

THE happy



Path

LAWRENCE MAXWELL

Stories that
bring to life the
Pathfinder Pledge and Law

GOD, I WILL BE PURE AND KIND AND TRUE. I WILL KEEP THE PATRIFINDER LAW. I WILL BE A SERVANT OF GOD AND MY FELLOW MAN.

EVERY BE COURAGEOUS AND OBEDIENT. SOFTEN YOUR HEART. KEEP A LEVEL.

THING WATCH. DO MY HONEST PART. CARE FOR MY BODY. KEEP A LEVEL.

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LAWRENCE MAXWELL
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This One



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THE PATHFINDER PLEDGE AND LAW

By the grace of God,
I will be pure and kind and true.
I will keep the Pathfinder Law.
I will be a servant of God and a
friend to man.

The Pathfinder Law is for me to—

1. Keep the Morning Watch.
2. Do my honest part.
3. Care for my body.
4. Keep a level eye.
5. Be courteous and obedient.
6. Walk softly in the sanctuary.
7. Keep a song in my heart.
8. Go on God's errands.

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JACK'S SECRET HIDEAWAY

JACK had to get away by himself for a while. When you live in an apartment with two brothers and a sister, it seems as if there never is a chance for a fellow to be alone.

Fortunately, behind Jack's apartment there was a little patch of woods that didn't have anything built on it. Jack liked to explore it every chance he got. One day he found an open place surrounded by bushes that nobody else seemed to know about. It was the perfect spot to get away to, to read or dream or think.

He finished his jobs quickly, then asked Mom if he could go out to play.

"OK," she said, "just be sure you're home for supper. You know how Dad likes to eat as soon as he comes in from work."

Jack didn't go directly to his secret place.

There were too many little kids playing around; he didn't want them following him. He gradually worked his way over to the edge of the woods. Then when he was sure no one was looking, he vanished among the trees.

A squirrel saw him and started to chatter. A bluejay screamed a warning. But he stood perfectly still for a few minutes, and all the birds and animals went back to their regular jobs.

"Wow!" he whispered. "It's so cool in here; so much better than the heat outside." He waited till he could see clearly in the deep shade, then made his way by a circuitous route to his hideaway.

He breathed a sigh of relief when he got there. No one had touched it. He was always afraid somebody else would find the place and wreck it. But it was just as he had left it, except maybe the grass was a bit taller.

He lay down on his back and gazed up at a little patch of sky high above. "What a relief to get away from the crowd at home. Little Jim and Baby Julie are OK, but it's sure good not to have them around *all* the time."

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a crumpled piece of carefully folded paper. Then, pushing with his heels, he slid over till he was sitting up with his back against a huge oak tree.

Two weeks ago, Mr. Mather, the Pathfinder leader, had come into the junior division at

Sabbath school and had announced that all the new juniors who were not yet Pathfinders were invited to join the club.

"That includes all you new juniors who have just turned 10 or who have moved up into the fifth grade, as well as all you older juniors who have moved here from somewhere else, or who haven't gotten around to joining yet. There's going to be a big induction ceremony in two weeks, and I want all the new members to know and understand the Pathfinder Pledge and Law so you can repeat it with the rest of the Pathfinders that night."

Jack liked Mr. Mathers. He smiled a lot, and his eyes twinkled when he talked. He seemed to know everybody's name. If he didn't know your name, he asked you to tell him till he *did* know. He wanted to know everybody. You felt as if you were important to him. He could take a joke, too, and get a real laugh out of it. But if any of the kids misbehaved, he straightened them out fast, even the big ones.

"You really ought to join Pathfinders," Mr. Mathers said. "We have so much fun—hiking and swimming and bike-riding and collecting things and canoeing on the river and camping."

Jack jumped up and turned a somersault. "Yahoo!" he yelled. "I can hardly wait!" The noise scared three birds half silly, but Jack didn't care right then. He felt all excited inside. The

Pathfinders had told him about so many things they did in their club meetings and outings. And now he had a chance to join the fun.

"Except for this!" His fingers felt that crumpled sheet of paper in his hand. He had to memorize the Pathfinder Pledge and Law and understand it.

Memorizing wouldn't be so bad, he knew. He'd just have to read it over carefully and say it out loud several times a day for two or three days, and he knew he'd have it memorized. But understand it! That was something else.

He went back and leaned against his tree. Some of the Pledge and Law didn't look so hard. But right there at the start: "By the grace of God." What in the world did that mean? Grace is something you say before you eat. But where in the Bible does it say what kind of grace God says before He eats? Really, it was kind of silly to think this kind of grace had anything to do with what you say at supper. It must be what the preacher kept talking about in his Sabbath sermons, like when he said, "Grow in grace," or "The grace of God be with you." Whatever it was, Jack wished he understood it better.

And then in the Law there was that expression, "Keep a level eye." Whatever in the world could that mean? Surely it didn't mean you weren't ever supposed to look up or down. Nobody would be stupid enough to think it meant that. But what did it mean?

Jack looked at his watch. Whoops! Almost time for supper. He'd better be getting home.

He sure wished he understood the Pledge and Law better. There were just two weeks till that Pathfinder induction ceremony, and he sure intended to join. Just two weeks . . .

If you would like to understand the Pathfinder Pledge and Law better, that's what this book is all about. It's packed full of stories that will help you know what the Pledge and Law mean, and as you read I hope the grace of God will help you to be pure and kind and true and keep a level eye . . . and find the *happy path* that leads all the way to Jesus and heaven.

BY THE GRACE OF GOD

YOU ARE A CHICKEN!

SUPPOSE a chicken said to herself, "I want to be an eagle." Could she become an eagle simply by wanting to be one?

Suppose the chicken changed her diet. Suppose she said, "I'm going to stop eating chicken feed. From now on I'm going to eat eagle's food." Would that make her an eagle? It would make her sick!

Well, then, suppose the chicken said, "It's my language, I know it is. I'll never become an eagle so long as I use these bad words that come out of my mouth. So I've made up my mind. From now on I'm not going to talk like a chicken anymore. I'm going to speak like an eagle."

But you know and I know that controlling her language won't change that chicken into an eagle.

Well, what about going to live where eagles

live? Suppose the chicken sold her home in the barnyard and went to live in the tops of the mountains with the eagles? Surrounded by eagles all day long, would she change into an eagle?

Not at all.

How about her dress? Let the chicken take off all her chicken feathers and glue on eagle feathers. Now, surely, at last she'll be an eagle. She looks like one (well, almost). She sounds like one (she's trying, anyway). She eats like one (though she can't stand the food). She lives where eagles live. Therefore she must be an eagle.

Except for just one thing. She's still a chicken!

And the reason she's still a chicken is that she was born a chicken.

The Bible says that every one of us was born bad. "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Romans 3:23). "There is none righteous, no, not one" (verse 10).

That is why we cannot make ourselves good.

Adam and Eve were created perfect in the beginning. But they sinned. And because they sinned, we've all been born sinners. Chickens. Bad.

I know some people who try to make themselves good by changing their diet. They stop eating the things most people eat, and eat just vegetables and nuts and health foods.

Some parents sell their homes and move to where there is a large Adventist church and a

church school so their children can be surrounded by Adventists all day long.

Some boys I know become very careful about their language. They try ever so hard not to use bad words anymore.

Some girls work on their dress. They stop wearing jewelry, and they throw away their make-up.

Sooner or later all these people may discover that they aren't really any better than they used to be. Perhaps you've made the same discovery already. You can't make yourself good by merely doing good things or eating good food or living in good places. You can't change into an eagle by sticking eagle feathers on the outside. You can't change the way you were born any more than the chicken can.

The only way to be an eagle is to be born an eagle. The only way to be good is to be born good. But you were born bad—a chicken.

Fortunately, you aren't really a chicken. Because a chicken has no hope of ever becoming an eagle. But wonder of wonders, you and I can be born again. Born bad the first time, we can be born a second time—born good. Let's see how this happens.

YOU CAN BE LIKE JESUS

ONE night when Jesus was praying on the Mount of Olives, He was interrupted by a visitor.

Nicodemus had come to talk to Him, to find out who He was and what He planned to do. Nicodemus did not come to Jesus to find out how to be good. He felt he was good enough already. He had been born a Jew and all his life he had been very careful to do everything he was supposed to do, like washing all the way to his elbows before he ate. He was sure he would go to heaven.

He said to Jesus, "Rabbi, we know that you are a teacher come from God; for no one can do these signs that you do, unless God is with him" (John 3:2, RSV).

Jesus smiled. But then He spoke seriously. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (verse 3).

Nicodemus was taken by surprise. He had often said that the heathen had to be born again when they became Jews, but must a Jew be born again? Was Jesus suggesting that he was no better than a heathen? He said, "How can a man be born when he is old?" (John 3:4).

Jesus didn't try to explain, and I'm glad He didn't. I'm sure we never could understand. He said that the wind blows wherever it wants to, and you can hear the sound, but you cannot tell where it comes from or where it goes. That is the

way it is when you are born of the Spirit. No one sees the Spirit come into our lives, no one knows how He works, but everyone can see the results, the kind expression on the face, the gentle, thoughtful deeds of the one who is born again.

But again Nicodemus asked, "How can these things be?" (verse 9).

Jesus still didn't explain. But He reminded Nicodemus of the time when the children of Israel were marching through the wilderness and many of them sinned and were bitten by fiery serpents. As they lay dying, Moses made a serpent of brass and lifted it up on a pole, and everyone who looked at the brass serpent was cured. "One of these days," Jesus told Nicodemus, "the Son of man will be lifted up, and everyone who believes on Him will be saved." And He added, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (verse 16).

How simple it is to be born again. Just look at Jesus and believe that He loves you. That's all we have to do. And when we really know Jesus, then our diet, our dress, our language—in fact, everything about us falls into line.

Nicodemus did look at Jesus and believe in His love, and during the next three years a great change took place in his life. When Jesus died, Nicodemus came out boldly and told

everyone that he was a follower of the Carpenter of Nazareth.

You and I can't actually see Jesus. But we can read about Him, we can pray to Him, we can think about Him. And as we do these things we shall become like Him. Think of being as kind as Jesus! as patient as Jesus! as obedient as Jesus! as thoughtful of others!

The grace of God will make this change.

An easy way to understand the grace of God is to think of the word *help*. Then the Pathfinder Pledge begins, "By the *help* of God, I will be pure and kind and true." That makes it easier, doesn't it? Surely with God helping you, you can be everything that is good and true and noble.

But maybe you're wondering, as Jack did, how grace can mean God helping you to be good and also praying before you eat. Here's how. Away back, thousands of years ago, *grace* meant to be friendly. When someone is your friend you think he is kind, handsome, thoughtful, *graceful*. Also, when someone is friendly to you he is kind and helpful to you. He treats you *graciously*. He probably will give you a present now and then. In response you are grateful. You say, "Thank you." Spanish-speaking people say, "Gracias." If it's at mealtime, you bow your head and say *grace* (thank-you to God).

I WILL BE PURE

THE LOCOMOTIVE WOULDN'T START

IF IT were not for the fact that Robert is a friend of mine, I might not believe this story. But I know Robert well. He used to be one of the artists who drew pictures for *Guide*. He's a very honest man.

Robert used to go to Union Springs Adventist Academy in New York State. The town is small, but it has a railroad, and once in a while a train goes through. Robert told me that one afternoon he and some of his friends noticed a locomotive puffing away on a siding and went over to watch. (This was back in the days when trains were run by steam.)

The engineer saw the boys and came down to talk. The boys were full of questions that the engineer did his best to answer. They were quite impressed by the tremendous

power and strength of the great machine.

"I suppose," said one of them, "that when your locomotive wants to move forward, everything else has to get out of the way and make room!"

"Just about," agreed the engineer. Then his eyes twinkled. "However," he said, "there is something that it can't push aside."

"Oh," said Dick. "You mean like a truck full of bricks parked across the tracks!"

"On the contrary," said the engineer. "It's something I have in my pocket."

"What!" gasped the boys. "Impossible!"

The engineer pulled out a handful of coins. He picked out two pennies and returned the rest to his pocket. "These pennies," he said, "are enough to keep this train from starting."

"Aw, you're kidding us," said Jack.

"Not at all," smiled the engineer.

"Then show us!" said the boys.

The engineer knelt down, placed the pennies on the rails, close against the front wheels, then climbed into the cab. He opened the throttle. Steam belched from the cylinders and black smoke billowed from the smokestack. The whole engine quivered with life and energy. But the drive wheels were helpless, too weak to push their way forward over those little pennies.

The boys watched, amazed, while the engineer grinned. Then he closed the throttle and came down again. "This time I'm going to move

those pennies just a quarter of an inch away from the wheels. Then you watch what happens."

Now—with the pennies just a fraction of an inch away—the locomotive surged forward, and those poor little pennies flattened out under the tremendous weight.

Well, that's what Robert told me. Some of you don't like preachers who tack morals onto the end of stories, so I won't. I'll let you make up your own. What will it be? Something about little things stopping us from traveling to heaven? Or, perhaps, how much harder it is to *stop* a bad habit once it's started than it is to keep it from getting started in the first place? I wonder what you will think of!

Could this be why we should ask God to keep us pure—without anything at all bad in our hearts?

The boy with the *but* in his life would have been so much better off if he had always let the grace of God keep him pure.

THE BOY WITH THE BUT IN HIS LIFE

THE boy with the *but* was called Uzziah. He became a king when he was only 16 years old.

He felt very young when he came to the throne, and he wasn't at all sure of himself. He asked the Lord to help him—and, by the grace of God, he began to do some tremendous things!

For instance, he invaded the land of the

Philistines. These people had bothered Israel for hundreds of years—ever since the days of Samson. Now Uzziah marched into the country, surrounded Ashdod, one of the Philistines' most important cities, and captured it—then knocked the city wall down. Even David, who fought the Philistines all his life, was never able to destroy the walls of any of their chief cities.

So Uzziah conquered the Philistines. He fought the Arabians—and beat them. He battled the Mehunims—and beat them too. Even the Ammonites were afraid. The Ammonites had invaded Israel when Jephthah was judge. They had insulted messengers David sent to their capital city. They had not feared to fight even when the great Jehoshaphat was king. But with Uzziah ruling, the Ammonites sent expensive gifts to Jerusalem without even being asked.

The Bible says that Uzziah "did that which was right in the sight of the Lord. . . . And as long as he sought the Lord, God made him to prosper" (2 Chronicles 26:4, 5).

Uzziah became stronger and stronger. He fortified Jerusalem, building new towers. He didn't have a Cape Canaveral, with electronic scientists designing bigger and better missiles, but he did have a research department in his army, where "cunning men" invented machines for shooting arrows and stones farther than arrows or stones had ever been shot by anyone else before.

Uzziah had outpost warning stations too. In the desert, far from Jerusalem, he built towers and manned them with soldiers, so that attacking armies would be met long before they got to the capital city and messengers could be sent to warn the soldiers in Jerusalem to prepare for a siege. In a way this was similar to the radar installations that have been built in the barren wastelands of the far North by the United States and Canada to give warning if enemy planes or rockets should try to attack.

Uzziah grew rich while he served the Lord. After a while he had so many cattle there wasn't water enough for them all, and he had to have wells dug to make use of large pastures for his huge herds of cows and sheep and goats.

It's too bad the story doesn't end there. In verse 16 of 2 Chronicles 26 comes that terrible word *but*. Reading in verse 15, we find that Uzziah "was marvellously helped, till he was strong. BUT when he was strong, his heart was lifted up to his destruction: for he transgressed against the Lord his God." Uzziah tried to offer incense in the Temple, something only the priests were supposed to do. The high priest warned him not to do it, but he persisted, even when 80 priests tried to stop him. Suddenly leprosy appeared on his forehead, and he was a leper till he died. His son had to rule the kingdom.

What a shame that such a good life was

spoiled by a *but!* Don't let a *but* spoil yours.

However, we must be realistic. Even though you want to be absolutely pure and spotless, and even though you pray every day that the grace of God will help you, you probably will sin again. We all do, sad to say. What then? Is there some way to get the *buts* removed and all the spots washed away? Yes! That's why Jesus died, so He could forgive us. The Bible says, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9).

Have you noticed how it is when Mom sends you to wash up before supper? After you think you've got your hands clean, she tells you to let her see them, and then she sends you back to the bathroom to wash again. But do you remember when Mom used to give you a bath? When she finished washing you, you were clean all over—ears and neck, and knees and feet—everywhere. That's what Jesus does when we tell Him we're sorry about our sins. He cleanses us from *all* unrighteousness. We are totally clean.

Getting clean from sin is what baptism and foot washing is all about. If you aren't baptized yet, you have probably been thinking quite seriously about it. And what about the communion service? Should you take the bread and wine?

If you've been baptized already, you should do what John does.

FOOT WASHING

JOHN faithfully takes part in the communion service, but he always tells his younger brother Walt just to sit and watch. "You shouldn't take part till you are baptized," he tells him.

Is John right? Yes.

When someone washes your feet during the ordinance of humility, much more happens than you can see while your friend is washing away the dirt from between your toes. Jesus is washing away the sin from around your heart.

We know this, because when Jesus had washed the feet of all the disciples, He said, "Ye are clean, but not all" (John 13:10). He had washed each disciple's feet as carefully as the others, and while He was washing, 11 of the disciples had let their selfishness and jealousy and faultfinding get washed away too. But one of the disciples had stubbornly held on to his sins. He was not clean when Jesus was finished. His name was Judas Iscariot.

This all means that if we take part in the foot-washing service with a sincere, repentant spirit, we can know when it is over that all our sins are washed away.

But is John right in telling Walt not to take part because he isn't baptized?

Yes. Baptism should come first.

Look at it this way. Suppose you have been playing ball on a hot day. At last you decide to

come in and put on clean clothes. You are dusty all over and perspiration is streaming from head to foot. You have to have a shower and scrub yourself completely before you are clean.

So you take the shower and put on the clean clothes and spend the rest of the afternoon making a new layout for your electric train. About supertime Mother says, "We're going out to eat tonight, son. Put on your best slacks and the new shirt I've laid on your bed."

Do you have to take a shower this time? Of course not. You have to wash your hands, to be sure, but that's about all.

It's the same way with baptism and foot washing. Before we are baptized we are so dirty with sin that foot washing isn't going to make us clean enough to put on the clothes of Christ's righteousness. We need to be washed all over. This happens when we are baptized.

After that, it would be nice if we never sinned again. Then we wouldn't need the foot-washing service. But we do sin, don't we? And these sins must be washed away before we are ready to receive the new and richer blessings God wants to give us. These little sins are washed away when our feet are washed.

So if you have been baptized, don't ever stay away from the foot-washing service. And if you haven't been baptized, why are you putting it off?

I WILL BE KIND

HER GUEST

ONE evening the Pathfinders were skating. Evelyn had invited a friend, Marjorie, to come and skate with her.

As soon as they arrived at the gymnasium they went to the man in the office and rented two pair of skates.

But almost as soon as they put the skates on they knew something was wrong. A wheel on one of Marjorie's skates was stuck.

The girls didn't like to complain and decided to make the best of it. They went around the floor several times, Marjorie constantly pushing that reluctant wheel.

And then, just as they were coming around the end of the gymnasium floor, the stiff wheel came off and rolled away.

At once someone came running to me, for I



was the Pathfinder director. "Marjorie's wheel came off," she said.

I had seen it happen, and asked Marjorie to get the wheel while I went to find the nut that was supposed to hold the wheel on.

I had put on many wheels before and was sure this wouldn't take much time. But soon discovered that this wheel had more wrong with it than the others had had.

"Just a minute," I told the girls. "I'll ask the man in the office to help us."

The man in the office was just as sure as I had been that he could repair the wheel—but five minutes later he shook his head. "No good," he said. "I don't have the right tools."

Poor Marjorie looked so sad that I decided to work on the wheel some more. I took it off and put it on, and then took it off and put it on again. But it was no use. That wheel could not be fixed.

"I'm so sorry," I said to Marjorie. "There is nothing more we can do. Why don't you ask the man to give you another pair?"

"We already have," said Evelyn.

"And he says there aren't any my size left," added Marjorie.

It was too bad, really, for the girls had skated only a few minutes, and there was more than an hour left before their parents would come.

I had to leave then to help someone else,

and I wondered what the girls would do with the rest of the time. Would Evelyn skate by herself and leave Marjorie sitting alone?

Not at all! It was some minutes before I saw them again. What was my surprise to see them sitting down, and both had their skates off!

"Evelyn!" I exclaimed. "How come you took your skates off?"

"Oh," she said. "Marjorie's my guest, so I'm keeping her company." And for the rest of the evening Evelyn didn't skate again, even though she could have. She stayed right beside her guest, so Marjorie wouldn't be sad because her skate had broken.

I thought it was one of the nicest things I had seen in a long time.

Have you ever noticed what it is that makes you like certain people? Watch carefully! If someone is kind to you, you can't help liking him. Even if he is a big burly truck driver!

THE KIND TRUCK DRIVER

MRS. Krimmel was driving far out on a lonely road when one of the tires on her car went flat. And she didn't know how to fix it!

She got out and looked at it helplessly.

It was at least five miles back to the town she had just left, and she had no idea how

many more miles it might be to the next one.

Suddenly she noticed a huge truck bearing down upon her. It was coming with terrific speed, and she had to jump to get out of its way. The car shuddered and the ground trembled beneath her feet. For a moment she felt sure she was going to be blown over by the blast.

"That silly, selfish truck driver," she shouted. "Thinks he owns the whole road. What business does he have driving so fast, anyway? If I were a policeman, I'd haul him over to the side and fine him plenty. I'd take his license away too, so he could never drive again, that's what I'd do to him. The roads would be a lot safer if men like that were in jail. And now my tire. How am I ever going to get it fixed? Oh dear, oh dear."

A strange sound came to her ear and she looked up. To her amazement that same truck was now returning toward her, and at considerable speed—backward!

It kept on coming till it was within inches of her car; then the driver jumped out and ran back to her.

"Evening, ma'am," he said pleasantly. "Tire flat?"

"Er, yes," she said weakly.

"Well, if you'll hand me the keys so I can open the trunk of your car and get at the spare, I'll see if I can change the tire."

In next to no time, or so it seemed to Mrs.

Krimmel, that truck driver had jacked up her car, removed the flat tire, and replaced it with the spare. She fumbled in her purse for something to pay him.

He straightened up, wiping his hands. "Oh, no, ma'am," he objected. "There's no charge. Just glad to do it."

And then she saw something about him she hadn't noticed before. His arms were covered with huge blisters.

"Excuse me," she stammered, "but is something wrong with your arms?"

"Oh, it's nothing," he said. "Something exploded right beside me just a few minutes ago, and I was rather badly burned. I was rushing to the hospital to get some help for it when I saw you stranded here. Well, I'd better be going. Bye."

And without another word he climbed into his truck and roared away.

Mrs. Krimmel sat in her car a long time, thinking. Finally she bowed her head over the steering wheel and whispered, "Dear God, please forgive me for being so quick to judge others. And—and please help me to be as kind as that truck driver."

THE KINDEST MAN WHO EVER LIVED

THE Bible is full of stories of people who were kind. Rebekah won her husband because she

was kind to Abraham's servant and watered his camels at the well. Jacob won Rachel for his wife because he watered her sheep. Moses found a home in the wilderness by being kind to the seven daughters of Jethro. Everybody admires Joseph for being so kind to his jealous brothers.

But the kindest man of all, the kindest man who ever lived, was Jesus. It is the kind things He did that make you love Him so much. He was kind to the man at the pool of Bethesda who had been sick so many years. He fed hungry people and let little children sit on His lap. He walked all the way to Syrophenicia just to heal one sick girl, and after He raised Jairus' daughter to life, He was the first to mention that she was hungry, and asked someone to bring her food. Even though Peter said so many silly things, Jesus never laughed at him. And even though Judas constantly criticized Him and lied about Him, Jesus never embarrassed him in public because it would have been unkind.

And when, after always being good and kind, and never committing a sin, Jesus was asked to bear all the sins that everyone has ever committed, and all the blame for all the mistakes everybody in the whole world has ever made, He willingly accepted this blame and died on the cross so we wouldn't have to be punished. What a wonderfully, wonderfully kind Man He was.

We probably won't ever feed 5,000 people with just five buns and two fish, but remember that most of the kind things Jesus did were the little, necessary things around the home. For 30 years He lived at home, helping Dad, and looking after Mom when Dad died.

Be kind by helping Mom with the dishes, keeping your room tidy, tying little brother's shoes, sending a get-well card to someone who's sick, thanking teacher for making school interesting. There are so many ways. Some may be easy. Others may be hard—like trying to be friendly to an unpopular classmate. But you don't have to do it alone. You can do it by the grace of God.

I WILL BE TRUE

THE BROKEN PENCIL

TEACHER was out of the room. George sat playing with the broken pencil on his desk. It had not broken accidentally. He had deliberately broken a longer pencil so as to have two pieces to throw at the other students in the room.

He wasn't the only one. Most of the others had been doing the same. But yesterday teacher had tried to put a stop to such goings on.

"Beginning today," she had said, "anyone who throws a broken pencil will have to write out 150 times, 'I must not throw pencils in school.'"

George was thinking about that now. He certainly didn't want to write so many lines. But as he looked across the room he saw Jack bending over a book—and the back of his head made a very tempting target.

What fun it would be to hit him there, right

in the middle of the back of his head! It wouldn't hurt, and Jack would be so surprised!

Suddenly he yielded to the temptation. "Look out, Jack!" he called, and hurled the broken pencil at him.

Fortunately for Jack, George's aim was bad. The pencil hit the wall and bounced back, coming to rest right beside Donald's desk.

Just at that moment the door opened, and in walked teacher.

She glanced around the room and spotted the pencil in a moment.

"Who threw that?" she asked.

Silence! Donald squirmed uneasily. Suppose teacher thought he had thrown it! George was thinking fast.

"Of course, I know I threw it," he was saying to himself. "But teacher doesn't. And she'll never find out. She didn't see me throw it, and nobody in the room will tell her. Besides, I threw it only once. Why should I have to write 150."

"Is the one who threw it not man enough to confess?" teacher was saying.

George put a sudden stop to his thoughts and stood up.

"I threw it," he said. "I'm sorry." And he slumped down into his seat.

"Thank you, George," said the teacher. "I appreciate your telling me. As you know, you will have to write 150 lines. They will be due the

day after tomorrow. Now we shall go on with our classwork."

George didn't wait till the day after tomorrow to write those lines. "I did them right after school," he told his mother that night. "And I'm never going to throw pencils again."

"I'm very glad you were brave enough to stand up," Mother said. "I'm sure it took a lot of courage."

"Aw, it wasn't anything," he said, blushing.

"Well, I think it was," she said, "and I'm proud of you."

"Aw, Mom," scoffed George. But he was feeling very happy inside!

It was by the grace of God that George was able to tell the truth even when he knew he would get into trouble.

When you promise God that by His grace you will be true, it means that you promise always to be honest and truthful. It also means that you will set a high goal for your life, and you will be true to that goal. You won't let anything get you off onto a sidetrack. As you practice being truthful in all things, honesty will become a habit that will be with you all your life.

THE BOY WHO CLIMBED HILLS

"THAT Ed sure is crazy," John said to Bill as they walked home from school. "I was out with him

last night bringing the cows home. Every time the cow path led around a hill, he'd walk over the hill."

"Like today," Bill agreed. "He told me he wouldn't walk home with us; he said the way we go is too flat. He wanted to find a more hilly route. Beats me why anyone would do that."

"Didn't he ever tell you?" John said. "He plans to climb Everest someday."

"What?" laughed Bill. "No one's ever climbed Mount Everest. It's the highest mountain in the world. Does Ed really think he can?"

Ed *did* plan to climb Mount Everest, and every chance he got, he'd climb a hill, even if it meant going out of his way.

And in May 1953, Edmond Hillary stood on top of Mount Everest, the first man to get there.

Ed set the highest goal he could think of, and he was true to his goal. He reached it!

What goal have you set for yourself?

Leonard heard the other children talking when the report cards were given out. "Three C's and a B," said one. "Not bad, but I'm going to shoot for three B's and a C."

"I got one A and the rest B's and C's," said another. "Think I'll try to bring those C's up to B's."

Leonard just smiled. His report card showed all A's. He told me once that he never tried to get C's. He never aimed for B's. He only and al-

ways aimed for A's. And he got them! Through grade school, and all through academy and college his report cards were monotonously the same—A's, A's, A's, and more A's. Only once in ten years did he fall down to a B!

Everybody thinks the apostle Paul was a great man. You would naturally expect to find that he had a high goal. He did!

When he was writing to the members of the church in Philippi, he told them what it was. "I am pressing toward the goal, for the prize to which God through Christ Jesus calls us upward" (Philippians 3:14, Goodspeed). Paul didn't have many different goals. Just one. He said, "This one thing I do." Paul was always true to his goal.

Just a few days before his head was cut off he wrote a letter inside a dark dungeon to his friend Timothy: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing" (2 Timothy 4:7, 8).

Jesus has a crown of righteousness waiting for you when you reach your goal. Set that goal high—let Jesus set it for you—and by God's grace you will reach it.

This old world needs boys and girls who will be true, no matter what happens. Ellen

White wrote:

"The greatest want of the world is the want of men—men who will not be bought or sold, men who in their inmost souls are true and honest, men who do not fear to call sin by its right name, men whose conscience is as true to duty as the needle to the pole, men who will stand for the right though the heavens fall" (*Education*, p. 57).

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

THE snowstorm came so quickly that the shepherd did not have time to bring his sheep into the fold before many of them were covered by snow.

All afternoon Brucie, his sheep dog, ran back and forth over the mountain, searching for the buried sheep, digging them out, bringing them home.

Night had fallen before she brought the last one in. Then, cold and wet and weary, she lay down in the corner of the fold, and her six baby pups crowded in for their supper.

The shepherd counted the sheep carefully. What was this? A lamb was missing! It must be lying out there in the storm, shivering, dying.

"Brucie," he said, "there's a lamb missing. Away, girlie. Get it."

Brucie looked up, pleading with her eyes. She was so cold, so tired. Must she go out again?

The shepherd wished he might tell her she

could stay, but what would happen to that poor lamb if Brucie didn't rescue it?

"Brucie," he repeated, more firmly this time. "A lamb is missing. Go get it."

Obediently Brucie stood. Leaving her puppies, she walked out into the storm. But which way to go? There were a thousand places where that lamb might be. And the wind was howling, driving snow and sleet across the mountain.

Long hours Brucie searched. Many times the shepherd stood in his doorway, peering into the storm, listening for some sign of his faithful dog.

It was nearly midnight when he heard a scratching at the door. Quickly he opened it. Brucie had returned, and with her was the little lamb.

"Good for you, Brucie," he said, patting her head. "Now go back to your pups."

The noble dog limped wearily to the babies, and the shepherd turned his attention to the lamb. It needed drying, and he had to warm it awhile at the fire, for it was chilled.

At last, the lamb taken care of, he went to attend to Brucie. He found her puppies crying piteously around her. She was lying on the ground—dead.

Brucie had given her life to save the lamb.

It reminds us of what Jesus did, doesn't it? He came into this cold world to save us, and He was true to His goal though it cost Him His life.

I wondered, when I heard what Brucie did, whether we do as much for our friends who are lost in the world. How about those students who sit in class with us each day, but are not church members? Are we trying to help them find the way back to Jesus and the heavenly fold? Perhaps they are different from us, and it's hard to make friends with them. But if we are true Christians, won't we do at least something to save them?

If we are true, then by the grace of God, we will.

I WILL KEEP THE PATHFINDER LAW

WHY BOBBY WINKED

THERE are so many good reasons why, when you become a Pathfinder, you are required to promise "By the grace of God, I will keep the Pathfinder Law."

If anyone had a right to break the rules, it was Jesus. After all, He made the rules. But instead He said, "I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart" (Psalm 40:8). When He was on earth and His enemies were trying desperately to find fault with Him He challenged them publicly, Which one of you can prove I have ever committed sin? (See John 8:46.) There wasn't one person, even among His most bitter enemies, who could prove that He had ever done anything wrong.

If it were all right to break God's law, it would not have been necessary for Jesus to die. Keeping God's law exactly the way He said it

should be kept is the only way to live. There simply isn't any other way to enjoy life or to be really successful or to live eternally.

Bobby thought it was fun to break the rules at school—till the day a new teacher arrived. "A new teacher!" he chortled, looking at the front of the classroom one morning. "Now we'll have fun!"

Mr. Spears, the new teacher, told the children to open their books. Immediately Bobby threw something at Horace, and several of the boys urged Horace to throw it back.

"Please be quiet," said Mr. Spears.

"Try and make me," said Bobby. He halfway covered his lips when he said it, but he really hoped the teacher would hear. It would be fun to find out what he would do!

Mr. Spears walked to Bobby's desk and asked, "Did you say, 'Try and make me'?"

"Yes," said Bobby. The boys snickered.

"Then come with me," said Mr. Spears. He wasn't the least bit angry, but there was something in his voice that didn't sound like play.

Bobby followed teacher down the hall into a little room at the far end.

"You'd better not whip me, if that's what you're planning to do," said Bobby.

"Why not?" said Mr. Spears.

"I go into temper tantrums," said Bobby.

"Well, that's exactly what I'm planning to do to you," said Mr. Spears.

"I'll be naughty again," warned Bobby.

"No, I don't think you will," said Mr. Spears slowly. "Boys who are whipped by me don't get naughty again." And at this point Mr. Spears took off his belt. "Over my knee, young man."

Bobby resisted. But it did no good.

"One thing before I begin," said Mr. Spears quietly. "If you want to go into a temper tantrum, go right ahead. When I whip a boy, I let him determine how much whipping he gets. As soon as you promise you'll be good, I'll stop."

Down came the belt. Bobby stiffened. Again the belt. Bobby yelled, but refused to give in. Once more, the belt landed in the same place—and again. Bobby was feeling so sore he knew he wouldn't be able to sit for a week. Then that belt again. Bobby gave in. "I'll be good," he sobbed.

"Then I'll stop," said the teacher. "When you go home this afternoon, tell your mother I'll be coming around to see her."

Bobby's face paled. "Don't tell mother," he pleaded. "I'll be good. Honest."

"Very well," said Mr. Spears. "I'll make a bargain with you. If you'll be good from now on, I won't tell your mother. But the minute you're bad, I'll tell her all."

Bobby promised, and from that day on he was obedient and cooperative.

In April, Bobby's parents visited the school. His mother said, "Mr. Spears, we've been

amazed at the influence you've had on our son. We just can't believe you haven't had to whip him once the whole year."

"Whip Bobby?" said Mr. Spears. "Why, Bobby's the best boy in the room."

Bobby was standing behind his parents. At that moment he looked up at his teacher and closed one eye in a great big wink, then grinned all over his face.

JUMP OFF A CLIFF!

A BOY said to me one day, "I want to smoke."

And, of course, I said, "Don't do it."

He said, "Why not? The Bible doesn't say we shouldn't smoke. Now, does it?"

I had to admit that he was right. The Bible doesn't say anywhere that a person shouldn't smoke.

But does that mean it is all right to smoke?

A girl said, "I want to go to see this certain film that's being shown in a theater."

I said, "You shouldn't go there."

"Why not?" she said. "The Bible doesn't say it's wrong to go to theaters."

She was right. The Bible doesn't say anywhere that it is wrong to go to a moving picture theater.

But who said it was all right to do something just because the Bible doesn't say specifically it's wrong?

Next time you feel like it, jump off a cliff. It must be all right. The Bible doesn't say it's wrong.

Next time your ball rolls into the street chase after it without looking both ways. Run out in front of a car. Get hit. It's perfectly all right. The Bible doesn't say it's wrong. It doesn't say a word about not running in front of cars.

I know a little boy who was always having bad colds. His mother tried to find out why. After a long while the boy said that whenever he had a bath he liked to try to breathe under water. He was trying to be a fish or a submarine, I don't remember which. (He was a very little boy.) He didn't know it was a foolish thing to do. He didn't know he could drown. His mother had never told him he shouldn't do it. And the Bible doesn't say breathing under water is wrong.

The truth is that the Bible doesn't begin to list all the things we shouldn't do.

For instance, the Bible names several kinds of foods that shouldn't be eaten. But it doesn't say a word about not eating poison oak or poison ivy. I know a teenager who ate some poison oak. He chewed the leaves and swallowed them. He was deathly sick for many days. But the Bible doesn't say it's wrong to eat poison oak.

The Bible is like a box of cake mix. The box has a picture on the outside showing the delicious cake that can be made with the mix. On the back are directions. If you follow the direc-

tions, you'll finish up with a cake as delicious and delightful as the one in the picture.

The box doesn't say a word about what the cook shouldn't do. It doesn't say, "Don't add onions."

The Bible describes the life of a perfect Man—Christ Jesus. It says, If you will follow the directions in this Book you will become as good and as strong and as successful as He. And you will too—if you do what the Bible says.

Next time somebody tries to persuade you to do something bad, if he tells you it is all right because the Bible doesn't say it's wrong, tell him to go jump in a lake. The Bible doesn't say that's wrong, either!

But for yourself say, "I will keep the Pathfinder Law," and remember you can do it—by the grace of God.

I WILL BE A SERVANT OF GOD

SHE STOPPED SAVAGES

MARY SLESSOR grew up in a very poor family in Scotland. Her parents quarreled a lot, and her father was nearly always drunk. She committed her life completely to Jesus and went out alone to Africa to be one of God's servants there.

One afternoon when she was ill in bed someone came running to tell her that two tribes were on the warpath deep in the African jungle. There would be bloodshed by morning if she delayed but a moment.

Sick though she was, she arose from her bed. "Do not go," warned a friendly chief. "You will be caught in the jaws of death."

But Mary Slessor, though frail and sick, was not to be stopped. Into the jungle she plunged.

Shadows of evening gathered about her, night darkened the narrow path, but on she

ran. "Dear God," she prayed, "close the wild beasts' mouths."

At midnight she reached a village and asked for someone to go with her the rest of the way, but the chief was rude and would not help. "A woman cannot stop wars between tribes," he sneered. Mary Slessor replied, "You see only the woman. Do not forget the woman's God." And on she went, through the jungle and the darkness, among the hungry beasts.

Presently she heard angry shouting and dancing ahead and came to a party of warriors already on their way to battle. "Stop!" she said. "We must sit down and talk about these troubles. There must be no killing."

Some of the men laughed. Others were more cunning. "You are tired," they said. "Sleep here. We will waken you at the cock-crowing, and then we will talk."

She slept—and when she awakened, the men had gone to fight. But Mary Slessor was not to be thwarted. She ran down the path after the men, across streams and up steep hillsides, and presently she overtook them. They were dancing themselves into a frenzy, leaping about and waving spears and clubs. "You are behaving like beardless boys," she told them. "Stop right here and don't disobey me!"

They stopped! She left them and ran on till she found the warriors from the other village lined up

across the path. "My greetings to you," she said, smiling sweetly at the fierce-looking group.

The heathen eyed her angrily, waving their spears. She laughed pleasantly and joked a bit with them. Then one of the men stepped forward and knelt before her. "Do you remember me?" he asked. "You came to my hut once and healed me. Now we confess that this is a foolish quarrel, and we want you to stop it."

Those great, powerful men wanted that little sick woman to help them stop their fight. Imagine it! And she did stop it. She brought the two armies together and stood beside them while they talked through all their troubles. Finally they agreed which side was wrong and she made sure they charged the guilty village a fine, instead of killing anyone.

That was only one of many fights Mary Slessor stopped in that heathen jungle. After a while she became known as the queen of that country, the White Queen of Okoyong. It's amazing, isn't it, what one little person can do when she's a servant of God?

But you don't have to go to some faraway country to serve God. You can serve Him right here. And you don't have to face up to spears and arrows and clubs and guns. Often you can serve God best just by being a good example. I'm thinking of the night I watched the Battle of the Back Benches.

BATTLE OF THE BACK BENCHES

THE Battle of the Back Benches took place at camp meeting, in the big tent, right during a service, and I saw every minute of it.

The minister had been preaching a wonderful sermon that even the children were listening to carefully. He was coming to the end of his talk that Friday evening when the battle began.

Three girls and a boy were involved. I don't know the boy's name. He was about two years old. The girls were Annie, Beverley, and Connie.

To start with, all four were outside the tent, just a few feet behind the last bench, listening closely. The preacher was talking about the rich young ruler and how he had been almost perfect. "One thing thou lackest," Jesus had said to him.

Then the preacher asked whether there was someone in the audience who felt a lack in his life. "Instead of turning away sorrowfully from Jesus," he said, "won't you take up your cross and follow Him? Tell Him your decision by coming down to the front right now."

That's when the battle began. I saw Beverley whisper to Annie, "Let's go forward." But Annie, with just the slightest shake of her head, stood still.

The preacher kept on pleading, and several young people near the front went forward. He suggested that the congregation sing "Just as I Am," and while they were singing the first stanza, Annie and Beverley and Connie and the

little boy moved up till they were in the aisle beside the back bench. Connie sat down and took the little boy on her lap.

Once again Beverley whispered to Annie, but Annie didn't even flicker an eyelid.

I could see that Beverley was trying to be one of God's servants. She wanted very much to go forward. She longed to let Jesus know she loved Him so much that she would serve Him all her life. She wanted to gain the victory over every sin. There would be nothing lacking in *her* life.

But to walk up that aisle by herself—

"Let us pray," the preacher said, and all through the tent heads bowed.

I glanced at Beverley. The battle was still raging inside her.

Then the prayer was over. Beverley whispered to Connie this time, but Connie shook her head and glanced at the little boy. (Why do parents make their daughters look after little brothers in meetings like this?) "I can't go down with him," she said.

Dear Beverley. She wanted to go to Jesus with her friends. It would have been easier that way, and much more pleasant. But if they didn't want to go, she would go by herself. With a deep breath and a sigh, she walked up to the front, alone.

Beverley had won the victory in the Battle of the Back Benches. She was the first of the

three girls to do so. But don't give up on the others yet! The battle was still being fought in their hearts. And Beverley had set an example for them to follow.

Some people decide quickly that they will follow Jesus; others take longer. Perhaps for them the battle is harder. Let us be glad for the quick victories, but let us never stop praying for the slow ones.

The night was growing late. "One final appeal," the preacher said. "We'll stand while we sing the last stanza, and if any of you feels that lack, come forward then."

No sooner was the congregation on their feet than Annie and Connie nodded to each other, smiled—and walked together to the front, taking little brother with them.

I was so happy that I felt I had to tell you about it. I'm sure the angels went back to heaven and told Jesus about it, and that He was happy too. For there is always joy in heaven when juniors win the victory in the battle against sin, whether it is fought in the back benches of a tent or anywhere else.

Suppose Beverley had not gone forward! It wasn't easy for her to serve God that night alone. It never is. But when you decide to be a servant of God, by the grace of God you will be a good one.

I WILL BE A FRIEND TO MAN

WHILE MOTHER WAS OUT

OH, DEAR," Mother sighed, glancing back at the kitchen as she went out the door. "I suppose I really shouldn't go to the program tonight and leave so many dishes unwashed—I wish we had a dishwasher."

"Hurry, Mother!" called Father, already sitting in the car.

I'll have to do them when I get back, Mother thought, closing the door and running to the car.

But unknown to Mother, Connie, lying in bed, had heard Mother's sigh. And as the car drove off, she thought, *Poor Mother. She has to work so hard. She will have to do those dishes before she can go to bed.*

She lay for a few minutes thinking about all the work Mother had to do, when suddenly a lovely idea came to her. She could

wash the dishes while Mother was out.

Quick as a wink she slipped out of bed and went to the kitchen. She ran hot water into the sink and set to work.

First she did the glasses, the knives and forks, and the dishes. Then she tackled the pots and pans.

And she didn't stop there. She took out the garbage. Then she made the top of the stove look like new. She put everything away that was out of place, and scrubbed the sink till there wasn't a black mark anywhere. Then she folded the dish towels and hung them neatly on the rack.

She stepped back and surveyed the kitchen. It was spotlessly clean. And then she happened to glance at the clock. It was almost time for Mother and Dad to be back! Quickly she ran to bed.

None too soon! For scarcely had she covered up before she heard the car stop in front of the garage. She heard Mother and Dad walking to the back door. "Thank you for a nice evening," Mother was saying to Father. "And now I suppose I'll have to do those dishes."

Connie almost laughed out loud, but managed to smother the sound in the pillow. She wanted Mother to think she was asleep.

The back door opened. Father turned on the kitchen light.

"Well, I never!" Mother gasped. "Will you just take a look at this kitchen, Father? Connie

must have cleaned it."

They went straight to Connie's bedroom. "Connie," Mother whispered. No answer. "Connie, are you awake?" Still no answer.

Then Daddy thought he detected a slight movement under the covers. And Mother was sure she heard a giggle. They sat down on the edge of the bed, and Mother took Connie's head in her hands. "Did you do all those dishes while we were out?" Mother asked.

Connie just smiled, but her eyes were sparkling.

"Thank you very, very much," Mother said. "It was a lovely surprise."

"And I've been thinking," said Dad. "Connie deserves a day off tomorrow."

That's what "being a friend to man" means—doing nice things for people. And is there any better place to begin than by being friends to Mom and Dad?

SOME INTERESTING READING

IF YOU want some interesting reading for Friday night or Sabbath afternoon, get out a copy of *The Desire of Ages* and read two chapters, "As a Child" and "Days of Conflict." "As a Child" tells about Jesus when He was a boy. "Days of Conflict" tells what happened when Jesus was a teenager.

In spite of all the troubles Jesus went through, He was always a Friend to man. "From His earliest years He was possessed of one purpose; He lived to bless others" (*The Desire of Ages*, p. 70).

"Jesus lived in a peasant's home, and faithfully and cheerfully acted His part in bearing the burdens of the household" (*Ibid.*, p. 72).

"Jesus worked to relieve every case of suffering that He saw. He had little money to give, but He often denied Himself of food in order to relieve those who appeared more needy than He. His brothers felt that His influence went far to counteract theirs. He possessed a tact that none of them had, or desired to have. When they spoke harshly to poor, degraded beings, Jesus sought out these very ones, and spoke to them words of encouragement. To those who were in need He would give a cup of cold water, and would quietly place His own meal in their hands. As He relieved their sufferings, the truths He taught were associated with His acts of mercy, and were thus riveted in the memory" (*Ibid.*, p. 87).

There are times, I'm sorry to say, when some Pathfinders get to feeling rather proud of themselves. "We keep the Bible Sabbath," they say. "We have health reform and Christian schools and the Spirit of Prophecy." Well, all these things are good, but there are many young people without them who can set us a good example of

being friends to the needy.

WHO PICKED THE APPLES?

WHAT Mr. Strand saw as he gazed out the window should have made him happy. Instead it made him very sad.

Five acres of apples were ripe and ready to harvest—and he didn't have the strength to pick them.

For much of his life he had been a boiler fireman, and harvesting the apples every year had been child's play. But there had been an accident, and now he was laid up in the house, helplessly watching the apples ripen and rot.

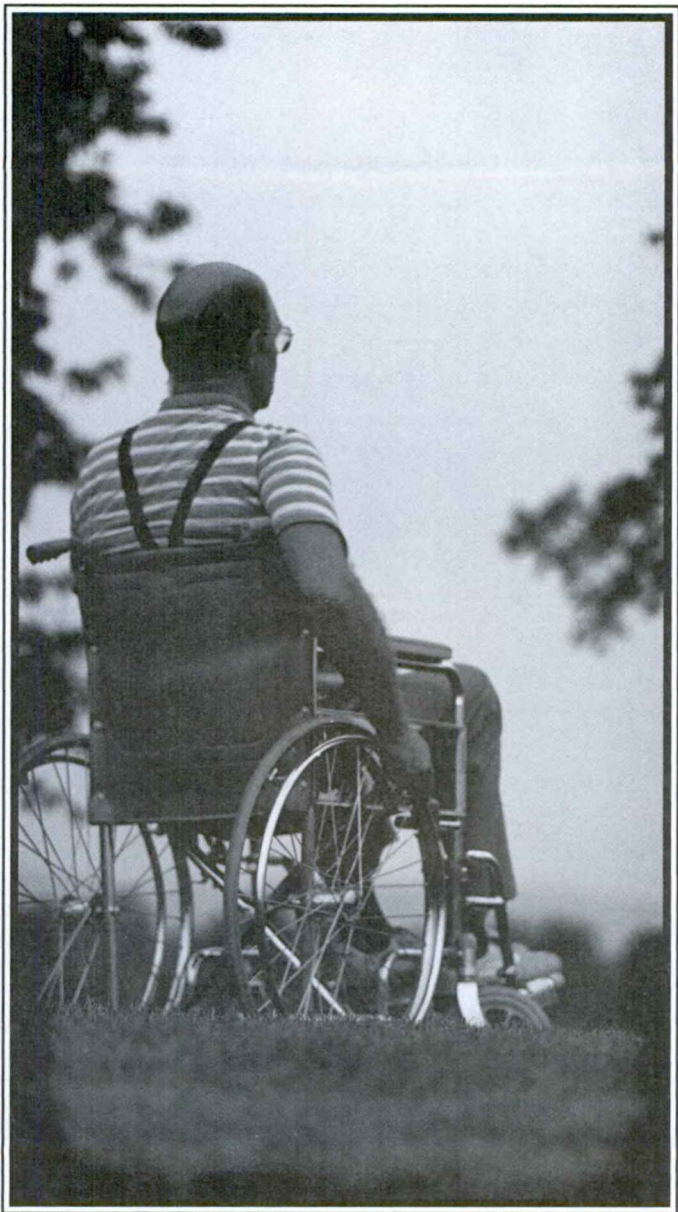
"Stop worrying about those apples," his wife called from the next room. "It's no great loss if we don't harvest them."

"Laura, Laura, won't you ever understand?" Mr. Strand answered patiently. "We have to pay taxes on that five acres, and after all the doctor bills from my accident, I don't know where we'll find the money."

"I could ask the boys down the road to pick them," suggested Mrs. Strand.

"Boys!" scoffed her husband. "What do boys these days know about picking apples? They'd bruise the fruit and then we couldn't sell it anyway."

Mrs. Strand saw that nothing she could say



would do any good, so she kept quiet. But not for long. A few minutes later she was shouting from a front window. "John! John! The high school bus has stopped outside our house, and a lot of boys are getting off. They've gone into the shed and got our fruit ladders. And now they're swarming over our trees like bees."

"The thieves!" stormed Mr. Strand. "They must have known we had those apples and forced the bus driver to bring them here so they could get all they wanted."

"Don't get so excited," said Mrs. Strand calmly. "I see Gary Uppenheim among them. He lives next door, you know. I'll ask him what it's all about."

Gary explained. "Ma'am, we boys heard that Mr. Strand couldn't pick his apples this year, so we thought we'd come over and help. And you needn't worry about the apples being picked right. We're all members of the Future Farmers of America Club."

"Oh, that's wonderful of you," said Mrs. Strand, wiping away a tear. "And you will give me a list of all the boys' names so I can thank them by letter, won't you?"

All the apples were picked that afternoon. Some time later Mrs. Strand asked Gary why he hadn't given her that list of names. "Oh," he said, "er—the boys have been too busy to give me their names."

"Now, look," said Mrs. Strand. "You can't fool me. Those boys didn't want to be thanked, isn't that right?"

Gary blushed. "We've been having grand weather lately, haven't we?" he said.

Soon all the apples were sold—the boys made sure of that—and they gave all the money to Mr. Strand. There was plenty to pay the taxes and some left over.

As for Mr. Strand, who lives in Oregon, he thinks modern boys make wonderful "friends to man."

I WILL KEEP THE MORNING WATCH

NO-GOOD BILL

JESUS was very careful what He built into His life. If you have read those two sections in *The Desire of Ages* I told you about in the last chapter, you already know what Jesus did every time He got the chance.

"Whenever it was His privilege, He turned aside from the scene of His labor, to go into the fields, to meditate in the green valleys, to hold communion with God on the mountainside or amid the trees of the forest. The early morning often found Him in some secluded place, meditating, searching the Scriptures, or in prayer. From these quiet hours He would return to His home to take up His duties again, and to give an example of patient toil" (*The Desire of Ages*, p. 90).

Jesus kept the Morning Watch. That's why Pathfinders keep it too, praying for a few

minutes and reading something from the Bible every morning. But what do you say when you pray? Are you like No-good Bill?

Mom was on the telephone when John got home from school, and he had to wait till she was through to tell her about the home run he had hit. "Mom," he began the moment she put the receiver down. "I hit a—"

Mom wasn't listening. "Son, there's something else I want to talk to you about just now."

John gave up. When Mom got in one of those moods, you had to listen. "OK, Mom," he said. "Tell me what I've done wrong now."

Mom sat down. "That was Mrs. Thurgood, John. She telephoned to tell me her son Bill came home in tears about an hour ago. She said none of the boys would let him play baseball with them and that you in particular teased him and told him you didn't want him around. Is that true?"

John tossed his head. "Oh, that Bill Thurgood! 'No-good' would have been a better name for him. I tell you, Mom, I never saw such an odd kid in my life. You wouldn't want him playing baseball with you, either."

"So what Mrs. Thurgood said was true. I'm ashamed of you, John. You know—"

"Come on, Mom, please let me explain."

"It had better be good," Mom said.

John went on. "We fellows never saw a guy

like that Bill. Honest, Mom. What would you do with him? He sits by himself all day and never says a word"

Mom interrupted. "Perhaps you aren't being friendly."

"But we are, Mom. We used to ask him to do things with us. But we've given up. He has about five pat phrases, and twice a day he goes through them, like a rhyme."

Mom looked surprised. "What exactly do you mean?"

"Well, every morning when Bill arrives at school he says, 'Nice day, isn't it? I slept well last night. Did you? Good to see you today. I hope your classes are easy.' Just like that."

Mother's mouth fell open!

"And he won't say another word to any of us all day till right after school lets out. Then—and it's the same thing every day—he'll say, 'Nice day, wasn't it? I enjoyed it. I hope you did too. Have a good time tonight. See you tomorrow.'"

Mother's mouth was still wide open. She finally said, "You mean, that's all?"

"Absolutely and completely all," John said. "Do you see why we don't want a fellow like that playing baseball with us?"

Mother was quiet for a few moments and then spoke slowly. "Actually, John, you do exactly the same thing you are criticizing Bill for."

It was John's turn to look amazed. "I do not! I

talk about all sorts of things, and if you'd only listen, I'd tell you about my home—"

Mom held up a hand. "It's late. I've got to get supper ready. Father will be home in half an hour. Maybe we'll have a few minutes at worship to discuss this. Now, if you'll get me three potatoes, perhaps we can talk about that home run later. I want to hear about it."

John went to get the potatoes. But what did Mother mean? Did she really think he was as dumb as Bill Thurgood?

Mom peeled the potatoes, and soon the kitchen was filled with a wonderful odor as food bubbled on the stove and baked in the oven. Dad came home and the family sat down to a pleasant meal.

And after supper every night came family worship. Mom read part of the Sabbath school lesson out of the *Guide*. John looked up the texts and read them aloud. They knelt for prayer. Dad prayed, and then it was John's turn.

He said, "Dear Jesus, thank You for a good day at school. Forgive my sins. Bless Mother and Dad. Give us all a good night's sleep. And help us to do better tomorrow. Amen."

Mother prayed, and then Dad had to hurry off to a committee meeting. As the door closed, Mother said, "Do you know now what I was talking about?"

John frowned. "What's gotten into you

today, Mom? I mean—I don't want to be rude, but I don't get it."

Mom looked serious. "This afternoon you told me you thought Bill was crazy because he talked only twice a day, and he always said the same things over and over."

"Well, he does act sort of crazy, Mom. And I'm not like him at all."

Mom went right on. "John, did you listen to yourself when you were praying tonight? As I counted them, John, there were five sentences, and they were exactly the same sentences you said last night and the night before. You talk to God only twice a day, in the morning and in the evening, and you have certain sentences that you use over and over again."

"But, Mom—" John was quite taken aback. "What are you supposed to do when you pray?"

"God is your very best Friend, John." Mom spoke softly. "Talk to Him the same way you would talk to your best friend on earth. Tell Him about all the things that happened during the day."

"But, Mom—not in prayer!"

"Why not? You think I am interested in what happens at school. Why do you think God isn't? Talk to Him about your friends, about your schoolwork—the problems you can't solve, the questions you can't answer, the dates you can't remember. And talk to Him about the things you enjoy, the picnics and games."

"You mean like maybe my home run?" A light was beginning to shine in John's eyes. "But Mom, if I prayed like that, well, prayer would be lots more interesting than it is now."

"Of course it would be," Mom said.

"Well, I like the idea." John was almost enthusiastic. "Really, it is kind of stupid always to say the same things over and over. Hey, Mom, thanks. I'm really going to think about this. And now, Mom, please, can I tell you about my home run?"

Mom settled back happily into her favorite chair. "Sure, John, I've got time now."

"Prayer is the opening of the heart to God as to a friend" (*Steps to Christ*, p. 93).

So talk to Him as if He were your best Friend. Especially in the morning, before you go to school, talk over with Him your plans for the day. And ask Him what *His* plans are for you. And if there is something you'd like ever so much, tell Him about that too. He has promised to hear and answer your prayers.

But do remember that while Jesus is your Friend, He is still God. He is not a dog chaser.

IS GOD A DOG CHASER?

DONALD lost his dog, and he prayed that God would help him find it. The very next morning the dog came home. Donald said, "Now I am sure

that God loves me."

Allen lost his pet parakeet. He prayed too, but the bird never came back. He said, "I guess God doesn't care for me. I am going to forget all about Him."

Jim lost his best ball. He asked God to help him find it, but he never saw that ball again. It is still lost in spite of Jim's prayer. Somebody asked him whether he still believed God loved him. Jim said, "Sure I do. I am not about to give up my faith in God just because I can't find a ball."

There are two things you should know about prayer that even many adults do not understand.

The first is, you should not expect God to give you everything you ask for. Your parents don't give you everything you ask them for, but you still know they love you, because you know all the other good things they do for you. In the same way you can remember that God loves you even though He doesn't always answer your prayers exactly the way you ask Him to. You know He loves you because He has always done so much for you.

Look at it this way. There are many people who can help you find things you lose. If all God ever did for you was to help you find things you lost, God would be nothing more than a dog catcher or a bird chaser or a ball finder. Likewise, when you are sick, there are many people who can help.

God does not want us to love Him only because He helps us find something or even because He makes us well. He does not want us to love Him just because He helps us the same way other people help us. He wants us to love Him because He has done something for us that no one on earth can possibly do—He died to save us for all eternity.

What do you think? Will a person who is keeping the Morning Watch say, "I know God loves me because He helped me find my lost dog"? Or is he more apt to say "Whether my dog comes home or not, I know God loves me because Christ died for me"?

I WILL DO MY HONEST PART

A BOTTLE OF HARD WORK

THE meatcutter shook his head. "Jim, mark my words. You will fail unless you do what I tell you."

Jim smiled. "Thank you, my friend, but I cannot do it."

The meatcutter looked around. He and Jim were standing in a small butcher shop.

"You put practically all your money into this shop, didn't you?" he asked.

"I put all of my money into it," Jim said.

"Did you ever run a store before?"

"No," said Jim.

The man smiled. "Then you have a lot to learn."

Jim nodded. "That's probably right."

The meatcutter looked wise. "That's why I thought I'd tell you the one most important thing you need to know to run this store suc-

cessfully."

"Thanks," Jim said. "But it is contrary to my principles to give away free bottles of whisky in order to stay in business, and I'm not going to do it."

"Have it your way," the meatcutter said. "But the man who owned this store before you always gave a bottle of whisky each week to the chief cook at the hotel. In return for the gift, the cook bought all the hotel's meat here. If you stop giving him his weekly bottle, he'll stop giving you the hotel's order, and you'll go out of business."

Jim was the son of a Methodist minister. He was sure that a bottle of hard whisky was not nearly so important to success as a bottle of hard work. He would work for his success. He would do his honest part. Nothing he did would be tainted by cheating or bribery. He refused to give the hotel cook a bottle of whisky. And he went out of business, just as the meatcutter had warned.

Jim was penniless—flat broke. Apparently the meatcutter was right. Or was he?

Jim stuck to his principles. He got a temporary job at next-to-nothing wages. He worked so hard that soon he became a partner to the men who hired him. Not long after that he owned a store of his own, selling dry goods—shirts and shoes and sheets and cloth.

In 1924 Jim opened a dry-goods store in Hamilton, Missouri, the town where he had

grown up. It was his 500th store!

You've probably bought clothing or shoes or sheets in one of Jim's stores. He had about 1,700 of them before he died a few years ago. He was more than 90 years old, and was worth millions upon millions of dollars. You know his name well; you've seen it on his stores many times—J. C. Penney. He always believed the best way to succeed was to do his honest part, and give people good quality at a fair price. Try his method. It certainly worked for him. See if it won't work for you too.

Jesus always did His honest part. Even when He was a boy, "He was not willing to be defective, even in the handling of tools. He was perfect as a workman, as He was perfect in character. By His own example He taught that it is our duty to be industrious, that our work should be performed with exactness and thoroughness" (*The Desire of Ages*, p. 72).

PHYLLIS WAS A FAKER

PHYLLIS was a faker. Every time she had to do something she didn't want to do, she would fake that she was sick, even though she was a college student and should have grown up already.

For example, if there was a test coming up and Phyllis wasn't ready for it, she would roll her eyes and rub her forehead and whine, "Oh, I'm

so sick. I can't possibly take that test today."

After so long a time Miss George, the school nurse, became suspicious. She noticed that Phyllis never seemed to get sick when she was doing what she liked to do. But she would have to be careful about accusing her of faking, for she knew the girl could make a terrible fuss. So Miss George set her mouth firmly and bided her time.

And in due time Phyllis gave herself away. It happened the weekend the college band went on tour. Phyllis was a member of the band, and was expected to go. But there was a program that Saturday night at the college that she wanted very much to see—and I think there was a boy friend, too, who had asked her to sit with him.

So just before the band was to leave on Friday, Miss George got a message: "Phyllis says she has a sore throat and wants you to get her excused from the band trip."

"Humph," snorted Miss George.

Patiently she examined Phyllis' throat. "Nothing wrong with you," she said.

"Oh, but I'm sick," wailed Phyllis.

"I'll talk to the band director," said Miss George. The band director said, "Phyllis has a solo part. She must come."

Whining and weeping, Phyllis got on the bus. She sat by herself in the back, carefully nursing her sorrow and laying her plans. She didn't make much fuss till the bus came near

the town where the first program was to be given. Then she let out with a mournful wail.

"Oh, I'm so sick. My throat's sore, and nobody will help me. I want to go home."

One of the members of the church where the band was to play heard about Phyllis, and not knowing what a faker she was, he drove her in his car all the way back to the college that night—150 miles.

Phyllis was quite pleased with herself. Her plan was working well. She was back at the college. There was only one more problem. Miss George had given orders that anyone who missed church Sabbath morning had to stay home Saturday night. Phyllis dressed to go to church.

But Miss George saw her going through the hall. "So," she said, "my little girl who was so sick she had to be brought home from the band tour is able to get up this morning. Oh, no. Girls who are that sick stay in bed. Back you go."

All that day Phyllis stayed in bed, and all day Sunday. She got a dose of castor oil and a lot of other bad-tasting medicines. "If she was sick," Miss George told me, "I was determined to cure her."

Do you feel like saying, "Served her right"? I do.

But you've got to be careful how you treat fakers and cheats. Phyllis got what she needed and she never faked again. But some people haven't had all the wonderful opportunities

Adventist young people have. Some are even taught that it is right to cheat. They grow up believing the world is against them, and the only way to get ahead is to be tricky and dishonest. Some of these unfortunate young people end up in reform school or in jail. If you ever meet one of them, you'll have to ask Jesus to give you wisdom and tact to know how to help them. Remember it is only by the grace of God that you can do your honest part; the grace of God can help the worst young people to change and do their honest part too. God may want to use you in helping to bring about this wonderful change in them.

WAS PHILIP FAITHFUL?

ONE dark stormy night I stared uncertainly out the window of a rustic cabin. One question hammered at my mind: "Did Philip do what I asked him to do?"

If he had, I could get into bed. If he hadn't, I might be in the process of losing more than two hundred dollars.

I moved to the cabin doorway and gazed out. We were camping—a hundred Pathfinders, their counselors, and I. Rain was falling steadily, driven by a powerful wind that carried the storm through open windows and splashed raindrops on unprotected beds.

Must I stumble out through all that mud and water, at one o'clock in the morning? Did Philip do what I asked him? If only I knew.

My mind went back to the afternoon.

Almost everyone had gone on a hike. Afterwards I had driven as many of the hikers as possible back to camp in my car. Some of the girls left their sweaters on the front seat. Just before vespers they asked me for them. Philip was walking nearby, and I turned to him and said, "Philip, please go to my car and get all the sweaters you find there, then lock up the car."

Philip returned in a few minutes with the sweaters, and I thought nothing more about the matter.

Then, not long before midnight, it began to rain. Of course, I was anxious to see that all the campers were dry and under cover.

Suddenly the thought flashed into my mind, *What's happening to my car?*

The last time I had seen the car, the windows were wide open. The hikers had left them that way.

With the windows open, the wind would be driving all this rain inside. The seats would be stained. The floor mats would be soaked. I'd have to get new seat covers, and perhaps new floor mats too. It would cost a hundred dollars at least.

And the windows were open—unless Philip had closed them as I had asked.

Was Philip faithful?

If he was, I could crawl into bed and go to sleep. If he wasn't, the way this storm was blowing, there might be more than seat covers and floor mats to replace by morning.

With a groan I sat on the edge of the bed and rolled up the legs of my pajamas. I pulled shoes—cold and damp and sticky—onto my bare feet. Then I stood in the doorway and looked out. Must I go through that mud and rain?

Better get it over with!

I threw a raincoat around my shoulders and sallied forth. The dim beam of my fading flashlight reflected off fast-growing puddles. It led me around patches of mud along the trail, under dripping trees, and over the slippery wooden bridge.

At last, there was the car. Were the windows up? They were! Philip had done exactly what I had asked him to do. There was nothing to worry about!

Stretched out in bed a few minutes later, with sleep folding cozily around my weary body, my last thoughts were, *Thank you, Phil, for doing your honest part. Next time I'll know I can trust you fully.*

It's a warm, satisfying way for a man to feel about a boy, especially in a storm. And you can always feel that way about any boy—or girl—who by God's grace does his honest part.

I WILL CARE FOR MY BODY

HEALTH REFORM

SEVENTH-DAY Adventists have a lot to say about health reform. What many young Adventists don't realize is that Ellen White wrote so much about how to be healthy because so many of the early pioneers of the church were very sick people. Ellen herself was hit on the nose by a stone when she was 9 years old, as I am sure you already know. For years after that she was so sick she couldn't go to school. Other pioneers started out in good health, but worked so hard they broke down.

Young James White was so vigorous that when he needed money to begin printing our first paper, *Present Truth*, he mowed a 40-acre field with a scythe all by himself. If you think that was easy, try mowing a vacant city lot—and remember there may be 200 city lots in 40 acres! A little later, when the Whites needed money again,

James got a job mowing another field. This time there were several other mowers. These men plotted among themselves to embarrass the young preacher. They would mow so fast that he would look like a weakling. Well, they got started—and James White mowed so fast and so steadily, without ever taking a break, that finally the men were exhausted and pleaded with him to stop awhile so they could rest.

That shows how healthy James White was to start with. But he didn't know how to take care of his health, and within a few years he suffered a stroke and had to go to a hospital and take treatments for more than a year. He couldn't preach, and neither could Mrs. White because she had to look after him.

Just about the only pioneer who maintained good health was Joseph Bates—and he had made up his mind to take care of his body while he was still a young sailor. He decided that though almost all the other sailors drank alcoholic drinks, he wouldn't touch a drop. He took care of his body in other ways too. He refused all hot spices and narcotics. No drugs for him! After he left the sea he walked a lot—many, many miles sometimes from one preaching appointment to another, even through snow.

God needed to have a job done. The world must be warned that Jesus is coming soon. But almost all the people who were willing to pro-

claim that important message were sick and didn't know how to get well. They were quite sure alcohol and tobacco and tea and coffee were bad for the body, and the Whites were fairly well convinced that greasy fried food was bad too. There were many "health reformers" who were not Adventists who were printing all kinds of theories about how to keep well, including Mr. Sylvester Graham, who invented Graham flour (for making Graham crackers). Which theories were right, and which were wrong? The Adventist pioneers needed someone to guide them.

So in 1863 God gave Ellen White a vision about healthful living. In that vision, and in others that He gave her later, He showed us all how simple it is to keep healthy.

Get plenty of exercise, fresh air, and sleep. Eat simple food—fruits, grains, and nuts. Drink pure water and wash in water too. And trust in God.

That's it. It's so simple, you don't have to be a Pathfinder to understand it. It's even simple enough for pre-Pathfinders to understand. From all the fuss you hear some people make about "health reform" you'd think it was terribly difficult or complicated. It isn't!

It means, of course, that we won't smoke or drink beer, wine, tea, or coffee. Or any of the cola drinks, either. They are loaded with caffeine, just as coffee is. We won't eat meat, includ-

ing hamburgers. Who wants to make his body a dead cow's grave? And, of course, no one with any sense at all uses drugs like marijuana, heroin, or LSD. We'll go to bed early enough at night to wake up refreshed in the morning. And we won't nibble candy between meals, so we'll be ready to eat a full meal of good, body-building food when the right time comes.

When you're 13 or 14 and growing fast, you eat so much at mealtime that Mother says you're eating her out of house and home for sure. When you're growing fast you need good, nourishing food three times a day. Later on, when you're grown up, you may choose to have only two meals a day. Ellen White found it worked well for her, when she was a great deal older than you are now.

The pioneers of our church, I'm sorry to say, argued with Ellen White about the health reform message. But James White did his best to follow it and got most of his health back and lived till he was 60, working hard every day. As for Ellen, so desperately sick as a girl, her health improved so much that she lived to be 87.

Caring for your body really pays off. And the earlier you begin, the better. Aren't you glad you know these things so that you can begin right now?

DECISION AT THE OUTSET

THE room was full of boys. It was almost dinner-time. A man entered, clapped his hands, and all was silent.

"I have an important announcement to make," the man said. "The king has decided that from now on your diet shall be the same as his—the best and finest food in the land. He hopes you will eat well, so you can serve him and extend the glory and power of the kingdom."

Other doors opened, and waiters entered carrying trays loaded with exotic food—bacon and ham and roasted peacock, perhaps, and large bottles of wine.

Sounds of joy rise from many mouths. What food! What perfectly delightful food! No need for the king to urge them to eat this!

But four boys are not so happy. They are teenagers. They grew up in homes where God was worshiped, and all their lives they had been taught not to eat such things.

Already, plates loaded with delicacies are being placed in front of them. Why not eat this food? The folks back home will never know. Home is 600 miles away by the shortest route. The four boys look around. All the others are eating. If just four boys refuse to eat, they will be laughed at for sure. Or perhaps something worse will happen.

The king has promised to give them an education. They are to be trained to be rulers and governors in the empire. If they will only hold on now, get their education, then be appointed to important jobs somewhere, they will be able to exert a tremendous influence for good later on.

But if they are fussy now, at the very beginning, they'll probably be told to get out. They will be accused of not respecting the king, of not appreciating what the king wants to do for them. There will be no education, no government positions, no opportunities to tell people about the love of God. They may even lose their lives.

Best for the time being to lie low, go along with the crowd, get established as regular fellows. Time enough later to make changes, to let people know they worship God.

But look! These four boys! They are getting up from the table! They are going over to talk to the man in charge! They are telling him they cannot eat the king's food because their religion won't allow them to!

Wait, you fellows! Don't be so rash!

The four boys aren't listening to us! They are talking to one of the other officers, asking to be served simple food, to be given a ten-day trial.

Of course, you know the story. But have you noticed that it was *right at the beginning* that those four boys set the course for all the years

they lived in Babylon? Right at the beginning. And because they stood for God at the beginning, they were an influence for good all around the empire the rest of their lives, and they have been an influence for good around the world for all of the 2,500 years since they died.

You're at the beginning of your life. Decide as did Daniel and his friends to care for your body. With a healthy body, by God's grace you may do a greater work for God than even those four brave boys did!

I WILL KEEP A LEVEL EYE

EVEN WHEN IT'S HARD

NOW that's an unusual expression, don't you think? "Keep a level eye"? What does it mean? Jack puzzled over it in his secret hideout in the woods. And many Pathfinders have puzzled over it as well.

Do you know what I think it means? When you promise to keep a level eye you promise to do what you know is right *even when it's hard*.

I used to think it meant only that you wouldn't cheat or lie or do impure sexual things. But then I found young people, I'm sorry to say, who could cheat and lie and look you straight in the eye even while they were picking your pocket. So I learned that keeping a level eye doesn't mean much if you've already closed your heart against God's Spirit.

THE BOTHERSOME PROPHET

THERE'S a fascinating story in the Bible about a bothersome prophet, and what made him so bothersome was that he always kept a level eye.

When Jehoshaphat lived in Jerusalem as king of the two tribes of Judah, and Ahab lived in Samaria as king of the ten tribes of Israel, the two kings joined their armies in a war against Syria.

What was remarkable about this alliance was that Jehoshaphat was a very good man, and Ahab a very bad one.

Before they actually set out to fight, the two kings were sitting together in Samaria talking, and Jehoshaphat said to Ahab, "Let's ask God whether we ought to fight this battle."

Mind you, they had already decided they were going to fight. But some people are like that. They make up their minds first, then they pray. It doesn't give God much chance to guide them, does it?

Ahab called together about 400 prophets, but they were nearly all as wicked as he was. They knew what Ahab wanted them to say, so they told him, "Go up, for the Lord will give you the victory."

Jehoshaphat didn't like the looks of those "prophets." They certainly didn't look like the good, clean, God-fearing prophets in Jerusalem. So he said to Ahab, "Don't you have a prophet of the Lord, that we may ask him?"

I'm sure King Ahab squirmed in his chair. "Yes," he snarled, "there is another man. His name's Micaiah, but I hate him. He never prophesies anything good about me."

Jehoshaphat said he must hear what Micaiah had to say. Reluctantly, Ahab sent a messenger to get him. On the way back, the messenger told Micaiah what the other prophets had said and advised him to say the same.

When Micaiah arrived, Ahab asked him, "Shall we go up against the Syrians or not?" And Micaiah said, "Sure. Go ahead. God will give you the victory."

Now listen closely to what happened next. King Ahab said to Micaiah, "How many times do I have to tell you to tell me only what God tells you to say?"

Only one good prophet among 400 bad ones, and even wicked King Ahab knew the difference. I believe Micaiah was a man with a level eye.

Micaiah told Ahab that if they went to fight, he would be killed and his army scattered "as sheep without a shepherd." And that's exactly the way it worked out. Ahab was killed, and when workmen were washing his chariot after the battle, dogs came around and lapped up his blood. It was a gruesome ending. You can read all about it in 1 Kings 22:1-40.

Yes, Micaiah had a level eye. So did the three

friends, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

But what about Jacob, most of his younger life? And Laban? And Ananias and Sapphira? Do you think they kept a level eye?

NANCY'S EYES

HAPPILY, we don't have to go way back into ancient Bible history to find out about level eyes.

One day Nancy came to me very upset. She said she had stolen something from one of her parents' friends, and she didn't know what she ought to do about it.

I told her she didn't have to tell me who the people were or what she had stolen. But I did remind her of the text in the Bible that says, "Confess your faults one to another" (James 5:16).

"Oh, dear," she said. "I couldn't possibly do that."

"Come, now," I said, "I'm sure these people will treat you much nicer than you think. If you like, I'll go with you."

"No! Don't do that!" she exclaimed. "If I go, I must go by myself."

"Very well," I said. "I think that's better anyway. I'll be praying for you. God's grace will help you. And when you've been to those people and made your confession, come and tell me about it."

Her face turned white. "No, no. Please don't

even mention this to me again."

"OK, I won't," I said. "But when you've made everything right, I'll know anyway."

"How?" she demanded.

"Aha!" I said. "That's my secret. But I'll know. Be sure of that."

I went to the junior academy often in the next few weeks. I saw Nancy several times. Each time she tried to avoid me. If we were in the corridor, she'd walk past on the other side, staring at the lockers or out the windows. I said to myself, "She hasn't been to see those people yet."

Then one day when I went to the school, there was Nancy halfway down the hall. She saw me at once and came straight toward me, smiling all over and looking me full in the face.

"You've gone and made everything right with those people, haven't you, Nancy?" I said.

"Sure have," she said. "But how did you know?"

How did I know? Do I have to tell you?

It may be hard to keep a level eye all the time, but it certainly is the best way to live. And by God's grace you can, always.

I WILL BE COURTEOUS AND OBEDIENT

AN EXAMPLE WORTH NOTICING

SEARCH through the whole story of the life of Jesus, and you will find that He was never rude to anyone. He never embarrassed anybody, though some of the people who tried to embarrass Him ended up embarrassing themselves. The Pharisees who brought Him the woman taken in adultery and asked Him whether or not she should be stoned, really thought they were going to trap Him that time. They were so sure Jesus was going to be embarrassed, they laughed all the way to the Temple. I'm sure they did. But a funny thing happened when they got there. The way they had it planned, if Jesus said the woman should be stoned, they were going to accuse Him of breaking the Roman law, because the Romans said the Jews were not allowed to put anyone to death. But if

Jesus said she shouldn't be stoned, they were going to accuse Him of breaking the laws of Moses, because Moses said that anyone who committed adultery must surely be stoned to death. (See Leviticus 20:10.)

To the Pharisees' very great surprise, Jesus merely said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her" (John 8:7). Then He bent down and began writing with His finger in the dust of the Temple floor. When the Pharisees looked closer they saw that Jesus was quietly listing their secret sins. One by one those proud men turned and slunk away like whipped dogs. How embarrassed they were! Yet they all had to admit that Jesus had treated them with utmost courtesy—and far more kindly than they deserved.

That was the way Jesus was. Always courteous. Even to Judas, though He knew all along that Judas would betray Him.

And He began this habit of being courteous while He was young. "As a child, Jesus manifested a peculiar loveliness of disposition. His willing hands were ever ready to serve others. He manifested a patience that nothing could disturb" (*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 68, 69).

He "faithfully and cheerfully acted His part in bearing the burdens of the household" (*ibid.*, p. 72).

"His life flowed out in currents of sympathy

and tenderness. The aged, the sorrowing, and the sin-burdened, the children at play in their innocent joy, the little creatures of the groves [the forest], the patient beasts of burden all were happier for His presence" (*Ibid.*, p. 74).

The Bible says that after the trip to Jerusalem for the Passover, He went back to Nazareth with His parents and "was obedient to them" (Luke 2:51, RSV). He was a teenager by then! And as a teenager, "Jesus did not contend for His rights. Often His work was made unnecessarily severe because He was willing and uncomplaining. Yet He did not fail nor become discouraged" (*The Desire of Ages*, p. 89). How we all love Him today for being so courteous and obedient all the time.

There was a cold winter day when Janet wished she had always been courteous and obedient to her parents.

JANET'S JEANS

JANET went to school in the firehouse.

She didn't blow the siren or ring the bells or shoot the water out of the fire hoses.

There were too many children to squeeze into the regular school building, so Janet's class had been moved to a room above the firehouse. School at the firehouse was strictly *school!*

However, though they had all their classes at the firehouse, the children went back to the

main school building every day for lunch in the cafeteria. A station wagon carried them back and forth.

As winter came on, Janet's mother said, "Whenever you go over to dinner, I want you to pull your jeans on."

Now, everybody who is old enough to be a Pathfinder knows it always pays to obey Mother. But sometimes even Pathfinders forget.

Instead of saying, "Thank you, Mother, for telling me what is best for me," Janet turned up her nose and said such things as would shock you if I told you what they were.

When dinnertime came, she left her jeans in the locker and went off to dinner without them.

Nothing happened, just as she thought. And Mother didn't find out. Not yet.

Then came one sad day in February. Janet told me all about it.

"After we had eaten lunch," she said, "I raced with some of the other girls to see which of us could get from the cafeteria to the station wagon first."

They walked as fast as they dared down a corridor to a door at the far end of the building. "Between the door and the car," Janet went on, "there was a steep slope. The other girls ran down at a certain place, but I was sure another place would be less slippery, so I ran down there, thinking I was being smart.

"I was wrong! I fell, and a man had to come and help me up. I looked at my legs. I had all sorts of cuts. *If only I had had my jeans on!* I thought. But worse was to come when I got back to class."

The man took her to the teacher, who applied Merthiolate and bandages and asked whether there were any more sores. That's when Janet found she had a terrible, deep gash four inches long that she hadn't felt because her leg was so cold.

Mother found out then, of course. And what a terrible time Janet had! There were trips to the doctor and to the hospital and an operation and four weeks in bed. And after all that, she had a scar left that will never go away.

"If only I had had my jeans on!" said Janet. "They would have protected my legs and I would not have been cut." And, of course, they would have been on, if. But I know you don't like morals, so I won't say more.

If it's bad being rude to Mother, what about being discourteous and finding you have been rude to your king? It really happened to one poor woman. It shows how important it is to be courteous even to strangers. It's all part of the true story of the king who burned the bread a long time ago.

THE KING WHO BURNED THE BREAD

ALTHOUGH it happened in a little house nearly 1,200 years ago, the woman's rudeness has been talked about ever since and is known around the world.

It happened back around the year 800. The people of England were troubled by many difficulties, and the king—whose name was Alfred—wanted to help them.

So he took off his kingly clothes and dressed like any ordinary man and began walking alone around the kingdom, spending the nights in different homes.

One day, weary with traveling and worried by so many problems, he asked a woman to let him come in and rest.

"Sure, you may come in," she said. "And you may sit down right by that fire and watch the bread that's baking. And, mind now, don't you let it burn!"

King Alfred sat near the fire, and the woman went on about her business. The king began thinking again how he could help his people, and presently the woman noticed an ominous smell.

She rushed to the fire and saw what she expected—the loaves were burning and this stranger was daydreaming beside them.

"Wake up, you lazy tramp," she screamed. "Get out of this house!" She swung her broom to sweep him away. King Alfred meekly obeyed.

Somehow I hope that woman never discovered it was her king she was so rude to. How embarrassed she would have been!

But, I suppose, when we're rude, we're asking to be embarrassed, aren't we?

And now I must tell you about Grinning Gregory and what happened to his grin.

GRINNING GREGORY

IT ALL took place at summer camp a few years ago.

Gregory arrived with a supremely self-satisfied expression on his face. As the bus drew to a stop close to the headquarters building he surveyed the area like a small boy contemplating an ice-cream cone—or, more properly, like a hawk studying a flock of sparrows or a shark watching a school of mackerel. For Gregory was planning trouble.

At campfire that night his smile grew broader. The camp director, Mr. Humbolt, took 15 minutes to explain the camp rules. "I know you all want to cooperate," Mr. Humbolt said. Gregory grinned.

I love rules, he thought. They make it so easy to annoy the leaders. And those old fuddy-duds can't really do anything to you!

As sleep crept over him in his bunk, Gregory was still grinning. He had plans!

Reveille roused the sleepers next morning, as it always does at camp. Gregory heard the voice of his counselor, Mr. Nelson, saying, "Good morning, fellows. Let's see if we Coyotes can be the honor unit today."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Nelson," Bobby said. David and Allan and the rest joined in. Gregory just grinned and said nothing.

At cabin inspection that morning, eight beds, counting the counselor's, were neat and tidy. Gregory's was still a piled-up jumble of sheets and blankets, and it was only because Bob and Dave pitched in at the last minute and made the bed for him that the cabin was ready when the inspector came.

Mr. Nelson took Gregory aside. "You will work with the rest of us to make the Coyotes' cabin the best, won't you, Gregory?"

"What if I don't want to?" Gregory snapped.

Something of the same sort happened after lunch. It was the Coyotes' turn to do kitchen duty. Gregory didn't show up. He skipped out as soon as lunch was over and didn't even wash his own dishes. Dirty dishes on the table meant points off, so Bob and Dave washed Gregory's dishes for him. Gregory did not say Thank you.

After supper the Coyotes were supposed to help make the campfire. While the others hauled heavy logs, Gregory broke off hunks of bark and threw them at the boys.

Mr. Nelson asked him repeatedly to get to work. Gregory said, "Try and make me."

That was the first day. The second started out about the same. Gregory threw paint during textile painting class; and after lunch, when the Coyotes were assigned to pick up papers, Mr. Nelson caught Gregory actually scattering papers.

"I'm so fed up with you," Mr. Nelson said.

Gregory said, "Goodie!"

"What you probably need," Mr. Nelson said, "is a good, old-fashioned spanking."

"Ha, ha," Gregory said. "You lay one hand on me, and my mother will give you so much trouble you'll wish you'd never done it. There's really nothing you can do to me, is there?" His grin was particularly superior that time.

I'm sure you're hoping that isn't the end of the story. It isn't! However, for the time being Mr. Nelson said nothing.

A few minutes later the whistle blew for rest period, and all the Coyotes tried to get some rest—all, that is, except Gregory, who bounced on his bed and blew through his fingers and shouted through an open window at every passing chipmunk.

Mr. Nelson wasn't at the cabin. He seemed to be busy somewhere else. Great for Gregory!

Suddenly the doorway darkened and Gregory glanced up to see who had come. Mr.

Nelson—and with him Mr. Humbolt, the camp director. Gregory grinned at them.

"Roll up your bedding, Gregory," the director commanded, and there was no disobeying the way he said it. "Bob and David and Allan, will you pick up Gregory's suitcases and his extra shoes? Then all of you come with me."

Gregory's grin seemed, for a moment, to be frozen on his face. Then it came to life again. He really had the leaders upset this time! Ha, ha!

He rolled up his bedding, then everyone followed Mr. Humbolt. Imagine having so many fellows working for you! It was like going on a hunting trip in Africa in the old days.

Mr. Humbolt led the way to his own tent. There he thanked the other boys and sent them back, but he told Gregory to stay.

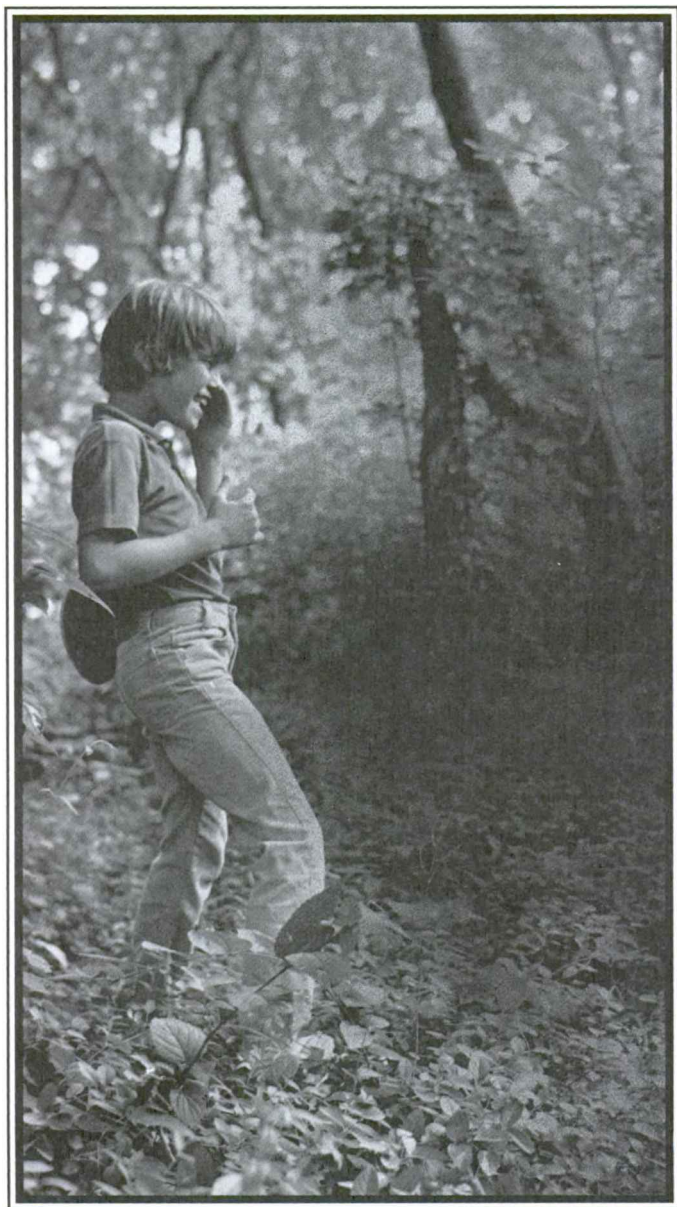
"Sit down, my boy," he said. "Mr. Nelson tells me you've been a perpetual nuisance, just about the most uncooperative camper he's ever had to put up with."

Gregory nodded. His plans had worked out better than he'd hoped.

"Mr. Nelson and I have decided we must do something rather drastic with you, for your own good. We fear you may get into serious trouble later if you keep on the way you've been going."

Ha! That line again!

"From now until the end of camp, you are going to sleep here in my tent. You are going to



eat at my table. You are going to stay within 15 feet of me at all times, and it is going to be your responsibility to see to it that you are never more than 15 feet away from me at any time. If at any moment you wander beyond that distance, I am going to send you home. Do you understand?"

"Yes." Gregory was still grinning. He was sure it wouldn't work. No one had ever yet made him do anything he didn't want to do, not even his mother.

But Gregory was in for a surprise. The camp director carried out his plan, and for five and one-half days, Gregory slept beside the director, ate beside him, washed his face beside him, and walked behind him everywhere he went.

By about the second day, the grin disappeared. By the last day, it had been replaced by one of the saddest, most uncomfortable expressions you could imagine.

The boys coined a name for him—Puppy Dog. The girls called him Mary's Little Lamb.

When you consider what a good time a fellow can have at camp, it's too bad Grinning Gregory couldn't have planned to have his fun some other way. Like being courteous and obedient, the way Pathfinders promise to be when they repeat the Pathfinder Pledge and Law.

I WILL WALK SOFTLY IN THE SANCTUARY

WALTER'S AWAKENING

WALTER was not sitting on the front row at Sabbath school because he wanted to be there. Not Walter. But he had arrived late and there weren't any other seats left.

How he hated the front row! Imagine the humiliation for an eighth-grader, almost ready to graduate, to have to sit with a bunch of fifth-graders! There was only one redeeming feature. He was close to the table where the *Guides* were stacked.

In one brief moment when the teacher wasn't looking, he grabbed a *Guide* from the top of the pile and settled back to forget his troubles in the joys of a story.

He had about reached the place where it said to turn to page 21, when the leader announced "We have a special treat for you this morning. Elder Andrew Marshall, who has been a mission-

ary many years is here to speak to you."

"Ho hum," yawned Walter.

The leader was going on. "Let's give him our undivided attention."

It was a thrilling story the speaker told. The room was so quiet you could have heard a pin drop except for the sound of the speaker's voice—and the rustling of Walter's magazine as he turned the pages.

Without any warning that Walter knew about, the paper wasn't there! Instead, he was looking into the speaker's face. "Young man" the missionary was saying, "what do you mean by reading while I am talking? Don't you know that I have come thousands of miles to speak in your Sabbath school?"

Then the speaker went on, and Walter found his story was interesting, fascinating.

"How did it begin?" he whispered to the boy beside him. But Fred didn't even hear him. He turned to Jim, on the other side. "What's it all about?"

Jim didn't answer either. And then the story was finished, and Mary and Bob and Allan were pleading, "Please Elder Marshall tell us another."

"No juniors there isn't time today," the speaker replied. "So, good-by."

Then Walter noticed that Elder Marshall was looking at him again. The missionary stepped quickly to the pile of *Guides* on the table and

picked them up. "Young man he said you wanted to read these while I was speaking. I'm through now, and you can have them all." He dumped the pile in Walter's lap and left.

Walter got up to stack them again on the table, muttering in his soul, "That's the last time I read in Sabbath school."

There are many Pathfinders who sincerely want to "walk softly in the sanctuary," and they wish someone would show them how. They know what Walter did isn't right and they don't need to be told that running around and shouting and telling silly jokes certainly isn't "walking softly." But what about during the sermon? Some preachers nearly always preach to the adults. What can you do during a dull sermon?

WHAT TO DO DURING THE SERMON

JOHN finds it terribly hard to pay attention to the sermon. Alice often wishes twelve o'clock would hurry and come. Jim just gives up and reads the *Guide*, and Margaret draws pictures to amuse her little sister Judy.

All four feel they ought to listen to the sermon but they also wish there was some way to make the eleven o'clock service more interesting to juniors. Here are some ideas that could help them, and they may help you too.

Be sure to take some paper and a pencil to

church. Then during the sermon write down the Bible texts and Spirit of Prophecy references the minister uses. Every time the minister quotes a text, write down the reference. If he reads a statement from the Spirit of Prophecy write down where he got it from. This activity is guaranteed to keep you awake during the sermon. If after a while you find it too easy, write down beside each reference the main thought of the text or statement.

For variety some Sabbath morning keep track of the number of times the minister uses certain words. One Sabbath morning I sat with a couple of girls and wrote down several important words that we thought the minister would use quite often. I placed them in a column down one side of two pieces of paper and gave each girl a sheet. Every time the minister used one of these words, the girls wrote a "1" beside it. It really kept them concentrating!

The sermon that day was titled "The Challenge of the Unfinished Task." So the list began with "challenge, unfinished, and task," the three important words in the title. Below these we put "faith, world, God, Jesus, heaven, coming," and a few others. You could do the same.

If you make up the lists before church, you and a friend could have identical copies, and after the service you could compare your results. (Whenever possible, sit with your *parents*

in church, not your friends. Compare notes with your friends after church.)

When you feel really ambitious, outline the sermon. This is the ultimate challenge and requires close attention.

In making an outline, write the main points of the sermon as the preacher comes to them. Number them 1, 2, 3, et cetera. After each point write the texts or stories the preacher uses to illustrate it.

Some preachers often say, "My next point is—" Others say, "There are four important lessons we should get from our text today." It is so much easier to outline their sermons.

It is more interesting, of course, if someone else is doing the same thing you are. And if someone can be persuaded to offer an award, so much the better!

For instance, your mother or an older brother could keep track of the key words with you. Then if your results are about the same as theirs, you would get an extra helping of dessert at Sabbath dinner. Not a bad idea, is it?

Maybe the leader of your division or the Pathfinder director could offer a prize for the best sermon outlines the juniors make. I know of a Sabbath school where this was done, and it worked well. Outline the four sermons of one month. Paste the outlines in a scrapbook with pictures, and have the pastor act as judge. The

best three scrapbooks get awards.

Little brothers and sisters can join some of these plans. A lady told me once that even before she was old enough to go to school, her mother showed her how to draw simple pictures for various words the minister used. She drew a cloud every time the preacher said "heaven," a circle (a halo) for "God," a cross for "Jesus." Later that girl became a minister's wife and an excellent Bible teacher.

These ideas will help you enjoy the church service better, and you will get much more out of the sermon. As you use them other ideas will come to your mind.

God's sanctuary, where we worship Him, does not have to be a building with four walls and a roof. Jesus will meet with us wherever two or three are gathered in His name. (See Matthew 18:20.) This reminds me of the true story of the embarrassed scoutmaster.

THE EMBARRASSED SCOUTMASTER

WHAT embarrassed the scoutmaster happened on a Boy Scout overnight hike—but I wish it had happened on a Pathfinder hike. And I know many Pathfinder counselors who would like to be embarrassed this way.

The boys had come many miles that day, up through the mountains of southern California.

And the scoutmaster, who did not get outdoors as often as he used to, had found it very tiring, though he hated to admit it. He was pleased when the time came to stop and pitch camp. And he was particularly happy to notice that all the boys seemed weary. They'll go right off to sleep tonight, he thought. And that means I can get to sleep right away too.

He helped the boys set up their tents and prepare the evening meal. They were too tired for an extended campfire, and went quickly to bed.

This is one night I won't be disturbed, the scoutmaster thought happily as he crawled into his sleeping bag. He stretched out in the luxuriant glory of complete relaxation, and yawned as he felt the sweet peace of sleep already creeping over him.

The boys on both sides were quiet. "Probably asleep already," he mused. He would have to commend them in the morning for settling down so fast. They were a nice bunch of boys, he reflected. Really, it was a pleasure to do things with them.

But, say, what was that? Surely his ears were deceiving him. After those nice things he had been thinking, surely the boys were not disobeying now! He held up his head to listen. Yes, there was no mistake about it. It was the murmuring of boys' voices in one of the tents. He would have to get out and tell the boys to be quiet.

Not a little annoyed, he pulled himself from the sleeping bag and stalked toward the offending tent.

And what was this added offense? The boys had a light on! Such behavior was completely against the rules. "Wait till I get hold of them," he muttered. "I'll tell them a thing or two."

He slowed down and walked noiselessly. Reaching the tent, he grabbed the flap and pulled it back—and stopped dead in his tracks. His face turned red, and as silently as he had come, he dropped the flap and walked away. "Those dear, blessed boys," he muttered. "To think that I was going to scold them for making a noise! They were all kneeling in there, with their patrol leader in the middle, and they were praying. Bless their hearts, I knew they were good boys. I'm glad they didn't see me."

He told his minister about it later. "When I thought of what I had been planning to say," he told him, "my face turned red. But what I had seen made my heart glad.

"No, those boys weren't Pathfinders, but they had learned the true meaning of walking softly in God's sanctuary.

I WILL KEEP A SONG IN MY HEART

THE DEVIL'S BEST TOOL

THE devil was short of money—or so the story goes—and he decided to sell off some of his tools.

He announced the day when the sale was to take place, and his evil angels flew everywhere with the news. A crowd of customers flocked to the salesroom at the appointed time.

They soon saw that the devil had laid out the tools with care. Walking around the room, they found a polished and shiny instrument with a label attached to it that said it was Jealousy.

Next on the counter was another tool quite similar to the first labeled Envy, and beside these another called Greed.

The next counter had Selfishness, with Pride close beside it.

And on the next table were Impurity and Appetite.

There were a great many tools altogether, and each had a price tag.

"Gentlemen!" The room hushed as Satan stood on a platform at one end of the room and addressed the customers. "You should understand that the price on the tag is the starting price. The tools will actually be sold to the customer who offers the most money above that figure."

"Whew!" said one of the customers as he nudged his companion. "Look at this!" One of the tools, shaped like a wedge, lay on a table by itself. It was labeled Discouragement, and the price was higher than the price of any other tool, which was why the customer had gasped. "I wonder why Satan wants so much for this one. It looks dull enough."

They went to ask the reason, but just then Satan began the auction. One by one the tools were sold. But when all the rest were gone, Discouragement remained. No one had bought it. No one could afford the price.

At last the two visitors were able to speak to Satan. "Why do you charge so much for this plain-looking tool?"

"Aha!" The devil's eyes lighted up with a malicious sparkle. "Discouragement is my most useful instrument. With it I can make the strongest saints bend to my will. You see," and he chuck-

led deep in his throat, "they think discouragement comes from God. But if I can get a man or a woman or a boy or a girl to begin saying, 'What's the use?' 'What's the use of keeping the Sabbath?' or 'What's the use of being so particular?' or 'What's the use of being a Christian?' Aha! Yes, once I can get them saying, 'What's the use?' I can get them to do anything I like. I can make them jealous or selfish or unkind. I can make them cheat or lose their temper or disobey their parents. I can even make them lie and steal. That's why I put such a high price on this tool. I don't want to sell it."

"But," said one of the visitors, "is there no defense against this—this weapon?"

"No," snarled the devil.

But immediately his face turned pale and he trembled against the wall behind the table as a bright light filled the room and a heavenly angel appeared.

"There is a defense against this wicked tool," the angel said. And raising his arm, he swung down on that wedge and knocked it into the farthest corner of the room.

"What did you hit it with?" the visitors asked.

The angel opened his hand. "I struck it with Faith. 'This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.' Whoever has faith in God will never be overcome by discouragement. "

"But why didn't you *smash* the tool when

you struck it? Can't the devil pick it up and use it again?"

"Yes," said the angel, "that is true. Satan must be permitted to tempt the saints until Jesus comes. But when Jesus does come, Discouragement will be destroyed along with all the other works of the devil. Then those who overcome by faith will inherit a crown of glory. They will sing the songs of Zion, and will reign with Christ through all eternity."

Did you ever notice how hard it is to sing when you are discouraged?

Did you ever notice how hard it is to get discouraged when you're singing?

That's why the Pathfinder Law says "Keep a Song in My Heart," so we'll never get discouraged by the devil.

CHRISTIANS AREN'T MULES

TRUE Christians sing a lot. Not rock and roll, of course. That sort of music comes right from Satan. Not all the songs that people sing should be sung by Christians. Satan was the leader of the heavenly choir before he sinned. He knows a lot about music. After he was cast out of heaven he corrupted music, just as he corrupted every other good thing God made for us. So keep a song in your heart, but be sure it's one of God's songs.

Did you hear of the boy who leaned against the corral fence, studying a long-faced mule? Finally he muttered, "You must be a good Christian. You look so sad all the time." He didn't know what true Christians are like, for real Christians are happy people who often show their happiness by singing. There is nothing like a good song to keep your faith strong. And Christians should be full of good cheer even in the worst of times—even when you're on a boat that's sinking!

CHEER UP!

THE DAY was cold, the sky was gray. As near as anyone could tell, the boat was about to sink, and everyone on board would drown.

Then Paul stood up and said, "Be of good cheer!"

Be of good cheer. Indeed! For 14 days they had been driven by a fierce wind that had rocked and tossed the ship and had threatened to drive it onto a shore full of quicksand, where they could be sucked into the ground and slowly strangled to death. They had thrown overboard all the cargo, all the sails, and most of the ropes. They had cast into the sea all their personal belongings, and after all that, Paul stood up and said, "Be happy!"

How could he? Then he explained. God has

promised, "there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship" (Acts 27:22).

And that's exactly how it turned out. True, the ship was lost, but every one on board got safely to shore, just as God had said.

In all the difficulties, God was still in charge, and when He is in control of our lives it is all right to sing and be happy. Indeed, it is foolish to be sad or worried.

Paul sang when he was shipwrecked. He sang when he was in prison with his back bleeding and his feet in the stocks. As he and Silas sang, there was an earthquake, and the man in charge of the prison was convicted of his sins and baptized that very night with all his family. Nothing could stop Paul from being cheerful.

One day a man was brought to Christ so paralyzed he could not get off his bed. Jesus said to him, "Be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee" (Matthew 9:2).

On another occasion Jesus told the disciples He was about to leave them. He would be whipped and crucified. To the disciples' amazement He said, "Be of good cheer." "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

On an earlier occasion He listed the trials and troubles that would come on the world, especially in the last days. Once again He gave the

disciples that amazing command to be cheerful. "When these things begin to come to pass, then look up," He said, "and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh" (Luke 21:28).

So many people think of Adventists as "those folks who don't eat meat." God never intended it to be that way. He wants us to be known as the cheerful people, the folks who are always happy inside.

And why shouldn't we be? Everything that happens to us is part of God's great plan. He preserves us in danger, He forgives our sins, He has overcome the world, our victory is sure, and every bad thing that happens around us is proof that His coming is near. We will be in heaven soon.

We have every reason to be the happiest people in the world.

So, let us "be of good cheer," with a song in our heart always.

I WILL GO ON GOD'S ERRANDS

HAS GOD TOLD YOU?

THE old lady beamed her most charming smile—the one she reserved especially for “nice little boys.” “And now, sonny,” she said, “what are you going to be when you grow up?”

I suppose people have done that to you hundreds of times. Do you blush and fidget and stammer something like, “Oh, I don’t know”? Let me tell you what to say.

Say, “God has not yet told me what my life-work shall be, but when the time comes for me to know, He will tell me then.”

You see, that is the way it ought to be. We ought to let God tell us what our lifework is to be.

Suppose Jimmy goes to Mrs. Higgins down the street and says, “Mrs. Higgins, I’d like to work for you every Sunday morning. Will you hire me?”

Mrs. Higgins says, “Can you do the work,

Jimmy? You don't look very big."

"Oh, yes, I can do it," says Jimmy. He swells out his chest. "I'm plenty strong."

"All right, then," says Mrs. Higgins. "I'll hire you to work for me. Be here at nine o'clock Sunday morning."

"Thank you, Mrs. Higgins," says Jimmy, and runs home.

Should Jimmy spend the rest of the week trying to decide what work he will do for Mrs. Higgins on Sunday morning? Should he say to himself, "Now, let me see. Should I mow her lawn, or should I pull the weeds out of her flower bed?"

Of course not! Jimmy shouldn't spend one minute trying to decide what he will do for Mrs. Higgins next Sunday—because Mrs. Higgins will tell him. He has hired himself out to her, she is the boss, and she will tell him what to do.

When Sunday morning comes, Jimmy may think he should mow Mrs. Higgins' front lawn. But when he knocks on the door at one minute before nine o'clock, Mrs. Higgins comes to the door and says, "Jimmy, I've got my husband's shovel here, and I want you to work with me on the vegetable garden out back. I want you to dig it up and get it ready for me to plant some seeds." All that morning Jimmy digs!

When you give yourself to God, you are "hiring yourself out" to Him just as Jimmy hired himself out to Mrs. Higgins. It's up to God, then, to

tell you what He wants you to do.

Mrs. Higgins could telephone Jimmy on the Tuesday before the Sunday and tell him what she wants him to do the next time he comes, or she could call him on Thursday—or on any other day of the week. Or she could wait till nine o'clock on Sunday morning. And sometimes God tells boys or girls very early in their lives what He wants them to do when they grow up. But He doesn't always do this. He may have told you when you were 7. He may wait till you are 17. Or He may not tell you till you are much older.

But if you have given your life to Him, He will tell you in His own good time, and it will be very clear what He wants you to do.

That is why when someone asks you, "What are you going to be when you grow up?" it is perfectly right and proper for you to say, "God has not told me yet, but when He wants me to know, He will tell me then."

HOW JESUS FOUND OUT

IT MAY surprise you when I tell you this, but that's the way Jesus found out what His lifework was to be. If you think that by the time Jesus was 2 years old He knew that He had come into the world to die for the sins of men, you are wrong! Jesus didn't really find out what His lifework was to be until He was 12 years old and

went down to Jerusalem for the Passover feast, as was the custom.

Before that trip He had studied the Bible carefully. But He didn't realize that He was the Lamb that was to be slain for the sins of the world. Notice carefully what Mrs. White wrote in *The Desire of Ages*. During the Passover visit, "for the first time . . . Jesus looked upon the temple. He saw the white-robed priests performing their solemn ministry. He beheld the bleeding victim upon the altar of sacrifice. . . . Day by day He saw their meaning more clearly. Every act seemed to be bound up with His own life. New impulses were awakening within Him. Silent and absorbed, He seemed to be studying out a great problem. The mystery of His mission was opening to the Saviour" (*The Desire of Ages*, p. 78). Even then His lifework was not fully clear to Him, but it was *opening* to Him.

Later in life Jesus spent whole nights studying the Bible and praying, listening while His heavenly Father told Him the errands He was to do for God the next day.

So God will open your lifework to you if you dedicate your life to Him early and promise to go on the errands He sends you on. Let's see how this could work out for you.

HOW DOES GOD SPEAK?

IT IS easy to understand how Mrs. Higgins can tell Jimmy the jobs she wants him to do in her yard. But how do you know when God is speaking to you? God speaks to us in several ways—through the Bible, through impressions, through our conscience, through opportunities, and through our talents.

Of course, all Adventist young people know from reading the Bible that the great work God wants us to do is to proclaim to the world the three angels' messages. But just what part of the work are you to do? One way you can begin to find out what God wants you to do is to list your talents. What work has He equipped you to do?

Talents are like tools. By studying our talents we can get a good idea of what God wants us to do.

In the story about Jimmy, when Mrs. Higgins opened the door and Jimmy saw that shovel in her hand, he had a very good idea he was about to do some digging.

Wouldn't it have been silly if Mrs. Higgins had given him the shovel and then told him to paint the front porch!

It would have been even more silly if Jimmy had tried to paint the porch with the shovel!

So list your talents. Can you get up in front of your class and give talks well? Perhaps God is telling you He wants you to be a minister

or teacher.

Can you fix things that get broken around the house and make them work again? Perhaps God wants you to work for Him as a mechanic or engineer. Every Adventist institution needs at least one man who can do this kind of work, and most of them need several. Perhaps He wants you to be a pressman or a typesetter in an Adventist publishing house.

Do themes and compositions come easy? Perhaps God wants you to be an author or editor.

Do you draw well? God may want you to illustrate Adventist books and magazines. Perhaps you should be a photographer.

Do you love athletics? Are you brave? God may want you to go to some dangerous part of the earth and serve Him there.

Do you like doing things for sick people? God may be calling you to be a nurse or doctor.

Is schoolwork easy? God may be trying to tell you that He wants you to enter one of the professions that require a great deal of college work—like the ministry or teaching or medicine or dentistry. Or He may want you to be a head nurse, with a college degree. He may want you to be a treasurer or a proofreader.

John Glenn, the astronaut, discovered at an early age that he could repair the cars in his father's garage. He took an engineering course and some flying lessons in college. He discov-

ered that he could learn flying quicker than most of the other students. Later, in the Korean war, his plane was hit on seven different occasions. He found that his mind worked so quickly he was always able to figure out what to do to get home safely. God had fitted John Glenn with just the talents he needed to be the first American to circle the world in orbit. So—start listing your talents.

Develop your talents and follow God's guidance closely, and your life will be used exactly the way God wants to use it.

You don't have to wait till you grow up to do God's work and go on His errands. There are errands waiting for you to do right now, in your home and in your classroom.

A LITTLE BIT OF HELP

THERE were strange things going on in Roberta's classroom. Every so often one of the students would get up and leave the room. After about 15 minutes, he would come back, nod to someone, and that person would get up and leave.

But though such activity would have seemed strange to someone visiting the room, it was really very plain and proper to those who understood.

For several weeks the church pastor had been holding a baptismal class. He had finished

the studies and had asked the students to tell him whether they wished to give their hearts to Christ and be baptized. He had written down the names of all those who raised their hands, and then he had told them that he would come over to the school for several mornings and talk to all the people on his list, one by one, in another room.

And now he was almost through. Roberta looked around the class to make sure. She knew Jack and Rachel hadn't gone in to visit the pastor, because they were baptized already. And George hadn't either, but he wasn't planning to. In fact, he was making fun of the whole thing.

That leaves only Carol—and me, thought Roberta. O dear, I didn't hold up my hand the other day, and the pastor won't call for me, and I want to be baptized so much.

She tried to get her mind back onto her lessons, but the Holy Spirit was talking to her just then, and she had to listen to Him.

And then the teacher said it was time for recess. Roberta went out with the others, but she looked so sad that Patsy came over and asked what the trouble was.

"I want to be baptized," Roberta explained. "And I can't be, because I didn't give the pastor my name."

"That's easy," said Patsy. "Just tell him."

"I can't," said Roberta. "I'm scared."

"Oh, no," scoffed Patsy gently. "Not scared of our pastor! Why, he's nice."

"But I *am* scared," said Roberta, and she looked so worried and sad that Patsy slipped an arm around her to cheer her up.

"Tell you what," Patsy said, brightening. "I'll go in with you. How'll that be? I'll go and ask teacher right now if I may. Then you won't need to be afraid."

"Thank you so much," said Roberta, looking happy for the first time that morning.

And that's how it was that a few minutes after recess two girls came into the little room where I was interviewing the children who wanted to be baptized. And it explains, too, why Roberta was baptized with the others a few Sabbaths later.

Patsy went on God's errands right in her own classroom, with wonderful results.

And now, as we close this book about the Pathfinder Pledge and Law, I want you to daydream. Yes, that's what I mean!

DAYDREAM!

A BOY stood on the beach and gazed out across the ocean. And as he gazed, he daydreamed.

He saw a ship sailing in front of him—the very first ship that had ever gone all the way to

China. It was full of spices and ointments and gold and silver, and he was the captain of it. He was the richest man in the country, and everywhere he went men bowed to him and congratulated him for his courage.

One day that boy was the captain of a ship that went where no captain had ever dared to take a ship before, and he was widely honored for it. There was much hard work and there were many delays and disappointments between the day Christopher daydreamed on the beach and the day when the *Nina*, the *Pinta*, and the *Santa Maria* set sail from Palos in 1492, but it is safe to say that if Christopher Columbus had not dreamed as a boy, he would not have discovered America when he was a man.

I hope you daydream. The years from 10 to 15 are the years for daydreaming. You ought to daydream. You must!

Dream long, long thoughts about what you will be in the years to come.

Dream of being a minister. See the people sitting in front of you in church, listening spellbound as you tell them of the love of Christ and His coming again. They come to you with their problems, and you help to solve them. You sit up far into the night leading a sinner to repentance. The ministry is the highest and noblest of all callings, and if God invites you to be a minister, you will work harder than other men. But you will receive the

best rewards of all.

Dream of being a teacher, of standing before a class of eager children and telling them of the wonders God has made in the world around them.

Dream of being a missionary, taking the gospel where no Christian ever preached before.

Dream of being a nurse or a printer or a writer or an artist.

Dream of being a builder, if mechanical things are your great interest. Dream of the day when you will walk into a church and be able to say, "People worship here because I put up this building." Walk past a school and see the children studying inside, and say, "They study here because I helped to build this school. I laid the brick," or, "I put in the wiring," or, "I installed the heating system." The work of the electrician, the bricklayer, the plumber—all are worthy callings when dedicated to the Lord.

In all your planning, plan great things. Aim high. And be sure that God is able to help you to do even better than your finest dreams. "Higher than the highest human thought can reach is God's ideal for His children" (*Education*, p. 18).

By God's grace you will not only keep the Pathfinder Pledge and Law, you will reach the gloriously high ideal God has set for you. You will walk the happy path to heaven.

DISCOVER HOW THE PATHFINDER PLEDGE AND LAW CAN HELP MAKE YOU HAPPY.

Doing good is fun and brings its own reward. In *The Happy Path*, the Pathfinder Pledge and Law are explained and made to appear as they really are—a blueprint for being happy. Lawrence Maxwell presents a number of clever, true-to-life stories as illustrations. Some are funny, a few are sad, but they will all make you think about what really is important in life.

As son of A. S. (Uncle Arthur) Maxwell, Lawrence Maxwell has a natural ability for storytelling and writing. A native of England, he moved with his family to the United States when he was 11. After attending Pacific Union College, he served as a minister and then became the first editor of *Guide*. He also served as editor for *Signs of the Times*, *Our Little Friend*, and *Primary Treasure*. Other books by Lawrence Maxwell include *Pathfinder Field Guide*, *What Stopped the Music? Outnumbered!* and *God's Plan for Our Planet*. ◆

ON THE COVER: Here's a trio of Pathfinders who have obviously found the happy path. (Left to right) Erica Monsalve, Heather D. Smith, and Charles E. Dudley III.

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