

# Making Disciples

By M. V. Campbell

President, Southern European Division

The nearness of our Lord's return gives emphasis to the fact that the one important duty of the church is to win converts who will be ready for the kingdom which is soon to come.

Frequently we hear our task referred to as that of "warning the world." That, however, is not the mission which Jesus assigned us. He said, "Go therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all that I have commanded you" (Matt. 28: 19, 20, R. S. V.).

Far from merely warning all nations, Jesus has commanded us to make disciples of all nations. We are not only to preach, but we must make converts and baptize them and teach them to observe the commandments of Jesus. The important aspect of our work is not the number of sermons we preach, nor the number of persons we contact. It is evident that Jesus is chiefly interested in the disciples resulting from our sermons and our contacts. Warning a man of Christ's soon coming is not of great importance, but making that man a convert to Christ is all-important.

Our marching order is: Go and make disciples. The men who personally heard Jesus give this

commission were mightily stirred by it. They earnestly tried to put it into execution. They made converts for Christ by the thousands. Hardly an instance is reported of a sermon preached without the record of converts being won. Few, if any, of these apostles had ever been outside the boundaries of their little land, but they took seriously the command of their Leader to go and to make disciples of all nations. They went to the nations and strong churches were raised up.

Before the death of the last of the original apostles, the church was a powerful influence, with disciples by the hundreds of thousands in the various nations of the world. These first century evangelists, however, worked under handicaps which we have never experienced. They had no printed literature, no radio, no television, nor any of the present means of quickly reaching the masses. Their journeys were long and tedious, without trains, steamships or airplanes. Yet they made disciples. Their converts, in turn, won other disciples and the church of God grew quickly.

The apostles were dedicated men, having no thought, no ambition, no purpose in life except to win souls for the kingdom. Whenever they found that pastoral work for the church members took

the time which should be devoted to evangelism, they appointed laymen — elders and deacons — to do this work while they continued to make disciples.

The apostles were Spirit-filled men, possessing the power which the Spirit alone can give. They used this power in proclaiming the gospel. They expected converts and they worked on the hearts of men and women until they surrendered to Jesus.

They also were enthusiastic men. This accounts for more than people generally realize. Even God and the Holy Spirit seem to be able to work best through men possessing this characteristic. Men of influence are usually men of enthusiasm. Rightly directed, it is of inestimable value. There is something alive in enthusiasm. It reaches out into the hearts of others.

The time has come for us, in these last days, to concentrate our attention and our forces on the one objective of winning souls for the kingdom. For too long a time our ministers have given their major attention to pastoral work, to caring for converts already won. It is time now to follow the commission of our Master and to make disciples. As we give ourselves to this task we can count on the presence and support of Jesus, for He said. "And lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

The apostles had no success in their day which will be denied us if we dedicate our lives to the task as they dedicated theirs and if we pay the price they paid. True, the Holy Ghost worked through them miraculously, but they lived only in the time of the former rain, while we are able to experience the latter rain which is poured out more abundantly. The power of the Spirit which was so fully manifested in the leaders of the early church is not beyond our reach today.

God is now pouring out His Spirit upon all flesh, preparing the people and making them ready for the message which we bring. He is also pouring His Spirit upon the ministry, giving them the power to make disciples. He gave His ministers of the first century no advantages, no resources which are witheld from His ministers of the last century.

Can we truthfully say that there is even one village in all of our territory where every soul who could possibly be won has been won? Yet there are hundreds of thousands of towns and villages and many large cities which have scarcely been entered with the message. What an immense task lies ahead of us! Shall we leave it for some other generation of Adventists to finish? or will we accomplish the work which God has assigned us?

Our churches should not consume the major part of our time in mere pastoral care. There are souls to be won and we as ministers should give our time, our attention and our enthusiasm, in the power of the Holy Spirit, to winning them. The time demands it. It is our Saviour's commission to us. It is our task and our privilege.

### From Jail to Jesus

By E. V. Hermanson

We found him in jail, in Luanda, Angola. His jail-mates were rough, uncultured men and Joe was very much discouraged. He had been reared in a Christian home, but an indiscreet action while in service had placed him in this unfortunate situation. His parents were unaware of his imprisonment, and in his letters to them in faraway Portugal he was eareful not to divulge that which would cause heartache and sorrow.

But four years in prison for a misstep is a long time, and Joe was not only discouraged, but had become completely indifferent to everything around him, including hope for his own freedom. His conclusion that there was no God left him bitter, resentful and uncommunicative.

We visited him faithfully every week, often having only a few minutes alone. Gifts of fruit,

small books, magazines and tracts became a regular part of the program. Then we gave him a Bible, lent him *Patriarchs and Prophets*, *Great Controversy* and several other books. By remembering him in a special way at Christmas time, we tried to remind him of God's gift to mankind.

Hope slowly filled Joe's heart. He began to look forward to our visits, and instead of bitterness and discouragement, we detected the first faint signs of courage and eagerness. Seldom were we allowed to be alone for a heart-to-heart talk, but God's Spirit was working, the Bible and the books were preaching daily sermons and he was slowly but surely finding a new way.

Joe's interest continued and increased until one Sunday afternoon as we were leaving, he confided his desire to pay tithe on his meager income. A few weeks later he decided to keep the Sabbath and began to study ways and means to effectuate this. His work was to make out the long, tedious, weekly reports, which had to be turned in every Sunday morning. But the officials had noticed the gradual change in this boy's attitude, so when he approached them concerning Sabbath observance, they were willing to make any plausible concession provided the reports were in on time. This required that the work be done from sun-down Saturday night until the following morning, and Joe was allowed to prove it could be done. God answered our many petitions in his behalf, honoring his sincerity and faithfulness. The test was made. The reports were turned in on time. The officials were happy, and Sabbath observance was granted.

Joe was anxious to attend Sabbath school and church service and expressed this desire to his superiors. They granted special permission to attend regulary provided he could get a corporal to accompany him. Never once did he fail to persuade one of these men to attend the services, and they were always the first to arrive.

By now it was nearly two years since the first ray of hope found entrance to the dark dungeon of Joe's heart. He was already sharing his faith with other prisoners, some of whom listened in rapt attention. Joe was eager, radiant. He asked for baptism, and at last the day came for his public testimony. His words will long be remembered in the Luanda church by every person present, for there was not a dry eye in the audience. His baptism was truly the beginning of a new life.

A year later Joe obtained his freedom and almost immediate employment with Sabbath privileges. Today he is an active member of the Luanda church, happy to testify that he was led from jad to Jesus.

### The Tamatave Cyclone

By H. Drouault

(Our hearts were greatly saddened when recently we received the news that two heavy cyclones had swept over the territory around Tamatave, the main harbor on the east coast of Madagascar Island in the Indian Ocean.

Two years ago we opened a new mission station about eighteen miles southwest of Tamatave, and a certain number of buildings had already been erected.

The losses on this new station, due to the flood caused by the heavy rains which accompanied these two cyclones are very great, for almost everything has been destroyed. Not only was the mission property damaged, but the temporary quarters of our church and school in Tamatave were also swept away, as well as two of our out-stations in this district. Our faithful missionaries, Elder H. Drouault and his wife, as well as their children, showed heroic courage during this disaster. The following report from the pen of Elder Drouault points out once again the dangers our missionaries must so often face. We thank God that no human life at our mission station was lost during this tragic event, which is another evidence that the protecting hand of the Lord is over His children everywhere.

This mission station must now be rebuilt, and we are glad to announce that the General Conference Committee has already considered the situation favorably and granted us much-appreciated financial help towards rehabilitation. May we never forget in our daily prayers our hard-working, faithful missionaries, their native helpers, and our church members in the countries where they are constantly surrounded by great dangers. — The Editor.)

Every year there is a period of great atmospheric disturbances in Madagascar, which lasts for

three months betwen the vernal equinox and the autumn australs (south winds). This period is commonly called the "cyclone season." On the east coast of the island it is a time of heavy rains, followed immediately by muggy weather which continues until the end of the monsoons; that is, until the month of September. During this "spring-time" violent winds called "tail-end cyclones" rage. Trees are uprooted and a few native huts demolished. Such, in general, are the damages caused. But it does happen that real cyclones lay waste whole areas and raze some of the towns.

The cyclones of the past three years have not been very disastrous. At the beginning of 1955 one or two "tail-end cyclones" swept over the island, causing no serious damage. But this year the toll has been very great. The 26th of January a cyclone struck north of Tamatave. It left behind it damages to our mission buildings of more than 200,000 colonial francs (\$ 1,140). Our schools at Fasandiana and Tamatave were totally destroyed. A week later, the 5th of February, a second cyclone devastated the entire province. This time the wind was not so violent, but diluvial rains fell. Here is the story of the catastrophe as we lived through it on our mission station at Tamatave.

Friday the 3rd and Sabbath the 4th of February were particularly rainy, but for the season this was nothing uncommon and no cause for alarm. How-

ever, on Sunday morning it was evident that a cyclone was brewing. The rain fell horizontally, and was extraordinarily heavy even for Tamatave.

One of our first concerns was to take care of the mission launch and the three iron pirogues we were using for construction, which were anchored in our river port. This was a very difficult undertaking because of the fast-rising river and the extremely swift current. The rain fell so heavily that the pirogues filled with water as soon as we could bail them out. It took several hours before we could get our boats under control and tie them up solidly to the trees on the river bank. For greater security we moored the vedette boat to a tree, six feet higher than her deck level.

As we returned to the school we noticed that the brook which flows by the foot of the hill, was running up-stream towards its source. The valley separating the school and our house, was already flooded. Orders were given to evacuate the houses which we had just built for the workers who are constructing new buildings. Two hours were necessary for this moving which was made extremely difficult by the torrential rain and the rapid rising of the water on the pathway. When everybody was safely housed, we returned to look after the boats. Held by the anchor chain, the launch seemed to be drawn under the waves by a gigantic hand. If her prow were submerged, in a few minutes she would fill with water and sink.

The river had risen more than 16 feet since we had tied up the boats. Brother Joël-Seth dived three times to try to unfasten the chain that held the launch. But the current was too strong, and the courageous rescurer could barely escape drowning by clinging to the branches of the trees. Finally someone brought a hack saw, and in a few moments the liberated boat bounded to the surface. Just then the chain that held one of the pirogues snapped beneath the excessive rush of the waters. She spun round and sank.

The afternoon was drawing to its close, but the rain kept on. We now had to use hastilyconstructed rafts to go from place to place on the mission campus. The water was rising more slowly, but unrelentingly it covered, one by one. the steps leading to our door. Night had scarcely fallen when students and workers, quite exhausted, left us to get a little well-earned sleep. When it came to us, hour after hour we watched the rising water. At ten o'clock it was still rising. Behind our small dwelling which had now become an island, the chicken houses were flooded. We at once undertook to rescue the poultry, - some 450 "Sussex." This was no easy task, for we had to wade in water above our waist. Finally most of the chickens were rescued. It was now midnight. If the water rose less than one-half inch more it would be inside our house.

It was impossible for us to discern what was happening over at the school. How high had the river risen? The natives, when leaving, had taken the rafts with them. All the buildings where these people had taken shelter were isolated on a thin strip of land, and the rising waters could sweep them away at any moment. No sign of life was to be seen over at the school. We must warn the sleepers at any cost. But how? Finally our eldest son, Danny, volunteered to go over to them aboard his play-boat — the prow of an old pirogue which he had tinkered up with some tin cans. The little "bark" was entirely too frail. One had to crouch down inside with outstretched arms not to lose one's balance. Danny was the only one capable of keeping his balance even for a few minutes without the boat capsizing. It was a very risky expedition, but there was no choice. Accompanied by our most fervent prayers our son moved off into the night, rowing with his hands to reduce the risk of "shipwreck" to the minimum. Soon he was beyond the rays of our electric torch. Two hundred and twenty yards still separated him from land. The minutes that followed seemed endless to us. At last a light was seen in the distance, and we could guess that the one carrying it was running as fast as his legs could carry him. Danny had reached the other side safely. The alarm had been given. In each building the sleepers were awakened. They hastily gathered up what belongings they could and fled, for the river was rolling up its monstrous waters just a few steps from the buildings. Animation quickened as the light-bearer ran from hut to hut. Finally he arrives at the last hut, that of the herdsman. The brave lad was sleeping soundly, although the water had already flooded the room. He had to leave in a hurry, wading in water up to his waist. A few seconds later the hut was lifted up by the mighty river and, with all it contained. disappeared in the night.

Sixty-three persons had gathered in our house, and were in comparative safety. It was unthinkable to go to the two villages at the other end of the mission property which housed the workers. Later we learned that several of these poor people had spent the entire night in the drenching rain, clinging to the tree-tops. Miraculously, the water ceased rising before it crossed our threshold.

The last hours of night crept slowly by. A gray, sullen dawn broke. Aboard the pirogue that had been transported from the river to the valley during the night, we set out to inspect the mission station. In not quite an hour we noticed that the current had become much more rapid. A natural dam farther up stream must have given way. We turned around as quickly as possible. Arriving home we found everybody wading about in nearly two feet of muddy water which was continuously rising, inundating the furniture, filling drawers, submerg

ing the lower shelves of the bookcases The hours that followed were spent in battling with the rising waters, trying to place everything that had not already been flooded beyond their reach. At the very moment when it became too difficult to move about inside, and we thought we would be forced to seek refuge on the nearest hill, the water ceased rising. On Monday afternoon it began to subside. The greatest danger was over.

On Tuesday afternoon the water was low enough so we could reach the main highway without a boat. A neighbor called to see us. For two days he, his wife and their eight children had had nothing to eat but a few bananas. Could we give them a little rice? Alas, our own provision had been soaked. However, we gave them a few handfuls of pasty, already-fermented grains.

As pleas for rice came pouring in from all sides it became evident that we must procure a new stock in the shortest time possible. The road was unfit for traffic. All the bridges had been washed out. Whole hillsides had given way, causing landslides which made it impossible to travel on the highway.

One of our pirogues had been swept away with the tree to which it was tied up, but we still had the one that had been transported from the river to the valley. We must try to go down stream to Tamatave to bring back some provisions; so on Wednesday morning I left with a few of the natives. The river was still twenty-four feet higher than usually, and in some places its waters rolled over a breadth of a mile and a quarter. The swift current carried us downstream at dizzy speed, which increased moment by moment as we approached the sea. Soon we lost all control of the boat. Swept on by the spinning whirlpools, we sped on, most of the time the boat across stream. It would have been impossible to reach shore. A number of times we were dashed against small islands or clusters of trees. The violent waves made us seek shelter beneath the low branches. Sometimes the boat was practically lifted out of the water, ready to capsize. But each time, at the last moment, she fell heavily, with a thud, into the river and righted herself. After we had passed the Mahatsara bridge, the men succeeded to cling to some submerged branches and row us ashore, just a few seconds before it would have been too late.

The days that followed were not without their difficulties. However, on Friday, the 10th of February, we started up river with a ton of rice on board. In spite of the fact that we had equipped the pirogue with a 12 H. P. motor, the boat could scarcely get up greater speed than that of the current at the mouth of the river. This return

voyage at night, on a mighty, swollen river strewn with enormous floating trees and clusters of giant bamboo, beneath the pouring rain, was an extremely hazardous and distressful experience — one that will never be effaced from our memory.

After nine hours we reached what was left of our port. Sunday morning, as we were making ready to transport some rice to a far-away out-station, the motor of the pirogue stopped suddenly after having run two or three minutes. If this had happened the night we were returning upstream from Tamatave, we would have met with certain death. It had seemed to us that night that we were so alone amidst the raging waters and the darkness, on a river so different from its usual aspect that we never knew just where we were. And yet an angel must have stood on the prow of the boat so that the motor which might have stalled so easily continued to hum.

When the storm abated the mission station was a sight of indescribable desolation. The ground was strewn with trees and debris of all kinds. Half of the buildings had either been destroyed or swept away. Everything was covered with mud and slim. The stripped plantations looked like burnt ground, as though fire instead of water had destroyed them. Our lovely launch that we had tried to save had all its superstructure smashed in by the repeated shocks against the trees on the hill.

We estimate that the damages up to the present are about two million colonial francs (\$11,400.-). But day by day the list grows longer. As new fields become dry we discover that certain tools, apparently intact, can be used no longer.

Never has such a catastrophe been known on the east coast of Madagascar. In devastation it far exceeds the memorable cyclone of March 3, 1927.

In this article we have mentioned only the damages on our mission station, but we must not forget that the entire province has been ravaged; that whole villages have been swept away by the angry waters. The losses reach billions. At present, more than a month after the disaster, all roads are still closed. The food problem is very acute for many inland towns.

"Times have changed," the natives say. One of them came to me with this very serious question: Did I not think that a flood would again cover the earth?

Yes, these startling events, which are continuously following one another in the world today, tell us clearly, "Make haste. The work is not yet finished, and yet Jesus can not delay His return much longer."

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# "Before They Call I Will Answer"

To the glory of God and for the encouragement of my brethren I should like to relate an experience I had during the 1955 Ingathering campaign. I am happy to testify to the truthfulness of our heavenly Father's promises, among others that of Isa. 65:24: "And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

For a certain afternoon's work I had chosen two small villages in which to collect for missions. Before leaving home I knelt and asked God to use me that afternoon as His instrument to bring blessing to someone, and to show me very plainly where I should work. Rising from my knees I took my bicycle and started off towards the two villages I had in mind for my goal.

When I reached the first village a compelling inner voice urged me to continue on my way. When I reached the second village the same clear voice spoke again, and seemed to point me to a village above a forest farther up. I immediately obeyed the voice, and set out in this direction. Great joy filled my heart as I began to go from home to home. I had good success. God gave me access to the hearts of the villagers.

Towards evening, as I was about to end my day's work, I knocked at the door of a two-family house. No one seemed to be at home on the ground floor, so I went up to the first floor. There a dear, white-haired little mother answered, and listened interestedly to my appeal for missions. Meanwhile her daughter-in-law came up from downstairs so I could show both of the women the mission paper at the same time. The younger woman invited me to go downstairs to her place. I told her I would just as soon as I had taken leave of her mother-inlaw. This elderly woman looked at me so earnestly and questioningly I felt compelled to speak a special word of comfort and encouragement to her: that there is nothing better than to place our trust in God's promises; that Jesus is coming soon to take us to that better land where there will be no more suffering, tears, nor sin, and where we shall forget everything that blighted our pathway here below. I noticed that the woman's heart was deeply moved when I reached out my hand to say goodbye. She opened the door for me to leave and said as she glanced towards another room, "I have a sister." My first thought was, Oh, she has a sick, bedridden sister. Perhaps I can speak a few words of comfort to her. So I accepted the indirect invitation, and accompanied by the dear little old mother stepped into the room. A tall, slender woman arose from the window-seat. After greetings were exchanged I explained the purpose of my visit, and repeated what I had just told her sister. I especially stressed what a joy it is to know that the promises concerning the soon return of Jesus are about to be fulfilled. While I was talking, this woman never once took her eyes off me, and said as I concluded. "Yes, but it is not easy to come to Jesus." I replied that I was happy she took such things to heart but assured her that He invites all — weary and heavy-laden — to come to Him for refreshing and rest. For this reason I could but rejoice in the hope of His soon return.

"Do you believe that as whole-heartedly as you have just expressed it?" asked the woman. I was thankful to God that I could truly answer, "Yes." Suddenly she gave me a searching glance and said abruptly, "To which church do you belong anyway?" I replied, "I am a member of the Seventh-day Adventist church." "The Sabbatisten?" (Sabbatarians). I smiled and said that we were sometimes so-called because wishing to obey all of God's commandments we also keep the Sabbath holy. Now her face beamed. With one hand she grasped my hand firmly and with the other gripped my arm, and quite overcome cried, "Is that posssible! Then you are my brother! For two months I have been here with my sister on a holiday. Soon I am returning to South America where I make my home with my daughter and son-in-law. Yesterday I received a letter from a sister in the church in Santiago, Chile, in which she said that surely here in Switzerland I had met many of our brethren and sisters; that there must be many Adventists here also. Today I was so sad for I had not met one: and it is not half an hour ago that I poured out my soul to God, praying earnestly that he would bring me into contact with some sister or brother in the faith. And here you stand! I can scarcely believe it!" Of course I too was very much touched, and the dear little mother's face was wet with tears of joy.

Then the Adventist sister told me how when she was only a young girl she had emigrated with her parents to South America; how she was then a staunch Lutheran, but in later years, long after her marriage, she had heard and accepted the message. Her husband could not decide to share her faith, and because of this she had suffred greatly. "But," she concluded, "I am so happy for the wonderful way God has lead me until this very hour." She encouraged me also to remain faithful until the end.

Of course I had to tell my experience too; how it came about that on that afternoon I had called at their home. How could I refrain from telling her of God's marvelous leading that had brought us together — a meeting so much like that of Philip and the eunich.

After praying with them, and with the promise to send a Sabbath School Quarterly, I took my leave and finished visiting the other homes in the village. The Lord richly blessed me; and as I pedalled down through the beautiful forest to the valley below I could not keep from singing songs of praise and thanksgiving to God.

But my story is not yet ended. On the following Thursday as I arrived home for lunch, my wife and eldest daughter greeted me with, "Can you guess who has written to you?" To my negative reply they handed me a letter. It was from Sister L - whom I had met while Ingathering. It was a letter express-

ing her sincere thanks and sending greetings to all our brethren and sisters in Switzerland. It also informed me that she would be returning to Santiago, Chile in a very few days. "I am inclosing," she concluded, "a little donation for missions." And what was it? To our great astonishment it was a banknote for one hundred Swiss francs.

After such an experience can it be said that God's day of miracles is past? I can testify to the contrary. He is performing miracles every day, and always greater ones. Only we have become so "modern" in our way of thinking that soon we shall not be able to discern His miracles.

In closing there comes to my mind that beautiful hymn which seems to have been written especially for Adventists: "I love to tell the story of Jesus and His love. . . . It did so much for me."

W. Aeberli.

# Reported by Our Union Presidents

SWISS UNION CONFERENCE - President, J. J. Aitken

(The following paragraphs are taken from the reports of the union presidents at the Division annual committee meeting held at Gland. Switzerland, November 30 — December 5, 1955. We are glad to share these interesting experiences with our readers. — Editorial note.)

The work in Switzerland might seem easy, for there is very little apparent poverty. However, the poverty in the hearts of the people is great. The high percentage of suicides in Switzerland confirms this fact.

Since 1864, when the Advent message was preached for the first time in Switzerland at Tramelan by Brother Czechoswski, evangelistic work has been carried on untiringly. This year we are glad to report that up to the present date there have been 108 baptisms and 123 church admissions when we count those received by vote. Two new churches have been organized: one in Vevey, the other in Lausanne.

This year we undertook an evangelistic effort in the most Catholic center of Switzerland — Lucerne. An exceptionally large audience gathered for the first meeting. It was soon apparent that one-third of the crowd were Catholic youth who, accompanied by three priests, had come to make trouble, and to show their disapproval of the lectures. Just as soon as the evangelist, Brother A. Schmid. came onto the platform, whistles were blown and there was a very noisy moving about of chairs. The disturbance was very annoying, and all the more so because the police were not prepared to handle such a situation. The persons in the

audience who had come to listen to our brother's message, took upon themselves to bring about order. The situation might have become very serious had not the speaker begun to sing the hymn Nearer My God to Thee. In this way quiet was restored, and the lecture ended under good conditions. For the following lecture each person, as he entered, was asked by the police to give his name, address, and a promise not to cause disorder. This was particularly helpful in obtaining addresses. So when it seemed we would have to face defeat, the Lord permitted us—as a result of this effort—to baptize 22 persons,—a larger number than in any other town in Switzerland. The number of baptisms for the entire German-Swiss Conference was 60.

The colporteur sales show an increase of ten per cent above those of last year, and this in both French and German Switzerland. Fifteen colporteurs are working in French Switzerland and 26 in German Switzerland. Their sales were SFr 286,000. (\$66,820).

A new enterprise has been launched by our Swiss churches in favor of the destitute of the country. One of our sisters living in a mountainous region went to the communal authorities to ask for the address of a poor family to whom she could bring relief. The person who was responsible for distributing these addresses was very much surprised that a member of a "sect" would wish to help her neighbors, and said: "This is the first time I have

heard of Seventh-day Adventists or of any sect desirous of doing some good. Generally it is just the contrary that takes place."

The Y. P. M. V. societies organized 200 camps

this year. In addition to our own youth these were attended by 75 non-Adventists. Because of this camp influence we have been able to contact 50 families.



#### FRANCO-BELGIAN UNION CONFERENCE - President, F. Lavanchy

We have about 4,000 members in the Franco-Belgian Union — 3,000 in France and 1,000 in Belgium. The task is being shared by nearly 60 evangelist-pastors. This number may seem exaggerated compared to the membership, but it is not too high when we consider that the population in our union reaches 50,000,000.

Fortunately we have various means to make known the message: the Voice of Hope, the colporteur work, and the evangelistic work proper. In spite of this our difficulties are great, which is true of most Catholic countries; and it may well be saidthat every soul won in the Franco-Belgian Union is a miracle of God's grace and power.

The grouping of the four French conferences into one favors greater unity and more concentrated effort. Our 17 district leaders are men of experience, conscience of their important responsibilities, as are also our four colporteur leaders. Today it is possible to consecrate more time and workers to evangelism. Marseille is a typical example. Last year there were four workers in this city, but only one was doing direct evangelistic work. Now three brethren are giving all their time to this activity. Every week they hold five or six public lectures, which permits them to contact 850 persons.

In Paris our means are limited when we take into consideration the distances and the importance of this city. Our budget for public lectures is only \$3,000 and this includes hall rent and all of our publicity: announcements, posters, handbills, et cetera.

5,000 invitations were sent to M. Tièche's radio audience to attend the series of lectures being held in the French capital. The first two lectures were given by Brother Tièche himself on education and those that followed by Brother Decaris on

Biblical subjects. At each one of them every available seat was taken and 150 persons were obliged to stand. After the lecture proper the audience was invited to remain to ask questions that interested them. Four hundred persons — three-fourths of those present — remained and listened attentively to R. Meyer's answers to Biblical questions.

Our colporteurs are meeting with success, but we know that it is God's power that is working upon the hearts of men. A literature evangelist was working in a certain village at the beginning of this year. He would talk gladly to his prospects about Jesus and the end of the world. Someone counselled him to go and see a gentleman who had the same convictions as he. Our brother consented readily, and in this way began a series of visits at the end of which this man, an engineer, gave up his good position, and with his wife went to Collonges seminary.

Another brother was canvassing a priest. The priest said, "Go and find the director of the Catholic agricultural school. I believe your books would interest him." So the colporteur went. The director bought copies of all our books. He has read and studied them. During a recent visit he told our brother colporteur, "I am convinced of the Sabbath truth and tithing, I would like to be baptized."

Our members are also witnessing faithfully for the truth. The secretary of our Paris church works at the town hall in a communist arrondissement (a subdivision of the city of Paris). Naturally she asked to be free on Sabbath. After having thought the matter over, and wondering what he should do, the mayor decided to close the town hall on Sabbath in order not to be obliged to dismiss his secretary, so pleased he was with her services.



#### NORTH AFRICAN UNION MISSION - H. Pichot, President

The report which is presented to you this evening comes from a country torn with difficulties of all kinds. Well might we compare the present situation in North Africa to that of the children of Israel during the reign of Asa: "And in those times there was no peace (French version, safety) to him that went out, nor to him that came in"

(2 Chron, 15:5). The Spirit of prophecy makes mention of such troublous times in similar phrase ology: "We have no time to lose. The end is near. The passage from place to place to spread the truth will soon be hedged with dangers on the right hand and on the left. Everything will be placed to obstruct the way of the Lord's messengers, so that they

will not be able to do that which it is possible for them to do now." — Testimonies for the Church, Vol. 6, p. 22.

The brethren in North Africa have reached those perilous times, and not only in places where there are tanks, but almost everywhere. Now we must work during the daytime, and be home before nightfall. It is la guerre froide ("frozen warefare"). Doctors hesitate, even in urgent cases, to leave home, and they ask to be taken to the patient and to be brought back home again. Thousands, yes hundreds of thousands of people never go to sleep a night unless they have one or two guns by their pillow. The population is alarmed. Houses and lands are being sold or abandoned.

It is in this atmosphere that the brethren and sisters in North Africa must live, and our evangelists and colporteurs carry on their work.

Fortunately they do not have the same fear as others, for God watches over His children. People of the world are wondering what these things can mean. God's children know what they mean—preparation for Armageddon—the East against the West.

The North African field counts around 850 members. Twenty evangelical workers are preaching the message, urged on by the blessed hope that the end will soon come, To these may be added a dozen literature evangelists, whose task also has become most difficult.

This year (1955) in spite of difficulties — perhaps because of them — North Africa will have the best year in baptisms in its history. Very probably we shall reach one hundred baptisms by the close of the year. This is very encouraging for the workers, and is an assurance that one can carry on for God even in the midst of the greatest dangers.

J. Colomar, at Constanting where we have a building and hall which were dedicated recently, is holding public lectures with a capacity audience in spite of the fact that everyone must be back home before nightfall. At Bône where Brother Garsia a new evangelist is working, the hall has become too small for the people who would like to gather.

The medical work in North Africa now seems to be firmly established. The *Vie et Santé* institution near Algiers has been "endowed" with a new nurse, Magali Cloux. For a number of years *Vie et Santé* was rather an old people's home than a medical institution. Since the arrival of a trained nurse it has become a clinic.

The dispensary in Tunis seems to be taking on new life also. Sister Bataille, formerly Sister Rovira, cares for the sick and at the same time

carries on as Bible instructor. Her husband is a valiant colporteur. Brother Gennuso, the nurse who formerly was so very successful in taking care of Arabs in Tunis, has been transferred to Mostaganem. Beginning with January he will open a dispensary and care for the Moslems. A good work is being done also in southern Algeria, at Rochambeau, by Sister Pellicer.

At Mostaganem there is a small school. It is a girls' workshop which was opened by Brother Reynaud. The idea originated with Brother Figuhr. The children in this little school are taught to sing our hymns and to pray. Through this means their parents can be reached.

Plans have been laid to construct a larger school at Bel Acel in the neighborhood of Relizane, Oran. The director, Brother Pellicer, is already on the ground. He is well prepared for this work as he speaks both French and Arabic fluently. He will have an assistant. We are planning to open two classes next January (1956). Medicines will be distributed. Every day sick people are coming to be treated - men, but especially women, and many children. This medical work at Bel Acel is under way already. The extreme poverty of those people is appalling. The Moslems who live in the mountains must often walk nine or ten miles to reach the nearest dispensary. They come covered with sores which very often are uncurable. Their utter destitution is pitiful indeed. They are in need of everything.

The Moslems are tired of their Islam, and of our Christianity which has no pity for the poor. "For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God" (Romans 18:19). Islam is waiting for "the manifestation of the sons of God" and that as quickly as possible. May the Lord help us to show the way of salvation to the millions of Moslems in North Africa, and may they join the flock whose only Master is the Good Shepherd.

(To be continued)

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## SOUTHERN EUROPEAN QUARTERLY REVIEW

Organ of the Southern European Division of Seventh-day Adventists published every quarter Address of Editor (to whom all manuscripts should be sent)

Hôheweg 17, Berne, Switzerland.

M. Fridlin .... Editor
.... Editorial Secretary



## Here and Chere



We are very pleased to have some General Conference representatives in our Division for a few weeks' visit. Dr. J. C. Thompson, associate secretary of the Religious Liberty Department, arrived at the beginning of April. He, with Dr. J. Nussbaum, will visit influential persons in different parts of Southern Europe in the interests of religious liberty. Dr. Thompson will also accompany Elder M. V. Campbell on his trip to Greece and Israel during the month of May.

Since April 30 th E. R. Walde, secretary of the General Conference Radio Department has been with us. This is Brother Walde's first official visit to Southern Europe. He and M. Fridlin will visit the different countries on the continent where we have radio and Bible correspondence school work. They will also altend some annual and district meetings.

Professor E. E. Cossentine, secretary of the General Conference Department of Education, is inspecting the schools in the Southern European Division mission fields. He is accompanied by Dr. O. Schuberth. Their tour of inspection, which will last for two and a half months, began in the French Cameroun. From there they will go to Angola and the islands of the Indian Ocean.

We are always thankful for the help the General Conference gives us in sending experienced brethren and good counsellors to our field.

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A. Meyer, our ministerial association secretary, spent about seven weeks in the French Cameroun, contacting the mission statio. and attending workers' meetings. Elder Meyer reports that good meetings have been held everywhere.

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After having finished a first term of service in our medical institution at the Koza Mission, North Cameroun, Miss Huguette Tierce has returned to France for her furlough. At present she is taking a course in surgical nursing at the Lausanne hospital. She hopes to return to the Koza hospital at the end of her furlough.

We are deeply grieved to report the death of J. P. Frei on his seventieth birthday, March 14, in Lugano where Elder Frei retired from active service some years ago after having been in charge of the work in the Tessin, Italian Switzerland, For long years Elder Frei seved in different places in Southern Europe, and until the day of his death expended his strength in the Lord's cause. Although he had retired, he continued to give his co-operation to the Lugano church, and was also in charge of the Italian Bible correspondence school for Switzerland. Elder Frei fell asleep in the blessed hope that we shall meet him again on the great day of the Lord's return. To his bereaved wife and children we express our deepest Christian sympathy.

On invitation of the Inter-American Division, M. Tièhce, educational and radio secretary of the Franco-Belgian Union, and who is also in charge of the educational broadcasts of the Voice of Hope over the French national network, will spend three months this summer in the French-speaking fields of Inter-America. During his visit important public meetings will be organized on the islands of Martinique. Guadeloupe and Haiti.

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R. Bergström, who was in charge of our mission work in the Northern Cameroun for 26 years, recently returned to Sweden for a furlough. We wish this faithful pioneer a happy period of rest in his homeland.

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After spending their furlough in North Africa and Belgium, Mr. and Mrs. E. Vervoori returned to the Seychelles Islands the early part of April. Elder Vervoort is the leader of the field. We wish this faithful missionary family God's richest blessing and a full measure of success as they return to this most isolated mission field in the Southern European Division.

A very neat **chapel**, with a seating capacity of about 150, located in the residential section of the picturescue city of **Thun**, Switzerland, was **opened** for church services and public evangelism on Sabbath, April 21. Pastor M. V. Campbell, our Division president, delivered the morning sermon. The official opening took place in the afternoon, with city authorities and representatives of the local press present. About 250 people attended this interesting meeting,

H. F. Schuberth, a former president of the Central European Division, and retired in Thun, was especially happy to see the completion of this fine chapel. Now 88 years old, but still in very good physical, mental and spiritual health, Elder Schuberth addressed the audience, reminding them that 50 years ago, when he was president of the German-Swiss Conference, he organized the Thun church, Pastor H. Willis now in charge of the church and work in Thun.

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We are sorry to announce that 1. Belloy who served for almost two terms in the Indian Ocean Union Mission in different capacities, has had to be granted permanent return to Europe for health reasons. Mrs. Belloy's health has been declining for a number of years, and in spite of every effort made to recover in the mission field, there was no improvement. She had to return to Europe in February of this year. and Brother Belloy, who fell seriously ill on Reunion Island, had to return by Air France plane on April 19. We take this occasion to thank the Bellev family for their good service in the mission field, and to wish them a speady recovery in their homeland.

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A. M. Potlin who worked for a number of years as an evangelist in the Israel Mission, has been appointed acting president of this mission in replacement of J. O. Wilson who has returned permanently to the United States. We hope that the work in Israel will grow rapidly under Elder Potlin's leadership.

