

THE ADVENT REVIEW AND HERALD

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DEDICATED TO THE PROCLAMATION OF THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL

The Responsibility of the MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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TRADITION—custom—is today one of the strongest shackles by which the devil binds people in slavery, just as it was in the days when Jesus said so much against human traditions. An outstanding illustration of this is the intricate and revered tradition of the Bechuana people of South Africa regarding the care of mother and child at birth and after.

Bechuana tradition teaches that the father must not know nor learn of the nature of his wife's illness at that time, and he is required to remain ceremonially ignorant for three months following the birth of his child. He knows, of course, and will be informed of the birth, but to all questions he will simply reply, "I don't know." When asked why he does not find out, he will reply with an expressive shrug, "Only Bechuana custom." During these three months, if he observes the traditional custom, he will not see or even hear his wife or child, but will remain entirely away, leaving everything in the hands of the women.

Nobody, regardless of training or experience, is supposed to know anything at such a time, except the filthy, superstitious, ignorant, usually childish and selfish, feeble old aunt or grandmother. It is no wonder that nearly half the babies born in Bechuanaland die, either during these three months or before they have been weaned. A high percentage of the mothers require serious operations because of conditions which might have been prevented by simple and intelligent precautions.

Not long ago we were called in the middle of the night to go fifteen miles over the most impossible kind of so-called roads to attend a woman who had been in difficulty for more than twenty-four hours. The difficulty had ended just before we arrived. When we got there the young native nurse started to follow the doctor into the hut to assist him. Three dirty, ignorant old women literally screamed at her as they blocked the entrance. Custom demands that only the old women are competent or even permitted to attend such cases. It was obvious that the doctor was not welcomed by them either, and he was tolerated only because of the authority of his position and because the father had broken the traditional custom by calling a doctor when the women became worried about his wife.

The hut was lighted by a fire burning on one side of the floor. On the opposite side was the mother, half lying and half propped up on her own arms and hands. In front of her, lying on the dung-smeared earthen floor, wriggling about and crying lustily, was her sixth child, only a few minutes old. There were no sheets, no towels, no blankets—nothing but the floor.

In the past few months we have had several almost heartbreaking cases in which the baby was dead, the mother almost dead, the condition sometimes having been allowed to continue as long as four days before we were asked to help. Every doctor in Bechuanaland has similar experiences. It is only among Christians that these old superstitions are losing their hold.

Although such customs are appalling (and there are many others as bad or worse), they cannot be successfully combated by education and "civilization" alone. It takes the gospel of the love of Jesus to create a desire for a better way, and to dispel the inherited fears of generations of witchcraft, from which most of these customs have their origin.

The missionary doctor makes a mistake if he does no more than the mere scientific side of his work. Nonmission doctors are as well trained, and many of them appear to be as much interested in giving medical assistance where it is needed by these people. If *medical* missions give only the scientific assistance needed, then all the sacrifice, tears, sweat, and toil connected with establishing and operating them as *missions* are in vain. If a doctor tries to soothe his conscience by the thought that he has no time for anything else because he is already overloaded with essential medical work, he shows that he is not carrying out the great commission to "preach the gospel."

The medical missionary holds the keys that will unlock the doors to hearts, homes, tribes, and nations for God, such as no other type of worker has. This advantage should be used for one purpose only—to increase the extent of his influence and his ability to bring more souls to the light of the gospel. To this end we, out in the mission field, rededicate our lives even as you at home are dedicating your offerings.

HEART-TO-HEART TALKS

By the Editor

Our Relation to Our Children

In Two Parts—Part I

THE home is a primary institution, one of the first established by the Creator. When God created Adam He said, "It is not good that the man should be alone." He therefore created Eve and designed that their posterity should develop into a race of holy beings who would people the new earth.

The atmosphere of the home should be the nearest to the atmosphere of heaven of any place in this world. It should constitute the safeguard of society, the bulwark of the state. It should be an oasis in the desert wastes of this sinful world.

This ideal can be reached only by perfect co-operation of husband and wife in training their children for God. A precious promise is contained in the last chapter of the Old Testament, which says that before the coming of the day of the Lord, Elijah the prophet will be sent, who shall "turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers," Mal. 4:5, 6. Note the divine order. The text does not say that the hearts of the children will be turned to the fathers first of all, but the very reverse of this. When the hearts of the fathers turn to the children, then this will awaken an answering response in the hearts of the children, and they will turn to the fathers.

Recognizing the great importance and value of the Christian home, the enemy of all righteousness is using every effort to destroy this institution. We see in the world around us a sad, sad spectacle. Many homes are broken, not alone by death, but, even worse than this, by infidelity and divorce. Juvenile delinquency and crime are increasing by leaps and bounds. Boys and girls in their early teens are engaging in all manner of criminal procedures—theft, robbery, immorality, and oftentimes murder. Surely the readers of the REVIEW should give greater heed to the influences operating in their homes, to see that these influences gather with Christ and do not scatter abroad.

In this connection we desire to offer a few definite suggestions regarding how we as parents may bring up our children in the fear of the Lord.

1. Recognize our children as members of the Lord's family, as brethren and sisters in the church of Christ. This recognition on our part will dignify our relation to them. We will

seek to deal with them then, not as those whom we have a right to command, but as those whom we should beseech, whom we will seek to recover from the error of their ways, as we would a brother or sister in the church.

2. Recognize the influence of heredity. We transmit to our children many of their traits of character. If we will but recognize that some unfortunate tendencies with which we have to cope in their lives are the evils with which we have to struggle in our own, we will be more considerate and more charitable in our dealings.

3. Be companionable. Let your children know and understand that you are their truest and dearest friends. In your attitude toward them be cheerful and hopeful. Sympathize with them in their trials and perplexities. They may come to you with that which seems very small and insignificant, but in their childhood, their youth and inexperience, such trials seem great to them. Enter into their plans. Plan with them.

4. Make home pleasant. Too often we feel that we must reserve the best in our homes for our friends when they visit us. The best in the home is none too good for our children. They should have our first thought and consideration in giving them the conveniences and the pleasant things which the home affords.

5. Provide suitable reading. We have known of some parents who felt that the reading of their children should be confined to the Bible and the writings of the Spirit of prophecy or religious books. The home should be a school. There are scores of wholesome books such as biographies, books on travel and nature. Teach your children to know the birds and to be able to recognize them by sight or by their songs. Teach them to know the flowers and trees. Many books dealing with these creations may be obtained. In the choice of reading matter we should seek to educate our children to discern between the good and the bad, and to cultivate a taste for that which is clean, wholesome, and uplifting.

6. We should make the friends of our children welcome in the home. Indeed, in that way we shall better understand the character of their associates. Better by far for our children to mingle with neighbor boys and girls in the home than to meet them on the street corner or off by themselves

with no one to chaperon or direct them. When we become acquainted with the friends of our children, we can better advise and guide in their future relationships.

7. In our homes we should honor the church and religion. If we feel that the pastor, the Sabbath school superintendent, or the M. V. leader is worthy of criticism, let us not express this openly in our homes. Rather it is better to go to the ones involved and have a talk with them. Perhaps the Lord might use the one we criticize to bring about the conversion of our loved ones.

8. The parents should be united in the question of discipline. Nothing is more demoralizing in the life of a child than to have his father and mother discuss before him the disciplinary measures which should be employed in the child's training, and particularly to let the child know that differences of opinion exist. Such questions should be talked over carefully by the father and mother. Each should sustain the other in all plans and arrangements pertaining to the home.

9. Our children should be taught order and system and punctuality. The value of the home life in the experience of thousands would be greatly enhanced by the observance of these principles. The observance of system and punctuality would greatly lighten the work of the mother. Tardiness at meals and at family worship will bring the spirit of demoralization into many homes for the entire day.

10. Our children should be taught economy. There is a marked tendency today to live extravagantly. The luxuries of a few years ago have become, in the estimation of thousands, the necessities of today. This spirit of economy should be exercised in the matter of clothing, in the food that is eaten, and in everything that pertains to the home life of each member of the family. Christ taught the principle of economy when He said to the disciples, after miraculously feeding the multitude, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." Economical living will enable us to do more for the spread of the gospel and to supply the needs of the poor and destitute.

11. As children of God we should recognize that our bodies are the temples of the Holy Spirit and that whether we eat or drink or whatever we do, we should do all to the glory of God. In feeding our bodies we should heed carefully the instruction that has come to us in the Bible and through the Spirit of prophecy. Our clothing should represent the principles of simplicity, modesty, and dignity. When we express in our own lives these principles relating to diet and to attire, our children will be led to follow our example. F. M. W.

Situation Necessary to the Fulfillment of Revelation Thirteen

WE have long believed that Revelation 13 points out two great powers of earth which shall be dominant in the last days. One is a religious power that has had its seat in Rome throughout many generations. The other is a new political power that rose in a new land apart from those nations of Europe referred to in previous prophecies—a nation founded on new and untried principles. This could be none other than the United States, which has been peopled largely by those liberty-loving men and women who broke away from the papal church and established the various branches of Protestantism. Through the years the United States has been predominantly Protestant. This has been felt politically as well as religiously.

But the prophecy we are considering pictures a very definite change that would take place in this freedom-loving nation as well as in the position of the Papacy. Let us note the specifications of the prophecy which indicate the direction of these changes and the end thereof.

Deadly Wound Healed

"His deadly wound was healed: and all the world wondered after the beast." "And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him," "saying, Who is like unto the beast?" Rev. 13:3, 8, 4.

Here is pictured the last-day ascendancy of the papal power, which during the revolutionary period in the latter part of the eighteenth century received a deadly wound to its well-nigh unfettered power over the minds and the lives of men. But that wound was to be healed to such extent that the whole world again would be influenced by this power. Even those nations which had become strong through the Protestant revolution would bow to its plans and purposes.

The new nation which had two horns like a lamb, representing the lamblike characteristics of its Constitution with its Bill of Rights granting both civil and religious liberty to all its citizens, would change to such an extent that it would speak like a dragon. Of this we read, "He exerciseth all the power of the first beast before him, and causeth the earth and them which dwell therein to worship the first beast, whose deadly wound was healed." Verse 12. The influence of the principles dominating

the Papacy would become so great that this Protestant nation would, to a certain extent, repudiate the principles upon which it was founded, and make "an image to the beast." Thus is pictured the *rapprochement* between Protestantism and Catholicism, under the leadership of the United States.

This new situation is brought about by new world developments, and perhaps as an emergency measure rather than a deliberate surrender of principle. Anyway, the change leads to serious consequences. It brings about the fulfillment of the prophecy of Revelation 12:17, which says, "The dragon was wroth with the woman, and went to make war with the remnant of her seed, which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ."

"Causeth all . . . to receive a mark." Verse 16. "That no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark." Verse 17. These words bring to view a measure of control that has not hitherto been existent in this nation. It reveals a suspension, for a time at least, of the principles upon which the nation was founded. The beast was autocratic. The image of the beast will be autocratic. Under the beast there was a union between church and state. Under the image of the beast there will be a relation between church and state that has not been known before.

Developments and Changes to Take Place

This in part is the picture the prophecy reveals. Let us note some of the developments and changes that must take place in order to bring about such a situation.

1. Ascendancy of papal influence and power through the aid of those nations which have hitherto held a dominant Protestant position.
2. Some form of world control, and the participation by the United States in such an organization.
3. Curtailment of the principles of civil and religious liberty. The demands of society take precedence over the rights of the individual. Limited freedom replaces full freedom.
4. Greater amount of control over the lives of men, such as economic control, closer regulation of trade, in order to counteract the possibility of war.
5. Call for a religious revival and

church union to meet the terrible moral decline which has issued in a threat to civilization itself. Religion again to occupy a large part in the life of men as in the Middle Ages.

6. Closer co-operation between church and state. The principle of the separation between church and state to be greatly weakened and finally abandoned as an emergency measure.

7. Special interest in social and political reform on the part of the church.

8. Revival of regard for the moral law and the observance of Sunday.

These are the basic changes that must first take place before Revelation 13 can be fulfilled. It is very evident that such a situation would mark a great change in the outlook and practices of democratic nations, of Protestant churches, and of society in general. It would mean almost a reversal of the trends that have been evident for a hundred and more years. The ideas of liberty, individualism, free enterprise, unrestricted trade and travel, that have held sway so long, would have to be greatly modified. A great change in the Protestant church, as to both its protest and its relation to society, would have to take place.

The Conflict Taking Shape

Seventh-day Adventists have been preaching for many years on the basis of the prophecy that such a situation would develop and that such changes would take place; yet many have found it hard to believe that such a radical turnabout in the affairs of this nation, in the Protestant churches, and in the world in general could take place. While some noted certain trends that might lead to such a conclusion, yet so much stood in the way of the fulfillment of this prophecy that they found it difficult to believe that such things could come to pass. However, this people held on to their belief in the prophecy, not because of the great amount of evidence about them, but because God had spoken it.

But what about the situation today? Have we not come to a time when our eyes can behold that which the Scriptures have foretold? Have we not sufficient evidence today that such a development in the affairs of men is now taking place?

We answer, Yes. All about us we can see certain definite trends in the political, religious, social, and eco-

conomic worlds that are leading to the fulfillment of the prophecy of Revelation 13. In these articles we propose to review these trends with their numerous ramifications. We are sure that as we proceed with this extended

study we shall see emerging, as in the development of a photographic film, the clear outlines of the course of events that are leading to the final conflict. Thus we may surely know that it cannot be long before the picture

will be fully developed in all its ominous features, and God's people will be face to face with the tests they have long anticipated. God grant that we may be prepared to meet them.

F. L.

The Historical Background of Seventh-day Adventism—Part 2

Miller as a Captain of Infantry

THE year 1813 saw no military action for Miller. Letters tell of skirmishes with the Indians, with some loss of life on both sides, and of Miller's being ordered on January 10, 1814, to take up once more the work of recruiting soldiers in the area around Poultney.

An insight into Miller's feeling at this time is found in a letter dated Poultney, April 27, 1814, addressed to "Friend Robins," an officer in the United States Navy in the area of Lake Champlain. Miller tells his friend how his spirits were depressed by the way the war was going. Ten days before, he had received a letter from Robins. "At that time," said Miller in his reply, "I could see nothing but defeat, disgrace, and annihilation of our Government. The recruiting service began to flag, everything wore a dismal aspect." But cheered by Robins' "certainty of success," he adds:

"Could I be as certain of conquering the land forces, could I see that busy industry, bravery, and skill in our commanders as we do among our naval heroes; (could I believe our Government was determined on the taking of the Canadas) that unanimity and patriotism among our citizens which is necessary to reap advantages from our successes—then should I be satisfied, and willingly would I devote the remainder part of my life for the Government that I wish to leave uncontaminated by the finger of aristocracy or hand of monarchy. . . .

"I have petitioned Colonel Fassett to call me into service—recruiting is dull—and I have not been supplied with one dollar since I saw you. I have sent fifteen good fellows to camp and cannot expect many more."

An Ardent Patriot

This letter shows how deeply and personally Miller viewed the whole subject of service to his country, and how his disillusionment regarding mankind, that had come to him through deism, now seemed to be well substantiated. Deism had told him that only blind forces operated in the world, that the powers men acquire in governments generally lead only to

evil ends. Miller feared that this was so, and he longed to see the United States an exception to this. If there were any reasonable hopes at all of success at arms, he stood ready to devote his remaining years to helping protect the Government from "aristocracy" and "monarchy." Here was no soldier of fortune speaking, not even a professional soldier, but an ardent citizen with a deep love of country. He was really hoping against hope that the world was not quite so bad as his skeptical philosophy would lead him to believe.

In the early part of 1814, Miller was raised to the rank of captain. In August of that year we find him with his regiment, the Thirtieth Infantry, at Plattsburg on the west bank of Lake Champlain, where an important Army camp had been set up.

Recruiting had been dull work. He was soon to have a measure of excitement that would make him forget the drab months that had gone before. On the lake and in sight of the fort where he was stationed was soon to be fought the battle of Lake Champlain.

An Eyewitness Describes Battle

The United States forces might well be apprehensive as they anticipated the engagement. They were outnumbered on land and sea. So far as the United States land forces were concerned there were fifteen hundred regulars and approximately four thousand volunteers opposed to the British, who had an army of fifteen thousand. The battle was joined by an engagement between the opposing naval forces September 11, 1814. In writing of this experience in connection with a sketch of his life and beliefs, Miller declared: "At the commencement of the battle, we looked upon our own defeat as almost certain, and yet we were victorious."—*Miller, Apology and Defense*, p. 4.

Lying before us as we write is a faded letter dated, "Fort Scott, September 11, 1814. Twenty minutes past two o'clock, P. M." This is one of the earliest of a collection of more than eight hundred letters either to or from Miller, which we have had the opportunity of reading and from which we

shall draw repeatedly as our story progresses. This letter from Fort Scott addressed to John Stanley, Esquire, Poultney, Vermont, gives an eyewitness's account of the engagement, written on the scene by a man whose ears were ringing with the sounds of exploding shells. It opens with a staccato style and is flavored with the hyperbole that naturally accompanies the recital of an exciting event:

"SIR:

"It is over, it is done, the British fleet has struck to the American flag. Great slaughter on both sides—they are in plain view where I am now writing. . . . The sight was majestic, it was noble, it was grand. This morning at ten o'clock the British opened a very heavy and destructive fire upon us, both by water and land. Their Congreve rockets flew like hailstones about us, and round shot and grape from every quarter. You have no idea of the battle. Our force was small, but how bravely they fought. . . . The action on water lasted only two hours and ten minutes. The firing from their batteries has but just ceased, ours is still continuing. The small arms now are just coming to action. I have no time to write any more. You must conceive what we feel for I cannot describe it. I am satisfied that I can fight. I know I am no coward. Therefore call on Mr. Loomis to drink my health, and I will pay the shot. Three of my men are wounded by a shell which burst within two feet of me. The boat from the fleet which has just landed under our fort says the British Commodore is killed, out of three hundred on board their ship twenty-five remain alive. . . . I can write no more for the time grows dubious.

"Yours forever,

"WM. MILLER.

"Give my compliments to all and send this to my wife."

In a letter written to his wife at seven o'clock the next morning, Miller relates in general the same story. Though he may not have realized it at the moment, for he was too close to the fighting, he had just witnessed

one of the final, deciding battles of the War of 1812.

In spite of his skeptical views, which left no room for a superintending God with His providences, much less a future life, Miller was deeply impressed that the victory of the United States troops and fleet against overwhelming odds could be explained only as an act of Providence. Said he: "It seemed to me that the Supreme Being must have watched over the interests of this country in an especial manner, and delivered us from the hands of our enemies. . . . So surprising a result against such odds, did seem to me like the work of a mightier power than man."—*Miller, Apology and Defense, p. 4.*

Wrote Regularly to Wife

It seems that Miller and his wife had a regular cycle of letter writing established, each writing a letter once a week. His biographer declares that "the large bundle of letters by him, in fulfillment of this arrangement, is still preserved; each letter is numbered, and the whole furnished an interesting illustration of the punctuality and order he carried into all the departments of life." To the disappointment and handicap of anyone who now writes on Miller's life, this bundle of letters has disappeared. There is one letter, however, from that bundle that has come down to us. In Miller's clear handwriting, at the head of the first page, is the notation "(No. 14)." Evidently it was the fourteenth of his series of letters written from the Army camp.

We know not how interesting the other letters in the series may have been, but we doubt that any of them could have been more interesting or more revealing than the one we now hold in our hand as we write these lines. He had failed to receive Lucy's usual weekly letter. (She had sent her letter by a youth who was going directly to the camp at Plattsburg, but he was delayed en route by a storm.) In a day when epidemics and plagues were a form of sudden death that must always be reckoned with—Miller's father was thus struck down in the early months of the War of 1812—he could easily let his battle-strained nerves stir his imagination to doleful fears and forebodings.

Miller Gives Paternal Counsel

The letter is quoted in full, not primarily to reveal the fears of a man far from home, but rather to reveal Miller in his role as a father, and the principles and ideals he sought to set before his children, who, he feared, might be the only ones to read it. The letter is dated November 11, 1814:

"DEAR LUCY:

"Have you departed this life, are you gone to the world of spirits (I almost fancy that while I am writing, your unimbodyed spirit is hovering around

me), or are you so engaged that you could not devote one hour in a week to your humble servant?

"The following are the words you wrote me not long since tonite, 'If I am alive I shall write to you weekly and put a letter into the post office every Monday morning;' and ever since Wednesday noon I have been dressed in mourning. Shall I ever see my Lucy again! I have often exclaimed, Ah, no, she could not tell me a falsehood. She must be dead! What can I write if she is gone? I cannot write anything. She cannot hear me. I can only write to my five children into whose hands I hope this letter will fall.

"Dear children: You have lost your mother, and but a little while and your father must follow. Perhaps before you receive this he will be no more. Prepare then my children to meet the frowns of Fortune; and learn in your youth to repel the shafts of adversity. Your present time ought to be devoted to your studies. Remember the lives of your parents were short, and you know not the hour you will be called for. Life is uncertain and you ought so to live as when you come to die that not one reflection will pass your mind but that you have so lived as to merit the good will of all good men. Your first study ought to lead you to look up to the Supreme Being as the author of all things. When you learn His attributes, or as much as man is to know, you will ever keep in mind that He sees every action of your life; knows every thought and hears every word.

"If you follow this rule you cannot go far astray. You may be led for a moment into vices that human nature is subject to, but you cannot materially err, for in your cooler moments conscience will point to you the road you ought to follow. You must never give way to adversity nor be raised up in prosperity. Pride is equally as dangerous as cowardice, for to give way to the first shows a weak and cowardly mind, and the latter indicates a vain and haughty spirit. Begin the world as you would wish you had when you come to die. Endeavor to get the good will of all people, for it is better to have the good than the ill will of even a dog. Search not too far for vain and empty baubles. It is a more solid pleasure 'to do as you would be done by.' Yet in this you will find the ingratitude of men. Put not too much dependence on human favor, for there are few who walk the narrow path. Remember my children, that your father has vainly sought the friendship of man, and never could he discover any friendship only where there was a dependence.

"In the small circle in which I now move this rule is manifest. Here are a hundred persons that depend upon me for every comfort, and each one professes a real love for me, yet if I were a citizen or one of their own rank

I could never expect more than common friendship. Indeed they seem to me like children and together with you claim my highest support. If my Lucy is no more and I am doomed to lead a solitary life, you must calculate to live for yourselves. What pecuniary help I can afford you I will, and I expect it will be but small. What little worldly store I have left at home may be divided equally among you when you arrive to years of discretion. In the mean time I hope William [eldest son] that you will set so good an example to your brothers and sisters as that if they follow it shall ensure them peace love and friendship here and happiness in the world to come. May you remember the virtues of your parents and forget their vices, this is the constant prayer of

"Your loving father,

"WM. MILLER.

"If Lucy is no more, or if she has forgotten Wm. Miller, then this letter is directed to Wm. S. Miller his oldest son."

He Writes to His Mother

Daily and monthly reports of the Thirtieth Infantry, signed by Captain Miller, of which many have been preserved, show that in the spring of 1815 his regiment was back again at Burlington, Vermont. There he wrote to his mother in Hampton a letter dated May 21, 1815. Though now a man of thirty-three, Miller's filial affection was very great. He writes to her at length and in the most endearing of terms. During the years he had been growing up at home he had learned to love and respect his father to the same degree as his mother, a fact that probably speaks well for both father and son. His father had died in December, 1812, but in this letter he declares:

"Alas, I never can think of my mother but the image of my father presents itself to my view. The death of him whom I ardently loved can never be forgotten. . . . Oh, that I could forget my father when I think of my former home. In vain have I believed that absence and other objects would blunt my feelings. It is more cutting now than in the first moments I experienced the loss. I am led to believe that my conduct, through the world, where there is so much example for vice, would have been more reprehensible had I not the spirit of my father and his example continually before me to lead me in the path of rectitude. Oh! that I could teach my children to love and revere me as I did my parent who is gone forever."

He goes on in his letter to express some ideas on how he feels his family should be reared, and quotes from an unnamed source the line: "The best antidote for the evils of life is to be prepared for them." He observes that when a young person first enters life on his own he believes all man-

kind is his friend, and esteems them all honest. "Therefore," says he, "I wish my children to see enough of the world to be aware of the intrigue and deceptions made use of to decoy the artless and unsuspecting into the snares of vice."

He tells his mother that when he leaves the Army he hopes to settle on a farm at Low Hampton near her, and so he says, "I have one request to make, dear mother. . . . The connection of our families will be such that you can by example and good advice work much good. In the first place, I wish you to endeavor to gain the affections of Lucy, that she may thereby have full confidence in you. (A good understanding between you two, the two

dearest persons to me on earth, would be a great consolation to me, and I am sure will conduce to the good of all.) You cannot think how happy it would make me. Do visit her in the time I am absent. You will confer a favor on your son."

Perhaps in a spirit of confidential confession or perhaps in a spirit of excess humility, possibly a combination of both, he goes on to say:

"I know my conduct generally has been such to my family that you disapprove of. I am too apt to find fault and to appearance I am morose and ill-natured." It is hard to believe that a man who pours forth in all of his letters such unfeigned evidence of love and solicitude for mother, wife,

and children, could be quite as churlish as he would here make himself appear.

As to his manner at home we do have the revealing side light from one of his grandchildren, that when he spoke at home "things moved." But this is probably what we should naturally expect to hear of a man who was an Army officer.

He tells his mother in conclusion that he hopes he will see her "next month," which would be June. His release from the Army came on June 18, 1815. Thus ended a chapter in William Miller's life. Little did he realize what the immediately following years were to do in changing his whole course. F. D. N.

Denominational Crises

Battling Under the New Testament Standard —The Law and the Gospel

NO sooner had our pioneers lifted the New Testament standard—"The commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus"—than they found themselves in a battle for the law of God. With the call to Sabbath reform there came into the religious world a new spirit of opposition to the law of God, the foundation of the divine government. At once our early believers were meeting the attacks of error.

These circumstances did not come about by chance, hit and miss. The Lord was working out His gospel plan, formed from ages aforetime. The author of all error shaped his plans to counterwork the divine purpose.

Three Views of the Conflict

Three very distinct views were given of this conflict over the integrity of God's law.

1. In Joel's vision of the remnant church, during the days of Assyria, very likely, before Babylon rose to dominion, the prophet was shown the pouring out of God's Spirit "upon all flesh." The signs of the coming of "the great and the terrible day of the Lord" appeared. It is a view of the last days. In every nation the Lord seeks to save souls from sin. "Who-soever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered." And the closing message of deliverance from sin and transgression of God's law was to be found "in the remnant whom the Lord shall call." Joel 2:32.

2. In John's vision of the remnant church, this church is more particularly described: "The dragon was wroth with the woman [symbol of the Christian church], and went to make war with the remnant of her seed [the

last church], which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus." Rev. 12:17.

3. In yet another vision the prophet John saw these people of the commandments carrying the gospel message of deliverance to "every nation, and kindred," as the judgment hour began in heaven above. "Here are they," says the prophecy, "that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus." Rev. 14:12.

All this foretold the rise of a movement lifting up the standard of the law of God, with the gospel of the power of Christ to deliver from sin. And Satan's enmity against Christ and His holy law was foretold. From the moment the people of the prophecy began to lift the standard of Sabbath reform, the attacks of error against God's law were more determined than ever.

Something Special in Our Day

In our day a new attitude has developed in the religious world toward the law of God. Once practically all religious teaching stood for the ten commandments. The creeds of the churches declared their perpetuity—as most of the creeds still do, for that matter. But from the days when our pioneers began to lift up the down-trodden Sabbath commandment, a change has come. The historian James Truslow Adams some years ago drew attention to this change (though with no thought in his mind of this Sabbath issue). He wrote:

"In the '80's there was a belief in the Bible as the inspired Word of God." "The older generation was taught that God gave certain commands"—the ten commandments. "It is useless," he said, "to tell that to a young person

today." "We of the older generation have played with ideas and let loose forces the power of which we little dreamed of. We have, indeed, sowed the wind, and it will be those of the younger generation who will reap the whirlwind unless they can control it. . . . They have inherited perhaps the biggest mess and biggest problem that was ever bequeathed by one generation to another. Never has the road been wilder or the signposts fewer."—*Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1926.

The great falling away became most evident as the voice of the advent message began to be heard in the land. In opposition to the Sabbath of the fourth commandment, many ministers opposed the ten commandments. The old first-day Adventists, with whom our pioneers had associated in the pre-1844 work, were especially bitter. That "rickety old law," some of them called it. When one of our pioneer believers, George Washington Morse, of Vermont, was studying the Sabbath question, and he and his wife were inclined to accept the truth, one, Elder Burnham, promised them that "if they would give it up, he would agree to stand between them and the Almighty in the day of judgment."

In those times debates were the order of the day in religious controversy. Our earlier ministers did not seek for this kind of promotion, but often they were pressed into it by the necessity of clearing the minds of the people from the misrepresentations of opponents. It was a battle royal on every front—a battle for the "royal law" of God, as the apostle James called it. (James 2:8.)

The early pioneers met the onslaught against the law of God with all the weapons of the Bible arsenal.

They did not hesitate to quote such texts as Proverbs 28:9: "He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be abomination." It may be they were a bit too vigorous at first. It was a new experience to find preachers attacking God's law. Our early brethren modified the manner of resisting error, perhaps setting us a good example. Nevertheless, they set us an example of never yielding a hairsbreadth in pressing the truth in all its seriousness.

"A Battle and a March"

We children of earlier times who listened to the talk of the old hands, learned one phrase, oft used by them, that I think we could never forget: "A battle and a march, a battle and a march." That was what their progress had been. The phrase well pictured the experiences of those who came in when our work was very small and when the adversaries sought to overwhelm them by fierce attack. There was courage and consecration in the testimony of the early battlers for truth. They believed the message, and their talk of it made the children of their time know that the cause was worth battling for and marching with. A militant note was sounded. There was to be no drifting into the kingdom on flowery beds of ease. Sword in hand and shield on arm was the picture we got of the order of array. Our first hymn writer caught the spirit of it when she described the veteran Joseph Bates, author of our first Sabbath tract—

"And one I saw, with sword and shield,
Who boldly braved the world's cold frown,
And fought, unyielding, on the field,
To win an everlasting crown.
"Though worn with toil, oppressed by foes,
No murmur from his heart arose;
I asked what buoyed his spirits up,
'O this,' said he—"the blessed hope!"

—Annie R. Smith.

From the first steps into the highway of the advent message, and all the way, it has been a battle for truth. There is not much debating now as to what the Bible teaches. Opposition has gone a long way beyond that. For instance, here is what Dr. M. G. Glazebrook, canon of Ely Cathedral, in England, has to say about the Sabbath:

"So long as the story of the creation in Genesis 1 and 2 and the account of the giving of the law on Mount Sinai were regarded as historical, the question had to be faced: How can a divine command, directly given to men, be abrogated? The answer for us is plain: No such commands were ever given, and the stories which record them are legends. The Sabbath was made for man; and, under the guidance of Providence, it was made by

man. Sunday, in its turn, was made by man, and for man. Man, therefore, is lord both of the Sabbath and of Sunday."—*Hastings, J., ed., Encyclopedia of Religion and Ethics, Vol. XII, p. 110.*

Thus man sets the Word of God aside and makes his own religion.

On every hand one runs across this manhandling of sacred things. One teacher noticed that Abraham's servant took ten camels when he went to search out a wife for Isaac. And he said that Rebekah's alighting from the camel train to meet Isaac was a type of the Christian church alighting from the ten commandments! One of our believers in the West Indies told me of a church vicar in one city who spoke disparagingly of the fourth commandment. "But you have the law on stone tablets behind your pulpit," our brother said. "Oh, that is only a part of the architecture," replied the vicar. "I will take them out when we renovate the church." And the next thing, the brother told me, he saw the tables of the law of God laid down as steppingstones in the vicar's boathouse. A young man in London was notifying the pastor of a church that he planned to join our faith. An argument on the law of God ensued. "But you have the ten commandments inscribed on the wall behind your pulpit," the young man said. "I don't give that for it!" said the pastor, snapping his fingers at the word "that." And this Baptist pastor has written books well thought of because of their devotional nature.

A Crisis in Religion

This swing from the law of God has brought a real crisis in the religious life of the churches, if only people recognized it. A strange note is often sounded. A talented minister, one of the most popular preachers in America, wrote some years ago:

"Not that I expect any God there is to nurse me here, or furnish me a diadem hereafter. On any sane philosophy, this universe is engaged in a business too vast to be solicitous about merely individual desires."—*Harper's Magazine, December, 1929.*

It is a time to raise more earnestly than ever the gospel call of loyalty to Christ. That means loyalty to His holy law. The apostle Paul foretold a time when "the lawless one" would be revealed. (2 Thess. 2:8, R. V.) The spirit of lawlessness is abroad now.

In battling for truth our pioneers faithfully warned that general lawlessness would be the fruitage of this teaching that the law of God was abolished. This was the clear declaration from one old, yet ever-new, book of ours:

"Those who teach the people to regard lightly the commandments of God, sow disobedience to reap disobedience. Let the restraint imposed by

the divine law be wholly cast aside, and human laws would soon be disregarded. Because God forbids dishonest practices, coveting, lying, and defrauding, men are ready to trample upon His statutes as a hindrance to worldly prosperity; but the results of banishing these precepts would be such as they do not anticipate. If the law were not binding, why should any fear to transgress? Property would no longer be safe. Men would obtain their neighbor's possessions by violence; and the strongest would become richest. Life itself would not be respected. The marriage vow would no longer stand as a sacred bulwark to protect the family. . . .

"Already the doctrine that men are released from obedience to God's requirements has weakened the force of moral obligation, and opened the floodgates of iniquity upon the world. Lawlessness, dissipation, and corruption are sweeping in upon us like an overwhelming tide. . . .

"The iniquity and spiritual darkness that prevailed under the supremacy of Rome were the inevitable result of her suppression of the Scriptures; but where is to be found the cause of the widespread infidelity, the rejection of the law of God, and the consequent corruption, under the full blaze of gospel light in an age of religious freedom? Now that Satan can no longer keep the world under his control by withholding the Scriptures, he resorts to other means to accomplish the same object. To destroy faith in the Bible serves his purpose as well as to destroy the Bible itself. By introducing the belief that God's law is not binding, he as effectually leads men to transgress as if they were wholly ignorant of its precepts. And now, as in former ages, he has worked through the church to further his designs. . . . As the claims of the fourth commandment are urged upon the people, it is found that the observance of the seventh-day Sabbath is enjoined; and as the only way to free themselves from a duty which they are unwilling to perform, many popular teachers declare that the law of God is no longer binding. Thus they cast away the law and the Sabbath together. As the work of Sabbath reform extends, this rejection of the divine law to avoid the claims of the fourth commandment will become well-nigh universal."—*The Great Controversy, pp. 585-587.*

This word has come to pass. To appeal to those who fear God and revere His Holy Word in these last days, the Lord sends the advent message, lifting up the New Testament standard, "the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus." It will be a battle and a march, a battle and a march for us to the end. And Christ, and all those who follow the Lamb, will be victorious in this great controversy. W. A. S.

"Evangelize"—Our Watchword in Africa

By A. W. AUSTEN

Superintendent, Northern Rhodesia Mission Field

WHEN we accept fully the responsibility laid upon us by our Saviour in the gospel commission, and set out to "make disciples or Christians" of all nations (Matt. 28:19, 20, margin), and when the Spirit which animated the Great Apostle in His ministry worketh mightily in us, causing us to "labor, striving according to His working" that we may "present every man perfect in Christ Jesus" (Col. 1:28), then we experience the outpouring of God's Spirit upon us in abundant measure in our soul-winning endeavors. As we accept our responsibility in evangelism as "lifting men out of the sea of sin, and placing them on the Rock of Ages," and boldly go forward in God's grace to accomplish this end, we realize how great is the task that faces us, and how short the time allotted to us.

In the Zambezi Union Mission Field, which comprises the territory of Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Bechuanaland, there is being experienced today an evangelistic surge almost unprecedented in our work, and the results are far-reaching. Baptisms each year are mounting steadily. Admissions to the baptismal classes are surpassing all previous figures, and appeals for workers, teachers, evangelists, and schools are multiplying daily. Truly this large expanse of darkest Africa is experiencing a great awaking, and could every call be answered, how soon the news of a crucified, risen, and soon-coming Saviour would be heralded to even the darkest and most remote corners of our territory.

Personal Soul-Winning Work

W. H. Anderson, veteran pioneer, known and beloved by almost every tribe in this part of the continent, has just concluded two major evangelistic efforts in Southern Rhodesia—the country in which he pioneered this glorious message almost fifty years ago. A. E. Rawson, superintendent of the Southern Rhodesia Mission Field, reports that more than three hundred new converts have joined the Bible classes as a result of Elder Anderson's efforts. These three hundred souls represent the fruitage granted by the Spirit of God to a season of earnest labor and prayer and toil for the souls of men. They are the result, not of large mass gather-

ings, but of earnest, personal efforts on the part of Elder Anderson and his helpers for individual men and women. They are hand-picked fruit, for at this time of the year the African people are busy cultivating and harvesting their crops of maize, kaffir corn, millet, ground beans, and nuts, and so spend much of their time in the gardens. Because it is difficult to get them to attend meetings, our workers spend the day in personal efforts for the people, frequently helping them with the job on hand, while they earnestly point them to the Saviour. Often the work in hand is laid aside while the worker and his companion kneel under the tropical sun, and another soul renounces heathenism and accepts Jesus the Saviour of mankind.

In the Northern Rhodesia Mission Field we are happy to have W. W. Christensen, recently evacuated from Burma, engaged in full-time African evangelism. I have just returned from the Demu Mission District, one of our largest African-directed missions in the field, where I was associated for a while with Elder Christensen in an evangelistic effort. This effort is being conducted almost entirely with the assistance of the deacons and stewards (lay preachers) of the district. We have followed our regular form of campaign at Demu. We made a map of the district, listing every village in the surrounding area within a radius of six or seven miles, and then distributed our working force so that every village was covered by at least two men. Early each morning we met with the workers for study and prayer and to lay plans for the day's work. Then all went their appointed ways to spend the day in personal soul-winning efforts. Late in the afternoon we gathered to report on the day's work and to pray for those who had requested prayer and for the Holy Spirit to water the seed sown during the day. At seven-thirty each evening a public meeting was held in the Demu church, at which we often had four hundred present. Though the rain was heavy at times and the church leaked, there were seldom less than 250 people present. An antiquated stereopticon with a varied assortment of out-of-date Old and New Testament pictures proved to be of intense interest to the people and helped to draw crowds of old and young.

Giving Up Evil Habits

Day by day progress was reported. We prayed for the sick, helped the needy, and pointed men and women to Jesus. As the Spirit of God convicted hearts of sin and as the saving power of the message made itself felt, there were many earnest struggles against lifelong habits and practices controlled by generations of heathenism and superstition. Men and women who had used beer, snuff, and tobacco since childhood, strove to lay these vices aside in order to yield their bodies to the Saviour as temples of the Holy Ghost. Beads and charms formerly worn around the neck and waist to protect the body against sickness and disease were laid aside in exchange for a living faith in God, who can and does protect His children.

At the close of six weeks, with still two weeks to go, 318 men, women, and children accepted Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour and renounced heathenism. These dear people, brands plucked from the burning, are now being instructed in the Bible classes, preparatory to baptism.

During the month of September every pastor, evangelist, and teacher in the Northern Rhodesia Mission Field will be engaged in full-time evangelistic endeavor. We are confidently expecting to see a thousand believers accepting the message this year as a result of our evangelistic campaign. We have been told to "expect great things from God," and to "attempt great things for God." Truly, there never was such a day of opportunity in the Zambezi Union Mission Field. Of a truth these final movements are rapid ones. Daily we earnestly beseech the Master to send us more means and helpers to answer the calls that come with increasing earnestness and insistence, and to give us strength and grace to press forward to final victory. Your prayers and interest are a source of strength and encouragement to us. May they never fail!

THE entire object of true education is to make people not merely do right things, but enjoy them—not merely industrious, but to love industry—not merely learned, but to love knowledge—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.—*John Ruskin.*

Remember Us

By C. R. NASH

Superintendent, Zambezi Union, Africa

TONIGHT, when you kneel around your family altar and at your bedside, remember us, your missionaries. In your secret chamber and during your private meditations think of us and pray for us. We have left homelands and loved ones. We are sacrificing pleasures, comforts, and health, not necessarily because of our choosing, but because we have been "called" and felt compelled to respond to that call.

While I was home on furlough, in 1934, a good sister said to me, "I could never be a missionary. I think people have to be born to be missionaries, or they would never be willing to forsake all as they do."

We are not asking for sympathy, nor are we indulging self-pity. Nevertheless, let me assure you that we are not so much different from others that we cannot or do not enjoy the luxuries of civilization; nor do we enjoy the tropical diseases that fall our lot to suffer. However, all that we ask of you is that you "remember us."

A ship captain once had a very dangerous task to be performed. He asked for volunteers, but no one responded. After a long pause one young man inquired what time it was. The captain told him, and the young man suggested that if he would wait until it was exactly twelve o'clock Boston time, he would be willing to respond. In a few moments the young man was climbing the iced pole. The old ship tossed and plunged. The young man's fingers became numb with cold, and he almost fell several times. But at last his task was completed, and he slid down the pole to safety. The other sailors were praising him for his bravery. The captain then quietly inquired, "Why was it that you wanted to wait until twelve o'clock noon in Boston?"

The young man replied, "Mother told me when I left home that she would always 'remember me' at that time. When she is on her knees I am safe."

So it is with us. If we can but know you are remembering us constantly before the throne of grace, then we shall always feel safe.

Not long ago a delegation walked over a hundred and fifty miles to see me and make their plea for a worker who might instruct them in the ways of God. There were nine in the delegation. I listened to their story and earnest request. Since the day had been unusually hot, and I was very tired, for it was after six-thirty in the evening, I tried to get them to wait until morning; but they would not postpone their mission. They said they had been calling and calling.

Some of their people had died during that very rainy season, and they had been sent by the chief to bring a worker with them on their return. I explained that we were short of workers and had no money. However, the men continued to press their plea with heart-touching earnestness.

I have never seen any people more set in their purpose. When one stopped another would start. They stated that they had built the church and school, the leader's home, cleared his garden site, and were prepared to carry his goods back with them. With tears in their eyes they pleaded for me not to disappoint them and their old chief.

I thought and thought and even talked to the local workers about the possibility of finding sufficient funds to send out one more worker. But there was nothing that could be done. I conveyed this decision to the men. They started talking all at once. Finally one man asked, "Do you white missionaries just plan to let our people die without knowing about your God? Other missions have asked to establish schools in our villages, but we have refused because we have heard from others that you have the true Sabbath. What shall we do? Please, please Bwana, what shall we do?"

Yes, brethren and sisters, what shall they do? What shall we, your missionaries, do under such circumstances? Think of how we must feel as we lie down to sleep after such an experience. All our hardships and privations fade into the background as we toss upon our beds, longing to help these poor people in some small way.

When the next appeal is made for missions, "remember us" and our needs. Give us the funds and we will gladly do the work, but without money for salaries, small though they may be, we cannot employ more teachers and evangelists to answer the many calls.

May I earnestly request that you will "remember us" before you make your purchases and that you invest more and more of your money in the cause of missions. Even if you can give only an extra ten dollars, that will pay a good worker for one month, and \$120 would pay one for a full year. At the time of the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering remember our field by giving the most liberal offering that you have ever given.

The Missionary's Plea

"WILL you not pray for us? Each day we need

Your prayers, for oft the way is rough and long,

And our lips falter and forget their song,

As we proclaim the Word that men must heed.

"Will you not pray for us? Alone we stand

To stem the awful tide of sin and shame,

To cast out demons in the mighty name

Which is alone the hope of every land.

"Pray, pray for us! We are but ves-

sels frail;

The world's appalling need would crush us down

Save that in vision we behold the crown

Upon His brow who shall at length prevail!

"Not yet the crowning! Fields must first be won,

Lives freely yielded, martyr blood be spilt.

Love cast out fear, redemption blot out guilt,

Ere we behold the kingdom of God's Son."

The Land We Forgot

By S. G. MAXWELL

A COUNTRY of four million people and one lone missionary! We sent him there ten years ago. He spent two years prospecting for a mission site. Then he put up two well-built mission homes and a three-roomed school. He put under cultivation all the available acres on the mission hill, planted a large grove of trees, and made the station a credit to our work.

While this was in progress the REVIEW AND HERALD published an article which told us that Mozambique, or Portuguese East Africa, had been entered with the message. Loyal Seventh-day Adventists duly noted the fact and it gave satisfaction that another country had been "occupied."

But has it truly been occupied? In this vast territory of 302,700 square miles our influence extends a bare five miles around our Munguluni Mission. In this small area Christian homes stand out in marked contrast to the heathen homes. Neatly built houses, with doors and windows, besplendored with an annual coat of whitewash, speak of the change which has come to the occupants.

What are these sixty-odd members to the great mass of heathenism which surrounds them? They have no portion of the Bible in their language, nor do they possess a hymnbook. We have no literature for them at all. The land is practically unenlightened by Protestant missions. The people are primitive and wear scarcely any clothing. Many "duck-billed" women are seen (i. e., those who protrude their lips by inserting round pieces of wood). Schools are few and far between.

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Conducted by Nora Machlan Buckman

A Saturday Preacher Sows Seed

By AVA COVINGTON WALL

NOTE.—While the story is true the names used are fictitious.

Tom accepts the message taught by the Saturday preacher who comes to his home town, and is baptized. His parents are opposed to his stand at first, but later his mother becomes interested. The Saturday preacher returns to his town, but his message is not the same, and Tom refuses to hear him. At last the opportunity comes for him to go away to the academy.

WHEN Tom got off the train at the little station, the only vehicle he saw was a lumber wagon. The man with the wagon spoke to him kindly and asked if he was the fellow just coming to Iron-ton. Already his hands were on the boy's trunk to hoist it onto the wagon. Tom climbed on. It wasn't such a long journey, for he was excited and eager to learn all the man could tell him about the academy.

As the wagon drew up in front of the boys' dormitory, a most pleasing sight met Tom's eyes. The buildings were arranged in a square around a beautiful expanse of green lawn, the boys' dormitory at one end and the girls' at the other. The administration building was at one side. Around the campus graceful maples, shaded with the first faint tinge of autumn color, formed a fitting frame. A

scenic forest surrounded the campus.

But bells, bells, bells, and more bells! It seemed strange to Tom to have to get up by bells (he went to bed by the blink of the lights), eat by bells, work by bells. He'd no more than awaken in the morning, daylight just breaking, and think, Time to stretch a bit before the bell—and the bells would begin jangling. Then he would have to hurry to be ready to eat when the bell rang the next time. Of course, going to class by a bell was different. He had always done that. But Tom soon became accustomed to the ringing of the bells. In fact, it was not long until he had found his place in the life of the school, but a few distressing experiences first fell to his lot.

As he had looked forward to attending an Adventist school, Tom had pictured an easy Christian life among teachers and students who were Christians. He was to learn, however, that the harder people try to live up to Christian teachings, the harder the devil works to hinder them. His own standards had been set quite high. But he had to learn not to measure his Christian experience by the standards

of others. He learned, of course, that there are certain principles which must be followed, but he found that he must be constantly on guard to keep from falling into the habit of careless speaking, among other things. This realization was impressed more firmly when he saw a teacher perform what he thought was a bit of unfair play in a game of ball. He had scarcely recovered from this shock when he heard another teacher tell a story that seemed a bit off color. The disappointment wounded him keenly.

When Tom had first become a Christian, he had learned the value of prayer and study, and the

necessity of prayer and study, if he would maintain a close connection with heaven. He had set specific times during the day when he would commune with God and study His Word. Another great disappointment came to him when he realized that here in the academy there would not be sufficient time for private devotions, unless he was very careful in the use of his time. Soon his Christian experience was suffering. Realizing this, he determined that he would seek more time for personal Bible study and prayer. He kept this determination, and his consecration was renewed.

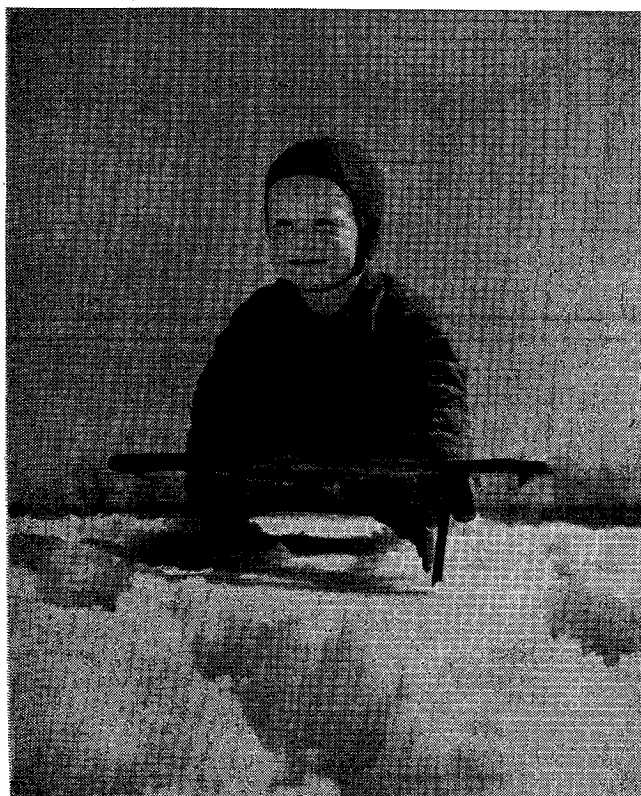
The Friday evening vesper services held an especial appeal for Tom, and he enjoyed the Sabbath school. In time he was made superintendent for a semester. Back home he had spent his Sabbaths with his mother and with Mrs. Long. Now he could go to church every Sabbath. Often he thought of his mother, wishing that she might be with him. There was a prayer band for boys, that met on Sabbath afternoons in one of the rooms. This was a source of strength. But there was no class for ministerial students.

Going to the Bible teacher one day, Tom asked:

"Elder Woods, I believe some of the people in Iron-ton would be interested in the message if we taught it to them. Would you be willing for me to try to arouse an interest and hold Bible studies there? The town is only three miles away, and I would like to go down once a week. It is no distance at all for me to walk."

"Why, yes, Tom. That would be a good experience for you." So, with permission and help in outlining his Bible studies, Tom went to Iron-ton once a week and gave studies to a class of twelve people he found through calling at the homes with tracts. There were times when he was almost too weary to make the trip, but not once did he fail. His lack of physical courage was no match for his spiritual courage, and out of that class one accepted Christ and became an earnest Christian. That he was able to win a soul to God, even while in training, added to his joy.

Tom's preparation for the ministry followed the true pattern. Although it is not necessary for a minister to spend time in the colporteur work before entering the ministry, experience



What Fun and Joy the Winter Brings. If Properly Clothed, Children Greatly Benefit by Play in the Out-of-Doors

in that line makes him far better fitted to be a minister of the gospel. While Tom was in the academy opportunity was given for those who wished to form a literature band. Tom was chosen leader of this band, not because of the experience he had had, but because of his zeal in Christian service.

When school closed he was out on the road, gaining firsthand experience in soul winning as he placed words of truth in the homes. On one occasion he sold three books to a woman who was not a Christian. In their conversation she had expressed an interest in his work, and that was all Tom needed. During the evenings, when he was in that town, he studied the Bible with her, and soon she gave her heart to God. Two months after he returned to school he learned that she had died. As he thought of the summer's experience, his one consolation was that one soul, at least, would be his in the kingdom of God.

Time passed rapidly with the usual activities of being a junior and then a senior in the academy. As his classmates talked of going on to college, he planned to join them, for he now realized more than ever the benefits of a complete education. Shortly before graduation he received an invitation to unite with a group in a large city effort where he would be chorister and tent master. To Tom it meant another opportunity to win souls, this time in a much larger way. Consequently, when graduation had become a thing of the past, he devoted all his energy to the work before him.

It was a large city effort. On Sunday evenings there were often as many as two thousand people crowded into the tent and standing just outside. The work was strenuous. Tom never realized that a preacher had to perform so many tasks. Directing the music was a minor one compared with some of the others. Looking after the tent, keeping it orderly, keeping the songbooks in place, picking up trash thrown down by careless visitors, giving out literature—even chasing rowdies who tried to pull up some of the stakes—kept him busy. And before the summer ended Tom grew weary; many times he stayed by the task only through prayer and sheer grit. But it was a good summer.

When time came to enter college in the fall, he counted up his money and realized that he did not have enough to see him through the year. His wealth was counted only in experience. So back home he went, to work and save for another year.

An active body cannot be idle for long without suffering. Neither can an active Christian. Tom must either do something to win souls or suffer. Where was there a better place to start than right in his home town, among the people where he had grown up? True, the message had been

preached there several years before by the Saturday preacher, but now it was time for another series of meetings. Going to the chairman of the school board, he requested permission to use the assembly room in the grade school. His request was granted, free of charge, with heat and light included.

As Tom stood before his audience that first evening, he experienced a special kind of thrill. It was in this same room that he had studied his Bible between classes. It was here that the teacher had undertaken to convince him that Saturday was not the Sabbath. Every seat in the room

was occupied, and there were men and boys sitting on the floor in the back of the room. He had merely told his friends that he was going to hold meetings in the schoolhouse.

"Tom actually got to be a preacher, didn't he?" they said to one another—those who had jeeringly called him "Preacher" because he talked about the Bible so much. Perhaps it was curiosity to see whether or not he could preach that led some of them to be in the audience that filled the room for the first meeting. However, if it had been curiosity that caused them to

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— LIFE'S PATTERNS —



HIDDEN BEAUTY

"I didn't know the dark gray mists could hide
Expanse so golden, beautiful, and blue;
But when the clouds rolled by there met my view
A multicolored sky where sun had died.
I'm wondering if I have even tried
To find the lovely things; I never knew
They hid behind the earth, until there grew
A rose and yellow daisies by its side."

ONE of the most amazing facts to me is that sometimes in a decidedly unpromising, unlovely thing, God can see beauty, and He seeks to unveil it. But the transformation wrought in the conversion of a soul delights every true child of God. Perhaps the outward appearance of those around us, except for the facial expression, is not so marked as is that of the heathen who has accepted Christ. Nevertheless, the true Spirit of Christ will be seen in the character. Instead of filth and degradation are seen cleanliness and order and a true happiness and rare beauty which can come only from above.

The story of the peasant Ivan illustrates how the Spirit of Christ penetrates ugliness and causes those who receive it to be transformed.

Ivan, with his small orphaned nephew, Vasily, lived in a tiny hut. He was gloomy, morose, and unkempt, with matted hair and beard and with despicable clothing. He never attempted to wash himself or the little boy, and he put forth no effort to train the child.

The walls of the hut were full of holes, and every piece of furniture in it showed lack of care. Dirt and dust were everywhere. The garden was filled with stones and weeds, and the scant remainder of the fence leaned uncertainly. People were afraid to pass the house in the night, and scarcely anyone spoke to its occupants.

One morning Ivan rose with a feeling of unrest and went outside. He stood beside the gate and scanned the horizon, but his unseeing eyes failed to drink in the loveliness of the dawn,

the beauty of the birds, or the sparkle of the bejeweled grass.

Presently a young man appeared at the top of the hill with a sheaf of lilies in his hand. Smiling, he took one of the lilies, gave it to Ivan, and said, "Keep it white!"

Ivan gazed at the exquisite flower in wonderment. Its fragrance and charm stole into his soul. He entered the hut and said to himself, "I will put it in water."

While he looked for a vessel in which to put it, he started to lay it down on the window sill, but that was covered with thick dust. He turned to the table, but that was covered with moldy crumbs of bread and cheese. Finally he called the little boy and bade him hold it by the stem. He found an empty bottle, washed it sparkling clear at the spring, and placed the lily in it. Ivan was afraid the child might touch it and soil it when no one was there to watch him, so he scrubbed the boy's hands and face, and combed his hair. The little boy seemed to brighten and shine even as the lily.

From that time on a change took place. The holes in the walls were mended. Everything was cleaned and patched. Ivan had his hair and Vasily's trimmed, and began to teach the lad a few things. The garden was weeded and planted, and the neighbors stopped to speak. Once in a while they gave presents of clothes or toys for the boy.

After a week had passed, Ivan and Vasily awoke one morning to find that the lily was gone. They searched everywhere, but could not find it. However, the influence of the lily remained, and they continued to be clean. Many an evening was spent in reading about the Lily of the Valley from the old Bible that Ivan had discovered on a shelf.

About a year later the same young man who had given Ivan the lily passed by and said, "How beautiful is thy lily!"

"Alas, it is vanished," Ivan said sorrowfully.

"But its beauty lives in thy hearts," the young man told them. "It can never die."

If we have the love of Christ glowing in our hearts, we, too, can see the worth and beauty of souls for whom Christ died, and will not cast them aside because they appear worthless, but strive with His help to find the beauty that is in them.

"I think how often people hide away
The beauty of their souls, afraid the world
Might scoff; and underneath their gaiety
Lies dormant beauty which should be unfurled.
So knowing this I'll set about to find
The loveliness to which I've been so blind."

—Christine Grant Curless.

N. B.

The Siege and Capture of Hong Kong

THINK all Americans will long remember the seventh of December, 1941. We who were in Hong Kong think of the eighth of December, because the time there is thirteen hours ahead. On this eventful morning I was living at the China Training Institute, about eleven miles out from Kowloon. All the women from the school had already left for America. Professors Carter, Winter, Krohn, and I were eating at Professor Carter's home. While we were enjoying our breakfast, we heard many planes overhead and rushed out to see them. We were delighted when we counted thirty-five great bombers; we thought they were British planes from Singapore, coming to defend the city.

With this thought uppermost in our minds we all turned happily to our several duties. In the college during chapel period a notice was delivered to President Carter from the chief of police, telling him in very definite words to evacuate the school at once, saying that this was final and very important. He came to me, asking that I go to the city at once and contact Elder Ham for counsel about immediate evacuation. On the road to the city I noticed much excitement among all the people I passed. When I came in sight of the airport, I could see that it had already been bombed and several planes were burning, and the undamaged ones were being wheeled across the road from the airport to try to save them from further air raids.

Many people were evacuating their homes all around the airport. One family of eight wanted me to take them into town. As the children were all quite small, we managed to pack them and their baggage into the car and take them to the Kowloon Hotel. When I arrived at the ferry no boats were running because of air raids. After waiting a long time I decided to return to the school, having tried in vain to contact the office by phone. On the way I found another family, also with six children, who wanted to go to a village on the way to the school.

Evacuating the School

We decided to obey the police notice, and started at once to evacuate the Chinese teachers' wives and children to the church building in the city. We spent the whole day carrying these people out with their baggage. Professor Carter and I decided to stay

with the Chinese teachers, but were persuaded to go to the Y. M. C. A. in Kowloon. We spent most of the next day securing a military pass to go to the school to see how they were faring there. This was the last day we were able to go out.

For the next few days we spent most of our time at the Y. M. C. A. Everything was blacked out every night, and when we went out to get our dinners at night the streets were all dark and nearly deserted, with no lights showing anywhere. It would have been impossible for a stranger to find his way around.

These were exciting days—shells screaming overhead, many planes power diving, and shells bursting in every direction. Some of the defense guns were very large and, as they were very near, they made a tremendous noise. We did not know when a bomb or shell might strike our building. This continued for several days, and we could not go on the streets unless an all-clear signal had sounded.

When I left home I had left my bed made, my books all packed in a suitcase, and a large trunk packed. I took with me one trunk of clothes, two suitcases, a Philco radio, a Monroe calculator, and a typewriter. One morning I decided to mail one more letter, hoping that it might reach my wife. I went to the post office, but found it closed. When I returned to the Y. M. C. A., I was informed by the military that we must be at the ferry in a few moments to leave for Hong Kong. We were told to take just what we could carry ourselves.

I decided to take one suitcase and the calculator. My car was left on the street outside, and the rest of my things remained in my room. The trip to the ferry was a hectic one; planes were flying overhead, shells were screaming, and the big guns were booming all around. The ferries were very full, but we arrived safely and finally succeeded in locating our workers at the office.

Under Bombardment

All of us went to 40 Stubbs Road, where A. L. Ham, C. H. Larsen, H. H. Morse, and Mrs. B. L. Anderson were living. We started at once to convert their garage into a bomb shelter. The garage was under the house and had a reinforced concrete ceiling and heavy stone walls. We filled the window space with sandbags and constructed a heavy sandbag barricade

across the door. Behind the garage was a small room, and we cut a door through the wall into the garage from this room, as no shells could come from this direction. We had to spend much of our time in the garage, on account of the incessant bombing and shelling.

Next door was a very beautiful and modern Chinese mansion. The owners had turned it over to the government, and it had been converted into a military hospital. One afternoon this building was shelled. After two or three shells had exploded, others followed in exactly the same direction, going clear through the house as there was nothing to explode them. These hit the mountain just behind our compound and sprayed the back of our building with shrapnel. One large piece was found on Elder Ham's pillow. Of course the hospital had to evacuate, and the owner informed us that we might use their bomb cellar, which was very well constructed. So we decided to move in. We spent several days there and could scarcely find a safe time to get our meals over at our house. The war was getting much more serious every day.

Aiding War Work

During these days, Mrs. Charles Larsen was nursing downtown in one of the hospitals. Mr. Winter, the science teacher at the college, was driving a truck for the Red Cross, and Brother Ham and I were helping in a large refugee camp. Just before going over to this camp, which was on the hillside across the valley from our property, we saw shells landing in this camp and setting fire to hundreds of the bamboo sheds in which the poor people were living, and, of course, many of them were killed or badly wounded.

We arrived in this camp during the afternoon and made a tour of inspection. We saw one family that had been shelled, lying in a row prior to burial. They were almost unrecognizable as human beings.

During the evening meal a shell appeared to burst right over our dining table. Very soon a number of Chinese were brought in for first aid. That night as we were sleeping, we were awakened by a terrific exchange of gunfire, and found that a battle was being fought right over our heads. Our building was in a little valley between two small mountains, and the contending forces were shooting over

our camp. We had no dugout, but were in a very thin wooden building. In the building was a large quantity of tar roofing in rolls standing on end. We quickly removed the rolls in the center and put them on the outside, making a hollow circle. We covered the top with lumber and crawled in with our bedding. We had to remain here until one of the armies advanced through our camp and caused the other to retreat.

We went back to our mission buildings to get clean clothes and a demijohn of drinking water. While we were loading the car and getting cleaned up, a large British field gun was moved into our driveway and began to fire. We were unable to get back to camp. Later we learned that the invading army came into our camp during these hours we were absent, and had we succeeded in getting back we certainly would have been killed or captured. We stayed at Stubbs Road two days more. By then the invaders were in the mountains nearly all around us. Machine guns and field pieces were mounted in our yard, and soldiers were on guard in many places. One morning we all felt impressed to leave for our city office, which was in the central district. We loaded all our baggage in Elder Ham's car and, taking Mrs. B. L. Anderson with us, left for the city, going up Stubbs Road, for we had been informed by the officer in command that we could not get through by the regular road. All the other men walked to town and had a very exciting time trying to keep away from falling bombs. Some of them damaged their clothing sliding down the banks at the sides of the roads to hide in the trees. We had not gone very far before we saw a large shell hit the road in a mountain pass just ahead of us. We stopped the car while another and another shell fell in the same place, in an attempt to block the road and sever communications. We saw that we could never get past, so went back and decided to go by the regular road, trusting that we would get through safely.

We arrived at our office in the heart of Hong Kong in the midst of a very heavy air raid. We found that the Air Raid Precaution had already taken over the building, and the offices were all being used by the military. Our landlord kindly allowed us to stay in one of his office rooms. We slept on the floor in our offices after they closed in the evening, and spent several days in this manner. As nearly every window in the vicinity was shattered by the bombing and shelling, the buildings were very cold all the time. N. F. Brewer and I were returning to the office one afternoon when we heard a shell whine over us. We dodged into a doorway just as one of the balconies on our building received a direct hit which entirely destroyed the balcony.

In the Hands of the Japanese

On Christmas Day the colony surrendered to the Japanese. The British were greatly outnumbered, and the communications of the colony had been sadly disrupted by the continual shelling and bombing. Nearly all the principal mountain passes were blocked by military equipment which had been put out of commission.

The Japanese had a victory parade at once, and a great flight of planes came over. The city was full of the different units of their army. We were not molested for several days, but were allowed to go about the central district to secure food and buy what we could. Nearly all stores were closed, and many of the larger stores were sealed by the Japanese. Hawkers, however, brought food to sell on the streets, but at very high prices. All the large hotels and restaurants were taken over by the Japanese.

Finally a bulletin was posted, notifying all enemy nationals to appear on a football field with their baggage, ready for internment. We were told to bring only what we could carry. I had to leave my Monroe calculator behind. I took only one suitcase and a bedding roll. We were lined up two abreast and marched under heavy guard down through the principal business street to the other end of the city. Here there were many Chinese hotels, and we were shut up in these. Each hotel was greatly overcrowded. These buildings were just fourteen feet wide, reaching from one street to the street in the rear, and all the light and ventilation had to come from these two ends and a wellhole in the middle. The hallway was at the side, and the remainder was divided into cubicles. The buildings were of three stories, with a flat roof on which we were allowed to exercise during the day, but finally they closed off the end that overlooked the harbor.

We were kept here for several days. The first day we were allowed to go next door to eat, but after that we were fed in our rooms. Our Chinese workers and friends were allowed to talk to us through an iron grille at the front door. They came every day and brought us extra food, but were allowed to talk only a very few minutes and then were driven away by the guards.

Taken to Stanley Prison

On the eighteenth of January, 1942, we were taken in buses to Stanley Prison. The Americans were put in four buildings, which were the former homes of British prison officers. Each building contained six apartments, consisting of living room, two bedrooms, kitchen, pantry, bath, and accommodation for two servants with their own bath, toilet, and kitchen. Six of our group occupied the living room in one of these apartments.

Four men were in each of the bedrooms and three men in the servants' quarters, making 17 men in each apartment. Some of these living rooms had three men and their wives in the same room, without any privacy.

Near these buildings was a garage more than two hundred feet long, open at the front. Here we made our community kitchens, built stoves, chimneys, tables, etc.—a very good example of making something out of nothing. Two buildings on the property had been destroyed by bombing, and we were permitted to use the materials for building. We learned a new word, "scrounge." Whatever we could find on the property not in the possession of someone was ours, and this liberty was surely worked overtime. Some of the internees became so proficient at this art that everything we had must be well looked after at all times. Every piece of lumber, string, or wire took on a new value, and nothing was ever thrown away.

When I made the first door for the community kitchen, I found that it contained five different kinds of wood. It took more time to collect the material than it did to do the work. We had many men, however, who helped "scrounge" this material. All the nails we used had seen good service before, and many of them were very weak-kneed and difficult to drive. During the time we were constructing our kitchen and stoves the food was cooked in Chinese kettles set up on bricks out in one of the courtyards.

We formed a queue to receive our food, and if we were at the end of the line we were very hungry before getting to the serving table. Some went for their food forty-five minutes early, and even the first had to wait at least the forty-five minutes.

As we had no dining rooms, we ate in our own rooms. Many people had to sit on their cots and hold their food on their laps. Two meals were served, one at 10 A. M. and one at 5 P. M. If we had a little private food we could eat early in the morning, but this was very unusual.

We had quite a variety of activities in camp—soft ball, football, basketball, swimming, lectures, concerts, theater, and classwork. Every able-bodied person was supposed to do a certain amount of community work, either in the kitchens or on the sanitary squads, on the ration supply or in the repair department. Many of the more strenuous games had to be discontinued, because they took too much energy when the Red Cross rations ran out. A Hong Kong doctor was my barber all through internment. If we had money he charged; if not he did the work just the same.

The Food Situation

We had a hospital and plenty of good doctors, but medicine and sup-

plies were very scarce. As the months rolled by there was a marked increase in sickness, caused largely by poor and insufficient nourishment, especially vitamin deficiency. When I left camp our daily calories were down as low as 1,385, and the protein was down to forty-four grams. Many nutritional diseases developed, such as beriberi, pellagra, optic nerve blindness, sores that refused to heal under constant medical attention, sore mouths, pains in the joints, etc. Many people spent most of their time resting to conserve their strength. The average loss in weight up to September, 1943, was about thirty pounds. Of course, many lost much more than this, and a few lost twice and even three times as much.

The food was sent in from town each morning and delivered to a central point. Ration squads from all the different blocks or communities went to this station and received their share, which they delivered to their block kitchens. The rations were so small that it took a great deal of effort to give satisfaction. People were going to the hospital nearly every day. They had to be struck off their block list and added to the hospital ration list. When they left the hospital the reverse was true; they were dropped from the hospital and added to their own block again. People were moving from one block to another, and this process had to be used with them.

The rations we received from the Japanese were being constantly changed, so that those in charge of the distribution of rations always had plenty to do. We received during the last few months I was there 8.53 oz. rice, 4.26 oz. flour, .31 oz. salt, .27 oz. sugar, .21 oz. oil, .75 oz. beef, .40 oz. pork, 2.56 oz. fish, 1.07 oz. sweet potatoes, 5.80 oz. vegetables and greens for each person per day. Of course, when we received beef we had no fish or pork. Only one kind at a meal. After the Americans left last year, we had only fourteen Americans in camp, and one day our cook weighed the meat and found she had one quarter of a pound more bone than she had meat. When the fish were cleaned, of course, we had just about half as much left to eat. Many people had great difficulty eating rice. In fact, some never did eat it, but had to exist on what was left.

Cigarettes and tobacco were very scarce, causing many of the heavy smokers to suffer a great deal. Many times I have seen persons going along the streets, picking up cigarette stubs, and using the remaining tobacco to roll cigarettes. Some of the worst addicts used to trade food for cigarettes. One British dentist told me that smoking took away his hunger. Many men were much improved in health because they could not get liquor to drink. Several of the worst

drinkers before the war were very different men in camp.

Our camp was entirely surrounded by barbed wire, and Indian guards were on duty day and night. We were warned not to go near the fences or we would be shot on sight. The main road from town came right through our camp, direct to the front of the Hong Kong prison, but of course this was well guarded where it left the camp area. At night there were electric boundary lights all around the camp.

The shortage of food and the long confinement were very difficult to endure, and the nerves of many became very tense. There were about 3,500 living in very crowded quarters without privacy or quiet. It was almost impossible to find a quiet spot to study or read, especially in bad weather when we could not leave the buildings.

Off for Home

How happy the Canadian group were when we first heard of repatriation. We watched the bulletin boards very closely for more news. At last, after long waiting, we were notified to assemble for inoculation for smallpox, typhoid, and cholera. We were sure then that the long-looked-for day was near. We were next told to deliver our heavy baggage to a large store-room for inspection. At last we heard that the repatriation ship *Teia Maru* had left Shanghai. There was much excitement as everyone packed his belongings and gave away to his friends everything that he was not permitted to take.

On the morning of September 23, 1943, we passed out through the barbed-wire gate. We had our hand baggage examined at a school building. On the way to the boat! This was the beginning of thrills. Our ship was anchored in Stanley Bay, and we were taken out in tenders, and after dark sailed for the Philippines, Saigon, Singapore, and finally to Goa on the west coast of India.

The *Teia Maru* carried normally six hundred passengers, but we were nearly sixteen hundred. To accommodate the extra people all the social rooms and enclosed decks had been made into dormitories with built-in wooden bunks. The water was rationed and was turned off nearly all day. Only a few were able to have any laundry done. The room stewards did not make the beds or clean the rooms. Our beds were not changed on the trip of twenty-two days. I washed my own bed linen and my personal apparel and cleaned my cabin.

The boat was so crowded that we could very seldom find a place to sit on deck. Many men had to sleep in the hold of the ship, but often they stayed on deck on account of the heat, for we crossed the equator twice on the trip. We were delighted to reach Goa.

The *Gripsholm* was one day late, and we were all on hand when she appeared on the horizon. All the lifeboats and every available high spot on the *Teia Maru* were filled with expectant, joyous people. She docked directly ahead of us. Many of our crowd went to the prow of our ship and shouted to the crew of the *Gripsholm*, saying, "Have you enough cabins for everyone? Have you plenty of ice cream? Have you plenty of water? Have you plenty of candy and fruit?" We were assured that there was an abundance of everything. We had to remain on the *Teia Maru* from the fifteenth to the nineteenth of October. Then we left the enemy ship to board a friendly ship, and spirits soared. Before we left the Japanese ship a notice was posted which read: "Tomorrow you go to the *Gripsholm* and will be no longer internees but free citizens and passengers."

The first day on the *Gripsholm* was a wonderful event for all aboard. During the forenoon a box of Nestlé's chocolate was handed to each passenger, and at noon we had a buffet lunch on the deck. This was a most wonderful experience after nearly two years of hunger. The tables looked like the old-fashioned picnic spreads. I wish you could have seen the hundreds of children when they saw all that food. The sequel was that the doctor had to work overtime that evening looking after those who had indulged too freely.

We arrived in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, November 2. The town had made elaborate preparations for the arrival of our ship. The old feather market had been all fitted up for the occasion with bunting and flags and loud-speakers. Many ladies were present who invited those who had no friends there to go home with them and be entertained until the ship sailed. Our group, Doctor Dale, Mrs. Coffin, Mrs. J. P. Anderson, B. L. Anderson, and I, were entertained by our missionaries there, and we had a delightful time. When they brought us to the boat they had oranges, pineapples, and chocolate for us to take on the ship.

In Rio de Janeiro we were also royally entertained and spent a very happy two days with our workers, sight-seeing and shopping.

Soon we were at sea again for the last lap of our journey, and everyone was quite excited, knowing that the next port was home, sweet home. I was unable to sleep much the last few nights. My thoughts were of home and loved ones. When we reached New York, all the Canadians went by special train direct to Montreal, Canada. In fact, I was in Montreal before some of the Americans left the ship. I was made very happy when I met my wife and son at Montreal after nearly three years of separation.

In this whole experience I can plainly see the Lord's leading hand. Every detail worked out so smoothly. When the shells and bombs were thick around us I realized what David meant when he said in the fourth psalm, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord, *only* makest me dwell in safety."

I must say a word in deep appreciation to our Canadian Government for the wonderful way in which they handled every detail concerning our repatriation. Everything was handled efficiently and in a way to bring the most satisfaction and comfort to all concerned. We especially appreciated the wonderful railroad accommodations furnished between New York and Montreal. Also the Red Cross was very gracious to us and anticipated our every need all through the long journey to the homeland. I will always have a very tender spot in my heart for this wonderful and efficient organization.

American Red Cross

DURING March the American Red Cross will raise its 1944 War Fund. A goal of \$200,000,000 has been set. This must be met if the Red Cross is to continue its work on an undiminished scale.

The millions of volunteer donors who have visited American Red Cross blood donor centers have helped save the lives of great numbers of our soldiers and sailors. These centers are equipped with up-to-the-minute scientific apparatus, and their operation is financed from Red Cross funds. Support the 1944 Red Cross War Fund and thereby help save the lives of the boys at the front.

Thousands of food parcels packed by volunteers are regularly shipped by the American Red Cross for distribution to American and United Nations prisoners of war and civilian internees in Europe. Similar shipments also go to the Far East. The Red Cross serves on every front. Maintenance of Red Cross services, however, depends upon the response to the 1944 Red Cross War Fund appeal.

A soldier in the South Pacific received word of serious trouble at home. He went to the American Red Cross representative assigned to his unit. The latter, in co-operation with the man's home chapter, worked out a satisfactory solution of the family's difficulties. This is one of many Red Cross services to soldiers and sailors and their families, made possible by contributions to the Red Cross War Fund.

The American Red Cross maintains a staff of trained workers to aid servicemen's families in trouble. This and other services to members of our armed forces and their families can be continued only with your help. Your Red Cross is at his side. Husbands and fathers, brothers and sons in the service—all call upon the Red Cross in an emergency. Members of the American Junior Red Cross take part in many activities of the adult organization. In 1943, in addition to many other activities, they provided 1,000 Christmas decoration kits for use by the American Red Cross in military and naval posts and hospitals overseas. Part of each contribution to the 1944 Red Cross War Fund will help support the work of these young Red Cross workers.

Disaster relief units equipped with mobile first-aid facilities and canteens

are on the alert at strategic points to aid the victims of fire, flood, or accident. Help the Red Cross to help others in an emergency! The American Red Cross is training an additional group of volunteers, called dietitian's aides, to supplement the work already being done in the hospital by nurse's aides and Gray Ladies. Help the Red Cross maintain and increase its service on the home front by supporting the 1944 Red Cross War Fund.

Woodward, Oklahoma

ON Sunday night, October 3, we had an encouraging beginning for a series of lectures in a vacant store building on the main street. The Lord blessed from the very start, and our attendance continued to increase, so that on Sunday nights we always rented extra chairs to care for the interested listeners.

Brother and Sister G. D. O'Brien were associated with us in these meetings and were a great help and blessing to the work. These young folks will remain here to foster the work.

At this writing twenty-three have united with the church and we look forward to the time when six or seven more will come into the fold. We thank the Lord for His blessings upon the work here. Because of the additions to the church we are now in the midst of enlarging our church building, so that we can accommodate our people on the Sabbath.

Our members of the church were a real help to us in this effort. They worked untiringly to make the meetings a success, and we know the Lord has blessed them for their part in the work.

ARTHUR KIESZ.



The Students and Faculty of the Recently Erected Mexican Training School at Montemorelos

New Zealand and Its Inhabitants—II

Abel Tasman's Unsuccessful Voyage

LATE in the year 1642, Abel Janszoon Tasman, a captain in the service of the Dutch East India Company, was on a voyage of discovery in the South Seas. At that time the Dutch were in the heyday of their power. They were all-powerful in the East Indies, and any chance for acquiring new lands was eagerly seized by them. Antony van Diemen, the governor of the Indies, was anxious to expand the company's territory, and, confident that a Utopia lay in the South Seas, he sent Tasman with two ships, the *Heemskerck* and the *Zeehaen*, to look for this treasure land where lay untold stores of gold. Tasman was instructed to open up trade with its inhabitants.

The Dutch captain sailed south, and then turning east, he found an island which he called Van Diemen's Land. The name was afterward changed to Tasmania. He then continued eastward. "Toward noon we saw a big, high-lying land bearing southeast of us, about fifteen miles distant." In these few words we have recorded Tasman's discovery of New Zealand. He skirted the coast, finally entering a beautiful bay. This surely was the Utopia for which he was looking. Here was a land of summer sunshine and blue skies. Great forest trees grew right down to the water's edge; birds of many kinds were singing among the branches. Yes, this was without a doubt what he was looking for. Surely no harm could come to him in this beautiful place. But alas! death lurked in this delightful spot. No sooner had a boat been lowered to go from one ship to the other than seven large canoes filled with fierce warriors attacked it, killing four of the Dutchmen. Tasman called this tragic spot Murderers' Bay. The name has since been changed to Golden Bay. So this was the Utopia! This! He decided to sail away as soon as possible. Up the coast of the North Island he went till he rounded a rocky headland which he called Cape Maria van Diemen, after the wife of Antony van Diemen.

His thoughts were sad at this festive season. He thought of the tragedy that had overtaken his four sailors, and then he thought of his own native land, held in the icy grip of winter, while this beautiful yet benighted land was bathed in midsummer sunshine. He saw three rocky islets lying off the rugged coast. Being a good churchman, he named them the Three Kings, a tribute to the wise men of old who followed the star in their search for the Christ child. He attempted to land on the Great King, the largest of the three, but another band of threaten-

ing Maoris terrified his crew. He therefore weighed anchor and sailed away, with no very pleasant recollections of his "find." He named the new land Statenlandt, because he thought it was part of Staten Island, south of Tierra del Fuego. It was later proved that Statenlandt had no connection with Staten Island. The Dutch people therefore changed the name to New Zealand. The people of Holland looked upon Tasman's voyage as a failure. He had found no Utopia, not even a country with which they could trade.

Fearing that some other nation might claim it, they said little about Tasman's discovery. Thus New Zealand remained hidden from the eyes of the world many years.

A century and a quarter passed away; Abel Tasman had long since gone to his rest; a new generation of Maoris possessed the land of their fathers; no other white men had since visited that benighted land.

Captain Cook's Visit

In 1769 another ship was nearing New Zealand. This time it was the *Endeavour*, commanded by Lieutenant James Cook, an Englishman, filled with the adventurous spirit of a true Britisher. He had instructions to explore the southern ocean and especially New Zealand and its unknown inhabitants. On the *Endeavour* were eighty-five persons, including a party of scientists, among whom were Sir Joseph Banks, a wealthy student of science, Doctor Solander, a Swedish naturalist, and Charles Green, an astronomer. Lieutenant Cook had also brought with him from Tahiti, a chief, Tupaea, and his boy, Taieto.

The crew were becoming weary of the long journey when Cook thought to encourage them. "A golden guinea to the one who sees land first!" he announced.

Now among the *Endeavour's* company was a little cabin boy, Nicholas Young—Young Nick he was called by the ship's company. Nick's eyes grew round with wonder at this magnanimous offer. How he would love to own so much money. While the others were arguing about it, Nick climbed up to the masthead, and glued his eyes to the western horizon. After a while he saw the dim outline of New Zealand. "Land, land!" he shouted, "I see land ahead!" Cook not only gave the lad the promised guinea but also did him the honor of calling the headland after him—Young Nick's Head—and by that name it is still known. Two days later, October 8, 1769, the ship anchored in Poverty Bay, and Cook went ashore, the first white man to set foot on New Zealand soil.

The account left by Tasman had

made the explorer very cautious. He wished to avoid any unpleasantness with the Maoris. He managed to get in touch with them by means of Tupaea, who found that he could understand their language, and they in their turn could understand him. He told them that Cook and his men had no intention of harming them. It was largely because of this that Lieutenant Cook was well received by the Maoris. He was just and kind to them and saw to it that his men acted in the same way.

At Poverty Bay the great navigator formally took possession of the land in the name of King George III. Thus New Zealand became a British colony.

On his return to England, Lieutenant Cook was promoted by the Admiralty to the rank of captain. Captain Cook subsequently paid several visits to New Zealand, his last being in 1777. It was while he was on this voyage that he met his tragic death at the hands of the natives of Hawaii.

A Black Page in New Zealand History

The news of Captain Cook's discovery spread like wildfire throughout Europe and America. It was known that the southern ocean abounded in whales and seals, and the eyes of adventurous traders were focused on New Zealand.

Barely had the sails of Cook dropped below the horizon when New Zealand became the happy hunting ground of traders, whalers, and sealers. A wild, lawless lot of men they were—recruits from the gutters of England and America, acknowledging the authority of neither God nor man. New Zealand whaling stations had very bad reputations, and deservedly so. All the worst characters—criminals, escaped convicts, degenerates of all kinds—flocked to them, bringing their evil habits with them. Decency held no sway in this realm of lawlessness. They careered along the coasts, vitiating the Maoris whom they contacted, committing acts of wanton cruelty, and losing themselves in a riot of dissipation. The first experience the Maoris had of civilized life was more often than not of a most brutal and revolting character. These white wasters often found their way into the Maori *pas* (villages), where they lived with the Maoris, teaching them their vices, supplying them with liquor, and encouraging them in their tribal wars. The pakeha-Maori, as this class of white man was called, was an outcast of the lowest type. These men soon found that in the Maori they met not only a brave man but a very proud, clever, passionate savage, who would promptly avenge insult and injustice, demand-

ing *utu* (revenge). Thus dreadful massacres and cannibal feasts were continually taking place. In fact, outrages on both sides were frequent, and there was little to choose between the natives and the vicious white men. New Zealand had indeed fallen on evil times, which form the blackest pages in its history.

FLORENCE M. DEVAYNES JONES.

Central Union Evangelistic Institute

A MEETING that has set higher spiritual standards and mapped plans for larger and more rapid advancement of the gospel in the five great Central States was held at Topeka, Kansas, January 4-11, 1944. This, the Central Union evangelistic institute, brought together about 150 evangelists, pastors, Bible instructors, and other workers. With the leadership of union and conference officials and instruction by men from the General Conference, the Central Union workers spent eight days in intensive study and exchange of experiences.

This institute was held in the assembly room of Topeka's municipal auditorium, a very beautiful modern building. The Sabbath services were held in the arena of the auditorium. The city officials provided all these accommodations free and appreciated the presence of our group in the city. The auditorium is located in convenient relation to hotels and excellent cafeterias.

At the opening meeting, J. F. Wright, one of the vice-presidents of the General Conference, referred to this as the first general meeting to convene in the "centennial year," 1944. Very seriously he reviewed the announcement by the angel, as given in Revelation 14:6, 7. "God used an angel to symbolize the rapidity with which this movement should go to the world," said Elder Wright. "One hundred years have slipped away. We are meeting in the most dramatic and most significant year known since the day this movement started."

This thought, impressed throughout the session, brought in a deep solemnity, and was as a challenge to the ministry to rededicate the life and energize every effort to proclaim effectively the message for the hour. Throughout the session, Elder Wright conducted a series of spiritual studies, giving time for devotional expression, and on the Sabbath he preached a sermon on the investigative judgment. This was followed by a move forward for consecration and prayer, in which everyone present took part.

J. L. Shuler conducted a real school in evangelism, centering around the subject "Obtaining Decisions." This was progressive instruction that grew

in interest and value. Elder Shuler, who had just closed a series of meetings in Illinois, is a field secretary for the Ministerial Association and an instructor at the Theological Seminary.

D. E. Rebok, president of the Theological Seminary, gave excellent help in several talks, featuring the need of a trained ministry and pointing out religious trends that now demand careful study and research.

W. P. Bradley, secretary of the General Conference Radio Commission, led out in discussing important topics relating to the radio work and Bible correspondence schools. He also gave the dedicatory sermon at a special Sabbath afternoon service held in the Topeka church, when a \$12,000 mortgage was burned and the church dedicated free from debt.

The president of the Central Union, N. C. Wilson, was assisted in the direction of the conference by members of his union staff and the presidents of the conferences represented. The program included many topics vital to the successful conduct of meetings. Special attention was given to music in its relation to successful evangelism and the work of the church. Throughout the session every hour was filled. An excellent spirit prevailed, and all were faithful in attendance.

While this was a comparatively small gathering and the type of religious meeting that ordinarily would not attract much attention, through the newspapers we were able to give out much information about it to the public. Editors on the *Topeka Capital* and the *Topeka State Journal* were quite friendly, appreciated our covering the session, and published our stories without change. Each of these papers goes into about forty-nine thousand homes. Into the reports were woven the spirit of our work, and interesting facts as to methods and the growth of the movement at home and throughout the world. The publicity given elicited favorable comments from city leaders interested in the success of the meeting.

It was a privilege to attend this meeting. We confidently believe that it marks a new era of progress in the work of the Central Union with its vast States of Kansas, Colorado, Missouri, Nebraska, and Wyoming. Reports given by the president of Union College, by the managers and physicians of the sanitariums in Denver and in Boulder, and by the manager and editor of the Christian Record Benevolent Association were encouraging. It is expected that at least sixty series of meetings will be in full swing within a few weeks after this meeting.

J. R. FERREN.

"He has power to move men who is immovable on God."

Baptism in Panama City

ON the next to the last Sunday night in the old year, 1943, a very pleasing baptismal service was conducted by C. E. Westphal, president of the Panama Conference, when twenty-three candidates were baptized. This consisted of a goodly number of adult candidates, some quite well advanced in life. There were several youth and children, coming largely from the church school.

The fruitage of our church schools is often most marked in the direct result as evidenced in the number baptized. Our church school of the Panama City church, with more than one hundred students and employing three teachers, is certainly accomplishing much in the spiritual life and development of the children of the school—those who come from Seventh-day Adventist homes and also those, in goodly numbers, who are of non-Adventist families. The school is thus serving the double purpose of being a mission field enterprise and of saving our own boys and girls.

We believe in our denominational program of church schools. Christian education is undoubtedly a leading factor in the fulfillment of the Elijah message.

"Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord: and he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

From the above-quoted scripture it is interesting to note that the very last verse of this Elijah message—the last verse of the Old Testament—deals with God's call and purpose for the children of the advent movement. Again I state that the accomplishment of this supreme purpose of God is largely made possible through the church schools of the movement.

ALFRED R. OGDEN.

Seeing Some Good

LET a man insist upon seeing some good in everyone, and especially in one who tries to be his enemy. Let him drop the other's bad ways into the blind spot in his mind; let him love him; let him bless him—that is, say good things of him; let him go out of his way to do that person good. If the other won't let him do that, or if he is too far away in mind or in body, then let him *pray* for him—that is, take him to the throne of grace, and ask for him the same blessing he asks for himself. That is what is meant by the eye that is single. If this sort of eye be in one, then one's whole body will be filled with light.—*Alfred H. C. Morse.*

The Land We Forgot

(Continued from page 9)

Our work has been restricted for a number of years. One mission home stands empty, a prey to the white ants, and the school does not function. Why, with the needs so great, do we not push forward the work? The answer is that the government requires a Portuguese national with a recognized diploma to teach the school. The operation of this school among so backward a people is essential for strengthening our own members and developing a body of workers to begin the task of evangelizing the territory of Mozambique.

In this land of long distances (our one mission is 250 miles from the nearest station in Nyasaland) some medical help is essential. We should have at least a nurse stationed there. Such a step would highly commend itself to those in authority as a practical evidence justifying the mission's existence. The development of this station with a strong industrial department would also greatly help our Christians in solving the difficult problem of obtaining work with Sabbath privileges.

But are we to imagine that one lone station in a country larger than Texas or over four times greater than England and Wales is sufficient to finish the work there? Here is a challenge to our Sabbath schools to provide in the first quarter of 1944 an overflow sufficient to provide three more new missions in Portuguese East Africa. Even this investment would make each one responsible for over a million souls. The day is far spent and the night is at hand. We must press in before it is too late. Our responsibility is great. Pray for these unenlightened tribes in Southeast Africa and make your offering the largest yet, that we may redeem the land which we forgot.

A Saturday Preacher

(Continued from page 11)

come first, it was not curiosity that prompted, nay, impelled them, to come again and again to hear Tom preach the gospel. He expounded to them all points of faith and practice of the Adventist Church. In other words, he preached to them the Word of God. And it was not curiosity that caused thirty-five to respond when he gave an invitation to come to Sabbath school, for there were just that many who met faithfully from Sabbath to Sabbath.

The conference president heard of the effort Tom was holding. One of the workers had been passing through the little town and had stopped in to look over the audience and to observe Tom's preaching. The conference committee had a meeting.

"That lad must be in earnest to preach away, as he is without help or pay from the conference. He has good stuff in him. In fact, I believe he has what it takes to make a preacher," the president told his committee: "He'll be good help to put that effort across up in the northern part of the State."

And the committee voted to invite Tom Gartner to connect with another tent company. Soon a letter found its way to the Gartner post office box.

"Dear Brother Gartner," it read. "Occasionally during the winter months word has come of the work you are doing in your meetings. In fact, Brother Blank heard you preach once. We remember the sincerity and dependability you demonstrated last summer. In planning our evangelistic campaign for this season, the committee has voted to invite you to connect with another group for an effort this season. There is a large field of service for the young man who will, without conference help or encouragement, raise up a company of believers with a Sabbath school the size of yours. Will you come?"

Tom thought the matter over seriously, made a visit to a city not many miles distant, and then wrote the conference president.

"Dear Elder Hanlon: I wish to thank you from the bottom of my heart for the confidence you show in me and in my Christian experience when you invite me to join another tent company this summer. Yes, I'll be very happy to go, but not alone. This time there will be two of us. Do you wish me to come on that basis?"

"I thought so," chuckled the conference president when he read that letter to his committee at the next meeting. Yes, they still wished him to come even on that basis. Tom was inclined to feel at first that the committee had decided that two could live as cheaply as one, for nothing was said about more pay for the work of two; however, since he was working for souls, not for money, he knew that somehow there would be sufficient for living. The committee did give him a bonus of \$1 a week, for getting married, he learned when he received his first pay.

(To be concluded)

Notice

WASHINGTON MISSIONARY COLLEGE CORPORATION

NOTICE is hereby given that the next biennial meeting of the Washington Missionary College Corporation will be held at Washington Missionary College, Takoma Park, Maryland, at 10 A. M., March 7, 1944. The object of the meeting is to elect trustees and to attend to other matters which should probably come before the membership of the association. The members of this corporation consist of the Executive Committee of the Columbia Union Conference of the Seventh-day Adventists, the Executive Committee of the Southern Union Conference of Seventh-day Adventists, the executive committees of the local conferences in the territory of the Columbia Union Conference of Seventh-day Adventists, the resident members of the General Conference Committee, the Board of Trustees of Washington Missionary

College, the Faculty of Washington Missionary College, and three other members at large, chosen by the other members.

F. H. ROBBINS, Chairman,
B. G. WILKINSON, Secretary.

REQUESTS FOR PRAYER

A SISTER in Oregon requests prayer for the healing of her daughter, and also for herself. They both suffer a great deal.

A WOMAN requests prayer for the healing of her husband. His leg was injured and will not heal properly, and he has been unable to work.

THE JOURNEY'S END

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." Rev. 14:13.

WILLIAM WARREN PRESCOTT

William Warren Prescott was the last surviving member of a family of nine children—eight boys and one girl—born to James L. and Harriet M. Prescott, pioneers in the early advent message, living at Alton, N. H. Soon after his birth his parents moved to Penacook, N. H., where they learned of, and accepted, the Sabbath truth. From here they moved to North Berwick, Maine, where Professor Prescott received most of his early education. Having completed three years of academic training at the South Berwick Academy, he returned to Penacook, where he finished high school and assisted himself during his seventeenth year by teaching fifteen classes a week in Latin and Greek.

In 1873 he entered Dartmouth College, and upon his graduation in 1877 he accepted the principalship of high schools in Northfield and Montpelier, Vt., for three years. Leaving the teaching profession for the editor's chair, he associated himself with his brother in publishing the *Biddford Journal*. Then for five years he owned and edited the *Montpelier State Republican*.

In 1885 he was called to Battle Creek, Mich., to act as president of the Battle Creek College. He continued in this capacity till 1894. While still president of Battle Creek College, he interested himself in starting an educational program for the Western States, and in 1889 met with brethren in Iowa to lay plans for Union College at Lincoln, Nebr., and became the first president of that institution in 1891. Inasmuch as he was president of two institutions, he appointed principals to act in his absence, and spent much of his time traveling between the States of Michigan and Nebraska. His interest in the educational work carried him still farther west, and in 1893 he took on the additional burden of the presidency of Walla Walla College, just then opening its doors to the young people of the great Northwest.

The educational interests throughout the world called for him to make a world tour in 1894-95 to conduct Bible institutes and care for the development of educational interests. Some ten months of this time he spent in Australia, co-operating with the brethren in starting the training work at Cooranbong, New South Wales. Not long after returning from this trip he took charge of our work in England, where he remained till called back to this country in 1901 at the time of the General Conference in Battle Creek. Here he was elected vice-president of the General Conference, and chairman of the Review and Herald Publishing Association board, as well as editor of the church paper, the *REVIEW AND HERALD*. In 1903 he came to Washington to assist in locating the headquarters of the denomination at the capital city. He continued his work as editor till 1909, when he relinquished that position to edit the *Protestant Magazine*, a position in which for seven years his ability in accurate, conscientious research was given full play. Being very much interested at this time in public welfare, he took up the work of religious liberty and fostered its interests until 1913, when C. S. Longacre became secretary of the department.

In 1915 he was appointed field secretary of the General Conference, which position he held till his retirement from active service in 1937. During this time he was most energetic in fostering the interests of world organization, visiting South America, Asia, the Far East, and Australia, doing real yeoman's service in each country. When back at headquarters he was busily engaged in writing, revising such books as the *Source Book* and the *Hand Book*. In 1924-25 he returned to Union College, first as its president and later as head of the Bible department. His last trip abroad was in 1930 when he spent some time with the churches and institutions in Europe. After his return from this trip he wrote his book, *The Spade and the Bible*, and then responded to a call to head the Bible department of Emmanuel Missionary College, at Berrien Springs, Mich., which position he held till 1934.

During the last seven years, since his retirement, he has been at his home, writing, studying, always keenly interested in every detail connected with the cause he loved more than life itself. How his eyes would brighten as bits of information came to him showing the

rapid consummation of all his hopes! How he longed for the reign of sin to be over, and to hear the triumphant shout of victory from the attendant hosts of our Lord and Saviour as He returns to earth to claim His own! How he yearned not to pass through the portals of the tomb, but to be here to welcome his Christ. But in God's providence it seemed that his long and eminently useful life was to close. Gradually succumbing to the ravages of flu-induced pneumonia, he quietly fell asleep at the Washington Sanitarium, Jan. 21, 1944, where every assistance known to medicine sustained his life for days and made his last hours quite free from pain. Internment was made in Rock Creek Cemetery, in Washington, D. C.

A warrior, triumphant in his faith, has laid down his weapons, awaiting the call of the Life-giver. His rest will not be long. Oh, the joy of that glad morning when he can cry, "O death, where is thy sting, O grave, where is thy victory?" Besides those nearest to him—his beloved companion, Daisy Orndorff Prescott, and two nieces, Grace Prescott Tracy and Margaret Prescott Tracy, of New York City—he leaves a host of students, co-workers, and warm friends, who have been greatly inspired by his faith and courage and counsel, and mourn the passing of a true servant of the Lord.

LYNN H. WOOD.

ELLA GRAHAM GILBERT

Ella May Gilbert was born in Mansfield, Conn., July 11, 1865; and passed away at her home in Takoma Park on January 5, 1944, after several months' illness. Her parents, William H. and Mary Thayer Graham, accepted the teachings of William Miller in 1844, and they were among the early believers to observe the Sabbath of the fourth commandment.

In 1874 the family moved to South Lancaster, Mass., where Ella with her mother attended the farewell to J. N. Andrews, our first missionary, just before his departure from Boston for Europe, September 15 of that year.

At the age of twelve she was baptized in South Lancaster by S. N. Haskell. On April 19, 1882, she was one of the nineteen pupils who were present at the opening of South Lancaster Academy, which is one of the three oldest educational institutions of the Seventh-day Adventists. She remained a pupil there until 1888, when she was a member of the first graduating class.

For several years she was secretary of the New England Sabbath School Association, and for five years a member of the faculty of South Lancaster Academy. Her further education was obtained at the State Teachers' College at

Bridgewater, Mass., from which institution she was graduated in 1894.

In 1896 she was united in marriage to Frederick Carnes Gilbert, who was then employed in ministerial work for the New England Conference. For approximately five years she accompanied her husband in evangelistic work; then a home was established in South Lancaster, where they lived for many years.

Mrs. Gilbert's next home was in Takoma Park, and in 1930 she accompanied her daughter Ruth to Shanghai. After several months there she proceeded to Alexandria, Egypt, where she joined Elder Gilbert, and they spent several months in laboring in the Near East and Europe. Before returning to America, they had the privilege of visiting the home of her Graham ancestors in Scotland.

In 1932 she attended the fiftieth anniversary of her graduation from South Lancaster Academy, Professor Charles C. Ramsay, former principal of the school, and Miss Rowena Purdon being the only others present on this occasion who were connected with the academy in its early days.

To mourn her loss, besides her husband, Elder F. C. Gilbert, Mrs. Gilbert leaves four children: Mrs. Ruth Miller, of Indianapolis; Mrs. Miriam Tymeson, of Takoma Park; Dr. W. P. Gilbert, of San Francisco, Calif.; and Sergeant Louis B. Gilbert, now overseas; and one granddaughter, Patricia L. Miller.

As a faithful wife, a loving mother, a quiet homemaker, a loyal friend, she has done nobly her part.

"Henceforth there is laid up for . . . [her] a crown of righteousness."

MARY JOAANA WITTENBERG

Mary Joana Wittenberg passed away at her parents' home near Exeter, Calif., on Nov. 28, 1943.

At the age of eleven she was baptized and joined the Seventh-day Adventist Church. After being graduated from the Fresno Academy, she completed a Bible teacher's course at the Loma Linda Sanitarium, following which she took a postgraduate course in medical dietetics at the St. Helena Sanitarium.

She was later married to Warren N. Wittenberg, and they labored together in the Oklahoma Conference, he as home missionary secretary and she as medical secretary.

In 1941 Sister Wittenberg began to fail in health. She was taken to the Springville Sanatorium in California, and later to Los Angeles for special medical care. Doctors, relatives, and friends did all they could to restore her to health, but to no avail.

As a Christian wife and mother and friend

she will be greatly missed. She leaves to mourn, her husband and little son Merlio; also her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Neufeld; three brothers and three sisters; as well as many other relatives and a host of friends.

MARTHA BOETTCHER

Martha Boettcher was born March 1, 1872, in West Gladbach, Germany; and died at her home in Elmhurst, New York, Dec. 13, 1943. In her teens, Sister Boettcher became acquainted with the advent movement and was brought to Hamburg by one of our pioneers in Germany to assist in the then newly organized Bible and Tract Society work. She labored faithfully in this capacity with our adherents in Germany, and she was greatly blessed of God in this work. On Aug. 1, 1899, she married Adolph Boettcher. Brother and Sister Boettcher labored for some time in Finland and were then called to assist in the foreign work here in the United States. Of late years they have not been connected actively with the organized work, but have filled a very important place in the local church at Hempstead, L. I. Left to mourn are her husband; her brother, Elder Joseph Wintzen of Hague, Holland; a nephew, Hallmut Wintzen of New York; and nieces and nephews in Holland.

Sister Boettcher rests from her labors, but we firmly believe her work will follow her.

EARL WILLIAM CULVER

Earl William Culver was born at Round Top near Wellsboro, Pa., Dec. 21, 1877; and died at Auburn, N. Y., Dec. 4, 1943.

In 1903 he accepted the teachings of Seventh-day Adventists and united with this denomination. He attended South Lancaster Academy, planning to become a trained nurse; but while still in training he became deeply interested in healthful living, especially in regard to diet. This caused him to turn his attention to the art of cooking, and in this field he served our denomination in the following institutions: Glendale Sanitarium, Washington Sanitarium, Mount Vernon College, and Union Springs Academy.

In 1912 he was united in marriage with Anna Simpson Cooper, who was at that time serving as a Bible instructor in the New Jersey Conference. Together Brother and Sister Culver spent twenty years in our denominational work.

Brother Culver had been in poor health for several years and about a week before his death was taken to the Auburn City Hospital, where he fell asleep. Besides his widow, he is survived by one brother, John Culver of Painted Post, N. Y., and several nephews and nieces.

COMPLICATIONS

Why so many examples of breakdown after apparent recovery from the "flu"? Pain in the ear, swelling in the throat, a heavy cough, shortness of breath, pain in the heart or chest regions, persistent nausea and vomiting, pain in the abdomen, and diarrhea are some of the symptoms of trouble ahead which may be as serious as heart disease and kidney trouble.

LIFE AND HEALTH, March issue, gives some helpful counsel on how to make a speedy recovery from the "flu," and offers a wide variety of interesting



AFTER THE "FLU"

articles including "How to Reduce Fire Hazards in the Home," "Simple Exercises to Stimulate Health," and "How to Treat Colds."

LIFE AND HEALTH is enjoying the largest circulation in its history at 15 cents a copy and \$1.50 for yearly subscriptions. Good territory and liberal commissions will be given to all who are accepted as LIFE AND HEALTH representatives. For further information, write to your field missionary secretary, Book and Bible House secretary, or—

Life & Health

WASHINGTON 12, D. C.

EDDIE AUGUSTINE CURTIS

Eddie Augustine Curtis was born on April 24, 1854, at Brookfield, Madison County, New York, the second in a family of seven children—four sons and three daughters—of David Porter and Cordelia Aizina Curtis.

When he was seven years of age his parents, like many others of those days, decided to move farther west to what was then a new country, and settled in Freeborn County, Minnesota, near what is now the town of Alden. From diaries and old letters of those days we learn much of the poverty and privations endured by this family of early settlers in getting a start in a new country with the most meager accommodations and enduring the bitter cold of the Minnesota winters.

Until the age of twenty-four his time was spent on the farm, helping to develop the family home. As the country was new and opportunity for school attendance was very limited, he received only a common school education.

From early childhood he was religiously inclined and was converted and baptized into the church when twelve years old. When he was about nineteen years of age he had his first opportunity to hear the Bible truths as presented by the Seventh-day Adventists, in a series of meetings held by D. M. Canright, and was convinced of the truthfulness of the message proclaimed. About eighteen months later, in company with his father, he attended a Seventh-day Adventist camp meeting at which were present such workers as George I. Butler, S. N. Haskell, Mrs. E. G. White, and her son W. C. White. Shortly after this meeting both he and his father united with the Seventh-day Adventist denomination. Nearly all the other members of the family followed in this decision shortly thereafter.

On June 12, 1875, he was married to Leverna Hallock. To this union were born two sons and one daughter.

At the age of twenty-four he was given ministerial license and began his chosen life-work as opportunity presented. In those early days our denominational membership was very small, and the workers were not given any regular wage, being allowed at the end of each year whatever amount the auditing committee should decide upon from the limited amount in the treasury. For this reason young workers were obliged to spend a portion of their time in other work in order to obtain means for their support.

In the year 1886 he was ordained to the gospel ministry, continuing his work in the Minnesota Conference until the year 1895, when he was invited to labor in the Illinois

Conference. These early years were times of pioneering and many hardships in carrying forward the work in Northern Minnesota as compared to the conveniences of today.

After eleven years in the Illinois Conference, transfer was made to the Nebraska Conference in 1906 for a three-year period. Later he served as conference president in the Wyoming, Western Colorado, and Inter-Mountain Conferences over a period of eight years.

Because of the health of his wife and the necessity of seeking a lower altitude, a new home was established in California, and a number of years were spent in pastoral work in the Northern California Conference.

Because of advanced age, he retired from active work and in 1927 moved to Loma Linda, which has been his home since that time. During these years he has been active in church and Sabbath school work, as far as his strength would permit, serving as assistant pastor for a number of years and occasionally taking the service in near-by churches in the earlier years.

In 1931 his faithful wife, who had been a partial invalid for a number of years, passed to her rest. This broke a companionship of nearly fifty-six years. Later he was married to Mrs. Molina Evelyn Austin who was a helpful companion for a period of a little more than nine years, when she passed away on March 10, 1941. Since that time his daughter has made her home with him.

On Friday morning about ten o'clock, just after an exchange of morning greetings, he was suddenly stricken and was quietly at rest at the age of eighty-nine years. Elder Curtis was the last of his father's family. All the others preceded him in death.

There are left to mourn his loss his three children—Mrs. F. R. Seibert, of Loma Linda; Mr. L. E. Curtis, of Fruita, Colo.; and Mr. G. H. Curtis, of Glendale, Calif.—nine grandchildren; eight great grandchildren; and a large number of other relatives.

Elder Curtis was an ordained minister of the Seventh-day Adventist Church for a period of fifty-seven years. During his ministry his labors have been blessed in the raising up and organizing of many churches and the addition of many members to a large number of other churches. A number who have become prominent workers in the denomination and hold positions of great responsibility were brought into the message and converted under his labors.

FREDERICK GRIGGS.

ELEANOR BELL DART

Eleanor Bell England was born in Catawba County, North Carolina, March 15, 1870; and

passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Ruby Kinder, in Vinita, Okla., on Dec. 27, 1943, at the age of seventy-three.

The family moved to Tennessee because of the educational advantages offered, and Sister Dart was a member of the first graduating class of Graysville Academy.

On July 26, 1896, she was united in marriage to C. J. Dart. To this union three children were born: Mrs. Ruby Kinder of Vinita, Okla., Clarence J. Dart, of Vallejo, Calif., and Roscoe Dart, who died in infancy.

Sister Dart was known throughout Oklahoma and the Southwest as a most devoted Christian worker. Her life and energy were given for her family and the upbuilding of the kingdom of God. By her many acts of kindness and her sweet Christian gentleness, she portrayed the devotion of a consecrated minister's wife.

For more than fifty years Sister Dart was a devoted reader of the REVIEW AND HERALD. Even when she could no longer see to read, it was her joy to have the columns read to her.

MARGARET PETERSON BATES

Margaret Mildred Peterson was born in Holdrege, Nebr., Dec. 26, 1889, the seventh of eight children born to Mr. and Mrs. Hans Peterson. Her home environment was from earliest childhood sincerely Christian. Mr. and Mrs. Peterson had been converted to the Adventist faith some years before her birth. She went to school for the first eight years in the little local red schoolhouse in the country, near her farm home. The family then moved to College View, Nebr., to a new location which would be in easy access to the Seventh-day Adventist academy and college there. Her academic work was completed in 1909, and the following year she entered training in the school of nursing conducted by the Nebraska Sanitarium and Hospital, and conveniently located near the college. From this course she was graduated with honors in June, 1913.

May 5, 1914, she was united in marriage to Floyd E. Bates of Sioux City, Iowa. He was at that time in the employ of the Iowa Conference of Seventh-day Adventists as a singing evangelist. On the sixth day of the following October, Mr. and Mrs. Bates, having accepted a call of the Seventh-day Adventist missionary board, sailed for China. Here they labored for ten consecutive years before returning to this country. During this time their two sons, Milton and Donald, were born.

Mrs. Bates' health was not rugged. In June,

PRESENT TRUTH for FEBRUARY

No. 27—The Great Image of Daniel 2

Can war-shattered nations be united into one world? The prophet Daniel gave the answer to this question in his interpretation of the king's dream long centuries before this problem had gained the importance which it has today. Many will read with more than ordinary interest how history bears out the accuracy of this prophecy that reveals the universal kingdom of our day.

No. 28—Matthew 24

Christ's forecast of coming events as recorded by Saint Matthew remains the most thrilling description of the events that are omens of a better day. Having witnessed only "the beginning of sorrows," men's hearts are failing them for fear, but they may be comforted with the Saviour's promises and the blessed hope of His soon coming.

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1915, as a result of the hot, wet climate of South China, a tubercular infection of the lungs became so severe that heavy and repeated hemorrhages occurred. However, during the ensuing six years, her health most miraculously was built up, and again it was possible for her to engage actively in her chosen work. In November, 1924, Mr. and Mrs. Bates returned to America. The following September Mrs. Bates entered the employment of the Loma Linda Sanitarium at Loma Linda, Calif., as a supervising nurse, while her husband entered medical school. During the ensuing five years she continued her nursing work and home cares, enjoying a good state of health. In August, 1930, the family again set sail for China, where, on their arrival, the Canton Sanitarium and Hospital, which later developed into an institution of more than one hundred beds, was established. Here she served untiringly as general superintendent of nurses and conducted a full three-year course in nursing for Chinese students. During the eight years of this service approximately one hundred of the finest type of China's young manhood and womanhood were graduated from the course. In May, 1938, Doctor and Mrs. Bates were ordered by their mission board to return to America. Nine months of warfare by the Japanese had caused a great reduction of work in the hospital, and their furlough being overdue, they returned. In August, 1939, the Bates Hospital was opened in Osceola. Here she served faithfully as superintendent of nurses, enduring the many and frequent hardships of insufficient help and rapidly increasing hospital business until on Aug. 23, 1943, it was evident that a physical break was at hand. Soon afterward she was confined to bed. From that time the condition steadily became worse, and although every possible medical assistance was given she was unable to withstand the ravages of disease, and fell quietly asleep during the early hours of Jan. 7, 1944. Her faith and confidence in her Christian belief were firm to the end, and we rest in the hope of meeting her again in the resurrection of the just. She is survived by her husband and two sons, three sisters and two brothers, who, though mourning their loss, do not grieve without hope.

FRANK WILLIAM FIELD

Frank William Field was born in Waukesha County, Wisconsin, Nov. 5, 1863; and reached his eightieth birthday last November fifth. He had passed on life's highway the stone which marks the highest point, but was still in love with life and life's greatest privilege, the privilege of service, when the dear Lord closed his life record. Elder Field accepted the Seventh-day Adventist faith at the age of nineteen, and when about thirty years of age, entered our organized work as an instructor in the academy at Mount Vernon, Ohio, where he continued to teach for about fourteen years. He was then ordained to the gospel ministry and responded to a call to connect with our educational work in Japan.

Having rounded out a term of service there, he returned to the United States and connected with the Pacific Union College as dean of men and instructor in Greek and Bible. Later he was called to connect with the Southern Junior College at Collegedale, Tenn., where he continued to labor for about nineteen years. Because of rapidly failing health, he was forced to retire and seek a home where climatic conditions would aid in recuperating his health. His companion, Effie Stewart Field, was laid to rest after he retired from active labor and came to Orlando, Florida. There were two children as the fruit of this union—a daughter, Mrs. Leonard Allen, who with her husband has served as a missionary among the Punjab people of India for about twenty years; and a son, Clarence Stewart Field, who is an instructor in Battle Creek, Mich.

Feeling keenly the need of companionship, Elder Field was married again to Mrs. Marion Chase, whose thoughtful and loving care made his remaining time here very happy indeed.

About the first of last September, Elder Field suffered a slight stroke, and the following day he was taken to the Florida Sanitarium, where he remained for fourteen weeks, gradually growing stronger. He then returned to his home and was able to walk about the house. On Tuesday, January 11, he was happy because he was able to use both hands in writing a letter on the typewriter to his daughter in India. But he suddenly became very ill and was again taken to the Sanitarium, where he died, Friday afternoon, January 14.

Elder Field died as he had long lived—with a living faith in God and an abiding confidence in his soon-coming Redeemer. He passed to a well-earned rest. The last chapter of a long, useful life has been written, and he rests from his labors, awaiting the call of the Life-giver. The shadow of the tomb today is pierced by the promise of a reunion in God's tomorrow. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Marion Field; two sisters, Mrs. Jennie Sherwood, of Battle Creek, Mich., and Mrs. D. D. Brown, of Orlando; his daughter, Mrs. Leonard Allen, of India; and his son Clarence Stewart Field, of Battle Creek, Mich. He rests in beautiful Woodlawn Memorial Park, awaiting the call of the "Voice of the Archangel and the trump of God."

MORRIS.—Oscar Morris was born in the State of Illinois in 1860. He fell asleep at Lincoln, Neb., Jan. 11, 1944. The past eleven years he made his home with his daughter at College View. He was a faithful member of the Adventist Church for more than thirty-eight years.

DAVIS.—Wilbur Thomas Davis was born at Indian Creek, Va., Feb. 27, 1885; and died Dec. 28, 1943. At the age of twenty he united with the Seventh-day Adventist Church of which he remained a faithful member until the time of his death.

KIPP.—Addie Rhodes Kipp, of Sayre, Pa., died Dec. 27, 1943, after a prolonged illness. She leaves a husband, a son, a daughter, and two sisters. Her life span was seventy-six years. She was a faithful member of the Sayre Seventh-day Adventist church.

STEINKRAUS.—Charles E. Steinkraus was born Sept. 24, 1868, on a farm near Albion, Mich., and died at his home north of Albion, Dec. 24, 1943. He is survived by the widow, one son, one daughter, two brothers, and two sisters. He was laid to rest in Riverside Cemetery at Albion.

GRUESBECK.—Lucie Alena Gruesbeck, wife of Clarence Gruesbeck, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Boothby, was born Nov. 14, 1897, at Bangor, Mich. She accepted the Seventh-day Adventist faith at the age of seventeen and was an earnest and devout Christian until her death, which came on the morning of Dec. 4, 1943, after a year of illness. She leaves to mourn their loss, her husband, three sons, one sister, six brothers, and a host of sincere friends.

AXELSON.—Mrs. Johanna Axelson (nee Rasmussen) was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 14, 1857; and passed away at Mountain View, Calif., Dec. 6, 1943. Johanna Rasmussen was married to Rasmus Axelson in Copenhagen. There were born to this union three girls, who moved with their parents to Mountain View, Calif., in 1906. Mr. Axelson passed away Jan. 1, 1921. She is survived by three daughters, all of Mountain View, Calif.

COMFORT.—Nan Mabel Comfort was born at Louisville, Miss., on Jan. 8, 1860; and died at her residence in Memphis, Tenn., on Nov. 19, 1943. She was united in marriage in 1887 to the late James D. Comfort. This union was blessed with three children, two daughters and a son, all surviving their parents and residing in Memphis. She is also survived by three sisters. Sister Comfort accepted the truth twenty-five years ago and was a faithful member of the Memphis church until her death.

WEISS.—Francis E. Weiss was born in Carbon County, Pennsylvania, July 7, 1877; and died in the Reading Hospital, Reading, Pa., after a major operation, Jan. 19, 1944. Brother Weiss was converted to the Seventh-day Adventist faith about sixteen years ago, and since that time has been a staunch supporter of the truth, both financially and by his godly example. He is survived by his wife, two daughters, a granddaughter, two brothers, five sisters, and other relatives. Brother Weiss was laid to rest in the Charles Evans Cemetery, of Reading, where he awaits the call of the Life-giver.

ETTA FLOWERS COBBAN

Etta May Flowers Cobban was born May 21, 1860, at Merrimac, Wis.; and died Dec. 28, 1943, at Worthington, Ohio. Her last days were peaceful, and her illness was of short duration, her weakening strength having given way to an attack of influenza. She was conscious and interested in everything about her until a few minutes before the end. She had made a remarkable recovery from a serious illness a few months before, and all who came in contact with her were amazed at her keen memory and her interest in, and love for, the people about her.

As a small child she first heard the message of Christ's second coming from a First-day Adventist neighbor, and while still young, gave her heart to the Lord. Largely through reading Seventh-day Adventist literature, she accepted the message in 1886 while living at Sioux Falls, S. Dak., and remained a faithful, active member of the church thereafter. She served as matron at the Battle Creek, Philadelphia, Iowa, and Harding Sanitariums, as assistant preceptress at the White Memorial Hospital, Los Angeles, and as librarian at the St. Helena Sanitarium. In her work in these institutions she came in contact with many young people in whom she always took a keen interest. Her willingness to listen to their problems and give them counsel caused her to be known as "Mother Cobban."

Her life was a constant example of Christian hope and faith, and her trust in God and the power of prayer were an inspiration to all who knew her. She is survived by a brother, Frank Flowers, of Conroe, Texas, her son, Harold H. Cobban, assistant treasurer of the General Conference, Washington, D. C., and a daughter, Miss Franke F. Cobban, supervisor of nursing instruction, Glendale Sanitarium, Glendale, Calif. Another daughter, Mrs. Mary Isabel Ingle, died in South Africa in 1914, having gone to that field as a missionary.

YOUNG.—Elizabeth Young was born Feb. 9, 1861; and died Dec. 15, 1943, at Gallion, Ohio.

GLASS.—Frances Harrison was born Aug. 15, 1876; and died Nov. 29, 1943, at her home in Bucyrus, Ohio.

WILLIAMSON.—Harry Williamson was born in Ashley, Pa., Sept. 17, 1878; and died Dec. 16, 1943, in his sixty-sixth year, at Arlington, N. J. He remained faithful until the end. He is survived by his wife, one son, and two daughters, also a brother. He was buried in Stroudsburg, Pa.

DEVINEY.—Jess E. Deviney was born Feb. 16, 1883, at Mt. Blanchard, Ohio; and passed away at Toledo, Ohio, Nov. 29, 1943. In 1906 he was united in marriage to Mable Bailey, of Wakeman, Ohio. To them were born one son and two daughters. Left to mourn are his wife, three children, and a brother.

DAVIS.—Grace Estella Davis was born in Cattaraugus County, New York, Feb. 7, 1861; and passed away at Toledo, Ohio, Dec. 6, 1943. In 1883, at Elgin, Pa., she was married to George Davis, who preceded her in death in 1895. She leaves to mourn, two sons and one daughter, also three grandchildren.

FRITZ.—Joan Ethleen Fritz was born in Niles, Mich., July 15, 1930; and died in Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 16, 1943. She suffered much during the past year as the result of a severe operation, but was patient and showed her love for the Lord Jesus. She leaves her parents and two brothers to mourn her loss. She was laid to rest in Milwaukee, Wis.

DAWSON.—Mrs. Caroline S. Dawson was born Oct. 22, 1873, in Suffolk, Pa.; and died Jan. 14, 1944, at the Wolfe Clinic in Philadelphia, Pa., after an illness of five years. She is survived by her husband, three sons, two sisters, and two grandchildren, besides a number of other relatives and a great host of friends. She was laid to rest in Somerton, Pa.

JOHNSTON.—Helen McCollum Johnston was born on Nov. 24, 1889, in Grand Rapids, Mich. She died Jan. 6, 1944, and was buried in Mount Hope Cemetery, Lemay, Mo. Mrs. Johnston contributed a number of poems to the *Review* and several songs to the *Junior Song Book*. She leaves to mourn, her husband and one son, who is in the armed forces in North Africa, besides other relatives and a host of friends.

FORSYTHE.—Nemba E. King Forsythe was born Sept. 21, 1884, at Lynden, Wash.; and fell asleep at the Walla Walla Sanitarium on Dec. 14, 1943. Upon completion of the nurses' training course at the St. Helena Sanitarium, she was united in marriage to Hugh C. Forsythe, who survives to mourn, together with one daughter and other relatives. She was laid to rest in the Mountain View Cemetery, at Walla Walla, Wash.

MOSS.—Maggie A'Dell Parcell Moss was born at Auburn, Neb., Jan. 25, 1873; and died at the Walla Walla Sanitarium, Jan. 4, 1944. While very young she came west with her parents by emigrant train to Wallula, Wash. She later attended the Milton Academy at Milton, Oreg., and while there gave her heart to God. In December, 1895, she was united in marriage to James T. Moss. Eight children were born to this union, six of whom survive. She was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery at Milton, Oreg.

LINDELOW.—Louise Kersten Anderson Lindelow was born in Banked Vermland, Sweden, June 12, 1870; and passed away at her home in Mountain View, Calif., Jan. 15, 1943. She was married to Andrew J. Lindelow, July 25, 1892. They came to the United States in 1906, making their home in Valley City, N. Dak. To this union were born six children, five of whom still survive. There are five grandchildren and one brother in Sweden. Mr. Lindelow passed away in 1942. The burial was in Alta Mesa Cemetery, Mountain View, Calif.

VAN EMAN.—Raymond Pearl Van Eman was born Sept. 6, 1921, at Elgin, Ohio; and died after a very brief illness at the Naval Hospital at Pensacola, Florida, Jan. 3, 1944. In May, 1938, he was baptized and united with the Seventh-day Adventist Church. He entered the service of his country in September, 1942, and was stationed at the Naval training school at Pensacola, Fla. He is survived by his mother and father, grandmother, and two sisters. He was laid to rest in the cemetery near his home in Elgin, Ohio.

YEARWOOD.—Amybelle Whitney Yearwood was born in Belize, British Honduras, March 6, 1916; and died in the same city on January 3, 1944, at the age of twenty-seven years. She was married to Henry Yearwood. Eight children were born, two of whom preceded their mother in death. The living are all girls, ranging from two and one-half to ten years of age. Besides these little girls, Sister Yearwood leaves to mourn her death, her mother, Mrs. Beatrice, of Cortez, Honduras, who was at her bedside until the end, two brothers, one sister, many relatives, and a host of friends.

JOHNSON.—Ellen Johnson was born in Sweden, April 24, 1853; and died in Oakland, Calif., Jan. 4, 1944. She came to the United States in 1880, and lived in Minneapolis, Minn., where she was married to Alex. J. Johnson.

She gave her heart to God in 1884 and joined the Seventh-day Adventist Church. She spent several years as Bible instructor in Chicago and Brooklyn, N. Y., and the Lord blessed her work. Brother and Sister Johnson moved to California in 1920 and united with the Turlock, Calif., church, where Sister Johnson remained a faithful member until her decease. The last evening, as the sun was setting, she sang, "He leadeth me, He leadeth me; by His own hand He leadeth me." The next morning she quietly fell asleep in Jesus.

She leaves, to cherish her memory, one son, Joseph N. Johnson, and a host of friends. She was laid to rest in the Turlock cemetery to await the call of the Life-giver.

MAYER.—Harold B. Mayer was born March 26, 1887, at Bradford, Pa.; and died Jan. 23, 1944, in Takoma Park, Md. His parents were of the Jewish race and faith, and later moved to New York City. Here, thirty-three years ago, Elder F. C. Gilbert found Harold Mayer very much interested in the faith of the Seventh-day Adventists.

Twenty-nine years ago he entered the colporteur work in New England, and in 1917 he became secretary in connection with the Religious Liberty Department of the General Conference, which position he occupied until he was drafted into the World War in 1918.

Shortly after his return from the war he was married to Miss Lillian Mansell. Harold Mayer was always true to the faith of Seventh-day Adventists. He leaves a wife and three sisters to mourn his death. He was fully reconciled to his God and fell asleep in the hope of a glorious resurrection.

GIBBS.—Anna Rosenthal Gibbs was born Nov. 20, 1862, near Lodi, Wis.; and died at her home in Geneva, Minn., on Nov. 29, 1943.

Mrs. Gibbs was the eldest daughter of ten children. In the year 1866 her parents moved to Iowa, and she grew to womanhood in the vicinity of Carpenter. It was here that she received her education and also taught school. In the year 1888 she united in marriage with Lester D. Gibbs. To this union two children were born.

At an early age Sister Gibbs united with the advent message and remained faithful, with increasing confidence to the end.

Those who mourn her passing are her beloved husband, daughter, son, two granddaughters, two sisters, and two brothers.

HOFFMAN.—May Mabelle Wales Hoffman was born in Lancaster, Ohio, and after a protracted illness passed away in Toledo, Ohio, Dec. 7, 1943. Sister Hoffman became a Seventh-day Adventist when but a girl. After her marriage to George E. Wales, she attended our college at Keene, Texas, where she received her training as a Bible teacher. She served for four years as Bible instructor in the Ohio Conference, and, following the death of her husband, she was called to the Potomac Conference in 1927, where she served as Bible instructor in the Capital Memorial Church until 1941, when she resigned and was married to Charles F. Hoffman.

WARDEN.—Eddie J. Harrison Warden was born in Dodge Center, Minn., June 24, 1895; and died at Battle Creek, Mich., in her forty-eighth year, after an illness of several weeks. A graduate of Union College, she had taught school for a number of years and was principal of the Government school of adult education at Lincoln, Neb., for several years. She married Lewis Warden of Battle Creek in 1941. She was a Seventh-day Adventist from her youth and remained steadfast in the faith.

GIFFORD.—Ellen A. Gifford, wife of Charles H. Gifford (deceased), died at her home in Battle Creek, Mich., Jan. 3, 1944, after a lingering illness. She was seventy-nine years old. She was born in Battle Creek and lived there all her life. Three daughters, who all live in or near Battle Creek, are left to mourn, but not without hope.

HALDEMAN.—Daniel Haldeman was born Feb. 24, 1891; and died Dec. 18, 1943. He leaves to mourn, his wife, two children, one adopted son, three brothers, and four sisters. Brother Haldeman heard this message at the age of twelve and was baptized at seventeen by I. D. Richardson, being a faithful member until his death.

SHARP.—Mrs. Louis T. Sharp was born at Leon, Iowa, Jan. 18, 1864, and died at the home of her daughter in Portland, Oreg., Dec. 20, 1943, having been a faithful Seventh-day Adventist for sixty-three years.

GOING.—Mrs. Ida May Going was born Sept. 9, 1865, and died in Portland, Oreg., Dec. 19, 1943, after having been a member of the Portland Central church for several years.

ACTON.—Laura J. Acton was laid to rest Nov. 10, 1943, in the cemetery west of Hicksville, Ohio, by the side of her husband, John

Acton, who preceded her in death by seven weeks. Sister Acton was in her eighty-fourth year. The Actons have lived near Hicksville for many years, Brother Acton serving as local elder almost from the beginning of our church work there. They leave two daughters.

DORWARD.—Peter Gibson Dorward was born in Detroit, Mich., Sept. 22, 1853; and died at Napa, Calif., Dec. 29, 1943. He accepted this truth fifty-two years ago and was a faithful Christian ever after. He leaves to mourn his passing, three sons and two daughters.

WARREN.—William H. Warren died at his home in Battle Creek, Mich., after an illness of several years. Those near to him who mourn his death are his companion, two daughters, son-in-law, and grandson, who is in the service of his country. Brother Warren was born in Wautoma, Wis., 1859.

BIRDWELL, DYE.—Lee Roy Birdwell, age fifteen, of Fort Worth, Texas, and Virgil Roy Dye, age seventeen, of Phoenix, Arizona, lost their lives in the fire which destroyed the boys' dormitory at Southwestern Junior College, Keene, Texas, Jan. 2, 1944.

Funeral services were conducted for both in the Keene church.

HERRICK.—Smith J. Herrick was born at Bordeauville, Vt., May 27, 1854. His parents were among the early believers in the advent message. Brother Herrick was united in marriage to Miss Waite. Four children, one son and three daughters, were born to them. The three daughters are left to cherish the memory of their father. Brother Herrick was a member of the Santa Cruz, Calif., church for more than twenty-one years.

HAMMOND.—Royal W. Hammond was born in Stockton, Ill., Dec. 27, 1867. After completing his work at Battle Creek College and Battle Creek Sanitarium, Brother and Sister Hammond engaged in medical missionary work in San Diego and Los Angeles, Calif. He established the Elmwood Sanitarium in Modesto and treatment rooms in Lodi, Calif. On Jan. 3, 1944, Brother Hammond fell asleep in Jesus to await the return of the Life-giver.

ROYSTON.—Lillie Augusta Royston, nee Young, was born in Eaton Rapids Township, Michigan, Nov. 5, 1869; and died from burns in the Eaton Rapids hospital, Nov. 17, 1943. In 1892 she married Fred T. Royston. To this union were born three children. Mrs. Royston, in 1916, became a member by baptism of the Eaton Rapids Seventh-day Adventist church, where she was a faithful member until her death. She is survived by her husband and two daughters.

BAIRD.—Lidia Baird of Bedford, Mich., died in her ninety-second year. She was a faithful member of the Bedford, Mich., church of Seventh-day Adventists for more than half a century and was active in church work. She was a schoolteacher in pioneer days. She was first married to Henry Chatfield and to them were born two sons and one daughter. After Mr. Chatfield's death she married Mathew Baird, who also preceded her in death thirty years. A son and a daughter and a number of other relatives mourn.

KNAPP.—Adell Arnold Knapp was born in Jefferson County, New York, Aug. 10, 1862; and died Oct. 22, 1943, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Ethel Runsey, of Pottsville, Mich. At the age of seventeen she came with her parents to Eaton County, Michigan. Two years later she was united in marriage with George R. Knapp. She and her husband became members of the Charlotte Seventh-day Adventist church in 1893 and were faithful members until death. Mrs. Knapp is survived by two daughters and one son.

STERNBERG.—Mrs. Bertha Sternberg was born in the State of Kentucky and departed this life Dec. 26, 1943, at the Loma Linda Sanitarium. Her husband died two days previous, and they were buried together in the Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Glendale, Calif. Mrs. Sternberg was a public school teacher and was beloved by all who knew her. She was a faithful member of the Hollywood church till the day of her death. Mrs. Sternberg comes from a large and well-known family. There were fourteen children. Her father and two sisters preceded her in death. Her mother, six brothers, five sisters, and a large circle of relatives and friends mourn her loss.

ACHENBACH.—Reuben Franklin Achenbach was born in Plainfield Township, Pennsylvania, July 19, 1860; and passed away at his home near Windgap, Pa., December 26, 1943. In October, 1882, he was united in marriage with Alice Teel. As a young man he was confirmed in the faith of his fathers in the Reformed Church, coming down from the days of Zwingle. When a lay member brought the knowledge of present truth to their attention in 1915, Brother and Sister Achenbach gladly took their stand with those who are preparing for the coming of the Lord. Their children and their children's children are all members of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Surviving are two sons, three daughters, and other relatives.

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OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Pictures for the REVIEW

IN this centenary year of our work we are endeavoring to feature its progress through the years. We desire to use pictures such as those of early camp meeting scenes, old buildings, and some of our workers who lived and labored in the beginnings of our work. If any of our readers have such pictures in their possession, we would be very thankful if they would lend them to us to use in the REVIEW. These pictures should be photographs and not clippings from old copies of the REVIEW or any other paper. We would have copies made of the pictures sent to us, and return the originals to the owners. Please do not send us such pictures until you have first written to the editor of the REVIEW, telling him what you have. F. M. W.

Thirteenth Sabbath Overflow

THE vast interior of Africa is still the home of the colored man; there are sections in the extreme north and extreme south of the continent which have a considerable permanent white population. In South Africa this white population consists of a little over two million, and in the hearts of four thousand of these people the third angel's message has found a lodging place. These believers form a home base for mission endeavor among the heathen.

In spite of this established base, when we measure the unfinished task against our available resources, we cannot help exclaiming, "What are these among so many?" We are thankful for what our believers here are able to do, and we are deeply grateful for the steady stream of gifts from overseas; yet we must recognize that our unfulfilled mission requires a larger degree of sacrifice and a wider, deeper flow of life and treasure.

We face no ordinary task. We live in no ordinary time. Our task is stupendous. Our time is borrowed. Statistics might go to prove that at our present rate of spreading the message people are being born in much larger numbers than we can reach them with the gospel, and were it not that we have a God whose resources are limitless and whose powers are infinite, they must drift through the darkness without chart or compass and die without hope.

The recent call to evangelism has given a freshening impetus to our work. A larger number of evange-

listic efforts are being held. Almost all our workers, both young and old, are sharing in the program. One executive of more than threescore years has just held a large, successful effort in what was known as a very difficult section. In some cities our evangelists have preached nightly for several weeks to capacity audiences. A Bible study correspondence school is regularly sending out the message to more than twenty thousand homes throughout the land.

Our unentered sections of territory cause us concern. As did Israel of old, we have failed to take possession of all the land. Namaqualand, the country of dust and diamonds, lies before us, untouched by the last message. Adjoining it is Southwest Africa, a vast problem of square miles. Here some work has been done for a small section of the population, but our stakes must be strengthened and our cords must be made longer among these scattered people. Of Swaziland we have but touched the fringe, with one station on the edge of the country. In Basutoland, the mountain land, without railways and with but few roads, we have only two stations along the western border. The majority of the mountain dwellers have still to hear the glad tidings.

We have confidence that our people in the homeland will mingle their prayers and offerings in a large tribute to our coming King as we plan to assist Africa on this coming thirteenth Sabbath.

F. G. CLIFFORD,
*President, South African
Union Conference.*

Evangelism—Cape Town, South Africa

UNDER date of December 6, 1943, Paul Wickman writes:

"We are in the last week of our meetings in the city hall of Cape Town. The Lord has blessed us with a good attendance throughout the series, and we shall have a fine harvest of a good class of people. We have about one thousand names of interested ones whom we are visiting. The getting of this city hall is providential in itself, since it had never happened before. Through influential contacts, and with God's added blessings, we secured it for the period of time wanted. With the blackout difficulties that faced us from the start, and the bus curfew at 9 P. M. on Sundays, we decided to conduct meetings at three-thirty Sunday afternoons with the usual confidence. All were amazed at the response, for the hall was filled the

first Sunday. There was an increased attendance on the next one, and our Sundays have been good right on through. This was a successful experiment."

Indeed this is very cheering word from Elder Wickman. It is the first time we have ever been successful in securing the city auditorium in Cape Town for an extended series of evangelistic meetings. J. F. WRIGHT.

Broadcasting in Australia

FROM the last Sunday in November, 1943, the Australasian Division commenced a thirty-minute broadcast each Sunday on nearly thirty stations along the eastern coast of that continent. The coverage affects four conferences—South New South Wales, North New South Wales, Queensland, and North Queensland. The broadcast reaches the leading cities of these conferences and makes it possible for approximately 50 per cent of the population in Australia to hear the message.

In Sydney, the largest city in Australia, with a population of more than a million people, a central office has been secured and a staff has been selected to direct and assist in the various phases of the project. A Bible correspondence course is being prepared, and arrangements have been made for the circulation of the addresses.

The musical part of the program is being cared for by the purchase and installation of an organ, the employment of a talented organist, and a successful male quartet.

The hours of broadcasting are varied, and most of the programs will be by transcription. To check on the quality and content of each broadcast special apparatus has been secured for playing these records before they are presented to the public. This project is the natural development of a smaller radio effort which has been conducted in one or two conferences for some years. It is a step calling for decided faith on the part of our Australian leaders. We feel confident that it will prove helpful in enlightening many thousands who listen to present truth, and in winning many souls for the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. W. G. TURNER.

THE "Journey's End" has been reached by many of our dear brethren and sisters whose deaths we record from time to time. As this movement grows older it is only natural that many of our older readers will pass to their rest. We sympathize deeply with those who are called upon to mourn, and pray that the death of their loved ones may be a link in the chain which binds their hope to the soon-coming Saviour.