

MARCH 17, 1970

# The Youth's Instructor

*Sabbath School Lesson for March 21*





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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## Shall We Try to Get Even?

by G. R. NASH

IT WOULD have been hard for Joseph to believe that God would bring things out all right when he heard his brothers talk of killing him, the brothers being restrained from doing so only by the earnest pleadings of Reuben. It would have been hard for Joseph to feel God's hand upon him as they ruthlessly shoved him into a pit to die. It would have been hard for him to see God's leading hand when they sold him as a slave to the Midianites.

The story did not end as the Midianites, with their newly bought slave, disappeared across the plain. This was only the beginning. Joseph's brothers may have thought it was all over when they washed the kid's blood from their guilty hands before presenting Joseph's coat to the father. But the Bible says, "The Lord was with Joseph."

Anyone who has the Lord with him can be sure that things will come out all right. They may not come as soon as we desire or in the way we want, but they will come out right in God's own time and way. It takes faith to believe this, but Christians are to live by faith.

Years later, when God's own time had come, those same brothers came cringing cautiously before the slave they had sold for twenty shekels (current value would be about \$5.83). And what did he say? "But as for you, ye thought evil against me: but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive."

We don't have to worry about what happens to us if we know our

lives are hidden in God. Even the pitfalls that may be placed in our way purposely, the wrongs that we may be called upon to suffer unjustly, will, in God's own time, work out for our good and result in a blessing to those about us.

When we have been called upon to suffer wrongs or injuries God can bring them out to our good and His glory if we do as Joseph did. How did he turn evil into good? What did he do? First of all, he determined to be true to God. He would not allow the sins of his brothers to drive him away from God. He would not surrender his faith or his standards. When brought into temptation he said, "How then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?"

Although unjustly dealt with, Joseph refused to become a hater. He would not let the milk of human kindness curdle in his heart. Had he allowed the spark of hate to kindle a fire in his soul he could never have said, "God meant it unto good." God is not with those who hate. There are no happy haters.

What an opportunity to get even, some would say, when these brothers prostrated themselves before Joseph. But the one who refuses to hate will not seek revenge. To try to get even would make him as bad as they. Anticipated revenge may seem sweet, but when it is in the past it leaves bitter regrets. All who have suffered wrong at the hands of another can leave the balancing of the record with God. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."





## ON HURRYING UP JESUS

by *RAYMOND S. MOORE, Ph.D.*

**T**O HEAR HIM pray you would think he was giving orders to God. You get the impression that he thinks prayer is strictly a one-way street.

"So?"

"Yes, and impatient, to boot. With God, that is."

Lou Beebe had joined us for Sabbath dinner along with several other collegians home for the holidays. Now his outburst threatened to color our normal recap of the morning service. He was disturbed by the prayer of a minister "who ought to know what he's doing."

"And he's not the only one," he continued, looking into the crackling fire we had set on that unusually chilly spring day. "All of these 'Hurry up, Jesus' prayers leave me a little cold. In the first place who are they for? Some of my friends are not in a hurry!"

Lou's protests set off a flurry of thoughts in my mind. I too had heard hundreds of pleas for the soon return of Christ, some of them routine prayers, some almost in anger, and still others in tears. I had even witnessed prayers that ruefully gave up all hope of translation

and would if necessary take "second best"—resurrection.

I was concerned that our after-church talks be constructive, though. And Lou's words at first seemed irreverent.

Yet they were true. I had prayed like this myself. There was nothing really wrong with praying for Jesus to come soon, but . . .

Lou broke into my thoughts, as if reading my mind. "I don't mean to be critical, Dr. Moore, but don't prayers like that seem a little selfish?"

In the interest of others around the



fireplace, I held my opinion for a moment. "How do you mean?" I asked.

"Well," Lou answered, "if I get the story straight, *we* are the ones who are holding things up—Christ is waiting for *us*!"

There was a general assent around the fire.

"These hurry-up prayers have got things backwards," Lou went on. "Christ should be asking *us* to get on the ball."

"Actually He has," I noted, "many times all through the Scriptures. But you trouble me, Lou . . ."

"How?" he broke in again.

"What do you mean about your friends not being in a hurry? Shouldn't they be?"

"You don't really follow me, do you?" he turned my question.

"I think I do," I assured him.

"No, you don't. You have the typical slant."

"How?" I was puzzled.

Lou settled back in his chair. "Don't you see there are two sides to this wait-

ing business? Sure, there are some who want their fun before Christ comes—you know, a fling or a hot car or even to get married. But they're not the ones I'm talking about. I'm concerned for the fellows and girls who want more time to bring more folks around. So they pray for time, even a little more."

Now I began to understand Lou's real point.

He continued. "They have friends and others who are not ready, and they want more—not less—time. They think it would be selfish to pray for Christ to come now."

Again there was general nodding and a murmuring of approval.

"Besides," Lou concluded, "they don't want to see *Him* short-changed any worse than He already is."

Lou's point hit home. I remembered my father's promise to me as a seventh-grader in Glendale Union Academy.

"You make the top grades in the class, Raymond, and I will give you your choice of a wrist watch or roller skates." I didn't argue with him about the merits

of this kind of motivation, or ask assurance that it would be a real watch, nor did I spend my time pleading for him to hurry and give me the watch. I used almost every spare minute studying harder for those grades.

Dad had set the conditions, and I knew that he meant business. So I concentrated on meeting his conditions.

This did not mean I was not in a hurry to receive the watch. It was a matter of emphasis . . .

Lou interrupted my thoughts again as if he were reading them. "Don't you think," he suggested, "that we should spend more time praying for power and purity and patience and things like that? You know—to get ready and to help others to get ready like He tells it?"

"Indeed," I agreed.

"Getting to know Him. Spending time with Him, like getting to know a friend, and not afraid to ask His help."

"Yes, Lou." I had to agree again. "That *is* a better prayer."

"And then get out and witness and help," Lou looked around at the rest of us, "instead of just talking about it."

My mind shifted to the words of one of our great hymns which seemed a perfect expression of Lou's recipe. So I picked the hymnal off the piano and read:

Take time to be holy, Speak oft with thy Lord;  
Abide in Him always, And feed on His word;  
Make friends of God's children, Help those who are weak,  
Forgetting in nothing His blessing to seek.

Take time to be holy, The world rushes on;  
Spend much time in secret With Jesus alone;  
By looking to Jesus, Like Him thou shalt be;  
Thy friends in thy conduct His likeness shall see.

Take time to be holy, Let Him be thy Guide,  
And run not before Him, Whatever betide;  
In joy or in sorrow, Still follow thy Lord,  
And, looking to Jesus, Still trust in His word.

Take time to be holy, Be calm in thy soul,  
Each thought and each motive Beneath His control;  
Thus led by His Spirit To fountains of love,  
Thou soon shalt be fitted For service above.\*

"Take time, if you are in a hurry for Jesus to come. Is that your message, Lou?"

"You've got it," he said with a grin.

And a Sabbath conversation I feared was going off key became one of the best lessons of my life.

## But She Was So Nice!

by DOROTHY EMMERSON

**Y**ESTERDAY I was purchasing a sweater when I overheard the following conversation:

*Perturbed mother:* "But my daughter just loved her job here. What happened?"

*Saleswoman:* "Well, it's hard to say. We all enjoyed having her around, she was always so friendly and chatty."

*Mother:* "And she did so need the work this summer in order to earn tuition for college next year."

*Saleswoman:* "Yes, I know that, and I did my best to explain to the manager how nice she was. But he just said, 'We're not paying a salary eight hours a day for a girl to be nice. We are paying for work. We expect our employees to be on the job all the time they are being paid.'"

*Mother:* "I was afraid of that. My daughter could always find a reason to get out of household duties she disliked. But she was so sweet and good-natured, I preferred doing the work to insisting that she do it."

*Saleswoman:* "I am afraid that was the problem here in the store. You see, whenever there was a real job to do we could never find her."

By this time I had my purchase and thoughtfully left. I got to thinking about some of the girls I have worked with in various offices around the world, and it suddenly dawned on me that most workers can be classified into two categories: Those who get in and do a job, and those who can stare work right in the face and walk off and leave it.

Perhaps the ones who have this happy-go-lucky attitude about work are more relaxed about life in general and therefore are more fun to be around. I don't know. But when it comes to holding a job in the long run, they just cannot succeed with this attitude.

Since we are told that there will be no idlers in heaven, it makes sense to perform every duty we are assigned as unto the Lord (see *The Adventist Home*, p. 287).

\* From *The Church Hymnal*, Review and Herald Publishing Association, Washington, D.C., 1941, Hymn No. 603, page 487. Published by permission of the Hope Publishing Company to the Review and Herald.



# We Hold These Truths

## "With All Deliberate Speed"

When the Supreme Court of the United States struck down the idea of "separate but equal" back in 1954, it also used another phrase that has joined the American language: "with all deliberate speed." The decision we refer to was, of course, the one that opened white schools to black students. And black schools to white students.

We have been a Seventh-day Adventist since August 25, 1923, the date of our baptism. During these years we have picked up many aphorisms that are common to our country. "Still water runs deep." "The dog barks, but the caravan passes on." "To give is to live." "Haste makes waste."

"With all deliberate speed" is not an aphorism. But it belongs to our language. The church I joined has its own stock of aphorisms, in one sense. Some might call them clichés.

"The message." "Special music." "Let us pray." "Shall we bow our heads?" "The King's business requires haste."

Look at that last expression. Who first said that the king's business requires haste? A look at 1 Samuel 21:8 could prove productive:

"And David said unto Ahimelech, And is there not here under thine hand spear or sword? for I have neither brought my sword nor my weapons with me, because the king's business required haste."

On what business of the king was David? None. He was fleeing for his life from the enraged Saul.

Was his statement a falsehood—a prevarication—a lie?

Whatever you label it, the Scripture record reveals that it cost the lives of 85 innocent men. Read 1 Samuel 22:18.

Does our King's business require haste? You can properly answer both Yes and No. From the inspired writings of the messenger to Seventh-day Adventists, we read this:

"Because the time is apparently extended, many have become careless and indifferent in regard to their words and actions. They do not realize their danger and do not see and understand the mercy of our God in lengthening their probation, that they may have time to form characters for the future, immortal life. Every moment is of the highest value. Time is granted them, not to be employed in studying their own ease and becoming dwellers on the earth, but to be used in the work of overcoming every defect in their own characters and in helping others, by example and personal effort, to see the beauty of holiness."

In my lifetime I have seen more than one who had developed the "beauty of holiness." A. V. Olsen. W. A. Spicer. M. E. Kern. Elder Kern's mother. My Grandmother Palmer.

January 20 I asked, "How Patient Is God?" For One who has neither beginning nor end, we cannot measure patience. Is God 10,000,000,000,000,000 years old? No. You would have to use that figure to a power beyond the confines of this We Hold These Truths, and still you wouldn't reach the measure of God's life, for *He had no beginning*. He could have planned the creation of the planet on which we reside over a period of 10,000 years. Then, on day one, He could have begun the marvel of Creation as we believe it from the Genesis record.

Don't limit God. When we do, we run grave risks of becoming wise in our own conceit.

wtc

## Grace Notes

**Gap** "Bridging the Generation Gap" aptly captioned the cover photo this week. Gary States pictures Linda St. Clair and her father, Louis.

**Similarity** Readers will find some points of similarity between the School of the Ozarks and those operated by Seventh-day Adventists.



# A Different Kind of College

by GRIER LOWRY

DEEP IN THE HEART of the Missouri Ozarks, two miles south of the small tri-lakes resort town of Branson, Missouri, is one of America's most interesting institutions of learning. It is called The School of the Ozarks, or, as it also calls itself, The School That Offers Opportunity.

What kind of college is this in the Ozark hills?

\*Its 850 students literally work their way through school—working four hours each school day in one of 30 types of jobs provided on the campus.

\*It describes its curriculum as Spartan though open to experimentation and independent study.

\*It is religiously oriented but non-denominational—related only loosely to the Presbyterian Church.

\*It accepts no resident student whose parents can afford to pay his way. Annual cash cost to students: \$30 in fees, plus the cost of books and incidentals.

S of O, as the students dub the school, began 63 years ago when a concerned minister, Pastor James Forsythe, saw the need to provide education beyond the eighth grade for children of the mountain country along the Missouri-Arkansas border. His goal became "to provide the advantage of a Christian education for youth of both sexes, especially those found worthy but who are without sufficient means."

The school progressed from a high

school to junior college in 1956, then in 1964 was accredited as a four-year, degree-granting college by the North Central Association of Secondary Schools and Colleges. All this was accomplished without State or Federal aid. The gifts, contributions, and bequests that have sustained the school for more than half a century are a measure of its worth.

The region the college at Point Lookout serves is still classified by the Government as a depressed area. More than half the students come from homes within 100 miles of the school; another 27 per cent come from a 200-mile circle; and the remainder from more distant areas. While the largest number are from Missouri and Arkansas, 28 other States and eight foreign countries are represented.

Students still come from mountain cabins and sometimes are too embarrassed to tell of the poverty in which they have lived. Some come from homes devoid of books, magazines, newspapers, or pictures on the wall. Some are from broken homes or families where many children or illness have overtaxed the income.

A typical county, from which 50 students come, has a median family income of \$2,892. Most students come from homes where the family income is far under \$5,000, but education is valued and the younger members are willing to work to get it.







*Bottom left: The radio station that serves the Ozark community is a student project. Upper right: Linda Burke teaches her sign-language class. Lower right: personal contact with their instructors is one of the factors students appreciate about the school.*





With newspapers blaring out tales of student unrest and violence on campuses, no such conditions exist on this campus. For one thing, S of O students have little time for such activities. They are too busy studying and working twelve months a year.

Among the things stressed are a working knowledge of the Bible and the history of Christianity, so the student may put forth a Christian personality in all he does in life. Every student takes courses in religion, ethics, and philosophy. The idea that work can be a worshipful experience is nurtured.

Each one of the 700 resident students (there are about 150 day students) not only carries 32 academic hours a year but also puts in 960 hours of work annually. Add to this the extracurricular activities in which most students participate, and their 24 hours a day are heavily mortgaged.

To provide student jobs, the school operates a printing plant, a furniture factory, a meat-packing plant. It offers employment on the 1,200-acre college farm, which features the school's prize-winning W. Allon Jones Holstein dairy herd. An average 3,500 pounds of milk is produced daily, with about half used by the school and the remaining portion sold. Students help produce meat for the dining room and work in the kitchen, laundry, library, bakery, candy kitchen, and offices. They help run a power plant and water and sewer systems.

They operate the fire department, the FM radio station, and help build and maintain all campus structures. In the furniture factory some 28 railroad cars of knocked-down doll and juvenile furniture, plus playground equipment, have been manufactured annually for the past several years.

Girls turn out 25,000 pounds of fruitcake for the Christmas market, 17,000 jars of jelly, and at least 1,200 woven articles yearly. A candy-making operation was added last year, and thousands of pounds of pralines and fudge were sold. All baked goods, 125 to 150 loaves of bread and 2,000 rolls, are produced daily by students.

Last summer, S of O men operated big earth-moving machines building a 3,600-by-100-foot paved airstrip at the north edge of the campus. Now that the airport is finished, students are running it as a flight-training and commercial facility.

The student work program revolves around a coordinator who assigns students to jobs. After assignment, this

coordinator checks at various intervals with the student's supervisors to insure that each student is oriented in his work. The coordinator also keeps a cumulative record of each student's employment and his effectiveness as a worker.

As Townsend Godsay, vice-president in charge of public relations, points out: "A prime aim of the school, in addition to providing a good academic education, is to develop a good attitude toward work among students, to demonstrate the dignity of work and the inspiration that comes from doing a job well.

"Many of our young men, who are assigned the more mundane jobs of washing windows and polishing floors—even helping in the kitchen, would feel more important operating big road and farm machinery. But the concept hinges on accepting the work assignment given you and performing it to the best of your abilities. Wherever possible a student is given work assignments related to his vocational interests and goals.

"Not only," he added, "is the school work program a proving ground of character but it is often the opening wedge to learning new skills or a trade that enables a student to make his way in life. Regardless of the vocation he enters, he has learned a work discipline."

All jobs are paid for on an industrial rate, but not in cash. Students are allowed a bookkeeping credit of \$1.60 per hour in the form of credit toward tuition and expenses. A full school year's work nets about \$1,400 in credit. Students may work extra hours and earn credit for medical and dental care and clothes. They buy their own books and pay only a \$10 activity fee each of the three semesters. Some arrive penniless. One boy received a total of \$16 from home in three years.

Each student punches a time clock, and they don't go home between school terms or during Christmas vacation unless they are up on their work hours.

Though some find life tough at the Point Lookout college, still the school regularly receives 1,000 to 1,200 applications a year for 200 freshman-class openings. Dropouts are relatively few. S of O students have their complaints, but the over-all impression is that youngsters are pretty happy, realizing if it weren't for the school they wouldn't be in college. One coed said simply about the school, "I love it."

Visitors find students here friendly and serious about acquiring an education. Typical is a young woman who spends





*Left: Rugs, place mats, and blankets are produced on this loom and then sold in the school's own shop. Upper right: Linda Burke, a senior at the school, teaches sign language to students who go out with her to churches in the area and interpret the Bible to the handicapped deaf. Bottom center: Students have the same type of activities as found on other campuses, including putting out a yearbook and weekly newspaper.*





her spare time teaching a volunteer course in sign language to other students. They are then able to go out with her and interpret the Bible for the totally handicapped deaf in churches in the surrounding area, or in their home communities.

Students also visit and assist in nursing homes and churches in the area. They rehabilitate "burnouts," serve with a lakes-area ministry during the tourist season, operate a ham radio message service. They also sponsor an annual Christmas party for children of the area, and help with the annual Lake Taneycomo cleanup each spring. They have an excellent record of blood donation. In short, community involvement is part of the way of life at the school.

The college plant has grown steadily in value as a result of generous gifts and bequests from friends and is now valued at more than 30 million dollars. Several of the buildings are constructed of stone cut from the school's own quarry. Buildings on the beautiful tree-shaded campus are artistic and creative in design.

Dominating the main campus area is Williams Memorial Chapel and Hyer Bell Tower. The chapel has seating for 1,000 persons. The pews, ceiling, and all latticework were made by students in the school's furniture factory. Each student's religious integrity is regarded as essential. Weekly chapel attendance is mandatory, and attendance at Sunday services is expected.

The stained-glass windows of the chapel were designed by Dr. M. Graham Clark, the school's vigorous, hearty president. The windows depict the history of the Bible in chronological order starting with Genesis. Other structures on the campus include a library with 65,000 volumes (it began with 1,500), women's and men's dormitories, an enclosed swimming pool, and a classroom-auditorium building. A fieldhouse and science building are under construction.

The Alumni Association is presently trying to raise half a million dollars to build a much-needed college union.

Friendship House, built in 1964, is designed for visitors. It houses a tea-room where delicious meals are served to guests. It also features a broad array of products turned out by students—woven articles, doll furniture, jams, jellies, candy, and ceramics—all of high quality. Friendship House provides work opportunities for some 30 students.

When you drive up to the main en-

trance at the school you're greeted by young men who wear maroon blazers, each bearing The School of the Ozarks seal. These are honor students, specially selected as greeters. Moreover, if you drive onto the campus and seek a conducted walking tour a young coed, also blazer-clad, will be pleased to escort you about. Groups are taken on campus tours in a miniature train, which was a gift from an interested donor who had acquired it from a Lake Placid ski resort.

Visitors especially enjoy a stop at the Ralph Foster Museum on the campus with its collection of hundreds of artifacts from Indian culture of this area. The museum has collections of mounted animals and birds, paintings, stamp and china selections—even a case of some of the original Rose O'Neill Kewpie dolls, Western and pioneer Ozark memorabilia, and coins of the world and cameos.

About half the faculty members live in school-owned ranch-type houses on the campus, which are provided at the nominal rent of \$50 monthly. The school has made steady progress in its goal to improve its academic program. One third of the faculty now have Ph.D. degrees. The goal is that by 1971 the percentage will be half. All faculty members of academic rank serve as counselors to students. More than half the faculty are under forty.

Students maintain a rigorous schedule, but recreation and the cultural aspects aren't ignored. There are 25 religious, vocational, and special-interest groups on the campus, plus honorary scholastic societies. There are no social fraternities or sororities. Students form instrumental bands and vocal groups. There are tennis courts and an intramural, as well as varsity, sports program.

All this isn't to say the school doesn't have problems. Dr. Clark, who more than two decades ago left a highly paid executive post with an insurance company, finds obtaining funds for the school a difficult problem. He travels more than 90,000 miles a year via plane, trying to interest civic, church, and social organizations in the school.

But at a time when many schools and colleges that originated with a church influence are changing emphasis, Dr. Clark and his board recently reaffirmed the religious principles of the school. The charter plainly states:

"The school shall always maintain as one of its prime objectives the promotion of the cause of Christ . . ."







Twenty-eight railway carloads of doll furniture, such as this on display in the gift shop, are shipped annually for commercial sale. Above right: Students bake 25,000 pounds of fruitcakes, which are sold at Christmas and sent to friends of the school. Right: The baking department, manned entirely by students, is busy the year round.







# The Promise of Spring

by DR. ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

MORE than the effulgent fulfillment of the promise of spring, more than the bounty of summer, or even the incredible gold of autumn, I love best of all the seasons the one that I call the promise of spring. Really, it is an intermission between winter and real springtime, but it is a time that intimates loveliness to come. It is a bridal anteroom. It seems a hushed and sacred place. An astral aura of peace is about it, and an absence of the teeming fecundity of summer.

It is during this time of year that I have made some of my most interesting observations of nature; for, while the woods are still bare, every living thing, feeling the instinctive urge of something about to be, ancient, of divine origin, is on the move. Here and there may be an emerald tinge of the first tiny leaves, but the forest is bare, and one can see a long way. At such a time I have watched deer, at least two hundred yards away, peacefully feeding on the first green grass of a lush savanna.

Practically all wild animals mate in the autumn; and, as if nature had arranged it, their babies arrive in the spring. In the case of the polar bear, the cubs are actually born during the hibernation of the mother, so that when she awakes, her babies have already found and are making good

use of the repast prepared for them.

Occasionally, it seems to me, nature may go a little off the beam. For example, the bald eagle nests in the autumn, sometimes quite early; the owls in January; the woodcock (at least those that do not intend to migrate to the North) in February. From March onward there is a joyous processional of bird matings.

Immediately in front of my plantation house there is a field of twelve acres, always planted in some green crop for the deer, the wild turkeys, and the quail. Sitting on the plantation porch, I have seen all three of these beautiful forms of wildlife. In this area are ten gigantic live oaks—with resurrection ferns all along their limbs, and densely veiled in Spanish moss—in the deep recesses of which birds roost for the night in the winter, and find for themselves safe and secret nesting places in the springtime.

And if ever those great oaks have a crop of acorns (as they do about every third year), game will come for miles to get this sweet, small, black fruit. These are, I believe, the only acorns in this area that are edible. The coastal Indians used to grind them up for flour.

One of the very first signs of the promise of plantation spring is the change in the great live oaks. All winter, valiantly standing in their cradles and their graves, they have looked massive and lustrous (for they are ever-

greens); but, almost strangely, with the promise of spring, their leaves fall. But at no time are they ever actually bare; for the tiny new leaves push the old ones off. At the same time, the millions of fairy golden blooms come, so that, for a few days, these oaks are appareled in celestial light—a "light that never was on land or sea, the consecration and the poet's dream."

Nor is this sidereal beauty missed by artists. For every year come appeals like these: "May I come to Hampton and try to paint those great live oaks in bloom?" or "I need to attempt to capture the wonder of your blooming oaks. There's nothing else that has that haunting gold—so ethereal and lofty in the heavens."

Where the live oak grows, especially where it stands in an open field, with nothing to obstruct its beauty, and with the sapphire sky for a background, there is no nobler and no lovelier promise of spring than the flowering of this great tree.

Meanwhile, in the woods, the first bird note of the dawn is that of the cardinal. With the arrival of the pledge of spring, all bird notes begin to take on a new tenderness; the calling has in it a quality of yearning, and this soon magically becomes song. The air is full of purple martins and of chimney swifts among the first of the migrants. And along the dim edges of the swamp, wood ducks, apparently forgetful of the customary urgency of hunger, are trying to locate suitable hollows for their nests.

In the deep wildwoods, where it is almost always warm and windless, the first wildflower to bring the promise of spring is the wild huckleberry. In such tranced and isolated places one enjoys the Puritan pine scents, and the glimmering hush of the dew-hung bushes and grasses.

I have made mention of the curious difference in the mating season of birds. While the bald eagle mates first, I believe the goldfinch nests last; indeed, with these fluffy golden elves, mating appears so incidental that the thought of it does not apparently occur to some of them until August. Of course, many wild things do not mate at all. This is especially true of the



white-tailed deer; for in most States, bucks only are allowed to be killed. This practice throws nature off balance. The result is that the does so outnumber the bucks that there are not beaux enough to go around. Tampering is a dangerous practice; and perhaps tampering with sex is the most odious form of this vice.

In describing the blooming of the live oaks, I feel that I have left these great trees too soon. They are so ancient, they have seen so much of life—perhaps none more so than those that stand in the churchyard of the colonial parish church, St. James, Santee, which is barely two miles from my plantation home. Built in 1768, along classic Georgian lines, it was still a busy place when I was a boy. But with the disappearance of rice planting, the rice planters, who composed the congregation, went too.

Now the church stands solitary beside the almost deserted King's Highway. The new concrete road, the modern highway, runs more than a mile to the eastward of the road traveled by Marion and Tarleton, Lord Rawdon and Governor Rutledge, by Thomas Lynch, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, and by all others, including Washington himself, who traveled the coastal highway northward or southward.

This old parish church is a beautiful and historic place. I have told in other books of some of the thrilling incidents associated with it. But most of the time it sleeps in the wild flowered wilderness. As I live closer to it than any other parishioner, I have long had nominal charge of it. For a building so old, one that has been through earthquake and hurricane and cyclone, that has been the grave and patient witness of so many changes and chances of mortal life, it is remarkably preserved. The yard has in it only the graves of those who have gone before, only ancient live oaks and the towering pines—the human sleepers being as much at peace with nature as the vital yet slumbering trees themselves.

Now, once a year, with the promise of spring and its resurgent immortality upon the world, we have a service in the old church; and former parishioners or their descendants, and other friends, as well, from distances from up to three hundred miles, come thronging to this reunion. As all bring hampers packed with dinners, the gathering is as social as it is religious. Friends and relatives who do not see

one another from year to year, are afforded this time to meet once again; and some meet for the last time.

Fortunately for all concerned, there are some ladies whose fame appears to arise from their prowess in the kitchen; and as they delight in being bountiful, no one is ever sent away hungry or empty.

Often, after the religious service is over, and after the dinner and the attending gossiping are over, I wait until the last guest has gone. I am alone then with the beautiful and ancient church, now a sign and a symbol of what once was an integral part of enduring faith; and now a part also of the gentle and beautiful wildwoods.

I know of some dramas that have occurred here, such as the weird departure from this life of Dandy Davis; such as the strange escape from death, waiting with jealous love's all-seeing eyes, of wild and wayward Dick Montague. But these events occurred within my own memory. Rather at such a time, when I am alone in the presence of this lonely and almost human edifice to God, my mind reverts to the earlier days when General Francis Marion and Colonel Banastre Tarleton fought a desperate skirmish within sight of this church. Marion, being a guerilla of the nobler sort, was compelled to make all his battles skirmishes.

There is a legend that here, at St. James church, one of the Swamp Fox's sharpshooters drew a bead on Colonel Tarleton, and broke his arm! Marion, so the story goes, in disgust put the man out of his regiment. Really, the target of a sharpshooter should be the heart or the forehead. In either case the recipient of such a salute is likely to lose all interest in everything.

I think of the coming of Lord Rawdon and Major Fraser of the British army; and later, after peace had been won, of Washington and his party, visiting the South for the first time, traveling this road, and no doubt pausing to admire the architecture of this ancient church.

My mind goes even farther back, to the time when there were no church and no road. These wilds were the homes and the hunting grounds of the Sewee Indians; and I fancy I can see them in their primeval existence, flitting about like shadows and as much a part of nature; in as close communion with the Great Spirit as I hope I am, musing under the stalwart oaks and the momentous pines that stand dreaming in the twilight of this tranquil churchyard.

This parish church is no cathedral, but it is adequate, authentic, and beautiful. I often think that God, who reared the firmament, and miraculously continues its divine and matchless rhythm, may not be especially impressed by the size and the massiveness of a structure erected to His glory and His honor. This casual disregard of our paltry human efforts may be due to the fact that He Himself fashioned a shrine in the heart of each one of us; and His only concern is whether the music is sweet and true, and the prayers unfeigned.

The promise of spring! Winter has passed, and winter's pains. There is a rebirth of hope. Our hearts feel with what must be akin to divine joy, either the awakening of an old beloved dream that we thought had died or perchance the coming of a new one—like a beautiful answered prayer for which we had not ever thought of praying.

## Resurrection

by JESSIE WILMORE MURTON

A maple's crimson flame  
Splashed calm delphinium sky,  
While soft a whisper came:  
"All things, all things must die."

Against the gathering dark  
The candle's feathery plumes  
Traced mutely: "Know the spark  
Both wick and wax consumes."

Life's molten entity  
Congeals, in time, with rust:  
"All, all is vanity!"  
The wise man, too, is dust.

Yet now, across the hills,  
Veiled in a warm spring rain,  
Bright redbud blows! and wills  
The heart to hope again.





## The Abiding Word

by DAVID N. MARSHALL

**L**ONG PAST were the days when, in the peace of a Gloucestershire manor, William Tyndale had made his great resolve to translate the Scriptures into the English tongue. Only a vivid memory was that interview with Bishop Tunstall and the subsequent flight from his native land, to which he was never to return. For two years now he had been on the Continent. In these two years, despite seemingly insurmountable setbacks, the New Testament had been translated into English and published. Unabated by Bishop Tunstall's burnings at St. Paul's Cross, thousands of "Tyndale Bibles" had inundated the shores of England.

As he had vowed long before, the humble weaver and ploughboy now had the Scriptures in their own tongue. But during these two years Tyndale had been hunted like a fugitive. As his fame and influence increased, so did the necessity for his concealment. He was a man with a price on his head. The agents of King Henry VIII and Cardinal Wolsey, as well as those of the Emperor Charles V, constantly dogged his footsteps.

After the publication of the New Testament it is likely that he remained for some time in Worms, imbibing more and more of the Protestant doctrine and schooling himself in Hebrew, in preparation for his intended work on the Old Testament. During this period he parted finally—and willingly—from his companion Roye. A renewed outbreak of persecution in England underlined the necessity of "lying low."

Between 1527 and 1530 even greater mystery surrounds Tyndale's whereabouts. But it is known that it was during a stay in Marburg that he wrote many of his controversial books attacking the abuses that cankered the church, and when he engaged in a long, drawn-out theological battle with Sir Thomas More. After the fall of the fabulous Cardinal Wolsey, Sir Thomas had become Chancellor of England. It was under his aegis that the fires of Smithfield were lighted, and many a Protestant martyr consumed. Tyndale's life was lived in constant awareness that any day, any moment, his own whereabouts and identity would be discovered by an English

or an Imperial agent, and that he would add more human fuel to the flames.

During this period, too, he suffered another major setback. Since his arrival in Marburg he had been engaged in a translation of the first five books of the Old Testament—the Books of Moses. When it became apparent that enemy agents had trailed him to Marburg, he set out on a midnight flight to Antwerp. Alone and carrying only his books and copies, he set out on foot. He could travel only by night and even then avoided the main highways and skirted towns when possible.

As he trudged the muddy, wooded country lanes by night, only the light of the moon and stars shining through the branches of the trees lighted his path. By day he would try to sleep to the sound of the rushing water in the dykes, made full by the early September rains. Often he would wake to find himself soaked to the skin. He had not been in Antwerp for long when it too became unsafe for him. This time, according to the chronicler Foxe, he boarded a ship for Hamburg, where he hoped to have his translation printed. But, in Foxe's words, "off the coast of Holland the ship was wrecked and he lost all his books, writings and copies, and so was compelled to begin anew."

A year's work destroyed! Shipwrecked—his precious copies and manuscripts floated away in the muddy waters as he raised his hands in desperation and placed them in the hands of his Master. He was saved. How, we do not know. But we do know that on his return to Antwerp with accustomed intrepidity he sailed again for Hamburg. He had faced seemingly insurmountable setbacks before, but God had brought him through. This was no time for despair. Like Paul, he could now claim shipwreck as one of the perils he had undergone for the sake of the gospel of Christ.

In Hamburg he met Miles Coverdale, recently arrived from Cambridge, who was ultimately to effect the completion of his work and ambition. With Coverdale's assistance, he began the tedious process of retranslating the Books of Moses. The work was finally completed and published in January, 1530. In the ensuing months he was engaged in translating the Book of Jonah, very popular at that time.



(After his death there was attributed to him a translation of the historical books of the Old Testament from Joshua to 2 Chronicles, which was also probably undertaken at this time.) In the course of the next year, however, he returned to Antwerp.

Meanwhile, changes were afoot in England. The land that had known varying vicissitudes of fortune was embarking on a decade as momentous as any in her history. A new and far brighter star had arisen in the political galaxy of England. The mantle of Wolsey had fallen on Thomas Cromwell. It was his policy to use Henry VIII's divorce problem to effect a complete separation between England and the Church of Rome. The king—supreme in both temporal and spiritual realms!

This involved a sudden *volte-face* in the attitude of the authorities in England toward Tyndale. Could his powerful pen be enlisted in the royal cause? Perhaps against his will, King Henry was persuaded by Cromwell to make an attempt to contact Tyndale and to offer him safe conduct in England and make known to him the royal pleasure.

The tricky assignment of making contact with Tyndale was given to a merchant adventurer in Antwerp, Stephen Vaughan. Repeated attempts were made to contact Tyndale, but without success. His whereabouts remained completely unknown. But eventually the mysterious, almost legendary, Tyndale emerged from the shadows. The story, as detailed by Vaughan, has a touch of quiet yet exciting drama.

Tyndale's own emissaries had informed him of Vaughan's mission. One day Vaughan was approached in the street and informed that a man was willing to meet him. To the messenger, Vaughan replied, "Who is your friend and where is he?"

"His name I know not, but if it be your pleasure to go where he is, I will be glad thither to bring you," replied the cryptic messenger.

Still in the dark, Vaughan was led through the fetid stench of the worst part of Antwerp—through the scum and sewage with attendant vermin and louse, past emblems of disease and malnutrition, accosted by pus- and sore-ridden beings, until they reached the edge of the city. All the time the messenger was turning his head to make sure that they were not being followed. Outside the gates of the city he left

Vaughan. Looking around him, Vaughan could see no one until, when all was silence, the short and spare form of an ageless being emerged from the shadows of the city wall.

"Do you not know me?"

"I do not well remember you," said Vaughan.

"My name is Tyndale . . ."

Tyndale! Tyndale, who had defied the titanic might of the church and of the empire, and eluded the paid assassins of his king! This was Tyndale.

But he shook his head at the offer of safe passage. The Smithfield furnace raged as much under King Henry as under the Pope. His work was not yet completed. God had much yet for him to do. Safe passage to England! The tides were too contrary. The currents too changeable. The spare figure of Tyndale receded into the shadows. Vaughan was left with only a message for King Henry, and in that message the dearest hope and aspiration of the man.

"If it would stand with the king's most gracious pleasure to grant only a bare text of the Scripture to be put forth among his people . . . be it of the translation of what person soever shall please his Majesty, I shall immediately make faithful promise never to write more, nor abide two days in these parts after the same; but immediately to repair unto his realm and humbly submit myself at the feet of his royal Majesty, offering my body to suffer what pain or torture yea, what death his grace will, so that this be obtained."

The shadows again close around Tyndale. Vaughan passes from the scene. The policy of persuasion is again replaced by one of force, and the English ambassador to the Netherlands is issued with the directive "Get Tyndale, dead or alive!"

But Tyndale had vanished. Somewhere he was engaged in his work of revising the New Testament, but where, no one knew. The fires of Smithfield burned fiercely. In their fury Tyndale now lost his dearest and most faithful companion, John Frith. But there was a Power that it lay beyond the capacity of the flames to quench. One day that Power would triumph.

As the year 1534 faded Tyndale was living at the English house of merchant adventurers in Antwerp, under the care of Thomas Poyntz. He was bring-

ing his third revision of the New Testament to its conclusion. Outside, the storm clouds were gathering. The Emperor Charles V, to compensate for the ground he had lost to the Protestant cause in Germany, was now, through the Inquisition, recovering lost ground in the Netherlands.

The end for Tyndale was to come about by a train of events in which tragedy followed tragedy in rapid succession. But the train was sparked off, as history's evidence now clearly shows, neither by the Emperor nor by the Papacy nor the Inquisition, nor even by King Henry himself (though all had ultimately some part to play), but by the newly inaugurated Church of England, and the man who had succeeded Tunstall as Bishop of London, Stokesley.

The first dark shadow fell across the Reformer's path in the summer of 1535. The shadow was that of a man—Henry Phillips. A gambler and roué, he had fallen into desperate straits in London and had become a fit prey for those with questionable designs. In order to recuperate his fortunes, he had assumed the mantle of secret agent. His mission—"Tyndale, dead or alive!" The center from which he worked—the Papal city of Louvain, conveniently placed to Antwerp, the real center of his activities. In Foxe's account in his *Book of Martyrs*, the pathos mounts from the moment that Phillips first presented himself at the house of Poyntz.

His deception was masterly. Tyndale, "in the wily subtleties of this world, simple and inexpert," was completely fooled. Not only did the Reformer frequently invite him to the house but secured him a night's lodging and showed him his translations and the secrets of his study. But Poyntz was not so easily fooled. Phillips soon learned that he could get no cooperation from him.

His chance came when Poyntz went away on a six-week business trip. Phillips sent his servant on a reconnaissance move, and finding Tyndale "easy game," decided on immediate action. An invitation was sent for Tyndale to come out to lunch. It was accepted. When he went to collect his guest, Phillips had the house surrounded with guards, with two on either side of the door to collar the unsuspecting Tyndale as he emerged.



The corridor that led to the door of Poyntz's house at Antwerp was so narrow that the two men could not walk abreast, and Phillips pushed Tyndale on before. Being much taller than Tyndale, Phillips, as Foxe recounts, "pointed with his finger over Tyndale's head down at him, that the officers on either side of the door might get the right man." A few paces from the door, Tyndale saw the glint of steel and stopped. But it was too late. The little Reformer was carried bodily out of the

door by Phillips. The net had closed. Later that day the drawbridge of the castle at Vilvorde closed behind him. Built at the same time and on the same pattern as the Bastille in Paris, the gargantuan walls of Vilvorde Castle made freedom seem a thousand miles away. Outside only the feeble hands of Poyntz defied them. Frantic attempts were made on Tyndale's behalf. But the evil genius of Henry Phillips again took a hand in the proceedings. Poyntz was stigmatized with harboring Tyn-

dale and narrowly escaped with his own neck.

His arrest had taken place in May, 1535. The ensuing eighteen months were employed in writing a defense, which was to prove of no avail. The drawbridge had closed forever. By October, 1535, there was an iciness in the air. The cells of Vilvorde became even more dark and dismal.

Toward the end of the year Tyndale wrote a letter to the procurer of Brabant, in which he "entreats his lordship" for a "warmer cap." He says, "I suffer extremely from cold in the head, being afflicted with perpetual catarrh." He asked, too, for a warmer coat, a patch for his leggings, and most of all, a Hebrew Bible and Hebrew grammar to pursue his translation. Whether he got them we do not know. We doubt it.

When he next emerged into the light of day it was on October 6, 1536. He was led to the center of an enclosure. Projecting through a small platform was a massive wooden cross. Round his throat was a loose-fitting rope, and around his neck and feet an iron chain secured him to the stake. On a signal from the procurer the rope was tightened. When the flames began to lick his clothing he was already dead. On his lips was the immortal cry: "Lord, open the King of England's eyes!"

Open the King of England's eyes! As the prayer was uttered it was answered. Before his body was consumed his life's ambition was achieved. Though the verdict at Vilvorde had gone against him, the battle had been won. In England the Bible Tyndale loved had made its first semiauthorized appearance. Soon it bore the signature "Henry Tudor." The style and structure of this Bible and of all subsequent editions, including our own King James Version, are substantially those of Tyndale. Tyndale's memorial—the Abiding Word in English.

That last letter in Tyndale's hand, as he lay languishing in the dark cell at Vilvorde, concluded with the words "I shall be patient, abiding the will of God, to the glory and the grace of my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." A reflection, surely, of the letter of that other condemned prisoner, whose life so closely resembles Tyndale's: "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

## WIT SHARPENERS

### Christ's Helpers

by MYRON HARVEY

Fill in the words in the top section. Use these letters in the lower section as indicated by like numbers. A letter over a given number is placed above its corresponding number in the lower area. When completed you will have a helpful quotation from *The Adventist Home*, page 485.

Stone forming the hearth.

2 7 18 6 17 10 9 22 11 8 16

Home place protected by law from creditors.

21 24 29 30 27 23 36 40 5

Feeling; tender sensibility.

63 37 41 33 3 52 48 50 34

Emotional feeling; tender attachment.

49 44 57 53 1 60 32 26 74

Worthy of love. Easy to love.

4 28 47 75 15 13 64

Dedicated by a solemn act.

14 66 89 43 72 77 25

Of or pertaining to the throat.

20 12 76 78 19 38 80 31

A painful emotion of fear and dread.

61 46 39 54 58 59

Entirely; completely.

69 73 35 45 56

Devised or contrived a plan.

67 55 79 84 85 87 42

Not long from end to end.

68 83 62 71 82

Puts on, as a hat or coat.

51 70 81 86

To make a sale.

91 90 65 88

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

Key on page 18



by YVONNE DAVY PART TWO

# MWENDE MZURI

WHEN everybody was *sawa-sawa* ("just right") the engineer cranked furiously. Nothing happened. There was something very wrong with the starting ability of that inboard engine. Again and again he cranked. At last his patience was rewarded, and after an experimental cough or two the engine let out a deafening roar, and belching forth overpowering diesel smoke, it took off across the lake.

Each passenger handed the owner of the boat one shilling as fare, but he told us that we would have to pay eight shillings, for he charged three shillings for the dog and three shillings for our luggage, since we had so much.

"That is strange. Why three shillings for the dog? Is he so much better than a person?" Arthur asked him.

The other passengers began to snicker. "No, but dogs mess up the boat," he said.

"Now listen, my dog is a clean dog. Show me one spot of dirt he has put into your boat. Here's one shilling for him. Take it or leave it," and Arthur held out six shillings toward the man. Laughingly grumbling something about "this bwana is too smart," the man pocketed the money, because he knew he had been unfair in his charges.

For forty minutes we chugged along across the smooth waters of Lake Victoria. As we neared our destination the driver shut off the engine and poled us the last few yards to shore. It did not take us long to unload. We placed everything under a big tree and then waited for the pastor who was to meet us. He was conspicuous by his absence.

"You and mamma walk up to the mission, and I'll stay with the luggage.

Then maybe you could send some children to help us carry it," my husband suggested to Pastor Fares.

"That is a good idea, Bwana. Here, let me carry your lamp for you. And I'll take my brief case."

"I can carry your Bible case and your black bag, as well as my sunshade," I volunteered.

Marshall was still a young blood, and there is no telling what effect the exciting smells such as those emanating from chickens and goats might have on him, so I had to keep him on the leash. With pastor in the lead and the dog tugging to get ahead, I brought up the rear. Back and forth the trail led.

We came to a rather wide stream. Marshall objected to getting his feet wet, so he took a flying leap, and carried me behind him. But I was not prepared to leap at that moment. I wasn't very successful in my attempt. However, no serious harm was done, for a little extra water here and there on my plastic sandals does no harm, except that every drop of water in this part of the world harbors the potential of Bilharzia—cause of the dreaded snail fever.

Water, water, plenty of it everywhere around Ukerewe, but we had to bring two jerry cans of rainwater from Bwasi, because Arthur knows the agony of bilharziasis, having had it as a boy in Nyasaland. (His father was a missionary there for many years. In fact, Arthur came out with his parents when he was six.)

Pastor Danieli looked his astonishment when we walked up to his house.

"But Pastor Fares, I thought you

would come on the four-o'clock ferry!"

"No, we decided that we would come early, since our meetings ended last night," his president told him.

Pastor Danieli took us into his newly built house, and we chatted for a while. I could not enjoy the cool rest, since Arthur was sweltering down by the lake. At last Pastor Danieli walked to the school and collected a crowd of shouting, laughing boys and girls to fetch the baggage. An hour went by, and I decided I would wander back to the landing so that I could walk up with Arthur.

No sooner had I started down the path than I met up with my man lugging his suitcase, the perspiration forming little tributaries down his face. Behind him streamed the youngsters, each one with something on his head. Indeed, two young girls carried the heaviest of our belongings, the two jerry cans of water.

"You missed a thrill," Arthur informed me. I raised my eyebrows. "I saw a snake in the tree under which I was standing, so I threw a stick at it. It fell down into the midst of our luggage. I didn't feel at all happy about that, for I was afraid it might have crawled into one of our boxes."

"Oh, what will I do?" I interrupted.

"Don't be excited. Just before Pastor Danieli came to fetch me, the creature slithered out from the pile and disappeared into the bush."

"You are going to stay in the store between the two classrooms [Ilamba has a primary school with two teachers]," the pastor told us as he led the way with a flourish.

The store used to be a narrow pas-



sagelike room, but a wall had been built up to within about three feet of the metal roof, dividing it into two rooms. The front part had no windows; the back had two slits in the walls, six inches in width and three feet high. Burglar netting had been stretched across these holes, though I don't think any two-legged burglar could possibly get in through those narrow openings. And anyway, why keep the burglars out at the windows when the doors had no latches?

We did not stop long to indulge in observations. We had to get our "house" in order before dark, and darkness falls early and suddenly around Lake Victoria. We decided that the windowed room would be the sleeping apartment, for we needed a bit of air, since it is very hot at Ilamba. Fortunately the room was large enough to accommodate the two cots, though they just fitted into it with inches to spare.

Having eaten at twelve and having walked up from the lake in the broiling sun, we were tired and hungry, so I thought I'd have fried onion and tomato (for the tomatoes brought from Kibumaye were spoiling rapidly in the heat) for supper.

"Say, do you have the matches?" I asked Arthur.

"No. And by the way, where are

## KEY WIT SHARPENERS

### Words to Be Discovered

Hearthstone; Homestead; Sentiment; Affection; Lovable; Devoted; Guttural; Horror; Fully; Schemed; Short; Dons; Sell.

"Children should be taught to do some little errand of love and mercy for those less fortunate than themselves."

those big nails? I need them to knock into the wall to fasten the string on which we can hang our towels."

"Oh, darling, I took them off the window sill along with the primus prickers and—" We hunted everywhere, but could not find them. "I know I put something on the dashboard of the car—maybe," I confessed.

There was nothing for it but to go in search of the needed articles. Pastor Danieli sent his young son down to the shore to buy matches from a store there, and he gave us some nails, but a primus pricker—that was another matter. I was distressed, for the primus has to be pricked every time or two if it is to burn properly.

"Do try to borrow some matches from one of the teachers," I begged Arthur when the boy was gone too long. So off he went to Mwalimu Josia, a teacher, and from him borrowed a box of matches.

## MAY WE SUGGEST

to all YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR subscribers that the future is bright! Even though your magazine will cease publication soon, you will not go un-nourished by vigorous Christian journalism. The publishers of **INSIGHT**, a new magazine for young Adventists, announce with pleasure that, beginning on May 5, you will receive **INSIGHT** in fulfillment of your present subscription. We think you will be pleased by the unflinching candor and daring Christian commitment that will characterize the pages of

# INSIGHT

Arthur had contemplated sleeping with the doors open in order that a breeze might blow through the rooms, but I had serious objections to that. Anything could come in and Marshall could get out. He shut the front door by hooking a piece of string around a nail on the outside (this was not our invention; we found it on the door), and then he came around the building and entered by the "bedroom" door, in front of which we placed his brief case. We were still washing dishes when we heard "*Hodi* ["may I come in?"]?" outside. It was Pastor Danieli.

"You may come in, Pastor. The door is closed on the outside," Arthur sang out.

The pastor entered. He had come to flit out the rooms to help get rid of the mosquitoes. I surely appreciated his kindness.

If we thought the mosquitoes were bad at Bwasi, we changed our minds that night. They streamed through those "windows" like starving cannibals invited to a feast. They descended upon us in droves. We jumped into bed on the double. Even Marshall found them annoying. First he snapped to the right, then he snapped to the left. He scratched with one paw, then with the other. My sympathies were aroused. I lifted up my net and invited him up onto the foot of my bed. He accepted the invitation with alacrity.

"You'll never be able to sleep like that," Arthur scolded.

"You'd be surprised," I replied.

It was not very comfortable, I must admit, but at least the poor dog was not being chewed to pieces.

The pressure lamp is very noisy. When it was turned out we lay quiet a moment.

"What is that?" Arthur asked in a semiwhisper.

I listened carefully. At first I was nonplussed. Then it dawned on me. Those mosquitoes—the contraltos (for there are no basses or tenors) were trying to outsing the lyric sopranos, and we did not care for their song one bit.

It was not very comfortable lying curled up in the heat, but I was willing to suffer in silence. However, something came prowling around the school during the night. Marshall smelled that something and wished with all his heart to chase it. In the distance a hyena howled, each *ha a a-ha* seeming to grow louder. There was a pathetic squawking. "Some poor cock is being taken to a feast," murmured Arthur.



That was too much for the dog. He lunged toward the edge of the cot and fell against the net.

"That's the very end, young man," I whispered sternly. "The mosquitoes can jolly well carry you off if they want to. At least they'll never get you through those windows. I'm not going to have you tear my net," and I pushed him onto the floor and tucked myself in securely once more.

I was just dozing off when I heard Arthur call. "Where's the torch?"

"H'm? Oh, here," and I took it from under my pillow. "What's the matter?"

"I think there is a mouse in the next room," and with the torch in his hand he went to investigate. "He's been carrying away Marshall's biscuits. Yes, and he has eaten most of a tomato. M-m, he has chewed a hole through the bread bag. I'd better hang the bread from the towel string," he muttered, more to himself than to me.

Next morning we discovered that our visitor had entered and left by the wide gap between the door and the frame. "But I'll fix that tonight. I'll get a reed from one of the fences around here and block up the space," Arthur promised me, for he knows my phobia for rats and mice.

With the daylight the mosquitoes went into hiding—or else they were all gobbled up by the bats that swooped and flitted around us during the night. (One morning I found a bat clinging head down to the side of my net.) But it seemed that no matter how many insects the bats ate during the night, the next evening there were myriads more to plague us and to threaten us with malaria, which was even worse.

As the mosquitoes flew out with the coming of dawn, the flies flew in. They were so troublesome that I decided to keep the doors shut, and worked in the stygian gloom. In spite of the poor visibility, when I rummaged in my suitcase in search of my brush and comb I found the missing matches and prickers.

Thirty church leaders attended the institute at Ilamba. One of the teachers at Kibumaye, Eliabu Makamba, translated the little chorus "I give my heart to Jesus because He died for me" into Kijita. Before teaching it to the men, Arthur told them that Eliabu had translated it. The young teacher's brother was one of the group, and he was thrilled to share in the reflected glory. Since Eliabu comes from Ukerewe, all the men knew him, so were

more than eager to learn the little verse:

"Ni sosye mwoyo ku Yesu, ku Yesu, ku Yesu,

Ni sosye mwoyo ku Yesu kuba afwirie."

"What can we do, Bwana? We have been robbing God of His tithe. We have not been serving Him right. How can we come back to Him?" the men asked as during the session they were taught how to pay an honest tithe.

There was a marked absence of criticism and pride during the meetings. The Lord's Spirit seemed to be reaching out and drawing souls heavenward. Those men would go home to stir up

the flickering flames of zeal so that each church member might do his part to hasten the coming of Jesus.

"I wish we could leave here at one-thirty to give us time to do some shopping in Musoma before going up to Busegwe (headquarters of the Tanganyika Union) for the night. I think I must suggest to Pastor Fares that we shorten the recesses," Arthur said at breakfast Monday morning.

"But I do want you to take some pictures," I began hopefully.

"Yes, we can do that. Be ready for the pictures around ten-thirty."

This is the second installment of a three-part serial. Part three will appear next week.



## Token

by FRANCES HALL

This little minute!  
It evaporates out of the day  
Like water on pavement in the sun,  
Leaving a contour  
Lightly drawn and fragile  
Like a bubble  
But durable  
As a mosaic  
On one step  
Of time.



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# Sabbath School Lesson

Prepared for publication by the General  
Conference Sabbath School Department



March 21

## THE GIFT OF IMMORTALITY 12

"For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Rom. 6:23.

The purpose of this study is to give a new appreciation for the gift of everlasting life which will be given to the resurrected saints at the coming of our Lord. Christ is the author of resurrection, and "the divinity of Christ is the believer's assurance of eternal life."—*The Desire of Ages*, page 530. This lesson, therefore, centers in the Lord Jesus, for His resurrection was a public declaration that men are not left to a hopeless future.

### KEY WORDS AND EXPRESSIONS

1. **Life.** The Greek denotes the life principle, the antithesis of death. In his original state Adam had conditional possession of this life principle, but when he sinned he forfeited it and became subject to the principle of death. Death is the opposite of life. Rom. 6:23. In Christ all who believe inherit life, but only when immortality is bestowed at the second advent will Adam and his believing descendants exchange their conditional possession of life for unqualified immortality.

2. **Immortality.** The Greek word translated "immortal," "imperishable," is formed by prefixing a negative to a word meaning

"ruin," "destruction," "deterioration," "dissolution," "corruption." Classical Greek writers speak of a "crown of immortality."

3. **Crown of Life.** The Greek word here used for "crown" means a garland of victory, not the crown of rulership. The Greek athlete would endure the most rigorous self-denial and discipline in order to secure a "corruptible crown," but the "crown of life" for which the Christian strives is "incorruptible."

### LESSON OUTLINE

1. God Does Not Lie  
Titus 1:1, 2
2. Christ Assured our Resurrection  
1 Peter 1:3, 4
3. Qualifying for Immortality  
John 17:1-3
4. The Resurrection Described  
John 5:25, 28, 29
5. From Death to Life  
1 Cor. 15:51-54
6. Tokens of Immortality  
Rev. 22:1, 2

### The Gift of Immortality LESSON 12

☐ Sunday

Part 1  
**GOD DOES NOT LIE**  
Titus 1:1, 2  
"Paul, a servant of God, and an apostle of Jesus Christ, according to the faith of God's elect, and the acknowledging of the truth which is after godliness;  
"In hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began."

A similar passage to the one above is 1 John 2:25: "And this is the promise that He hath promised us, even eternal life." Both texts claim the hope of eternal life upon the basis of God's promise which was made "before the world began." See also 1 Peter 1:20. "The plan of salvation had been laid before the creation of the earth; for Christ is 'the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.'"—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, page 63. The Christian's hope is sure, for it rests upon the promise of the One who "cannot lie."

How did God restore the hope of everlasting life to sinners? John 3:16; 2 Tim. 1:10.

"One remark I cannot help making; the doctrine of the resurrection appears to have been thought of much more consequence among the primitive Christians than it is now! How is this? The apostles were continually insisting on it, and exciting the followers of God to diligence, obedience, and cheerfulness through it. And their successors in the present day seldom mention it! . . . There is not a doctrine in the Gospel on which more stress is laid; and there is not a doctrine in the present system of preaching which is treated with more neglect!"—Adam Clarke, *Commentary*, on 1 Corinthians 15, note 3 at end of chapter.

What will eventually happen to death? 1 Cor. 15:26.

THINK IT THROUGH Why will there be no death in the new earth?

"All come forth from their graves the same in stature as when they entered the tomb. Adam, who stands among the risen throng, is of lofty height and majestic form, in stature but little below the Son of God. He presents a marked contrast to the people of later generations; in this one respect is shown the great degeneracy of the race. But all arise with the freshness and vigor of eternal youth. In the beginning, man was created in the likeness of God, not

only in character, but in form and feature. Sin defaced and almost obliterated the divine image; but Christ came to restore that which had been lost. He will change our vile bodies and fashion them like unto His glorious body. The mortal, corruptible form, devoid of comeliness, once polluted with sin, becomes perfect, beautiful, and immortal. All blemishes and deformities are left in the grave."—*The Great Controversy*, pages 644, 645.

### The Gift of Immortality LESSON 12

☐ Monday

Part 2  
**CHRIST ASSURED OUR RESURRECTION**  
1 Peter 1:3, 4  
"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead,  
"To an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you."

Our assurance of resurrection is based upon the historical fact that Jesus Christ Himself came forth from the tomb. Without the resurrection of Christ salvation for the sinner would be impossible. Only as the sinner believes in the Saviour as the antitype of the uplifted serpent (John 3:14) and as the Lamb of God who bore the sins of the world (John 1:29) can he find forgiveness for his own sins. Because Christ was lifted upon the cross, buried in the tomb, raised on the third day, the sinner is "begotten . . . unto a lively hope" of his own resurrection from the dead.

"The resurrection of Jesus was a type of the final resurrection of all who sleep in Him. . . . As Jesus arose from the dead, so those who sleep in Him are to rise again."—*The Desire of Ages*, page 804.

What would have been the fate of humanity if Christ had not been resurrected? 1 Cor. 15:14, 17-20.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead." This is the triumph song of the church, and we should never lose its challenging assurance, its defiance of death. The resurrection is the one glorious star in the dark sky.

"Paul says, in speaking of the resurrection of the Lord and of all His people: 'Christ the firstfruits; afterward they that are Christ's at His coming.' 1 Corinthians 15:23. Like the wave sheaf, which was the first ripe grain gathered before the harvest, Christ is the firstfruits of that immortal harvest of redeemed ones that at the future resurrection shall be gathered into the garner of God."—*The Great Controversy*, page 399.

THINK IT THROUGH Why was it necessary for Jesus Himself to come to this earth? John 1:4; 1 John 5:11, 12.

"The voice that cried from the cross, 'It is finished,' was heard among the dead. It pierced the walls of sepulchers, and summoned the sleepers to arise. Thus will it be when the voice of Christ shall be heard from heaven. That voice will penetrate the graves and unbar the tombs, and the dead in Christ shall arise. At the Saviour's resurrection a few graves were opened, but at His second coming all the precious dead shall hear His voice, and shall come

forth to glorious, immortal life. The same power that raised Christ from the dead will raise His church, and glorify it with Him."—*The Desire of Ages*, page 787.

"Christ declares that even now the power which gives life to the dead is among them, and they are to behold its manifestation. This same resurrection power is that which gives life to the soul 'dead in trespasses and sins.' Eph. 2:1."—*Ibid.*, p. 209.



## Part 3

QUALIFYING  
FOR IMMORTALITY

John 17:1-3

"These words spake Jesus, and lifted up His eyes to heaven, and said, Father, the hour is come; glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee:  
"As Thou hast given Him power over all flesh, that He should give eternal life to as many as Thou hast given Him.

"And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent."

"This is life eternal, that they might know Thee." Similar expressions are found many times in the Scriptures: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 3:36); "I say unto you, He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life" (John 6:47); "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16:31).

**When does the believing Christian inherit everlasting life? John 5:24.**

"This declaration is more than a promise of eternal life to come; it is an assurance that the believer now and here may begin to enjoy life that is eternal in quality, because he is united spiritually with his Lord, whose life he shares. 'The Spirit of God, received into the heart by faith, is the beginning of the life eternal' (DA 388). See John 6:47; 1 John 5:11, 12." —*SDA Bible Commentary*, on John 5:24.

**What must we do to inherit eternal life? Mark 13:13; Rom. 2:7, Rev. 2:10.**

"The conditions of eternal life, under grace, are just what they were in Eden—perfect righteousness, harmony with God, perfect conformity to the principles of His law. . . . God has made provision that we may become like unto Him, and He will accomplish this for all who do not interpose a perverse will and thus frustrate His grace."—*Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, page 76.

**THINK IT THROUGH** What is the difference between saving belief (Acts 16:31) and ordinary belief or knowledge (James 2:19)?

"Christ became one flesh with us, in order that we might become one spirit with Him. It is by virtue of this union that we are to come forth from the grave,—not merely as a manifestation of the power of Christ, but because, through faith, His life has become ours. Those who see Christ in His true char-

acter, and receive Him into the heart, have everlasting life. It is through the Spirit that Christ dwells in us; and the Spirit of God, received into the heart by faith, is the beginning of the life eternal."—"The Desire of Ages," page 388.

## Part 4

THE RESURRECTION  
DESCRIBED

John 5:25, 28, 29

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live."

"Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice,  
"And shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation."

In His vivid account of the moment when He shall return to this planet, Jesus describes "the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." There is "a great sound of a trumpet." Then the angels who have come with Him "gather together His elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other." Matt. 24:30, 31.

Another description of the clouds of glory, the heavenly angels, and the celestial wonders emphasizes the appearance of Christ: "In solemn silence we all gazed on the cloud as it drew nearer, and became lighter, glorious, and still more glorious, till it was a great white cloud. The bottom appeared like fire; a rainbow was over the cloud, while around it were ten thousand angels, singing a most lovely song; and upon it sat the Son of man. His hair was white and curly and lay on His shoulders, and upon His head were many crowns. His feet had the appearance of fire; in His right hand was a sharp sickle, in His left a silver trumpet. His eyes were as a flame of fire, which searched His children through and through." —*Testimonies*, Vol. 1, p. 60.

**Which of the dead will be resurrected at this time? 1 Thess. 4:13-17.**

Some modern theologians console the bereaved by assuring that their departed loved ones are even now enjoying the bliss of heaven. But if the Thessalonian believers who had fallen asleep in Jesus were indeed in heaven, we may properly ask why Paul did not console their living loved ones with this reputed fact. If the apostle believed the righteous dead to be already in heaven, he certainly missed a perfect opportunity to enlighten and console the living.

**THINK IT THROUGH** If Christ were to come at this moment, would it bring fear or joy to my heart?

"Our personal identity is preserved in the resurrection, though not the same particles of matter or material substance as went into the grave. The wondrous works of God are a mystery to man. The spirit, the character of man,

is returned to God, there to be preserved. In the resurrection every man will have his own character."—Ellen G. White Comments, "SDA Bible Commentary," Vol. 6, p. 1093.

## Part 5

FROM DEATH  
TO LIFE

1 Cor. 15:51-54

"Behold, I show you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,

"In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

"For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

"So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory."

This is the end of the corruptible life that men have always known. This is the moment when the universe is restored to God's control and eternity is ushered in for all those who have gained the "victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Cor. 15:57.

**What is the signal for the dead to be raised? Verse 52.**

The trumpet will announce Christ's coming as it did His appearance at Sinai. See Ex. 19:16 and Matt. 24:31. "The sound of a trumpet summoned Israel to meet with God. The voice of the Archangel and the trump of God shall summon, from the whole earth, both the living and the dead to the presence of their Judge."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, page 339.

"Put on" (verse 54) is a metaphor which refers to clothing. It is also used in 2 Cor. 5:2: "We groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven." The kind of flesh and blood we now know are to be replaced by immortal, incorruptible bodies. Each of the redeemed will retain his own personal identity. See *Christ's Object Lessons*, pages 332, 361; *Testimonies*, Vol. 2, pp. 266, 267; *The Desire of Ages*, page 804.

**THINK IT THROUGH** What Old Testament prophecy will be fulfilled at this time? Isa. 25:8.

"Not until the personal advent of Christ can His people receive the kingdom. . . . We have seen by the scriptures just given [1 Cor. 15:51-54; 1 Thess. 4:16, 17] that when the Son of man comes, the dead are raised incorruptible and the living are changed. By this great change they are prepared to receive the kingdom; for Paul says: 'Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.' 1 Corinthians

15:50. Man in his present state is mortal, corruptible; but the kingdom of God will be incorruptible, enduring forever. Therefore man in his present state cannot enter into the kingdom of God. But when Jesus comes, He confers immortality upon His people; and then He calls them to inherit the kingdom of which they have hitherto been only heirs."—"The Great Controversy," pages 322, 323.

## Part 6

TOKENS OF  
IMMORTALITY

Rev. 22:1, 2

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

"In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

There was such a tree in the Garden of Eden which possessed a supernatural quality. With continued access to it man would have lived forever, for its fruit perpetuated life. Because of their disobedience Adam and Eve were no longer allowed to stay in the garden, and that beautiful tree which held the key to immortality was forbidden to the children of men. Later God "transplanted the tree of life to the Paradise above," where it will remain with the saints throughout eternity as a token of life everlasting. See *Testimonies*, Vol. 8, p. 288.

**What special function is performed by the tree of life? Verse 2, last part.**

There is an interesting use of the phrase "leaves of the tree" in the *The Ministry of Healing*, page 122: "It is in these promises [in God's Word] that Christ communicates to us His grace and power. They are leaves from that tree which is 'for the healing of the nations.' . . . Received, assimilated, they are to be the strength of the character, the inspiration and sustenance of the life. Nothing else can have such healing power. Nothing besides can impart the courage and faith which give vital energy to the whole being."

**What other tokens of immortality will be found in the new earth? Rev. 22:1, 3.**

**THINK IT THROUGH** Why will sin never arise the second time?

"In the midst of Eden grew the tree of life, whose fruit had the power of perpetuating life. Had Adam remained obedient to God, he would have continued to enjoy free access to this tree and would have lived forever. But when he sinned he was cut off from partaking of the tree of life, and he became subject to death."—"The Great Controversy," pages 532, 533.

"In the Bible the inheritance of the

saved is called 'a country.' . . . There the heavenly Shepherd leads His flock to fountains of living waters. The tree of life yields its fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree are for the service of the nations. . . . On those peaceful plains, beside those living streams, God's people, so long pilgrims and wanderers, shall find a home."—"Ibid.," p. 675.



► Chile has banned the use of the cyclamate artificial sweetener compound. Soft drinks and children's foods are prepared with natural sugar. **CE**

► When fierce Pacific winds buffet San Francisco, radio announcers often broadcast "small-car warnings on Golden Gate Bridge."

National Geographic Society

► "Anything Left-Handed Ltd.," is a British shop that carries what its name promises: can openers, pinkie shears, pens, palettes, trowels, and some 65 other items all designed for southpaws. **BIS**

► Snow guns loaded with cold water and compressed air are used to spray hillside targets with a thick, frosty blanket. The mini-blizzards save hundreds of ski resorts from costly bare-ground weekends, stretch the season for skiers, and lay down slalom runs where snowflakes are rare.

National Geographic Society

► Naming of a national wildlife refuge in honor of the late Rachel Carson, noted author of *Silent Spring*, has been announced by the Department of the Interior. The site stretches 40 miles along the Maine coast, in the area of a summer home that Miss Carson maintained. It is considered one of the most appealing areas for bird life in the United States. **USD1**

► A spin-off from the Apollo space program is seen to have major significance for the food-freezing industry. Cryogenic equipment developed for NASA has been adapted to commercial use in trucks that haul perishable foods. The new refrigerating system is one sixth the size and one tenth the weight of earlier truck freezer equipment. Basically, it consists of a cryogenic cooler where helium is compressed to a liquid, a cryoconvector pipe through which the helium flows and picks up heat, and a temperature controller. *Science News*

► Scientists recognize that ice has about a dozen different forms, or molecular structures, which result from changes in pressure and temperature. Until now, the only forms determined with any certainty have been the hexagonal and cubic types, which usually form at normal atmospheric pressure and at temperatures at or below 0° C. X-ray crystallography has recently been used to work out nine other forms, which result from high pressure and temperature changes. The arrangements take a variety of geometric shapes, including rhombohedral, tetragonal, and monoclinic. *Science News*

► Two years after the closing of the Suez Canal, South Africa is handling the increased shipping on the Cape route with ease. Since June, 1967, some 8,000 diverted ships have called at South African ports. During a 24-hour period, about 1 million tons of fuel oil are shipped round the Cape en route for Europe. This tally constitutes almost 90 per cent of Europe's oil needs. **ISSA**

► In the seven years the S.S. *Hope* has been to sea, she has visited seven nations on three continents. More than 8,450 major operations have been performed aboard her and some 100,000 persons have been treated. Perhaps her greatest accomplishment has been the training of 3,450 local doctors and nurses in the latest techniques. **PHF**

► Southern California's Salton Sea, formed when the fresh-water Colorado River overflowed from 1905 to 1907, is already more briny than the oceans. Agricultural waste waters carry more than 10,000 tons of salt into it every day. *National Geographic Society*

► By the mid-1970's, it is predicted, the United States will become the world's first nation to achieve a trillion-dollar economy. By the year 2000, hourly wages will average \$7.50, compared with \$2.82 at present. **CCUS**

► An 84-ton light beacon may replace British lightships. Built to withstand 100-mph gales, the light has a 16-mile range, the foghorn a three-mile range. **BIS**

► If all the coal mined in the United States in one year were used as paving material, it could build 12 superhighways—each 50 feet wide, one foot thick, and almost 3,000 miles long.

National Geographic Society

► If travel wishes could be realized, vacationers would overrun Switzerland. A Gallup international survey conducted in France, Britain, Italy, the Netherlands, Germany, and the United States showed Switzerland to be top choice in four of these countries. First choice in France was Greece, and first choice in Italy was the United States and Canada. *European Community*

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