



MIDDLE EAST MESSENGER

BEIRUT, LEBANON,

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COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

MIDDLE EAST COLLEGE. JUNE 12, 1949

By ELDER E. L. BRANSON
President, Middle East Union Mission

President Harder, faculty members, graduates, and friends.

I count it an honor and a privilege to speak to this assembly this evening. I am happy that a number of parents and relatives are able to be present at this graduation exercise. I know that there are many who would like to be here. I have recently visited in Iraq and Egypt and fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters have talked to me about you young people and this program today.

I know exactly how they feel, for I have a son in Los Angeles, California who is graduating today and I wish that I might be there to see him march up to the front to receive his degree.

Middle East College acquired its name because of its geographical location. It serves parts of three continents. It is in the Middle of the Eastern Mediterranean Culture area. It is the meeting place for ideas and ideals both Eastern and Western.

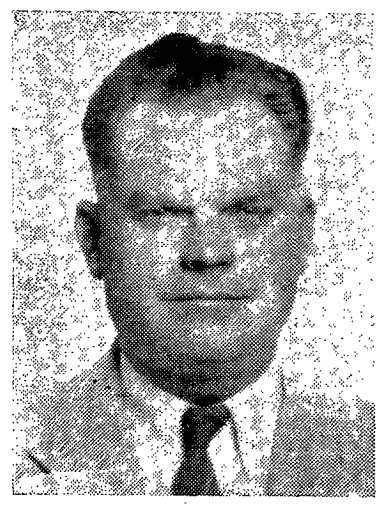
Britain's famed poet, Kipling, once wrote, "East is east and West is west and ne'er the twain shall meet." But here at Middle East College we find an exception to that idea. Both faculty and student body come from widely separated areas and racial groups. We have represented today Turkey, Iraq, Egypt, Jordania, Palestine, Lebanon, Syria, Canada, and the United States of America, and these include such racial groups as Arab, Greek, Armenian, and Western European.

Geographically the Middle East boasts of its great rivers, the Nile, the Tigris, the Euphrates and the Jordan; also of its mountain ranges, the Lebanon, the Taurus, the Elburz and others. It claims the greatest antiquity for the nations that have flourished in splendor during past centuries. These lands are strewn with monumental reminders of the Assyrian, Babylonian, Egyptian, Hittite and Phoenician Empires.

Lebanon itself possesses perhaps the largest assortment of historic plaques left by conquering armies both ancient and modern. At the Nahr Kelb one may see ample evidence that this area is the central highway for those nations grouped around the "Fertile Crescent". This is the *Middle* of the Middle East. The ancient trade routes served the great cities of Babylon, Ur, Ctesiphon, Ninevah, Palmyra, Antioch, Damascus, Biblos, Jerusalem, Memphis and Thebes.

But we live in a new age, when rapid means of transportation have made all the world neighbors. And we find ourselves half way between the nations of the Far East and the Far West. Recently, families being evacuated by air from Shanghai, China, to the United States touched down at Almaza airport in Cairo. I received greetings direct from my father who is in Hong Kong by a doctor who was going directly to Los Angeles.

The new airport being constructed here in Beirut will bring much of this international travel to Lebanon and we will see more and



more of the missionaries and other travellers between the Orient and the Occident.

All this means that this College is strategically located to serve in this vital area. We are in the midst of a great area of opportunity. We are surrounded by great and crying needs.

Some of these needs are basic to physical well being such as adequate housing, sufficient food properly distributed, and better sanitation. But then there are the finer things of life, such as the study of science, music and art, in order that men and women might better appreciate this world which God has given to us to develop and enjoy.

Then above all other needs is the need for spiritual guidance in things eternal. We are not only to become good citizens of the world today, but also fit citizens of the eternal kingdom of God.

The world needs men of ability, trained men, educated men. But knowledge is not all that is needed. The world needs men with enthusiasm and energy and engaging personality. Of one college professor who

had a Ph.D. degree it was said, "He has all the facts but none of the phosphorescence of learning. His lectures are dry. The milk of human kindness seems to have dried up in his soul." A good many people are like that. They have a good education, they have all of the facts, but they have none of the sparkle of personality which is necessary to promote a cause, to advance a movement, or to give life a beautiful and glowing color.

Men of vision and purpose are needed. Men who are willing to work long hours for an ideal and suffer if need be although misunderstood and unappreciated by many.

Percival Lowell, the Harvard astronomer, spent years in calculating the location of a new planet, later to be discovered and named Pluto in his honor. Those calculations were so real to him that he named the exact spot in the skies where Pluto would be found. He raised money and built an observatory near Flagstaff, Arizona, where he did the mathematical work for the discovery of Pluto ten years before there was photographic equipment powerful enough to photograph it. He died several years before it was actually discovered. If ever a man was steered by a star which he could not see, it was Percival Lowell.

Sometimes a man is misjudged because of inexperience on the part of his critics. I remember a history professor who would take quite a bit of time drawing lessons from the past and applying them to the present. Some students complained that he was not sticking to the subject of history. I well remember his reply. He said, "I am not so much concerned with what you think of me now but I am concerned about what you will think of me five or ten years from now. I have former students who write letters of appreciation for the lessons which they learned in my classes ten years ago."

There is the story of the "Miser of Marseilles" in Southern France. He seemed to have no friends, and just worked long hours all his life and never seemed to spend anything on himself. He was very frugal and finally amassed fairly large deposits in the bank. Then one day he died and his will was made public. It read, "From my infancy I noticed that the poor people of Marseilles had great difficulty in getting water. I noticed that water, the gift of God, was very dear and difficult to obtain. And when they could get water, it was not as pure and clean as God intended it to be.

Therefore I vowed before God that I would live but for one purpose, for one end. I would save money, and more money, that I might give it to the city on one condition: that an aqueduct be built to bring fresh, pure water from yonder lake in the hills to

Marseilles. That I now make possible by leaving all my wealth to this city. This is my last will and testament."

That aqueduct is one of the historic sights which guides and natives point out to visitors above all other things. Travellers today hear the poor people say as they drink the pure, sweet water from the lake in the hills, "Ah, when the miser died we misunderstood him, but he did it all for us! We called him the Miser of Marseilles, but he was more than that; he was the saviour of Marseilles."

And was the Miser happy? Yes, for true happiness is found in giving rather than in receiving.

Of course some people acquire a thin veneer of respectability and want people to accept them for more than their real worth. That is like the Chinese parable of the two balls packed in a box. One was covered with a very thin coating of gold leaf while the other was solid gold. The one ball was afraid to roll about for fear the gilt would be rubbed off by contact with the other ball. It said to the solid gold one, "You had better be careful how you knock about or that stuff will wear off. You will rub it off by bumping about as you do, so carelessly." "Rub what off?" asked the other ball.

Those who are true gold all through do not need to fear that they will rub anything off. Only those who have a cheap veneer of gold have that worry. Those who have real power of personality, real culture and training, are sure of themselves. The others, have to be continually protecting themselves, fighting for what they call their rights.

Human personality is like radium that constantly throws out radiations. These radiations can be detected with a radio instrument. One can hear the vibrations magnified so that they sound like an automobile engine running at high speed. Even though a small piece of radium should be hidden or lost it can be located by such an instrument.

And just as a bit of radium will throw off particles without exhausting itself perceptibly, we human personalities throw off vibrations of ourselves. Almost without knowing it, we throw off invisible vibrations which either depress or brighten the lives of others. We go forth in love, in hate, in indifference, in wrath, in coldness, in good cheer and good humor, or in gloom and sorrow.

If we keep constantly aware of that fact we shall be more apt to keep our emotions under control and make a definite attempt to send out the healing radiations of love, kindness, and good will to those we meet every day.

I have taken note of the very excellent Mottoes and Aims chosen by the various classes. "*DETERMINED TO SUCCEED*" is the Motto of the Preparatory graduates. I like the definite sound of such a motto. Your aim is "*PERFECTION*." Therefore you will endeavor to return to Middle East College next year in order that you might continue your education. There is the old education. There is the old saying, "Anything that is worth doing, is worth doing well." That applies to education.

The Professional graduates have chosen the Motto, "*HE CALLS, WE ANSWER*." Nothing could better express the desire for willing service. You plan to be teachers. Then you will surely need to remember the words of your Aim, "*WISDOM, JUSTICE, MODERATION*." A child can detect even sooner than many adults whether one is good and kind and true.

"*HUMBLE SERVICE*" are the words that express the desires of the Senior College graduates. In this they are following in the footsteps of our great example who gave Himself to mankind. Their Aim is "*REDEEMING THE TIME*." Surely as we see the events taking place in the world today which are a direct fulfillment of many Bible prophecies, we can say, "*THE NIGHT IS FAR SPENT, THE DAY IS AT HAND*."

There is much work to be done in a limited amount of time so be faithful to your aim and God will richly reward you.

But as you go forth in a life of service you will find that many times the way seems dark and difficult. You must not become discouraged. Remember that the darkest hour is just before the dawn. Some years ago in the city of St. Louis, I was invited to view an exhibition of beautiful paintings. A group of about 25 was taken in at a time. First the room was in total darkness for several minutes until we wondered why. Then we were told: "You came in with the glare of the sun in your eyes, but now, after spending a time in utter darkness you will better appreciate the delicate colors and the lighting effects on the paintings." And it was true. There was a glorious picture of the resurrection and another of the ascension. And as the varicolored lights played on the canvasses we received impressions which we could never forget, and felt that the wait in darkness was time well spent.

So if you have dark hours and the problems seem to cloud the sky, remember that you will better appreciate the visions of God's goodness and care in the future. If there had been no clouds there could be no rainbow. "Where sin doth abound, God's grace doth much more abound."

Sometimes you may be weary and hesitate to go on God's errands. You wonder

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DIGGING UP IRAQ'S PAST

REPORT BY MRS R. K. HASSO

It was the Sabbath that our lesson in Sabbath School dealt with the experiences of Daniel and his friends in their new home. To supplement the written record, the scholars decided that they would benefit by having the Sabbath morning services right on the site of the lesson. So it was that bright and early Sabbath morning several automobiles, station wagons, and a bus travelled an hour and a half to Babylon. It was a windy day, but a sheltered spot on the edge of the excavations afforded some protection while the services were conducted.

The well-known story is apt to become somewhat legendary in the minds of many church-goers; but one trip to the few remains of Babylon would do a great deal toward making the Biblical record a vivid truth. Walking over the ruins and through the streets lined with decorated walls after the meeting was educational and interesting. It seems that streets have not widened much in Iraq since that time. I managed to contribute to the general deterioration of the wall by breaking off a piece of a brick that had a portion of a figure on it. It is amazing that so much is still preserved.

A week later we heard that archeologists in Nimrud were finishing their work for this season, and that if we wished, we could visit the excavations. An Englishman who is in charge of the work has an Iraqi doctor as his co-worker. Some of their skilled helpers have worked in this type of thing for years, so that at the end of just five weeks' work they had much valuable information from an area which was investigated briefly a hundred years ago. At that time methods of excavation were not so well developed as now, and it was impossible to distinguish between the mud-brick walls and the ground.

Although its name is the same as that of the first city of the world, it was built three thousand years ago by Ashur-zasir-pal, and was completed by his son, Shalmanezar III. The name Ashur-zasir-pal means Ashur gives his Son victory. The city got its name because of its kings who were fond of hunting. The king's palaces, the temples, and business buildings were built on an elevation, and the residential section was built on an area down lower of about one square mile. About three thousand years ago, 15,120,000 soldiers crossed the Tigris each year for battle. The record of these campaigns was kept on the walls, in-



Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Hasso, in charge of our work in Mosul, Iraq

scribed in stone. Those stone slabs were joined by means of iron and clamps, making very high walls. From these records much valuable evidence has been discovered, the archeologist said, that verifies Biblical records which were heretofore questioned. Each black obelisk gives history of campaigns against Biblical countries and kings such as Ahab and Jehu. From the inscriptions they learned that the Tigris at one time flowed very near the sixty-by-sixty meter palace.

The excavators discovered a room which evidently was the library, and so far have found over fifty clay tablets. These must be processed before they can be deciphered. This square room seems to have been a sort of archive. The writings are in cuneiform. At a later time the room must have fallen into disuse for they found the skull of an Assyrian buried about 700 B.C.

The *zigurat*, or temple, they excavated had three stories with a little room on top designed for the advisors of the king to use in taking readings of the stars and in making divinations. Relief work on the walls indicated various religious practices. Ivory carvings which were found showed that the Assyrians had trade with India. One carving of a cow was dated to be 2800 years old.

We investigated the king's bathroom and found that the floor was covered with bitumen. The walls were decorated with a wheel design evidently intended to have some resemblance to the sun. These particular designs were done in black, but similar designs were found in other rooms of the palace in white, red, and blue. The king had a special corner designed for use much like a tub, and the drain led out into a sewer under the street.

It is thought that if the excavators were to dig down far enough, they would find layer after layer of cities representing different civilisations back to the time of the flood. The archeologist said that in the future as they explore what is under the ground in this area, they plan to see how many layers they can unearth.

Elder Anderson came to this part of Iraq for the express purpose of seeing this city of Nimrud, but at that time nothing had been done there for so long that no one had heard of it and so would not direct us. Next year the season will find Nimrud being explored further.

MOSUL DORCAS SOCIETY

The Dorcas society of Mosul needed funds, but no one could think of what could be done to get some. Just as in other societies, the pessimistic side seemed to dominate. Finally everyone agreed that a trial was better than nothing. Surely no funds were going to be dumped miraculously into our laps without some effort on our part.

Each member consented to make some article to sell, and of course donate the cost of the material. The idea spread into the school among the girls and even among a few of the boys. Soon everyone was working on his project for the sale. Teachers created a program to present; Miss Isaac wrote an Arabic play which showed the purpose of the Dorcas society and wove in refreshments for the audience for a small price. There were recitations by the kindergarten folks, songs by older ones, a Maypole drill, and even a short English play. After the program, the audience was ushered to the display of handwork. Little tables placed separately helped relieve congestion and allowed people to inspect the things on sale. The folk in the East surely know how to do beautiful handwork, and the sale had specimens of only the best.

After everyone had gone home, sales, contributions, and promises were counted, and the total was about ID 52. But still all the articles had not been sold, so to make use of every possible means to make a larger profit, the ladies decided to raffle the remaining things. We are still selling tickets to the raffle which is to be held next Sunday afternoon, but we have only a hundred more to sell. When the raffle is over, we expect to have added at least twenty dinars to the dinars already profited, making an approximate total of ID 75. Surely it is a worthwhile reward.

Mrs. R. K. Hasso



Congratulations, Probationary Class of Nurses!

ADDRESS BY DR. C. SCHILT, MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT, DAR ES-SALAAM HOSPITAL, ON THE OCCASION OF A CAP-PINNING CEREMONY

As we are gathered here this warm spring evening to enjoy this pleasant, memorable occasion, our thoughts run parallel to graduations and commencements. Although these ceremonies do not equal a graduation, they do mark an important, perhaps the most important monument that you nurses pass during your professional career.

The art of ministering to the sick is one of the oldest in the world. Six thousand years ago when mankind experienced illness for the first time, even before there was any medical science, the alleviation of pain and the comforting of the sick were early vocations. During the past two centuries the arts of nursing have progressed so rapidly that today no one can begin to master but a small part of the great increase in nursing knowledge. You six here have chosen a difficult profession. We congratulate you for your courage, your health, your ambition, your intellect, and your aptitudes. These and your many other talents you will need; protect them carefully and develop them well.

I mention your aptitudes. Your participation in these exercises is a testimony to all of us that you possess the aptitudes of a nurse. Some of these aptitudes are an in-born gift, others you have acquired. To be a continuing successful nurse, you must al-

ways be developing your talents. Nursing like the other divisions of the healing profession is a practise. There have never been two people with exactly the same set of reactions to an illness. Thus each new patient you treat adds new experiences. And as these accumulate you cease to have a mere array of facts totalling knowledge, but rather the individual instances pass on, and in their place you have wisdom. In your course strive not alone for knowledge, but get wisdom.

This evening I would be trite to mention to you, six successful preliminary students, the difficulties of nursing. I know that each one of you would agree that some of the road to this place in your chosen career has been uphill and hard. But I believe that this is a fitting occasion to remind you, in the audience, of the price being paid by these girls for their achievements in the nursing services. Yes nursing is a service. It is a very special kind of service. It is a service that many would not give, but all often want. Is it fair and honest with ourselves to want and take what we would not give? Servant, due to its misuse by so-called privileged classes of people has an unfortunate connotation in the English language. But nurses are servants devoted to the service of all who are ill. Not all of us are nurses, but ought we not each of us be a servant devoted to doing good to

mankind? Or does the depth of our ambition carry us down to be a master?

Yesterday one of your class asked me the meaning of the word, "devote". I replied that it meant service with love. And then, while reflecting on that definition, I added that it is often used to mean exactly love. Nursing is a love of service; and it is a service of love.

Most of the people you meet in practicing the healing profession are abnormal. When a man is sick in either the body, soul, or spirit,—then all three, the body, soul and spirit, suffer and are deranged. So the patients you see are not only ill physically, they are also ill mentally and spiritually. They usually come to us with only complaints of the body, but unless we think of their souls and their spirits we fall far short of the maximum of good, the maximum service that we can give. Often it is trying to talk to people who are not normal. But those are the very persons that we in these healing professions have asked to serve. We do want to serve them, and when the patients are difficult and unreasonable remind yourself that he or she is not normal. We must make allowances for the behaviour of those who are ill. And too often we must make allowances too for the misbehaviour of those who are well, such as the doctors you will work with, your co-workers in nursing and the relatives of the patient.

Whatever you do, wherever your future paths will lie, what you learn as a student nurse will be of value. And let no man despise the fact that you are a student nurse. In this life here on earth we should all be students seeking an education that will matriculate us for the life hereafter. And as nurses, may you each always be students. Nurses never arrive; you will always be learning new treatments, new drugs, new procedures, new diseases.

Tonight as we admire your accomplishments thus far, we look back to the achievements of the past. In I Kings 17:1, there is recorded part of the life history of Elijah, a servant of God. As we review the life of Elijah, we often think first of his experiences at Mt. Carmel. Here on this mountain passed an epoch in the history of the Children of Israel. In all the history of the earth it was a great day for God, for Israel, and for Elijah. We admire Elijah, and perhaps we aspire to the heights of a Mt. Carmel experience. And that is good. But let us look more closely at another detail of Elijah's experience—before the Mt. Carmel victory.

In I Kings 17:3, we read about the Lord telling Elijah, "Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan." Elijah was told to go out into the desert to the brook

Cherith. He remained there where God called him, and finally as the famine progressed the brook dried up. And then he left the land of Israel, still following God's leading, and went north to the coasts of Sidon to the widow at Zarephath. The widow shared her very little with this stranger. Was the faith of the widow on the seashore any less than the faith of Elijah on the heights of Mt. Carmel? Yes, Elijah's experience was more spectacular but was it any better?

Before we arrive at the heights of Mt. Carmel, most of us must go to the desert and dwell by the brook Cherith. And before Elijah could go to Mt. Carmel, there was a widow who must supply his daily needs. Are we content to be faithful servants, holding up the hands of others? Successful nursing, successful living, means service. And not often on Mt. Carmel, but frequently in a humble insignificant way, as was the widow's service in Zarephath. The multitudes at Mt. Carmel did not know about the faithful widow. You must do each service because it is right, because it is your task, your responsibility; not always because it is convenient, or pleasant or necessary, but because it is right. And doing it faithfully as the widow will make you righteous.

Again we congratulate you for your achievements. We challenge you to continue

well in the path that you have chosen. We want you to experience a more abundant life. And to do this you must have balance in all your living, so listen carefully, class of 1951, and apply these quotations of full Christian Nursing Service

A Balanced Life

Faith without Credulity.
Conviction without Bigotry.
Charity without Condescension.
Courage without Pugnacity.
Self-respect without Vanity.
Humility without Obsequiousness.
Love of Humanity without Sentimentality.
Meekness with Power.

—from Chief Justice Charles Evan Hughes.

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A Bedouin chief told the young men of his tribe: "There are three good reasons for smoking: First, if you smoke enough tobacco, you smell so strong the dogs will never bite you. Second, if you smoke long enough, you will develop a lung trouble which will make you cough even when you sleep; Robbers, hearing you cough, will think you are awake, and so will not try to steal your belongings. Third, if you smoke as much as you can, you will have many diseases and will die younger."

Gene Tunney in

Nicotine Knockout, M.V. Leaflet No. 41.

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CAP-PINNING EXERCISES

REPORT BY MISS E. WELCH,
DIRECTOR, NURSES' TRAINING

On May 19, 1949 the students of the Dar El Salaam Hospital participated in a momentous occasion.

There are two such occasions that are outstanding in the life of the student nurse. The first is the "Cap-pinning Exercise" when the student receives her cap and thus knows that she is truly accepted into the nurse's course. The second is graduation when the student has finished her period of training and is ready to join the ranks of those dedicated to the service of the sick.

With Miss E. Voth at the organ, the students marched down the center aisle of the auditorium to take their places at the front.

The opening song was followed by prayer offered by Elder M. V. Jacobson.

Dr. Schilt gave the address for the students.

Camille Borazon, one of the students to receive her cap, gave a very excellent talk in regard to how nursing has developed and what the profession owes to Florence Nightingale "Mother of Modern Nursing".

After Miss Dorazon's speech the students received their caps and then their lamps were lighted by Miss Ruth Tobiassen, one of the graduate staff of the hospital. The lighting of these lamps marks the beginning of a life of service—a light shining for the Master.

The student nurses solemnly repeated together the Nightingale Pledge and then sang in consecration these words:—

O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secrets; Help me near
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

The benediction was pronounced by Pastor Helal.

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THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE PLEDGE

I solemnly pledge myself before God and in the presence of this assembly to pass my life in purity and to practise my profession faithfully. I will abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous and will not take or knowingly administer any harmful drug. I will do all in my power to elevate the standard of my profession, and will hold in confidence all personal matters committed to my keeping, and all family affairs coming to my knowledge in the practice of my calling. With loyalty will I endeavour to aid the physician in his work and devote myself to the welfare of those committed to my care.

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FROM AMPUTATIONS TO KHYBER PASS

FIFTH INSTALMENT of *PUSHTU PUSH*.
MISSIONARIES K. OSTER & G. C. WINSLOW
COMPLETE THE TRIP ACROSS AFGHANISTAN

Sabbath morning, and Sabbath School. How wonderful is Christian fellowship out in these lands where we are spread so thinly. It is hard to determine just who are the happier, and more thankful, the travelling brethren or the doctors Weber. We even have opportunity to do some good this Sabbath day, as we bring in a man from a wrecked dump truck and all four of us take part as Dr. Webber has to amputate the poor man's finger. This ends an eventful Sabbath. And so to bed, but only after a thorough de-lousing job, for such close contact with our patient had been too great a temptation for part of his animal population to trans-migrate.

Sunday is a day of work for us. We work on the fundamentals of Persian language study, led by Brother Oster, and for the specific benefit of Dr. Weber, who has already started a study of the language. Almost all educated people in this country know the Pharsee language, and their own language, Pushtu, is quite like the Pharsee. Mrs. Weber has spent most of the day doing our laundry, for which we will be forever grateful. Tomorrow Dr. Weber has to make a trip to Peshawar, just across the border in Pakistan, so we will ride the next leg of our journey in style, in an automobile, a luxury for us on this trip. We wonder what the famous Khyber Pass will look like.

Almost before we realize it, we are entering the Khyber. We are told that there are hundreds of miles of good, hard-surfaced military roads here in this Pass, not one mile of which is open for public use. The fortifications that were built when Hitler was threatening the Near East are still here. The concrete tank traps have merely been pushed to the side of the road. They stretch across the pass, numbering in the thousands. Close scrutiny of the mountainsides will reveal many gun emplacements and pill-boxes, still manned. Look-outs are everywhere and one stops to take pictures at the risk of arrest and confiscation of cameras. All this reveals the uncertainty in the minds of leading nations of the world today. We see more and more of the huge water buffalo, which are used for many purposes here. We suffer from the intense heat, especially Brother Winslow, who is from relatively temperate Meshed. From Peshawar to Rawalpindi we will travel by train, also a treat for us. We buy second-class tickets.

There is one faithful Adventist family in Pashawar and we visit the husband at the

telegraph office where he is employed. He gives us the good news that there is soon to be a mission station in this border city. God bless this latest northward expansion of our Southern Asia Division work. Our Brother Hazlam's story of his experiences concerning Sabbath work shows clearly Gcjs providences for His children. But that is a story all in itself. He wires ahead to his co-worker and co-Adventist believer in Rawalpindi that we are coming. We regret that the train makes the trip at night, but we are not always able to choose the time of our journeyings.

Some five sooty, dirty hours later we are met by Brother J. C. Hamel, and we from Iran have joined hands with our workers in Pakistan and have done it over the country of fanaticism and promise. How good the pitcher of cold lemonade tastes when we get to the mission from the depot. A shower and a clean bed, and we are soon in the land of nod. In the morning we are introduced to "Pindi's" heat and, much more pleasantly, to Sister Hamel and to Doctor Robbins and her infant daughter, on their way from the even more torrid south to our hill station at Murray. We have Iranian rials and Afghanistani Afghanis, and were told in Jalalabad to buy rupees in Peshawar. There, we were told to exchange our money in "Pindi", so we had borrowed some rupees from Dr. Weber for the trip to Rawalpindi. Now here, we are told that the place to have bought money was in Peshawar or Kabul. So we borrow more from Brother Hamel. What will be the outcome of all this money trouble? To have plenty of money and not to be able to use it to buy what one wishes or needs is a taste of what it will be when none may buy or sell save he that has the mark of the beast.

Wednesday, and still unable to exchange our money. In the mission yard is a tree we have long wished to see; a many-trunked banyan tree. Prayer meeting and another opportunity to meet with and pray with the brethren. Brother Winslow speaks of the providences of God's leadings on our trip and Brother Oster renders the special music, a beautiful solo. This day has also produced a bird-lover's thrill in views of the myna, the bulbul and the hoopoe, all birds of India. We find that there is cholera in Lahore, and, as we are without inoculations and almost without time, we make Rawalpindi the extreme point of our journey. We will be sorry to leave our very kind brethren, but will be happy to be on the way back to Afghanistan



and then to home.

We start back at five o'clock in the morning. Four and a half hours later we are back in Peshawar, tired, dirty, and broke as far as Pakistan money is concerned. We check our bags and begin the merry-go-round for money again. It is truly a circle, for we are unsuccessful. Our tonga driver is an old British army man, and the best driver we have had. He knows the city like a book. Loquacious is a mild term to use in describing him. As we ride along, he shouts to an unwary pedestrian, "Look ouuttt, look ouuttt!" and then to his horse, "Getttt upp there, lazy, getttt uppp!"

We are fully introduced to him. "My name, sir? Johnson, the *honorable* Johnson, sir." We laugh. But when we finally rode to the oak Bungalow to spend our last rupees for a bare room to sleep in, he had given us a good, honest service for a very fair fee. He was the honorable Johnson, of course!

Our Brother Hazlam at the telegraph office has found out that we need money, and we are to go with him to the Afghan trade agent for help. This gentleman is living in a fine home which once was occupied by a rich Hindu who was forced to flee Pakistan during the communal troubles there. We use all of our Afghan money to purchase rupees, just enough to pay our debts to Brother Hamel and to Dr. Weber in Afghanistan and to pay our third-class fare back to the Weber home. We hear that we may be quarantined at the border because we have been in cholera territory. We hope not.

The bus was to leave Peshawar at 7:30 this morning, but we finally get away by ten, no more than the usual delay. We make four different stops at as many border check posts and customs. One Turk with considerable baggage is suspected of smuggling, so they go through his baggage quite thoroughly. Our seat companion is the secretary in the Italian Embassy in Kabul. He was born and raised in Teheran. The Lord has led us to a friendship with another in good position and with influence in both Teheran and Kabul.

(To be continued)

MIDDLE EAST COLLEGE RECEIVES OFFICIAL RECOGNITION

On February 15th the Ministry of Education of Lebanese Government issued a new permit to Middle East College. Previously the College had been operating on an old permit which was issued at the time the school was conducted at Museitheh. Since that time the school has been moved several times, and its scope and curriculum have been expanded. Therefore, in the spring of 1948 an application was made for a new permit for the school to operate on its present basis.

Middle East College is now officially recognized by the Lebanese Government as a secondary school and a four year college. We are happy to be able to report this forward step to our constituency. The most cordial relations exist between the College and the Ministry of Education.

Negotiations have been entered into with the Iraq Ministry of Education as well. At two different times officials of the Iraq Government have thoroughly inspected the College and its pro-

gram. Each time we have received enthusiastic assurance that students who finish our freshman course will receive the same recognition as is given to those completing the freshman course of American University of Beirut, and that graduates receiving degrees from Middle East College will receive full recognition in Iraq.

Although our first and prime objective is to follow the plan of education as revealed by God through His servants and to receive His approval, we are also always happy when educators of the world recognize that we are conducting an efficient and high grade educational program even though it may differ from theirs.

Middle East College is progressing with the blessing of God. We of the Faculty request the continued prayers of you our brethren throughout the Middle East Union that we may at all times have divine approval on all our plans for the education of your young people.

F. E. J. HARDER

COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS

(continued from page 2)

if it is really necessary.

The story is told of a widowed mother who lived in a little village in Wales. She was very poor and tried to keep her small family together by working. One day her baby boy took seriously ill. In spite of the fact that it was ten miles to the nearest doctor, the Welsh mother walked every step of the way.

When she arrived at the doctor's home and told him the story, the doctor did not know whether to go or not. It would be a long, hard trip and he dreaded it. Also he knew that he would not receive any fee, for the mother was too poor. He said to himself that it would make little difference whether that boy's life was saved or not, for if he died it would only be one less mouth for that poor mother to feed. Even if the boy lived he would only grow up to be another common laborer.

In other words, the doctor was rationalizing his inner desire to avoid that duty. He knew he ought to go, but he kept asking himself: "Is it worth while?"

Finally that mother's pathetic earnestness and the fact that she herself had walked those ten miles made him ashamed not to go. After all, the average doctor does have a conscience about those things. Few doctors

will actually turn down a need just because they do not see a fee in sight. The real doctor does an immense amount of work for nothing.

Well, this Welsh doctor finally decided to take the ten-mile trip. The boy's life was saved, and he grew up not to become just another ordinary person, but he became one of the great Prime Ministers of Great Britain. His name was David Lloyd George. He was the little boy who might have died had the doctor failed to make the long hard trip out to the little village.

Sometimes when the way is difficult and uncertain, you may be inclined to turn back or give up. But once you have embarked on a course and know that it is right you should allow nothing to turn you aside.

Recently an American pilot who flies planes across the Atlantic said to a newspaper writer, "There's a spot in the Atlantic Ocean where you can't turn back." "What do you mean by that?" the writer inquired. "Well, it's this way: We start out in the early dawn or at midnight headed for England. We know how far we have come. We know how much gasoline we have used and what we have left and how much our motors are using. When we get to that spot I turn to the radio operator, and navigator and say, 'Well, this is the place, shall we go on?' They check the equipment and I give a final check to the motors and we make the decision to go on. From that spot on there is no place

to go but straight ahead through mist, darkness, cloud, or fog. And on we go."

That reminds one of the story of the famous woman flier Amelia Earhart when she

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 EGYPT MISSION

started across the Atlantic in a small plane all alone in 1928. She was about half way across when an oil pipe started to leak, splashing her with oil and seriously endangering the aircraft. She had to make a quick decision whether to turn back or go ahead. As she hurtled onward, her motors missing, she said to herself, "The perils of turning back are greater than the perils of going ahead, so I'll go on." That is exactly what she did, and she was the first woman to fly the Atlantic alone.

But I am glad that in the really serious experiences of life we are not alone. We have the promise, "Lo I am with thee even unto the end of the world." And again, "I will guide thee with mine eye."


Last week as Elder Cubley and I were flying to Cairo the pilot allowed us to take turns sitting in the co-pilot's seat. It was a new Viking plane with scores of modern navigational and other instruments to insure the safe flying and landing of the plane.

One device that interested me was the radio compass. Ordinarily the pilot used the magnetic compass but this did not take into account drifting caused by cross winds. So every now and then he would check his course by the radio compass. This was tuned to a signal from Farouk airport at Cairo, and if the plane was headed directly for the airport an arrow pointed to zero. However if the plane was off course the needle pointed to right or left and the pilot corrected his course accordingly.

Young people, God is sending out his heavenly signals. The still small voice of conscience says, "This is the way, walk ye in it." Do not neglect to check constantly with the heavenly compass so that you may arrive at the eternal homeland at last.

You have now completed your courses, you have finished your class work; yet, this is called Commencement. Yes, it is the commencement of a broader education in doing the world's work, in serving your fellow men, in being loyal representatives of Middle East College.

May God bless you each one, for I know that, in the words of your motto, you are "DETERMINED TO SUCCEED." You have heard His call and you have answered, you will live lives of "HUMBLE SERVICE."



Congratulations!

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Behnam Arshat on the birth of a daughter.

* * *

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Hana Watson on the birth of a daughter on Sunday, June 26.

The revival-evangelistic meetings in Egypt have been carrying on with remarkable and encouraging results. Last Sunday night Pastor Wilson who is conducting Sunday night services in Heliopolis, reported the attendance of the largest crowd since the beginning of the meetings. In Assuit a new meeting place has been re-decorated and dedicated for the church in Assuit. A series of twelve revival-evangelistic services have been conducted by Pastor Zytkoskee, just recently. The meetings received capacity attendance, and a rapidly growing interest in the Advent message is being manifested in this large center. As Pastor Nashid carries on evangelistic meetings in the representative auditorium which has been made ready for our work, we are assured that the Spirit of God will accompany him with success.

* * *

Pastor and Mrs. J. P. Anderson, missionaries from China, gave us the unexpected pleasure of visiting us in Cairo. One of the motors of the four motored plane on which they were passengers, stalled three hours out of Cairo. It was necessary that the plane stop over several days for repairs. Pastor Anderson brought to us some of the thrilling experiences of their work in the war battered country of China.

* * *

Abadeer Abdel Meseeh and Wadad Sa-weeris were recently united in marriage in Assuit, Pastor Wilson officiating. May God richly bless them as they establish a home together.

* * *

It has been a real blessing and inspiration to our work in Egypt to have Pastor W. E. Read, one of the field secretaries of the General Conference, to spend a few days with us. His devotional talks to the various church groups, and his counsel and instruction to the workers, will long be remembered. To many of the members and workers, it seemed like a friend coming back home again. Pastor Read is not new to many in Egypt, because for many years he made frequent visits to this country in his capacity as Mission Secretary of the European Division.

FROM HERE & THERE

Under date of May 5, 1949, Elder Eric B. Hare writes as follows:

Good News!

Good News!!

Good News!!!

"We have just totalled the thirteenth Sabbath offering for the world field for the fourth quarter of 1948 and it amounted to

\$314,300.00. The overflow amounted to \$52,860.00 which is by far the largest overflow ever recorded in the history of our Sabbath School work.

As this offering was to be divided between West Africa, Ethiopia, and the Middle East, your union of the Middle East will receive \$17,620.00. Elder Stevens, and the treasurer will send the official word to your union President in due course, but I wanted you to have this good word as soon as possible."

* * *

The Middle East Union was recently privileged to have the visit of Elder W. E. Read, Field Secretary of the General Conference. Elder E. S. Cubley met him in Istanbul, where with Elder B. Mondics, they settled some important matters to do with our property there. Elder Mondics writes that the services with the members and workers were very much appreciated.

Arriving in Beirut on May 12 Elder Read led out in Union morning worship, took week-end services in the College and Arabic and Armenian Churches, visited our evangelistic work under the direction of Brother W. Olson in Chekka, and addressed a large gathering of Lebanon-Syria, College, and Union workers in the Union worship room on the evening of May 17. The next day he went to Egypt where again he led out in special services.

Elder Read's ministry was everywhere highly appreciated, and our prayers go with him as he travels to important engagements in Europe and Africa.

* * *

When H. M. the King of Egypt heard that there was still living in the Sohag District a soldier who had served in the Armies of his grandfather, Muhammad Ali The Great, he at once ordered an investigation. The inquiry in March 1949 revealed that al-Hajj Rashwan Suleiman al-Jahsh, who was now 145 years old, had served in the armies of Muhammad Ali Pasha under his famous son, Ibrahim Pasha, over 100 years ago. He was in the best of health, as was his son of 110 years who was living with him.

The king ordered that a pension of three pounds per month be paid to the veteran, and he and his son were supplied with new clothes.

But the Hajj Rashwan is, apparently, not the oldest man now living in Egypt. "The Woman's Voice", a Lebanese Ladies' Journal, in its issue of March, 1946, published pictures of Sheikh Muhammed Samhan, of Shabeen al-Kanater, who was 170 years old. He had seven surviving children, the eldest of which was over 130 years old, and the youngest was in his 80's. He had ninety grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Sheikh Muhammed Samhan may be the oldest man living. "This generation" has not yet passed.