

FEBRUARY 24, 1970

The Youth's Instructor

Sabbath School Lesson for February 28



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 1970. 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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To contact the editorial staff, write, or telephone Area Code 202, 723-3700.

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Earth Are You Doing for Heaven's Sake?

by **GEORGE AKERS, Ed.D.**

LIFE has been good to all of us. We've had our ups and downs, but we have discovered that life is like a piano: Some play the piano and get discord. Others play it and get harmony. What we put into it determines what it gives back to us.

When life deals us some rough bounces, it tells us what we're made of. If we're resilient and made of good stuff, high-quality rubber, we'll bounce even higher than when we fell. Or we might land at the bottom and prove to ourselves what we really are—a lump of putty. It's the material that makes the difference. The same sun that hardens clay, you know, melts wax.

But this morning we don't have station represented here. As the psalmist said, the Lord is the maker of us all, and the rich and the poor meet together. At the foot of the cross all men are leveled off equal. Each of us has come to church this morning desperately in need of forgiveness and a new power in our lives.

We are all empty people waiting to be filled. We are either fully possessed by God's Spirit and led by Him or we are being used by the enemy. We all have one question—"What is the tilt of my life? In what direction am I inclined? Am I moving toward God or am I moving away?"

On one of his expeditions Lord Shackleton took bearings, traveled all day, and took bearings again at night. He discovered that his party was at the same spot where they had started in the morning. After several days of this, they determined that they were on a huge ice floe that was traveling backwards as fast as they were going forward.

It's instinctive in man to want to know, "Am I making progress? Am I closer to heaven this Sabbath than I was last Sabbath, or last year? Whose side am I really on?"

Abraham Lincoln and Edwin M. Stanton were talking about the Civil War one night. Stanton said, "Lincoln, I wonder if God is on our side?"

Lincoln mused quietly, and his memorable words followed.

"I'm not so sure about that, but I do



want to be sure every night as I go to bed that I'm on God's side."

That's what counts—whether we have His Spirit and are about His business, or whether we're looking out for number one.

This brings us to our text, found in 1 John 4:13: "Hereby know we that we dwell in him, and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit." There was a time when I used to think that a million dollars was the measure of a man. Later on I thought that the measure of a man was an educational degree. But I'm sure we've all lived long enough now to recognize that a mean, hard-bitten, parsimonious, vindictive spirit can be couched in wealth or education. It is the spirit of a man that is his measure.

Isaac Watts was once honored by his townsfolk. As he was being paraded downtown in a carriage, he heard a woman on the side lines say, "Is that the great Isaac Watts? That little runt of a man is the great poet and scientist?"

The little giant drew up to his full height and addressed her. "Madam, were I so tall to reach the pole or grasp the oceans in my span, I must be measured by my soul; the mind is the measure of a man."

Today our young people are interested in soul—soul music, soul poetry, soul enterprises. They want to know that somebody is turned on about something, that he's tuned in. And they seem to be saying:

"I'm not interested in your dogma.

"I'm not interested in your creed.

"I don't care about your traditions.

"I want to know what religion has done for your life. Has it transformed your life, given you happiness, given you victory and beauty of soul?"

We came this morning in different types of automobiles. We left different kinds of homes. We represent different socio-economic strata of life. Yet I trust we're all rich in the things that really count. When is a man rich? When is he poor? He's rich if he has good parents. And I'm sure that I speak for all the alumni this morning when I say that we pay grateful tribute to the moms and dads who have sacrificed to make it possible for us to get a Christian education.

The little old homestead I remember might not have had the newest carpets or the best furniture. But it tells quite a story. I suppose if heaven has a hall of fame, up on the front row there are going to be moms and dads

The Poor

by ELLEN G. WHITE

He who feels whole,
Who thinks that he is
Reasonably good,
And is contented with his condition
Does not seek
To become a partaker
Of the grace and righteousness of
Christ.

Pride feels no need,
And so it closes the heart
Against Christ
And the infinite blessings
He came to give.

There is no room for Jesus
In the heart
Of such a person.

Those who are rich and honorable
In their own eyes
Do not ask in faith,
And receive the blessing of God.

They feel that they are full,
Therefore
They go away empty.

Those who know
That they cannot possibly
Save themselves,
Or of themselves
Do any righteous action,
Are the ones who appreciate
The help that Christ can bestow.

They are the poor in spirit,
Whom He declares
To be blessed.

Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing, p. 7.

who sacrificed this world's goods so that their children could get a Christian education. If there are any relics in heaven that will be transported from this world to the next, I believe they might be some cookie jars and oatmeal boxes that kept the dimes and the dollars that represented the parental sacrifices made so that children could come to a school like this.

Yes, young friend, if you have Christian parents, if you have parents still living with you and they're godly parents, you are rich. I can say along with Abraham Lincoln that all I am or ever hope to be I owe to my angel mother.

If you have true companions, a

sound mind, and a healthy body; if you have had a Christian education that has made its impact on you and given direction to your life; if you have an experience with God this morning and you know Him as your friend, then you are truly wealthy in the things that really count—the affairs of the soul.

A man is only poor when he's without true friends. If he has low ideals; if he gets up every morning and has to look into the mirror and with a guilty conscience see himself as he really is; if he's lost his self-respect; if his family does not love and respect him; if he has a disagreeable disposition that makes enemies and repels friends; if making money has crowded out the cultivation of making a life and all of his investments are laid up on this earth, and he has no investments in heaven—then truly he is an impoverished soul.

The life that reckons its wealth in goods is pitifully hollow and inadequate. Christ said that a man's life consists not in the abundance of the things that he possesses. Without wealth of soul, life is barren, void, and meaningless, and boredom and wretchedness waste the life forces. Speaking of such a one, the prophet describes poverty of soul in words of doleful lament: "Like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh; but shall inhabit the parched places in the wilderness."

If there is one exercise that the devil doesn't want you and me to undertake it is to think about ultimate realities and the condition of our souls. When we think, we begin to focus on eternity.

A Swiss gentleman who had meticulously recorded his eighty years of life, calculated that he had spent twenty-six years of that eighty in bed, twenty-one years at work. Eating took him six years. He was angry nearly six years. He wasted more than five years waiting for tardy people. Shaving occupied 288 days. Scolding his children took twenty-six days. Tying his necktie accounted for eighteen days. Blowing his nose took a dozen days. Lighting his pipe another ten.

He found that he had laughed for only forty-six hours in all of his life. He had a moment of truth when he came to the tally and discovered that he had no time recorded in that eighty years for serious, deliberate thought, asking the basic questions of life.

A colleague of mine was encouraging me not to work so hard. "George, every
To every 6

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Family—Neighborhood—Church—Country

You belong to four societies: family, neighborhood, church, country.

The family breaks down into the poor, middle class, rich. It may be made up of noneducated, educated, noneducatable.

It may be pure English, or German, or Spanish, or French, or any other nationality you can name. Your father may be German, your mother English. Your maternal grandparents may be German-Norwegian. Your paternal grandparents may be English-Dutch.

Your neighbor may be a Swede, a Canadian, a Russian, a Puerto Rican.

In your church may be whites, blacks, Orientals.

If your country is the United States, it will be a melting pot of all peoples, races, national origins. In it are illiterates, intellectuals, imbeciles, educated, uneducated.

Would you disown a handicapped relative?

Would you leave a neighborhood in which other nationalities than English resided?

Would you quit your church if it accepted as members some Japanese, some Argentinians, some Negroes?

Would you seek citizenship in another nation if you had to go to the voting booth with a Pole, or Hungarian, or former inmate of Sing Sing, or an unlettered Marylander who needed someone to mark X for him on his ballot?

This magazine is often given to members of churches other than Seventh-day Adventist. Maybe you are a Roman Catholic. As such, you undoubtedly think of yourself as a Christian. And indeed if you hold no reservations in your service to the Lord there is no reason why you cannot rightfully claim to be a Christian. It would be equally true if you were a Mennonite, or a Methodist, or a Presbyterian.

Even if you aren't a formal church member, your family is meaningful to you. So is your neighbor, your country.

The men and women who are counting in 1970 are those who know what it means to be loyal to family, to neighborhood, to country, to church if they are church members. The time of the draft-card burner, of the hippie, the yippie, the rebel, may be slowly merging into history. The people who march for some cause, be it antiwar or antipoverty, may in the coming months find less fuel for their marches.

What we want to write in these lines is that basic loyalty may be returning to America—to civilized countries. The excitement of the past few months, even years, may cool before we reach 1972.

Loyalty. This is involved in the Ten Words inscribed on stone by the Creator. Loyalty. It surpasses time, or circumstance, or age. It has to do with character—the sort of character that develops from high and holy motives. And it find its finest fruitage in the family—the neighborhood—the church—the nation.

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Grace Notes

Polio The National Easter Seal Society for Crippled Children and Adults appeal is February 23 to March 29. A Photo Mart acceptance from Robert Sheldon illustrates the need for financial help. The cover shows Nurse Sangdaw, of Bangkok San and Hospital,

teaching a polio-crippled orphan to walk. This Easter Seal group is the oldest and largest voluntary agency serving the physically handicapped in the U.S. Last year marked fifty years, and approximately a quarter of a million received care from the society.

time you get too busy you're getting down too close to the grindstone of life. You're missing some of its greatest pleasures—the peculiar pleasures of the mind and the soul. Take this verse out and read it.

"If you keep your nose to the grindstone rough and hold it there long enough, you'll soon forget there are such things as brooks that babble and birds that sing. And for you, your whole world will compose of yourself, the grindstone, and your ground-down nose."

Let's get off the treadmill and take time to really live. I have five questions this morning that I think are basic. What on earth are you doing for heaven's sake? Or are you working for your own sake?

Whose business am I about? Am I pure in heart as Christ spoke of a pure heart? Ellen White puts it in a new perspective when she says: "But the words of Jesus, 'Blessed are the pure in heart,' have a deeper meaning—not merely pure in the sense in which the world understands purity, free from that which is sensual, pure from lust, but true in the hidden purposes and motives of the soul, free from pride and self-seeking."* Have you been emancipated? Have you been freed from pride and self-seeking? God says, "I would like to liberate you from yourself and make you pure in heart."

As you look back over your life, what were the happiest moments you've ever had? Take a little mental side trip right now. Think of the happiest moments you ever had. Wasn't it when you were doing something for somebody else, when it didn't matter for you and you had no stakes in it whatsoever, when you were investing yourself freely in your fellow man?

Too many of us operate our lives on the cafeteria plan—self-service only. History has never paid its tributes to a man for what he got. Millionaires have not been remembered in history, only the humanitarians. Man is remembered by his fellow man for what he gave. This is the great basic principle of finding happiness in life.

Elder H. M. S. Richards likes to tell about the man who always had an angle for everything he did. No favors, no little special assistances for people; everything he did had a price tag on it—10 per cent. He went all through life chiseling and weaseling and slicing off his percentage of interest out of every operation of life. The townsfolk called him "old 10 per cent."

When he died they decided to erect their own grave marker, and here's what they inscribed on it:

"Here lies old 10 per cent.

The more he got the less he spent.
The less he spent the more he craved.
If he gets to heaven, we'll all be saved."

Only that which we can give away do we really possess. Think about it. The things that you cannot part with, you don't possess; they possess you.

I believe that we are seeing today a growing surge of idealism among the younger generation that is so focused and so intense that it is going to force upon our whole culture a new corporate conscience.

A lad slipped into my office several months ago and said, "Professor Akers, I want to join the Peace Corps or go to the mission field. I want to get out of this comfortable middle-class suburban society and get involved in the problems of mankind. I want to get my nose skinned and I want to get my elbows dirty. I want to sleep on their dirt floors and under their thatched roofs and maybe even catch their diseases. I want to laugh with them and cry with them and, if necessary, die with them. I want to give myself for my fellow man."

Yes, this generation is beginning to turn back to us and say, "Are you caught up in grubby 'thing' worship?"

as Emerson put it. Shelley pointed out that too many of us, as we move on through life, take on life's "slow brown stain." Youth are beginning to suspect that we don't care about what's happening to the other half of the world—the unfortunate who are deprived.

Do you have compassion? Do you feel for the people in Biafra? When you see a man who's suffering and hurt do you hurt with him?

Dr. Ernest Melby, of Michigan State University, recently spoke to the graduating class at Andrews. Commenting on education in the United States today, he said, "Why is it that the most schooled nation on this earth, our white affluent people, tolerate the ghetto? Why is it that we white people generally fail to see what it means to be black in America today? Why do many of us steadfastly refuse to give equality and full citizenship to our minority groups? Why have we so little perception of injustice? Why have we so little compassion?"

"Had education given the white middle-class compassion, had education given our affluent people a sense of oneness with their fellow man and a feeling of responsibility for their welfare, we would long ago have done something about the problems that we are facing now, which present us with a crisis for which there is no sure solution."

He went on, "Our failure with the

The Face of Jesus

by S. D. GORDON

A SCOTTISH missionary, home on furlough from her work in India, told this story. She had been teaching a group of children one day, telling them the story of Jesus, bringing out, bit by bit, incidents showing His character. As she was talking, one child, listening intently, grew excited, and then more excited. At last she was unable to restrain herself, and blurted eagerly out: "I know him; he lives near us!"

Quiet Talks on Home Ideals, Fleming H. Revell Company, p. 110.



VERNON NYE, ARTIST

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white middle class is more basic than our failure with the poor. The reality is that, faced with the society we now have, our total educational system is obsolete and bankrupt from the kindergarten through the graduate school. It's not producing men and women with great compassion."

I'm thankful this morning that I graduated from Columbia Union College. It sent me out in the world, not to collect dollars, but to have a love affair with the whole human race. *Amicus humanigerius*, as he might be called in Latin—a friend of all mankind.

Do you have compassion for the Communist Chinese, for the North Koreans? Mark this well: If our partnership with God does not transcend political and racial feelings, then we have nothing significant to say to the human race. Do you believe that? This is the acid test: Do we have compassion?

Do you possess serenity of soul? This comes only by an infilling of the Spirit of God. Elder Lowell Rasmussen tells about the time he was flying in a rickety little plane over Indonesia. While the plane was creaking and groaning and bouncing around, he looked up at the pilot to see how everything was going in the cockpit. Next to the instrument panel was attached a sign that read: "The pilot of this plane is unflappable." That is, imperturbable. He had the ability to go through life with a serenity of spirit that nothing can penetrate to destroy peace of mind.

Several years ago Sidney J. Harris, writing in the *Chicago Daily News*, talked about this ability to be completely possessed of oneself and to be in command. He wrote, "I walked with my friend, a Quaker, to the newsstand the other night. He bought a paper, thanking the newsboy politely. The newsboy only grunted and didn't even acknowledge it.

"A solemn fellow, isn't he," I commented?

"Oh, yes, he's that way every night," shrugged my friend.

"Yet I noticed that you went out of your way to be courteous to him," I said.

"Why should I let him decide how I am going to act?" was his reply.

As I thought about this incident later, it occurred to me that the important word was "act." My friend *acts* toward people. Most of us *react* to them. He has a sense of inner balance lacking in most of us. He knows who he is, what he stands for, and how he should

One Moment

by RODGER K. TENNEY

**One moment is a fleeting thing,
Or an eternity.**

**And yet, a moment is the same
Wherever you may be.**

**The tick of time's a steady pace,
A rigid beat, and stern.**

**The difference lies within your heart,
Sad or gay, in turn.**

behave. He refuses to return incivility for incivility, because then he would no longer be in command of his own conduct.

When we're enjoined in the Bible to return good for evil, we look upon this as a good moral injunction, and it is. But it's a moral psychological prescription, as well, for our emotional health.

Nobody is unhappier than the perpetual reactor. His center of emotional gravity is not rooted in himself where it belongs, but out in the world somewhere outside of him. His spiritual temperature is always being raised or lowered by the social climate about him. He is a mere creature at the mercy of anybody who can get through his frail defenses.

Praise gives him a feeling of euphoria, which is false because it does not last and it doesn't come from self-approval.

Criticism depresses him more than it should, because it confirms his own secretly held shaky opinions about himself.

Snubs hurt him, and the merest suspicion of unpopularity in any quarter arouses him to bitterness.

Serenity of spirit cannot be achieved until we become the master of our own actions and attitudes. To let another determine how we shall act, whether we'll be rude or gracious, elated or depressed, is to relinquish control over ourselves, our own personality, which is ultimately all we possess. The only true possession is self-possession.

The Bible says that the person who rules over his own spirit is mightier than the one who takes a city. Independence and self-supremacy are tokens of servitude to Satan. Would you like to come to this place of imperturbability in your experience? "Great

peace have they which love thy law: and nothing shall offend them."

God says, "My child, I want to fill you with My Spirit so completely that you'll be impervious to the knocks, and the slights, and the bumps of life, so that you can rise up out of your carnality and your human frailty and represent Me. Too often we rob God of the opportunity to show the world what He's really like, because we react to people, rather than act toward them.

Do you reverence life? Not reverence in church, or reverence for the vessels of the Lord, but reverence for people, reverence for life. I think sometimes we fail to recognize that every other human being is truly a child of God.

I found this somewhere, which I thought puts it very aptly: "Our job is to help men get on, not to tell them where to get off." When we give somebody a piece of our mind it usually represents a luxury that we can ill afford. Looking out for the other man is the evidence of true nobility. If you want to know whether a man is a born-again Christian just watch what happens to him when he gets behind the wheel of his automobile. Maybe the golden rule in driving should state: "Dim unto others as you would have them dim unto you."

We can't love people en masse. We love individuals or we don't love at all. You may have someone in this world around whom you feel uneasy. You know—there's a tension when he walks into the room. You wish he would stay on his side of the world, because somehow you grate each other the wrong way; there's an abrasiveness. When this happens God says, "I want to teach you a new reverence about life, if you'll let Me fill you with My Spirit." How do we develop this? Well, we develop it by looking at everybody as we look at ourselves. The Bible says that no man can love God until he loves his fellow man, and he can't really love either one until he loves himself as God loves him.

There are great people, you know, who make little people feel small. But the great man is the man who makes every man feel great. How do you treat the little people, the people who wait on you and serve you? Chesterton said, "That man is great, and he alone, who is considered great by his valet." Right in this Potomac Conference I learned one of the greatest lessons about this thing called rever-

ence for life. It was at a board meeting in Shenandoah Valley Academy.

Elder C. J. Coon, the conference president, was the board chairman. The committee was teetering in the balance wondering whether to strike a position of policy or to look into the needs of a human soul. I remember Elder Coon's reminder.

"Gentlemen, let us remember that people are more important than policies." Anselm, way back in the early centuries, said, "Power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely." If God has given us power over people, then we especially need to develop a great reverence for life. Let us be kind to everyone we meet, because each man is carrying some kind of heavy burden.

Some people do not like themselves. They do not feel accepted of the Lord. Someone has taken away their blessed assurance. They do not know what it means to abide in Christ. They seem involved in a morbid preoccupation, like the little girl who went out in her garden to pull up the carrot every day to find out how it was growing. Ask not, "What does the Lord think of me?" Ask instead, "What does the Lord think of Christ?" because Christ's life covers all our deficiencies. Then we're clean to pass on that love and that appreciation to others.

How do you treat the little people at home? An unknown writer paraphrased 1 Corinthians 13 in this fashion:

"Though in the glamour of public eye I sway the emotions of men by my oratory or by my silver singing or by my skillful playing and then go home and gripe because supper is late or because my clothes were not made to suit me, I become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

"And though I'm able to impress others with my vast knowledge of the deep things of the Word of God, and though I'm able to accomplish mighty things through faith, so that I could be famous among men as a remover of mountains, and I have not the love that reads the deep longings of the little hearts around my family circle and removes the fears that grow up in shy and tender lives, I am nothing at all.

"And though I may win public praise and bestow my goods to feed the poor, and though I win the name and fame of a martyr by giving my body to be burned and yet close up like a clam at home or behave like a snapping tur-

tle, knowing nothing of the glory of giving myself in unstinting, self-denying service to those nearest and dearest me, it profits me nothing.

"Love is not impatient, but kind; it's never put out; it's not irritated; it doesn't pout; it's always gladdened by goodness."

Out in the world there's a certain kind of glamour, because people treat us with deference. But in the home, in the family circle, that's where the bare facts of life, stripped of all of their glamour, confront us. The home is given to every Christian—not to think of himself more highly than he ought. It's in the home that we have the privilege of demonstrating that the Christian life is the faith which worketh by love.

God can use only born-again Christians. That entails much more than just understanding the 2300 days, the state of the dead, the sanctuary, the millennium, and all the rest. Maybe the little girl who was praying could have been referring to you or to me when she said, "Dear God, please make all the bad people good and make all the good people nice."

I believe that if we really have a reverence for people we will give them the benefit of every doubt. And remember that God sees man only in a future tense. He doesn't see him in the past tense. God isn't interested where we've been; He's interested in where we're going.

"Oh, I wish there were some wonderful place called 'The Land of Beginning Again,' where all my mistakes and all my heartaches could be dropped like a shabby old coat at the door and never put on again." If the gospel means anything, it's the good news of new beginnings—a fresh start. And

Mileage

by MARGARET EVELYN SINGLETON

**This day, so slow in revving up,
so sluggish in ignition,
was one the least expected of
with seeming flawed transmission;
once rolling, it has sped beyond
expected destinations—
however far, however fond—
to unmapped revelations.**

anytime you or I pass on a rumor or tell a bad story about something someone has done, we're denying him the fresh beginning God wants to give him.

Do you love? That really is the acid test of whether you or I are about Heaven's business and whether God is giving us His Spirit. You love somebody, and somebody loves you—that's all there is to it. If you don't get that, you don't get anything. So you take the next best thing. You take power or money or fame or whatever little morsel you can pick up for yourself as a second best. If we would give perfect love to our friends and our family maybe they would then begin to grow in grace and we could all be ready for Christ to come.

A wise old cleric once wrote a letter to his parishioners on this subject. He instructed them thus: "There are many of you who want me to tell you of secret ways to become perfect, and I can only tell you that the sole secret is loving. The only way of obtaining that love is to love somebody else deeply. You learn to speak by speaking, study by studying, and run by running. You learn to work by working, and you learn to love God and man by loving. So begin as a mere apprentice, and the very power of love will lead you into the masterful art of loving."

Maybe you're a master mechanic, or a master housekeeper, or a master surgeon, or a master teacher. God says, "I am looking for men and women who are fully open to My Spirit, who will love the whole human race as I love them. I want somebody to be a master in the art of loving." Would you go back to your home today and to your school and to your place of work and say, "I've set about for a new mastery; I'm going to learn how to love"?

You remember Pogo, that denizen of the swamp, who said, "We have met the enemy and he is us." Every one of us knows that deep within us we just naturally don't possess this capacity to love, so now and again the carnal nature rises up and prevents us from doing God's work. There is only one place where you'll find this power.

You won't find it within the twenty-one and a half hours a week the average American spends in front of the TV set. You won't find it in the stir and the noise of the streets; or "where the action is." You'll only find it in that still, quiet place alone with your Maker.

Bishop Trench captured the secret

and the mystery: "Oh, Lord, what a change one short hour spent in Thy presence will avail to make, what heavy burdens from our bosoms take. We kneel how weak; we rise how full of power. Oh, God, why do we do ourselves this wrong—and others—that we're not always strong?"

Much prayer—much power; little prayer—little power; no prayer—no power. It's as simple as that.

Adam had a garden where God walked with him, in the quiet shadows when the day was growing dim. And though one has no garden and some may think it odd, in the sunlight on the city streets, a man may walk with God.

What on earth are you doing for Heaven's sake? God wants you to walk with Him. He has His reason: He wants to walk with you so that He can instruct you and tell you the truth about yourself and fill you with His Spirit. He wants you to represent Him before everyone you meet every day. He wants to make you Exhibit A before the universe as to what can happen to, and with, fully God-possessed mortals. Will you let Him?

A little boy climbed into his father's lap one night and asked for a bedtime story. While the father was looking around for one that he thought would catch the lad's attention the boy looked up full in his dad's face and studied him in worshipful admiration.

"Dad, what's God like?" Straight as an arrow it went to the father's heart, because he knew that he must give an appropriate answer to his little son. But before he could even frame it, the boy smiled from ear to ear and exclaimed, "Dad, I know what God's like. He must be just like you."

Our Master is waiting for us to give ourselves up in loving service. He wants us to develop a great spirit and depth of compassion. He longs to give us a complete serenity and lowliness of heart that He might speak through us. He desires to give us a reverence for all of His children. And He wants to impart to us freely of His great undying love.

"Hereby know we that we dwell in him, and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit." God grant that each of us will experience that indwelling, so that we can get on with our Father's business—the big business of life.

An Irrelevant God?

by ANN HENRY

DID BUDDHA believe in a divine being?" the history-of-religion professor asked.

"Yes, I believe so," the student replied, then added, "only he wasn't relevant."

"Is it possible to have an irrelevant God?" the teacher wanted to know. "If he isn't relevant, is he God?" This started the class buzzing.

* * *

Just as a projector enlarges a film image and portrays it on the screen many times the size of the frame, so human beings are prone to enlarge their thoughts, feelings, and weaknesses and project them into others. With inspired wisdom Paul put it thus: "For in posing as judge and passing sentence on another you condemn yourself, because you who judge are habitually practicing the very same things."¹

This tendency isn't limited to judging fellow creatures. Too frequently we also envision God in a human frame of reference.

A psychologist compared religion to a childhood neurosis and portrayed men as manipulators attempting to coerce a reluctant God into doing what they desire.

Some folk have the impression that Jehovah was once a powerful being but recently He's grown a bit senile. He really doesn't understand the modern world. They are like the students who were asked whether God understands radar. After spontaneously answering "No," they were amused by the absurdity of their response.

These God-images are unrelated to human needs, not inspired by love. We might say they describe irrelevant gods, not the one and only God.

No doubt their originators aren't familiar with His biographies, the Holy Bible and the book of nature. "The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto

the simple."² Getting information from the original source is the best way to make sure it is accurate.

God's Word pictures a Supreme Power with so much love for the beings He was about to create that He couldn't make them robots. Actually it would have been so much simpler, so much more sure, to make machines incapable of error. But God wasn't looking for security. He wanted to give security.

Robots aren't capable of giving or receiving love and obedience. So God was willing to take the chance. He made humans with the power of choice.

To insure man's security, Jesus offered to pay the ultimate consequences if man should make unwise choices. Even man's acceptance of the plan of salvation is optional. Jesus invites each man to indicate assent by "If ye love me, keep my commandments."³ It's as simple as that—loving obedience.

Knowledge about God isn't enough. Man is also supplied the strength to follow the principles the Creator knew would keep humans happy. The Holy Spirit channels this power into individuals during periods of private devotion and public worship.

To one who accepts this love gift, God is not dead. God becomes very much alive. And so does the converted sinner.

Just as God was personally interested in him, so the renewed man discovers he is responding to the needs of others. He finds his greatest joy in giving, in service. He is truly recreated in the image of God.

Is the image you project one of irrelevant gods, or of the relevant God?

¹ Rom. 2:1, from *The Amplified Bible*. Copyright 1965 by the Lockman Foundation. Used by permission of Zondervan Publishing House, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49506.

² Ps. 119:130.

³ John 14:15.

* *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, p. 25.

From a sermon first preached at Sligo Seventh-day Adventist church, April 5, 1969.

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KREIGH COLLINS, ARTIST



TENACITY in Mission

by SYDNEY ALLEN, Ph.D.

*Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?
—Lamentations 1:12.*

A PUBLISHER'S advertisement in the religious press pictures a wilted man wearing an unknotted tie around the yoke of his open-collared shirt. The caption matches his expression of scorn:

"Salvation? Forget it!"

The remark is characteristic of a certain attitude that Christians often encounter today, especially among that class of young people which prides itself on its emancipation from the concerns of the older generation.

It is not easy to find any common ground that will permit successful faith-sharing with such people. It isn't so much that these people are hostile—they simply pretend that they don't care.

Our first temptation may be to decide that they are wedded to their vices and idols and should therefore be let alone. Once in a while, however, it may be our lot to find such a person who is open enough to permit a true exchange of views and feelings.

What can we say to them? In order to say anything useful we must try to understand why this person tries to tell us that he doesn't care for what the gospel offers.

A Christian who cares deeply for the things of God will find it hard to fathom such an apparently calloused rejection of his Lord. He may find himself resenting such a person, and his hostility will show. It will probably bring the conversation to an end.

We must try to be as tolerant as was our Lord in His conversation with the woman of Sychar. He did not allow her morally repugnant way of life to make Him reject her. He stayed "on course" in His pilgrimage with her, and He led her to salvation.

The issues of life, the questions that have to do with man's destiny press so hard on the mind and heart of the sensitive Christian that he may be tempted to reject the person for whom

such matters scarcely seem to exist. Here is a proper arena for the patience of the saints.

Is the real man before us the one who tells us to forget about this matter of salvation? He probably thinks so. He thinks that the question of salvation has no interest for him because he has already settled it, in the negative.

He has consciously tried to exclude God from his life and imagines that he has succeeded. There have been many like him throughout the history of man, but they have all succeeded only in deluding themselves. The voice that rang through Eden, calling, "Where art thou?" always catches up with the fleeing sinner, no matter where he tries to hide.

The role of the Christian witness is to try to show such a man that his decision is not irrevocable and that what he has really done is to replace God with an idol that is unworthy of his status in God's plan.

For man, we have been truly told, is incurably religious. If he does not worship the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, if he does not worship Jesus Christ, he will surely make and worship some false deity of his own.

Who and what are the popular gods of today's streamlined heathen? Any object that captures the affections of a man to the exclusion of the legitimate demands of our Creator and our fellow men is an idol. They aren't always called or known as deities, of course, but that's what they really are.

They are as numerous as the godlings in any openly polytheistic culture ever were, and are more attractive.

There is this difference, of course. The pagan kneeling before his totem will readily acknowledge that he is worshiping and that the object of his worship is rather repulsive, but the supposedly unbelieving young man who toils for some secular goal every working moment will probably deny both that it is his god and that it is unworthy of his efforts.

In affluent societies dedication to politics or social reform seems to be a popular surrogate for religion. In other countries nationalism—the loyalty to one's own that excludes all other concerns and is ready to make any sacrifice to advance its aims—holds the field. Large numbers, of course, have joined the cult of the alienated.

What is this cult? What is the real god of young people who talk about "dropping out" and "doing their own thing"?

We do not wish to be thought hostile to these youth, many of whom are extremely talented and have high ideals. The evidence, however, is that after having decided to "drop out" because of disgust over the evil results that they have seen in their parents, who worshiped the goddess "success," they have turned to an even less worthy divinity—the hagfish deity "indulgence."

Why do the unwashed young run barefoot and live in hovels? So they can save money for things that will titillate their senses. You doubt it? Ask them.

This is certainly no worthy aim for a person who has a conscience. With all the work there is to do in the world before even half of its people will be able to live a decent life, it is melancholy indeed to see so many potentially useful people "waiting around," accomplishing little more than the growth of a beard.

It is not easy to persuade such people that they are spending their life for a paltry objective, but with God's help it is sometimes possible. We can make the suggestion and then let life, the gospel's finest human ally, and the Holy Spirit, who woos even those who resist it, do the rest.

So let us not take indifference at face value. Even if it persists, we shouldn't consider it permanent.

God's Word is still like a hammer, and He never tires of swinging it. He won't batter open an unwilling heart, but if there is a tiny crack He will enlarge it and go in.

Try It and See

by CHRIS COLLINS





ACROSS the breakfast table from me sat Elder Leonard Clements from the Review and Herald Publishing Association. He had come to help my father, the Book and Bible House manager in New York, get things ordered for camp meeting.

Since the publishing secretary had been a friend of the family for many years, we could talk together with freedom. He suddenly turned to me and said, "My son Mark is going to canvass this summer. You should try it too."

For several summers dad had tried to get me to sell magazines or small books, not only so I could help pay for some of my schooling but also so I could help distribute good literature.

An older brother of mine had canvassed for three years with fair results. But whenever canvassing had been mentioned among my own friends, usually not much enthusiasm was shown. I would have liked to canvass before, except my father kept urging me to, and this was something I didn't want to be pressed into. When I was good and ready I would do it on my own. I guess dad finally realized this, because he hadn't mentioned canvassing for quite some time.

Now Elder Clements had raised the question. I wasn't sure of myself, so didn't say much. He continued by trying to find out what I really wanted—to get my driver's license and go to Wisconsin camp meeting to visit my old friends for a week. When he finally got it out of me, he said, "I'll bet your father would let you get your license and fly to Wisconsin if you canvassed this summer."

Dad looked at him as if to say, Who says I'll do any such thing? But finally he agreed, and somehow I was wrangled into canvassing.

All too soon the school year ended.

Summer began, bringing along a field man to initiate me, and a good supply of books and free literature. First, I went to Union Springs Academy for a three-day training session for student colporteurs. We had to get acquainted with our books and learn what to say. Then we practiced on one another—all the steps, right from getting in the door to the closing of the sale. Our practice partner was to give objections and excuses. This was our biggest lesson to learn—how to overcome objections.

Naturally, the first selling day is the hardest. You are scared to death and don't know what to say or do. Mr. Dinneney was the new assistant publishing man. He had only been canvassing about a year himself, but he gave the first few canvasses so I could see how it was supposed to be done. Then it was my turn.

If you had faithfully memorized your canvass everything went fine. A set of books was sold our first day, so I was encouraged. But at times there were discouraging weeks when I sold only a few small fifty-cent books.

High-school-age students sold *Triumph of God's Love, Your Bible and You, Golden Treasury of Bible Stories*, and the *Tiny Tots Library*. These came to a total of \$54, including a year's subscription to *Life and Health*. If the people would not buy all of these we would try to sell a portion of them. As a last resort we would try to sell some small books such as *Steps to Christ* and *The Marked Bible*.

I soon got my driver's license, and Phyllis Orsburn, the publishing secretary's daughter, and I worked in Syracuse. It was hard work from 9:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. with a short stop for lunch. After we had gone home and eaten supper we would work for a couple of hours in the evening.

In this type of work you meet people from all walks of life. Some are kind to you, others are rude.

Many people are sincere, yet they don't want to buy books. They merely want to unburden their problems, or to talk to someone who will agree with their point of view.

I remember one such woman very

clearly. She was of Greek Orthodox faith. The ritual and seemingly very reverent, God-loving people in her church she thought of as wonderful. Her church meant much to her. Tears came to her eyes as she talked with me of the way the world is going and the general religious attitude of people nowadays. She loved the books, but didn't have the money to buy.

Some people don't want any religion at all. In a beautiful house I found this type of family. The woman explained that children only had to know what was right and wrong and obey the moral laws and have fun in life. In her opinion, some need God because they are unstable and require something to lean upon. If they have been taught to depend on Christ they will probably have to do this the rest of their lives. On the other hand, if she brought up her children not depending on Christ she believed He would then never be necessary in their lives.

You may also meet former Adventists. Deep inside they often want to do what they know is right, yet they can't bring themselves to it for one reason or another. One such man wanted us to try to convert his wife, but she had no interest.

How well do I remember the day I sold my first set of books on my own for cash! We were working in Auburn during camp meeting when I met a woman with several small children. The mother seemed to like the books somewhat, but because of her lack of enthusiasm about them, I nearly fell off my chair when she paid cash for a complete set.

Canvassing near the conference office in Syracuse, I met a woman who had bought *The Bible Story* books several years before. I could see that they had been used often. Even though it meant sacrificing, she was eager to purchase Uncle Arthur's *Bedtime Stories*, which she had seen advertised in some of our magazines.

Meeting so many different kinds of people and the many experiences you get from canvassing are among the blessings that you will receive from no other work. You feel as though you are really doing some missionary work for the Lord. Besides the spiritual benefits, there are also monetary benefits. Last summer with God's help I sold literature worth \$940. I must say that I enjoyed my summer and learned many valuable lessons.

Canvassing is fun. Try it this summer or anytime, and see.

The Pattern

by DOROTHY EMMERSON

YESTERDAY I was at the pattern counter in a nearby department store looking through various pattern books, when suddenly I found just the style I had been searching for. I was so excited I hardly looked up from the pattern book as I called out, pleasantly enough, I thought, "Please, could I have pattern number 72530?"

The saleslady in the pattern department snapped back, "You can see I'm busy, can't you? You'll just have to wait!" Then she remarked to no one in particular, "Some women!"

I had not meant to rush her, and I certainly had not meant to offend her. It was obvious I had, however, and so I humbly said, "Of course, I'll be glad to wait."

Still seething, this woman walked into a back room for a while, and when she came out she deliberately went up to a woman who had come in after I had and helped her first. At last she sauntered over to me.

Although her actions were irritating, I had made up my mind I would not let it bother me. When she told me the size pattern I wanted was not in stock, I asked, "Do you know if it is on order?"

Brusquely she answered, "I haven't the slightest idea whether it's on order."

"Well, too bad for me," I said. "I guess I'll just have to look for another pattern." Soon I found another one I liked even better than my first selection. Then I glanced over at her where she was glumly perched on a stool.

"Have you found another one?" she asked.

"Yes, thank you," I replied.

As she brought me the pattern she hesitatingly said, "This is a nice style. I hope you will enjoy it." Then she quietly added, "Thank you for being so kind and patient. This has not been my day."

A miracle had happened. This had been my day.

Shore Break



by **WALTER SCRAGG**

THERE IS a moment, when the wave is kind and you are alone with the onrushing, downcurving water, that riding the surf seems the only thing in the wide world worth doing.

Whether you ride a board, or pit your protesting flesh against the curving breaker, exhilaration floods over you as tons of water drive you onward through the shore break.

I know of nothing so physically satisfying as to find myself crashing down the front of a wave that has gathered power from a distant storm, sensing the battle between the racing power that carried you on and the outgoing tide building for the next wave.

No wonder millions of youth and older people adopt this as their sport.

But many times I have tried to intro-

duce friends to the mystique of the wave only to find that they lack the balance of judgment, experience, and daring that makes it possible to ride a wave. Perhaps it is something that must be learned in childhood.

Judgment is the key word. In a few moments you must decide whether the shape, height, position, and the lift of the wave are right for you to commit yourself to its power.

Often, when body surfing, at the last moment you look down, see the few inches of water between the base of the wave and the sandy bottom, and let that one go by.

Mistakes in judgment can be illuminating and sometimes costly. There is power in that water. It can pick you up, turn you over, slap you down on the bottom, roll you over and over like a ball until you stagger to your feet spluttering water and gasping for breath.

Once I rode up on a wave, decided at the last moment to let it go by—there was raw sand below me when I looked down! But a fellow surfer decided he could master it. When I looked for him in the shore break he was reeling toward the beach with his right arm hanging at a grotesque angle, broken by the combined fury of the water and the sand beneath.

You see, it is in the shore break that you really know the success of your venture.

But this is not a treatise on how to ride the wild surf!

Except that . . .

Judgment, experience, and decision, plus a little daring, are the very things life demands of us.

We say, "He rode to success on a wave of popularity." As if he had nothing to do with it—chance brought the rewards and swept him, willy-nilly, to

something that he hardly anticipated. It seldom happens this way.

Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery amazed and delighted the Allies with his daringly executed defeat of Rommel in Northern Africa. But behind that success lay years of training and experience. And he did not even try for the wave until he knew he was completely master of the situation. Then nothing could stop him.

Listen to this, "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, . . . that we might receive the adoption of sons" (Gal. 4:4, 5). Even God gauged carefully the moment when He should act.

Think of the conjunction of events necessary before God could send Jesus into the world. Not just the right descendant of David at the right time. But the condition of Judea, the power of the Roman Empire, the possibility of finding followers who could expand the nursing church, the power of pagan religions, the effect of Greek philosophy, and a million other factors had to be programmed into history to ensure the probable success of His mission.

Talk about computers!

And all this had to be done no less than five hundred years before the event; because it was during Daniel's time that God finally revealed to man the exact date of Jesus' ministry.

God did not override the circuits in the computer of history. He could see ahead. But each of the thousands who must have played a part in the events that finally brought "the fulness of time" was an independent, often capricious human.

Thus God described in advance the wave of history that made it possible for the church to expand to the corners of the earth. One miscalculation, and it might have been crushed or distorted.

What a God to trust!

What a risk that the shore break of history would find it all to no avail!

What judgment, what daring, what love!

Commenting on the top-paid people in the United States, *Time* magazine says, "on balance, the people who are paid best are those who are regularly called upon to display one of the most valuable of all commodities: judgment" (Feb. 28, 1969).

Can a person develop judgment? Yes, to a point. This is the importance of experience. It teaches judgment—at least to those who are able to learn from it.

But for others, life is a continuous journey through the same crises, the same lessons.

With good judgment you can look at all sides of a question, see the possible path down which each alternate decision will lead you, and be right sufficient times for you to trust yourself and for others to trust you. After all, it is the quality of the decisions made that determines the success of a leader. Making decisions can be easy, yet making good decisions may demand all the intelligence, experience, and consecration a person can muster.

Consider Peter slipping through the back entrance to the palace of the high priest. Curious, heartbroken, but determined to see the end. While Jesus faced the council Peter sat with the servants catching the latest news of the trial from them as they came and went.

When a teen-age girl spotted him and said, "I know you, you were with Jesus," Peter weighed the alternatives and did not like what he saw down some of the roads of the future. After all, he would be of more value to Christ free than in jail, alive than dead.

Another girl saw him, perhaps the first had whispered her suspicions to her. She tried him out again and voiced her accusations, "That man there was with Jesus." This was getting bad. Any moment one of the soldiers who were there when he had cut off the ear of the high priest's servant might come in. Then what?

The wave was building.

In the next-to-final scene in this little drama Peter showed cunning but not judgment. His cursing and swearing possibly convinced the group in the servants' hall.

But then the wave crashed down. The crowing of a rooster, the reproachful look of Jesus, engulfed Peter in a turbulent flood of remorse and self-condemnation.

All through that bitter week, past the cross and the resurrection, Peter floundered for his footing. Even Jesus' words of personal concern "Go, and tell Peter and the disciples . . ." hardly penetrated.

But the sea of life rolled on, and another wave was building. Despite the resurrection and the miracles of Jesus' appearance, the disciples had no clear vision of what they should do. They were back home, robbed of initiative, judging the future without Christ as hopeless.

"I'm going fishing," said Peter.

"We will come with you," said the others.

Again this could easily have ended in remorse and disaster. But this time Someone was there to help. That night they caught no fish—it was the story of three and a half years before. But in the morning Jesus stood on the shore.

They did not recognize Him. But they answered His hail "Have you caught anything?" with a dejected "No."

Did it strike some spark of memory in Peter's mind when the shout came back, "Try the other side of your boat, there are fish there!" John remembered first and gazed keenly shoreward at the figure standing on the beach. "It is the Lord!" he exclaimed.

Peter jumped into the sea and waded for the shore. Behind in the boat the others rowed shoreward dragging their net with its bulging catch.

But already Jesus had lighted a fire and had food for them. "Look, Peter; look, men," His actions said, "I can care for your needs, I can feed you, I can give you success. Judge carefully the events of this morning. Fishing from a boat is not your real purpose in life."

For Peter it was a time of bitter sweetness. Rebuke and challenge went hand in hand as Jesus spoke to him "Do you love Me, Peter?" Simple question—but then there was the maid who heard him deny and swear. There was the struggle in the currents of remorse and denial. "Yes, Lord, You know I love You."

Three times the arrowing words pierced him. Three times he heard the commission, "Feed my sheep." Do what I have told you to do. Don't let one disaster ruin your life. You can do it, Peter. I need you. I want you. All this Peter heard in the words of his Lord.

And he rode the wave successfully into leadership.

And in the sea of humanity another wave was building. As it swept in with its power, Peter and the disciples knew Pentecost and success. Again and again the waves broke until Christianity spread to the world.

Judgment, decision, initiative, daring—qualities of success. In Christian living your own natural qualities are not good enough. You need something more. You need your experience, the example of Christ and other Christians. There is a judgment you can trust.

"You will hear a voice behind you saying, this is the way, walk ye in it."

Go... and Compel

by GRACE THIEBAUD

WHAT DID the neighbors have to say about Big Tim? Did one ever approach him with the words of life?

Listen to the turbaned women across the street while they shake rugs from the side porch: "There goes old Tim! Out for his morning constitutional! He must think he is a president or something important. Leaves his womenfolk to work in that hot kitchen for the boarders! Just what does he think he is anyway?"

This ritual was repeated any day when there was not a downpour of rain in the humid section. The women, along with other neighbors, had near-contempt for the tall, portly man with the big, light-colored Stetson hat, as he headed for the Jewish section of small shops in the congested area and on out to the Italian truck farms.

The man was battling with thoughts and disappointments of which the on-lookers did not dream. "What might have been" plagued him day and night. To whom could he talk? Money was gone, and age was against him in finding employment.

On those early morning walks Big Tim communed with himself, wishing

things had not turned out as they had. He pictured himself back on the turpentine plantation in Georgia, restless and set on exploring new frontiers. A lad of sixteen, he had left home for Texas, doing odd jobs and taking part in the long cattle drives to Kansas and the Canadian border when Indians and buffalo were not confined to reservations and national parks. His salary was a mere pittance for such taxing work.

After fourteen years he found the girl of his choice, so with a saddle pony and twenty-five dollars, he rented a strip of land in central Texas. Hard work was his meat, and as the family grew, so did his savings.

The time came when he no longer had to rent. Instead, he purchased more and more land, which he rented to others. His integrity was beyond doubt; his word was as good as his bond. Bankers took recognition of him. A candidate for governor of Texas made a bid for his support. As the years rolled on, his influence in the community increased.

Wherever he moved, Big Tim's house had to be the largest, partly through necessity, but also for the sake of his

pride. Investments continued to prosper, crops multiplied, and all the creature comforts were supplied.

Despite these things, something was lacking. He scarcely knew what it was, but the restlessness persisted. The fault did not lie with his family, for he felt his wife and children were as fine as could be found anywhere. Then why was full contentment so elusive?

Church activities? Big Tim had not taken time for such things. A favorite preacher called occasionally, and a donation was handed to him, but this reserved man felt out of place in church. Crowds of people did not appeal to him as much as the great outdoors. Dogs, cattle, horses, chickens, and birds sensed he was their friend, and rarely was one found that feared him. He always felt at ease among them.

On those walks, which the turbaned women criticized, Big Tim recalled the real-estate transaction in which he was glad to dispose of the extensive acreage infested with grasshoppers and repeatedly battered by hailstones. He exchanged all of his land holdings in the dry areas for thousands of acres in the more lush region of rice cultivation.

The move was made at Christmas, and no Yuletide dream could have been more pleasing in reality for his loved ones than what they saw at journey's end: a large white house with stately columns; a yard filled with roses, jasmine, palms, and honeysuckle; a wooded background beyond the fields and lake. A foreman's bungalow, a boarding house for white employees, an office building, a commissary, power plant, cooling house for milk, huge barns and stables, and a row of small red cottages for colored people completed the picture of a prosperous little village. Negroes were on hand for every bidding.

According to worldly thinking, these things should have brought contentment, but perturbing problems persisted. Expenses were mounting for all the help. Destructive rice birds had to be

shot. The power plant experienced machinery trouble, with resultant lowering of the water level in the irrigating canals. Rain often came at undesired times, and muddy roads slowed travel. Frog serenades interfered with sleep. Alligators snatched baby pigs near the edge of the lake. Wood ticks were numerous in the grayish-green moss draping the trees.

On the positive side, however, Big Tim remembered how the family enjoyed the lovely setting and the change from town to country living. Rides in little boats that were poled offered recreation. The translucent beauty of giant water lilies with their faint lemony fragrance was inspiring. The variety of water birds produced wonderment. Enormous blackberries growing untended by the lake were prepared frequently by colored Maria into luscious cobblers served with rich Jersey cream. Added to these things were indications of a bountiful rice harvest, though Big Tim was inexperienced in this type of grain culture.

Such thoughts flitted through his mind as he walked and walked while the turbaned women critically talked and talked.

Big Tim seldom could relax when he remembered the fire that occurred at dawn on the plantation on the very day he was to insure the second harvested crop of rice—wiping out the chances for meeting the payment due on the purchase of the place. Though he had no known enemies, it was evident the destruction was caused by arson. Dark, dreary weeks followed when all efforts to cover the loss failed. The sheriff's eviction notice was posted, and all the property reverted to the corporation previously owning it.

The city where Big Tim now walked received him and his humiliated family indifferently as they located in a mediocre section. Down, down went the limited money salvaged from the one-time big bank account, and no income was in prospect. Eventually, their only food was flour for biscuits, milk from a Jersey cow staked in the back yard, and gravy made from bacon grease. A small garden spot supplied a few vegetables in season. One by one the chickens brought from the country disappeared, either for their table use or because of theft.

The family lived in a daze. Pride would not permit a room to be rented. "Tomorrow will turn the tide," they reasoned, but matters only grew worse. They lost the equity in the tall house

and were forced to move to a manufacturing section for cheap rent. The air was thick with smoke from railroad shops and factories. The house leaked and looked ready to crumble. Its only redeeming feature was a tall wisteria vine loaded with purple blossoms that faint would cover the scars of neglect.

An older son left for the sulphur mines, while the younger boy headed for the cotton fields. They seldom wrote. The daughters had not been trained to work, so they could not find very remunerative jobs. At last the mother put a sign in the window: "Home-cooked Meals." A response or two, but still expenses could not be met. Luxurious quantities of food and other supplies had been theirs too many years, so they did not know how to economize.

A relative found a larger place for them—the boarding house across the street from the turbaned women. Rooms could be rented on the second floor to factory and railroad workers. Big Tim grieved that the family had been reduced to this level of monetary need, but he and the family members tried to lift their chins, clean the rooms, serve the food, but withal, keep themselves aloof. All felt they were better than the people who were helping them eke out an existence.

Over and over Big Tim reproached himself for losing his life's earnings. He censured himself that he and his family had not traveled extensively when he had the money. The ends of the earth could have been viewed with scarcely a dent made in the bank account. He regretted he had not sent the younger son to A and M College—the son who lost his life in a train accident after that one summer of cotton picking, the son who did not like school's confinement, but who preferred to take any machine apart and put it together again. The death of this son nearly led Big Tim to commit suicide as he considered what might have been done for him had he only thought in time.

The worried man saw how exhausted his wife and older daughters were becoming from the grind of cooking and dishwashing with no air-cooling system and few labor-saving devices. He wanted to ask forgiveness, but no one in the family blamed him, nor did they have time to listen. No one knows whether he talked to God, since no one had ever heard him make a public prayer. Certain it was that he had no earthly help in his waking moments of despair.

He found walking to be a lifesaver, but the weariness from age began to be felt. A few moments' rest in a park, and then he would start out again. The direction did not matter. The muddy waters of Buffalo Bayou called to him, but he knew that was the coward's way out and would add to the problems of his already-burdened family.

Sometimes he paused at the entrance to an old downtown building where noisy services were being held by a religious group. Since he was not dressed well, he felt better about entering a meeting of this nature than if he had visited a more fashionable church. Never had he witnessed such shouting and confusion! Occasionally, a younger daughter accepted his invitation to attend one of the meetings. She too was intrigued by the service, but soon the novelty wore off for both of them.

Then Big Tim passed another meeting place that announced a spiritualist medium would be in charge. He found the gathering even more strange than the previous place visited. He urged family members to hear the spiritualists, and out of curiosity they did. They had not the faintest idea they were on devils' ground, but they did realize something weird and mysterious was going on. After returning home, their vivid imaginations led to the hearing of strange sounds, which, in turn, led to loss of sleep. They showed wisdom in canceling future visits to such places.

So the declining days passed for Big Tim, who staunchly clung to life while the spark of hope for bettering the financial condition of his family grew more dim.

Big Tim finally fell asleep in death after a three-day illness, and was laid to rest beneath the Southern pines and magnolias. Will he be called forth in the first resurrection? If not, will the people in his neighborhood who had knowledge of the everlasting gospel carry some of the blame? So far as I know, they did not invite him to any spiritual feast. Will the turbaned women who misjudged him have any penalty to pay?

Big Tim was my father. I feel his outlook might have been different had a true follower of the compassionate Saviour heeded these words: "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled" (Luke 14:23). This is the Lord's counsel to His servants.

Along the way there are many Big Tims needing you and me to show them the path to eternal life.



Links in a Chain

PART THREE

by **BARBARA VANDULEK**
as told to **GERTRUDE LOEWEN**

YOUR RELIGIOUS affiliation?" the nurse questioned while completing my hospital entrance record before wheeling me into the operating theater for my emergency appendectomy.

"Methodist," I replied.

Dr. Herman Slate came to where I lay on a stretcher. "My family used to be Baptists—old friendly rivals of the Methodists!" he remarked.

After surgery, when he checked on my postoperative progress, he noticed my Bible beside my bed. "That's a grand old Book," he exclaimed. "It holds the answer to all our questions and nourishes our souls the same as good food builds strong bodies."

His professional competence, sense of humor, and concern for my physical and spiritual welfare won my confidence. His casual reference to some religious topic on each visit also led me to conclude that perhaps the Baptists best exemplified the kind of Christianity I desired. A week later I went home, but an uncomfortable night returned me by ambulance to the hospital the next morning for another week of recuperation. Dr. Slate lent me several booklets—*Judy Steps Out*, *The Marked Bible*, and *Prophecy Speaks*. "Something's different about that doctor," I remarked to a nurse one day.

"He's a Seventh-day Adventist."

"What's that?"

"They attend church on Saturday."

"Like the Jews?"

"Yes, but not exactly."

"But I thought he told me that he was a Baptist."

"I've only known him as an Adventist."

"He shows a special concern for his patients. I'd like to learn more about his religion."

A week after the hospital dismissed me I went to the doctor's office for a checkup. "What does the future hold for you?" he questioned. "Will you go to school or to work?"

"I'll return to my secretarial position at the research institute."

"That probably explains the serious expression on your face and your interest in the Bible. Do you enjoy research work?"

"New discoveries always thrill me, and I can't wait to learn more."

"Does your research include God? Does He fit into your plans?"

"Oh, yes, I pray constantly for Him to show me where to go and what to do."

Before my second appointment I'd decided to ask the doctor whether I might study the principles of Christianity with someone who believed as he did, but he seemed to have already perceived my questing spirit. "Would you like to join my wife and me as we study the Bible in our home next Saturday afternoon?" he invited. "Our two daughters, near your age, will enjoy meeting you also."

Practically adopting me into their family, the Slates gave me a real idea of their Christ-centered faith. Every

Sabbath afternoon we sang hymns and studied together, and a month after my surgery I attended a Seventh-day Adventist church service with them.

During the last week of September, despite my family's objection, I moved into Esther's apartment. Then I resumed my research institute work, enrolled in an evening university class, and counseled with the pastor of the church I attended on Sundays concerning spiritual questions that troubled me. However, instead of feeding his hungry lamb, he attempted to nourish me with vitaminless, evasive answers that merely whetted my appetite for solid truth. One evening his assistant stopped at my apartment. "Please explain the difference between law and grace," I requested.

As if struck by a lightning bolt, he jumped from his chair. "I must go to my next appointment," he stuttered. "My chief will discuss that situation with you."

When the pastor called on me, he came without his Bible and wove fanciful generalizations around my questions concerning righteousness by faith and works, the state of the dead, and Christ's second coming. "Your love for Christ will make you a good person. Let these other matters take care of themselves," he soothingly philosophized.

His vague explanations so disillusioned me that I never returned to his church. During the next few months, in my search for the answers to my

persistent questions, I met several strong personalities who helped shape my life's future, among them a Moral Rearmament girl. "Come with me to a weekend meeting in Mackinac Island, Michigan," she invited.

There I learned that these people professed indifference to the kind of religion that one espoused as long as he maintained morally right relations with God and his fellow men. In their program of "listening to God" at each day's beginning, they urged a national ideology founded on the unblemished morals of absolute love, absolute honesty, and absolute purity. Possessing a zealotry for a cause that I'd never before witnessed, they influenced me to remove the make-up from my face (and I never again used it).

After that weekend I attended their local gatherings and tried to adapt their wholehearted piety to the ideas I'd imbibed from the Slates. "How do you regard the Bible?" I inquired. "Do you believe in the second coming of Christ and in the Sabbath?"

"Irrelevant theological matters don't interest us. The world needs action, not doctrine," they replied, dampening my enthusiasm for their religiosity.

Then I became acquainted with a Presbyterian girl, whose consistent morning and evening devotions and dynamic witnessing for Christ influenced me tremendously. "God designs for each of the many religious sects to fill a special need," she advocated. "Although my code of ethics fully satisfies me, I don't expect you to become a Presbyterian in order to experience Christ in your life."

The vast assortment of creeds that I'd encountered seemed hopelessly to entangle me in a confusion from which I vainly sought to extricate myself. "O Lord," I pleaded, "please help me—show me how to wholly follow Thee."

During the Christmas holidays my close association with two Moral Rearmament girls, whom I'd invited as house guests, convinced me that I couldn't find my answer in their movement. Then I celebrated New Year's Eve with friends of different faiths—a Methodist, a Jehovah's Witness, two Presbyterian girls, and two young men from the Christian Service Center. After attending the Presbyterian church's midnight service with them, I despaired that any of their religious concepts could clarify for me the Bible truths that I'd absorbed from the Slates.

From January until April no new theories presented themselves to me

for testing. Then a Church of Christ student in my evening German class learned of my interest in Adventism. "My wife and I would like to discuss the Bible with you," he suggested.

While they could fluently quote Scripture, they distorted certain passages and used some of them out of context. Contrasting their scholarly manner, I fumblingly turned to my texts, but determined to increase my skill in Biblical matters before again sharing my convictions.

Although I'd moved into my own

Evening

by NINA WILLIS WALTER

The brush of a mighty artist,
Unseen by human eye,
Splashes with pink and purple
The canvas of evening sky,
Producing a master painting
Of marvelous design,
Untrammelled, free as fancy,
A harmony divine.

apartment, I regularly ate Sunday dinner with my family, who became alarmed that strangers had influenced me toward seeming flightiness from one religion to another—Episcopalian, Methodist, Moral Rearmament, Presbyterian, and Seventh-day Adventist. That I no longer wore make-up or jewelry, never dated young men, and attended church on Saturday instead of on Sunday disturbed them greatly.

"Barbara, you're hopeless! What kind of fellow will look at you twice now that you're as pale as a ghost? You're fast becoming the world's most peculiar old maid," mother ridiculed. "Won't you wear this ring just to please me?" she pleaded.

My lipstickless lips worried her, but that I'd discarded my jewelry, especially the family ring—a polished jade in an antique setting, rich in sentimental value since grandfather had given it to his daughter, and she to me on my fourteenth birthday—horried her. "Mother, outward adornments distract from the best in the inward life. That kind of beauty's only skin deep, merely a covering that hinders the real beauty of the 'fruits of the Spirit' from shining through the countenance," I tried to explain.

"Fruits of the Spirit? What do you mean?"

"Love, joy, peace, longsuffering—I want to wear them as my make-up and jewels. From my outward changes I'd hoped that you could understand what I've experienced inwardly."

Unable to comprehend my words, she searched for some clue to my present behavior. "Did you really have to break your engagement to Kevin?" she questioned.

"Mother, you never liked the Kendalls' superficial emphasis on class and prestige."

"Well, he might have kept you from becoming a fanatic, making it utterly impossible for you to find a suitable husband. Now that you've graduated from college, you'll find your chances for marriage very slim."

"Some nice young men have asked to date me."

"But you turned them all down."

"Yes, because I don't want to become involved with anyone again until I can formulate my ideas of what to expect in a young man. Casual dates don't interest me."

"That your colorless face attracts them amazes me, but that you refuse to go out with them seems unbelievable. Are you cutting yourself off from all men?"

Formerly a young man's courteous attentions had flattered me. Now I searched for deeper values and didn't wish to form an attachment with someone not holding the same ideals that I cherished. However, I first needed to crystallize my own faith before accepting the one whom God might choose for me. Then, suddenly I realized that the Bible truths that I'd learned from the Slates had gradually carried me over the thin dividing line of doubter, to seeker, and finally to believer. God had marvelously answered my prayer to "show me the way."

Had my marriage plans materialized, the establishment of a home would have prevented my serious concern with new ideas, or had I remained at home with my parents I'd have lacked the privacy in which to study the Bible to bring conviction to my heart. From the security of my home God led me to a hospital bed where I could observe an Adventist surgeon's faithful witness for his Saviour. However, before affiliating myself with the Seventh-day Adventists, I had to settle several matters.

This is the third installment of a five-part serial. Part four will appear next week.

The Youth's Instructor, February 24, 1970

Sabbath School Lesson

Prepared for publication by the General
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February 28

OBEDIENCE THROUGH CHRIST 9

"And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God." Rom. 12:2.

True obedience is more than conformity to the law of God. It is a living response, motivated by love, to the voice and words of God. Sin disrupted the perfect communion between man and his Maker, but Christ restored this relationship and made it possible again to be in harmony with God's will. Every believer in God should face the question: How faithful am I to my responsibilities as a child of God?

KEY WORDS AND EXPRESSIONS

1. Obey and Keep His Word. The usual Greek word for "obey" means literally "to listen submissively," that is, in order to know what one should do. The word for "keep" means "to keep watch over," "to guard," "to protect," "to pay attention to." Obedience, then, reflects diligent purpose to know God's will and to abide by it.

2. Constraining. "The love of Christ constraineth us," 2 Cor. 5:14. The word translated "constraineth" means "to hold together," "to hold fast," "to urge," "to impel," "to control." Divine love not only paid the penalty for our sins, so providing justification, but also imparts power to triumph over sin, so making sanctification possible.

3. Transformed. The Greek *metamorpho*, "to transform," is the source of our word "metamorphosis." Each stage in the metamorphosis of a butterfly represents a complete change in nature and appearance. Thus the pupa, for instance, is altogether different from the preceding caterpillar stage; and the mature butterfly, in turn, in no way resembles the pupa. This is the word used in Matt. 17:2 to describe the transfiguration of Christ on the mountain; and in Rom. 12:2 and 2 Cor. 3:18 of the change that takes place in the Christian whereby he comes to resemble Christ.

LESSON OUTLINE

1. Obedience, the Test of Profession
Matt. 7:21-23
2. In the Master's Steps
John 5:30; 6:38
3. Constrained by Christ
2 Cor. 5:14, 17, 21
4. What God Requires
James 1:22-25
5. Living Without Sin
1 John 3:6-9
6. When We Fail
1 John 1:9 to 2:1

Obedience Through Christ LESSON 9

☐ Sunday

Part 1

OBEDIENCE, THE TEST OF PROFESSION

"Not everyone that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven.

"Many will say to Me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name? and in Thy name have cast out devils? and in Thy name done many wonderful works?

Matt. 7:21-23 "And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from Me, ye that work iniquity."

The passage above indicates that an outward profession of religion, no matter how remarkable, will not assure entrance into heaven. There must also be a corresponding faith in God which is evidenced by obedience, for the blessings of salvation are promised only to "them that obey Him." Heb. 5:9.

When Christ returns, what reasons will many give why they should be allowed to enter the kingdom of heaven? Matt. 7:22.

Of what is obedience to God's revealed will the visible evidence? John 14:15, 23, 24.

The RSV translation of John 14:15 reads: "If you love Me, you will keep My commandments." Obedience is a natural response when love controls the life, and only when the life is under love's control is obedience acceptable to God.

"God's law is fulfilled only as men love Him with heart, mind, soul, and strength, and their neighbor as themselves. It is the manifestation of this love that brings glory to God in

the highest, and on earth peace and goodwill to men. The Lord is glorified when the great end of His law is attained."—*Testimonies*, Vol. 8, p. 139.

Those who walk the road to the kingdom will love their brethren (1 John 4:20) and do God's will (John 9:31).

THINK IT THROUGH

Why do many think they are eligible for salvation when they are not? Could you be in this group?

"Profession is as nothing in the scale. It is character that decides destiny."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, page 74.

"God does not force the will or judgment of any. He takes no pleasure in a slavish obedience. He desires that the creatures of His hands shall love Him because He is worthy of love. He

would have them obey Him because they have an intelligent appreciation of His wisdom, justice, and benevolence. And all who have a just conception of these qualities will love Him because they are drawn toward Him in admiration of His attributes."—"The Great Controversy," page 541.

Obedience Through Christ LESSON 9

☐ Monday

Part 2

IN THE MASTER'S STEPS John 5:30; 6:38

"I can of Mine own self do nothing: as I hear, I judge: and My judgment is just; because I seek not Mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent Me."

"For I came down from heaven, not to do Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me."

John 5:30 in RSV reads: "I can do nothing of My own authority; . . . I seek not My own will but the will of Him who sent Me." The Son of man during His earthly sojourn was obedient to His Father's will in all things, as in the prophecy: "I delight to do Thy will, O My God: yea, Thy law is within My heart." Ps. 40:8. We should remember that Jesus here had been charged with "making Himself equal with God" (John 5:18), and He is replying as the obedient Son, witnessing of His Father and His will.

What was Christ's purpose in coming to earth? John 6:38.

An example of Christ's obedience to the Father's will is seen in Mark 14:36: "And He said, Abba, Father, all things are possible unto Thee; take away this cup from Me: nevertheless not what I will, but what Thou wilt." Three times this prayer was offered in the garden of Gethsemane. Each time the fate of humanity trembled in the balance. Then came victory as Christ breathed the prayer of submission, "Thy will be done." "As Jesus rested by faith in the Father's care, so we are to rest in the care of our Saviour."—*The Desire of Ages*, page 336.

What supreme illustration of obedience was seen at Calvary? Phil. 2:8.

THINK IT THROUGH

Did God the Father force Christ to die upon Calvary? Was Jesus' sacrifice at the time of Calvary still a deliberate choice on His part?

"Jesus, the brightness of the Father's glory, thought 'it not a thing to be grasped to be on an equality with God, but emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant.' Philippians 2:6, 7, R.V., margin. Through all the lowly experiences of life He consented to pass, walking among the children of men, not as a king, to demand homage, but as one whose mission it was to serve others. There was in His manner no

taint of bigotry, no cold austerity. The world's Redeemer had a greater than angelic nature, yet united with His divine majesty were meekness and humility that attracted all to Himself.

"Jesus emptied Himself, and in all that He did, self did not appear. He subordinated all things to the will of His Father."—"Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing," page 14.

Part 3

CONSTRAINED
BY CHRIST

"For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead."

"Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

"For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

2 Cor. 5:14, 17, 21

"Through the grace of Christ we may accomplish everything that God requires."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, page 301. How can this be? Because "the love of Christ constraineth us." 2 Cor. 5:14. In Jesus divine love is linked to omnipotent power. This divine, controlling love does for us "what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh." Rom 8:3.

What change will come in the life of a sinner who accepts Christ? 2 Cor. 5:17.

What means has been provided whereby we can do the will of God? Rom. 8:3, 4.

This does not say that the law itself was weak, but rather that it was "weak through the flesh." The law was actually strong in pointing out sin. But it could not save the sinner. The law became effective if a man, realizing his sinful condition, went to God and found forgiveness and grace in Christ. 1 Tim. 1:8; Gal. 3:24. Righteousness is obtained only through Jesus Christ. "We can receive of heaven's light only as we are willing to be emptied of self. We can discern the character of God, and accept Christ by faith, only as we consent to the bringing into captivity of every thought to the obedience of Christ."—*Gospel Workers*, page 57.

THINK IT THROUGH

Should we force ourselves to obey God even if we do not want to?

"The expulsion of sin is the act of the soul itself. True, we have no power to free ourselves from Satan's control; but when we desire to be set free from sin, and in our great need cry out for a power out of and above ourselves, the powers of the soul are imbued with the divine energy of the Holy Spirit, and they obey the dictates of the will in fulfilling the will of God."—*The De-*

sire of Ages," page 466.

"All true obedience comes from the heart. It was heart work with Christ. And if we consent, He will so identify Himself with our thoughts and aims, so blend our hearts and minds into conformity to His will, that when obeying Him we shall be but carrying out our own impulses."—"Ibid.," p. 668.

Part 4

WHAT
GOD REQUIRES

"But be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."

"For if any be a hearer of the Word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass:

"For he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was."

"But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed."

James 1:22-25

The thought expressed in James 1:22, 23 is very similar to that of Paul in Rom. 2:13: "For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified." This does not mean it is wrong to hear the Word of God. Faith "cometh by hearing" and hearing is by the Word of God. Rom. 10:17. The danger lies in hearing the Word but not applying it to the life.

How did Jesus illustrate the danger of neglecting known duty? Matt. 7:24-27; 21:28-32.

This same lesson is taught in James 4:17: "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." A man is judged according to what he knows to be right. The omission of good deeds makes a person as guilty as the commission of evil deeds.

What do men often substitute for obedience to God's expressed will? Mark 7:7-9.

Men may write their own human commandments, and they may seek to obey them by the exercise of all the fanatical zeal, willpower, and meticulous external observances of the Pharisees, yet all their "obedience" is vanity.

THINK IT THROUGH

Does faith make obedience to God's will unnecessary? Rom. 3:31.

"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 everyone 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*, page 265.

"The test of sincerity is not in words, but in deeds. . . . Words are of no value unless they are accompanied with appropriate deeds."—"Ibid.," p. 272.

Part 5

LIVING
WITHOUT SIN

"Whosoever abideth in Him sinneth not: whosoever sinneth hath not seen Him, neither known Him."

"Little children, let no man deceive you: he that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as He is righteous."

"He that committeth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil."

"Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for His seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God."

1 John 3:6-9

The tense of the verb in verse 9 above indicates that the words "doth not commit sin" would be more accurately rendered "does not continue to sin," or "does not habitually sin." The Greek verb forms clearly do not mean that the one who has been born of God will never again fall before temptation. Rather, they imply that he has committed himself to a pattern of life in which he makes no provision for sinning, that it is his continuing firm purpose to live in harmony with that commitment, and that his life gives marked evidence of increasing freedom from sin.

If we are born of God, what kind of obedience will we manifest? Rom. 6:17; Eph. 6:6.

How does Paul describe the new birth experience? Rom. 12:2.

Do people who know us intimately sense that we are changed or transformed since becoming Adventists? Or is there very little difference? Have we "obeyed from the heart" (Rom. 6:17), or do we have the "form of godliness" without "the power thereof" (2 Tim. 3:5)? See *Testimonies*, Vol. 1, p. 128.

THINK IT THROUGH

What changes have come into my life as a result of my religious experience?

"When it is in the heart to obey God, when efforts are put forth to this end, Jesus accepts this disposition and effort as man's best service, and He makes up for the deficiency with His own divine merit."—"My Life Today," page 250.

"So long as we do not consent to sin, there is no power, whether human or satanic, that can bring a stain upon the soul."—"Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing," page 32.

Part 6

WHEN
WE FAIL

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

"If we say that we have not sinned, we make Him a liar, and His word is not in us."

"My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

1 John 1:9 to 2:1

Here is a positive statement of our guilt: "If we say that we have not sinned, we make Him a liar." Notice, if we make this claim, we are doing more than just lying, more than simply deceiving ourselves. We are making God a liar. Dare we ever claim "not to have sin" when we realize the blasphemous nature of such a statement! However, even though we are all sinners, God gives us strength to strive against sin.

Some might say that since God so readily forgives our sins, let Him forgive a few more sins. To avoid this conclusion John says, "These things write I unto you, that ye sin not." His purpose is to get us away from the sin habit; but for one who slips we have the assurance that Christ is "faithful and just to forgive us our sins."

John has reference here to the washing away of the guilt of sin: "The blood of Jesus Christ . . . cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John 1:7. On this cleansing compare Acts 15:9; Eph. 5:26; Titus 2:14; and Rev. 1:5. It is the wonderful grace of God that our sins with all their guilt are to be removed as far as the East is from the West. Ps. 103:12; Isa. 43:25; 44:22; Micah 7:9.

THINK IT THROUGH

What word in the last part of 1 John 2:1 describes the ministry of Christ in the heavenly sanctuary?

Believers should not sin, but if the human instrument fails, Jesus, our merciful and righteous Advocate, is ever ready to accept the erring one and to renew His saving grace.

"When we are clothed with the righteousness of Christ, we shall have no relish for sin; for Christ will be working with us. We may make mistakes, but we will hate the sin that caused the suffering of the Son of God."—"Mes-

sages to Young People," page 338.

"The character is revealed, not by occasional good deeds and occasional misdeeds, but by the tendency of the habitual words and acts."—"Steps to Christ," pages 57, 58.

► A locust can stay aloft 12 hours at a stretch, and with good winds may range 3,000 miles in a lifetime.

National Geographic Society

► Twenty-one million Americans are estimated to have some degree of high blood pressure. Most of them—7 out of 10—are between the ages of 20 and 64.

AHA

► Between now and 1985, it is forecast, 85 out of every 100 people born will live in underdeveloped nations. These nations will have to increase their food supplies at least 80 per cent to avoid famine.

Science News

► Produced jointly by seven denominations, including the Roman Catholic Church, a new translation of the Bible in Samoan was dedicated at services in Western Samoa recently. The translation will be distributed in two editions, the Protestant and the Catholic.

Liberty News

► Siberian workers who spent seven years building a colossal hydroelectric station at Bratsk received a bonus salary for living under hardship conditions. Giant crane booms, made brittle by the cold, snapped dangerously. Concrete used in building a dam across the icy Angara River had to be carried to the site in heated cars. There was one consolation: work was halted when the thermometer dropped below -50° F.

National Geographic Society

► A beacon weighing only 1½ ounces and a locator weighing 3 ounces make up a system that can be carried by skiers for detecting one of the group who gets buried in an avalanche. The British manufacturer stresses the importance of not having to wait for a rescue party, since it has been calculated that an avalanche victim cannot survive burial more than two hours. The beacon transmits very low frequency signals which, when covered by an avalanche, are capacitively coupled into the snow. The electro-static field thus produced is detected by the locator, which converts it to an audible tone.

BIS

► Tomorrow's emergency vehicles will carry the word *Ambulance* lettered backward, so it will read right in the public's rear-view mirrors. Blue-and-white flashing lights will replace the red ones, since the light colors are more visible. The ambulances will be a standard cream-white with an Omaha orange trim. These are recommendations to auto manufacturers who build ambulances that came out of a recent meeting of a committee on ambulance-design criteria of the National Academy of Sciences. The new ambulances will also be tall enough to stand up in, giving the attendants more room to assist the patient.

California's Health

► Largest banding center in the world is the United States Interior Department Bird Banding Laboratory near Laurel, Maryland. In cooperation with the Canadian Wildlife Service, this facility coordinates banding activities of about 4,000 professional and amateur ornithologists throughout North America and several foreign countries. Hunters and other outdoorsmen send in thousands of bands and recovery data annually to this center, which uses electronic computers to tabulate information.

USDI

► During the past two years astronomers have looked for and found more and more complicated chemical substances in clouds in interstellar space. One substance being sought is ice; some astronomers have suggested that the interstellar dust clouds that obscure certain portions of the sky may be made of ice grains or of graphite flakes coated with ice.

Science News

► Lions in the United States are confined largely to rugged mountainous areas in the West and Southwest, where 4,000 to 6,500 roam. From 100 to 300 prowl Florida's Everglades.

National Geographic Society

► "Dial-A-Health Hint" is a service established by the St. Louis Medical Society. The 55-minute messages have proved so popular that a second telephone hookup has been demanded. AMA

► There are some 100,000 million billion stars in the universe, or about as many stars as there are grains of sand on all the beaches of the world.

National Geographic Society

► About 65,000 European scientists and engineers have left Europe since World War II to reside abroad, many more if physicians and surgeons are included. More than half of them have come to the United States.

European Community

► In various corners of the United States today are an estimated 9 million cars and trucks that have run their last mile. About four out of five are already in some stage of reclamation—in the yards of auto parts salvage operators or scrap-steel processors, headed for remelting and rebirth. The other 20 per cent lie abandoned on public or private property—perhaps 1.8 million vehicles.

Automotive Information

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MEDICAL TECHNOLOGY



The medical technology curriculum leads to a baccalaureate degree and includes three years at an accredited liberal arts college. The fourth year provides training in laboratory procedures and clinical experience at an affiliated hospital.



FOR INFORMATION WRITE:

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Orlando, Florida 32803

Hinsdale Sanitarium and Hospital
Hinsdale, Illinois 60521

Kettering Medical Center
Kettering, Ohio 45429

Loma Linda University
Loma Linda, California 92354

Madison Hospital
Madison, Tennessee 37115

New England Memorial Hospital
Stoneham, Massachusetts 02180

Paradise Valley Hospital
National City, California 92050

Portland Adventist Hospital
Portland, Oregon 97215

Washington Sanitarium and Hospital
Takoma Park, Maryland 20012

White Memorial Medical Center
Los Angeles, California 90033