

THE SPIRIT OF PROPHECY EMPHASIS STORIES

VOLUME IV

Prepared Jointly

By

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The Ellen G. White Estate,

and

The General Conference

Department of Education

April, 1985

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The General Conference Department of Education

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PREFACE

In 1964 the White Estate launched a program for Seventh-day Adventist elementary schools known as "Spirit of Prophecy Emphasis Week." Stories, pictures, and class aids were prepared for five days of worships or class sessions. The emphasis in each program was the role of Ellen White as the Lord spoke through her in dreams and visions. Eventually a six-year cycle of materials was produced on such topics as "Prophets and Visions," "The Human Interest Story," "A Worldwide Church," and "Ellen White and Her Friends."

After several years of revising and updating, it was suggested that the programs should (1) be put in more permanent form, and (2) be written for upper and lower grade levels. A committee composed of elementary teachers and supervisors met for three weeks in the summer of 1977. They combed through Emphasis Week materials, books, manuscripts, and other White Estate sources, selecting what they considered to be the best stories available.

Norma Youngberg and Fern Babcock were asked to adapt and write the stories for two grade levels, and Edna Maye Loveless prepared teacher discussion ideas for each story. Finally, the White Estate and the General Conference Department of Education cooperated in organizing and producing the books.

This book, then, is the fourth in a series of four books containing stories on two grade levels that will eventually be prepared. There will be three broad subject areas in each of the four cycles: (1) Human Interest, (2) Prophets, Visions, and Insights, and (3) Your House is the World.

The stories in these books are not in print in this form anywhere else. They are copyrighted by the White Estate and the General Conference Department of Education, and should not be reproduced without permission.

We do hope that you will find that these stories, prepared exclusively for Seventh-day Adventist elementary schools, inspire you as a teacher as well as provide a valuable tool to build the trust and confidence of your students in the prophetic gift as witnessed in God's remnant church.

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April, 1985

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME IV

PART I, Grades 1-4

HUMAN INTEREST STORIES	1
Middle Years:	
The Hidden Flaw	2
Aunt Ellen Writes a Letter Part I	8
Aunt Ellen Writes a Letter Part II.	13
Schools for God's Children.	18
Later Years:	
A Helping Hand.	24
Caring for Others	30
The Disappearing Captain.	35
PROPHETS, VISIONS, AND INSIGHTS.	41
The Junky Closet.	42
God's Fiery Sword	49
God's Storyteller	54
The Big Question.	58
YOUR HOUSE IS THE WORLD.	63
Australia:	
After Fifty Years	64
Far East:	
A Hero for Christ	69
Problems Spread the Message	74
North America:	
The Frank Burdoin Story Part I.	79
The Frank Burdoin Story Part II	85
South Asia:	
Helpful Heresy.	90
A Burmese Boy's Big Week Part I	95
A Burmese Boy's Big Week Part II.	101
A Burmese Boy's Big Week Part III	106

TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOLUME IV

PART II, Grades 5-8	111
HUMAN INTEREST STORIES	112
Middle Years:	
A Time to Laugh, Part I	113
A Time to Laugh, Part II.	118
Braving the Flood, Part I	124
Braving the Flood, Part II.	129
Later Years:	
Very Human.	133
Sara, The Faithful Guardian, Part I	138
Sara, The Faithful Guardian, Part II.	143
Money and Mrs White	149
A Lawsuit--Reward for Kindness	157
PROPHETS, VISIONS, AND INSIGHTS.	163
Angels By Her Side.	164
That Man on the Platform	169
The Earthquake Vision	174
YOUR HOUSE IS THE WORLD.	181
Europe:	
Miracle in Italy.	182
Far East:	
Perservering Orphan	187
Greater Love Hath No Man.	192
Kulim Conversions	196
North America:	
Lyman Shaw Story, Part I.	200
Lyman Shaw Story, Part II	206
The Two Ellens.	211
South Asia:	
The Big Book.	216

HUMAN INTEREST STORIES

Middle Years: The Hidden Flaw
 Aunt Ellen Writes a Letter Part I
 Aunt Ellen Writes a Letter Part II
 Schools for God's Children

Later Years: A Helping Hand
 Caring for Others
 The Disappearing Captain

THE HIDDEN FLAW

"Hey, Zeke. Got any glue back there?"

Johnny's voice barely rose above the hammering and sawing of the carriage shop. Zeke heard, however, and hollered back.

"Yeah. It's right here. I'll be done with it in a minute."

Johnny strolled to the far end of the shop and waited for Zeke to finish with the glue. Johnny hadn't been working at Mr. Lamb's shop long, but already he knew how to make a wheel. Wheels are an important part of a carriage. You could put all the fancy leather you wanted on the seats and polish up the backrest till it shone. But if the wheels didn't hold it up and go around smoothly, that fancy carriage wasn't going anywhere.

Johnny felt quite important making wheels. Of course they had to be done just right. The circle for the rim must be perfectly round or the buggy would wobble as it traveled. The hub at the center of the wheel must be of the best hardwood to hold the axle firmly in place. Long wooden spokes forked out from the hub and fastened into the rim, making the wheel firm and strong. Yes sir, making a good wheel was a hard job, but Johnny could do it.

Zeke finished using the glue and handed it to the young worker. Whistling, he headed back to his bench.

"Toss me that bag of nails, Johnny," Mr. Lamb called as the boy passed, and Johnny quickly grabbed the nails and handed them to his boss. For a boss, Mr. Lamb wasn't bad, but he sure was picky.

"Don't go cuttin' up new lumber till you see if you can use any of the scraps," he told the carpenters. "No sense cutting a six-foot board to get a one-foot piece. And don't cut into a big hunk of leather just to cover a cushion button, either. The more scraps we can use, the more profit we make."

That made sense, of course, but sometimes it was a nuisance, especially if

you were in a hurry. And Johnny was in a hurry. When this wheel was done, he'd be off for the day—and then down to see Betty Sue. With luck, Dad might let him take the light two-wheeled cart and drive her along the river road before dark. Now there was a rig that could run. Johnny looked at the nearly completed carriage inside the big double doors. Two large wheels in back, two small ones in the front. One leather seat in front of another and a top that folded back in good weather. It was nice—for a family carriage. But his dad's little two-wheeled cart could double this one's speed on the road. It was so light that Bess hardly knew she was pulling anything. He could imagine the wind tugging at Betty Sue's blonde curls as they sped down the road—and suddenly Johnny was in a BIG hurry.

As soon as the spokes were glued into this wheel, he could leave. Quickly he grabbed a drill and began boring spoke holes into the rim and hub. Hole after hole appeared, smooth and waiting. At last they were all done, and Johnny reached for a spoke. Down into the first hole it went. But what was wrong? It wobbled. The spoke seemed too small for the hole.

Puzzled, Johnny tried it in another hole. Still the spoke rattled loosely. Frowning, he reached for the drill and looked at it. Oh, no! Someone had changed the bit since he'd used it last. Someone had put in a larger bit to make bigger holes. In his haste, Johnny hadn't checked that detail. Now all the holes were too big. He groaned.

If he took time to make larger spokes, which was what he should do, he'd be here half the night. He couldn't just throw the rim and hub away. They'd taken too much time and material, and Johnny knew how his boss felt about waste. Mr. Lamb had wanted this carriage finished today, and he'd be angry if he found out about Johnny's stupid mistake. Why hadn't he checked the size of that bit?

Johnny's mind whirled. How could he fix the mistake quickly before

anyone found out? Then he remembered something a former workman had told him. Rod had said that to correct oversized spoke holes you could cut small slivers of wood and push them into the hole beside the spokes. Then paint the whole thing and no one would ever know. Of course the wheel wasn't as strong as usual, and that was certainly poor workmanship. And Rod had been fired for poor workmanship. Still, the river road was waiting, and somebody else might take Betty Sue for a ride if he didn't get there first.

Keeping an eye out for Mr. Lamb, Johnny quickly cut small slivers of wood and wedged them in beside the spokes. He poured in extra glue, hoping that would strengthen the wheel. Soon it was done, and Johnny slapped a fast coat of black paint over the whole thing. It looked pretty good. No one could tell the spokes were too small.

Mr. Lamb inspected the wheel. Johnny watched him carefully.

"Good job, Johnny," was all he said. "You may go now."

With a sigh of relief, Johnny headed home. As he and Betty Sue clipped along the river road, the faulty wheel fled from his mind. It wasn't until he knelt to say his prayers that night that he remembered it again. As a Christian, he felt very uneasy about the way he'd fixed that mistake. He found it hard to pray, and it took ages to go to sleep. By morning, however, he had forgotten the matter, and during the next few weeks he seldom remembered it.

Then came June, and among the Adventists at Petosky, Michigan, there was quite a stir. Ellen White and her son, Willie, were coming to town. It seemed they were planning to stay there a few days while hunting for a place to hold a summer Bible camp.

When the Whites and their helpers arrived, they were warmly welcomed and given the use of a horse and new carriage so they could make daily trips into the countryside to inspect land.

On Wednesday morning Willie, Sarah McEnterfer, Marian Davis, and Ellen

White started for Harbor Springs. The ladies sat in the carriage with light lap robes over their knees to keep off dust. A picnic lunch rode on the floor in its wicker basket. It was just the day for a ride in the country.

Clop-clop trotted the horse, pulling the carriage through town at an even speed. As it rounded a corner, everything happened at once. The right rear wheel made a terrible sound and tore right off the hub. The carriage lurched to one side.

"Whoa!" shouted Willie, pulling on the reins, but it was too late. Passengers and lunch flew out of the carriage as it tipped into the ditch. Willie ran forward to grab the horse, a spirited animal that had been hard to harness in the first place. A broken carriage shaft lay heavily on the horse's back. Mrs. White, the only one not thrown out, rose cautiously from the carriage floor. She felt shaken and her dress had ripped, but except for aching muscles and a few bruises, she seemed fine. Carefully on hands and knees she climbed over the back seat and onto solid ground.

"What a blessing you girls are all right," she said looking at Marian and Sara who were dusting themselves off. "Thank the Lord we weren't killed. I certainly expected that horse to run as spirited as she is. There must be an angel holding her."

By this time, Willie had rescued the horse and tied her to a nearby fence.

"Look here, Willie," Mrs. White called, bending over the broken wheel.

Willie hurried over. "The spokes were too small for the holes," he said excitedly. "See how someone jammed bits of wood into the holes and painted over them to make the job look good? It's a wonder we weren't killed."

"Satan would have liked that," Mrs. White said thoughtfully. "Then the Bible camp might not have been held and people wouldn't learn about God. I'm sure an angel held that horse. If it had run, we'd have been killed."

Later that night Mrs. White wrote to a friend in Battle Creek, telling him about the incident.

"I feel sad to think that whoever made the carriage knew it was a fraud. It was a deliberate trick. I'm sorry that even all our brethren cannot be trusted to deal honorably."

Did Johnny find out? Did he change his quick tricks? Or did some of his carriages actually kill their passengers? The records don't tell us. In fact, the record didn't really tell us about Johnny, either. But we do know that an Adventist workman made the wheel and his dishonest trick nearly cost Mrs. White's life. We can only imagine what happened in the carriage shop.

But I like to think that maybe he found out. Maybe he admitted his guilt and did good honest workmanship after that. Whether he did or not, we can learn a lesson. Sloppy workmanship can be dangerous. God expects us to do our best at whatever we do. Lives may depend on it someday.

Reference: EGW Letter K-10-1891.

THE HIDDEN FLAW

Objective: To explore principles of good workmanship.

For discussion:

1. Ellen White believed an angel kept the carriage horse from running—
Recall a time when you think God's angels protected you.
2. Role play events at the carriage house when the defective wheel came back to the shop.
3. Use the index to Child Guidance to learn what Ellen White says about:
 - a. Good workmanship
 - b. Working with diligence
4. Which is more a problem for you:
 - a. Hurrying to get a task done or being particular
 - b. Leaving a task before it is finished
 - c. Linger over a task instead of getting it done efficiently
 - d. Losing patience when the task gets difficult

AUNT ELLEN WRITES A LETTER, PART I

Frank Belden's favorite relative was his Aunt Ellen White. Of course there was his Uncle James White—but he didn't like him quite so much. Uncle James wasn't too well, and Frank's careless ways annoyed him a great deal. He had serious doubts that his young nephew would ever amount to anything at all. Aunt Ellen said he was too hard on the boy, and that they must be patient with her sister's son since he hadn't any mother to guide him. How Frank missed his mother!

Frank's mother, Sarah Belden, was Ellen's older sister. She had traveled with Ellen from town to town so that she could tell others of her visions. Somebody had to go with her. After all, she was only 17! Even after both girls were married, Sarah and Ellen wanted to stay close together. When Ellen and James rented a big house in New York and set up a press so they could print the first Review and Herald magazines, Ellen invited Sarah and her husband to come help them with the work. They came, and it was such fun having Sarah to work with and talk to. The four young people did a good job of printing the Review.

Later on, Ellen, James, and the children moved to Battle Creek. It wasn't long before Sarah and her family followed. It was there that baby Frank had been born, and many nights Aunt Ellen helped to rock him to sleep.

Sarah's five children and Ellen's three had great times together. Frank loved Edson, even though Edson was nine years older. Edson taught him to rake leaves and throw a ball. Aunt Ellen was surprised at how well Frank worked in the yard. When he was only eight, she wrote another relative, "Frankie and his brother are great workers." How proud that made Frank feel!

Then tragedy struck. When Frank was only 10, his mother died. This left Mr. Belden with five children and no mother. What could he do? He moved

closer to Aunt Ellen so she could help him—and she did. In spite of her travels around the country, she found time to write her nieces and nephews, and to help them with problems. Once she had to return some money to the Review that Frank's sister had taken. Sister Sarah wrote Aunt Ellen, confessing what she had done and asking Auntie to please make it right. Aunt Ellen was happy to see this good sign in her niece's life, and gladly settled the debt with money the girl sent.

As Frank grew, he seemed to have a natural talent for music. He enrolled at Battle Creek College and took a course in how to write music. After that, he wrote so many songs that people soon began asking him to write special ones for programs and even weddings. He hardly had time to work at his Review and Herald job on the printing presses. Not bad for a 16-year-old boy! He loved the popularity and began to be quite proud of himself.

This worried Aunt Ellen. In his eagerness to be popular, Frank began forgetting things his mother had taught him. He became careless about keeping Sabbath and soon wasn't going to church at all.

One day Aunt Ellen had a vision about Frank. An angel showed her that Frank was doing wrong, and that unless he changed, he would be lost. How that made her cry! When she woke, she sat down and wrote him a loving letter, urging him to change his ways. Even though she pointed out his wrongs, Aunt Ellen wanted Frank to be sure he knew she still loved him, so she ordered a new pair of dark pants made just his size to give to him.

By the time Frank was 19, he was on the West Coast doing printing there. Now he worked on Sabbath. Aunt Ellen was upset. What would her sister have said if she were alive?

Frank's mother had believed in the Sabbath so strongly that she worked as a hired girl for \$1.50 a week and turned over all the money to Captain Joseph Bates so he could tell everyone about the special Sabbath day God had blessed. How disappointed she would be to think her own son was breaking God's holy day.

Ellen sat down and wrote to Frank. Her letter was very long—more than 8 pages! In simple language, this is what she told him:

December 7, 1877

Dear Frank,

I love you but have been too busy to write for awhile. I write you now, hoping that my letter can reach your heart, although I'm afraid it won't. You were raised by a God-fearing mother, but now you're acting as if God doesn't exist. You have become proud and stubborn. But it's not too late for you to change your course. I don't want to argue with you. You know what's right. Why do you do what's wrong?

You are making your own money now. I fear you are not being careful with it, or you'd have some savings by now in case you should get sick. But you have no savings. You ought to put away some of your check every week and not touch it for anything. You are not a selfish person, Frank, but you buy things to please yourself even when you owe others money. You make them wait. You buy your things first. This isn't right. You should pay your debts first and then use what's left for yourself.

You like people to think you are generous. When anyone asks for money, you give him more than he asked for. You want everyone to think you have lots of money. But still you owe debts to others. Don't try to look important by giving away more than you can afford. Instead, give yourself to God, your Creator.

Step outside at night, Frank. Look at the stars. They are only a tiny piece of the glory of God. Look at the things God made. They will bring you closer to Him.

Fight temptation. Every time you break God's law, it hurts your mind and body. God may forgive you, but the damage you have done to yourself will never entirely go away. If only you could see the big war between Christ and Satan,

I'm sure you would want to be on God's side. If you don't serve God, you ARE serving Satan.

Think about what I've said, dear nephew. Think seriously. If you do, what I've written here will help you to a better life.

Your loving

Aunt Ellen.

Frank read the letter. Aunt Ellen had had a vision about him! The angel was right. Frank was doing wrong, but he really had no desire to change. God's commandments weren't important to him. He was busy having fun. He put Aunt Ellen's letter away and tried to forget it.

AUNT ELLEN WRITES A LETTER I

Objectives: To develop awareness of the loving concerns that Ellen White had for family members.

To apply principles of Godliness delineated by Ellen White.

For discussion:

1. Which best expresses Ellen White's reason for writing to her nephew?
 - a. He needed to know he was a sinner
 - b. She had a vision about the direction of his life
 - c. God told her to write the letter
 - d. She cared about her nephew
 - e. She didn't want a member of the family to embarrass her
2. Ellen White advised Frank to establish a savings account. Ask three people why they have a savings account.
3. Examine the indexes to Child Guidance for some instruction about thrift and economy.
4. How does a Christian's failure to pay debts damage God's reputation?
5. Use an encyclopedia to learn something about the stars. Bring your information to class. Try to find a book on astronomy written before 1900. What information might Frank have learned in school about the stars? What information that you know was yet unavailable?
6. On the next class night spend some time looking at the stars. Then complete this sentence:

When I look at the stars . . .

AUNT ELLEN WRITES A LETTER, PART II

Aunt Ellen was worried. Her letter to Frank had made no difference. He was still not going to church and still not a Christian. What could she do? This was the son of her dear sister, Sarah. For her sake, she had to try again. Maybe a heart-to-heart talk would help.

So Aunt Ellen came in person to see her nephew. Taking him to a room where they could be alone, she began telling him of the terrible vision she had had. She begged him to change his ways before it was too late. She cried and pleaded, just as his own mother would have done. At last Frank's heart was touched.

"I'll keep Sabbath, Aunt Ellen. I do want to be a good Christian. But it's no use. I just can't be good. I've tried."

"Yes, you can," she answered earnestly. "With Jesus' help you can break Satan's hold on you. Please try!"

Frank went back to work, but Aunt Ellen's words kept ringing in his head. "Jesus will help you. Don't wait until it's too late. Give your heart to Jesus." Finally he could stand it no longer. He left his job, he left his friends, and moved far away to Colorado to start over again. There he found a camp meeting—and they needed a song leader. Gladly he led out in the singing. Then a tent preacher wanted help with his meetings. Frank lent him a hand, too. As he worked at the meetings, the messages drew him closer to God. He became happier and was overjoyed when God brought a lovely young girl into his life—Hattie.

Frank loved Hattie right from the start. It seemed that he could not go on living without her. Before long they were married, and Hattie proved to be just the girl for Frank. She was musical, too, and sang beautifully. Together they sang heart-touching duets. At tent meetings, the two would sit together in the back and listen to the preacher's opening text. For about ten minutes they would

listen, finding out what the sermon was about. Then Frank would begin writing—sometimes on the back of an envelope or old program. The words he wrote went to a song that fit right in with the sermon. Then he would think up a tune. Hattie and Frank would slip outside the tent. While Frank hummed the new tune, Hattie would memorize it and practice the words. Next they would try it softly together. At the end of the sermon, Hattie and Frank Belden walked down the aisle singing the new song written just for that meeting. How surprised the audience was! And Frank and Hattie felt good, for they gave all the credit to God.

Baby Linnie was born to the Beldens next year. She was such a sweet child. Frank must have written special lullabies for her, but if he did no one copied them down, for they were never found among his papers. Hundreds of hymns were written, though, and many of them we still have today.

When his work in Colorado finished, Frank moved back to Battle Creek. He wrote his Aunt Ellen right away, telling her that he and Hattie had found a furnished apartment. He was working at the Review and making \$12 a week.

"Of that \$12," he wrote, "I'm sending \$4 each week to Cousin Edson (Ellen's son) who loaned me \$70 while I was in Colorado. And thank you for the money you loaned me. I'll get it to you as soon as I can."

Ellen rejoiced to hear that her nephew was on the right track again, writing hymns and working for the Lord at the press.

In 1886 the Review published a hymn book that Frank helped to edit. It was called "Hymns and Tunes," and in it were many of Frank's own songs. One popular one was "Look for the Waymarks," a song that urged everyone to watch for signs of Christ's coming. Another sweet one was "There's No Other Name Like Jesus." The songs quickly spread from church to church across America, and many were blessed by the words in Frank's hymns.

Twenty-two of Frank's songs are still in our hymnal today. If you'll look

on page 642 of your church hymnal, you will see a list of the page numbers of songs Frank wrote. These are not all of them, of course, for he wrote hundreds of songs. Only the best and most popular were included in the hymn book.

Aunt Ellen felt thrilled with Frank's songs. She enjoyed singing them herself. She knew from the words that Frank had finally found Jesus and become a real Christian. How glad she was that she'd taken the time to write and talk to her nephew, even when it all seemed useless.

Meanwhile, at the Review, Frank was given many small jobs. Each one was done as well as he could do it. Soon they gave him bigger jobs, and he did them well, too. Before long he was appointed superintendent for the whole printing press. He was certainly using his talents for God now.

In 1889 Mrs. White visited Battle Creek.

"You must come to dinner," Frank urged her. "I want you to see what a good cook Hattie is."

"I'd love to Frank. I'll come tomorrow night."

At the Beldens that night there was a great deal of scurrying around. Frank and Hattie wanted the house spic and span for company. Hattie cooked her best meal, and Aunt Ellen enjoyed every bite. Little Linnie, now 7 years old, watched her Great Aunt Ellen shyly as she cleaned up all the food on her plate. When Linnie left the table to play, Aunt Ellen began to ask some questions.

"Are you training Linnie to be a good, obedient child?" she asked. "She looks like it. I just love her. But you have a very solemn responsibility. You must teach her to love God and go to Sabbath school. Don't let her develop selfish habits or tell lies. You are training her for heaven, you know."

Hattie and Frank listened carefully. Aunt Ellen's advice was always good and agreed with the Bible. Child training was important.

As Aunt Ellen left, Frank gave her a big hug. She'd been so good to him that she seemed almost like his real mother. He loved her very much.

Going back into the house, he picked Linnie up and tossed her squealing into the air.

"We've got to raise you right, young lady," he declared, "or Aunt Ellen will have to straighten you out. She's a good auntie. She straightened me out. There's no one quite like her!"

Linnie giggled and smoothed down her dress as her daddy set her back on the floor.

"I like Auntie Ellen," she declared. "She's nice!"

Reference: Document File White Estate
Belden letters
B-41-1977
F. E. Belden letter to E. G. White, January 1, 1882
Linnie Belden letter to Arthur White, November 13, 1961
Card file—Frank & Sarah Belden
SDA Church Hymnal

AUNT ELLEN WRITES A LETTER PART II

Objective: To perceive the long-term effects of Ellen White's personal ministry.

For discussion:

1. If Frank paid Edson the \$70 he borrowed at \$4.00 a week, how many weeks would it take to pay it all back? How many months?
2. Frank's response to Aunt Ellen's letter seemed at first to be:
 - a. No!
 - b. Wait
 - c. Thank you
3. Read Luke 18:2-5 for a story about a woman who was told No many times. How is her request unlike the one Ellen White presented to Frank?
4. After someone has said No to you, are you more likely to repeat your request:
 - a. If you are seeking a personal benefit?
or
 - b. If you seek the welfare of the person you're talking to.
5. Find the list of composers in your church hymnal. Look for hymns contributed by Frank Belden. Which of the hymns do you know.....?
6. Select a hymn composed by Belden. For a sermon on what topic might Belden have composed this song?

Learn about hymns:

7. At the top of each hymn, you will find names. The one on the right is the person who wrote the words for the hymn. The name on the left tells who wrote the music for the hymn. Notice that for some hymns Frank wrote just the music—for others he wrote both words and music.

NOTE: See the green SDA Reader IV, pages 634 and 649, for two of Belden's poems.

SCHOOLS FOR GOD'S CHILDREN

"Father, were there ever any ape men?"

"Ape men? Where ever did you get that idea?" Father asked.

"At school," the boy replied. "The teacher said we were once monkeys, then ape men, and then real men like we are today. The book said that, too."

Father shook his head. "That's what comes from public school education, son. No, there weren't any ape men. And we didn't come from monkeys. We were created by God—tall, perfect human beings in God's image. We never were monkeys. I wish you had a Christian school to go to."

It was 1857, and Adventists all across the United States were wishing that same thing. The Whites were looking for a Christian school, too. They had three boys: Henry, 10; Edson, 8; and Willie only 3. The two older boys were attending Battle Creek Public School because there wasn't any Adventist school for them to go to. There wasn't an Adventist school for anybody to go to. There were no Adventist schools in the whole world.

Elder White wrote some articles in the Review and Herald magazine, urging that someone start Christian schools for the children.

"We need Christian teachers," he wrote. "If students learn about Jesus in the school and in the home, too, they have a better chance to grow up to be good Christians. We plead for Adventist schools so that the children can learn their reading, writing, and arithmetic without having to attend the corrupting public schools."

Mrs. White was concerned, too. She had attended public school herself as a girl and knew that the teachers weren't always good examples to the students. She well remembered what had happened to her in the third grade.

In those days, school desks consisted of a table for two and a long bench. The girl sitting beside Ellen leaned across the aisle to whisper to a friend. Since

classrooms were very stiff and quiet in those days, the teacher became quite upset.

"You naughty girl," he cried. "Be quiet in my classroom. Now take THAT." And snatching up a long ruler, he aimed a blow right at the girl's head.

Suddenly the ruler flew from his hand and struck Ellen in the forehead, leaving an ugly red mark. A thin line of blood began oozing from the cut.

"OH!" she cried, raising her hand to feel the growing lump. Then without a word, she rose and ran from the room.

Several minutes went by and Ellen did not return. The teacher, calmer now, began to worry. Where had she gone? How badly had he hurt her? He stepped outside to look around. Way down the block he could see the back of little Ellen, hurrying home holding her head. If she went home and told her parents what had happened, he might lose his job.

Running down the street after her, the teacher called, "Ellen! Ellen! Wait!"

Obediently Ellen stopped while the teacher caught up with her.

"I'm sorry," he panted. "I made a mistake. Will you forgive me?"

Ellen looked at him solemnly.

"Of course I'll forgive you," she answered, "but what was your mistake?"

The teacher looked puzzled.

"I didn't mean to hit YOU. That was my mistake. I meant to hit your seatmate."

Ellen shook her head. "It was a mistake for you to hit anybody, sir," she told him. "I would just as soon have this lump on my forehead as to have you hit my friend."

The teacher's face got red with embarrassment, but he kept talking and persuaded her to return to school. Perhaps he controlled his temper better after that. Ellen's health caused her to leave school shortly, but she never forgot what

it was like to have a teacher without Christ in his heart. She hoped her own children's teachers weren't like that.

Through letters from friends back East, the Whites learned that Mr. John Byington in New York had become unhappy with public schools, too, after he became an Adventist. Determined that his children would not be taught wrong ideas, he hired his own daughter, Martha, to start a little school of Adventist children right in his living room. As he went through the house, he could hear his sister teaching the children from the Bible and singing hymns. His children would never be taught that men came from monkeys.

When Brother Byington moved to Battle Creek, the Whites were delighted. Now maybe he'd continue his Christian school for all the Adventist children in Battle Creek. Sure enough, he did start a school, and several Adventists sent their children. But the parents couldn't agree on what an Adventist school should be like. Some said the teacher should use only the Bible.

"You can teach everything from the Bible," said one mother. "The children can add up the measurements of Noah's ark. They can multiply the loaves and fishes Jesus fed the people. They can count the days of creation. They can add up the 2300 days of prophecy. That would take care of math.

Then they can copy the Bible verses for handwriting. They can memorize the psalms for speech class. They can learn the Bible stories for history. Yes, all we need on the desks at school are our Bibles."

"Oh, I don't think that's right," said a frowning father. "I think they ought to use arithmetic books, at least. And how can they learn American history from the Bible? It isn't in there. We don't want our children ignorant of their own country's history."

So they argued. Mr. Byington argued. The teacher argued. And in the end the school died out, and with it the Whites' hopes of Christian education for their children.

Years went by and young Edson became a teenager, working in the Review press. One day during lunch hour he went outside to speak to a stranger chopping wood near the press. As the two talked, Edson discovered the man was a teacher.

"A Christian teacher?" asked Edson eagerly. "I wish you could teach me English grammar. I have never been able to understand it."

Mr. Bell smiled. "That's one of my favorite subjects," he told the boy. "If it's taught right, it's very easy and fun, too."

"Do you suppose you could teach me and some of my friends in the evening?" Edson asked. "We'd all pay attention and study hard."

The man smiled. "I'm sure you would. I'm a patient at the hospital here and am just getting over an illness. The doctor said I should start trying to do a little work. That's why I was chopping wood. But yes, I'll be glad to try and teach you and your friends. Why don't you come over to my room tonight about 7:00?"

That night Edson and fourteen other young men surprised Mr. Bell. He had no idea his class would be so large. But he began to teach.

Mr. Bell's class was such a success that the Battle Creek Church asked him to start a regular church school, and so he did.

Then the Review Staff asked him to become an editor for them. Since he knew all about English and writing, they really needed him. So once more the church school closed.

Mrs. White watched the children walking past her home to public school and it worried her. Even the first and second graders spent long days cooped up in stuffy classrooms on benches so high their little legs couldn't reach the floor. Everyone had homework to do at night, too.

"Little children should not be kept in the classroom all day," she wrote. "They need fresh air and sunshine to make them grow. Teachers ought to take them outside in nature and teach them about flowers and trees and insects. Our schools should be healthier than the public schools and teach differently. Can't we start a church school again?"

So a few years later the first lasting Adventist school began at Battle Creek with Mr. Bell again as teacher. At first there were only twelve students, but soon there were so many that the church had to hire two more teachers. From that tiny church school grew Battle Creek College, Emmanuel Missionary College, and Andrews University. Today there are thousands of Adventist elementary schools, high schools, and colleges around the world.

All her life Mrs. White worked to start good Adventist schools where students had a chance to work, study, and learn from the Bible. If she were here today we could say, "Thank you, Mrs. White, for helping to start church schools. You'd be surprised to see how many we have now. God has really blessed the schools that try to teach students about Him."

Reference: "SDA Education," Spirit of Prophecy Emphasis Week, 1972-73, pp. 5-11.

"When Ellen G. White Was Young," by D. A. Delafield, Spirit of Prophecy Day Sermon, 1962, p. 15.

SCHOOLS FOR GOD'S CHILDREN

Objective: To understand the purposes and advantages of a Christian education.

For discussion:

1. Name three advantages of Christian education:
 - a. More freedom to explore
 - b. Christian treatment by teacher
 - c. Freedom from false teachings
2. Tell what each of the following people did to provide Christian education for children:
 - a. John Byington
 - b. Martha Byington
 - c. Edson White
 - d. Goodloe Bell
 - e. Ellen White
3. Complete these sentences:
 - a. The best thing about Christian education is . . .
 - b. Here's what I'd like to tell the people who gave money to build my school . . .
 - c. Here's what I am going to say to the people who pay my tuition . . .

A HELPING HAND

James White was dead. Adventists all over the world felt sad. He had been their Review editor and then their General Conference president. With James and Ellen leading out in the work, things had gone well. God had greatly blessed them. At camp meetings both of them preached. James often preached in the morning and Ellen in the afternoon. That way neither of them became too worn out. Now he lay dead, and Ellen was alone. Worse still, when he died she had been sick in the hospital, barely able to attend his funeral. Afterward friends carried her back to her bed where she ran a high fever and stayed ill for days.

For a year after James died, Ellen was in and out of her sickbed. Fever and chills came with the malaria in her blood. For so long she had depended on James to help her, to drive her to appointments, to keep her from accepting more speaking invitations than she could handle, to carry luggage and arrange housing, and to put his strong arm around her and lift her out of the buggy when she was too weak to walk. As sick as she was, the thought of going on without James seemed almost more than she could bear at times.

Camp meeting came, and Ellen wished to attend. Maybe she could gain strength just from the good meetings and from hearing God's Word. Her doctor didn't like the idea at all. He and her nurses felt she hadn't long to live. She ought to save her strength. But Ellen felt God had a blessing for her at the Healdsburg camp meeting, so she arranged to go. Kind hands carried her cot into the big tent. What a blessing she felt already!

"Could you lift me up from the cot?" she asked those nearby. "I think if you held me up, I might go onto the platform for just a minute and say a few last words to the people."

Her friends looked at one another in alarm. Should they try to help her speak to the crowd? Or discourage her? What if she died right there on the

platform? Still, if the Lord had a last message for them, they wanted to hear it.

Carefully they raised her up and carried her to the platform. How pale her face was! How badly her hands shook! The audience hushed and leaned forward. They wanted to hear every word.

Holding on to the speaker's hand, Ellen tried to talk. As she did so, a strange feeling swept over her. She felt strength flowing into her arms and legs. She began to speak, and as she did, her hearers were astonished to see color coming into her lips and face. A healthy glow replaced the deadly pale of her skin. It was a miracle, and the people and Ellen both knew it was happening.

In a firm, strong voice she began telling them of God's love and of her faith in Him. At the close of the meeting, she walked back to her tent without help. She had been healed.

Shortly after this experience, God gave Ellen a vision of the work he yet had for her to do in many countries of the world. The vision's message worried her. With James gone, who would make traveling arrangements? How could she, a small, frail woman, travel the world alone? God understood and sent her a message.

"I have given you my servant, W. C. White, and I will give him judgment to be your helper. I will give him skill and understanding to manage wisely for you."

Willie? Her own son! God would assign him the task of helping his mother do God's work? The message continued:

"You are not alone in the work the Lord has chosen you to do."

How comforting God's words were. And they proved true, too. Willie became his mother's right-hand man. He traveled with her to Europe and Australia. He rushed her to the train on time, dragged luggage into the coach just as the train pulled out, bargained with hotel keepers for comfortable rooms, and saw to it that his mother's travel papers were in order. In years gone by, Willie's mother had helped him, loved him, and saved his life when he nearly

drowned. Now he could help her, love her, and save her strength for God's work. He took over his father's job and did it well, just as God had promised.

When Mrs. White went to Australia, Willie stayed by her. On the smoky old ship Willie arranged for her mattress to be put in the dining room where there was fresh air so she could breathe better. What would she have done without Willie?

In Australia, Willie helped locate a place to stay. Always he tried to keep his mother from overworking.

"Here, Mother, let me lift that. You aren't as strong as you were, you know."

"No, Mother, you can't speak at two places next Sabbath. One is enough."

"Watch your step, Mother. These rocks are tricky. Take my arm."

Ellen felt loved, protected, and cared for. She thanked God for Willie.

Then one day Ellen and Willie took a trip to New Zealand. She wasn't feeling too well, but she knew from experience that God would give her strength to preach when the time came.

Early one morning she woke in a house near the campgrounds. From 3-5 she studied, wrote, and prayed. At five she decided to attend the 5:30 meeting at the campground—but no one was up yet. Slipping out of the house, she looked in the barn. There was the light two-wheeled cart ready for a horse, but the horse was in his stall. She looked at his harness high on the wall and shook her head. No, she'd better not try to harness him alone. She might hurt herself, and Willie would scold her.

Closing the barn door, she looked down the road toward the campground. It was less than a mile. Why couldn't she walk? She felt pretty well today.

Slowly, carefully, Mrs. White started down the road to camp meeting. Every few minutes she would stop to catch her breath. She'd been sick so long she had forgotten how much energy it took to walk.

Suddenly she heard a noise behind her. Through the morning mists she could see the faint outline of a buggy—but no horse! Thinking her eyes were playing tricks on her, she watched it approach. Then she burst out laughing.

Between the carriage shafts ran Willie, huffing and puffing up the road with the buggy behind him. He had wakened, looked out the window and seen his mother start for camp meeting. Into his clothes he jumped and ran to the barn. But there was no time to harness a horse. Jumping between the shafts himself, he grabbed one in each hand and began running with the buggy.

"Mother!" he called. "Wait! I've brought the buggy. You shouldn't try to walk all this way. Please get in!"

Stopping beside his mother, he motioned her toward the seat.

Mrs. White laughed. "Oh, Willie! Will you ever grow up? What will people think of you pulling the buggy like a horse? You're a grown man!"

Willie's eyes twinkled. "They'll just think I'm an old work horse," he joked. "Now get in and let me pull you to meeting. Then I'll come home and get dressed and bring a real horse and buggy back to pick you up for breakfast."

Chuckling, Mrs. White allowed Willie to help her into the seat. Taking his place again, he began pulling her down the road. With his mother in it, the buggy felt much heavier. Willie was glad when Elder Starr spotted him at the edge of the campgrounds and ran to pull one shaft. Together the two of them wheeled the buggy right to the very entrance of the main tent. As they helped her down, bystanders smiled at Mrs. White's unusual team of horses. When the meeting ended, Willie was back to pick her up—with a real horse and buggy this time. Then they rode back home for breakfast—oats for the four-legged horse, and oatmeal for Willie!

When Avondale College began, students rose for worship at 5:30. Noting that the principal seemed tired, Mrs. White offered to conduct worship for him the next day so he could sleep in. Gratefully he accepted.

When day broke, Mrs. White went to Willie's room and shook him awake.

"I'm taking morning worship for the students," she told him. "I don't want you chasing after me with a horseless buggy this time! It's not far if we walk across the fields. I'm feeling strong today, and I'd like to walk if you'd go with me."

Willie rose, glad she'd asked him to go. Although it was still moonlight outside, Mrs. White and her son walked across the fields, climbed over one fence and under another, and held worship for the 26 boys and 3 girls enrolled at the school.

In the years after her husband's death, Mrs. White depended a great deal on Willie. Wherever she moved, Willie and his family lived close by. Willie's twin boys and little girls ran in and out of Grandma's house, calling her from her writing to see the new calf. She missed James, of course, but Willie and his children provided much comfort for her in her old age.

How she thanked God for impressing this beloved son of hers to take on himself the job of helping and caring for his mother. God had promised to give her help, and He had kept His promise.

Reference: Arthur White, Australian Years, p. 79.
Selected Messages, vol. 1, pp. 54-55.

The twins: Australian Years, pp. 323-324.

Moonlight walk with Willie: Australian Years, p. 217.
EGW MS 61, 1895.
EGW Letters 88a and W.125, 1895.

A HELPING HAND

Objective: To perceive the blessings that family members can bring to each other.

Map study: On a map of the world, locate Healdsburg, California, Europe, Australia, New Zealand.

For discussion:

1. Children can bring their parents much joy; they can also cause great sorrow. Which kind of child was Willie to his mother?
2. What have you done to bring joy to the people at your house?
3. How can you avoid bringing sorrow to the people who love you?
4. What joys can grandchildren bring their grandparents?
5. What incidents in the story suggests that Ellen White was:
 - a. Brave
 - b. Energetic
 - c. Thoughtful

CARING FOR OTHERS

"It's been a busy day," Sara McEnterfer remarked as she slowed the horse.

"It certainly has," agreed Mrs. White. "What a blessing that you are a nurse. It's twenty miles to the nearest doctor, and this community has so many emergencies. You came here to Australia to help me, but you spend most of your time nursing the neighbors—not that I mind, of course. Wasn't that baby a sad little fellow? His mother thought she had to feed him every time he whimpered. No wonder the little thing threw up so often! His stomach was upset with so many feedings. I hope the mother will take your advice about having regular feeding times now."

The buggy stopped before Mrs. White's house. Sara climbed down and turned to help her friend. Just then Ella, Ellen's granddaughter, came running from the house.

"Grandma!" she called. "Some man came and left a message for you. His son cut his foot on a bottle two weeks ago, and now they think he'll lose his leg, it's so infected. Can Aunt Sara go see him right away?"

Mrs. White smiled. "You see, Sara? They'll run you to death yet. Go on. The boy needs you. But I've had all the buggy ride my old bones can take this day. Hurry back so you can get some rest."

Gathering up from the house her thick woolen fomentation cloths for hot water treatments, Sara climbed back into the buggy again and took off.

When she found the boy, she was horrified at his leg. Angry red streaks rose from his heel to his knee. It looked as if blood poisoning had already begun. Saving that leg would be no easy job.

Quickly she rolled up her sleeves, started a pot of water boiling, and went to work with her hot compresses on the boy's leg. Hot, cold. Hot, cold. Time after time she changed the hot, wet cloths, bringing the blood up to the skin's

surface. Then she rubbed the leg with a cold, wet cloth, pushing the blood back again. Hot, cold, hot, cold. The blood began flowing faster, swishing in and out of the infected area, carrying good blood in to help fight the germs.

At last, after two hours of treatment, the boy began to relax. The pain eased, and the little fellow who hadn't slept for several days looked sleepy.

"Try to sleep now," Sara urged him.

"I can't sleep, I can't sleep, I can't sleep," he murmured, falling asleep even as he spoke.

Back home, Sara wearily put the horse in his stall and tiptoed upstairs to fall exhausted on her bed. This place really needed a doctor!

Sara rose early the next morning, ready to go visit her patient.

"Why don't you bring him home with you, Sara?" Mrs. White asked. "It's too much to be running back and forth twice a day to give treatments."

"We really don't have room here," Sara answered. "I'll be all right."

And off she went.

As Sara entered the patient's home, she heard a sad little voice in the bedroom saying, "She's not coming! Why isn't she coming? Oh, I hurt so! I want Miss Sara!"

"Tommy?" she called. "I'm here."

Happiness filled the boy's face. Help had arrived.

Sara stayed until noon, putting hot and cold on that poisoned leg. When she left, Tommy was sleeping again. Sara hurried home for lunch but was back again by evening. More treatments. Sara looked exhausted.

The next morning, Mrs. White decided to take action.

"Harness that horse, Sara. We're going to see your sick boy."

"But you don't need to go," Sara protested. "It's Sabbath and you ought to go to church."

"Church can wait," Mrs. White declared. "That boy needs help, and you

can't wear yourself out running back and forth. I asked Willie's wife, May, if you could bring Tommy to her place across the road since she has more room. She said she'd be glad to have him. Jesus did good and healed the sick on Sabbath, and I'm sure He'd approve of this. So we'll just drive right over and bring Tommy back with us."

Later that morning the carriage pulled up in front of Willie White's home. Tommy, his mother, and Sara got out and the women carried the boy inside to a room where May had fixed two small cots. Mrs. White followed and put some water on to boil while Sara removed the dressing from the leg. Then treatments began again.

For nearly two weeks May and Willie shared their home with Tommy and his mother. Twice a day Sara would run across from Mrs. White's house to give the fomentations, and many times Mrs. White would come with her to tell Tommy stories. Never had a boy received such kind care and good food. When he was improved, Sara drove him home in the buggy.

"Now you take it easy," she ordered. "I'll come and change the bandage every day until your foot's totally well. You can thank the Lord and His good water treatments that you still have a leg. Take care of it—and watch where you step next time. Be sure all the bottles around your house get put in the trash and not left lying where folks can tread on them."

Before Ellen left Australia, she determined to start a small hospital in the Avondale area. She found land and wrote to all her American friends, asking them to send money. Word got around and many Adventist churches sent funds to help.

One gift, however, was extra special, and when Mrs. White received it, she stopped everything to write and thank the giver—a little American girl who had given her only dime. This is what she wrote:

My little Sister Elsie Wilson,

I thank you for your precious offering. It is a small sum, but it is more precious in the sight of God than a large gift unwillingly given. If all the children would give their dimes to the Lord as you have done, little streams of money would flow into a big river of funds for God's work.

The Lord looks with pleasure upon the little children who give up things for themselves in order to make an offering to Him. . . .

Sister White appreciates your words: "This is all I have; but I want to help Sister White," and the Lord is pleased. God is made glad when the little ones work together with Jesus who loved the little children and took them in His arms and blessed them. He will bless your gift to Him.

In love,

E. G. White

How happy Elsie must have been to get that special letter! And how happy Tommy must have been when the new hospital was built near his home. He had a good leg and Avondale had a good hospital—all because Mrs. White and her helper, Sara, cared about others the way Jesus did.

Reference: Arthur White, Australian Years, pp. 327-330.

Letter to Elsie Wilson: Letter W-155, 1899

CARING FOR OTHERS

Objective: To examine the spectrum of opportunities for relieving suffering.

For discussion:

1. Ellen White chose to "do good" for suffering people on Sabbath.
 - a. Recall a time when Jesus provided an example for doing good on Sabbath. (See Luke 14:1-6; John 5:1-17; Luke 6:6-10)
 - b. Recall a time when you have followed Jesus' example of doing good on Sabbath.
 - c. Make a plan for bringing joy to someone on Sabbath.
2. How do fomentations aid healing of the body?
3. Why should Christians who preach that Jesus is coming soon establish hospitals?
4. Imagine meeting someone at the hospital in Avondale who asks you, why did Adventists build a hospital here? What answers might you give?
5. In the story, what did each of these people do for suffering people:
 - a. Elsie Wilson
 - b. Ellen White
 - c. Sara McEnterfer
 - d. Ella
 - e. May White

THE DISAPPEARING CAPTAIN

"Oh, Mrs. White, what shall we do? The buildings we use for dormitories and classrooms are so crowded, we've put beds in all the classrooms. Now we have no room to teach." The principal at Avondale School in Australia seemed very upset.

Mrs. White looked thoughtful.

"I don't know what to do except to build a classroom building and keep the dorms to house students," she said at last. "But where we'll get money to build, only the Lord knows. I surely don't. I'll write to the General Conference for you, though. Maybe they can help us. God knows we need that building."

Mrs. White sat down in her easy chair and put her writing board across her lap. She knew that the General Conference in 1899 was having some big meetings and that they would be voting money there for different places in the world. It was a good time to remind them about Australia. Too many of those men in Battle Creek thought Australia was only a country of kangaroos and koala bears. They forgot there was a new school starting there and that students couldn't build it without money. She began to write.

When her letter arrived in Battle Creek, it was the first of March. Meetings were already in progress. Elder Irwin, General Conference president, took Mrs. White's letter to a meeting and read it.

"Can't you help us?" Mrs. White wrote. "In America you have fine buildings and nice homes. Here we are making do with nearly nothing. If the American Adventists would sacrifice and give up some of their luxuries for the Lord, we would have enough money over here to build our school. Can't you set aside some funds for us? We're having such a hard time. You sent me over here to start the work, but you aren't giving me money to build with. Won't you please make a plan to regularly give us something we can count on?"

Elder Irwin folded the letter and looked at the men.

"Well, what shall we do with this request?" he asked. "I think Mrs. White's right. We ought to help Australia. I'll give \$100 right now. How about the rest of you? God's work must go forward."

"I'll give \$50," said one minister.

"And I'll give \$75," said another.

"Put me down for \$100," said an office worker.

And so many people offered money that President Irwin had to call in two more secretaries to write down all the names. In a very short time they had promised over \$3,000 to Australia.

"This is wonderful," declared Elder Irwin, "but it isn't enough to build a whole building. Shall we send a letter to our American churches and ask them for help?"

"That won't be necessary," said a strange voice as a handsome man rose to his feet. "I'll give \$15,000."

FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS? Everyone looked shocked. Who was this man? He wasn't one of the workers or ministers. He wasn't on the General Conference staff.

"Praise God!" said Elder Irwin, and all the brethren said "AMEN!"

After the meeting everyone had the same question. Who WAS that man? Where had he gotten so much money?

The stranger proved to be Henry Norman, a sea captain. Elder Westphal had come up from South America to attend the General Conference meetings and had sailed on Captain Norman's ship. On the way he had interested the captain in Bible study, and when they reached the States, the captain decided to come with him to the meetings in Battle Creek. He had listened to the sermons every evening and had decided to keep the Sabbath and become an Adventist. He declared that all he owned now belonged to God.

Those who heard this were delighted. It was said that the captain owned several ships, a yacht, and thousands of dollars in English banks. What a help he and his money could be to the new mission work! No need to bother the American churches for money. Captain Norman would provide more than enough. Of course it would take a few months for him to get his funds from the bank in England, but that was all right. For that much money, the brethren could wait a little while.

Back in Australia Mrs. White received a letter from Brother Irwin. How happy she was about the news! \$3,000 already collected and \$15,000 more coming soon.

"Put up that building," she advised. "The money will be here shortly." Then she sat down and wrote Captain Norman a nice long letter thanking him for his help. She mailed the letter to Battle Creek.

So the workmen dug, cut, and hammered. Soon the walls were up. But the money had not come.

"Some of the workmen are worried about food for their families," the principal told Mrs. White. "We hired them, but no money has come to pay them."

"This is terrible," she said, and took her buggy and visited the workmen's homes to be sure the families had enough to eat. She couldn't give them money, but she could share with them her own home-canned foods. Surely the money would arrive any day.

Weeks passed. At last the \$3,000 given by workers at the General Conference meeting arrived. But with it came a sad letter. Captain Norman had promised to pay in May. May had come and gone—and so had Captain Norman. Shocked, Mrs. White sat down to read the letter.

After pledging more than \$400,000 in gifts to God's work around the world, Captain Norman became friendly with one of the office secretaries. In a very short time he asked her to marry him. The girl was delighted to have such a

handsome, wealthy husband, and agreed at once. But before a wedding could take place, Captain Norman came to his sweetheart with a problem.

"Darling," he said, "I've got to run to New York on some business. I seem to be having trouble getting my money out of those English banks. I happen to have a ship docking in New York soon, and I can check on it and do my bank business at the same time. But I'm all out of cash. Could you lend me \$300, love? I'll be back in a few days with money for the General Conference and for our honeymoon, too."

"Of course," his fiancée answered. "I'll get it from my savings in the bank tomorrow. And hurry back. I'll miss you when you're gone!"

The next day Captain Norman boarded a train for New York and was never seen again. All the money he had promised was fake. He didn't have it. Maybe he didn't own any ships at all. He disappeared along with the hope of funds for Australia. Mrs. White's letter to him was returned unopened.

Mrs. White nearly wept as she read the letter. Why hadn't the Lord warned her not to trust Captain Norman? Here they'd hired workmen to put up the building, and now they had no money to pay them.

Calling Elder Daniells, she told him the situation. Then she prayed as he visited businessmen and church members over the next few weeks, borrowing all the money they could lend him. He even borrowed money from students in the school, \$2.00 from one and \$5.00 from another. At last he had enough to give the workmen for groceries.

For several days Mrs. White wondered about the matter. What was God trying to teach her? There must be a lesson here somewhere. Finally God showed her the lesson.

God didn't want the church to depend on unexpected gifts from wealthy non-Adventists. He had a special blessing for people who would give up something they really didn't need to put money in the fund for Australia. How

could He bless them if they didn't have a chance to give? It was better that the church learn to take care of its own foreign missions on a regular basis, to plan to send money every year to Australia and other fields to build up the mission work.

"I've learned once again that we've really got to depend on God," Mrs. White wrote afterward. "We must sacrifice and give for our own work, and God will give us a special blessing for doing so. If Captain Norman hadn't pledged his \$15,000, other workers and the churches would have helped us out. Now we have to help ourselves and struggle to pay for our building. But we will get a blessing from it, I'm sure. The Adventist churches in America have missed that blessing."

This experience taught the Australian field to prepare more to take care of their own needs. And it taught the General Conference to plan to send money regularly to its mission projects. The disappearing captain had been a blessing after all.

Reference: Arthur White, The Australian Years, pp. 410-419.

THE DISAPPEARING CAPTAIN

For Discussion:

1. What is the name of the Seventh-day Adventist school in Australia?
2. Why Didn't Elder Irwin send to the churches for money for Australia?
3. What kind of man did the church members believe Captain Norman to be?
4. What made them change their minds?
5. What lesson did Mrs. White say God wanted His people to learn through their experience with Captain Norman?

PROPHETS, VISIONS, & INSIGHTS

The Junky Closet

God's Fiery Sword

God's Storyteller

The Big Question

THE JUNKY CLOSET

"Good morning, dear," said Mrs. White to her husband, James. "Isn't it a nice day?"

"Beautiful," James replied, "but did you rest well last night? I thought I heard you talking. Did you have another vision?"

Mrs. White picked up her hairbrush and started smoothing the tangles from her long, straight hair.

"Well, yes, I did," she admitted. "I think we ought to make a trip to Camden this weekend and visit the Adventists there. The Lord showed me that a certain woman is misleading the believers in that town. They all think she is a perfect saint, but really she isn't at all and is doing the church damage. Can we go to Camden?"

Elder White stooped to tie his shoe. "I think we can, Ellen. I'll arrange for someone to teach my Sabbath School class here, and we'll just go. I hope you can help that poor lady and the church, too."

Early Sabbath morning James harnessed the horses, and he and Ellen began the forty-mile trip to Camden. The little Adventist company met in a private home, and when the Whites rolled into the yard, they were all amazed.

"Why, Brother White!" exclaimed the man of the house. "What a pleasant surprise! Why didn't you tell us you were coming? I'd have had my wife fix that blueberry cobbler you liked so much!"

"Thank you Brother Jones," Elder White said, climbing down from the buggy and turning to help Ellen. "But we didn't come for blueberry cobbler. We came to encourage you folks, and Ellen may have a special message for someone. You just carry right on with your plans, and we'll fit in as we can."

Inside the house a small group had gathered in the parlor. Ellen looked quickly around the room. The woman of her vision was not there.

"Are all your members here?" she asked Mrs. Jones.

"Why, yes, Sister White. I believe we are all here."

"Hmmm. That seems strange. Well, let's start Sabbath School."

The little group began singing as James White led out, clapping his hands to keep rhythm if the beat seemed too slow.

Suddenly the door opened. A man and woman smiled at the church members and took places in chairs near the sofa.

"Oh, dear!" Mrs. Jones stood up. "I'd forgotten all about the Browns. They're part of our group, too. How could I forget you, Mrs. Brown? Our church couldn't get along without you. I just said to Mrs. Jones, I wonder why we seem to have more chairs than usual today. Now I know why. You and Brother Brown hadn't come yet. It's such a long drive for you. Do you know Elder and Mrs. White?"

As their hostess introduced the Whites to the Browns, Mrs. White looked carefully at the wife. This was the woman of her dreams, and yet Mrs. Jones had just hinted that she was very valuable to this church. Ellen kept quiet and watched.

During Sabbath School discussion, Mrs. Brown spoke up quite a lot.

"I'm sorry I can't really sympathize with the rest of you about all your temptations and trials," she confessed, "but I am blessed with perfect love in my heart and no longer face any temptations. It's wonderful to have a holy heart and not worry about sin any more. Praise the Lord!"

"Amen, AMEN!" boomed her husband.

All the Camden believers added their "Amens," too. Mrs. White just watched. They seemed to think Mrs. Brown really was holy. They'd never believe Ellen's message.

At the end of the service, the members urged Brother White to come again the next day and preach a longer sermon. He agreed and drove back to

Oswego for the night.

That night the Lord gave Mrs. White another dream. She was shown a closet filled with junk and told to clean it out.

"Gladly," she replied, and got right to work with a broom and dustpan. She even moved the light closer to the closet so she could see everything inside and get out even the smallest bits of rubbish.

"There you are," she said at last. "All the junk's gone, and you can use that good storage space for better things."

Then she woke, and a single face stood out in her mind. Mrs. Brown's. Her life was filled with the rubbish of sin, and Ellen had been assigned the task of pointing it out so it could be cleaned. She sighed. Sometimes her job was hard to do! Those Camden people thought Mrs. Brown was already a saint. However, the Lord must love her to go to such trouble to help her clean up her life.

Sunday morning the Whites again drove to Camden. Elder White stood by the piano, ready to preach on preparing for the Lord's coming. Somehow, though, his thoughts seemed confused. Twice he began to speak and then stopped.

"I can't seem to get started," he admitted. "Could we have a session of prayer to ask God's blessing on this meeting? Something here seems to be stopping the preaching of God's word."

Mrs. Brown spoke up quickly.

"Of course, Elder White," she said sweetly. "Let's pray. My heart is so full of holiness today that I'll begin."

In a kind, innocent voice Mrs. Brown began to thank the Lord for her holy heart and her lack of temptation. She asked him to bless the poor sinful souls at this meeting.

All at once Ellen had a vision. Again she was shown the case of Mrs. Brown. When the vision ended, everyone asked what she had seen.

"I saw that Mrs. Brown is in perfect darkness, not holiness," she said sadly. "I saw Jesus frowning at her and her husband. How unhappy she has made the Saviour. Although she pretends to be holy, her heart is sinful. Oh, Mrs. Brown, give yourself completely to Jesus, I beg you."

Mrs. Brown rose gracefully. "I'm sorry you have a wrong message, Sister White," she said kindly. "I'm glad the Lord really knows my heart and it isn't as you say it is. He knows I love Him."

Mr. Brown's eyes flashed. He rose and walked to a table where the Bible was lying.

"The Bible is all we want," he declared, thumping the book for emphasis. "I shall not give up the Bible for visions!"

Mrs. Brown jumped up and laid a hand on his arm. "Don't, husband dear. Don't talk. The Lord knows and will take care of it all. Mrs. White is just mistaken, that's all. If only everyone could see inside my heart, they could see I am innocent."

"We really must be going now." Turning to Mrs. White she said, "I have no hard feelings against you, my dear. I'm sure it's a dreadful mistake. You are perfectly sincere, no doubt, but I'm not worried. The Lord knows." And with that, the Browns marched out of the room.

"How could you say such awful things?" Mrs. Jones burst out. "You've insulted Sister Brown right here in my own house! And she's the only one of us who has received a holy heart. All the rest of us have been trying for months to be perfect as she is. If there ever was a holy woman, it's Mrs. Brown—yet you abused the woman right here in my house!"

The Whites left soon afterward, sorry that the Lord's message had been refused. Ellen felt very discouraged. Why had the Lord told her to deliver that message? It had done no good at all.

A few days later, however, Mrs. Brown woke with a terrible fear in her

mind. God was still trying to get her to clean out her life and let Him fill her heart. She knew Ellen had been right, and that she had been living a lie. What if she died right now? How could she ever face Jesus' frown? She knew why He was frowning. Hurriedly she harnessed the horse and raced the miles to Mrs. Jones's house.

There Mrs. Brown began to pour out the truth. Mr. Brown wasn't her husband at all. She had run away from a husband and child in England. She was not married to Mr. Brown. Furthermore, she had lied to her neighbors and fellow Adventists when she claimed to know a lot about medicine. She had mixed up some liquid and sold it for coughs and flu and had sworn that it cost her \$1.00 a bottle to make. Folks thought she was getting no profit—just helping people out by making it for them. Actually, it had cost only 12¢ a bottle, and she had made a lot of money from it.

Mrs. Jones could hardly believe her ears. Sister White had been right! How embarrassing it could have been for the church if Mrs. Brown's real husband had arrived with her child! People might have thought Adventists were allowed to have TWO husbands! And maybe a perfectly holy heart wasn't possible, either. Maybe they would have to depend on Jesus to help overcome sin right until the time of His coming.

When Mrs. Brown finished talking, she drove from house to house making things right. Like Ellen in the dream, she went into the closet of her heart and dragged out all the rubbish. She even set out on foot to walk forty miles to confess to one person she'd wronged.

The whole community saw that the Lord had really changed her life and that Sister White's message had made a difference. As a result, the little Camden church grew and its members witnessed for Jesus to many non-Christians in that area.

Reference: Spiritual Gifts, Vol. II, pp. 123-127

THE JUNKY CLOSET

Objective: To become acquainted with the distasteful but necessary tasks facing a prophet.

For discussion:

1. This story tells about a vision Mrs. White reported that:
 - a. Made everyone feel guilty
 - b. Made everyone feel happy
 - c. No one believed
2. Which would be hardest: To report a vision that—
 - a. Makes everyone feel guilty
 - b. Makes everyone feel happy
 - c. No one believes
3. Name something no one around you believes that you might need to defend.
4. Read I Samuel 16:7. How does the story of the junky closet illustrate the truth of this text?
5. What kinds of things might a young Christian have in a "junky closet"?

GOD'S FIERY SWORD

The year was 1901. In Battle Creek, Michigan, the large Review and Herald press was in need of money. Although it printed much literature and many Adventist books, the managers were not pleased with the profits.

"How can we make more money?" one asked his assistant.

"I don't think it would be hard," was the reply. "We aren't as busy as we should be. If we had more things to print, we'd make more money. Why don't we see if anyone in town needs printing done? That would give us more work and bring in some cash."

That was how it all started. Just a little idea for adding more money quickly by printing things for the townspeople. The Review had a good reputation for printing. Everyone said they did fine work. Many of the merchants in town were happy to have the Review print their sale sheets. The train station wanted its time schedules printed. The city office needed some new tax forms made up. The Review, happy for the new income, printed them all. And that wasn't so bad.

Soon, however, a strange minister came and ordered 1,000 copies of a book he had written. It didn't tell the truth, however, and disagreed with what Adventists knew was right.

"Should we print this?" questioned the manager.

"Why not?" someone answered. "We don't care what the book says as long as we get the money for printing it. Somebody will get the work. It might as well be the Review."

So the Review printed the book, even though the things it taught were against the Bible teachings.

Then a writer brought in a love novel to be printed. It told an imaginary story about a young man. He wasn't very honest, however, for he loved one girl

and then another and left them all for a third woman. One foreman was upset.

"We don't let our young people read garbage like this," he protested. "I don't think we ought to print it."

"Our young people won't be reading it," someone answered. "It's to be sold in a city far away. We have no right to try and tell the writers what to write. We just print and collect the cash."

So the Review began printing novels—and some of them were pretty bad!

Mrs. White heard about what was happening, and in 1901 she wrote a solemn warning to the Review manager. Simply put, this is what it said:

Dear Brethren:

God planned that the Review should be like a light shining in darkness to show people the right way. You have been told of your sacred duty to publish pure, true things. But you are printing Satan's materials. Whose side are you on?

The young people who set the type and print the papers read them. This trash is being sold in many places—and the Review is helping publish it. You say you are so busy now and have so much work that you must build another building. I say, if you'd get rid of all the non-Adventist printing there would be plenty of room in the one building for God's printing.

When I see what you have been printing, it frightens me. God will hold you managers responsible for the trash going into people's minds if you help print it. I have almost been afraid to open the Review, fearing that I'd see God had cleansed the publishing house by fire. What will you say when God asks why you were doing the devil's work?"

The managers read Ellen White's warning and smiled. She was just an old lady who didn't know too much about running a business. She didn't know that the presses must be kept busy all the time or the Review would not make money. And they kept on printing their novels, Wild West stories, sex literature, and books on false religions. Workers were hired to do the extra work. They were not Christians. One man chewed tobacco and had to stop to spit as he printed Bible Readings! The good Christian atmosphere that had been felt throughout the press was gone. Some workers cursed. Some stole supplies. Some ordered the people under them to do personal work—like clean the boss's bicycle! And some foremen struck employees when they became angry with them. God's spirit

had left the Review.

When Ellen White saw that the Review managers weren't going to listen to her, she tried writing to the Christian workers.

"Don't set the type for the trash," she wrote. "Use your eyes and hands and minds for God—not for Satan."

But few listened to her.

A year passed. It was early evening, December 30, 1902. The year was nearly ended. Most of the 300 employees had left the Review for the day. A few had come in to work a night shift.

Suddenly the lights went out. Oily smoke filled the building. Flames leaped out the windows. Workers shouted in panic. Some fell to their knees and wisely began to crawl out below the cloud of smoke. Someone pulled the alarm to call the city fire department. Within minutes, the building was wrapped in flames.

Fire engines came, their bells clanging. So hot was the fire that no fireman could go into the building at all. The flames seemed to fight the water poured onto them. One fireman said later it seemed like the water acted like gasoline—the more you poured on, the worse it burned. Water didn't stop the fire at all.

Students rushed over from the Battle Creek College to help, but there was nothing to do except try to keep the fire from spreading to the other buildings. Suddenly the roof caved in. Press machines on the top floor began to crash through the burning timbers to the basement. All night long the press crackled and smoked. By morning it was just a pile of ashes inside a few sections of standing brick wall. The novels were gone, the good books were gone, the machines were gone. God had cleaned up the Review—with a fire!

The news of the fire came as no surprise to Ellen White. Only a few days before she had a vision, and she saw a flaming sword waving over Battle Creek,

burning in first one direction and then another. The managers would not listen to God's warnings, and disaster had come to the Review. God's fiery sword had fallen on Battle Creek. Everyone got the message. God's presses should not print trash; neither should God's people read it.

NOTE: For picture of Review
after the fire, see photo
section in center of
Early Elmshaven Years.

Reference: Ellen G. White: Early Elmshaven Years, Vol. 5, by Arthur L. White,
pp. 148-163.

Testimonies to the Church, Vol. 8, pp. 90-103

GOD'S FIERY SWORD

Objective: To observe the sequence of God's warnings.

For discussion:

1. To increase their income, people sometimes choose to do things displeasing to God. Name some of these things.
2. If your boss asks you to work on a job that will produce harm, what will you say?
3. Before the fire at Battle Creek publishing house, how did God choose to warn His people?
4. Provide an answer to this comment: "Someone's going to get paid for doing this job—Why shouldn't we?"

GOD'S STORYTELLER

Mrs. White sat in her sunny study in California watching the children play on the lawn outside. It was her 85th birthday and, as old as she was, children still delighted her. If people only realized how important the children were, God's message could be given much faster. Jesus Himself had said that everyone had to become like a child—loving and trusting—before they can go to heaven.

Suddenly the Lord put an idea into Mrs. White's mind. Arthur Spalding, who was helping to edit her books, seemed to like children. He had four of his own and was always telling them stories. He'd been a teacher and a school principal. He'd be just the man to work with children and their parents.

When Arthur came in later that day to show Mrs. White the pages he'd been working on, she looked them over and returned them, nodding her approval.

"Well done, Brother Spalding," she told him. "Sit down a minute. I want to talk to you about some work that needs to be done for parents and children in this church. You are a teacher and you are a father. Your work as a father is the most important work you will ever do. How I wish that I could teach all parents the importance of training their children to love God."

Arthur Spalding looked surprised. "But Sister White," he said, "you have taught them. Your books and the Bible have all the counsel we need to be good parents."

Mrs. White smiled. "I know that. The counsel is there. But what good will it do if the people do not read it or follow it? Someone ought to speak to them, Brother Spalding. Our children should be a great army trained to work for the Lord. They could finish God's work in such a short time, and Christ could come."

She leaned forward as she continued speaking and looked earnestly at Arthur.

"Young man, I feel that God is calling you to this work. You must be the one to speak to the parents and children—and write for them, too. You can write lessons, you can make books for the children, and you can talk to groups. Will you accept this task God wants you to do?"

Mr. Spalding thought for a few minutes. He could type and write and teach—but the idea of giving public talks scared him. Still, if God wanted him to do this, he'd better do it.

"If you are sure that God is calling me to this, Sister White, then I'll certainly accept. But I am not a natural speaker. You must pray for me every day if I am to succeed."

"I will do that," Mrs. White promised, looking out the window again. "See that tree? Give them lessons from God's book of nature, Arthur. Help the parents explain that tree to their children. As parents and children come closer to God, we'll find it doesn't take long to finish the work. Think about it, young man."

As Arthur walked down the hall away from her room, he felt as if he were dreaming. Outside he stopped and looked at the tree, at a fat robin, and at the friendly cat that brushed against his ankles. Mrs. White was right. Children needed to know about these things. They needed to know about the God who made them, too.

From that time on, Arthur Spalding knew what God wanted him to do. He wrote books and stories for children, and he helped parents to understand and train their children to love all of God's creation.

He had four youngsters himself—Ron and Winfred, Genevieve and Beth. He spent hours with them hiking and camping in the mountains. Around the campfire he told them wonderful stories, and soon other children began going camping with them. Before long he organized the group and called them "Mission Scouts." This little club became the beginning of the Pathfinder Clubs

of today where young people learn to work and play together in God's great outdoors.

Arthur did not forget the parents, however. He wrote lessons for them and encouraged them to meet in small groups to discuss their problems. He spoke at Home and School gatherings, although he thought he never could. Always he remembered that God had assigned him this special job through His messenger, Mrs. White, and that God would give him strength to do the work.

Many children were sad when they heard that their friend, Brother Spalding, had cancer. It was so bad the doctors wouldn't even try to operate. In the General Conference headquarters, in schools across America, and in the homes of many junior boys and girls, prayers went up to God asking Him to heal Arthur Spalding. God heard those prayers and healed the children's beloved storyteller. He lived on for twenty more years, working for the children of the church.

Today we have many things to remind us of Arthur Spalding. His books for children, especially the one called Sister White, still interests young people today. So do his Campfire Stories. And the Pathfinder Club is still run by the rules that he figured out so many years ago. Brother Spalding certainly did a good job with the task that God gave him.

Reference: Arthur Spalding, Origin and History of SDA, Vol. 2, p. 20.

GOD'S STORYTELLER

Objective: To sense Ellen White's "on-with-life" and "on-with-God's church" stance.

For discussion:

1. Which best describes Ellen White at 85?
 - a. Tired
 - b. Busy talking about the past
 - c. Concerned about her health
 - d. Concerned about the future of the church

2. At 85 Ellen White—
 - a. Couldn't hear
 - b. Couldn't understand children
 - c. Couldn't expect to "finish the work."

3. Look in your school/church library for books written by Arthur Spalding.

4. Name some of the reasons you think Ellen White selected Arthur Spalding to become a guide for parents and children.

Possible response:

- a. He's a parent
- b. He writes well
- c. He takes his children on campouts

THE BIG QUESTION

"Bye now. See you next Sabbath," Tom called to his friends around the church door as he headed for his Dad's warm brown Mercedes.

"Hey Tom!" A boy's voice stopped him. Tom turned.

"Remember to ask your folks."

"Oh! Yeah. Thanks, I will," Tom replied as he climbed into the back seat of the car. Mom, Dad, and Tina filled the front seat.

"Ask your folks about what?" Tina wanted to know. Just like a little sister. Always poking her nose into his business. This time it didn't really matter though, so as Dad put the car into gear, Tom asked his question.

"In Sabbath School today we were talking about prophets and their work, and someone brought up about Ellen White and whether or not she was a real prophet. Some thought she was, and others thought she was just a wise woman. In the end, Mr. Rudy asked all of us to discuss it with our folks and be ready to give our points of view next Sabbath. So what do you think? Is she a prophet?"

Dad steered carefully past a stopped bus before answering.

"Why, I don't know, Son. What is your definition of a prophet?"

Tom was ready for that one. "It's someone who can tell the future," he began, "someone whose life agrees with the Bible, someone God talks to, and someone who guides God's people and keeps them from making mistakes."

"That's quite a list," commented Mother. "Do you think Ellen White ever predicted the future?"

"Sure she did," Tom answered. "She saw that Civil War battle before it happened and told how terrible it would be. She told Dr. Kellogg that he would leave the church if he didn't stop believing that even trees had souls—and he left. She told Stephen Smith all he would do, but he didn't read the letters until years later. And she'd been right. He'd done all those things. They were true

predictions."

Tina was feeling left out. "She told a girl that she stole her hairnet," she informed the family. "That's a 'diction."

"Pre-diction", Mother corrected. "But that's right, Tina. It had already happened, and Ellen White was shown who took the hairnet and what she did with it. It was a special insight from God."

"That settles one requirement then," said Dad. "How about her life. Did it agree with the Bible?"

"I think so," Tom answered. "She was honest and humble and helped poor people. She kept the commandments and believed the Bible."

"Point two cleared," Dad said. "Now do you think God talked to her?"

"Yes, He did," Tina piped up before Tom could get a word in. "He told her about the hairnet!"

Dad laughed and tousled Tina's hair, making her squeal and scrunch toward her mother.

"You sure know that hairnet story, don't you," Mother teased. "That's okay, Baby. You're still right."

"Yes," Tom said. "God told her things, I'm sure of it. How could she tell the future if He hadn't told her?"

"So that's three down," Dad concluded. "Now for the last one. Did she keep God's people from making mistakes?"

Tom looked thoughtfully out of the window. His mind wandered as a shiny Corvette flashed by. Those mag wheels were terrific! But back to the topic. What mistakes had Ellen White prevented?

"I can't think of any," Tom confessed. "Can you?"

Mom turned halfway round in her seat. "Remember when the leaders at Battle Creek were about to accept Anna Rice Phillips as another messenger from God?" she asked. "They had already introduced her from the platform at church,

and the very next day a letter came from Ellen White in Australia telling them that Anna's claims were false. And that letter had been written weeks before it arrived. It certainly stopped the Battle Creek folks from making a mistake." "And speaking of Battle Creek," Dad interrupted, "remember that time Professor Prescott was about to hire a teacher from Kalamazoo to teach in the college, and two days before his interview with her he got a letter from Mrs. White warning him about the teacher's character? Even the teacher, when she read the letter, admitted that only God could have known that much about her."

"Another time the Adventist press was about to publish a new doctrinal book when the editors got a strange visit from Elder Loughborough who lived quite a ways from Battle Creek. The elder had received a letter from Mrs. White telling him to go to the press and look over a book manuscript. She had been shown there were hidden errors in it.

"The editors were surprised, but they let him examine the book, and he found so many cleverly hidden false ideas that they didn't print the book after all. If they had, everyone would have thought the errors were Adventist beliefs."

Tom nodded his head. "I see what you mean," he agreed. "Now I can think of some, too. When the men in Australia were going to turn down land they thought was bad, Mrs. White made them keep it and it turned out to be good land for Avondale College."

"She helped to select the right spots for Madison and Loma Linda, too," Dad added.

"She advised on so many pieces of land that I can't remember them all," Mother said. "But I do remember when one doctor urged that we throw all salt out of our diets, Mrs. White spoke right up and said that the body needed some salt. She was correct."

Tina straightened up. "I know a mistake," she announced.

Tom sighed. "What is it, Tina?" he asked. After all, she was his kid sister

and he had to humor her sometimes.

"She told us not to smoke and if Daddy smoked and got cancer that would be a BIG mistake."

Everyone laughed, and Dad reached over to squeeze his girl.

"You're right, peanut," he said. "I'm glad that's one mistake I didn't make. So now what do you think about it, Tom? Is she a prophet or isn't she?"

Tom only thought a moment. Ellen White had filled all the requirements for a prophet as far as he was concerned.

"I think she was, Dad," he replied. "But I sure wish I had her around to keep me from making mistakes now."

"You've got her books, Tom," Mother pointed out. "And you have the Bible full of writings of different prophets. All the advice written out for you can keep you from mistakes if you'll follow it."

Dad swung the Mercedes into the driveway.

"Home again!" he sang out. "What's for Sabbath dinner, Mother? I'm hungry, and that's no mistake!"

"My special Sabbath lasagne," Mother answered as Tina, Tom, and Dad all cheered together.

THE BIG QUESTION

Objective: To define prophet and examine Ellen White's qualifications as a prophet.

For discussion:

1. Define prophet.
2. Using this story or stories you've heard in the past, cite an example of Ellen White's—
 - a. Predicting the future
 - b. Living according to Biblical teachings
 - c. Receiving messages from God
 - d. Guiding God's people to prevent their mistakes
3. Was Ellen White a prophet?
4. If Ellen White were here today, what would you like to ask of her?
5. Prophecy has been called a "gift."
 - a. Who bestows the gift?
 - b. Since a prophet's gift is for people like you and me, what is an appropriate way for us to say thank you for the gift?

YOUR HOUSE IS THE WORLD

Australia:	After Fifty Years
Far East:	A Hero for Christ Problems Spread the Message
North America:	The Frank Burdoin Story Part I The Frank Burdoin Story Part II
South Asia:	Helpful Heresy A Burmese Boy's Big Week Part I A Burmese Boy's Big Week Part II A Burmese Boy's Big Week Part III

AFTER FIFTY YEARS

Ten-year-old Jason stood in the kitchen doorway, his face clearly showing his unhappiness.

"Mom, do I HAVE to take that bread to Mrs. Cromley?" he fussed. "She's so grumpy and never appreciates what we take her. She never says 'Thank you'—just 'Shut the door, boy. You're letting in the cold.' I hate going to her house!"

Mother finished wrapping the fresh loaf of bread and handed it to Jason.

"Yes, dear, you'll have to take it," she said. "I can't leave right now because I must feed the baby, but I want Mrs. Cromley to have the bread in time for her supper. Run over quickly, that's a good boy. And never mind if she doesn't say thank you. She's an unhappy old lady, and I know she likes my bread even if she doesn't say so."

Jason sighed and went out the door. Why did his mother insist on helping people like this? He didn't mind taking things to some folks. Mrs. Green was fun, and Mr. Dodd always gave him a peppermint. But Mrs. Cromley was so crabby! Why bother with her?

When Jason returned, Mother had settled in a rocker by the fire and was giving Danny his bottle.

"That was quick," she remarked. "Thank you, Jason."

The boy threw his jacket on the couch and flopped down on the floor by the fire.

"You're welcome," he answered, "but Mrs. Cromley isn't. This time she asked if I was one of the kids who threw snowballs at her window this morning!"

Mother smiled. "I'm sure you weren't," she told her son. "And I know you wonder why I want to be kind to Mrs. Cromley, but I've got several reasons. First of all, I'm trying to be like Jesus and do what He would do. It makes me happier. I'm sure He'd be nice to an old neighbor, even if she weren't nice to Him."

Second, when we become Christians, we represent Jesus to others, and I'm trying to show Mrs. Cromley what He is like. Last of all, you can't say a good deed is useless, for you never know what the end results may be. Did I ever tell you about Mrs. White's good deed that paid off 50 years later?"

Jason shook his head and pulled a pillow off the couch to prop his head on. He loved stories!

Mother shifted the baby to the other arm and began.

"Well, just before 1900, Ellen White lived in Australia. One of the most important things she did there was to help get Avondale College started for Adventist young people. She helped pick out the land, gave money for buildings, borrowed money to pay workmen, and kept encouraging everyone until the school was all built.

It ran well for years and years—but then the old buildings began to wear out. The girls' dorm, especially, was in bad shape. Floors were sagging and even breaking through in some places. Besides that, it was too small now. Too many girls wanted to come to school, and there wasn't room in the tiny old dormitory.

After World War II was over in 1945, the girls' dean began to really complain. Couldn't something be done about housing her girls better? At last, in 1949, the college decided to build a new girls' dorm. How excited the students were!

But as soon as the workmen began to build, they ran into trouble. Because of the war, building materials were very hard to get, and the workmen kept running short on supplies, especially bricks.

Sometimes the men would leave work in the evening knowing that there were only enough bricks to keep them busy for one more hour the next day. If more didn't come, they'd have to pack up and go home. Then in the morning when they gathered for worship before going to work, the men would pray that more supplies would arrive. Sure enough, before they were finished with the

ones they had, a new load would be coming in the gate. It was amazing how God kept the bricks coming!

Lumber, however, was even harder to get. The men in charge of building had visited every lumber yard within 150 miles of the school. At every place they received the same reply: "We will put your name on a waiting list for lumber, but it will probably be two years before you will get any."

One of the foremen, Mr. Richardson, finally decided to try once more at a nearby lumber yard. The dorm was only partly done. Girls would be arriving soon. He was desperate!

In the lumber office he found two men, the manager and a friend. Mr. Richardson explained again how urgently they needed lumber. He told them it was for the college and begged the manager to put them at the top of the list, since this was an educational institution.

The manager was very kind but showed him a long list of waiting customers. "It will be two years, at least," he repeated, shaking his head sadly.

With a heavy heart, Mr. Richardson left the office. Just before he reached the gate, he felt a hand on his shoulder. Turning, he found the manager's friend had followed him.

"Excuse me," the man said, "but did you say you are from the Adventist college at Cooranbong?"

"That's right," Mr. Richardson answered. "I'm desperate for lumber for the girls' dorm there."

"Isn't that the place where a Mrs. White used to live? Didn't she help build up that college?"

"Yes, she did," answered Mr. Richardson, "But she went back to America fifty years ago and died there."

The man smiled.

"I well remember that woman," he said. "As a boy I lived not far from the

college. Often I saw Mrs. White out in her buggy visiting homes and taking food and clothing to people. She visited in our home several times. I'm not an Adventist, but I never met a finer Christian woman, and I've never forgotten her. It's a shame to see her college going to ruin.

Now I'm part owner of this lumber yard, and I'm going to see to it that you get all the lumber you need. Mrs. White's good work must be carried on."

Ellen White had only lived for 9 years in Australia, but during that time she had done a lot of Christian help work. She and her friends had made clothes and quilts for poor families around the college. Ellen even led her big brown cow to homes where there were babies who had no milk. Taking her milking stool, she would sit right there and milk the cow and leave food for the babies. By her example she showed others what Christ's love meant."

The baby's bottle was empty, and Mother put him over her shoulder and patted until a healthy burp came up, making both Mother and Jason laugh.

"Okay," Jason said. "I see what you mean. Sorry I fussed about Mrs. Cromley. Next time I'll pretend that the good deed may have results some day and just pay no attention to how cross she is."

"That's better," Mother said. "And who knows? Maybe our kindness will someday break through that fussy outside and touch Mrs. Cromley's heart."

AFTER FIFTY YEARS

Objective: To accept responsibility for helping others.

1. What are some reasons why Mrs. Cromley might have been unhappy?
2. Give an example of times that Jesus helped someone who did not appreciate his help.
3. The Bible says, "You shall not take vengeance or bear any grudge against the sons of your own people, but you shall love your neighbor as yourself. I am the Lord." Leviticus 19:18. What can we do to show love to our neighbors?
4. Jesus was asked at one time, "But he willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor?" Luke 10:29. What parable did Jesus tell to answer that question? What was his answer?
5. In Ecclesiastes 11:1 we are told, "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." How does Ellen White's experience in this story illustrate that text?

A HERO FOR CHRIST

In January, 1948, a colporteur rally was held in the town of Cadiz on Negros Island in the Philippines. Villagers had come from miles around to hear stories told by the men who sold God's books. At the end of the meeting, the publishing secretary spoke of the urgent need for more colporteurs.

"Isn't there someone here who would volunteer to sell books for God?" he asked. "God's Word needs to go to the people of your villages."

Everyone was quiet. No one moved.

"We need colporteurs," he said again. "God needs workers. Will no one go?"

Still the room was quiet.

The colporteur leader sighed. He would ask just one more time. Surely there was some farmer who could give up his work and sell books for God.

He leaned across the pulpit and looked earnestly at his audience.

"God has done so much for you. Are you afraid to believe that He can help you make enough money to live by selling His books? Have faith, friends. God has a message in these books for the people of this island, but they'll never hear it unless someone takes the books to them."

Suddenly he saw a hand timidly raised at the very back of the room.

"Are you raising your hand, Brother?" he asked eagerly. "Do you want to become a colporteur?"

A shy little man nodded his head. "Yes, sir, if you will accept me. I'm raising my hand, but I'm embarrassed because I have so little education and come from a poor farm home. I know how important this work is, though, and if you want me, I'll be glad to serve the Lord this way."

The publishing secretary smiled. "If you are really honest in wanting to serve the Lord, He will be glad to have you regardless of your education. What is

your name?"

"Eliseo (Ill-eh-SAY-o) Dioleste is my name," the shy man answered.

Back to headquarters went the publishing secretary with Eliseo's name in his briefcase. He presented the name to the publishing committee and urged that they take this man as a colporteur. Everyone agreed to give him a try, and he was assigned to sell books in two small villages at the foot of Canlaon Volcano, a very high mountain.

Eliseo was thrilled, even though his assignment was to work among the Polahans, a very fierce tribe. If anybody needed God's messages, those people did!

Although Eliseo was a bit shy and had never sold books in his life, God blessed his sincere efforts, and after only a few months of canvassing, his order came to more than 3,000 pesos. He had collected deposits on the books he was selling—The Great Controversy and Daniel and the Revelation—and left some books with the people. Since he took orders for more than he had, he went to the mission to get more.

When the time came for delivering the volumes, Eliseo tied two large sacks of books on the back of his water buffalo, climbed onto its broad black back beside them, and headed into the hills. No roads went back to those villages, just narrow mountain trails, and the buffalo was his only means of transportation.

Riding along on the buffalo, Eliseo felt so happy that he began to sing hymns. His voice echoed in the hills and filled the valley. Thinking of all the people who were going to read Ellen White's The Great Controversy thrilled him. Now the villagers would be able to understand the great fight going on between Christ and Satan, and maybe they would choose to be on Christ's side.

Suddenly a strange man stepped out of the bushes. Raising a gun, he shot Eliseo three times. The bullets struck him in the chest, and the young colporteur

died instantly, falling onto the mountain trail beside his buffalo. Quickly the murderer robbed him and ran off into the jungle.

People in the nearby village heard the shots and ran after the robber. They caught him and placed him in the town's small jail. Many villagers recognized Eliseo's body, and someone ran 20 miles to mission headquarters to tell them their colporteur had been killed.

As soon as he heard the sad news, the assistant publishing secretary hurried the 20 miles to where Eliseo was lying dead. When he saw the brave colporteur, the man could not hold back his tears. People gathered around also began to weep over the death of this good man.

One man spoke up. "Are you the manager of this man of God who is dead? I received from him a good book, but I didn't pay him all the money. I guess no one would know if I didn't tell, but I want to be honest, so here's my twenty pesos."

Another man spoke up. "I, too, have a book—The Great Controversy. Take my money also."

One by one the villagers came up and paid for the books they had received. The publishing assistant was astonished. Eliseo and his books had made quite an impression on these people.

Today a Seventh-day Adventist church stands on the spot where Eliseo was murdered. Most of the members are villagers who purchased Eliseo's books. They have decided to be on Christ's side in the fight between good and evil.

One of the members is the father of Antonio Pagundayan, the man who murdered Eliseo. One Sabbath this father stood up and requested to speak to the congregation.

"My brethren, I have interesting news for you," he announced. "I have a letter from my son, Antonio, whom you all know is a prisoner in Bilibid Prison in Manila. I would like to read you his letter:

My dear loving father,

You will be very happy today because your son, Antonio, a sinner and murderer of a holy man of God, Eliseo Dioleste, is to be baptized here in the prison. Father, tell the church that I will be baptized by the pastor of the Seventh-day Adventist church here very soon. I cannot endure the power of God since I murdered that man. I cannot sleep, for before I murdered him I heard him preach. He preached that the Lord Jesus Christ will come very soon. Truly, my father, he was a man of God, and I want to meet him in heaven. I want to be with him, for he died for me so that I would be converted.

Not only was the murderer converted to the church, but dozens of people who purchased Eliseo's books in the mountains of Negros island were also converted. Today there are four churches in that province as a direct result of those books.

Ellen White never even visited the Philippines. Won't she be surprised in heaven to hear how Eliseo died selling her book and to see all the people who accepted Christ because of it?

Reference: E. A. Brodeur, On Wings of Words, Philippine Pub. House, 1972.

A HERO FOR CHRIST

Objective: To recognize how God's providence overcomes human limitations.

For discussion:

1. Why did Eliseo hesitate to become a colporteur?
2. Which is most rewarding as an accomplishment?
 - a. To be so wise you could pass any course taught in a university if you studied for the course.
 - b. To be the richest person in your country.
 - c. To preach so clearly that the man who murders you later accepts Jesus' offer to save him.
 - d. To be so witty that you have your own television show.
3. Which of the above describes Eliseo Dioletti?
4. Imagine introducing Eliseo to Antonio Pagundayon in heaven.
 - a. What will you say?
 - b. What will Antonio say?
 - c. What will Eliseo say?

PROBLEMS SPREAD THE MESSAGE

World War II was in full swing when the Adventist publishing house in Korea printed an edition of The Great Controversy, Ellen White's story of the big interplanetary fight between Christ and Satan. Korea had been invaded by the Japanese, who were occupying the country and making the rules. The Great Controversy promised that Christ would come and end all wars in the world, and that was a precious message to the people of war-torn Korea. But there was one problem. The war had made supplies hard to get and very expensive. By the time the book was printed, hardly a Korean could afford it. The Adventist colporteurs almost became discouraged as day after day passed without a sale. Then someone had a bright idea. Why not sell the book to the wealthy Japanese invaders? The idea worked and while the war went on, many Japanese purchased the book.

At the end of the war, however, Japan had lost. Now the intruders were the prisoners, and all Japanese were rounded up to be returned to Japan. Korean officers took away the nice things that the Japanese had bought during their stay in Korea, and sent them home without anything. Clothing, dishes, books, and cars—everything the Japanese had—wound up in the second hand stores of Korea.

Because of the hard times during the war, many Koreans who had never been interested in religion before now began to look for God. Church members of all kinds rushed to the book stores and bought the used books the Japanese had left behind. As a result, many sincere people who read The Great Controversy joined the Adventist church—and even entire Protestant congregations became Adventist. What had seemed to the Korean Adventists like a problem had turned out to be a blessing.

Mr. Lee, pastor of a non-Adventist church, was one who bought a second-hand copy of the The Great Controversy. He left his church and joined the

Adventists and then brought all his family to be baptized as well. Realizing the good that The Great Controversy could do, Mr. Lee became a literature evangelist and began selling the book. Later he attended the Adventist college in Korea and began pastoring Adventist churches. Finally he became president of one of the Korean Missions.

Not only did The Great Controversy win converts to the church in Korea, but following Mrs. White's instructions about publishing a small paper that would reach thousands of people, the press began printing "Signs of the Times" in Korean. The magazine found its way to a lonely woman who gladly accepted its message and joined the Adventist Church. Wanting to share her faith, she began giving "Signs of the Times" to others. Her husband was not an Adventist, and hated the time she spent helping her church. One day as he came into the house his eyes fell on a stack of magazines she had laid aside to give to her neighbors.

"Didn't I tell you to stop passing out these magazines?" he roared. "They are nothing but garbage." And with that he gave them a mighty fling right out the window. The wind caught the papers and blew them in every direction.

One of the magazines fell onto a pile of trash where its bright cover attracted the eye of a man passing by. Stooping, he picked it up, wrote in for the Bible course it offered, and became a Seventh-day Adventist. Thrilled with the news of salvation, he began taking the "Signs" from house to house, passing them out to anyone who would accept.

But what about the angry husband? God never gives up on people, you know, and He didn't give up on him, either. God led the layman right back to that same house where he was handing out "Signs". The angry husband was so surprised to see one of those hated magazines again that he stopped to read it, and through the "Signs" and the friendship of the friendly layman, the angry husband became a happy husband and joined his wife's church.

Mary Chun had an interesting experience while she was selling Ellen

White's books in Korea. Although she was sure that she wouldn't be able to sell a book there, she entered the Chin Heung Middle School and spoke with the principal. Bowing low in oriental style, she kept her eyes on the floor and her head down, as a nice woman should, as she talked with the principal. To her surprise, he spoke kindly to her.

"I am a Christian, too, and so are all of my teachers," he told her. "Let me see what you are selling if these are Christian books."

Mary Chun lifted her eyes. "Oh that's wonderful!" she exclaimed. "I have a special book just for teachers." Reaching into her bag she brought out Ellen White's book Education and began to tell him about it. The principal listened and asked questions. Then he listened some more. For a whole hour the principal heard Mary Chun talk about how God wanted schools to be run.

"This is excellent material," he finally said. "Couldn't you come and talk to my teachers and students about God's way to run schools?"

Mary was astonished. She was no public speaker. She was not as educated as this man and his teachers. Still, God had given her a message, and she had been asked to share it. She agreed.

After her meeting with the staff, Mary left, praying that her words had made an impression.

Later on that week, the principal called Mary again.

"Do you suppose that we could get two of your Adventist trained teachers to come here and show our teachers how to run a Christian school?" he requested. "We want to follow the book, but we aren't quite sure about some things."

"I'll find someone to help you, " Mary promised, and with the help of the mission office, two teachers were sent to make a Christian school out of Chin Heung Middle School.

It sounded easy, but there were many problems. Regular Saturday classes

had to be switched to Sunday in order to keep Sabbath holy. The teachers had to meet with both Buddhist and Christian parents to explain what they were trying to do. The faculty and all 120 students then began having Bible studies, and God's message found its way into their hearts. How many of them joined the church we have no way of knowing. But Mary Chun was thrilled with the way that God had turned an unpromising sale into a means of bringing His message of love to a group of teachers and a whole school full of young people. Man's problems are often God's opportunities and with his power, they cease to be problems altogether.

PROBLEMS SPREAD THE MESSAGE

Objectives: To discover God's ways to override seemingly impossible problems.

To recognize the power of inspired messages from God.

For discussion:

1. Describe the problems God's people faced in trying to spread word about God during World War II.
2. Which of the following best describes the comment God's people in Korea could have made to sum up their efforts during World War II?
 - a. "It's too expensive to print The Great Controversy."
 - b. "There's no way to sell these books that we have printed. We're all too poor."
 - c. "There's no reason to sell these books to the Japanese. They're our captors! We should ignore them."
 - d. "God overcomes seemingly impossible problems when we do our part."
3. Use the index in The Great Controversy to learn what the book says about war and its end.
4. Which of these changes would occur in a school when it becomes Christian?
 - a. Students become kinder.
 - b. Students have Jesus' help in their personal growth.
 - c. Teachers are more understanding.
 - d. It's easy to talk about knowing God.
5. Which of the behaviors listed in No. 4 are typical of your school?

THE FRANK BURDOIN STORY PART I

On a Friday morning in late May, 1875, Frank Burdoin rode his gray horse, Bucephalus, (Byew-sef-uh-lus), along the country road between his father's farm and the town of Winston, Missouri. As he approached Soule's Grove, a flash of white caught his eye.

"Have gypsies come to the grove?" he asked Bucy, (Byew-cy), kicking him in the ribs with his bare feet to hurry him along.

That big white thing wasn't here yesterday. He knew, for he'd ridden past here after yesterday's storm.

Frank reined in his horse at the edge of the grove. Yes, he could see the thing clearly now, a big white tent. Couldn't be gypsies. Too big an outfit for gypsies. The tent stood about fifty feet back from the road in a grassy clearing. It had side curtains of canvas that hung all around it like a wall. Someone had hitched up the curtains on the side toward the road so Frank could see inside.

Two men were arranging benches in neat rows. Must be a circus. He looked around for the animals, but couldn't see any. No clowns or ponies, either. The men didn't really look like circus men, come to think of it. The men went out to a wagon and brought in a big wooden box. A little lady dressed in brown followed them. They opened the box, and the lady began taking out books. She placed a few on each bench.

"What in the world are they doing?" Frank wondered. In all his eleven years he had never been so curious. "You'll have to wait a bit for your new shoes, Bucy." He patted the horse's neck. "I just have to find out why these people have come to Soule's Grove."

Frank wanted to go and speak to the men, but he felt a little shy. Taking off his straw hat, he examined its frayed edges. He glanced down at his bare feet. Then it was that he heard the rumble of wheels. Looking down the road,

he saw their neighbor, Farmer Burgess, driving his big team of horses hitched to a lumber wagon. Burgess stopped beside Frank.

"What's going on here?" he inquired.

"Don't know." Frank shrugged his shoulders. "Looks like some kind of tent, but I don't think it's a circus. Are you gonna talk to those men?" Frank hoped that Mr. Burgess would not be too busy to stop and ask some questions Frank wanted answered.

"Reckon I won't find out nuthin' just standin' here." Farmer Burgess tied his reins to the wagon box and strode off through the trees. Frank tied Bucy to a dogwood tree and followed.

One of the men came out of the tent to meet them. A tall bearded fellow held out his hand.

"Good morning," he said pleasantly. "Glad you stopped."

"Morning," responded Burgess, grabbing the man's hand. "You folks come from fur off?"

The second man came forward, answering. "We come from New York State and more recently from Michigan," he said. "My name is White, James White."

"And I'm Burgess, farmer in these here parts," Burgess responded. "You folks aim to camp here all summer?"

James White smiled. "No, we'll only be here till Monday. We're going to conduct some gospel meetings in this tent tomorrow and Sunday. Then we'll be moving on west."

James White was leading the way toward the big tent, but Frank did not follow Farmer Burgess. He knew that he had been at Soule's Grove long enough, and Father would be wondering why he was taking so long. But he just had to find out, and now he knew. Gospel meetings? Some kind of religious church thing, he guessed.

Pondering the matter, Frank rode on to Winston and found the blacksmith's shop. Soon Bucy's shoes had been fitted and hammered tight. Frank rode on to the general store and tied his horse to the hitching post in front. Opening the door, the boy breathed in all the delicious odors of the store: spices, tobacco, fresh ground coffee, cheese. At the right side of the store stood a counter for the U.S. Post Office. Three times a week mail arrived and the storekeeper became post office clerk for a few hours. At the left of the store long counters displayed merchandise, and the shopkeeper usually could be found behind the counter measuring out flour or cutting bolts of cloth. The place fascinated Frank. Maybe he could work here when he got older. Then he could enjoy the smells and the interesting discussions that went on there around the pot-bellied stove.

"Any mail for the Burdoins?" he asked the shopkeeper.

"Just a newspaper," the man replied. "Mail coach came in half hour ago."

Frank pocketed the small four-page St. Louis Dispatch and edged closer to the men near the stove. He wanted to hear the news.

Farmer Burgess' big voice came through loudly.

"Any of you been past Soule's Grove today?"

"Yep," one man answered. "I seen what looked like a gypsy outfit unload there yesterday."

"Well, tain't no gypsy outfit," Farmer Burgess informed the men. "It's a couple of preachers from New York State. They aim to hold gospel meetings this weekend."

"Gospel meetings?" several voices exclaimed.

The storekeeper spoke up firmly. "Well, if it's gospel meetings, they can just pack up and skeedaddle off across the Mississippi. We don't want 'em."

The men laughed. "Why, Cy, you ain't never been scairt of preachers before," one teased.

The shopkeeper scowled. "They ain't scarin' me none," he protested, "but we got enuf religion here in Winston." He held up his hand and counted on his fingers. "We got Baptists, Lutherans, and a passle of Methodists. That's enuf."

Farmer Burgess shook his head. "But these men look different, Cy. Their preaching might be somethin' we ought to hear."

Cy Jones shook a finger under Farmer Burgess' nose.

"Now don't you dare encourage these fellas, Burgess," he warned. "They'll preach hell and damnation and scare everybody stiff." He clenched his fist and shook it. "After everyone of these protracted meetings, my trade in liquor and tobacco drops to nuthin'. I ain't goin' to stand for it."

Cy pounded the counter so hard a tea kettle leaped off and clattered to the floor. Everyone jumped, even Frank.

Frank knew now that Farmer Burgess must have seen something about those men that he liked, because he stuck up for them.

"That preacher, James White, looked to me like a fine fella," Burgess insisted. "Didn't he Frank?" Everyone turned to look at Frank. "Frank saw 'em too, didn't ya, Frank?" Frank nodded and ducked his head. "James White's wife is goin' to preach, too," he went on.

"A woman? Preach?!" Every man around the stove gasped and sputtered. Even Frank could not hide his surprise. Slipping out the door, he untied Bucy and started home. He couldn't stand to have any more attention directed to him, and he wanted to think about things.

Why had all the men acted so shocked when Farmer Burgess said that Mrs. White would preach in the tent? True, he had never heard a woman preach. But what would be wrong in that? The little lady in the tent had looked quiet and pleasant. Frank was sure she'd be interesting to listen to. As he passed Soule's Grove he waved and Mr. White waved back. Suddenly Frank wanted to go to that

meeting more than anything he could think of. How could he get Pa to let him go?

THE FRANK BURDOIN STORY PART I

Objective: To experience vicariously the excitement and assessment that go with discovering a gospel proclamation.

For discussion:

1. On the scale below, 1 represents no desire to explore new ideas and 10 represents total willingness to explore new ideas.

- a. Where would you place Frank Burdoin?
- b. Where would you place Mr. Burgess?
- c. Where would you place the storekeeper?
- d. Where would you place yourself?

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
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2. What cautions do you suggest for people who easily explore new ideas?
3. What cautions do you suggest for people who refuse to explore new ideas?
4. Recall a new idea that you have heard from a minister.
5. What determines whether you believe a new idea?
 - a. It has to make sense.
 - b. The person supporting the idea needs to make sense.
 - c. It can't disagree with truth I've already checked out.
 - d. I need to like the person who tells me the idea.
 - e. I need to hear the idea from a man.
 - f. The person supporting the idea has to be trustworthy.

THE FRANK BURDOIN STORY PART II

That night at the supper table, Frank told his folks what he had seen at Soule's Grove and of the two men who had spoken with Farmer Burgess.

"May we go hear the preaching, Pa?" he begged. "I'm sure the neighbors will all be goin'. They say a woman will be preachin', too, Preacher White's wife."

Father looked astonished. "A woman preacher?" he asked. "I don't know about that. We'll see. We've a lot to do at this time of the year. We can't neglect our farm and the critters to traipse off and listen to travelin' preachers."

Frank looked alarmed. Pa couldn't possibly understand how much he wanted to go to those meetings. "Oh, Pa, I'll get up earlier tomorrow and help more. I'll do anythin' to get the work done so we can go. Please?"

Pa looked at him intently. The boy did seem uncommonly interested. Maybe a little religion wouldn't hurt.

"Well, Burgess is coming over tomorrow to borrow a set of harness. I'll ask him what he knows about them preachers."

Frank sprang up and hurried to the barn to help with evening chores.

The next morning after breakfast Mother began churning butter. Pa showed Frank how to reweave the seat of a cane chair, and then settled down to make a few repairs on the harness that Farmer Burgess was coming to borrow. Rain began to fall, steadily and heavily. Frank wondered about the tent. Were the books all getting wet? He hoped not. But how could they hold a meeting in such a rain?

Late in the afternoon the sky cleared and Farmer Burgess came for the harness. Pa asked him first thing about the preaching.

"Well, it rained too hard today, so them preachers decided to hold their meeting in town." He hooked both thumbs in his overall straps and grinned.

"Reverent Schick let them use the Baptist church in Gallatin this morning. James White preached. Then he announced his wife would preach in the afternoon. You know what Reverent Schick said?" The burly farmer laughed loudly. "He said that the Bible forbids women speakin' in the churches and that he wasn't havin' no woman preacher in the Baptist pulpit."

"So what happened?" asked Pa, much interested.

"Well, they're movin' the meetin' to the courthouse this afternoon and the woman is goin' to preach. Fur as I can tell, the whole town of Gallatin plans to go. Reverent Schick is goin', too, I hear. Ought to be a humdinger of a meetin'. If it warn't so fur, I'd go."

"Aren't they havin' any meetin's in the tent?" Frank asked.

"Yep. They aim to hold several meetin's there tomorrer, makin' it an all day thing. Mrs. White will preach then, too." Farmer Burgess looked at Pa.

"Will ya' be goin'?"

Pa hesitated a minute. Frank held his breath. "Well, yes, I reckon we'll hitch up the surrey and go. My missus plans to take a picnic lunch and stay all day—that is, if it doesn't rain. You want to go with us?"

"That's right neighborly of ya'," Farmer Burgess said. "We'll be ready long about nine in the mornin'."

The next morning when the Burdoin and Burgess families went to Soule's Grove, they found crowds of people. The sermons were excellent. Even the children listened quietly. At noon they spread out blankets beneath the trees and enjoyed a picnic lunch, and in the afternoon, Frank found a good seat on the bench right in front of the pulpit. Mrs. White stepped up to the stand—a modest little woman in a full-skirted dark blue taffeta dress. Her white collar and cuffs were neat and tidy, and her hair swept back into a bun behind her head. She smiled at Frank and the other children on the front row. Then she began talking, softly, but so clearly that everyone in the tent could hear. As Frank listened, he

began to feel strongly that God was speaking to them through this little lady. Her words had such power. She spoke of Jesus as if she knew Him personally.

When the meeting broke up, Frank lingered near the people waiting to talk to the speaker. He wondered if she would notice him. Mr. and Mrs. White were greeting people cordially, when suddenly Mrs. White noticed the boy. Looking right at him as she laid her hand on his shoulder, she asked Frank, "You love Jesus, don't you?"

Frank's heart pounded and words refused to come out. He wanted to tell her how much he enjoyed the sermon and how real she made Jesus seem. But he could only nod and smile in reply. Then he turned and walked quickly to the edge of the clearing, away from everyone. There he saw Pa and Ma, already in the wagon with the Burgesses.

"Jump in, Son," Pa called. "We're waitin' on you." Pa gathered up the reins and headed the team toward home.

All the way back the two families talked about the things they had heard, but Frank scarcely heard them. He was still thinking of the little lady whose parting words had touched his heart. "You love Jesus, don't you?" He'd never really thought much about it before. Now he knew that he did. Mrs. White had made Jesus very real to him, so real you couldn't help loving Him. He thought of another thing he had heard. Someone had said that the Whites believed Saturday was the holy day, not Sunday. Frank wondered about that.

That Sunday in Soule's Grove was Frank Burdoin's first contact with Seventh-day Adventists. Two things had impressed him mightily—Ellen White's acquaintance with Jesus and the Saturday Sabbath. When other preachers came to Gallatin preaching the rest of the third angel's message, Frank and his father accepted it.

When Pa moved west, Frank followed him to Washington State. There on the Columbia River he purchased land later named after him. There he married

and raised a boy and a girl, Hyacinth and Raymond. To all he met he witnessed of God's love and the seventh day Sabbath.

In his later life he helped to start a Seventh-day Adventist Academy at Meadowglade, Washington, a school that is now called Columbia Academy. For 18 years he was business manager of the school, giving evidence of his deep interest in young people and their education. As he talked with the students, he tried to show them the importance of Ellen White and her writings, and of God's love for them.

On the last Friday evening of his life he conducted family worship as he had done for so many years, ending with a quotation from Ellen's book The Great Controversy. On his way to his room, he fell to the floor and died.

Everyone who knew him remarked how fitting it was that Frank Burdoin went to rest on that Friday evening, during the first hours of the blessed Sabbath during which he had rested and worshipped for so many years. The message given to him by James and Ellen White had won many souls for the kingdom.

As told to Norma Youngberg.

THE FRANK BURDOIN STORY PART II

Objective: To assent to the idea that one's response to the gospel proclamation has far-reaching, rewarding consequences.

Map study: Find Meadowglade, Washington, on the map. This is the site of Columbia Academy. Clue: It's near Portland, Oregon.

For discussion:

1. During his first weekend with Seventh-day Adventist, which of the following did Frank learn?
 - a. Ellen White had an impressive acquaintance with Jesus.
 - b. SDA's believe that the seventh day is the Sabbath.
 - c. Ellen White had time to speak to a young boy.
 - d. He would someday help establish an SDA Academy.
2. Which item in No. 1 do you think most crucial for Frank to learn that first weekend he met Seventh-day Adventists?
3. If someone asked you, "Do you love Jesus?" what would your answer be, and how would you support your answer with facts?
4. Which of these could have been Frank's answer to Ellen White's question, "You love Jesus, don't you?"
 - a. Yes, because I keep the Sabbath.
 - b. Yes, because you've shown me what a trustworthy Friend He is.
 - c. Yes, because I've always tried to do my best.
 - d. Yes, because the sermon was so good today.
5. Imagine Frank telling his children about the time the Whites visited Soule's Grove. What do you think he wanted them to know about that event?

HELPFUL HERESY

Bill, a pastor of an Evangelical church, lived in Goa on the western edge of India. He preached the gospel to the people, he visited the sick, he talked to the children and did all the things pastors usually do.

But one of his duties was unusual. A ship, the M.V. Logos, often came into Goa port. The ship was a floating Christian library, and whenever it arrived, everyone in the city was invited to come and buy or borrow books, look at films, and talk with the crew. Anyone who seemed interested in Christian literature was given the opportunity to leave his name and address for a visit from one of the Christian workers in the city. In every port where the ship stopped in Asia, Africa or in the Far East, officers of the ship would contact local pastors and give them a chance to spend a week helping in the ship's library while it was in port. Many people donated books to the ship, and they had to be sorted. The library selected only Christian books for its lending shelves. So the various pastors would sort books, check out books, talk with the visitors, and write down names and addresses. The pastors took turns working on the ship whenever it came, and this time it was Bill's turn.

Pastor Bill was glad to serve, but he had a problem. His house was not very secure, and he had no safe place to leave his books and extra clothes while he spent a week living on the ship. He could not afford to pay storage fees, so he began to think about other pastors in the city who worked on the library ship, wondering if one of them could store his things. At last he approached the Seventh-day Adventist minister and found him willing to store the boxes.

Relieved that the problem was settled, Pastor Bill moved into a tiny room on the M.V. Logos and began his work. Life on board proved to be very busy. All day he worked at sorting books, loaning or selling books, or talking over

spiritual matters with visitors. It was several days before Pastor Bill found any time to spare, and when it came, he used the hour to look around the ship. In one out-of-the-way corner he found a shelf with a number of interesting books labeled "Heresy."

Now Pastor Bill didn't know what the word meant. Since one looked especially attractive, he took it off the shelf to carry to his room. The book was The Great Controversy by Ellen G. White, obviously an American woman.

Just as he was leaving, some of his fellow crew members arrived.

"Hey, don't take that book," they warned. "That's heresy."

"But I don't know what heresy is," Bill protested. "I'd like to read it and find out."

"It's teachings against God and the Bible," they informed him. "If you read it, you'd better be careful."

Back in the cabin he began to read. Before long he began to realize that the message in this book sounded much like the one preached by that Adventist pastor in Goa.

"He was such a helpful fellow, surely he can't be preaching heresy," Bill thought as he kept on reading.

As he read, Bill discovered new ideas he had never before considered. What was more, they seemed to be backed by the Bible.

"This isn't heresy," he thought. "It's God's word and I need to know more about it."

When the ship was ready to leave, he returned to the Adventist pastor's house to pick up his belongings.

"On the ship I found a book published in California," he told the Adventist. "I think it must be a book of your church. I found great light and blessing in that book. Could you tell me more about Seventh-day Adventists?"

The pastor looked surprised. "What book is it?" he asked.

"The Great Controversy," Pastor Bill answered.

"Why yes, that's ours. I'm so glad you liked it. Would you like to discuss the ideas you read?"

So the Adventist pastor began Bible studies with Bill, and before long Bill asked for baptism.

"I can't be an Evangelical minister any more," he said after his baptism. "What do you suppose I could do?"

"Well," said the Adventist, "many people have been blessed the way you were by reading The Great Controversy. Why don't you sell that book and bring the same blessing to others? I'm sure you could do it."

"Why, not long ago I heard about a retired army officer, Major John, over in Pakistan. He lived alone with his son, Harrison, in the city of Multan. Pastor Hakim Din gave Major John a copy of that book The Great Controversy and asked him to read it. Major John read it, and the things he learned thrilled him. When his son came home from boarding school, he too, read it, and both men decided to become Seventh-day Adventists.

"Harrison hurried back to school to get his things and drop classes. Then he enrolled at Pakistan Adventist Seminary, the Adventist school. He later went to Spicer College in India where he studied for the ministry, and although Major John is now dead, Harrison John is still witnessing for the Lord. All of this was the result of just one copy of The Great Controversy. Think of the many others who have been influenced by this book."

The pastor stopped and a twinkle came into his eye.

"You know, Bill, I hear they need literature evangelists to sell this book in Madras."

Bill picked up the challenge. "Fine," he said. "I'll go to Madras. I'll sell The Great Controversy and bring to others the blessing it brought to me."

So it was that Pastor Bill began going among the winding streets and high-

walled compounds in Madras, carrying with him The Great Controversy and telling all who would listen of the change that the book had made in his life. Everywhere he went he urged the people to read the book and find for themselves the blessing that lay between the covers.

HELPFUL HERESY

Objective: To discover how the providence of God cooperates with human effort.

Map study: Find Goa and Madras on a map of India.
Use an atlas to discover the population of Madras.

For discussion:

1. What does heresy mean?
2. What does controversy mean?
3. Why would The Great Controversy be called "heresy"?
4. Tell how each of the following worked together to lead Pastor Bill to sell to the people of Madras.
 - a. A boat
 - b. A book
 - c. An Adventist minister
 - d. Major John

A BURMESE BOY'S BIG WEEK PART I

The year was 1925. Bright Burma moonlight reached soft fingers into the dormitory room where Hla Pe (Hlah-PAY) lay on his mat trying to sleep. Tomorrow would be Big Week at the Adventist academy. More than anything else, Hla Pe wanted to have a part in Big Week. The Christian students would be given books and calendars and for a whole week would sell them to villages around the school. Some would even go by riverboat to nearby towns. All the money they received would help to pay the expenses of the school. The problem was, Hla Pe wasn't sure they would let him go.

There were several reasons why he worried. First of all, he was the youngest boy in school—barely fifteen. Second, he hadn't been baptized yet, so he really wasn't a Christian. And last of all, so many of the boys teased him about his age that he doubted anyone would want him as their book-selling partner.

After a sleepless night, Hla Pe went to breakfast, but he couldn't eat. Usually he was hungry, but today although he tried to eat a little rice, it didn't want to go down. He left and went back to the dorm. Soon the bell rang for chapel. As he hurried in, boys noticed his eager, worried face. Someone guessed that Hla Pe was hoping to go book-selling and laughed. A few boys made faces at him. One said, "You can't go, Hla Pe. You're not a Christian." Hla Pe felt too crushed to say anything. Maybe the boy was right.

When the principal, Pastor R. A. Beckner, entered the room with his kind wife, Mama Beckner, the students quieted instantly. They loved the principal and his wife. Pastor Beckner opened the Bible and began to read.

At the close of worship, the principal announced that Big Week would begin that day. All teachers were expected to sell at least 10 rupees' worth of literature, and each student 5 rupees' worth.

Hla Pe listened eagerly. Pastor Beckner said nothing about sending only

Christian boys. As soon as chapel was dismissed, Hla Pe ran to one of his Christian friends.

"I can go! I can go! He didn't say non-Christians couldn't go. May I go with you?"

The boy looked at Hla Pe scornfully.

"Maybe the principal didn't say it," he said coldly, "but we don't want non-Christians along."

Hla Pe shrank back. What an unkind thing for a Christian to say! He felt ready to give up. Then he remembered a little verse they had been learning in English class.

If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again.

He decided to go over to the office where Mama Beckner was right now passing out books to sell. Unfortunately, some of the high school boys saw him coming.

"Go on home, Hla Pe," they called. "This is OUR Big Week. We're selling Christian books. You can't do that."

Hla Pe said nothing. He had been in school long enough to know that he loved Jesus already and someday would be baptized. He remembered a text from Bible class, "Lo, I am with you alway." He felt sure it meant that Jesus would be with him—even if he wasn't a Christian yet. Patiently Hla Pe stood to one side as teachers and students selected the supplies they wanted and left. At last they had all gone.

Shyly he stepped up to the desk. Mama Beckner looked up in surprise.

"Why, Hla Pe! Do you want to sell books, too?"

The boy nodded eagerly. "Yes, Mama Beckner. I really want to help. Will you let me?"

Mama Beckner smiled.

"Of course. How many books and calendars do you want? And who is

going to be your partner?"

A cloud seemed to cover Hla Pe's face and the smile disappeared.

"I don't have a partner," he admitted. "All the Christian boys want to go with other Christian boys. But Jesus promised He'd go with me. Isn't that okay?"

Mama Beckner thought only a minute. This boy was so earnest.

"That's fine," she agreed. "Now, what do you want?"

"I want 25 calendars, 25 rupee books, and a set of Ellen White's inspiration books," he said quickly.

"My, that's a lot of books. Do you think you can sell them all?" Mama Beckner asked.

"Yes, I think I can." Hla Pe sounded so sure that Mama Beckner laid out for him all the things he had asked for. As she did, she spoke encouragingly.

"I'm sure you can, too. You are so anxious to work for Jesus that I know He'll be with you and help you sell them all this week. Here are your books. Let's ask God to bless you before you go."

Hla Pe bowed his head while Mama Beckner prayed.

"Dear God, go with Hla Pe and bless him and be his partner. Bless the people who buy the books and help them to know you better because of the things they read in them. Amen."

Hla Pe quickly packed his materials into his shan bag and returned to the dorm to change clothes. When his roommates saw the bag full of books, they laughed and rolled on the floor in great merriment. Little Hla Pe, not even a Christian, was going to try to sell all those books. Hla Pe said nothing, but left quickly.

Trudging down the road to town with his heavy bag, Hla Pe wondered where to begin. Teachers and students who had done this work for several years already knew the best streets and sections and had taken them. On the main

street of town he saw them swarming in and out of shops like busy bees. There was no room for him there.

Just as he began to feel discouraged, a voice seemed to speak to him. "Lo, I am with you alway, Hla Pe. Do not fear." Remembering his partner, he took courage and headed out of town.

Passing by the Burma railway station, he stopped to see the Hindu station master.

"Good day, sir," he greeted him. "I'm from the Adventist high school. I'm selling books and calendars during our Big Week to raise money for our school. Won't you buy some?"

The station master smiled.

"Thank you, son. I will take one of your calendars. Why don't you go to Thazi and try your luck there? It's only ten miles away, and many Christians live there who would love these books."

"Thank you, Uncle," said Hla Pe, using the Burmese term of respect for an older man. "I will try Thazi tomorrow. But today I will try to sell here."

"If that's so, why don't you go to the post office. There are many workers in that building, and some of them are Christian. They might like Christian books. Go to Mr. Stephens, the lawyer, too. And you might visit the mistress of the Catholic primary school. She might like the books for her school library."

The station master's kindness warmed Hla Pe's heart. He hurried off to the post office as fast as he could go. The postmaster's office seemed filled with people, and Hla Pe waited a long time. When the man was free, Hla Pe stepped inside.

"Sir, I'm a student from the Adventist high school. I appeal to you to buy some of my books and calendars to help my school fund. Also please urge your workers to buy." He paused for breath and smiled his best smile.

The postmaster smiled back. "What do you have, boy? Let me see."

Book after book came out of the shan bag.

"These are one rupee each, sir, and here are the calendars, also one rupee. Best of all I have this set of inspiration books by Ellen White. It's ten rupees."

"I'm afraid the set is too much," said the postmaster, "but I will take a dozen calendars and this book. Maybe this one. Oh, yes, this other one."

As he spoke the postmaster piled book after book onto a stack in front of him. Hla Pe's eyes widened. Would he buy them all?

At last the man stopped. "These ten books," he decided, "and a dozen calendars. At one rupee each, that's 22 rupees. Right?"

After paying for the books, the man took Hla Pe to the back of the office and introduced him to the workers, urging them to buy these fine books and help the boy. Many of the men stopped to look, and they bought 15 rupee books and six calendars. Hla Pe walked out of the post office counting his 43 rupees. He could hardly believe it. Jesus was surely keeping His promise. Hla Pe could feel His presence right beside him. His heart swelled with happiness and joy as he picked up his lightened bag and headed for the lawyer's office.

A BURMESE BOY'S BIG WEEK I

Objective: To see the outcome of a strong belief in God's promises.

Map study: Find Burma on the map.

For discussion:

1. His classmates told Hla Pe, "We don't want non-Christians along." Think of a better response for the boys to offer.
2. If you had been Hla Pe, what would you have done when the boys rejected your company?
 - a. Pouted
 - b. Cried
 - c. Gone away
 - d. Reported them to the teacher
 - e. Other (name it)
3. Compare the boys in Hla Pe's school to the pupils in your school.
4. If Hla Pe hadn't believed God's promise to go with him, what different ending might this story have?

A BURMESE BOY'S BIG WEEK PART II

After Hla Pe's wonderful meeting with the postmaster, he headed for the lawyer's home. At the gate he met Mr. Stephens just leaving.

"Pardon me, sir," the boy said politely. "May I speak to you for a few minutes?"

The boy's earnestness impressed the lawyer.

"Yes, certainly. Come back inside."

Together they walked into the house and sat down in the living room.

"Sir, today is a special day. It's the first day of Big Week, a campaign for our school. I am selling inspiration books, different kinds of rupee books which I'm out of right now, and beautiful home calendars. I hope you will buy, sir."

Mr. Stephens looked at the books and calendars. Kindly he said, "I'm sorry, boy, but I can't buy your religious books because I'm a Roman Catholic. We are not permitted to read any religious books except our own. But I will take the calendars."

"Oh, Uncle," said Hla Pe respectfully, "I'm sure you would like my books. They would be a nice addition to your library and would fit well in that space right there." Hla Pe pointed to an empty spot at the end of one shelf.

Before Mr. Stephens could reply, a lady came in and began looking at the three books by Mrs. White. She turned to Hla Pe.

"Are these books for sale?" she asked.

"Yes, madam. But I've sold those to Uncle here. I can run and get more for you quickly, though."

Mr. Stephens looked surprised. He wasn't sure he had bought the books at all. But the shelf did look empty. Quickly he took out the money and handed it to the young salesman.

"Do you know my church school in town?" the lady asked. "I'd like you to

bring me some books there."

"Yes, I know your school," Hla Pe replied. "I'll be back in an hour or two, just as fast as I can possibly make it."

As he sped down the steps, Hla Pe's heart thrilled with joy. In just a few hours with Jesus as his partner, he had sold all the books and calendars.

Four long miles down the road he turned into the school's driveway. The campus appeared quiet. At the office door he knocked loudly. There was no answer. He knocked again. Mama Beckner opened it. She looked alarmed. Why was Hla Pe back so soon? And his shan bag was empty! Had he been robbed? Or had he sold them?

"Back so soon?" she asked. "Have you sold everything?"

"Yes, yes, Mama! Jesus helped me sell every book." Handing her the 60 rupees, he went on. "I want the same number of books and calendars again, but with an extra set of Mrs. White's books this time. Someone is waiting for them now."

"You are the first to come back and turn in your money," Mama Beckner told him.

"Good! Tomorrow I'm going to Thazi, but today I'll sell all I can in the place where I worked this morning."

"Here are your books," said the kind lady. "Let's pray again."

So they did, and Hla Pe began the four-mile walk back to town. It was nearly noon, and he had had no breakfast. Still, he didn't seem either hungry or tired. All he could think of was Mr. Stephens and the schoolmistress waiting for books.

At the lawyer's house, he found Mr. Stephens reading The Desire of Ages.

"Please excuse me for making you wait so long, Uncle. It was eight miles round trip. But here are the books." Wiping the sweat from his face and hands, Hla Pe put all the one rupee books on the table.

"You are a good boy," the lawyer told him. "You're so enthusiastic for your school fund that I feel I must help you. I'm not interested in reading your religious books, though." But his hands acted as if they did not hear what his mouth was saying, for they were sorting through the books, selecting some to buy. Hla Pe grinned.

The Bible Made Plain, Who Changed the Sabbath, and The Sermon on the Mount, were among the 15 books that Mr. Stephens finally bought. He took a dozen more calendars, too, saying, "I'll give each of my friends one of these for Christmas." As he counted out 27 rupees into Hla Pe's outstretched hand, he advised, "Now go and see the schoolmistress. She wants some for her library."

Another hot dusty mile brought Hla Pe to the primary school where he stood under a tree and tried to tidy up a bit. It was so hot! As soon as the children came outside for recess, Hla Pe approached the teacher's office.

"Oh!" she smiled, recognizing him. "You've brought me the books. How nice!"

As the boy stacked them on her desk, she said suspiciously, "How much commission do you get for selling these, boy?"

Hla Pe shook his head. "Nothing, Teacher. I sell for the school fund's Big Week campaign. We all do this once a year—teachers and students both. We get nothing."

Hla Pe then went on to tell her that if he were a regular full-time salesman he would get a commission. That seemed to please the lady.

"I will take a set of Mrs. White's books, ten of the rupee books, and a dozen calendars," she decided. "If you can bring me any good children's books for the library next time, I'll buy them, too."

Hla Pe promised to bring her Bedtime Stories, Bible Stories, and Children's Hour—in fact, anything he could find back at the office.

As the bell rang to end recess, the kind teacher handed Hla Pe 32 rupees.

Tucking it away, he headed for home. All that he had left now was one set of inspiration books and one calendar. What a day!

Up the dusty road he marched like a conqueror who had just won a war. He hoped he would meet some of the Christian boys who had teased him. Maybe now they wouldn't laugh! He had gotten the best partner for the day—Jesus. The Lord had led him to excellent customers who bought many books. The Bible promise was true. Jesus had been with him all day.

A BURMESE BOY'S BIG WEEK II

Objective: To discover God's design of using humans to bring unexpected blessings to others.

For discussion:

1. How many miles did Hla Pe walk on the first day of Big Week? How long would it take to walk four miles?
2. Tell how God altered each of these people's expectations:
 - a. When Hla Pe started out, he hoped to sell 25 calendars, 25 rupee books, and a set of Mrs. White's books.
 - b. When Hla Pe returned early, Mama Beckner thought, "Oh! Hla Pe's books are gone. Maybe he was robbed!"
 - c. When Mr. Stephens, the lawyer, bought calendars, he said he was not permitted to read non-Catholic books.
 - d. The Christian boys at Hla Pe's school expected Hla Pe to stay home.

A BURMESE BOY'S BIG WEEK PART III

As Hla Pe strode home like a conqueror, rejoicing in the way God had led him, the youngest student, to such victory, he passed the gate of the veterinary doctor. Somehow his feet turned in at the gate, and he stopped in front of Dr. U Mya Maung's home. The doctor was out on a call, but his wife, Dew Naomi, welcomed him with kind words and a cool drink.

Hla Pe knew that these people were Baptists, very kind and friendly. But he also knew that they did not trust Seventh-day Adventists and their books. Silently he prayed as he began to speak.

"Madam," he said, "you are the one to be favored to receive the last of these wonderful books. I am selling them for our school fund. Here are inspiration books by Ellen White, The Desire of Ages, Patriarchs and Prophets, and The Great Controversy. There is just one calendar left for you, too."

Dew Naomi looked them over carefully. Then she paid him and took all of the books. Again his shan bag lay flat and empty.

Now he saw some of the teachers and students on their way back to school. He wondered if they had sold all their books.

At the school he hurried to the office to turn in his money—70 rupees. Suddenly a terrible hunger leaped up in his stomach.

"I'm starved!" he declared.

"You ought to be," Mama Beckner said. "You've really worked today and God has blessed you in a remarkable way. He certainly answered our prayers, didn't He?"

"Yes, Mama, I know that Jesus was with me. I plan to go to Thazi tomorrow. I wonder if the principal will allow me. Do you think he will?"

"Why not? I'll speak to him about your success today and urge him to give you traveling money for tomorrow."

With a joyous heart, Hla Pe ran to the kitchen where he heaped his plate with rice and curry and filled his empty stomach.

As he entered the dorm later, Hla Pe felt strange. Everyone seemed to be watching him.

"Heard you had a good day," someone called.

"Yes, with the Lord's help, I did," Hle Pe replied and went on to his room. No one teased him at all. He was amazed at the new respect the students seemed to have for him.

Early the next morning Hla Pe hurried to Mama Beckner's office and asked for the same amount of books he had taken the day before. Two sets of inspiration books, 25 rupee books, and 25 home calendars found their way into his shan bag. Pastor Beckner came in just then and knelt with him and Mama Beckner as they prayed to ask God's blessing on the boy's work in Thazi. Then Pastor Beckner gave him five rupees for food and bus fare. Hla Pe lifted his bag and was off again, the first student out the gate that day.

By nine o'clock he was in Thazi. Climbing off the bus in front of the train station, he decided it was a good place to start. He opened the office door, and then stepped back in astonishment. The station master was not Burmese. He was European. How did he dare to approach such an important-looking foreigner? Like a whisper in his mind a voice said, "Do not be afraid. Go in. He is just a man like you. Go at once."

Suddenly brave, Hla Pe stepped into the office, introduced himself, and greeted the station master.

"What can I do for you, boy?" the man asked.

"Today is our school's Big Week campaign to sell books and calendars for our school fund, sir. This morning I came directly to you when I arrived in Thazi, thinking that you are a most reliable and dependable person who will buy some books for your own use and use your authority to persuade the station workers to

buy, too."

The man laughed. What a sales talk this little fellow had!

"Yes, I'll help you, my boy, but let me call my better half. She is very fond of reading and will surely want first choice of your books. After that, I'll choose what I want."

Hle Pe relaxed as the station master rose, chuckling, to call his wife.

In a few minutes he returned with her. Smiling at the boy, she sat down and began going over the rupee books.

"Look at these, Madam," said Hla Pe, holding out the set of Ellen White's books. "These are excellent, and I'm sure you'd enjoy them the most."

The lady took them and looked at them carefully.

"Hmmm. Yes, I think you are right. I'll take a set of these, but I'd like ten of the rupee books and a dozen calendars, too. I don't know what Uncle here will choose, but I'm sure he'll want something." She turned to smile at her husband.

"Fine, darling. I'll have five more of the rupee books and we'll read them all." Then he opened his wallet and handed Hla Pe 37 rupees. When his wife had gone inside, the station master called his employees into the office, and within an hour, every book had been sold. Another 70 rupees. That made 200 rupees' worth of books he had sold in less than two days. No, that was not quite right. He and his Partner had sold them!

Hle Pe returned to school, his shan bag empty again. He was excited at his success, and felt that Jesus had truly helped him. But he had no idea of the power of God that filled those books. People read and began to read their Bibles, too. When some started coming to the Adventist church, no one was more surprised than Hla Pe. Here came Mr. Stephens, the lawyer, and his wife. Here came Dew Naomi. These three were baptized. Two couples from the railway station at Thazi also read and joined God's church, too.

But the biggest change of all took place in Hla Pe's own life. He began to see and understand God's love for him. He, too, was baptized and became a full-time literature evangelist, selling books in all corners of Burma. For many years now he has led the colporteur work in Burma and encouraged other young people to experience the blessings of selling Ellen White's books. To this day, God is still his favorite book-selling Partner.

This beautiful story came from U Hla Pe himself. He wrote it out with great patience and care and sent it to Norma Youngberg, who wrote this story. He is now an old man. He was fifteen in 1925 when this story took place, so he is well past 70 now. All his life he has helped with the publishing work in Burma. He is known and loved throughout the field. What a harvest of blessing resulted from that Burmese Boy's Big Week and from Ellen White's books. May God bless U Hla Pe and all his family and people in Burma!

A BURMESE BOY'S WEEK III

Objective: To examine the rewards of a business that spreads the gospel.

For discussion:

1. Which of these ideas about selling did Hla Pe use?
 - a. Compliment your prospective buyer
 - b. Speak as if you expect a sale
 - c. Ask the buyer to name other people who might buy
 - d. Take Jesus as your partner
2. How do you think Hla Pe would rank the importance of being a literature evangelist? (Assign 1 to the most important one.)
 - a. You get to meet people
 - b. You get to travel
 - c. You have Jesus to help you
 - d. You get to know Jesus
 - e. You see people turn to God when they read the books
 - f. Your friends admire you for your success
3. Select a book by Ellen White and role play selling it, after you have examined it enough to describe it to a classmate role playing the buyer.
4. How might a person in one of the businesses listed below spread the gospel.
 - a. Nursing home
 - b. Hospital
 - c. Nursery school
 - d. Auto repair
 - e. Restaurant
 - f. Newspaper

THE SPIRIT OF PROPHECY EMPHASIS STORIES

Volume IV, Part II

Grades 5-8

HUMAN INTEREST STORIES

Middle Years: A Time to Laugh, Part I
 A Time to Laugh, Part II
 Braving the Flood, Part I
 Braving the Flood, Part II

Later Years: Very Human
 Sara, The Faithful Guardian, Part I
 Sara, The Faithful Guardian, Part II
 Money and Mrs White
 A Lawsuit--Reward for Kindness

A TIME TO LAUGH PART I

If you've ever leafed through a nineteenth century photo album, you've probably decided that nobody smiled in those days. Actually, picture-taking at that stage required such long film exposures that holding a smile for minutes at a time posed a problem. It was simpler to be serious and sit still. Looking at the White family pictures, one would think they never had any fun in their lives, but a bit of research proves they had quite a sense of humor in the family.

James White was well known for his witticisms, and they must have amused Ellen, for she married him, punny jokes and all!

Before he married Ellen, James traveled around preaching about the soon coming of Jesus. One rival minister did all he could to oppose James's work, and seemed quite relieved when James left town. To his surprise, James turned up again.

"Why, Mr. White," the minister exclaimed, "are you yet in the land of the living?"

"No, sir," James replied quickly, "I'm in the land of the dying, but at the soon coming of the Lord I expect to go to the land of the living." And he passed on leaving the minister chuckling at the young man's quick wit.

After the great disappointment, the day when Jesus was supposed to arrive and didn't, many people made fun of the Adventists. One scoffer met James and laughed scornfully. "Well, you didn't go up yesterday, did you!"

James came right back. "And if I had gone up, where would you have gone!" The heckler backed off.

In James's books Life Incidents he told a story designed to stir the churches to action. It seems that a traveler saw Satan seated upon a post in front of a church, asleep. The traveler shook him and asked, "How is it that you are so quietly sleeping? Aren't you usually busy at work?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but the people in this church are asleep, and the minister is asleep, and I thought this a good time for me to take a nap, too!"

After the great disappointment, rumors went around that the Adventists had made themselves long white robes and stood on hilltops and in the fields all day, waiting for Jesus to come. The strange thing about the story was that it always happened in some other city—and in that city, it happened at another one.

Mrs. White had a good laugh one day when she overheard a conversation on the train about those "Adventists" and their white robes. Gently leading the speaker on, she inquired who had done this.

"Why those Harmon girls in Maine," the woman declared. "They made robes and wore them all day!"

"Are you sure?" Mrs. White asked with a twinkle in her eye.

"Positive," said the lady.

Mrs. White chuckled. "Well, I'm Ellen, one of the Harmon twins, and I can assure you we didn't have any robes!" The poor speaker turned quite red as those around her on the coach laughed at her discomfort.

When the two young folks, Ellen and James, had to be separated by their speaking appointments, they agreed to write each other daily. Ellen did quite well, but James got busy and found no time to write. At last he sent her a post card. It was very brief. "No letters from you for two days. James White."

Ellen looked at it. The nerve of the man! She had been writing all along, and she had for several days heard nothing from James. She wrote back, tongue in cheek:

Dear Husband:

We received your few words last night on a postal card. This long letter was written by yourself? Thank you, for we know you are living! No letter from James White previous to this since April 6. I have been anxiously waiting for something to answer. Ellen White

How James must have laughed when he got that letter! Sounded just like his spunky little wife. Perhaps the reminder improved his letter writing.

James was not above teasing his audience during a sermon, either. At one town he faced an audience not entirely composed of eager Christians. Looking them over carefully, he began by saying, "I would like to ask that as I speak today, all who love Christ and His doctrines would pray for me. Those who don't love Him and don't want to see Him coming are excused from praying for me, as they'd better spend the time praying for themselves!"

Returning from one trip, James told Ellen about the very humble preacher he met. He was so humble that he refused to eat with the rest of the family, being so unworthy to sit with them. Instead, he took his food and sat behind the dining room door to show his humility. However, James pointed out slyly, he noticed that the "humble" man kept shouting praises to God from behind the door so that all would be sure to notice his humility!

There were some old timers who didn't much care for young James White doing the preaching and acting so "uppity," as they put it. As far as they were concerned, young people should be seen and not heard. To make it clear, old Elder H. took the matter to the Lord—in front of James White and about forty people at a worship meeting. James told about it this way:

The old man began:

"O Lord, have mercy on Brother White. He is proud and will be damned unless he gets rid of his pride. He went on telling the Lord about my pride and how sure I was of destruction unless I should speedily repent and closed up with vehement cries of "Have Mercy! Have Mercy! Mercy! Mercy!"

After the company had risen, I drew my chair near Elder H and in a kind manner said to him:

"Brother H, I fear you have told the Lord a wrong story. You say I am proud. This, I think, is not true. But why tell this to the Lord? He knows more about me than you do. Now, sir, if I am so proud that you are able to give the Lord information on the subject, you can tell me before these present in what I am proud. Is it in my general appearance, or my manner of speaking, praying or singing?"

"No, Brother White, it is not in those things."

"Well, is it manifested by these worn and soiled clothes? Please look me over. Is it in my patched boots? My rusty coat, this nearly worn-out vest? These soiled pants? Or that old hat I wear?"

"No, I do not see pride in any of these things you mention. But, Brother White, when I saw that starched collar on you, God only knows how I felt!" And here the man wept... while the assembled members tried to keep straight faces.

Choking back a laugh, James explained that a kindly sister had offered to do his washing and while she washed his shirt, she loaned him one of her husband's which had a starched collar. Brother H's mind was much relieved!

James was thankful for his sense of humor at times like that.

Life in the 1800's was not easy, and there was much to look solemn about. But we are thankful that in the midst of all the seriousness and hard work the Whites and their friends left us glimpses of their laughter, hints of their wit, and assurances that they did have time to laugh.

Reference: James White, Life Incidents, pp. 108, 113, 115, 119, 312

EGW, Letter 5, 1876

A TIME TO LAUGH PART I

Objective: To become acquainted with the White family's sense of humor.

For discussion:

1. Assess your present state of mind and draw a face to suit it:
2. Think of one reason for the face you've drawn. The biggest smilers should share their reasons with the rest of the class.
3. Read one of these texts and tell how James White followed its counsel:
Proverbs. 15:13
 15:15
 15:23
4. How might Ellen have responded to James' card about going two days without a letter if she had lacked a sense of humor?
5. Recall a time when your sense of humor (or someone else's) relieved a tense situation.

A TIME TO LAUGH PART II

The humor of the early pioneers, and of the White family in particular, is often seen as they retell incidents from their own lives. Ellen White recalls the time she was earnestly preaching when she noticed several of her audience begin to smile. The smiles turned to grins, and then to snickers. Wondering what was so funny, she turned to survey the platform behind her. There she discovered that her grown son, Willie, sat sound asleep on his chair among the ministers.

Without waking him, Ellen leaned forward over the pulpit, her eyes twinkling, and spoke to the congregation.

"When Willie was a baby, James and I traveled a great deal," she explained. "We used to put him to sleep in a little basket right in front of the pulpit where we could watch him. There he slept peacefully during all our sermons. Apparently he has not yet gotten out of the habit!"

Then, after a good laugh with her audience, Ellen went on with the sermon.

Ellen sometimes used humor to get herself out of awkward situations. She was traveling by train through several European countries when she felt especially weary. Climbing into her sleeping bunk, Ellen pulled the shawls and blankets over herself and went to sleep.

In a short while the train stopped. It had reached the border of another country, and passengers were asked to get off so that inspectors could check their luggage and travel documents.

"You stay right here," her friends told her. "You shouldn't get out in the cold when you're not feeling well. We'll explain to the conductor." The ladies hurried out, explaining to the official about their sick friend.

Shortly afterward the conductor's superiors came by, and hearing that one passenger had remained on the train, they began to scold the trainman for

allowing her to stay on. After all, she might be a smuggler, an escaped prisoner, or who knew what!

Bursting into her compartment, the officers swept their big flashlight along the bunks until they spotted a suspicious bulge under a pile of blankets. Quickly Ellen sat up, shawls falling in all directions.

"Here I am, gentlemen," she joked. "Have a good look! I am a living body!"

At the sight of the friendly old lady, the officials became embarrassed and backed out of the compartment, muttering apologies, much to the conductor's amusement. And Ellen snuggled down in her bunk again, chuckling to herself.

Occasionally in Ellen's books one can see glimpses of her dry humor. In speaking of certain people who seemed to feel it their duty to discover every tidbit of gossip and spread it around the countryside, Ellen wrote, "They should not think the Lord has made them daily bulletins!" (MA 81, 1897)

Writing to housewives, she explained that although they worked at home, they owed it to their families to look as neat and attractive for them as they would for strangers if they held a public job. Housework was, she declared, no excuse for ragged, ugly clothing. "Sisters when about their work should not put on clothing which would make them look like scarecrows" she wrote. (T1, 464)

Ellen had no use for long-faced Christians. Once, while attending a ceremony for the beginning of a new church, she stopped and looked at all the solemn faces surrounding her. Then she smiled and spoke.

"Cheer up, children. This is a resurrection, not a funeral!"

Then with everyone smiling, she proceeded with the ceremony.

Son Willie, who most often accompanied Ellen in her travels, seems to have had a marvelous sense of humor. His writings are full of witty comments and funny stories.

"I love peace," Willie declared once, "and WILL have it if I have to fight for it!" (WCW Book B, p. 115)

Another time, speaking of people who were afraid to try new things, he told this story.

"It makes me think of the man who heard that it was good to rest the head on feathers, and so, instead of getting a good pillow he got one feather and laid it on a rock and slept with his head on it. In the morning he said that if ONE feather made his head feel this badly, he would never sleep with his head on a bag FULL of them!" (WCW Book 12, p. 122)

Speaking of people who mistakenly do more harm than good, Willie write, "I sincerely hope that nothing will happen of the experience of the elephant and the quail. The elephant, tramping through the jungle, frightened the quail from her nest, and treading on the quail, killed it. Then she looked at the poor little quails fluttering and peeping and said, 'Poor things. How sorry I am for them. I know what it is to be an orphan. I will do what I can for them to atone for my carelessness.' So she SAT DOWN on them!" (WCW Book Feb. 19, 1914)

Once, when he received news that aroused his curiosity but didn't provide details, he wrote to Mary Davis.

"It seems as if I was left where the curious man on the train found himself. He was seated behind a man with one leg and became intensely curious to know how the poor fellow lost his leg. Apologetically he asked, 'May I ask a question?'

'Yes,' said the one-legged man, 'just one.'

'Well, how did your lose your leg?'

'It was bitten off,' the man replied, and there the conversation ended, leaving the man more curious than before!" (WCW Letter April 14, 1895)

When Willie went to Australia with his mother, he left his two little girls safely in America with a lady teacher. The girls wrote their daddy, begging to

join him. He wrote back teasingly.

"I would love to have you with me, but I'm leading such an unsettled life right now that if you did come over I'd have to put you in my pocket, for I have no home for you!" The girls giggled at the idea of living in daddy's pocket and waited until he got a house before they joined him.

Willie had a good laugh when he read the end of a sermon supposedly given by an old country pastor to a congregation that hadn't treated him very well.

"Brethren," the pastor said, "I have come to bid you goodbye. I am going to a better place than this. I have been appointed chaplain in a jail. I don't think the Lord loves this congregation, for none of you ever die. I don't think you love one another, for I never have to marry any of you. I don't think you love me, for you have not paid my salary. What donations you have given were withered vegetables and rotten fruits. 'And by their fruits ye shall know them!' Where I go (to the jail), ye cannot come now, but ye shall follow me afterwards. Goodby!"

To one man Willie wrote, "You express an unbounded willingness to do anything and everything for them except what they ask. This reminds me of the man's experience in buying eggs. Asking their price, he was told that they were 18 cents per dozen. 'But,' says he, 'I can get them for 15 cents at the shop next door.'

'Well, then,' said the shopkeeper, 'why don't you buy there?'

The customer answered, 'They haven't any.'

'Oh well,' returned the merchant, 'I, too, sell eggs for 15 cents a dozen when I haven't any!' "

Thus from their writings, from incidents written about them, and from first-hand reports of the pioneers, we are able to see that they did have time for fun. It is comforting to know that if we today should meet one of the White family, we could share laughter as well as serious discussion. After all, the Bible

says that "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," and that there is "a time to laugh."

A TIME TO LAUGH PART II

Objective: To examine the White family wit as a reflection of its resilience and health.

For discussion:

1. When an adult son goes to sleep during his parents' lecture, his parents could respond—
 - a. If embarrassed
 - B. If angry
 - c. If hurt
 - d. If sympathetic (and amused)
2. When a sick person on a train is roughly accosted for being a possible smuggler, a typical response could be—
 - a. If annoyed
 - b. If deep in self-pity
 - c. If amused
3. When his small daughters made an unreasonable request to join with him before he had a place for them to stay, father could say—
 - a. If using logic
 - b. If he doesn't care how stupid they feel
 - c. If he wants to display warm feelings
4. What is your favorite funny story about the White family?
5. What is your favorite funny story about your own family?

BRAVING THE FLOODS PART I

One day in 1889 Ellen White sat at home praying about what she should do. She had been invited to two camp meetings—one in Pennsylvania and one in Iowa. Since they were both to be held at the same time, she knew she could only attend one. The question was, which one? After praying and thinking and waiting awhile, she at last felt sure that God wanted her to go to Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

So on Thursday night, May 30, Ellen and her companion Sara McEnterfer, boarded a train leaving Battle Creek for New York state. Rain came pelting down and beat against the windows. Because of the torrents of water, the train could not depart on time. It was an hour and a half late in leaving, and Ellen felt tired already. She had just come from three weeks at a Kansas camp meeting, and she really needed a rest instead of another trip.

When they finally reached Buffalo, New York, the ladies had missed the train they wanted to catch. It had gone out on time, and they had arrived late. For five hours they sat in the station while the rain poured down outside. At last they caught the train to Elmira, arrived there, and discovered that further travel was inadvisable.

People told them that because of heavy rains and floods, many bridges had been swept away and part of the road washed out. Ellen and her companion left the cars, thinking perhaps they would be stuck in Elmira. But after a few moments, the two women boarded the train again. It was still headed in the direction they wanted to go, and they would go as far as they could toward Williamsport.

Slowly the train began to move down the tracks.

"Maybe it isn't as bad as they said," remarked Ellen. Each mile brought Williamsport closer. All at once the train stopped. The track just ahead had been

completely washed out.

Rain had been with them most of the trip, and it continued to pour down. The passengers kept the coach windows closed against the downpour. With no air circulating in the sleeping car where they were riding, the atmosphere grew hot and stuffy. They knew they must spend the night on the train and had hoped to get some rest, but Ellen found herself forced to move back to the passenger car because many in the sleeper wanted to play cards and smoke. The air became too heavy for comfortable breathing.

By this time another Adventist family named Teft had joined them. It was Friday night, and it didn't seem a bit like Sabbath on the smoky train. All night long the passengers played cards in the sleeper while the Adventist group tried to doze sitting up in the passenger car.

Sabbath dawned, still rainy outside. The card players continued to occupy the sleeper, and the Adventists had the passenger car to themselves, for which they were thankful. Their cars had been switched onto a side track now. They noticed a work train go by and were glad, for it meant that track in front of them was being repaired. Shortly afterward, the train officials came through the cars announcing that the track had been repaired and the train would go on to Canton, a small town between them and Williamsport. Carefully the engineer inched his way along the newly laid track into Canton, but there they were informed that 18 bridges ahead of them had been washed out by the flood, and the water was still rising. Going to Williamsport seemed impossible.

But Ellen knew that with God all things are possible. When the children of Israel reached the flooded Jordan it had seemed impossible, too, but when they stepped out in faith, God made a way for them to go where He wanted them.

Knowing that others would be worried about them in the flood, Ellen tried to send a telegram south, but the wires were down. Then she tried to send one north—no success. Wires were down everywhere, and no one but they knew

where they were. In Canton, houses, barns, and people had vanished in low-lying areas and still the water was rising. It seemed there was only one way out. Ellen and her group could go back. The train would return to Elmira. The rest of the passengers got on it, but Ellen and her group decided to stay. God wanted them at camp meeting!

"We will take no backward steps," Ellen declared, and made arrangements to sleep in the only hotel in town. It was just as well they stayed, for in the morning they heard that the train passengers were again stranded because of washed out track in front of them.

The hotel owner felt sorry for Ellen and agreed to take her and her friends to Williamsport if the road was passable. It would only be about forty miles. However, when he heard that all the bridges and most of the road had been washed away, he decided not to go. Ellen still determined to get to Williamsport.

The Rockwell family, all Adventists, lived just ten miles south of Canton at Roaring Branch. They heard that Ellen was stuck in town and drove in to get her. When the travelers arrived at Roaring Branch, Ellen rejoiced to see their church and to learn that other Adventists also lived in that tiny village. She learned that none of them had tried to go to camp meeting because of the floods. It appeared that once again Ellen had reached the end of the road.

In Roaring Branch, Ellen met a young man who was walking to Williamsport. He told her that the valley road had been entirely washed away, but it might be possible to get there by the mountain road. That was all Ellen needed to hear. She decided to try it, and on Tuesday morning with a good team and carriage and two men, the group set out. They were determined to go as far as possible. If the path absolutely vanished, they would return to Roaring Branch, but not before that.

During this trying week a great disaster took place. On the afternoon of May 31 a mountain lake broke its dam southwest of Williamsport. The lake, three miles long, two miles wide, and seventy feet deep, poured down the mountain canyon. It swept through the towns of Woodvale and Kernville, wiping them clean down to the bedrock on which they had been built. It roared through Johnstown, Pennsylvania, killing over 2,000 people. This Johnstown Flood would go down in history as one of America's worst disasters.

But Ellen and her group knew nothing of the Johnstown flood. They were busy coping with lesser floods themselves. Although they had a wagon and horses, everyone felt safer walking, and they were slipping and sliding over the mountain rocks. Ellen praised the Lord that her weak ankles were able to take it. She felt strong and well, and walked swiftly toward Williamsport with the others. At times they leaped rushing streams or stumbled on hidden rocks in the water.

Then it began to rain again. Thunder rolled and lightning flashed around them, the roar echoing through the hills. No houses or buildings appeared, so they struggled on for 17 miles more.

At last they reached a village called Trout Run. The town seemed in ruins, but the hotel still stood. There they were given beds, but no food. They tried building a fire, but found no dry wood except a few cigar boxes, which didn't make enough heat to dry their clothes. Wet and hungry, they went to bed, but Ellen said, "Our hearts were filled with gratitude that no harm had befallen either ourselves or our horses."

BRAVING THE FLOODS, PART I

Objective: To study Ellen White's coping behavior.

Map study: Locate Battle Creek, Michigan; Buffalo and Elmira, New York; and Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

For duscussion:

1. How long would it take to walk 17 miles on a flat, smooth surface?
2. Recall a time when "the impossible" became possible through God's providence—either in your life or the life of someone you know.
3. What word describes Ellen White's trip from Elmira to Trout Run?
 - a. Difficult
 - b. Impossible
 - c. Easy
4. What word best describes Ellen White during the Elmira-Trout Run trip?
5. If Ellen White had been heading for a vacation instead of a camp meeting, which word would best describe what you think she'd be like?
 - a. Flexible
 - b. Upset
 - c. Determined

BRAVING THE FLOODS PART II

"You can't go anywhere," the hotel keeper told them the next day. A raging stream, which had now become a river, blocked their way. How could they get the horses and carriage across? Ellen thought quickly. Organizing the men, she helped to build a raft. In only three hours it was made. First they fastened the carriage to it and pulled it across the river with a rope. Next came the horses.

Ellen had always been fond of horses, and she watched with the greatest interest as the first horse plunged into the raging river. She wrote:

I was filled with anxiety, for at times the waves covered him. When he came to the bank, he struggled so that he freed himself from the rope that guided him, and as the bank was very steep, and even shelved over, because it was washed out below by the force of the waves, it seemed very difficult to get a footing. After several attempts, he succeeded in making the ascent of the bank. The other horse was larger and less nervous, and as an experienced horseman swam him across, he had less difficulty in gaining the bank. When the noble animal emerged from the river, I found myself praising God aloud, and weeping like a child.

When the horses and carriage were safely over, Ellen and her friends were rowed across the river. Back in the carriage, the rest of the trip was easy compared to what they'd been through.

Once when they came to a fallen tree, they tried driving over it and snapped the doubletree of the carriage. They had expected problems along the way, and so had tools and scraps of leather for just such accidents. The broken part was replaced with a tree branch and on they went.

When another tree blocked their way, they stopped and chopped through it. But when a third crossed their path, they discovered it was too big to do anything with, so they drove into the woods around the fallen tree, making their own path.

As they neared Williamsport, Ellen had serious thoughts as she viewed the

destruction. Surely with such terrible floods around them, Jesus was warning the world of His soon coming.

At 3:00, Wednesday afternoon, June 5, they arrived at their destination. It had taken them just a week. Tired, wet, and with exhausted horses, they wondered if the trip had been worth the trouble. Would anyone be at the campground after all?

The streets of Williamsport presented an awful sight. Sofas, beds, and chairs damaged by the flood stood in front of the churches. Streets and sidewalks had been washed away. Front steps were gone from houses, and rubbish of all kinds was heaped in gardens and yards.

Ellen asked for directions to the campground. Some told her it had been flooded and all the tents taken down, but when she arrived, she found quite a few tents pitched on high ground behind the original campground, and the campers all safe. How delighted they were to see Ellen and how impressed that she had come at such difficulty to be with them.

As she talked to the believers, she realized that the Lord had a special work for her to do in Williamsport. The Pennsylvania churches were discouraged. They spent lots of time discussing points of doctrine, but they did not know how to believe. They didn't know what faith was, and they didn't know how to take God at His word. They needed courage, hope, faith, and above all, Jesus. This is why Ellen had come, and this is why Satan had tried to stop her.

The people were so glad to see Ellen that they accepted whatever she said as word from the Lord. They did not argue or complain. Their hearts had been opened wide by the disaster around them, and they listened eagerly.

So glad was Ellen to find them in such a teachable condition that she regarded this camp meeting as one of the highlights of her ministry. It renewed her faith in God's leading, and made her even more determined to go wherever she felt He wanted her to work.

Reference: Review & Herald, July 30, 1889
EGW Letter 67, 1889
EGW Letter 54, 1889

BRAVING THE FLOODS, PART II

Objective: To see God working above and through a disaster to encourage his people.

For discussion:

1. What made the people of Pennsylvania teachable?
2. Describe the hardships Ellen White endured to get from Trout Run to the Williamsport campmeeting.
3. What had kept the people at the campmeeting from having courage, hope, faith and Jesus?
4. Which of the following could damage a person's courage, hope and faith?
 - a. Arguing about the color of the church carpet.
 - b. Laughing at an awkward performer in Sabbath School.
 - c. Ignoring strangers.
 - d. Talking about the meanness of other people.
 - e. Repeating gossip.
 - f. Choosing friends because of their money, clothes or skills.
5. If you KNEW that the members of a church were discouraged, what could you do? Try writing a letter to the board members of your church in which you ask them to rate their (a) courage (b) hope and (c) faith as a church group. Explain the story you have just read. Here's one idea for the letter:

Dear church board members of (name of church) :

In our church school we just read the story of how Ellen White attended a campmeeting in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, where the people lacked courage, hope and faith. They were so teachable that when she left she considered the trip a high point of her ministry.

We are not very old, but we would like to begin our ministry with fellow believers. Would you be willing to tell us how you assess your church's (a) courage, (b) hope, and (c) faith? If you give us some examples of each, we could pray for your needs. If you have some good news, we could rejoice with you and learn from your report.

You may choose to send several letters. Your letters could begin some earnest talk and reform—or rejoicing—as the members talk about these items.

VERY HUMAN

Have you ever heard anyone say, "Mrs. White says we shouldn't do that," or "Mrs. White would never approve of such a thing," or "What would Ellen White say! You'd better stop that!" ?

Such comments, well meaning as they may be, have given many young people a rather negative view of Ellen White. She is pictured as a killjoy, a superhuman person, a solemn, serious woman with penetrating eyes, a harsh judge, a messenger of God who had little time for the human weakness of others. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Ellen was a real person, one who became angry, upset, cried when distressed, laughed at funny situations, bought trinkets and candy for her children, teased her husband, and became anxious and worried in unsettled conditions. She made mistakes and sometimes had to accept reproof from God for doing so. Like many Christian mothers, she spent hours worrying over her wayward children, and she tried to make peace between her husband and her son, Edson, when the two didn't agree—which was quite often.

When Edson seemed to have left the church and entered into a printing business in Chicago, Ellen wrote her son a touching letter. She told him that she had dreamed that he and four other young men were at the beach. They were out in the big waves, swimming around and laughing carelessly. Onlookers on shore saw their danger and tried to call them back, but the fellows only laughed at their concern. Then Ellen felt a hand on her shoulder. Someone said to her, "Did you know that is your son Edson? He cannot hear your voice, but he can see your motions. Tell him to come at once. He will not disobey his mother."

Ellen waved and called, warning her son of the dangerous undertow in that area. Still Edson did not come to shore.

A strong young man offered to go out and bring in the swimmers. A

stout rope was fastened about his waist, and he set out. Just then Mrs. White saw the current catch Edson, and her son began to realize his peril. She woke as he screamed for help—and the dream ended.

His mother's letter made a deep impression on Edson, and he turned back to the Lord and began making plans to begin preaching the message to blacks down South.

Later on, just like any worker with a son also in the work, Mrs. White had to face criticism of her advice on the South. Many felt that she made certain decisions just to favor her son, Edson. At one time she wrote to the brethren in the South, "I want the brethren to feel free to take hold of this matter. I do not want them to make any reference to me. I want them to act just as they would if my son were not there. Edson should give himself to the ministry and to writing, and leave alone the things he has been forbidden by the Lord to do. Finance is not his forte strong point at all." (Elmshaven Years, p. 192)

Later on, the Lord rebuked her for fearing to speak up on the Southern work just to avoid the appearance of favoring her son. In vision, an angel reproved her, saying "You cannot maintain any such position. I shall give you messages to bear and you must bear them. You are in a trying place...You have sought to avoid taking a position, even if this position is entirely as it should be, that would lead others to say that you are influenced by your son." (Elmshaven Years, p. 195) So Ellen had to accept the rebuke and reverse her advice, once again realizing that there were times when she had to stop being Mother and be just God's messenger. So even Ellen made mistakes.

Ellen often met people who expected her to be more than human. At one home she encountered the two little Rasmussen boys who had been dreading her visit for days. Their stern old aunt had told them that it was a sin for children to play with toys and to laugh, and that Mrs. White agreed with this cheerless view. When she arrived, small and cheerful, the boys were quite wary. At once she

asked Willie for the packages she'd brought for the boys, and surprised them each with a toy train. They played with them cautiously at first, afraid to speak loudly or laugh at all, but as they observed the White family acting normally and laughing together, they finally relaxed and enjoyed the visit. It is significant that children who knew Mrs. White loved to visit her. Had she made them feel uncomfortable and been harsh with them, they would not have wanted to be in her presence.

Some people thought that since the Lord and Ellen were so close, He would prevent her from making mistakes in everyday life. That was not always so. Once, whole shelves of canned peaches spoiled in her basement. The Lord didn't warn her that Sara had forgotten to put on the sealing rings when she canned the fruit. And when she and Sara took off in the buggy one day to look at a cow for sale, they took a wrong road and spent the whole day wandering around the countryside. At last at the end of the day, Sara insisted they stop and call home, for she was sure an alarm would be out for them. Sure enough, the farm manager had just hitched up the horses to go and hunt for the missing women. When they arrived home Ellen commented, "You would think by the joy expressed when we got home that we had been like lost sheep, just found." And she meekly put up with the scolding she must have gotten for worrying everyone so.

Like any elderly lady, she worried about her false teeth and how they affected her appearance. Before she left for Washington, D.C., she insisted on getting a second set of teeth. "I dare not," she declared, "leave myself with only one set of upper teeth. Should I have just one set, and should anything happen to it, I would be in a bad fix." (Letter 133, 1904). And when she visited the New England Sanitarium and slept with her window partially open, she noted in her diary that her precious teeth had been frozen solid in their cup near the wash stand and she'd had to thaw them out! (Letter 178a, 1901)

Like many homemakers, she delighted in fresh fruit from her own garden,

and was pleased to find that the strawberry patch at Elmshaven bore wonderfully large berries. Some of the berries, she noted were a full 3½ inches around, and one was even 4" in circumference. When it was fruit season, she tried to stay at home to help with the canning.

One day she went out with Sara on an excursion to find ripe cherries, and standing up in the wagon under the cherry trees she picked eight quarts of the plump, red fruit. She helped to pick peaches and plums from her own orchard, too. It was quite a large one, and in 1903 it produced eight and a half tons of prunes. Several one-hundred pound bags of the dried fruit Ellen sent to the Oakwood school for blacks in Alabama. The grape vines also bore well that year, and with a good juicing machine, Ellen's household bottled 850 gallons of grape juice to use and to sell.

Like any woman, Ellen was sometimes frightened. After one meeting as she came down from the platform, a man from the audience rushed forward and attacked her. Quickly the men around her leaped on the attacker and held him until the police arrived. Her assailant proved to be Helge Nelson, a man who claimed that God had appointed him to be her successor. He called himself "Angel Nelson" and had tried to convince both Ellen White and the brethren that he should be given the "messenger job." Since they wouldn't agree, he apparently decided to do away with Mrs. White himself and leave the position open!

Ellen nearly panicked when her baby Willie appeared to have drowned, cried and felt unable to carry on when James died, laughed at her grandchildren's antics, listened eagerly to May's remarks about her courtship with Willie, woke stiff and aching after a night of sleeping three in a bed in a damp wagon, felt discouraged at criticism, and sometimes wearied of all the entertaining she was required to do. She became annoyed with secretaries who tried to change the meaning of her writings, and sometimes spoke sharply to those around her. In short, Ellen was God's messenger, but like Isaiah, Daniel, and John, she was completely human, a fact that we would do well to remember.

VERY HUMAN

Objective: To see the struggle with life's everyday problems as part of a human prophet's experience.

For discussion:

1. How would Ellen White complete these sentences?
 - a. The trouble with being a prophet is—
 - b. The trouble with Edson is—

2. Correct each of the following statements with facts from the story:
 - a. A prophet is not concerned about looks.
 - b. A prophet is always responsible by telling her household of her whereabouts.
 - c. A prophet does not enjoy hearing children's laughter in the house.
 - d. A prophet doesn't pay attention to mundane items such as the size of produce.
 - e. A prophet doesn't get involved with marketing, business.
 - f. A prophet doesn't experience fear.
 - g. A prophet doesn't experience discouragement.
 - h. A prophet doesn't become annoyed.

SARA, THE FAITHFUL GUARDIAN, PART I

Sara McEnterfer, the ninth of ten children, grew up in the state of Indiana. In her late teens she was attracted to the Adventist message by a faithful woman who showed love and kindness to an unconverted husband for twenty years before he finally became a Christian. Through this woman's influence, Sara attended an Adventist tent meeting near her home, and by the time she was twenty, she had been baptized.

Since Indiana was not far from Michigan, Sara decided to attend Battle Creek's school of nursing. Here she first met Ellen White. Along with all the Battle Creek students and church members, Sara mourned the death of James White in 1881. Later, when she was asked to join Ellen White's household as her nurse and companion, Sara felt delighted. Still unmarried at 28, Sara decided to dedicate her life to caring for this messenger of God. Ellen, a widow at 55, had poor health and much work to do.

Sara seemed to be one of those persons who could do almost anything, cope with any situation, manage any kind of business. She became nurse, companion, traveling guide, secretary, carpenter's helper, and household manager. In the years ahead she would spend weeks and months helping Mrs. White prepare her books for publication and trying to shield her from too many visitors, board meetings, and bad weather.

In 1885 Sara accompanied Ellen to Europe to visit the newly begun Adventist work on that continent. After leaving the ship, they traveled to Sweden by train, changing trains several times.

One morning Sara, who was responsible for the luggage, had just gotten it off of one train and onto another when she stopped to count suitcases.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, speaking to Mrs. White. "Someone must have taken one of our suitcases off the platform when we were changing trains! What

shall we do? Maybe we should get off at the next station and try to find it. Then we can go on tomorrow."

At that moment their train halted on its way out of the station, and Sara spied a man on their original train waving the missing suitcase out the window. An alert porter sprang from the train, grabbed the suitcase, and leaped back on, saving much worry, time, and an overnight stay. Together they thanked God for helping them find the suitcase so quickly.

On the way from Sweden to Norway, they had another adventure with the luggage. Ellen and Sara had arrived at the station in time, but Ellen's son Willie, was hurrying along behind, pushing a large hand-cart piled high with suitcases and boxes of books. As Willie raced down the platform, a wheel tore off the cart and rolled away. Willie grabbed the cart, struggling to hold it up on one corner and keep it headed toward the train. Suddenly a warning whistle signaled the train's departure. Sara turned and saw Willie and a stranger straining to get the crippled cart up the ramp. She raced back down the platform and grabbed two suitcases from the top.

"Take a box," she called to two other ladies traveling with her, and they each grabbed a box.

Train officials rushed to help them into their compartment as the train chugged off toward Norway. It was some time before Willie's pulse slowed down and his nerves relaxed, so near had they been to missing the train in a foreign country.

Ellen wrote about the experience later and her comments showed her to be a very normal woman. "I was so anxious and troubled that I could not get calmed down for some time!" (MS 57, 1886)

How thankful she was to have Sara traveling with her at times like that.

After the trip to Europe, Ellen left Battle Creek and moved to Healdsburg, California, near her son Willie's home. She hoped to get more

writing done there than at Battle Creek where the General Conference headquarters was. In Battle Creek, she was continually interrupted by people who wanted her advice or attendance at committee meetings. In Healdsburg, Sara helped Ellen prepare Patriarchs and Prophets and The Great Controversy for publication.

While they were at Healdsburg, Mrs. White and Sara went to Oakland for a camp meeting. During the weeks they were there, word came that the peaches in the home orchard were ripe and spoiling. Mrs. White hated waste of any kind and decided that someone should return home and can those peaches. Sara volunteered, although she had never done any canning before. Someone explained the process to her, and she went home, picked the peaches, peeled them, put them up in dozens of huge two-quart jars, and stored the jars in the cellar. Everyone was pleased with the lovely harvest.

About ten days later, terrible smells and noises began coming up from the basement. When Mrs. White went down to investigate, she discovered that all those jars of peaches had spoiled. The old fashioned bottles required rubber rings between the lid and the bottle and Sara had forgotten to put them on. Since the bottles were not air-tight, bacteria soon ruined all her hard work.

Now Mrs. White hated waste, and everyone expected that she would scold Sara soundly for her mistake. Even Sara was holding her breath, waiting for the lecture she knew she deserved. Instead, Mrs. White smiled and laid a hand on Sara's arm.

"It's too bad about the peaches," she said softly. "I know you did your best. Experience keeps a hard school, but you never forget her lessons." And that was all Mrs. White had to say about the incident. Sara's heart went out in gratitude for her understanding, and she loved Mrs. White even more after that.

While in California, Sara began having trouble with her eyes, and she felt sick as well. Just at that time the General Conference asked Ellen White to

move to Australia and help with the new work there. Ellen felt she should go, but that Sara wasn't well enough to accompany her.

"Why don't you go back to Battle Creek, " she urged her faithful nurse, "and let them give you some good water treatments. Maybe they can even improve your eyesight."

So Sara reluctantly left Ellen and returned to Battle Creek. At first she was a patient, but as she began to get stronger and her finances weaker, she tried selling Ellen's books from door to door to make a little money. Willie, in Australia with his mother, heard about it and wrote the brethren to stop Sara from selling books and wasting what strength she had just gained back. Since she needed money, he went on, his mother wished to have a regular allowance given to Sara and charged to Mrs. White's account. That ended Sara's selling career.

When Sara was completely well again, she began nursing at the hospital, evidently taking care of mentally ill patients, for in 1892 Ellen's daughter-in-law wrote that Sara was caring for the "crazy folks" up at the sanitarium. "She is just the one for that business," Emma wrote, "as she is not afraid of anything." (EW letter to EGW Dec. 30, 1882)

Three years later Sara received a telegram from Australia that would again change the course of her life. It was from her beloved Ellen, asking if Sara was now well enough to come to Australia and be her nurse again. Ellen had been stricken with the inflammatory rheumatism that so often plagued her.

Gladly Sara packed her bags and sailed to Australia where she resumed a companionship that lasted until Ellen's death.

SARA THE FAITHFUL GUARDIAN PART I

Objective: To gain insight into everyday events that demonstrate Ellen White's humanness.

Map Study: Locate these places on a map: Battle Creek, Michigan; Sweden; Norway; Healdsburg, California; Australia

For discussion:

1. Sara performed these tasks:

nurse
companion
traveling guide
secretary
carpenter's helper
household manager
colporteur

- a. Which of the tasks have you done?
- b. Which might you do in the future?
- c. Which sounds most exciting?
- d. Which sounds most helpful?

2. Ellen White sometimes reprimanded people rather severely. Why do you think she was gentle with Sara about the peaches?

(The legal understanding of "malice," might be helpful here.)

3. Name conditions Sara could have complained about—but didn't.

SARA, THE FAITHFUL GUARDIAN PART II

When Sara McEnterfer arrived in Australia, she found much to be done. Not only did she take care of Ellen White and help her with her writing again, but since there was no doctor within twenty miles of Cooranbong, Ellen offered to share her nurse with the poor people of the community.

Willie White wasn't too keen on having Sara come to Australia, for he feared she might again become sick. But once there, Sara threw herself into the work with vigor and seemed to thrive on it. Some days she made the rounds of the community poor, helping Ellen to distribute food and clothing. She economized in the White household so that Mrs. White could have enough extra money to make the trip to Sydney and take advantage of the yearly clearance sales on clothing and dry goods to distribute to the needy. Often she did the driving in the carriage, and it was Sara who pulled up on the reins to stop and pick up tired pedestrians on the way to town. People all around the countryside came to know her as the strict, prim old maid who was a good nurse. She nursed cases of the dread typhoid and pulled her patients through, fussing at them about their diet and demanding that they follow her orders.

Distraught parents came to ask her help in treating their little toddler who had been bitten by a poisonous insect. The boy's knee was all infected and swollen, and he had been screaming with pain for a day and night before Sara saw him. She knew just what to do, however, and soon a soothing poultice encircled the little leg. That night for the first time, the baby slept peacefully. In the morning Sara returned with her sterilized nursing instruments and opened the area, releasing the poisoned pus. The little fellow recovered rapidly, and Sara's fame spread.

Sara took an active interest in the college building program. She

organized some of the women to help her lay a floor in one building, and conducted a campaign to raise money for a bell. Then she selected it and saw it installed.

In 1900 Mrs. White, her son Willie and his family, and Sara all returned to California. Although Mrs. White still owned a house in Healdsburg, it was thought best that with her frequent poor health she settle close to the St. Helena Sanitarium. So she bought a house there and named it "Elmshaven." Willie and his family built a place nearby, and the grandchildren were close enough to run over and visit grandma occasionally. Sara soon had the household organized.

Mrs. White dearly loved greens for her noon meal, and even when the others didn't have any, Sara would fix a little dish of greens for Ellen. Now Sara had one habit that annoyed some other members of the family. When she decided something was good for Mrs. White, she did it no matter what. She felt this way about the greens. One time Ellen White went up to the college to eat dinner, and Sara came trotting along behind, carrying a little pan of fresh greens. She marched into the school kitchen, heated them, and put the usual dish of greens at Mrs. White's place.

Ellen felt embarrassed. "Oh, Sara," she protested, "I could have done without my greens this once."

Sara shook her head firmly. "No need to, Mother. No need for you to be deprived of your greens." And that was that! The kitchen helpers had a good laugh over the incident—but not until Miss McEnterfer was safely out of earshot.

The older Sara got, the more set in her ways she seemed to become. Visitors sometimes jokingly called her "Mrs. White's watchdog," for when Sara was on duty downstairs, no one could go upstairs and disturb Mrs. White without her permission. This was good in some ways, for Mrs. White could hardly get any writing done at all if she stopped for every interruption that came along. On the other hand, when even the family members weren't allowed to see Mrs. White

when they wished, some became very annoyed and felt Sara was taking her job altogether too seriously.

Sometimes even Mrs. White rebelled against her stern nurse. One morning the whole house buzzed with a secret. A new little calf had been born in the night, but everyone was trying to keep it a secret until later in the day, for dew lay heavy on the grass early in the morning and if Mrs. White went tromping through it to see the calf, she might be badly chilled.

Unfortunately, Mrs. White remembered that the cow had been about ready to calve, and asked if it had been born in the night. The family had to admit that it had arrived.

Right after breakfast she prepared to go out and see the calf, but Miss McEnterfer objected.

"No, no, Mother," she said, "it's altogether too damp and cold for you out there this morning. Wait until afternoon."

Mrs. White shook her head. "I'll dress for it. I'll put on a short skirt that won't drag in the grass."

"But you'll get your feet wet," Sara persisted.

"I'll put on my boots," Ellen said, and went right ahead getting ready to go to the barn while Sara stewed.

At last Sara gave in, and took her arm to help her out to the barn. How happy Mrs. White was over that new calf. She rubbed its nose and talked to it. "You'll make a wonderful cow," she assured the calf. Then turning to the others she said, "Now bring the horses around where I can see them, would you?"

And the handyman had to let the horses out of their stalls so she could inspect them, too.

Finally Sara gave up completely. "Sit down here, Mother," she ordered, leading her to a wooden box. "Since you're here, I want to show you something else." And with that she went into a corner, brought out a bunch of baby chicks,

and put them in Mrs. White's lap. Alma McKibben, a friend of Ellen's, wrote about the incident later and said, "The most beautiful picture I have of Sister White in my memory is her sitting there in the sunlight with those little chickens in her lap, so happy with them. And I was happy for her because I thought for a little while at least, the burden was lifted—the burden of the work of God."

When Mrs. White finally went back into the house and upstairs to her writing room, Sara heaved a sigh of relief and began bustling round with the normal routine. But the interruptions weren't over yet. That afternoon a messenger came from the Sanitarium inviting Mrs. White and her family to join them the next day at a Fourth of July picnic on the playground.

"Oh yes," she said to Sara. "Let's go. I love picnics!"

But Sara was firm. Ellen had to leave for the East Coast in two days, and she was neither young nor well. Sara was worried as to how her patient would take the long, hard trip.

"No, Mother, you'd better not go, for if you get worn out you'll be too tired to take the trip east. That's a hard trip, you know."

Mrs. White sighed. "But you could take my big chair up to the playground," she suggested, "and take a lap rug to wrap around my feet. Then I'd rest and be warm and could still watch the children play."

"But Mother, it would be such an exertion for you to go!" Sara insisted.

"Oh, I don't think so. I think it would rest me just to see the people. I would just love to go and spend the afternoon with the people."

This time, however, Sara stood firm, and in spite of Mrs. White's pleas and arguments, she stayed home from the picnic. Sara knew how sick Mrs. White could become and was determined to keep her patient well at all costs.

When Ellen returned to Battle Creek for the first time since leaving after her husband's death, Sara was with her. That first night, seeing the familiar things that so reminded her of the loss of her dear companion James, Ellen could

not sleep. Sara's heart went out to the lonely woman who missed her beloved husband so much, and she grieved with Ellen.

Sara accompanied Ellen on several trips east, bustling around getting the sunniest room, the softest pillows, and the right food for her patient and friend.

In 1915, 33 years after Sara had first begun working for Ellen, Mrs. White fell and broke her hip. For five months she suffered while Sara did all that she could to relieve the pain.

During the last few weeks there were times when Mrs. White did not know her friends. At other times, her mind seemed clear and she called in her grandchildren to talk with her. At one point she said, "I do not expect to live long. My work is nearly done. Tell our young people that I want my words to encourage them in that manner of life that will be most attractive to the heavenly intelligences." In other words, she wanted her books to help young people develop lives of which Jesus and the angels could approve.

The 87-year-old Ellen died on Friday afternoon, July 16, 1915. Sara helped to prepare her body for the return trip to Battle Creek where she was buried beside James. Now sixty herself, Sara had performed her duties faithfully to the very end. Her many years of devoted service surely earned her the title "Sara, the faithful guardian." Ellen must have thought so too, for when her will was read, Sara discovered that Ellen had listed her right along with other family members and left her \$500—the same amount as she had left to her own granddaughters.

Reference: "My Memories of Sister White" by Alma McKibben
(a talk at Mountain View Church, February 15, 1956)

White Estate notes on Sara McEnterfer

SARA, THE FAITHFUL GUARDIAN PART II

Objective: To become acquainted with Ellen White's lifestyle: its rigors and relaxations.

For discussion:

1. List the tasks that Sara performed while working for Ellen White in Australia and at Elmshaven.
2. Sara McEnterfer has been called "the faithful guardian" and "Mrs. White's watchdog." How did she earn these titles?
3. Discuss the motives that led Sara to be called a "watchdog."
4. How can a lapful of chickens "lift burdens"?
5. Name someone you know who bears heavy burdens. What could you do to lift these burdens?
6. Compare the ways you relax to the relaxations that Ellen White enjoyed.

MONEY AND MRS. WHITE

The shrill ringing of a bell cut through the chatter and hum of the Bible classroom. Mr. Wilson stood up.

"Greetings, students," he said cheerfully. "I believe we made a deal yesterday. Today was to be quiz day for me, and you could ask me all those questions you had about Ellen White. Tomorrow would be quiz day for you, and you answer questions for me about the spirit of prophecy throughout all ages. Right?"

Several students grinned. "Right," they chorused.

"So what's your first question?" Mr. Wilson sat on one corner of his desk and eyed his class. "Fire away!"

The eighth-graders looked at one another. No one wanted to be first.

"Come on," Mr. Wilson urged. "Ask your questions before I decide you don't have any and give you the quiz."

Rod cleared his throat and spoke up quickly.

"Okay," he began, "here goes. I heard that Mrs. White has counseled us to shun debt like leprosy, but that she wound up \$100,000 in debt when she died. How come?"

Mr. Wilson rose and strode to the chair behind his desk.

"I fear this could take the whole period, Rod," he said, sitting down comfortably, "but let me try."

"To start with, that quotation was Ellen White's all right, but it wasn't written to an individual. It was to a school administrator, and she was counseling him to serve simple cafeteria meals and keep down school expense, or the institution would find itself in debt. 'Shun the incurring of debt as you would shun leprosy,' she told the business manager. And that makes good sense, don't you think?"

"Another time she wrote to a man who was head over heels in debt and warned him that debt had been the curse of his life. She concluded that in his case he should 'Avoid it as you would the smallpox.' But please note, students, both of these letters were to certain individuals about specific situations. Nowhere does she say that one should never borrow money. In fact, just before she died, some members were saying that Mrs. White counseled against getting into debt, so we shouldn't borrow money to build schools or churches. The dear lady sighed and tried again to explain what she had meant. Here's what she said:

It is right to borrow money to carry forward a work that we know God desires to have accomplished. We should not wait. . . and make the work much harder because we do not wish to borrow money. . . . We are to act sensibly.

"Then she went on to caution against needless borrowing and unnecessary interest payments, but ended by saying that, 'We need to guard against mistakes on both sides.'

"I think that pretty well sums up her counsel on this subject, and I think that her advice would be approved by any modern financial advisor. She did, however, say that borrowing money, if you had no idea how you would pay it back, was wrong and unChristian. I can agree with that—can't you?"

Several students nodded, and Sandy spoke up. "Yes, that makes sense. My mom won't even loan me money unless I have a plan to pay it back. She says that's good business."

"But what about Mrs. White's debt?" Rod persisted. "She must have known she wouldn't live much longer. So why did she get into so much debt? And what happened to the debts?"

Mr. Wilson leaned back in his swivel chair and swung gently from side to side.

"You've all heard of the hard times the Adventist pioneers had," he began. "You probably heard in Sabbath school of the time James White couldn't publish the Review because payments hadn't come in, and Ellen hauled out a stocking

full of coins that she'd been saving for years. It had a little more than the \$64 James needed. Each coin had meant a sacrifice, but Ellen gave it cheerfully for the work. Then you've heard how James went out and cut hay with the farmers to get enough food to eat. Later on he sold religious books part-time to keep some money coming in while he preached. He got \$5-\$7 a week doing that! Big wages, huh? We'd get that much in an hour at many jobs today.

"Did you know that during all those years when James and Ellen worked for the church, getting things started, no one paid them a salary? It's no wonder the chairs in their first house came from the dump and none of them matched!

"Later on, after the General Conference was established and Adventists really became an organized church, James was given a minister's wage of a few dollars a week. Ellen was paid nothing, however, although she was expected to preach just as much as her husband and sometimes more.

"The records show that the Whites did an awful lot of entertaining. Any Adventist member or worker felt free to drop in on them and stay for days. Hotels were few and expensive, and the Whites' "hotel" was free and had meals, too. Twelve guests per meal were not unusual. How would your folks like it if you brought twelve of us home for supper?"

Laughter rocked the classroom.

"Mom would run out the back door," Susan joked.

"Our budget would be shot for a month," John replied.

"Right," Mr. Wilson agreed, "and if this happened several times a week, putting food on the table could become a problem. So, James finally began selling Bibles to supplement his income, but even with that, Ellen served beans and turnips so many times that Uriah Smith teased her about it. 'I have no objection to eating beans three times a day for 365 days of the year,' he joked, 'but when it comes to making them a regular diet, I plan to protest.'

"With finances so tight, you can see that it was a real blessing when some

of Ellen's writings began to sell, and the publishing house sent her a few cents' royalty on each book sold.

"Another expense that the Whites had was donation expense. As they traveled, they found small companies struggling to build churches, and often the local elder would ask James to help their building fund. How could he say no? Many times the Whites would urge a company to start a fund for a church, and of course they had to make the first donation to get the fund started. Sometimes they borrowed money to donate, just to keep up a group's spirits.

"Of course Ellen and James were raising a family of boys as well and even took in Mrs. White's two nieces, Addie and May, and paid for their care and education. They were constantly helping some needy family with food or clothing, and many students found money applied to their bills and never knew it came from the Whites.

"You see, those two pioneers always felt that they didn't own any money at all—that it was all God's, and they were His money managers. So, if he needed some of it back to help with His work or one of His children, they felt they had to give it up quickly."

"That was okay," Rod said, "but how did they get so much in debt? It's not right to borrow money when you can't repay it."

"Oh, they did repay it," Mr. Wilson assured him. "They'd borrow money to donate and pay interest on the loan as they paid it back little by little when royalty checks from the books arrived. Of course, Mrs. White had quite a few expenses connected with the printing of her books. She had to pay editorial helpers, a cook to do her cooking and housekeeping so she had time to write, and sometimes she even paid for having the type set for printing. But she never borrowed without paying the money back.

"After James died, the General Conference voted to give Ellen the same salary they would give a minister, and so she got that for the rest of her life.

When she died, it had risen to \$22 a week!

"In her old age she went to Australia and helped to start the work there. It's amazing all the donations she gave over there. She supported several students at a time, rented a house for \$5 a week and filled it so full of needy folks, that she finally had to pitch her camp meeting tent beside the house to hold them all. She took in one family with 10 children, and either fed them at her own table, or paid for them to eat at the school cafeteria every day. Her diary records many expenditures:

Paid \$2.50 for a family's store bill and bought clothes for them.

Paid \$225 for one poor student's schooling and gave his wife clothes.

Conference can't support the three workers near Sydney. I guaranteed their support to keep them from being laid off.

Gave \$100 to one meetinghouse, \$150 to another, \$25 each to four more, and pledged another \$25 for an evangelistic tent.

Dollars and dollars I have to spend to provide food and clothing. . . but they are God's property.

"Besides these personal projects, Ellen was so determined to see the work built up in Australia that she borrowed again and again to finance building projects. Once she even wrote to South Africa and borrowed \$5,000 from a wealthy friend there, paying her 4½% interest on the loan so she could invest money in mission property. As her books sold, she repaid the loan. Sometimes she took out bank loans for the work and paid them herself. All these debts were not, however, for Ellen's benefit. The money all went into God's work, while she herself bought 50-lb. bags of cauliflower for 10¢ a bag to feed her hungry cows!

"Once she wrote to the Pacific Press, her book publishers, and said 'Please pay to the order of Mr. Jones \$100.00 as a gift from the Lord who has made me the steward of His means. Ellen G. White' This clearly showed how she felt about the possession of money. It was God's, and she was distributing it.

"Because she gave away so much and had written so many books, many

people thought she was rich. In 1904 she wrote:

Sometimes it has been reported that I am trying to get rich. Some have written to us inquiring, 'Is not Mrs. White worth millions of dollars?' I am glad that I can say no. I do not own in the world any place that is free from debt. Why? Because I see so much missionary work to be done. Under such circumstances could I hoard money? No, indeed. I receive royalties from the sale of my books, but nearly all is spent in missionary work.

"Then, saying that she had just given a thousand dollars to train ministers, she concluded, 'This is how Sister White is becoming rich. I am laying up my treasure in heaven.'

"So you can see why she had a debt when she died. She knew, however, that her books would continue to sell and, as she had planned, the royalties that came in after her death paid the debts—and much more."

"Her family must be rich, then," commented Susan.

Mr. Wilson shook his head. "Not at all, Suzy. I saw a copy of her will one time, and I was amazed that after her debts were paid, most of her book royalties were given to the White Estate to be used to publish more books. Other funds were designated to go to black students in the south, and some for illiterate whites in the south, too. She asked that her funeral be inexpensive and not showy, and that her children be given modest amounts from her estate. If there was anything left, she asked that her niece May Walling, and her granddaughters, and some of her helpers, get \$500 each."

Mr. Wilson rose. "It seems to me, students, that Ellen White did the best she could to provide for the payment of her debts, for the further publishing of God's messages, and for her family. Mrs. White was a level-headed business woman, and she economized and used her funds the best she could to advance God's work.

"I think we could use these principles in our handling of money. It is God's, and we should use it to His glory. Does that make sense?"

Rod nodded. "Yeah, it does. More sense than I've ever heard. I think I understand now."

"Soooo," Mr. Wilson concluded, "I was right. Class time's up, and I only answered one question. Since you didn't get to ask all your questions, I guess I should postpone mine a day and let you finish tomorrow. How about it?"

"Good idea!" "Right on!" "Terrific!" came the responses, as the bell rang and students gathered up their books. "See you tomorrow, Mr. Wilson," Suzy called; "and, by the way, you got an A on today's quiz!"

References: 4 WCW 385, 459, 489, and 30a, 1894.

E. G. White Will

Ellen G. White, Messenger to the Remnant, by Arthur White, pp. 122-124.

"E. G. White, the Person," Document File 702

"E. G. White letters—L 42, 1894; L 107, 46, and 110, 1895.

MONEY AND MRS. WHITE

Objective: To clarify information about the financial principles which guided the White's money management.

For discussion:

1. Under what circumstances did Ellen White call borrowing unChristian?
2. How did the Whites cope with a heavy entertainment bill?
3. How did Ellen White expect her debts to be paid?
4. In what ways did Ellen White lay up treasure in heaven?
 - a. Paid for food for needy folk.
 - b. Paid for students' tuition
 - c. Paid for church building projects.
 - d. Paid for clothing for needy people.
5. If you could design a quiz on Ellen White, what questions would you ask?

A LAWSUIT—REWARD FOR KINDNESS

Caroline, the oldest of the six Harmon children, was delighted when her mother had twin girls. Just 15, Caroline thought twins would be lots of fun, even if they were a little ugly at first. All newborn babies are, her mother told her, and thanked the Lord that she had a teenage daughter to help her care for the little tykes. Mrs. Harmon knew that one baby could nearly drive you wild at times, and she imagined correctly that two would really change things around the Harmon household.

At first Caroline enjoyed caring for the twins, but after a few years, Ellen and Elizabeth didn't see much of their big sister. She married and moved out West, and Ellen, for one, saw little of her. In fact, when she was a middle-aged woman, Ellen White wrote that she was looking forward to seeing her sister Caroline, as she hadn't seen her for 25 years!

Ellen saw more of Caroline's daughter, however. Louisa had married Will Walling, and James and Ellen had stopped to spend a few days in their home as they traveled across country. Will had a good lumbering business, and James remarked that he had treated his guests very well. Ellen had a good time with her niece, Louisa, and got acquainted with her four little ones—Fred, Bertie, Addie, and May. Ellen little dreamed that she'd be mothering Addie and May soon.

Some time after the Whites' visit, Louisa tired of her married life and ran away to find more excitement. Poor Will was left with four small children. Racking his brains for a solution to his problem, Will finally sent Fred and Bertie to his mother, but he knew she couldn't manage the little girls, too. Then he remembered how kind Ellen and James had been, and he wrote Ellen, asking if she could keep Addie and May for awhile until he could make arrangements for them.

"Poor little girls," Ellen must have thought. "Of course they may come to their Aunt Ellen. We'll manage somehow." Busy as she was, Mrs. White made room in her home for two more.

From the first, Will left them completely to Ellen. She paid for their food, their clothes, and their schooling. Letters from Will were scarce and visits were even rarer. When May was five, Will came to see the girls and stayed in the Whites' home. He seemed pleasant, but his daughters were a bit shy, not having seen their father for a long time. After that one visit in 1875, Mr. Walling didn't visit again until 1887. Of course he did write in 1882, and that bridged the twelve-year gap!

During all these years, Mrs. White urged her nieces to write to their father regularly, even though they received no answers. It was hard writing to someone you barely knew, however, and May often found reasons to put it off.

When Ellen went away on trips, she paid someone to care for her nieces. When she returned, she brought them little gifts just as she had done with her own children. When James White died, the girls mourned his death too, for he had been more like a father than an uncle to them. But Ellen reminded the girls that they must continue to respect their own father and write to him, for someday he might have a home again and want the girls to come and live with him.

When May grew old enough, she entered Battle Creek College and took nursing. Addie seemed more interested in printing, and Ellen arranged for her to go to California and work at the press. Both girls did well and were getting along more independently when Mr. Walling finally wrote, wanting to see them again. May, now 17, was especially resentful. After all, how much had her father done to care for her? Aunt Ellen, however, insisted that the girls see their father and be nice to him. The visit seemed to go well, but Mr. Walling later said he felt the girls were cold and uncaring toward him.

Now that he was getting older, Will decided that one of his young daughters should keep house for him. Going to California, Will took Addie from her job and insisted that she live with him. She did, for about a year, and during that time she wrote tearful letters to her Aunt Ellen and to May, begging them to get her away, but there was little they could do. After all, Will was her father.

Then came a big change in the White household. Mrs. White accepted a call to Australia and asked Addie and May what they wished to do. Addie, finally back at the press and away from her father, wanted to remain in the States, but May offered to accompany her aunt to Australia.

"Fine," said Mrs. White. "You can help with the cooking, and with your nursing experience, I might even let you teach a class or two." So it was that May accompanied her Aunt Ellen overseas.

May found plenty to keep herself busy. It seemed that the household grew daily as Mrs. White took in one unfortunate person after the other. Sometimes she took in whole families, and meals for twelve or fifteen were quite common. May found herself cooking a lot. Medical help was scarce in this frontier area, and May often did emergency nursing for the neighbors. As Aunt Ellen had promised, she also taught a class in the care of the sick.

One day a letter arrived from America. To May's horror, it informed Mrs. White that Mr. Walling felt she had stolen the affections of his daughters, and that since Addie hadn't wanted to live with him and the girls seldom wrote him, he was convinced that Ellen had stolen their love for herself. Because of this, he had hired a lawyer and was suing Mrs. White for \$25,000! May was astonished. This was the man who had come to see her when she was five years old and had not come again until she was seventeen! This was the father who waited seven years to answer her letter. Now he was accusing Aunt Ellen of stealing her love. How could he!

Ellen wrote home asking that a lawyer be hired to handle the case for her. Soon her lawyer was busy gathering testimony from witnesses who had known Ellen and her nieces back at Battle Creek and during the years since then. All the witnesses testified that Ellen had spoken only good of Mr. Walling and had encouraged his girls to write him, but that his long absences and apparent unconcern had left the girls wondering about their father's affections for THEM!

In 1895 May left Australia and returned to the States to testify in the court case against her father.

As the months passed and testimony stacked up, Mrs. White began to think how hard it would be for Addie and May to witness against their own father. Furthermore, Mrs. White had always believed and taught that church members should not take their disagreements to worldly courts. She hadn't started the case, of course, and maybe Mr. Walling, now older and more bitter, was just taking out all his frustrations for an unhappy life on his wife's aunt.

By this time, the lawyers were costing quite a bit. The work had just started in Australia, and Ellen had been borrowing from friends as far away as South Africa, asking for personal loans so that she might help the building programs. In a letter to Dr. Kellogg, she confessed that she was worried that she'd borrowed too much money for the work, but that since it was God's work, she was sure He would help her repay the loans.

In July, 1896, the year after May returned to the States, Ellen wrote ordering her lawyers to pay whatever was necessary to get Will Walling to settle without going to court. The lawyers thought she had gone crazy. All the evidence they'd spent months collecting clearly proved that Ellen had never stolen Addie and May's affections. In fact, it proved that she had been a kind, unselfish aunt who had supported the girls and educated them while their father had neglected them for years at a time. In court the case would surely be decided in her favor. Why stop now?

But Ellen insisted, and in the end, her lawyers paid Mr. Walling \$1500 for settlement. In addition to that, Ellen paid \$2,000 for attorney fees and court costs. Ellen's kindness had cost her \$3500 plus food, clothes, and school bills for many years.

Several people close to Ellen questioned the wisdom of her out-of-court settlement.

"I could have gone into court," she replied, "but this would have brought the children where they would have been obliged to testify against their father, and would have led to endless trouble."

Even when it cost Ellen money that she could not afford, she went out of her way to be sure that the Walling girls obeyed God's commandment to "honor thy father." Going to court against him would certainly have dishonored him. Furthermore, she had upheld what she herself taught—that members should not disgrace the church by publicly fighting in court, even though it cost her dearly.

Surely Jesus, who counseled his disciples to turn the other cheek when attacked, would have approved of Ellen's decision in the Walling versus White court case.

References: EGW Document File 511

EGW Letter 128, 1896

E. G. White, The Australian Years, by Arthur White, pp. 18, 29-30, 146, 182, 251, 268-269

A LAWSUIT—REWARD FOR KINDNESS

Objective: To explore Ellen White's human relations.

For discussion:

1. Based on the story, which of the following seemed to be important to Ellen White?
 - a. Proving she was right
 - b. Preserving the relationship Addie and May had with their father
 - c. Showing Addie and May how much she had done for them
 - d. Getting Will Walling to admit he had neglected his children
2. Ellen White wrote letters of reproof to people who made false accusations. Why didn't she offer reproof when Addie and May's father falsely accused her.
 - a. She was afraid she'd lose the case
 - b. She didn't think it through
 - c. She didn't want to go to court
 - d. She wanted to defend the reputation of God and His people
3. If we follow Ellen White's instructions about taking disagreements to court, what will we do?
4. If we follow Ellen White's example about taking disagreements to court, what will we do?

True or False

5. Ellen White distinguished between action concerned with injustices to herself and injustices to others.
6. If we follow Ellen White's example (described in No. 5), whites will support blacks' rights more vigorously than blacks do (and vice versa).
7. If we follow Ellen White's example, women will support women's rights more earnestly than men.
8. If we follow Ellen White's example, parents will defend children's rights more carefully than children.

PROPHETS, VISIONS, AND INSIGHTS

Angels By Her Side

That Man on the Platform

The Earthquake Vision

ANGELS BY HER SIDE

The Bible tells many stories of angels and their work. Ellen White's writings also have much to say about these supernatural beings, and the information she gives about them helps to expand our knowledge of God's love.

Throughout her writings, Ellen mentions angels being with various people in the Bible and in her day as well. She tells us that angels was repeatedly visited William Miller as he tried to find the truth about Christ's second coming. (EW 232, SR 357). She says that teachers have angels in their classrooms if they ask for them (CT 196) and that angels attend students as they study (FE 192). She mentions the soft touch and pleasant voice of an angel (PK 166), and says that angels are attracted by a humble attitude (COL 59), by hearing Christ's name mentioned in a loving, reverent manner (CM 112), and by hearts that are sympathetic to others' needs (2T 25). She warns that they may be driven away by careless, irreverent talk, too. (5 BC 1118).

Angels are very real beings. They possess an intelligence superior to man (2T 171), sometimes appear in a group as fire (SR 139), and fight real battles with Satan's forces (MB 119). They are divided into military-like divisions with commanders at the head of each division. (EW 145). These descriptions are vivid and alive because Ellen herself saw angels, and first-person accounts are always best.

Sometimes Ellen was unaware of her own accompanying angel. At other times, such as when her train was derailed but some unseen hand unhooked her car from the derailed ones, she was very much aware of the angel's presence. During a storm at sea when her ship threatened to overturn, she wrote that angels were keeping it from capsizing. After a bout with illness that nearly took her life, God showed her that Satan's angels had tried to kill her, but that his angels had fought off the enemy and spared her life. To Ellen, God's angels were very real.

Sometimes others were permitted to sense the angels' presence, too. At a prayer meeting in Elder Haskell's home when James White was very ill, all were praying earnestly for his recovery. Then it seemed that the room was lighted with angels, so much so that one believer exclaimed, "Is this heaven?" (4T 282)

On a Sunday evening in December 1878, Ellen White prepared to meet a speaking appointment at the Battle Creek Tabernacle. She had been sick, and James had to carry her out to the carriage. She felt weak and helpless. Her voice could hardly be heard a few feet away.

But there were many waiting for her at the church, and she was determined to try to speak to them. In the audience sat two young girls from Battle Creek College, Ella King and Edith Donaldson. Ella had not yet accepted the Seventh-day Adventist message. Her mother, a former spiritualist, had become a church member, and Ella attended the Adventist college because her mother had sent her there.

Edith, however, knew Ellen White well. She had traveled from Oregon with her, and they had shared a cabin on the stormy ocean voyage. Many times Edith had listened to Ellen's prayers, as she praised God and pled for His strength in a clear musical voice.

As Ella and Edith waited for the meeting to begin, they watched James White leading his wife up the center aisle. Ella could see that she was a sick woman. Why didn't God make her well? Why did He give her so much to do when she was almost helpless?

Now Ellen stood behind the pulpit. She hung onto it to steady herself while she tried to speak. Everyone strained forward to hear what she said, but her voice, barely a whisper, could hardly be heard at all. She looked exhausted, pale, and fragile. A surge of resentment swept over Edith. She felt angry at a God who would treat his faithful servant in such a way. She thought of the many prayers that had been offered for Ellen White, and of all the people who had

come to hear the sermon. If God had a message, it certainly wasn't getting through!

Ellen looked at the congregation. She fought her weakness and tried to speak. What a pitiful sight, Edith thought. How embarrassing!

Suddenly a strange feeling like an electric shock passed through Edith's body, and she saw a light. She trembled all over. The dazzling brightness came through an opening in the ceiling of the tabernacle. She glanced at Ella, and from the look on her friend's face, she knew Ella had seen it, too. The brilliant light pulsing like the movement of wings passed over the two girls and went directly to Ellen White at the podium. Then everything on the platform seemed hidden in the blinding light.

When the girls could see again, the light had vanished. Ellen White stood erect and strong, holding her Bible in her hand. She spoke and her voice rang out like a bell.

"God has sent His angel and has strengthened me," she announced.

No longer did she lean on the desk. For over an hour she spoke. All traces of illness had been lifted. There were none later, either. God had healed His servant, but He had tried her faith to the limit. Still she trusted Him.

The whole audience had seen Ellen White restored to health before their eyes. They had heard her say that an angel had come and strengthened her. They could see that her body and her voice had changed. How they must have thrilled to be part of such an experience.

That same evening James asked Edith, "Did you see the angel?"

"Yes, I saw the dazzling light," she replied.

"Thank God," James said. "He opened your eyes for a purpose."

Careful inquiry revealed that only four people in the tabernacle that Sunday evening had seen the angel's glory. Everyone had seen the healing, but not all had seen the light.

The two girls were never the same again. They could not forget what they had seen nor get rid of the conviction that God was guiding the Adventist church. Ella King took Bible studies and was baptized. Edith, already a church member, felt that she had been a "doubting Thomas" and that the Lord had permitted her this experience in order to awaken her to a new life in Him. Both girls served the Lord faithfully for the rest of their lives.

How exciting it will be to talk with our guardian angels in heaven and hear first-hand accounts of battles fought over us and of dangers we never knew. Thank God for the angels and for Ellen White, whose writings give us greater insight into the work of these outer space beings.

Reference: Adapted from Paul Richutti's book, Ellen

ANGELS BY HER SIDE

Objective: To gain insights through Ellen Whit's experiences and reports regarding angels and their ministry.

For discussion:

1. Look for evidence in the following statements that angels experience emotions, feelings and preferences.
 - a. "Did not the two angels (of Acts 1:11) long to join the throng that welcomed Jesus? But in sympathy and love for those whom He had left, they waited to give them comfort." (DA 832)
 - b. "The very angels who from their exalted position shouted for joy over the creation of our world, and over the creation of our first parents, who were to inhabit the earth . . . are most intensely interested to work with the fallen, redeemed race in the development of that power which God gives to help every man who will unite with heavenly intelligences to seek and save human beings who are perishing in their sins." (MLT 305)
 - c. "The angels of glory find their joy in . . . giving love and tireless watchcare to souls that are fallen and unholy." (MLT 307)
 - d. "The angels, who do always behold the face of the Father in heaven, would prefer to remain close by the side of God, in the pure and holy atmosphere of heaven; but a work must be done in bringing this heavenly atmosphere to the souls who are tempted and tried." (SD 36)
2. What report do you think the angels made regarding their work at Battle Creek Tabernacle the night Ella King and Edith Donaldson heard Ellen White speak?
3. What did the angels' presence accomplish—
 - a. For Ellen White
 - b. For Ella King and Edith Donaldson
 - c. For God's kingdom
4. Describe your idea of your guardian angel.

THAT MAN ON THE PLATFORM

The North Fitzroy Church near Melbourne, Australia, bustled with delegates, members, and visitors. Today's meeting was special, for Ellen White was expected to speak. Elder A. G. Daniells, president of the Australian field, had announced that Ellen White would be coming from her home near Cooranbong, about 600 miles away.

When the time for the meeting arrived, five ministers marched solemnly onto the platform. No one could see Ellen White anywhere. Whispers filled the audience.

"Where is Mrs. White?"

"I hope we didn't come all this way for nothing."

"Isn't she coming?"

One of the ministers walked to the speaker's stand and waited while the whispers died down.

"I'm sorry to announce," he said, "that the train which is bringing Mrs. White has been delayed. There is no cause for worry, however, as there was no accident. We expect her to arrive within two hours."

Two hours! The children looked at their parents and began to wiggle. Two hours seemed like a long time! Then the song leader began singing, and the audience sang and sang. One of the ministers preached, and then they sang some more. At long last, to everyone's relief, Ellen White walked onto the platform. Now the REAL meeting could begin.

Wasting no time, Elder Daniells led her to the pulpit, introduced her, and sat down.

The audience, many of whom were new Adventists, looked at the short, grey-haired lady with the pleasant face. They had already been sitting for two long hours, but still they were eager to hear what she would say. Every eye

focused on her as she paged through her Bible for the sermon text.

Then she opened her mouth to speak, but not a sound came out. The whispers began again. "What's wrong with her?" "Is she having a vision?" "Why doesn't she speak?"

Everyone watched as she placed her hands on each side of the speaker's stand, leaned forward and began inspecting the audience row by row as if looking for someone. A strange silence swept over the congregation as they wondered what was wrong.

At last, Mrs. White seemed to give up her search, and again opened her mouth to speak. Again words refused to come. Once more she looked up and down the rows without finding whatever she was looking for. She then turned to look at the men behind her on the platform. There she found what she had been seeking. Pointing to a tall man at the end of the row of ministers, she said clearly, "What is THAT MAN doing on this platform?"

A terrible silence filled the room as the man to whom Ellen had pointed rose to his full six feet, a guilty look on his face, and hastily left the platform.

Whispers broke out all over the auditorium. Who was that man? What did this mean? What had happened? Ignoring their curiosity, Ellen White now began to speak as if nothing had occurred. The congregation, caught up in the seriousness of her sermon, soon quieted down and listened carefully until it ended. Afterward the audience buzzed with conversation.

"Who was that man?" people demanded aloud.

"An editor from the Melbourne Publishing House," someone answered. "He's a new believer, but pleasant and well-educated."

"Then why did Mrs. White do that to him?" another asked.

"I don't know, but I do know I won't forget her sermon today. It seemed that God was speaking to us Himself."

Many who had heard the sermon expressed the same ideas, and went home

unusually thoughtful.

Until that day on the platform, Ellen White had never seen that man, and he had never seen her. But she had seen his face in a vision, and the Lord had told her that he was involved in spiritism and that Satan was still influencing him. When she entered that church, the Lord had told her the man was present, and then had prevented her from speaking until the evil influence of Satan's angels had left along with the man.

Later Elder Daniells told how Ellen White had spoken to him after the meeting and asked if he would take a message to the new believer. She asked him to go to the man's home and speak with him, and read him a special warning from the Lord. Elder Daniells agreed, and later in the day took his wife with him and visited the man at home. When he began reading him the letter, the editor became much excited. Looking up from his reading, Elder Daniells saw the man threatening him with an open knife.

"What's the matter?" Elder Daniells asked in alarm.

The man grated his teeth and glared like a madman. The minister stopped reading and said, "Let us kneel and pray to God. It seems to me that we need His help." Elder Daniells could now sense that there were demons in the room, but the man knelt with him as Daniells prayed, "Oh Lord, we come to thee in the all prevailing name of Jesus."

At the mention of Jesus, the man hurled his knife across the room with terrible violence. Then after Elder Daniells and his wife had both prayed, the man himself prayed, pleading with God to deliver him from evil spirits.

When they arose, Elder Daniells finished reading Ellen White's message. It told of the man's demon possession, and of his incomplete surrender to God.

"Is all this true?" he asked the man.

"Yes, Brother Daniells," the man sobbed. "Every word of it is true. For weeks I have been tormented by evil spirits. I have been thrown out of bed and

beaten on the floor by these demons. It has wrecked my nerves, and I was about ready to give up and become the spirits' slave again. Mrs. White's message has encouraged me to resist, and with God's help the demons must leave."

God had given Ellen White a true picture of this man's condition. Why? In order that she might help him, so that the man might be saved. Although the message was stern, it offered help and hope, and healed him of the evil influence in his life. The editor really appreciated Ellen White's work.

Reference: Incident witnessed by H. M. Blunden at the Fitzroy, Australia, church and retold in the "Spirit of Prophecy Day Program," April, 1958.
(D.F. 930)

THAT MAN ON THE PLATFORM

Objective: To perceive the reproof dimension of a prophet's ministry and the results of such work.

Map study: Locate Melbourne and Cooranbong on a map of Australia.

For discussion:

1. Why do you think Ellen White spoke publicly regarding the presence of the man from Melbourne Press?
 - a. He needed to be embarrassed in front of everyone.
 - b. God was not allowing her to speak until she delivered His message.
2. What part of the message of reproof came publicly? What part of the reproof was delivered privately?
3. Whose power prevailed at the meeting—God's or Satan's?
4. God has instructed His people to talk not about the power of Satan, but about the power of God. Retell the editor's story as if he were talking. How would he emphasize the power of God? Here's one way to start the story: "No one was more surprised than I the day Ellen White said in Cooranbong, 'What is that man doing here?'"

THE EARTHQUAKE VISION

The bustling seaport towns of San Francisco and Oakland, California, were often visited by Ellen White as she traveled between Loma Linda and her home at Elmshaven. In the early 1900's she began to warn the residents of those two cities that God's judgments were upon them because of their bold disregard of His laws. In 1902 she urged that evangelistic meetings be held in the two cities, and in 1903 she warned that God would soon exhibit His authority over them.

In summer of 1903 she became more specific. "The judgments of God are in our land," she wrote. "The Lord is soon to come. In fire and flood and earthquake, He is warning the inhabitants of this earth of His soon approach."

Some, both Adventists and non-Adventists, took Mrs. White's warnings seriously and moved away from San Francisco and Oakland. Many later wished they had followed their example.

At Loma Linda in mid-April of 1906, Ellen White had an awesome vision. She dreamed that she stood on a hill overlooking a city and watched houses being shaken like reeds.

"Buildings, great and small, were falling to the ground. Pleasure resorts, theaters, hotels and the homes of the wealthy were shaken and shattered. Many lives were blotted out of existence, and the air was filled with the shrieks of the injured and the terrified. The awfulness of the scenes that passed before me I cannot find words to describe. It seems that God's patience was exhausted and judgment day had come."

An angel spoke with her to explain that these calamities had fallen so that the cities' inhabitants might realize their sinfulness and have a chance to repent.

Ellen woke and turned on the light, happy to find that the horror was not real. When daylight came, she and her friends traveled on to Los Angeles and to Glendale where she was to assist in dedicating a hospital.

Again that night she received another vision. God was the supreme authority, she was told, and keeping His law was extremely important. What could it all mean? Ellen was puzzled but hoped to understand the visions more fully later. Understanding would come much sooner than she had imagined.

Early the next day, as she rode toward a speaking appointment, Ellen heard newsboys crying the headlines: "SAN FRANCISCO DESTROYED BY EARTHQUAKE." Quickly she stopped, bought a paper, and began reading the news. There in print were the first reports of the terrible earthquake that had shaken, California's coastal cities. Closing her eyes, Ellen could remember exactly how it had looked, and she shuddered. Now she felt she knew the meaning of her visions.

On her way back to northern California two weeks later, she dreaded stopping at the Pacific Press. She had heard that it had been hard hit in the earthquake, and she hated to see the destruction of a place so dear to her heart. She and James had helped to begin the work there, and it seemed as if it were a part of herself.

As they drove through the town of Mountain View, the effects of the quake were obvious. The post office had been leveled and large stores totally destroyed. At the sight of the fallen Pacific Press, Ellen drew a sharp breath.

"Was anyone killed?" she asked the manager.

"No," he replied. "Thank God, no lives were lost."

"That's the most important thing," Ellen declared.

Since the workers were somewhat discouraged by the disaster, Ellen agreed to stay for the weekend and speak to them. The publishing house chapel was patched up enough to hold an assembly. There she appealed to the young people working at the press to uphold God's standards of conduct and behavior and to obey His laws. Coming as it did after the earthquake, the message found a response in the young people's hearts.

Monday morning Ellen's party set out for San Francisco to assess the damage to the Adventist work there. Ellen was especially interested in the churches, for years before when she and James had first visited the two cities, they found a struggling group of Adventists trying to build a church. Touched with their plight, the Whites wrote to friends back at Battle Creek, instructing them to sell off some of the White homestead furnishings and send them the money quickly. When it came, they donated it to the building project.

As they traveled through the city, they saw the ruins of Stanford University. When they visited the Adventist health treatment rooms, they found that the walls had fortunately fallen outward, away from helpless patients lying in their beds. Doctors and nurses had worked together to rescue patients, and none had been injured. Ellen thanked God for that blessing.

Down on Market Street the vegetarian cafeteria and health food store run by the Adventists had escaped earthquake damage. Before long, however, they were soon hit by raging fires and totally burned. The large Adventist church remained upright because it was made of wood that bent with the stress of the quake. Members were sure that it would be lost when fire began sweeping the city. But God had other plans and stopped the fire a mere two blocks from the wooden structure. Adventists later shared their church with other Christian groups, and the Presbyterians met there for many Sundays after the disaster.

Newspapers and magazines of the day clearly show the devastation. The quake hit at 5:30 A.M., April 18, striking first at a lighthouse and exploding it in a shower of glass.

Earth waves two and three feet high were seen plunging south at an incredible rate. Giant redwoods were mowed down. Beaches raised and lowered and trains derailed. At one ranch the earth opened up directly beneath an unsuspecting cow. With a bellow of terror the animal plunged into the gaping hole, its cry cut short as the crevice clamped shut, leaving only a twitching tail visible.

In the city, stone and bricks began to rain from taller buildings. Chimneys toppled from almost every home. The streets heaved and dropped in places as much as thirty feet. "Clocks fell from mantels, pictures from walls, wardrobes and dish cupboards fell on their faces, beds, tables and chairs careened helplessly about." Walls fell away exposing inside rooms in shambles.

People came running into the streets, many barefoot and in night clothes. Telephone and electric lines tangled. Gas lines were twisted and broken. A flicker of fire ignited the gas and suddenly the whole city seemed aflame. Fire fighters encountered broken water lines and still-heaving earth. Screams of trapped victims filled the air. Taking advantage of the broken department store windows, some began snatching merchandise from the shelves. Police were ordered to shoot thieves on sight, but in the days that followed, the officials themselves opened grocery stores to the starving citizens.

All night the skies were lit with the flames of the raging fire. Water was as precious as gold. Many wanderers wore signs such as "I am looking for Joe Green of Lambert Street." Families were separated, and no one knew who was left alive and who had been buried beneath the rubble.

Ellen White viewed the wreckage, still terrible two weeks after the event. How similar it was to her Loma Linda dream. How her heart ached for those who had been warned to leave the cities but who had decided that their homes, jobs, and money were more important. Many of those now did not even have their lives.

Although the Pacific Press had been badly damaged, the workers and editors quickly began to plan an issue of Signs of the Times magazine—the "Earthquake Special." Now while people were looking for explanations was the time to tell them of the meaning of God's warnings and of the Second Coming.

Working in makeshift quarters, improvising with whatever was available, the staff dropped everything else and concentrated on this special project. The magazine sold as fast as it was printed. Newsstands sold the Adventist paper with its excellent illustrations of the quake. Church members bought copies for their friends. Those on the West Coast mailed packets of papers back to friends in the East. When the sale was over, nearly a million copies of the Signs had blanketed the United States.

Leaving San Francisco, Ellen and her friends returned to St. Helena. Damage in that area had been light, consisting mainly of cracked and twisted chimneys. Ellen ordered hers repaired and thanked the Lord that there was so little damage. Only a few miles away, 20 acres of tall trees had slid down a mountainside for half a mile, leaving a hole fifty to 100 feet deep!

In a Review article, Ellen reported to the Adventist believers on her trip through the earthquake area. She reminded them of her many warnings to leave those cities. Some who had not listened had lost their lives. The devastation caused by the San Francisco earthquake was minor in comparison with the calamities that would accompany the Second Coming. Were God's people ready for THAT great event?

Reference: Adapted and paraphrased from Ellen G. White, Vol. 6, pp. 79-88, by Arthur White.

THE EARTHQUAKE VISION

Objective: To perceive God's providences even in disaster.

For discussion:

1. Read the paragraph below from Life Sketches to learn the reason Ellen White gave for not reporting in public the vision of the San Francisco earthquake.

"Not many years ago, a brother laboring in New York City published some very startling notices regarding the destruction of that city. I wrote immediately to the ones in charge of the work there, saying that it was not wise to publish such notices; that thus an excitement might be aroused which would result in a fanatical movement, thus hurting the cause of God. It is enough to present the truth of the word of God to the people. Startling notices are detrimental to the progress of the work." Life Sketches, p.411.

2. Define fanatical and detrimental.
3. On the day before the earthquake, Ellen White repeated to the people in Glendale "instruction regarding the long-sufferance of God and the necessity of arousing transgressors to a realization of their perilous position in his sight. . . . I . . . dwelt upon the supreme rulership of God above all earthly rulers—His law is to be the standard of action. Men are forbidden to pervert their senses by intemperance, or by yielding their minds to satanic influences; for this makes impossible the keeping of God's law." Life Sketches, pp. 408–409.

- a. Give an example of the "long sufferance of God."
- b. Name ways to arouse transgressors, using statements in 1 and 3 above.
- c. What kinds of intemperance do you see in the world today?
- d. What kinds of intemperance do Christians easily fall into?
(Possible response: overwork, overeating, inactivity)

4. The earthquake of San Francisco was not only a disaster, it was also—

- a. A warning
- b. Evidence of God's control
- c. An occasion to witness God's providence
- d. All of the above
- e. None of the above

5. Complete this sentence:

God's mercy in the San Francisco earthquake was revealed by _____.

"The mercy of God in sparing so many lives during the dreadful calamity befalling San Francisco . . . was pointed out by Mrs. White as constituting a

strong appeal to all classes to recognize the supreme rulership of Jehovah." LS p. 414.

6. What warnings of God are especially for people of today?
7. Describe modern Christians' response to God's warnings.
8. Describe your response to God's warnings.

YOUR HOUSE IS THE WORLD

Europe:	Miracle in Italy
Far East:	Perservering Orphan Greater Love Hath No Man Kulim Conversions
North America:	Lyman Shaw Story, Part I Lyman Shaw Story, Part II The Two Ellens
South Asia:	The Big Book

MIRACLE IN ITALY

In the year 1885 Ellen White visited Italy. Along with others, she made a special trip to visit the mountain caves where the Waldenses had lived to escape religious persecution. After a walk up the mountainside, the group stopped at the mouth of a large cave. Bending low, their eyes became accustomed to the dark and they began to search for a small opening. Here a group of wounded Waldensian men had fled for safety. Unfortunately their enemies found them, trapped them in the cave by lighting fires at the entrance, and suffocated them with smoke.

As Ellen stood at the spot and thought of what had happened there, she was deeply moved. These Christians who had given their lives for God were but a few of the thousands of martyrs who had been sacrificed over the years. Her thoughts flew ahead to the time of trouble which will come to God's people at the end of time, and she wondered if they would be so faithful.

Before leaving Italy, Ellen White visited the Milan Cathedral, second largest church in Europe. She walked up and down the broad aisles, looking at the walls, windows, paintings, and statues created by the finest Italian artists.

"I have never seen such a gorgeous combination of colors," she remarked with appreciation.

Ellen stopped before a flight of 500 steps. Because of her age and health, she decided not to climb the steps, but waited at the bottom while the others went up. While waiting she began to watch the worshipers.

She saw them bow before altars, dip their fingers in holy water, and pray to images. Her heart reached out in compassion to these people. How she longed to direct them to the living Christ and the simplicity of His worship.

She walked past rows of confessionals with lines of people waiting to get inside and confess to the priest in order to have their sins forgiven. Later she

said, "It made my heart ache—placing a man in place of Christ." If only she could somehow explain to the people that there was no need to confess to a priest, that they could go directly to Christ and He would hear them and forgive. While Ellen enjoyed her visit to the cathedral, she did not feel at home there. All the beauty and magnificence seemed to clash with the simplicity of Christ's love.

Over a hundred years later, Ellen's wish to reach out to the people of Italy was granted through the publication of her book, The Great Controversy. At first the publishing leaders felt there was no way they could afford to print the book. Costs were so high that no one could buy it if they did print it. The discussion reached the ears of some of the press employees. One of them came to the manager.

"I have heard of the problem about printing The Great Controversy," he began, "and I would like to do something to help. If I worked fifty hours without pay, would that bring the price down somewhat?"

The manager looked startled. "Yes, it would reduce the price a little bit."

"Well then, here is a note saying that I will give fifty hours of free labor to print The Great Controversy." And the worker left the office.

Half an hour later the same worker was back again. "I have spoken to a number of the employees," he said, "and all of them have agreed to help in the same way. Here is a list of workers and the number of free hours they will work without pay."

The manager looked at the list and found that 400 hours of free labor had been pledged.

When the salesman who sold paper to the press heard of the project, he reduced the price of paper by 25% for The Great Controversy printing. From then on the idea mushroomed.

A young messenger boy turned in his savings—5,000 lira. (In 1978, 1,000

lira equaled \$1.00.) An Italian brother living in Australia heard what was happening through a letter from relatives, and he sent 30,000 lira for the book. A sister from the Florence church brought what she and her parents had saved—13,500 lira. A retired worker donated her 10,000 lira savings. A pressman visited a nearby church, mentioned The Great Controversy problem, and returned with 20,000 lira from the church members.

Inspired by this spontaneous movement, the conference committee voted to use 500,000 lira from the evangelistic fund to help print the book, for surely it would win many souls. The publishing department, not to be outdone, voted another 500,000 lira. The White Estate in America sent some of the money they had earned from the sale of Ellen White's books to help print this Italian version. So it was that The Great Controversy was printed in 1977. A total of 10,000 copies were printed and 6,500 sold before the end of 1978. Another printing was planned for 1979.

And did the Italian people like Ellen's book? They certainly did! One sister from Aosta, Italy, spent a thousand dollars buying 200 copies to give to family and friends. She even gave some to the city prison.

In 1978 Pascual Leto, a literature evangelist, visited a hairdresser near Naples. He planned to renew the man's subscription to Life and Health, but also suggested that he buy The Great Controversy. Mr. Pacelli bought the book and read it with interest. A few days later he phoned the literature evangelist for three more copies to give to friends. When he delivered them, Mr. Leto suggested that the hairdresser study the book along with the Bible. When Mr. Pacelli agreed, they began Bible studies. It was only a few weeks later that a strange sign appeared on the beauty shop: "This shop will remain closed from sunset Friday to sunset Saturday."

The hairdresser's wife also became interested, and the two of them were baptized in 1979.

Ellen White had longed to bring Jesus to the people of Italy. Now she has done it through her book. How surprised she will be in the kingdom to see all those Italian people who have been won to Christ through her book and the Bible.

MIRACLE IN ITALY

Objective: To become acquainted with the personal impetus invigorating those who spread the gospel.

Map study: On a map of Italy locate Torre Pellice,*Milan, Florence (site of the Italian Publishing House), Aosta, Naples

For discussion:

1. The Italian Publishing House (Casa Editrice "L'Araldo della Verita"), is at Via Trieste 23, 50139 Florence, Italy. What causes many tourists to visit Florence, Italy, today? What makes Florence, Italy, a good place for the publishing house? What would you like to do for God's publishing work in Italy?

2. About 5,000 Adventists live in Italy today. Use an atlas or almanac to determine the population of the total country. Complete this sentence:

In Italy there is one Adventist for every _____ people.

3. When Italians read The Great Controversy, they find the beautiful story of the Waldenses who lived in the Italian Alps hundreds of years before the Reformation. Find the Waldenses story and retell it as if you're introducing it to an Italian child for the first time.

4. Read Ellen White's description of cathedral worship in The Great Controversy, pp. 566-7. Describe what could happen to a Christian whose reason and conscience are silenced.

"Gorgeous display and solemn rites fascinate the senses of the people and silence the voice of reason and of conscience. Magnificent churches, imposing processions, golden altars, jeweled shrines, choice paintings and exquisite sculpture appeal to the love of beauty. The ear is also captivated. The music is unsurpassed. The rich notes of the deep-toned organ, blending with the melody of many voices as it swells through the lofty domes and pillared aisles of . . . grand cathedrals, cannot fail to impress the mind with awe and reverence. . . . The religion of Christ needs not such attractions to recommend it. . . . No external decorations can enhance its true worth." GC 566-567

5. Describe the setting at a time when God's presence and the voice of conscience were very real to you.

*See Life Sketches, p. 290; Ellen White visited this town in the Alps as she retraced the steps of the Waldenses.

THE PERSEVERING ORPHAN

When his parents died, Patrano Diaz had just completed the seventh grade and received his elementary school completion certificate. No one in his village had ever gone beyond the seventh grade—the last of the elementary grades in the Philippines. Pat and his older brother and sister had their certificates and had plans to become the first to go on to high school, and who knew, maybe even to college. Such a dream was almost unthinkable before Mother and Father had died, and now that they were dead, Pat wondered how they would manage to eat, let alone go to school. Eight children do not eat lightly, and it would take all of them working at whatever they could do to survive.

A few mornings later, Pat awakened to the smell of smoke. Outside their home he found his older brother and sister tearing paper into bits and throwing it into the fire. Their faces were bleak and discouraged and very determined. Suddenly he saw what they were destroying.

"Stop that!" Pat yelled. "You're tearing up your completion certificates! How can you ever go on to high school without them?" As he dashed forward to rescue the bits of paper, they curled into the fire. "Why did you do that?" he choked, backing away from the fierce blaze. "We might have found a way to keep studying."

"Forget it," his brother said sharply. "With all these kids, there's no way any of us will ever study again. We'll do well to stay alive."

"Life is a lot different now," his sister added. "My certificate is gone. Why don't you burn yours, too? If you don't it will make you unhappy every time you look at it. It's better to forget it completely."

Pat walked slowly back into the house and stooped to pull the tin box from under the table. His precious certificate lay just inside the cover. Maybe his brother was right. Maybe it would just torment him all his life to think of what

he might have been. But somehow he couldn't bring himself to put it on the fire. Somehow, some way he wanted to get more education, to travel to far places, to do something important for God and his family.

The bitter years of World War II followed. Between food shortages and bomb attacks, Pat's dream of an education nearly died. But one thing kept it alive.

In Pat's small home town of Carles on Iloilo Island in the Philippines, few people owned even a single book. To his great delight, a friend from the city of Balasan sent Pat two books—two excellent hard-bound books for his very own. Pat looked at them wonderingly. Early Writings and Messages to Young People--both by Ellen White. Perhaps he couldn't go to school, but he could read. He would learn all those two books could teach him.

From that day on the two books became Pat's greatest treasure. During rest breaks from his work in the field, Pat read his books. By firelight at night, Pat read. Before breakfast in the morning, his eyes eagerly scanned the precious pages. Before long he had nearly memorized their contents.

Early Writings influenced him to pray constantly and to live a godly life. Messages to Young People fired him with a renewed desire to get an education and be a worker for God. But how could that ever be possible? Certainly not while the war was on.

Then in 1945 the war ended. It had been six long years since Pat had finished the seventh grade. To his delight, a new Adventist school opened on Iloilo Island—West Visayan Academy. Pat applied at once as a self-supporting student.

"How will you ever pay your tuition?" his brother inquired. "You know we can't help you. We can take care of the others, but you'll be on your own, you know."

"Not exactly," Pat replied. "God has promised to help me. Thanks for

letting me go. I'll make it somehow."

Wearing old clothes donated by his friends, Pat set out for West Visayan Academy—walking.

Since Pat had been among the first to apply, the school treasurer took a special interest in this orphan boy who had helped to keep his brothers and sisters alive during the war and who had cared enough about an education to walk a long distance in old rubber shoes that blistered his feet. The treasurer saw to it that Pat got a job.

During the first year the students met in temporary quarters. An old two-story building had been rented to serve as classrooms, library, dining room, kitchen, offices, and living quarters. Pat found a sleeping spot on the utility room floor.

One night when one of the teachers was restless, he wandered through the rooms of the old rented building. Passing through the utility room he was shocked to find Pat sleeping on the bare floor without blanket or mosquito net. He had crawled under a floor mat to protect himself from the mosquitoes. The teacher's heart was touched.

Bending over, he shook the boy. "Wake up, Pat," he coaxed. "This is no place to sleep. Come sleep in my room." And guiding the sleepy boy to his own bed, the teacher tucked him in under a tight mosquito net and spent the remainder of the night on the couch.

The next day the teacher sent him to the store with enough money to buy a mosquito net and blanket of his own. Pat thanked the teacher, whose meager salary could scarcely afford such generosity. And that night he thanked the Lord who cared even about small things like a school boy's bedding.

Pat's first job was cooking for the carpenters and laborers who were building the new school. Later he helped to make chairs and tables for the classrooms. He installed plumbing and electricity, and sometimes, in order to

make a few extra pesos, stayed awake through the night on guard duty.

When school opened, Pat took a special bookkeeping class taught by the treasurer. The teacher taught Pat much more than was required, and even allowed him to practice his skills on the books in the business office. Before long he was keeping the account books for the academy, assisting the treasurer.

When Pat graduated from Visayan Academy in 1951, the West Visayan Mission asked him to become its accountant. Thus began a life of service in many missions, Book and Bible Houses, sanitariums, and schools. In all these places he helped to keep the finances in order and the records straight. He then became President of the South Philippine Union Mission—and his career is not yet ended. Where his education may take him, only God knows. One special statement from Messages to Young People has kept Pat studying.

God requires the training of the mental faculties. He designs that His servants shall possess more intelligence and He is displeased with those who are too careless or too indolent (lazy) to become efficient, well-informed workers. (p. 173)

Even as an adult, Pat still wanted to improve his education, and so in spite of his full-time job, he took night classes until he received a college degree in business administration. How excited his family was! The little town of Carles swelled with pride! Its hometown boy was an important man and a college graduate.

Taking two of Ellen White's books for his counselors, a Filipino boy had used their advice and warnings to lead a life filled with blessings and success. To his own three children Patrano Diaz now says, "Take Ellen White's books and the Holy Bible as your guide. Following their counsels, you can be anything you want to be, and God's blessing will be with you."

THE PERSEVERING ORPHAN

Objective: To reaffirm Ellen White's admonitions to cherish high aspirations.

Map study: On a map of the Philippine Islands, locate Iloilo Island.

For discussion:

1. See page 36 of Messages To Young People for words that must have encouraged Pat to seek an education. Examine the book further to select other statements that could inspire Pat to seek a Christian education.
2. Define persevering.
3. Compare your pursuit of a Christian education with Pat's. Consider:
 - a. Source of encouragement
 - b. Source of support
 - c. Ambition
 - d. Perseverance
4. When students graduate, their classmates often describe their strengths in a class tribute. Which of the characteristics below do you think Pat's classmates would have selected for him? Explain your choice with details from the story.
 - a. Most courteous
 - b. Most cheerful
 - c. Most industrious
 - d. Most friendly
 - e. Most studious
 - f. Most generous
 - g. Most dependable
 - h. Most ambitious
5. By which of the characteristics listed in NO. 4 would you prefer to be known?
6. Read Luke 12:48. Then complete this sentence:
Because of my privileges _____ (name them), God requires _____.

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN

On an autumn morning in 1944, Master Sergeant Gordon R. Manuel swooped his fighter plane low over the Solomon Islands. World War II was on, and Manuel was scouting for enemy hideouts. Suddenly he felt the impact of bullets from a Japanese antiaircraft gun and realized that his plane had been hit. Out of control, the plane spun through the sky as Manuel frantically ejected over the jungle. To his great relief, his parachute blossomed above him and slowed his fall. Fortunately he was out of firing range now, but if a closer gunner spotted him, Manuel knew that would be the last day of his life.

Down among the jungle trees he fell, his parachute tangling on jutting branches. Fearfully he scrambled down the tree on which he was hung, yanking the now torn chute after him. A parachute was a dead giveaway to the enemy and must be concealed as quickly as possible. Knife in hand, he peered through the foliage. No enemy seemed to be in sight. Then he saw them, islanders much too tall to be Japanese. Knowing he had little choice, he threw himself on their mercy, begging for protection. Quickly the islanders hid him.

For weeks enemy soldiers scoured the countryside for the downed pilot. For nine months the islanders hid him, first in one place and then another. Many times he lay concealed for days in one place.

One of the islanders became his special friend—a Seventh-day Adventist fellow called M. Dennie Mark. From the first he had done all he could to save the American's life, for God had spoken against killing. Dennie felt sure the flyer must be bored to death in his hideout with nothing to do, so he brought the young pilot his Bible and a copy of The Great Controversy.

The Japanese, however, didn't give up the hunt for the flyer. They had seen him parachute into the jungle and decided that the islanders must be hiding him. Catching Dennie Mark, they tortured him severely, trying to make him

reveal Manuel's whereabouts. Dennie never gave in, and on September 15 he died from the abuse. Manuel heard of Dennie's death, and felt overcome by it. What kind of religion makes a man die for someone he hardly knows? In the months that followed, the Bible and The Great Controversy were Manuel's constant companions. Thanks to the care of the islanders, the pilot was finally restored unharmed to his fighting unit. The Japanese never caught him. But something else had caught him—the truth in the books he had been reading.

In appreciation for all the sacrifices and heroic efforts to save his life, Manuel wrote a letter that he told the islanders to give to the allied army officers when they should take over the island. Manuel was sure they would come, and he wanted these people treated well and rewarded for their great kindness to an American pilot.

The people concealed the precious letter in a bottle and buried it in the ground. Heavy rains beat down and softened the ground until the bottle began to show. Japanese officers walked right over it, searching for Manuel, but never seemed to see it. Even if they had, they could not have understood the English—but they might have recognized it as a clue and killed more villagers in an attempt to locate Manuel.

Another time they hid the letter bottle under a fire to keep the Japanese from finding it. The letter was scorched and almost destroyed by the heat.

Even before the allied soldiers landed on the island, missionaries returned to carry on God's work. Eagerly the islanders gave them the letter from Manuel, and told how they had helped to save the young pilot. Master Sergeant Manuel returned to the United States, and later in Washington, D.C., at the Sligo Seventh-day Adventist church, he again met one of the Adventist islanders who had helped to save his life. What an exciting meeting that was!

But Manuel wasn't the only one whose life was changed by the two books. A well-known writer, Quentin Reynolds, wrote a book entitled Seventy Thousand

to One, in which he told about M. Dennie Mark and the other Seventh-day Adventist islanders who had shielded the American flyer from the Japanese for nine months until they could restore him to his unit. Reynolds had been greatly impressed by the conduct of the Adventist natives.

The book was distributed to many public libraries, and in Ellicott City, Maryland, a man named Henry Phelps checked out that book and read it. So fascinated was he with Manuel's story that he wanted to read The Great Controversy himself and discover what there was about the book that had changed Manuel's life. Mr. Phelps had been born Catholic and had no idea how to find the Adventist book.

One day a colporteur knocked at the Phelps' home and displayed the Bible Readings he was selling.

"I'm not really interested in that one," Mr. Phelps said, "but have you ever seen a book called The Great Controversy? And do you know anything about Seventh-day Adventists?"

It didn't take long to set up Bible studies in the Phelps' home. The Phelpses invited some friends to listen, too, and six months later the two couples were baptized and began doing missionary work themselves.

The influence of The Great Controversy, the Bible, and the genuine kindness of the Seventh-day Adventist Solomon Islanders bore much fruit. Dennie Mark's sacrifice of his life for a friend had an effect half way around the world. Many people have found Jesus as a result of that one incident, and they look forward to the resurrection day when a young man from the South Seas will greet them, and they can tell him of the many souls who were saved because of his faithful witness.

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN

Objective: To become aware of the network of witnessing possibilities utilized by God

Map study: Find the Solomon Islands

For discussion:

1. What is the significance of the story title?
(See John 15:13)
2. Imagine a dinner party in heaven where the principals of this story are invited to learn their contributions to a chain-reaction of events. Which of the following could best tell the WHOLE story?
 - a. Ellen White
 - b. Dennie Mark
 - c. Gordon Manuel
 - d. Quentin Reynolds
 - e. Henry Phelps
3. Tell what part the people in a. to e. (No. 2 above) contributed to the ultimate outcome.
4. How did God use people like printers and writers to advance his course?
5. Think of someone you know whose ideas or story should be written down to inspire others. Describe the setting, details, action, conversation you could include in the story. Go after the story and write it.

KULIM CONVERSIONS

One evening a group of young people sat around a fire behind their Adventist church in Penang, Malaysia. Their youth program included stories and song, and the dancing fire lit up happy faces. When the program ended, two young men approached the circle—a Chinese and an Indian. The pastor welcomed them, and as they talked the strangers explained their presence. "We came to learn about Ellen White," they said simply.

"About Ellen White?" the pastor exclaimed. "Where did you hear about Ellen White?"

"From our teacher," they answered, "and there are many of us in the class who want to know more. Can you come to our town and teach us?"

Further questioning revealed that the boys had come from a town twenty miles away on the mainland where there were no Seventh-day Adventists at all. Delighted, the pastor agreed to visit their village the following Thursday night and to bring with him his friend, Ed Heisler, the manager of the Penang Seventh-day Adventist Hospital.

On Thursday the two men crossed by ferry to the mainland and drove twenty miles through rubber plantations, coconut groves, and rice fields to Kulim, home of the young students. One of them met the Adventists at the high school and took them to a private home. To their astonishment, they found eighteen young men and their teacher. All were waiting to study the Bible and Ellen White's writings.

"Where did you hear about Ellen White?" the pastor asked the teacher.

She smiled. "My boyfriend went to Australia last year to study medicine," she explained. "He met an Adventist family who told him about Ellen White, and he was so interested he thought I would be, too. So he sent me some books and magazines, and I have been discussing them with my students. I felt it was good

to stretch our minds by studying these topics, but I must admit that we have come to a place where the boys have more questions than I have answers. Can you help us?"

Bible studies began that night and continued for three years, sometimes once a week and often twice a week. The young students were so eager to study God's word that it was a delight to visit with them.

At first the group met in the home of the teacher's grandmother. Later on they met in a small empty room above a shop. There they sat in a circle on the floor and studied and discussed what they had read. God's spirit was present in that small upper room just as it had been in another upper room in Jerusalem, and young people began to make decisions for God.

First to ask for baptism was the Chinese man who had made the initial contact with Adventists. He went off to Southeast Asia Union College for further study. Not long after, his friend the Indian man, requested baptism and left school to work at the Penang Adventist Hospital.

One night another young man yielded to his classmates' repeated invitations and agreed to come just once to see what the Bible studies were about. Although he sat near the door where he could exit quickly, he became interested and finally asked for baptism. After attending Southeast Asia Union College, this young man became a student pastor back in his hometown of Kulim, and then went to Mountain View College in the Philippines for advanced ministerial training.

One Indian fellow brought his brothers and sisters. Eight of that family are now Adventists. Another student found his father violently opposed to his new religion. Three times the angry father stormed into the meetings and dragged his son out. The son was finally baptized in spite of persecution and fled to Spicer College in India where he could study God's word in peace.

The students in the group came from many backgrounds: Hindu, Buddhist,

Catholic, and Protestant. But Christ's love, which knows no difference between races or religions, crossed the barriers and reached their hearts. Today members of this group are working at Penang Adventist Hospital, Singapore Adventist Hospital, and several are studying at Southeast Asia Union College. By 1979 more than seventy had been baptized as a result of the original Kulim Bible studies, and a regular church with a full-time pastor has been established in Kulim.

And what of the teacher and her boyfriend who started all of this? They married and are active Adventists in Australia.

Surely one of the proofs of Mrs. White's heavenly inspiration is this harvest of souls who were pointed to Christ through her writings. Ellen's writings, blessed by God, have touched hearts around the world and drawn sincere people to Him.

Reference: Ed Heisler, Hospital manager at Penang and Singapore, 1979.

KULIM CONVERSIONS

Objective: To establish confidence in the prophetic gift in modern times. To demonstrate the universality of Adventism's appeal.

Map study: Locate Penang, Malaysia, on a map of the Far East

For Discussion:

1. Find specific books or chapters in Ellen White's books to demonstrate the way they point to Christ.
2. If you had been answering the 18 young men's questions, how would you have responded to each of these:
 - a. Who is Ellen White?
 - b. Does your church worship Ellen White?
 - c. Is Ellen White's religion an American religion?
 - d. How can you have confidence in a religious movement less than 200 years old, when people have been on earth for thousands of years?

LYMAN SHAW STORY
PART I — GOD STOPS A POISONING

The frosty morning lay crisp around a little house in the Boston suburbs. Mother Shaw had risen early after a sleepless night. She looked at her still sleeping children, six of them, five boys and a girl. Tears filled her eyes as she thought of her plan. She had no food for breakfast, for the cupboards were bare. Only enough coffee was left to brew a pot of hot drink for one last cup apiece. During the night, Mother Shaw had decided to poison all six children and take her own life.

What would drive a mother to such despair? Only the prospect of watching them starve to death could have made her so desperate. She had bought all the groceries she could on credit at the store. She now owed \$100 for food, and the shopkeeper refused to let her have another potato or loaf of bread.

Cold weather was coming on, and the children all needed warmer clothes and more blankets. Surely it would be better for them to die than to suffer miserably like this.

Going to the shed, she took from its hiding place the poison that she would mix with their last pot of coffee. The children still slept, and as she began to mix the powder into a smooth paste, bitter tears ran down her thin cheeks.

Why was one woman responsible for all these children? Where was their father? He had been a hat-maker and with his wife's help had done quite well with a little shop in Boston. But becoming restless, Mr. Shaw had moved to Philadelphia, leaving his family to get along the best they could without him.

The family had not heard from him for some time, so the older boys traveled to Philadelphia, found him, and returned with reports of his wild and foolish ways in the big city. With no hope of help in sight, Mother Shaw continued to mix the poison.

Just then a knock sounded at the door. Mother Shaw opened it to find a

crippled lady. What could this woman want so early?

The visitor introduced herself. "I'm from the Seventh-day Adventist church here in town," she said. Then, looking more closely at Mrs. Shaw's tear-stained face, she continued. "Are you having some kind of trouble? You look as if you've been crying. Won't you tell me about it? Maybe I can help you."

Her kind words brought on more tears, and Mother Shaw opened the door and invited the lady inside. Sitting at the kitchen table not far from the poison on the sink, Mother Shaw poured out her story.

"You poor dear," said the visitor sympathetically. "You wait right here, and I'll bring you some breakfast for those children. Our church Dorcas Society has clothes and bedding, too. I think the Lord sent me to your door just in time."

Within the hour the crippled lady had called Brother Palmer, one of the deacons, and he came with food and clothing. The Adventists not only supplied physical needs, but they brought with them some of Ellen White's books for the Shaws to read. Their message of hope and courage meant much to Mother Shaw and led her into the Seventh-day Adventist church.

Mother Shaw felt sure that God had sent help to her that winter morning and saved the lives of her children. How proud she was when three of the five boys became ministers and missionaries. Lyman and Theodore served in China, and David preached for thirty years in the old Woodstock church near West Paris, Maine.

Before they grew up, however, Mother Shaw thought Lyman was the most wayward child she ever had. He often went to stay with his father in Philadelphia and enjoyed that wild life. Sometimes he came home and tried to cause trouble over religion. He had no use for Adventists, and once deliberately dropped a chunk of pork into the beans cooking on his mother's stove. She decided it was time to have a talk with the boy.

"Lyman, you make fun of the Adventists, but do you know that it's only

because of them that you are alive today?"

Lyman looked shocked and then thoughtful as his mother told the story of how she had almost poisoned all the family. He had never realized before how hard things had been for his mother. Still he was not ready to give his heart to God.

As he hitchhiked to California, Colorado, and back to Nebraska, seeking his fortune and a good time, some of the things that Mother had read from Ellen White's books came now and then to mind. Usually he ignored them, but then something happened to interest Lyman in religion. Lyman fell in love with a Catholic girl.

"The priest must marry us, Lyman," the girl insisted. "I have to have a Catholic wedding."

But Lyman didn't agree. He wrote to his mother.

"Send me something that will explain the Catholics," he ordered.

She sent him Steps to Christ and Uriah Smith's Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation.

Lyman unwrapped the books eagerly, deciding to read them himself first so that he would understand their arguments when he gave them to the Catholic girl. He had talked so much about the Sabbath and how everyone ought to keep it, that one day the girl's mother said, "Lyman, you talk so much about the Sabbath and your mother's religion. Why don't you follow it yourself?"

"Maybe I ought to," he replied, and went home to finish reading those books his mother had sent. When he had finished Steps to Christ, he could feel the Lord speaking to his heart. Holding the book, he said, "Thank you, Jesus. I wanted this book to explain the Catholics, but it seems to have convinced me. Thank you."

So it was that Lyman Shaw didn't marry the Catholic girl. The prayers of the believers at his home church had been answered, and instead of getting

married, he went to Shelton Academy in Nebraska to continue his education.

Several experiences at Shelton Academy convinced Lyman that God was truly watching over him. As a student, he didn't have much money, but whatever he got, he faithfully tithed. His tithe had built up over the weeks until he had all \$10 ready to turn in to the church. But the weather turned biting cold, and Lyman had no overcoat. A good overcoat at that time cost exactly \$10. Lyman argued with himself but finally decided to turn the money over to the Lord and ask God to keep him warm.

That afternoon when he returned to the dormitory, he found a big package lying on the bed. Opening it he found a fine, warm overcoat that fit him exactly. Under it was a new suit just his size. Lyman fell on his knees beside the bed and thanked God for supplying his needs.

God knew that Lyman needed more than clothes and an education, and before long He provided a lovely Adventist girl, Elitha, and Lyman married her. He felt God had called him to the ministry, and this Christian young lady would make a fine minister's wife. Besides—he loved her!

When Lyman graduated, he became a minister in the Missouri Conference.

Reading Ellen White's books on diet and health the young couple determined to live more carefully according to those instructions. Elitha, however, still longed for meat.

One day Lyman took her to a restaurant for dinner.

"I think I'd like a veal cutlet," she told her young husband.

He looked thoughtful. "All right," he said, "I have no right to control what you eat." For himself he ordered a vegetable plate.

When the waiter came with their food, Elitha's mouth watered over the juicy cutlet before her. Just as she lifted her fork to begin, a pale but well-nourished worm lifted its body from a hole in the cutlet. Elitha shuddered.

"Could anything be plainer than that?" Lyman asked. "I'm not hungry at all now. Let's go!"

Leaving the food untouched, they departed, their minds no longer wavering on the matter of diet. From that day on, both the young Shaws were vegetarians, and in their churches they urged the members to read Ellen White's Counsels on Diet and Foods and follow its advice for healthier bodies.

LYMAN SHAW, PART I

Objective: To make a balanced response to counsels on health.

Map study: Locate Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on a map of the United States.

For discussion:

1. What counsel does Ellen White give about the following?
 - a. Animal flesh
 - b. Tobacco
 - c. Tea and coffee
 - d. Salt
 - e. Pickles
 - f. Bread
 - g. Desserts, sugar
 - h. Overeating
 - i. Extremists
 - j. Spices, condiments
 - k. Grease
 - l. Regularity in eating
 - m. Tolerance of others
 - n. Alcoholic beverages
2. Bottle drinks were not so readily available in Ellen White's time as they are today. What principles can you learn from her counsel to provide guidance in using bottled beverages?
3. Rank and discuss the heroic aspects in each of these acts:
 - a. A crippled lady responds to the Shaw family's needs.
 - b. Mother Shaw urges Lyman to reform.
 - c. Lyman returns tithe to the Lord.
 - d. Lyman imposes his eating practices on no one else.
4. What counsel on health are you ready to incorporate into your own life?

LYMAN SHAW STORY PART II — A GIFT FOR GOD

During the years that Lyman and Elitha Shaw served the church, they journeyed to China and worked for God in dangerous places. When Mother Shaw had taught her sons Bible truths, she had no idea they'd be teaching them to others half way around the world!

When retirement time finally came, Lyman settled in Pocatello, Idaho, where he continued to help build up the church there. Anyone in need or in trouble knew that Elder Shaw would find time to help, and anyone who needed to borrow one of Ellen White's books was sure to find it in Lyman's library. He thought so much of her books that he carried some of them in his old car to give away to people he met. But his precious Steps to Christ usually rode with him in his coat pocket. Whenever they saw the old car chugging down the roads, people in the community waved and smiled, for Elder Shaw was well known and loved. And when the old car broke down—which it did frequently—someone was sure to stop to help him.

One day a church member dropped by to request that Elder Shaw visit an elderly lady, Mrs. Clark, who seemed to be in need of love. Lyman and Elitha went to visit, read to her, prayed with her, and encouraged her a great deal. After that, Lyman noticed her often at the store. One day he thought he saw her picking over the withered vegetables in the trash behind the store.

"Poor soul," he thought. "She must be short of food. We must help her."

Taking a bag of groceries, Elder Shaw went to the farmhouse where Mrs. Clark lived. As he entered, he noticed a broken window pane. He went home, bought a new pane of glass, and returned with his tools to install it. Mrs. Clark was impressed with his concern, and invited him in. Before long they were talking of God and the Bible, Lyman's favorite subjects. In following visits Elder Shaw told her about the Sabbath, and the angels, and many other things that she

had questions about.

"You know, Lyman," she said one day, "I think I've been an Adventist all my life, really. I already believe everything you've told me about the Bible and God."

One Sabbath Mrs. Clark called the Shaws on the telephone. "I'm sorry to bother you on your Sabbath day," she said, "But I have some serious trouble and wish you could come and talk with me."

"We'll be right over," Lyman said, and taking Elitha, he bounced over to Mrs. Clark's in the old car.

When they arrived, Mrs. Clark told them that she had hired a woman to take care of her, but that the lady had been acting very strangely the past few weeks. She had taken Mrs. Clark's bank book and check book. She had begun charging Mrs. Clark \$50 to drive her to Salt Lake City in her own car. Now she had begun to tell her employer what she could buy and what she couldn't. Mrs. Clark was beginning to feel like a prisoner in her own home.

The elderly lady spread her hands helplessly. "I just don't know what to do," she told Lyman. "I'm afraid she'll take everything I have."

Reaching into his pocket, Lyman pulled out his copy of Steps to Christ and turned to page 69.

"The Lord can help you," he told Mrs. Clark. "He is very much concerned about your problems. Listen to this:

Keep your wants, your joys, your sorrows, your cares, and your fears before God. You cannot burden Him: you cannot weary Him. He who numbers the hairs of your head is not indifferent to the wants of His children. "The Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy." James 5:11. . . Take to Him everything that perplexes the mind. . . Nothing that in any way concerns our peace is too small for Him to notice.

Mrs. Clark listened carefully. The words seemed meant just for her.

"Now," said Elder Shaw, "let's all kneel and tell God about your problem."

So they prayed, and when they were done, Lyman Shaw said, "Now we have laid it before God and claimed His promise. Something will happen soon, so you be watching for it. It's sure to come."

On Monday Mrs. Clark called again. Happiness rang in her voice.

"You won't believe what has happened. This morning a lawyer whom I have not seen for years called me to his office. I had my hired woman drive me there. He asked her to return my papers, my bank book, and my check book. Then he wrote me a check for \$21,000, saying that he owed it to me for some legal business in the past. I have deposited it in my account. But that money is not mine. I feel it belongs to God. Could you come back and talk with me again?"

By this time Mrs. Clark had dismissed her regular helper and Jessie, a Seventh-day Adventist nurse, was visiting Mrs. Clark and taking care of her. The kindness she showed pleased Mrs. Clark very much. When Lyman arrived at the house, she told him, "I am not going to take one penny of that \$21,000 for myself. I'm going to give it to the Adventist church, but \$2,000 is going to be used on a new car for you, Lyman. You are not to drive that old car any more. You're doing God's work, and I think he wants you to have better transportation. The rest will go to the church. Do you have any special project you think could use it?"

Lyman seemed stunned for a moment but pulled himself together quickly.

"Yes, I do have a project," he told Mrs. Clark. "We have no church school here in our town, and we need one for our young people. With your money we could start a church school, how about that?"

"Fine," said Mrs. Clark. "I'd like to help on that project."

The next time Jessie stopped in to take care of Mrs. Clark, she was greatly surprised when the old lady handed her a check for \$21,000 made out to the Seventh-day Adventist church.

"I'm so glad to be able to give it," she said. "I'd never have had it if we had not claimed that promise from Steps to Christ and prayed about my problem."

A few days later Mrs. Clark called to ask that someone from the conference Trust Department come to her house. "I have decided to give everything I have to the Lord through the Adventist church—my farm, my home, my equipment—everything. Make out the papers please so I can sign them."

So Mrs. Clark, who appeared so poor, really wasn't after all. She was just a very careful, frugal old woman who needed love and caring, and the Adventist church members filled that need for her.

Shortly after deciding her financial matters, Mrs. Clark fell and broke her hip. Within a few days she died. When the value of her property was totaled, it came to about \$150,000. How thankful Lyman and Elitha were that they could bring comfort to Mrs. Clark in her last days, and that they had taken time to read to her the promise in Steps to Christ.

Reference: As told to Norma Youngberg by Lyman's son, Horace Shaw.

Read and approved by him 11-1-79.

LYMAN SHAW, PART II

Objective: To practice the power of claiming a God given promise.

Map study: To locate Pocatello, Idaho, on a map of the United States.

For discussion:

1. Which description best fits Shaw's witnessing style?
 - a. Being responsive to need
 - b. Pointing out irrational behavior
 - c. Finding a lawyer to correct injustice
2. Why do you think Mrs. Clark trusted Pastor Shaw?
3. Review the promise from Steps to Christ that Pastor Shaw shared with Mrs. Clark. What evidence do you have that Pastor Shaw believed he should keep his wants, joys, sorrows, cares and fears before God?
4. Which of the subjects we should bring to God do you think is most neglected?
 - a. Wants
 - b. Joys
 - c. Sorrows
 - d. Cares
 - e. Fears
5. Compose a prayer focusing on the item you chose for No. 4.

THE TWO ELLENS

Mary Ellen Rowland sat in her room, holding a book in her slender hands. She held it carefully as though it was a treasure. The name Patriarchs and Prophets had been stamped in gold on the cover. Such a beautiful book must have been very expensive, she thought. Impulsively she hugged it, thinking of the one who had given it to her. Kind, good-looking Bert Rhoads had presented the book to her just this week, and while she had read quite a bit of it already, she hadn't finished it. Working full time in the town's grocery store hadn't left much time for reading.

In this year, 1893, Mary Ellen had reached the age of seventeen. She had graduated from Sutherland High School. Tall and slender, Mary Ellen looked older than her age. Her heavy black hair, dark as a raven's wing, hung in a long braid clear to the floor when she unwound it. Her eyes, dark as her hair, were large and soft, making her pale face look even whiter by contrast.

Mary Ellen would have been considered beautiful by anyone's standards, but in this small country town she stood out from the other girls like a tall lily in a field of dandelions. No wonder Bert adored her.

Mary Ellen's parents, her four sisters and three brothers all belonged to the Christian Church. They didn't attend regularly, of course, but they certainly were Christians. Mary Ellen and her closest sister, Belle, seemed to be the most interested in religion. Then little Wilson, the fifth child, also loved the Lord and the three together often went to church when the others couldn't go.

Knowing of her interest in religious things, Bert had given her this lovely book of Bible stories. She loved it, and was attracted to its author—a woman like herself, with the same name, "Ellen." When Bert saw how much she enjoyed the book, he brought her others by Ellen White. Early Writings, a small personal book, fascinated her most of all. In it Mary Ellen read of the early life of Ellen

White and of the hours of suffering she felt over the guilt of sin. She read how Ellen thought she never could be worthy of heaven, so unforgivable were her sins. Mary Ellen understood that. She had felt the same burden of guilt, so heavy that she felt it impossible to ever come to the Saviour. Ellen's story of Christ's matchless love and forgiveness touched Mary Ellen, and she longed to believe it was true.

Every day as Mary Ellen worked as a bookkeeper at the Slick Grocery Store in Sutherland, Iowa, the depression over her sin and guilt deepened. She found it harder to keep her mind on her work, and discouragement threatened to overcome her.

One morning when she entered the store she found several customers waiting. One of them wanted an article that stood on a high shelf. Mary brought a ladder and climbed up to get the article. Looking down, she saw the customer, one of the clerks and Mr. Slick, her employer, looking at her. They seemed strangely distorted. Their eyes, especially, had grown enormous and threatening. Hurrying down the ladder, she asked permission to go home as she felt ill, and she fled from the store. Mary Ellen knew that her mind was slipping.

At home, terrified and despairing, she fell on her knees by the bed and prayed that God would forgive her sins and restore peace to her mind. She did not go back to work. For weeks she lay in bed, suffering a complete nervous breakdown. But she did not lose her hold on God. Constantly she prayed, "Lord, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

One day when she was praying an answer came in clear tones.

"Marry Bert Rhoads. Marry Bert Rhoads."

Mary Ellen sighed. "Yes, I could have married him last year when I was well. But now I'm not worthy to marry him, and I never shall be."

Mary Ellen turned over, sure that the argument was settled. Then the voice came again, definite and demanding.

"Marry Bert Rhoads!"

So Mary Ellen Rowland did marry Bert Rhoads, and her health improved, and her burden of depression was lifted. With his help and through Ellen White's books, Mary Ellen began to believe that Jesus really could forgive all her sins and save her in His kingdom.

The coming of Patriarchs and Prophets into the Rowland home marked the beginning of a change and a future shaped by God. Ellen had been the first of her family to become a Seventh-day Adventist. As the years went by, Belle, Pearl, and Wilson all joined her in the Adventist church. Later on Myrtle, Florence, and Albert joined. The eldest son, Joe, never joined, but his wife Addie became a faithful member.

Father, however, had a problem. He had always been a heavy smoker and chewed tobacco, too. All through the years his teeth had been stained and ugly. While he knew he should give it up, change seemed impossible.

Finally, just before moving west to Washington State, Father spoke to Mary Ellen.

"When I get to Washington," he assured her, "I'm going to get these rotten teeth pulled and get false teeth. When I do, I'm going to stop using tobacco. I'm not going to stain my new teeth."

Mary Ellen smiled. She loved her father very much, but she knew how much he was addicted to tobacco. She never thought he could quit.

Sure enough, when Father reached Washington, he had his teeth pulled. With God's help, he never again used tobacco. He began going with his family to the Adventist church, and when he died in his 80's, Mr. Rowland was an elder of that church.

Ellen White's book had begun a mighty work of reformation in the Rowland family. Many faithful Adventists today owe their conversion to Bert Rhoads and his wife, Mary Ellen. Her love of the other Ellen's messages from God changed her life and the lives of others.

THE TWO ELLENS

Objective: To consider the impact of the written word to dispel depression and awaken hope.

Map study: Locate Sutherland, Iowa, on a map of the United States.

For discussion:

1. Name a book that has had a positive influence on your life.
2. Name a book that you think would create a positive influence if given to:
 - a. A person your age
 - b. A person your parents' age
 - c. A person younger than you
3. Religious book is an unusual gift for a young man to give to a girl whom he'd like to marry—Discuss the merits of such gifts as:
 - a. Flowers
 - b. Candy
 - c. Stationary
 - d. Stuffed animals
 - e. Decorative pins
 - f. Shirts, belts
 - g. Records
4. Ellen White's willingness to tell her own story of guilt and depression aided Mary Ellen because _____.
5. Cite a story you've read that caused you to feel relief as said, "Me too! I've felt that way!"

THE BIG BOOK

Among the beautiful snow-capped mountains of Kashmir, India, the Mattison and Reynolds families prepared to hold their own outdoor Sabbath School. Down on the hot plains the temperature was no doubt well above 110 degrees, but here in the hills the missionaries could vacation in comfort. On every side flowering trees, tall pines, and cedars lifted their green arms skyward.

"Did you ever see such a glorious Sabbath?" Brother Reynolds asked, surveying the hills outlined by the morning sun. "The world must have looked something like this when God made it."

"I can't think of a more perfect spot for Sabbath School," Elder Mattison agreed. "But look! Isn't that Brother Ihsanullah coming? What do you suppose he's doing here in Kashmir? Looks like we'll have another member for Sabbath School."

Elder Reynolds peered down the mountain path at the visitor. "I believe you're right," he replied, and through his mind passed the vivid memory of the other two times he had seen Nazir Ihsanullah. He had watched his own father, Earl R. Reynolds, baptize Nazir in 1951. The two had met once again at Sabbath School in New Delhi. This Kashmir meeting was indeed unexpected.

The families welcomed him with hearty greetings. They knew that for sixteen years he had been a faithful Seventh-day Adventist business man and had held fast to his faith without wavering—a difficult thing to do in Hindu and Moslem India.

Pulling a chair into the shade, Brother Reynolds urged their visitor to sit down.

"I know my father baptized you," Elder Reynolds said after the greetings were all over, "but I don't really know how you came to join the church. How did

he find you?"

Mr. Ihsanullah laughed. "I really don't know. Your father had a way of finding all sorts of people. He came to my house one day while I was having lunch. As soon as I finished, I went out to the front porch where he was sitting and asked what I could do for him. His first words were, 'I believe you are a Christian real-estate broker,' and I replied, " 'I don't know whether you would call me a Christian or not.' "

"You're a very frank man," your father said.

"It's true," I answered. "I haven't even looked at my Bible for years."

Brother Reynolds then explained that he had come to find out if Ihsanullah could suggest a piece of land suitable for a church site in Lahore. That sounded easy until the missionary listed his four requirements:

1. The cost of the land must be less than 50,000 rupees.
2. The government must allow a church built on it.
3. It should be within one-half mile of Lawrence Gardens, a beautiful park at the edge of a good residential section not far from the business area.
4. It should be at the intersection of two roads.

Mr. Ihsanullah took about ten minutes thinking the matter over. Then he said that he could think of only three possibilities. Two of the plots he mentioned Pastor Reynolds had already seen. It had taken him two years to get permission to see them! He had not seen the third, but at once asked the broker to go with him to see the site at the intersection of Mason and Mozang roads.

The broker agreed, and together they set out in the missionary's car. Elder Reynolds liked what he saw. The lot's location seemed perfect, and the price was only 10 rupees per square yard. Land in India is measured by "canals,"

each one being 500 square yards. Elder Reynolds decided to buy seven or eight canals.

"Who's the owner?" he asked Ihsanullah. "I need to see him at once and make a deal."

"I'll have to go with you," Ihsanullah replied, "If you don't have a broker, the owner will ask fifteen or twenty rupees per square yard."

"I'd rather go alone," Pastor Reynolds insisted. "If I get the land, I promise you'll get your commission." So the broker gave him the owner's name and address, and the missionary himself went and made the deal.

A month or more later when the deed to the land was safely registered, Pastor Reynolds called Ihsanullah to his house to give him his commission. Ihsanullah was pleased that he had received money for so little work. As the broker got into his little Morris Minor car to leave, Pastor Reynolds asked, "Do you know who the Seventh-day Adventists are?"

Ihsanullah was feeling good. He already had the commission in his pocket, so he thought to make a little joke.

"I have heard of all sorts of sects," he laughed, "the Brothers of the Burning Bush, the Jumping Davids, and the Watchtower people. But I never heard of Seventh-day Adventists."

He was joking, but Pastor Reynolds turned the tables on him. "Wouldn't you like to know something about Seventh-day Adventists?" he persisted.

Feeling that since he had taken the fellow's check he ought to humor him, he said, "Well, give me some literature on the subject. I'll read whatever you give me."

"Fine," said the pastor. "Wait right here a minute." Dashing back into the house, he emerged with a huge volume of The Great Controversy. The broker's eyes bulged. He had expected a pamphlet or a tract—not an encyclopedia!

"Do you expect me to read all this?" he asked, hefting the big book.

"Haven't you promised to do so?" countered Elder Reynolds.

So placing the book on the seat, Ihsanullah drove out. He was laughing so hard at the trick the pastor had played on him that he nearly collided with the gatepost and almost went into the ditch on the far side of the road.

When he got home he told his wife, "Remove all the books from the shelf at the head of the bed and put this one there."

For about three weeks the book lay untouched, but the sight of it every night bothered the man. One day he picked it up, determined to read it and find the flaws in it. Ihsanullah had grown up as the son of a Church of England pastor. He had received a good education in missionary schools, and as a young man had won several prizes for his skill in answering Bible questions. He had also won several arguments with the bishop and church secretary, and expected that he could easily find the mistakes in The Great Controversy.

Ihsanullah began reading at about 9:00 p.m. and read until two in the morning, finishing nearly 200 pages. The message gripped him, took hold of his heart, and he could find nothing to criticize. Within five days, he had finished the book.

When he returned it to Pastor Reynolds, he told him that the book must be inspired since he could find no fault with it.

"We believe that, too," the pastor said. "Can I give you something else to read?"

"If it's like The Great Controversy," the broker answered. So Pastor Reynolds gave the man one inspired book after another, and he read them all.

Then one day he came requesting baptism.

"I'm sorry, I can't baptize you," Elder Reynolds said.

Ihsanullah was puzzled. Other pastors had urged him to join their churches, but he would not. Here was a pastor who wouldn't let him join if he wanted to.

"Why not?" the broker asked.

"Do you know your Bible well?" Pastor Reynolds countered.

"Of course. I won several prizes in college," said Ihsanullah indignantly.

"I know it well."

"Well then, what does the Bible say about the right day of worship? Is there an eternally burning hell? Where are the dead? What is the Daniel 2 image about?"

Ihsanullah looked baffled. "I'm not sure on any of those things," he admitted.

"Then I think we'd better study the Bible together," said the pastor, and the man agreed.

Several months later the studies were finished, and Pastor Reynolds prepared to baptize the man. But there was no baptistry. Determined to be baptized, the broker hired a contractor and built a baptistry himself. Then Elder Reynolds performed the ceremony.

Ihsanullah's love of the Advent message and his desire to help the work of God in Southern Asia persisted over the years. He helped the church to find land to build a hospital and then a union office in New Delhi. The Lahore, Pakistan, church at Mozang Road is on the property Brother Reynolds bought with his help. And now here in the Kashmir mountains, Brother Ihsanullah had sought out the vacationing missionaries and joined them for Sabbath School. What a fine mission story his experiences made! And what a difference Ellen White's big book had made in the life of the Indian broker.

Reference: As told by E. Robert Reynolds, former missionary to north India.

THE BIG BOOK

Objective: To value the impact of Christian literature interacting with the Word of God to bring conviction.

Map study: Find Kashmir, India, on the map.

For discussion:

1. Which of the questions posed to Ihsanullah can you answer?
 - a. What does the Bible say about the right day of worship?
 - b. Is there an eternally burning hell?
 - c. Where are the dead?
 - d. What is the Daniel 2 image about?
2. Recall the way Pastor Reynolds introduced Adventism to Ihsanullah—
 - a. What did he say?
 - b. What did he offer?
3. Pastor Reynolds chose to witness by:
 - a. Pointing out what was wrong with Ihsanullah's religion
 - b. Being honest
 - c. Being kind
 - d. Allowing Ihsanullah to discover truth
4. How is The Great Controversy a book especially appropriate for a person with a Christian background?

(The Great Controversy contains about 700 pages focusing on the history of Christianity which begins with Jerusalem, moves to Europe, England and America. Halfway through the book India is mentioned once. Since India isn't predominantly Christian, much information in the book would be unfamiliar to non-Christians.)