovered and was thriving on the new formula.

Feeding him from the dropper was awkward. I had to slowly press on the bulb to force the drops of milk into his mouth. He was always half starved, and as the dropper emptied and I withdrew it from his grasp to refill it, he would cling to my left hand with his back legs in true squirrel fashion, swinging out into mid-air to clutch at the dropper.

I decided it might be easier for him to eat from a doll's nursing bottle. But a search through dime stores convinced me that April was no time to try to buy one. Every clerk would tell me they

had them at Christmas but none was available now.

Continuing my search at drugstores, I finally found an accommodating clerk who located one in a storeroom bin filled with assorted odds and ends. Jubilantly I went home carrying the small bottle and two nipples to fit. Now he would be able to eat in a more normal fashion.

Pleased with my idea, I endeavored to teach him to take the milk by nursing from the tiny nipple. But he had become so accustomed to having me pump it into his mouth from the medicine dropper that he couldn't figure out this new method at all. After the first disappointing try he kept clamoring over my hands searching for the familiar dropper.

I was sure the hole in the nipple was too small, so using a hot needle, I enlarged it to make the milk flow faster, and we began all over again. But he just wouldn't have it!

Well, maybe two holes would be better. Certain that now he could nurse easily since the milk was dripping freely, we tried again. Poor Itsybit! Getting hungrier and more frustrated at each attempt, this time he put such suction upon the nipple that he forced a quick stream of milk into his throat and it choked him. After much coughing and sneezing, he stubbornly refused any further attempts, and we resumed our medicine-dropper feedings.

He had no patience with waiting. I soon learned that I must warm the milk first and have it ready when I took him from his snug little basket bed. His eagerness almost turned into tragedy the day I foolishly carried him to the stove where his half glass of milk was warming in a pan of hot water. Clinging tightly to my left hand with his hind legs, he swung out to clasp the medicine dropper with his front paws. Then, while I refilled the dropper, he jumped to the top of the stove, and darted under the grating covering the burners. I had left the gas jet on low, and as he felt the heat from the fire, he panicked and dashed frantically through the flame, singeing his whiskers and some hair from one side of his body.

Remorsefully I snatched him up and smoothed him. His frightened little heart was beating so rapidly that he was happy to lie quietly in my hand and be fondled. I never fed him again without being sure all burners were turned off!

We were pleased with the way he was



growing. From a limp little mite, small enough to lie outstretched in the palm of my hand, he had now grown to a sturdy bright-eyed youngster, with a growing zest for living that made us wonder how we would ever cope with him in a home.

Returning from an errand one afternoon, I found Jerry lying on the couch with Itsybit sitting happily on his chest.

"He got hungry," laughed Jerry, "and climbed out of the basket, squealing for dear life. I heard him clear down in the basement and had to come up and give him his milk."

From that day on we could not keep him in the basket. He slept in it at night, but come daylight, hunger would drive him out in search of someone to feed him, and soon curiosity called him out at any and all times. He developed a fondness for exploring—and explore he did. Under the stove, behind the refrigerator, into cupboards if he could find an open door, venturing farther and farther into the living room, the bedrooms, the den, until we could never be sure where we would find him.

Drapes and curtains were for swinging. Lamps were for climbing. Chairs were to jump onto or over. A mantel held all sorts of interesting things and could serve as a springboard for a leap onto a passing shoulder. He amused us by the hour; yet having a squirrel roaming the house isn't to be recommended for tidy housekeeping.

I had hoped he would calm down a bit and lie quietly in my lap like a kitten while I read or studied. But not our Itsy! The world was made to be investigated, and no matter that it had narrowed down to the dimensions of a six-room house, there was still a lot to see! We decided he simply had to be penned up. Fortunately a neighbor had a hamster cage not in use, and I accepted her offer. At least that would keep him out of things.

To have him near where we could enjoy him, and where he would feel close to us, we placed his cage on a table in a corner of the kitchen, including his bed and the woolen cloths he had been covered with at night.

Thinking to make his bed cozier, Jerry covered him one evening with a soft paper napkin. Itsybit found it a delightful thing! Sitting bolt upright he began tearing it by holding it with his teeth and pulling with his front paws. When he had it shredded thoroughly, he got underneath the mass, pushing, twisting, tossing, and rummag-

ing until he was thoroughly satisfied. He was so happy with it that Jerry gave him another the next evening, and it became a daily ritual to watch him arrange the fluffy pile of torn paper to his own notion and then sleep under it. Jerry called it the "clean sheet routine."

At breakfast one morning my husband offered him a piece of apple, which he accepted eagerly, carried to Jerry's shoulder, and ate with obvious relish. This caused such curiosity about what we ate that mealtime became an ordeal with the squirrel squealing for a taste of everything in sight. Bits of fruit, nutmeats, avocado, toast, potato, peas, even cereals were not refused. His first nibble of cake pleased him so much that he clambered all over us begging for a second helping.

He had been with us several weeks when he came out of his cage one morning, reached for the proffered dropper of warm milk, then turned his head and refused to drink. No amount of coaxing could arouse any further interest in milk.

"Milk is for babies!" mimicked Jerry. "I'm a big boy now!" And a big boy he was. From then on he ate heartily of nearly everything edible, and his coat grew lustrous and thick. His absurd little tail developed into a graceful plume.

Offered his first squash seed, he grasped it joyfully, leaped to Jerry's shoulder and neatly snipped around the edge with his sharp little teeth and devoured the kernel. We tried cantaloupe seeds. Now there was something fit for a squirrel!

We would put pulp and all into a little earthenware cup in the corner of his cage and he would pull it out, sucking the moisture from the pulp, cutting the seeds open as he came to them,

flipping away the hull with a quick gesture, and go on to the next one.

We never ceased to marvel at the dexterity he displayed without lessons from anyone. His paws and front fur would be sopping wet from melon juice, and he would be as happy as a little squirrel ever gets.

The first time we gave him a paper-shelled pecan, he bounded to a shoulder with his prize, began biting and scraping at one end of the shell until he had made a tiny opening. Then he snapped off bits of shell, turning it skillfully round and round and from end to end until he had the plump nutmeat all in one luscious piece. Then he feasted, chewing rapidly and eying us until the last morsel was gone. Down to Jerry's hands he would dart, sniffing and hunting for another. There was no guesswork about food for Itsy. He knew instinctively what he liked and what he didn't.

My husband began carrying pecans in his pockets, and the moment that lively little ball of fur was released from the cage, he would make a bee-line for Jerry and begin a pocket-by-pocket search for his favorite food. One telltale sniff, and he was in headfirst, wriggling and twisting his body down to the bottom. Then he would emerge triumphantly, pecan in mouth, and feast in contentment.

But pecans were expensive, and I became alarmed at the cost of feeding him ten or twelve a day. Peanuts in the shell cost much less. I was sure they would nourish a hungry squirrel just as well. But he would not touch them. They were simply beneath notice. So day after day Jerry snatched out pecans or walnuts for Itsy while we ate peanuts!

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

## I Wanted Roots

by HELEN GODFREY PYKE

I wanted roots.

I thought that roots were elementary.

I wanted roots deep in the earth


Beside waters, living and unfaltering.

It took a while to understand


That I'm a branch, and all the flow of life I have

Is from the Master Vine.





# Writing for Adventist Magazines



F.  
Donald  
Yost

## The Ministry of Writing

**N**O stronger emotion grips a Christian than the desire to tell others about Jesus Christ. Both his Lord's instructions and his own desires impel him to tell the good news that Jesus is the Christ, that He saves men from their sins, and that He is coming soon.

God's *instruction to tell* is found in such scriptures as Acts 1:8 and Mark 5:19: "Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judaea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth"; "Tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee."

Man's *desire to tell* flows from spiritual success. When a person finds

answers to nagging questions, solves persistent problems, experiences friendship with Christ, and accepts the forgiveness of sin, he will not be able to refrain from speaking. The word of truth will be "as a burning fire" within his heart. (Jeremiah 20:9.) The compulsion to declare Christ swells naturally from a recognition of the Saviour's willingness to link Himself forever with a fallen but redeemable race.

These scriptures point to two great aspects of Christian writing—(1) describing Christ's entrance into human history to provide an atonement and (2) telling how Christ entered one's own life to apply His atoning power. Both aspects are equally important in

soul winning; one does not hold precedence over the other. One unbeliever may respond to the story of the historical Christ, whereas another may repent when told of the indwelling Christ. Christian writing reveals Christ as both Saviour and Companion, as both Master and Friend. It is message-bearing of the highest order.

### Language Sets Man Apart

When we talk about messages, we must also talk about language. Language is a distinctly human possession and its use a unique human activity. No earthbound creature except man has the ability to transmit information and record experience. Animals make



sounds of emotion: love, fear, alarm, satisfaction. These sounds may suggest some immediate facts, but animals cannot narrate the history of their species or discuss abstract ideas. They may make meaningful sounds, but they do not use words. Only human beings use words as parcels of meaning.

"Language," wrote Walt Whitman, "is not an abstract construction of the learned, or of dictionary makers, but is something arising out of the work, needs, ties, joys, affections, tastes, of long generations of humanity, and has its bases broad and low, close to the ground."

Words are the building blocks of language. Through them meaning is transferred from one person to another. Their artful composition into sentences and paragraphs is the challenge of the word artist, the writer. The Christian writer must make spiritual theory a living experience to readers by choosing from the broad reaches of language words and phrases which tie most closely with the work, needs, joys, affections, and tastes of humanity.

Christianity is a grass-roots religion; it is for everyone. It is especially fitting that God, as He sent His Son to earth, called Him "the Word." He thus represented His Son as the ultimate in communication between Himself and the common sinner at his level of need and understanding. Jesus translated the divine message into the experience of men by making Himself completely meaningful to His contemporaries. He was meaning embodied. His messengers must make this same divine message completely meaningful to twentieth-century human experience.

### **Religion Requires Language**

Words are essential in evangelism. A dumb man could gesture that my house is on fire, even if no words for fire existed, but he could not explain that the world is soon to end. He might show loyalty and affection without speaking or writing, but he could never touch my heart with "For God so loved the world——." He might point to natural wonders around me, but he could never increase my sensitivity to supernatural wonders. Without words, without language, the subtle relationships of God with man, and of man with man, could not be revealed or shared.

So this is the wonder of language,

that one person can transfer a part of his knowledge and experience to another person regardless of location or time.

And this is the power of language, that it can cause the impassive to weep, the melancholy to laugh, and the heartless to care. It stops armies in their attacks, launches satellites into orbit, and quenches the human thirst for knowledge. It entertains, it informs, it persuades. Sharing world events with housewife and President, it stores knowledge for future learners; it catches the wandering interest, grips the imagination, and convinces the mind. It leads men to God or carries them pell-mell into oblivion. This is the power of language.

"The truth is that in no other time in history was it so important to use the right words in the right place in the right way to convey what we have in our minds. We need the proper use of language to impose form and character upon elements in life which have it in them to be rebellious and intractable."<sup>1</sup>

We have two means for introducing Christ to the careless masses around us: example and word. Every Christian is commanded to witness by example, but not everyone is fitted to witness by word. Each of the specialized forms of witnessing by word—teaching, preaching, and writing—requires training and talent. Training usually means formal education above the high school level, and verbal talent is a combination of intelligence, word choice, and sense. Those who by education or ability can write effectively are certainly accountable for their talent, and those with untapped potential must not neglect their gift.

### **Writing Is a Christian Vocation**

Writing for Christ is as much a ministry of the Word as is preaching or teaching. It is a vocation open to many not suited by circumstance or experience to be teachers or ministers. Preaching has a standard format, and teaching has its expected modes of presentation, but Christian writing takes many forms. Thus, it reaches many to whom teaching is unavailable, or to whom preaching is unappealing, many whom the gospel would never reach.

"The writing ministry lacks the exhilaration of public preaching services,"

writes Harold N. Englund, former president of Western Theological Seminary. "There is no choir of voices in the composing room, no lovely Christian symbolism on a typewriter keyboard, no stained glass windows in the editorial offices. There is no beaming parade of well-scrubbed parishioners ready to file by at five o'clock and say, 'My, that was a fine editorial!' Writing is lonely work, hidden work. Often unappreciated work. It is easier to feel that one is an ambassador of Christ when standing in a pulpit preaching or when counseling in the dead of night with a couple threatening to abandon their marriage than when one sits at a desk alone, searching for the right word, rebuilding a paragraph, or brooding prayerfully over the state of the world. But writing *is* a ministry, and a highly important one too."<sup>2</sup>

Writing accomplishes what neither preaching nor teaching can. Most church members spend two and a half hours a week at religious meetings. A few attend prayer meeting, young people's meeting, or a nearby evangelistic service. Of those two and a half hours on Sabbath morning, only about one hour is actually devoted to spiritual instruction. How much of that hour's instruction do members take with them into the week?

Christian publications are the answer to this need. Lay writers and professionals join talents to reinforce in print what has been learned in church. Dispersed as members may be throughout the week, they are reached by the regular visits of the church's magazines. Christian writers inspire, instruct, counsel, and encourage. They have a glorious ministry in which laymen and clergymen serve side by side.

The ministry of Christian writing should be seen for what it is. Preaching and teaching are not more noble than writing, nor do they have the same kinds of effectiveness as writing. A preacher must have a place for an audience to gather. He is at the mercy of the congregation's whims, the events of the day, and the weather. The house of worship may be full or nearly empty. He is not a preacher unless a listener is present.

A teacher is also dependent upon a place, a time, and a duly matriculated audience. A person who does not come to school will not be taught.



But the writer has no appointment with a particular audience at a particular time. The newspaper, magazine, brochure, or book that carries his message may be scanned at dawn or at midnight. It may find one person or millions. It may begin its witness the day after the message is written and continue to do so for years, perhaps centuries. It is never impatient, never overbearing. It is free in the hand of God to do His work in His own time.

Years ago an earnest Christian father presented to his son a book of Christian discipleship. The message attracted the young man and profoundly affected his adult life. Later his two children reached the age of religious decision, and he remembered the book. It had waited twenty-five years for its next opportunity to minister in that family. The father took the seventy-year-old book from the shelf and read it to his children.

### Requisites of Christian Writing

Although the vocation of Christian writing is open to many who cannot preach or teach, it requires as much dedication. In fact, the permanence of the printed message requires that the writer be thoughtful, consistent, and sincere. At first blush, it seems almost unthinkable that anyone writing for publication would be insincere, especially a Christian writer. But if the motives for writing are selfish, the message of Christ's unselfishness will be adulterated.

Insincere writing attempts to obtain a response regardless of the best interests of the reader. Much advertising is insincere by this definition, not because it lacks honesty, but because the advertiser wants to sell a product more than he wants to better the lot of the reader. When a store owner posts a sign reading, "We appreciate your business," he really means, "Your business will give me the pleasure of a larger income."

In business and advertising, we expect circumlocutions and exaggerations, but not in matters of religion. When Jesus says, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," we know this is no empty offer. He promises nothing He cannot give. Sincerity is essential in Christian writing. The writer accompanies the reader into the chambers of spiritual knowledge, instead of enticing or bluffing him.

Add to sincerity, conviction. How can a writer convince readers of some-

thing that he doubts? Can he reveal God if he questions Him? Can he narrate miracles when he doubts divine intervention? Can he encourage restitution if he himself is ethically weak? He cannot.

### What Is Christian Writing?

Now what do we mean by Christian writing? It is incorrect, of course, to think of writing or language as being Christian in itself. Rather, the content of the writing or its purpose is Christian. In a sense, news stories about the Christian church which appear in the public press are examples of Christian writing because the content is Christian. On the other hand, some material that may seem basically secular in content might be thought of as Christian if it is written primarily for the readers of church-sponsored publications. However, the clearest examples of Christian writing are those articles and stories that have both Christian content and Christian purpose.<sup>1</sup>

Certainly the work of church press secretaries in telling the story of the church in the local press is Christian writing; it is Christian witness. News items that appear in such publications as the *Review*, *Journal of Adventist Education*, and *The Ministry* are Christian writing, for they reveal the development of God's visible kingdom, the church.

Items appear from issue to issue in *The Youth's Instructor*, *Life and Health*, *Liberty*, *Signs of the Times*, *These Times*, and *Message* which are clearly not doctrinal or spiritual. They are essentially informative. Yet they serve a broad purpose within the scope of Christian journalism.

Church news in the public press and secular material in the church press are as much Christian writing as is religious material published in religious magazines. When we think of Christian writing, we should think of all three types.

We arrive at a narrower definition, though, if we consider what Christian writing is not. It is not simply a report of the church, that is, unless the church is actually performing the work of Christ. Interesting as the institutional activities of the church may be to those involved, unless they pulsate with the spirit of Christ, they do not deserve to be reported. They should be classified as society news, not religious news.

Christian writing is not the composing of moralistic stories for boys and girls, unless such stories help children

grow in spiritual stature. In short, Christian writing is not simply the use of Christian phraseology to report the activities and interests of a group of people called a church. More accurately, it is the use of everyday language to tell what happens when Christ dwells among His people, revealing through them His ideals, His redemption, His love.

What, then, is Adventist writing or, specifically, writing for Adventist magazines? Adventist journalism differs only slightly from Christian journalism in general. The differences are almost entirely attributable to Adventists' keen sense of the shortness of time. Some topics that interest other Christian publications do not appear in Adventist magazines because they are not considered pertinent for believers in the imminent return of Christ. Other topics that are frequently treated in Adventist magazines are seldom mentioned in other Christian journals. These are examples of content differences.

Differences in purpose also appear. A church that professes to alleviate misery and suffering will place strong emphasis on social service and missions in its publications. A church strongly oriented toward evangelism will have a strong evangelistic flavor in its periodicals. Adventists, emphasizing personal Christian witness, evangelism at home and abroad, healthful living, and obedience to the law of God, make these emphases prominent in their publications; indeed, they have specialized publications for some of these special interests.

From a journalistic point of view, Adventist writing does not differ from other writing. The qualities of effective writing apply equally regardless of the content or purpose. The journalistic techniques of our editors are the same as those employed by every careful and well-trained editor.

Good writing builds a bridge to the reader, a bridge from the mind of the writer to the mind he hopes his message will enter. Good Christian writing builds a bridge from heart to heart. Good Adventist writing walks across that bridge and impels the reader to prepare immediately for the second coming of Jesus.

<sup>1</sup> "The Discipline of Language," Royal Bank of Canada Monthly Letter, Vol. 45, no. 7 (July, 1964), p. 1.

<sup>2</sup> *Christianity Today*, September 28, 1962, p. 4.

<sup>3</sup> Roland E. Wolsley, "What Is Religious Writing?" in Wolsley (ed.), *Writing for the Religious Market* (New York: Association Press, 1956), pp. 3-14.

We publish only the first chapter of this new book. The other six chapters of the book are equally informative. Reprinted with permission of the Southern Publishing Association.



# To Improve Family Devotions

by SYDNEY ALLEN, Ph.D.



**F**IVE-YEAR-OLD Evelyn was going to bed. Her mother was arranging the clothes in her closet.

"Be sure to say your prayers, honey."

Evelyn knelt by her bed and prayed: "Now I lay me down to sleep . . ." When she finished the memorized part she added a few words of her own: "Bless mamma and daddy and Kevin and make him a good boy. For Jesus' sake, Amen."

Then she looked squarely into her mother's face and squinted her eyelids as though something was troubling her.

"What is it, honey?" her mother asked. Evelyn toyed with the bedspread.

"Mamma . . . do you and daddy ever pray?"

"Well, no, darling, we don't."

"Well . . . why do I have to pray, then?"

"So you'll be a better little girl, sweetheart."

"Don't you and daddy wanta be good, Mamma?"

"Yes, honey, we do, but—uh—you better get into bed now and go to sleep."

Evelyn wasn't quite ready to go to sleep yet.

"If you and daddy wanta be good, then why don't you pray too? Do you think God wants me to do all the praying for this whole family? You and daddy oughta help me a little bit, at least."

Mother, trying to appear busy with the clothes, had to reach up and wipe something from her eyes at this point. Daddy, who was within earshot, just inside the next room, stopped reading his newspaper and held it up to his face for a while.

Later, after Evelyn was asleep, Mr. and Mrs. Carlson sat in the living room holding hands. After talking about the way their lives had been go-

ing, they tiptoed back into their tiny daughter's room and knelt by her bedside. They had decided to help her with the praying. It soon became a habit.

Do you want your children to remember your home as a place where God is honored? If so, then you'll hold regular family devotions. Possibly you haven't been satisfied with the dividends received thus far. Perhaps the suggestions in this article can help.

Among the most important contributions that Protestantism has made to the life of Christians has been its encouragement of Bible reading, free prayer, and singing in the home.

Today the Roman Catholic Church is also encouraging devotions in the home. It promotes Bible reading (of a version acceptable to Protestants) and expends great efforts to encourage its families to bring the message of the gospel into their homes. The Roman Church is even beginning family hymn singing, something they once deplored.

The Reformation, beginning with such men as Wycliffe and Huss, helped

to place a Bible in every home. This became a reality in England during the time of Queen Elizabeth, when the great Geneva Bible, small in size and full of explanatory notes, became the first printed book found in thousands of English homes.

Prior to this development, which eventually spread to the entire Protestant world, religion was almost completely confined to the church building. B. E. Manning pointed out that there could be no family worship without a family Bible.

Family worship can never be, of course, a substitute for either public or private devotions. Rather, all three—private, family, and corporate worship—work together. Where one is weak the other two are harmed.

Here are ten ways in which you can improve your family devotions, whether they are new for you or you are an old-timer at it.

## 1. Regularity

Dick and Margaret held their family devotions whenever they happened to



remember, and their memories weren't too good sometimes. Consequently, they skipped them more often than not.

Then Margaret decided that they ought to have their devotions just before breakfast and just after supper. Dick agreed, and their home has been a happier place ever since.

Why? Because regularity in worship helps make waking time, meals, and bedtime regular. Your children will go to sleep with the joy of this sacred celebration ringing in their ears.

It's easy enough to *pick* a time for worship, of course, but you won't find it so easy to stick to it once you've decided. After a while, though, the worship habit will become second nature, and the struggle will be over.

## 2. Reverence

Myra was reluctant to control four-year-old Dennis while her husband, Jim, was conducting worship. Finally one evening Jim spoke up.

"Honey, he makes such a ruckus that none of us get any good out of this."

A few days later Myra talked to her pastor about it. He suggested that they should begin to teach Dennis to be quiet during worship. "If you don't control him now, when will he ever learn? If you teach him reverence at home, he'll be quiet at church."

It was rough going at first, but after a while worship in Jim and Myra's home grew more peaceful and edifying. Dennis learned to take his place by mother's side and to be "polite to God."

It may be wise to explain to the children why many Christians close their eyes in prayer. They want to shut out the world, so they close their eyes. You might tell your child that if his eyes are shut during prayer, he will think of what the prayer says rather than about the stain on sister's sleeve or the freckles on brother's ear.

## 3. Relevance

The readings which George presented to his family were beautiful, but they were mainly for adults, and advanced adults at that. On the suggestion of the town's Christian bookseller, he began to use material more closely related to his children's interests. Also, he got a couple of modern translations of the Bible, to use for Scripture readings. His family's interest has picked up since.

Don't make the worship program too adult for the children or too childish for the adults. There should be some elements in the program that every

member can enjoy. This includes even the toddlers. Even though they can't talk or understand words yet, rhythmic songs give them pleasure, and this is a good association with the service of the Lord.

## 4. Shortness

Lora loved to read her family long sermons by her favorite nineteenth-century religious writer. Various yawns and nods finally tipped her off that the message wasn't getting across. When she diminished the length of the readings, she found that the enthusiasm increased.

Fifteen minutes is a good length. The main reason worships are too long is that they haven't been well planned. There is no virtue in a long service that fails to maintain the interest of the family.

## 5. Sweetness

Family devotions in the Babcock home were marred by faultfinding and hostility. As a result, no one looked forward to them. Mrs. Babcock's aunt visited them for two weeks. Just before she left she spoke a few words to her niece about the matter. Mrs. Babcock took it to heart. From then on the sweetness quotient began to climb. So did the interest and effectiveness.

Worship is no time to mention the mistakes of the day. The mood and theme of the hour should be centered on the character of our Lord. Don't choose readings that are mainly condemnatory. You should rise from your knees with a new hope and a greater desire to live a Christlike life.

Jack and Mary's worship program wasn't going too smoothly until one of the family visitors from the church suggested that they encourage singing when they met together. They got some songbooks with bright selections for children in them. They didn't sound like professionals, but they enjoyed their devotions a lot more.

## 6. Sharing

Mrs. Jones said her husband was supposed to be the head of the house. When he was away on trips, she didn't have worship.

One day her seven-year-old Lory reported that Mrs. Corrigan led out in worship when her "daddy" was gone.

"Why don't you do it when our daddy's gone, Mamma?"

Mrs. Jones saw the light. The question was all the encouragement she needed. She began to share her hus-

band's responsibilities. Mr. Jones caught the spirit and began to ask the children to choose songs, readings, and other features. Instead of doing all the praying himself he invited the youngsters to pray. All together their family worship strengthened every member when each regularly participated.

They had shied away from talking about money in worship, but they began to tell the children about projects to help the church's missionaries. The children became enthusiastic, and saving for these projects became a major family effort. They taught the children how to figure their tithe. Their pastor said that instruction of this kind develops the real strength of the church. "If parents neglect this duty," he said, "the church becomes weak." Jack and Mary found this to be true.

## 7. Vivacity

Pastor Loring said he could understand why meetings of businessmen could be boring. After all, he went on, chasing the dollar is not always exciting. He claimed to be able to understand why political conventions could be dull. Most of what was said everyone already knew. A scientific lecture, he suggested, could be tame and even sleep inducing, but still be just as accurate as if it were interesting.

What he couldn't understand, he said, was why religious exercises are so often dull and routine.

"If there is any subject in the world that should excite us it is the subject of our religious concerns," he concluded. What do you think? He was right, wasn't he?

Your readings, your prayers, your songs, and everything else done in worship should be done vividly, that is, with vigor and energy. Worship services that aren't interesting can do more harm than good.

## 8. Variety

As I was beginning family worship one morning, my eldest son whispered: "SOS!" I asked him what he meant. He replied, "Same Old Stuff!"

I don't justify sauciness in children, but as I thought over his observation, I had to agree that our worships had been pretty monotonous. Vary the content of your approach from time to time. Sing different songs, use some different materials, throw in a poem here, a puzzle there. You might play a recording on some occasions. Tell a story from your own life. All these things can

*To page 22*





Barbara Beckett

# Youth Congress for Barbara

by JUNE ALLEN BECKETT

**S**TREAMS of people moved across the Soquel camp meeting grounds. Elder Miller Brockett, MV secretary for the Pacific Union Conference, stood watching the young people coming and going from the youth tent. A tall, red-haired girl approached him a trifle timidly.

"Elder Brockett," the girl asked, "can anyone go to the 1968 youth congress in Long Beach next year? Or is it just for delegates? I'm Barbara Beckett from Tracy, and I'd surely like to go!"

"Barbara," Elder Brockett spoke firmly, "the plan is to gather together as many Seventh-day Adventist young people from the Pacific Union Conference as we can possibly get into the Long Beach Sports Arena!"

"Thank you, Elder Brockett—I'll be there!" The girl smiled at the youth leader, and her red hair flipped a bit as she turned to lose herself in the crowd. So youth congress was for anyone? A delegate! That was it! Maybe through some miracle she could be a delegate! Surely a junior in a Seventh-

day Adventist academy should have some chance to be a delegate.

School days in the fall and winter hurried by. Working all summer and maximum time during the school year, and carrying a full load, left Barbara little time to mix with the large enrollment of her boarding academy. Many times she would lie awake at night and ask the Lord to help her find some way to attend youth congress.

A letter came from Peggy, her friend in Arizona. "I get to go to youth congress! I've got it all figured out that I'll have just enough money saved to pay for my hotel room and everything! Just think—we'll get to see each other there. I've missed you so much since you moved to California. You are going, aren't you?" Was she going?

Floyd, son of a church school teacher, stopped her one day to tell her that he had been named as a delegate from his home church. "Are you going, Barbara?" he asked.

In the spring of 1968 Barbara came home for weekend leave—for she is one of our girls.

"Mom and Dad, can you take me to youth congress? Will you?" she pleaded. Her face fell when she heard the good reasons why we could neither take her nor pay for her to go with one of the organized conference groups. She was sensible and the answers were reasonable, but the weekend leave turned out to be a quiet one. By now Barbara realized that a new girl in a church would probably not be chosen as a delegate, especially since she "lived" at the academy. By now she knew, too, that the delegates from the school had already been chosen. She was not one of them. She made one final try that day.

"Mom, couldn't just you and I go?" she asked. My silence and sympathy were not much good for an answer! She turned and went to pack for the return trip to school. She said that she was going to pray about it.

Monday of that week was a hard day for me. I was haunted by my daughter's face. Some parents give their children convertibles to play around with; others invest in speedboats to whirl their young folks joyfully around blue lakes. Why not "give" a youth congress? But how?

During the winter I had written quite a few stories for *Guide*, *Primary Treasure*, and *Our Little Friend*. All had been accepted, and the little checks had helped with special happinesses for Christmas and later. I had felt the editors would want a rest from my efforts and had thought to wait till summer before submitting more. Monday night in bed, in the dark, I rededicated my typewriter for Barbara's youth congress. For days the den re-echoed with the rattle of typewriter keys.

One Sabbath we drove to visit friends who have a large home and care for children from the State welfare agency. With this youth congress so much on my mind, it naturally became a topic of conversation.

"My, I'd love to take Teria," the mother of the home sighed, "but we are tied down here." Then she sat upright and chuckled. "Let's trade daughters! You take my teen-ager and I'll keep your four-year-old!"

My letter about this to Barbara crossed one from her. "I've figured it out," she wrote. "The amount I earned last month will be more than enough for this month's payment to the academy. Could we save the extra for youth congress? I'll try to work extra this month too!"

Bit by bit our plan began to make



sense. Unknown to us, the Lord was planning too, I'm sure. Maybe He couldn't see two of us taking up a whole car. On an impulse(?) one day I spoke to a Baptist girl who has attended our schools in the past and sometimes comes to church with us.

"Polly, how about going to youth congress in Long Beach in April with us?"

"What is a youth congress?" she wanted to know. I explained in detail.

"Sorry, I have school that week," she said when I told her the dates. "But I really would love to go!" When our pastor checked with the high school attendance office he was assured that a church congress was one of the things that they liked to see teen-agers attend!

Barbara, Teria, and Polly too! What would we do about a place to stay? Now we could afford the gas and the food, but hotel beds come pretty expensive in a situation like this. Another impulse suggested that I write a relative who lives in Lynwood—just fifteen miles from Long Beach. Could a group of girls unroll their sleeping bags on the living room carpet for several nights? They could, of course they could! The telephone rang with a hearty assurance of welcome.

We made up boxes of food that could be fixed quickly for breakfasts and suppers. The first checks came for my stories, and one went immediately to order dinner tickets at youth congress. Other checks arrived. We added them to Barbara's dollars. We were really, truly going.

"Polly," I asked on the telephone, "can you be ready at six o'clock Wednesday?"

"I surely can." Her voice radiated excitement. "I can hardly wait!"

Soon the telephone rang again.

"Do you have an absolutely full load?" a friend asked. "We would like to see Beverly, the young girl who helps sometimes in the children's Sabbath school department, get to go." My mind figured the small places in our Volkswagen squareback.

"She'll get squashed!" I warned.

"I think she can take it," my friend urged. "If she doesn't mind being crowded, would you take her?"

So Beverly joined the plan. And the plan worked. The months of hoping and praying were worth it as I saw the tears, real tears, in Barbara's eyes as we stood before the Long Beach Sports Arena. The hundreds of tired miles behind us lost their importance as we joined the Advent youth in finding

seats. Sixteen thousand seats spread around that arena—waiting for others like my girl, others who wanted to be there, whose families and churches had sacrificed to send them there.

Wednesday night.

Thursday. Friday. Sabbath.

Girls in the bright dresses of spring, boys with neatly combed hair and class jackets. Ministers with the bright-blue ties that indicated they were special counselors. Parents and group sponsors. A sea of heads in the dining room that served up to three thousand people at a single meal . . .

## Impression

by RICHARD WINTERS

The yellow moon  
Balanced on the ridge,  
Then fell softly  
Into the fog-filled gap.  
We watched its death—  
The old farmer and I.  
"That's a heap more  
Of God  
Up there  
Than most folks see,"  
He said.  
I could only nod  
Silently.

At the end of the eleven o'clock service on Sabbath, Elder Theodore Lucas made a call. A legion responded, a stream of Adventist youth who followed him out of the arena, through the lobby, and to the concert hall. After I had seen Barbara walk away from me with these who were dedicating themselves to the Lord's service, I turned to glance at the woman beside me. I saw tears on the face of my neighbor. And she smiled! I smiled, too, and reaching up I found tears on my own cheeks.

We were seated in the last meeting when Paul Harvey said: "Good evening, Americans—this is what I call a demonstration!"

Traveling through the night the hundreds of miles home Barbara talked on and on and on. Her job, she said, was "to keep the driver awake," but she didn't use small talk.

"Mom," she said, "you should have heard this girl testify. . . . All of us who stood in the church service and then went to the concert hall had the most

wonderful experience there. Elder Lucas and Elder Richards led out. You know—the son of H. M. S. Richards?"

She was asking me if I knew—she who is a fourth-generation member of this wonderful church partly because I'm a third-generation member!

"Really," Barbara went on, "I thought the other meetings were great, but that one was the greatest. Oh, I'm so glad we came!"

"I wish I knew what each one of you thinks was the very best thing of the whole congress," I said as the freeway miles slipped by.

A drowsy voice from the back seat reached me. "I wouldn't have missed the sermon at worship this morning for anything." Beverly was awake now. "That Elder Knechtle that used to work with Billy Graham's crusade was really some person."

By this time everyone was talking.

"Did we tell you about the sailor who walked in to see what was going on?" Polly asked.

"No. Did you talk with him?" I wanted to know.

"Bev and I did. He was very nice and serious and asked lots of questions about why we were all there. We tried our best to answer him right."

I couldn't help chuckling to myself as Teria gave her impressions and opinions of the trip. The youngest member of the group, she noticed the bands of sailors who were to be seen on the sidewalks of Long Beach, and she thrilled at the college bands that joined to fill the arena with their music. And she was the first to duck when I produced my small camera! Peering into the rear-view mirror, I could just make out her tousled head, but the darkness inside the car couldn't make me forget the changing expressions on her young face as she had sat by me in many of the meetings.

One by one heads nodded, then dipped over onto pillows to sleep the miles away. I was alone with night and my thoughts.

Finally the steering wheel of the Volkswagen turned easily in my hands as we pulled into Tracy from U.S. Highway 50. Early daylight was fresh and clean on our homes.

Elder Miller Brockett, do you remember the red-haired girl who spoke so briefly with you at camp meeting last summer? Well, Barbara went to her youth congress. And because of her faith four others went with her. She is several steps nearer the kingdom, sir, and my heart sings, for it is glad!



# Sabbath School Lessons

Prepared for publication by the General  
Conference Sabbath School Department

AUGUST 10, 1968

## SENIOR

### VI—Teachers of Present Truth —Wise and Unwise

**MEMORY VERSE:** "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever" (Dan. 12:3).

**STUDY HELPS:** *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 501-508; *Evangelism*, pp. 623-627; *Selected Messages*, book 1, pp. 361-363; *Early Writings*, pp. 61-64; *The SDA Bible Commentary*.

**STUDY AIM:** To become fully aware of the privileges and responsibilities of witnesses for Jesus in these last days of earth's history.

#### Introduction

Following the clear and forceful explanation of the relationship between faith and works in chapter 2, James utters a warning against being eager to teach without adequate preparation and due consideration of the heavy responsibilities resting upon those who undertake to instruct others concerning salvation.

#### The Office of Teacher in the Christian Church

1. Where did Joseph and Mary find Jesus after a three-day search? What was He doing? Luke 2:46.

2. What credentials as a teacher did Nicodemus recognize in Jesus? John 3:2.

**NOTE.**—"The whole line of study in our schools should be to prepare a people for the future, immortal life.

"Jesus Christ is the knowledge of the Father, and Christ is our great teacher sent from God. . . .

"It is of immense importance, in the light of the lessons of Christ, that every human being should study the Scriptures, that he may be convinced in whom his hopes of eternal life are centered."—*Fundamentals of Christian Education*, pp. 383, 384.

"Christ was a teacher sent from God, and His words did not contain a particle of chaff or a semblance of that which is nonessential. But the force of much human instruction is comprised in assertion, not in truth. The teachers of the present day can only use the educated ability of previous teachers; and yet with all the weighty importance which may be attached to the words of the greatest authors, there is a conscious inability to trace them back to the first great principle, the Source of unerring wisdom, from which teachers derive their authority. There is a painful uncertainty, a constant searching and reaching for assurances that can only be found in God. The trumpet of human greatness may be sounded, but it is with an uncertain sound; it is not reliable, and the salvation of human souls cannot be ventured upon it."—*Ibid.*, p. 407.

3. What title did John's disciples apply to Jesus, showing that they recognized Him as a teacher? John 1:38, 49.

**NOTE.**—"Rabbi. . . . A title of respect, by which pupils addressed their teachers. . . . A

courteous form of address, generally equivalent to our 'sir.' It is applied to Christ in Mt. 26:25; Mk 14:45; Jn 1:38, 49; 3:2, 26; 4:31; 6:25; 9:2; 11:8; etc., and to John the Baptist in Jn 3:26. Christ counseled His disciples against coveting or using this title (Mt 23:7, 8)."—*SDA Bible Dictionary*, Article, "Rabbi."

4. How is Jesus' work in Galilee described? Matt. 4:23 (first part). Compare Matt. 26:55.

**NOTE.**—"The Prince of teachers, He sought access to the people by the pathway of their most familiar associations. He presented the truth in such a way that ever after it was to His hearers intertwined with their most hallowed recollections and sympathies. He taught in a way that made them feel the completeness of His identification with their interests and happiness. His instruction was so direct, His illustrations were so appropriate, His words so sympathetic and cheerful, that His hearers were charmed. The simplicity and earnestness with which He addressed the needy, hallowed every word."—*The Ministry of Healing*, pp. 23, 24.

"In every human being, however fallen, He beheld a son of God, one who might be restored to the privilege of his divine relationship."—*Education*, p. 79.

5. What vital result depends on the teaching of the words of Jesus? Mark 16:16; John 12:48.

**NOTE.**—"In the golden censer of truth, as presented in Christ's teachings, we have that which will convict and convert souls. Proclaim, in the simplicity of Christ, the truths that He came to this world to proclaim, and the power of your message will make itself felt. Do not advocate theories or tests that Christ has never mentioned, and that have no foundation in the Bible. We have grand, solemn truths for the people. 'It is written' is the test that must be brought home to every soul."—*Gospel Workers*, p. 309.

6. Just before Jesus left this world, what did He command His disciples to teach to all people? Matt. 28:19, 20.

**NOTE.**—"What the church needs in these days of peril, is an army of workers who, like Paul, have educated themselves for usefulness, who have a deep experience in the things of God, and who are filled with earnestness and zeal. Sanctified, self-sacrificing men are needed; men who are brave and true; men in whose hearts Christ is formed, 'the hope of glory,' and who with lips touched with holy fire will 'preach the word.' For the want of such workers the cause of God languishes, and fatal errors, like a deadly poison, taint the morals and blight the hopes of a large part of the human race.

"As the faithful, toil-worn standard-bearers are offering up their lives for the truth's sake, who will come forward to take their place? Will our young men accept the holy trust at the hand of their fathers? Are they preparing to fill the vacancies made by the death of the faithful? Will the apostle's charge be heeded, the call to duty be heard, amid the incitements to selfishness and ambition that allure the youth?"—*Ibid.*, pp. 61, 62.

7. How are teachers of the gospel chosen for their work? 1 Cor. 12:11, 28; Eph. 4:8, 11.

**NOTE.**—"The perfection of the church depends not on each member being fashioned exactly alike. God calls for each one to take his proper place, to stand in his lot to do his appointed work according to the ability which has been given him."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, Ellen G. White Comments, on 1 Cor. 12:4-6, 12, p. 1090.

#### The High Standard of Conduct Required of Teachers

8. What caution is given concerning becoming a teacher? James 3:1 (first part).

**NOTE.**—"The form of the Greek verb translated 'be not,' has the force of 'stop becoming.' James is apparently advising church members to move cautiously in their enthusiasm to become teachers, to take time to count the cost.

9. Why should one, before assuming the responsibility of teaching truth, consider the matter most carefully? James 3:1 (last part).

**NOTE.**—"There are degrees of responsibility in the work of the Lord, and those who presume to teach will be held accountable both for their personal conduct and for their influence upon others. . . . The teacher is expected to know God's will more thoroughly than others, and his conduct should be correspondingly exemplary."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on James 3:1.

10. In relation to their entrusted talents, by what principle will men be judged? Luke 12:47, 48.

**NOTE.**—"According to their responsibility will be the punishment of those who know the truth and yet disregard God's commands."—*Testimonies*, vol. 8, p. 96.

"God's test of the heathen, who have not the light, and of those living where the knowledge of truth and light has been abundant, is altogether different. He accepts from those in heathen lands a phase of righteousness which does not satisfy Him when offered by those of Christian lands. He does not require much where much has not been bestowed."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, Ellen G. White Comments, on Luke 12:48, p. 1121.

#### Two Kinds of Teachers and Their Rewards

11. What type of teaching will some last-day Christians desire? 2 Tim. 4:3, 4. Compare 2 Tim. 3:5.

**NOTE.**—"The apostle does not here refer to the openly irreligious, but to the professing Christians who make inclination their guide, and thus become enslaved by self. Such are willing to listen to those doctrines only that do not rebuke their sins or condemn their pleasure-loving course. They are offended by the plain words of the faithful servants of Christ and choose teachers who praise and flatter them. And among professing ministers there are those who preach the opinions of men instead of the Word of God. Unfaithful to their trust, they lead astray those who look to them for spiritual guidance."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 504, 505.

12. What fate awaits false teachers who teach contrary to the Word of God? 2 Peter 2:1; Phil. 3:18, 19.

**NOTE.**—"While exalting the 'sure word of prophecy' as a safe guide in times of peril, the apostle solemnly warned the church against the torch of false prophecy, which would be uplifted by 'false teachers,' who would privily bring in 'damnable heresies, even denying the Lord.' These false teachers, arising in the church and accounted true by many of their brethren in the faith, the apostle compared to 'wells without water, clouds that are carried with a tempest; to whom the mist of darkness is reserved forever.' 'The latter end is worse with them,' he declared, 'than the beginning. For it had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than, after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them.'"—*Ibid.*, p. 535.

13. How are true teachers described, and what will be their reward? Dan. 12:3 (margin).

**NOTE.**—"He who knows and loves Jesus will gladly accept the wonderful responsibility of being measured by a higher standard and will respond to the Saviour's call, 'Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?' by saying, 'Here am I; send me' (Isa. 6:8).

"The messengers should watch for souls as they that must give account. . . . They will have to lay aside worldly interests and comforts and make it their first object to do all in their power to advance the cause of present truth and save perishing souls.

"They will also have a rich reward. In their crowns of rejoicing those who are rescued by them and finally saved will shine as stars forever and ever. And to all eternity they will enjoy the satisfaction of having done what they could



in presenting the truth in its purity and beauty, so that souls fell in love with it, were sanctified through it, and availed themselves of the inestimable privilege of being made rich, and being washed in the blood of the Lamb and redeemed unto God."—*Early Writings*, p. 61.

## Questions for Meditation

1. Do I recognize that I have been called

# YOUTH

## VI—Wise and Foolish Teachers of Present Truth

**MEMORY GEM:** "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever" (Dan. 12:3).

**ILLUMINATION OF THE TOPIC:** *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 501-508; *Evangelism*, pp. 623-627; *Selected Messages*, book 1, pp. 361-363; *Early Writings*, pp. 61-64; *The SDA Bible Commentary*.

**STUDY AIM:** To realize the importance of being a faithful witness for Jesus in these last days.

## Introduction

"The apostle continues the main themes introduced in ch. 1. He urges his fellow church members to make a life habit of hearing and studying the 'engrafted word.' . . . This program will result in 'meekness' (ch. 1:21), impartiality to rich and poor (ch. 2:1-13), and genuine faith (ch. 2:15-26). Furthermore, a proper understanding of the goal of Christlikeness will give urgency to the necessity for control over hasty speech. . . . Chapter 3 expounds the responsibility of each church member with respect to hasty, ill-advised speech. . . . This chapter further amplifies the inseparability of faith and works, in that genuine faith is manifested in a Christlike character."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on James 3:1.

## 1—Work of a Teacher in the Christian Church

**1. When Jesus was twelve years old, where did Mary and Joseph find Him, and what was He doing? Luke 2:46.**

"Jesus presented the prophecy of Isaiah, and asked them the meaning of those scriptures that point to the suffering and death of the Lamb of God.

"The doctors turned upon Him with questions, and they were amazed at His answers. With the humility of a child He repeated the words of Scripture, giving them a depth of meaning that the wise men had not conceived of. If followed, the lines of truth He pointed out would have worked a reformation in the religion of the day. A deep interest in spiritual things would have been awak-

by God to teach the gospel to those within my sphere of influence? (See *The Desire of Ages*, p. 822.)

**2. Do I see "in every human being, however fallen, . . . one who might be restored to the privilege of his divine relationship"?**

**3. Am I a "teacher" who cannot be influenced by bribes or threats?**

ened; and when Jesus began His ministry, many would have been prepared to receive Him."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 78, 79.

**2. What teacher qualifications did Nicodemus recognize in Jesus? John 3:2.**

"In the presence of Christ, Nicodemus felt a strange timidity, which he endeavored to conceal under an air of composure and dignity. . . . By speaking of Christ's rare gifts as a teacher, and also of His wonderful power to perform miracles, he hoped to pave the way for his interview. His words were designed to express and to invite confidence; but they really expressed unbelief. He did not acknowledge Jesus to be the Messiah, but only a teacher sent from God."—*Ibid.*, p. 168.

**3. How did the disciples address Jesus, indicating that they recognized Him to be a teacher? John 1:38, 39.**

"Among the Jews this title was a sort of degree. . . . It is clear on the one hand, that He never sought it; and on the other, that it was bestowed upon Him even by the most eminent Pharisees (John iii.2) out of spontaneous and genuine awe."—FARRAR, *The Life of Christ*, vol. 1, p. 1455.

**4. How does Matthew describe the early work of Jesus in Galilee? Matt. 4:23, first part. Compare Matt. 26:55.**

"The Prince of teachers, He sought access to the people by the pathway of their most familiar associations. He presented the truth in such a way that ever after it was to His hearers intertwined with their most hallowed recollections and sympathies. He taught in a way that made them feel the completeness of His identification with their interests and happiness. His instruction was so direct, His illustrations were so appropriate, His words so sympathetic and cheerful, that His hearers were charmed."—*Evangelism*, p. 55.

**5. How did Jesus illustrate the importance of our hearing and obeying His instruction? Matt. 7:24-27.**

"The great principles of the law, of the very nature of God, are embodied in the words of Christ on the mount. Whoever builds upon them is building upon Christ, the Rock of Ages. In receiving the word, we receive Christ. And only those who thus receive His words are building upon Him. . . .

"We build on Christ by obeying His word. It is not he who merely enjoys

righteousness, that is righteous, but he who does righteousness."—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, pp. 148, 149.

**6. Just before He left them, what marching orders did Jesus give His disciples? Matt. 28:19, 20.**

"The disciples were to preach among other nations, and they would receive power to speak other tongues. The apostles and their associates were unlettered men, yet through the outpouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost, their speech, whether in their own or a foreign language, became pure, simple, and accurate, both in word and in accent. . . .

"The Saviour's commission to the disciples included all the believers. It includes all believers in Christ to the end of time."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 821, 822.

**7. Who selected the teachers of the gospel for their work? 1 Cor. 12:11, 28; Eph. 4:8, 11.**

"The perfection of the church depends not on each member being fashioned exactly alike. God calls for each one to take his proper place, to stand in his lot to do his appointed work according to the ability which has been given him."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, Ellen G. White Comments, on 1 Cor. 12:4-6, 12, p. 1090.

## 2—The High Standards of Conduct Required of Teachers

**8. What caution does James give those seeking to be teachers (masters)? James 3:1, first part.**

"Many of the believers felt themselves called to be teachers or preachers. . . . Laymen should not enter lightly upon this office, since serious risks are entailed in offering public testimony to the faith. Being a preacher involves a grave responsibility, and as his privilege is greater, so his condemnation will be the more severe."—REICKE, *The Anchor Bible, The Epistles of James, Peter, and Jude*, p. 37.

**9. What reason did James advance for being cautious in assuming a teaching position in the church? James 3:1, last part.**

"Greater condemnation. That is, a more severe judgment. There are degrees of responsibility in the work of the Lord, and those who presume to teach will be held accountable both for their personal conduct and for their influence upon others. . . . The teacher is expected to know God's will more thoroughly than others, and his conduct should be correspondingly exemplary."—*The SDA Bible Commentary*, on James 3:1.

**10. In relation to their entrusted talents, by what principle will men be judged? Luke 12:47, 48.**

"The conversation between Abraham and the once-rich man is figurative. The lesson to be gathered from it is that every man is given sufficient light for the discharge of the duties required of him.



Man's responsibilities are proportionate to his opportunities and privileges. God gives to every one sufficient light and grace to do the work He has given him to do. If man fails to do that which a little light shows to be his duty, greater light would only reveal unfaithfulness, neglect to improve the blessings given."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 265.

### 3—Two Kinds of Teachers and Their Rewards

**11. What kind of preaching will some last-day Christians desire? 2 Tim. 4:3, 4.**

"The apostle does not here refer to the openly irreligious, but to the professing Christians who make inclinations their guide, and thus become enslaved by self. Such are willing to listen to those doctrines only that do not rebuke their sins or condemn their pleasure-loving course. They are offended by the plain words of the faithful servants of Christ, and choose teachers who praise and flatter them."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 504, 505.

**12. What punishment awaits the unfaithful teacher? 2 Peter 2:1; Phil. 3:18, 19.**

"Religious teachers have led souls to perdition while professing to guide them to the gates of Paradise. Not until the day of final accounts will it be known how great is the responsibility of men in holy office and how terrible are the results of their unfaithfulness. Only in eternity can we rightly estimate the loss of a single soul. Fearful will be the doom of him to whom God shall say, Depart, thou wicked servant."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 640.

**13. How are true teachers described, and what will be their reward? Dan. 12:3.**

"The Lord has often given me a view of the situation and wants of the scattered jewels who have not yet come to the light of the present truth, and has shown that the messengers should speed their way to them as fast as possible to give them the light. . . .

"They will also have a rich reward. In their crowns of rejoicing those who are rescued by them and finally saved, will shine as stars forever and ever. And to all eternity they will enjoy the satisfaction of having done what they could in presenting the truth in its purity and beauty, so that souls fell in love with it, were sanctified through it, and availed themselves of the inestimable privilege of being made rich, and being washed in the blood of the Lamb and redeemed unto God."—*Early Writings*, p. 61.

### What Is in This Lesson for Me?

Do I recognize that I have been called by God to teach the gospel to those within my sphere of influence? Am I a teacher who cannot be influenced by bribes or threats? Will there be any starless crowns in heaven?

# COUNSEL CLINIC

**Question** *Is there any scriptural background where it tells that the Garden of Eden was taken to heaven? I'm referring to the question in Counsel Clinic of THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, May 30, 1967.*

**Counsel** The Bible does not tell us directly that the Garden of Eden was taken to heaven. However, indirectly it does make this fact quite clear. This garden is mentioned at the beginning of the Bible (Gen. 2:8; 3:24) and it is portrayed as being created on this earth and located eastward in Eden. It was characterized by the tree of life, which stood in "the midst of the garden" (chap. 2:9). No further reference is made to the garden until near the close of the Bible, and behold it is no longer on the earth, but in heaven.

Revelation 2:7 says, "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God." In chapter 22, verse 14, we are told that the saints will "have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gate into the city." Thus from the Scriptures alone we know that the garden of God ("paradise of God") with the tree of life in the midst of it was created on the earth and then later appeared in heaven. We

naturally infer that God transplanted the Garden of Eden to heaven. We refer to this garden as "paradise," a word of Persian origin meaning "park."

In the Spirit of Prophecy, which serves as a lens to reveal things that we, unaided, may not perceive in the Scriptures, we read the following illuminating statement on this problem: "As His [Christ's] feet touch the mountain [Mount of Olives], it parts asunder, and becomes a very great plain, and is prepared for the reception of the holy city in which is the paradise of God, the garden of Eden, which was taken up after man's transgression. Now it descends with the city, more beautiful, and gloriously adorned than when removed from the earth."—*Spiritual Gifts*, vol. 3, pp. 83, 84.

This comment makes clear to us that the Garden of Eden is the "paradise of God" referred to in Revelation 2:7. How appropriate it is that Adam is again granted access to the very same tree whose fruit was forbidden him after he had sinned. We read further on page 89, "But when he [Adam] again beholds the wide spread tree of life with its extended branches, and glowing fruit, and to him again is granted access to its fruit and leaves, his gratitude is boundless."

## Recipe of the Week

### SQUASH—BANANA, ENGLISH STYLE

### VEGETABLE ENCORE

**Yield: 4 cups**

**4 cups diced banana squash**  
**Dash of cinnamon**  
**1½ cups milk**

**2 tbsp. brown sugar**  
**2 tbsp. oil or margarine**  
**1 tsp. salt**

1. Put squash in kettle and sprinkle with sugar, cinnamon, and salt.
2. Add milk, cover, and cook for 15 minutes.
3. Place in a casserole, add oil.
4. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes.

COURTESY, SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST DIETETIC ASSOCIATION



## TO IMPROVE FAMILY DEVOTIONS

From page 16

help to hold the interest of the family.

The family decided to memorize one verse every morning. Three years later, they have committed to memory over one thousand scriptural passages. These words of the Lord are definitely helpful in a busy program. We often have occasion to recall them when the pressures of work become so great that we need rest for our minds.

### 9. Pointedness

"Let's face it, Jane, a good many of our readings just don't get down to brass tacks," Alvin said after worship one day. The book they had been using spoke in such general terms that they felt as though they had been diagramming sentences full of abstract nouns rather than examining their souls. They got a book their pastor suggested. They found that it "spoke to their condition," and their worships became much more helpful.

### 10. Prayer

The prayers in the Burris home tended to run like this: "Dear Father, thank You for all You have given us; help us to live better. Bless the missionaries and the doctors overseas. Give us a good night's rest, in the name of Jesus. Amen."

That prayer is too general, too dull. It needs sharpening. Mrs. Burris attended a "school of prayer" at her church that emphasized praying for specific things. "But isn't the Lord's Prayer very general?" she asked, during a question period.

One of the speakers pointed out that Jesus probably didn't intend to give His disciples the *content* of their prayers. Rather, He gave them a *pattern*, a series of headings, as it were, for which they were to supply the details from their daily needs.

The speaker went on to point out that if we repeat the same toothless prayers over and over, our praying is of no more value than the turning of those mechanical wheels by means of which some non-Christian peoples hope to communicate with the Divine.

Mrs. Burris thought it over. She began to ask God for the things her family needed each day. If they needed money, she asked for it. Someone had warned her against asking for things in prayer, but she noted that the Lord's pattern prayer made a prominent place for requests. When someone was sick

she asked for healing, provided that it was God's will. She began to ask for insight, patience, or a forgiving spirit, and to tell the Lord why she needed them.

She began to express gratitude for specific things. Not just for all His gifts, but for a beautiful morning, for health that makes one feel good, for the beautiful song one hears over the radio, for the lovely taste of the berries and fruits.

Needless to say, family worships be-

came a lot more meaningful to that home. Instead of being a mere exercise, prayer began to play a vital role in the lives of every member of the family.

These ten suggestions can help you. Remember, the real strength of a church and a nation depends far more upon the strength of the homes that compose it than upon the councils, congresses, and budgets that one reads about. Regular worship can make your home a tower of strength that will withstand all the storms of adversity. You can succeed in this program if you will. God will help you, and you'll never be sorry for the effort.



By Herbert Ford

**No Guns on Their Shoulders** is a tribute to the Seventh-day Adventist young men who nobly serve their country today. The stories are gleaned from many sources—letters, friends, the men themselves. You will recognize the men in some of the pictures that illustrate the book, and, no doubt, you will know some of the men mentioned.

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► Population of the Federal Republic of Germany at the end of 1967 was 59,948,000. GIC

► San Marino, a tiny republic, hires its policemen from Italy. With nearly everyone related to everyone else, the San Marinese feel that only foreigners can serve impartially.

National Geographic Society

► Tallest bridge in Europe at present is the one freshly opened between Ragusa and Modica in the lower eastern corner of Sicily. It stands on 11 pylons of various heights, the two central ones rising 420 feet from the gorge which the bridge spans. IE

► Stockholm, Sweden, has a six-lane underground traffic artery beneath its central business district. In the 1970's Paris is planning some 60 subterranean lanes with 50,000 parking spaces. Milan, Italy, wants to put all public transport underground by the year 2000.

National Geographic Society

► Five typists in a United Kingdom factory announced that to help solve the country's economic problems they were going to work an extra half hour a day unpaid. They call their movement "I'm Backing Britain." The idea caught on, and an advertising agency took a page of the London *Times* to offer its services to the movement free. BIS

► One reason given for converting the world's telephone dialing systems to numbers is that letters cause trouble in overseas calls. The Danes have no *W* on their dial. English-speaking users associate the letter *O* with zero, and the French dial includes *Q*. Sweden and New Zealand have no letters at all on their telephone dials.

National Geographic Society

► For 15 years a German mechanic designed and experimented until he perfected a mechanical bricklayer. The robot, the inventor claims, can lay and cement 3,000 bricks an hour, not only in smooth walls but also in corners, chimneys, and other construction. The machine is about 6' by 6' and can be fed with five programs, something like a computer or a modern washing machine. GIC

► Analysis of the volume and types of expenditures for goods and services of population groups in the European Community reveals wide differences in living standards. The average wage-earning family in Luxembourg has the highest standard of living of any such family in the Community and spent 68 per cent more than the Italian family, which had the smallest expenditures. On the farm, life was hardest, according to spending patterns, for Italian families, which spent 80 per cent less than their Dutch counterparts, the pacesetters. *European Community*

► Of those individuals questioned in a recent survey by Keep America Beautiful, Inc., 64 per cent said motorists were the greatest source of country litter. Only 21 per cent, however, thought most of the city litter was tossed on the street by people in moving cars. The main distributors of city litter were found to be pedestrians, 39 per cent, and "commercial activity," 35 per cent.

*Highway User*

► There are 130 basic languages in the world. The dozen most important—in terms of totals of persons who use them as their native tongue—are (numbers indicate millions): Chinese, 460; English, 250; Hindustani, 160; Spanish, 140; Russian, 130; German, 100; Japanese, 95; Arabic, 80; Bengali, 75; Portuguese, 75; French, 65; Italian, 55. GIC

► Bergen Public Library, Bergen, the central library for West Norway operates a book boat, the *Eros*. During the winter cruise season it stops at 320 places in the fjord country. *Eros* has some 2,000 volumes on display in open shelves. NORIS

► Dog-loving Berliners have a bathing beach just for their pets. On hot, summer days hundreds of dogs are brought to swim at the Hundebadestelle beach on Lake Grunewald.

National Geographic Society

► Industrial workers in Luxembourg earn the highest hourly wages in the European Community—\$1.29—while the French work the longest hours—47.3 per week. *European Community*

► Madagascar produces more than half the world's vanilla, selling most of it to the United States.

National Geographic Society

► Foreign manufacturers of automobiles do not release key codes to American locksmiths. A lost key to a foreign car often requires being replaced with a new one, a costly process. AMA

► Final link in the autobahn connecting Hamburg and Munich, Germany, is to be completed in the year 1968. It includes a bridge more than 3,000 feet long at Brückenau in the hills of the Rhön. GIC

► Having produced more than 306,000 tons of mercury in 1966, Italy is now leading Europe in the output of this mineral. Only a part of the production is absorbed by the domestic market, while large quantities are exported all over the world. IE

► Government and industry this year commemorate the 100th anniversary of the discovery of helium. Climax of the centennial will come in October with the unveiling of a monument in Amarillo, Texas, the hub of the nation's helium industry. Columns of the monument will serve as time capsules, and artifacts related to helium and to human civilization will be sealed in them.

National Geographic Society

► Situated on the outskirts of The Hague in the Netherlands, Madurodam is a miniature city containing scale-model (1/25) replicas of Dutch buildings from ancient to modern times. On two miles of winding walks, youngsters are at eye level with the roofs of castles and can look down on jet airplanes taxiing on the runways of a model of Amsterdam's famous Schiphol Airport. Cars and trucks move along the tiny highways, and the miniature canals are alive with boats. Funds to set up Madurodam were given by the parents of George Maduro, who died in a concentration camp in 1945 and was decorated posthumously for conspicuous gallantry during the invasion. Admission fees are given to charities. *Lamp*





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