

# REVIEW AND HERALD

GENERAL CHURCH PAPER OF THE SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS  
DEDICATED TO THE PROCLAMATION OF THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL

## The Triumphal Reign of Christ The Dream of Nebuchadnezzar

**C**HRIST'S triumphal reign is a subject of divine prediction. The prophets foretold the rise and fall of nations, the great controversy between the forces of good and evil, the triumph of truth over error, and finally the triumphal reign of Christ over the saved of all nations throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity.

A striking prophecy of this wonderful transformation is found in the second chapter of Daniel. The scene of the prophecy is in Babylon, and Nebuchadnezzar the king and Daniel the prophet are the principal actors.

The king had a striking dream, but while it made a profound impression on his mind, he was totally unable to recall it. He appealed to the wise men of his realm. They professed to have power to interpret dreams, and it was only reasonable that the king should ask them to reveal the dream itself.

This they were found utterly unable to do, declaring that matters of such import belonged to "the gods, whose dwelling is not with flesh." Thus they acknowledged their lack of communication with the gods of this order. Bitterly disappointed, and utterly disgusted with the vain pretensions of these professed wise men, Nebuchadnezzar issued a decree that they should all be destroyed.

Daniel and his companions had not been called into conference. As soon as word of the king's decree came to their knowledge, they made request that they be given time, and they would reveal the dream of the king. A respite was granted. Daniel and his companions betook themselves to earnest prayer, and in response to their pleading, God graciously revealed to Daniel not only the dream given the king but also its significance.

In this hour of victory the young

prophet gave all glory to God. He reminded the king that the secret which had been demanded could not be revealed by the astrologers or the magicians or the soothsayers, but that there was a God in heaven that revealed secrets, and to Him belonged the glory. The revelation had been given "for their sakes that shall make known the interpretation to the king."

### The Dream and Its Interpretation

The dream as given by Daniel is as follows:

"Thou, O king, sawest, and behold a great image. This great image, whose brightness was excellent, stood before thee; and the form thereof was terrible. This image's head was of fine gold, his breast and his arms of silver, his belly and his thighs of brass, his legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part of clay. Thou sawest till that a stone was cut out without



Daniel Explaining Nebuchadnezzar's Dream

hands, which smote the image upon his feet that were of iron and clay, and brake them to pieces. Then was the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold, broken to pieces together, and became like the chaff of the summer threshing floors; and the wind carried them away, that no place was found for them: and the stone that smote the image became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth." Dan. 2:31-35.

The interpretation follows. Daniel declares to the king, "Thou art this head of gold." Verse 38. God had made Nebuchadnezzar a king of kings. His empire filled the earth. He had been the agent in the hands of God in punishing the nations of the Old World. Even the overthrow of Jerusalem was in execution of the divine judgment. It was fitting that Babylon, "the golden kingdom of a golden age," should be represented by the head of gold.

But Babylon was to give place to another kingdom. The record is, "After thee shall arise another kingdom inferior to thee." In 538 B. C. Babylon was overthrown, and the Medo-Persian kingdom, represented by the breast and arms of silver, succeeded to world dominion.

But this, too, was destined to pass away. The divine record reads, "And another third kingdom of brass, which shall bear rule over all the earth." Verse 39. Alexander of Macedon became head of the united Grecian states. Ambition for conquest actuated his life. At the head of the Grecian armies he embarked upon a campaign which, in the famous Battle of Arbela in the year 331 B. C., resulted in the final defeat of the Medo-Persian armies. At the age of thirty-two Alexander became the sovereign of the world, and deeply regretted that

there were no more notable conquests to achieve.

But how soon is human glory effaced, how short and frail is the life of even the great men of earth! Alexander died which still a young man, and his empire fell apart and was succeeded in 168 B. C. by Rome, represented by the legs of iron.

"As iron breaketh in pieces and subdueth all things," so the Roman kingdom broke in pieces and subdued all other kingdoms, and established universal rule throughout the then known world. In its early simplicity Rome was strong, but as in the case of all the preceding kingdoms, weakness and disintegration came with luxury and vice. The government, weakened by luxury, became powerless to resist the invasions of the barbarians, and little by little the Roman territory was invaded, independent governments were established, and true to the symbolic representation of the prophecy the kingdom became divided.

Out of the territory of Western Rome separate kingdoms were carved, as represented by the mixture of iron and clay. Efforts at various times have been made to cement these kingdoms into one homogeneous whole, to restore the empire of Rome. Charlemagne attempted it, and failed. It was the vain dream of Charles XII, and the life ambition of Napoleon.

Efforts have been made by intermarriage to cement together the divided parts, but the divine fiat was, "They shall not cleave one to another, even as iron is not mixed with clay." And so we find on the map of Europe today this same divided condition foretold in prophecy.

### The Grand Climax

We come now to the grand climax of the prophecy. In the dream a stone

"cut out of the mountain without hands" smote the image upon its feet, reducing the gold, the silver, the iron, and the clay to fine powder, which was carried away as the dust from a threshing floor, and this stone became a great mountain and filled the whole earth.

This will find a fitting fulfillment in the everlasting kingdom which is to be established on the ruins of the kingdoms of this world. We read:

"In the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever. Forasmuch as thou sawest that the stone was cut out of the mountain without hands, and that it brake in pieces the iron, the brass, the clay, the silver, and the gold: the great God hath made known to the king what shall come to pass hereafter: and the dream is certain, and the interpretation thereof sure." Verses 44, 45.

We have been living for long years in the days of these kings. One by one the mileposts of this prophecy have been passed. Babylon was succeeded by Medo-Persia, Medo-Persia by Grecia, Grecia in turn was followed by Rome, and Rome was divided into ten kingdoms. We are now living in that period between the division of the Roman Empire and the setting up of the everlasting kingdom of heaven. Soon the kingdoms and glory of this world will be succeeded by the glory of that kingdom which shall know no end, the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ.

May God help us so to order our lives that when this kingdom is established we shall enter it as loving and loyal subjects of our blessed Lord.

## What Is Wrong With the Church?

In recent years the Christian church as a whole has been the subject of a great deal of criticism on the part of prominent church laymen as well as highly situated persons outside the church. Questions such as the following are being asked over and over again: What is the church doing to fulfill its mission in the world? What is it doing to help solve the problems of life? How is it making its truths felt in the home, the community, the business world, the nation? Why is it not speaking out against the evils that prevail in society and even among its own members?

One of the charges made against the church is that the messages of

its ministers are but the echo of the thoughts of men outside the church. It seems to have no distinctive authoritative word for an evil world. Like a chameleon, it apparently changes its colors with each passing generation, seeking favor with men by copying every popular fashion in ideas as well as dress.

So the intelligent nonchurch member says to himself, "What does the church have that I do not have? In my club I have fellowship. In my books I find culture. Furthermore the world is getting better and better. Evolution proves it; the preachers echo it; so why should I spend my money to support the church?" And the church has been gaining few members.

### Smug Complacency

Both the world and the church had settled down in a spirit of smug complacency. There were but few who cried out against the evils that were growing up on every side. The church as a rule kept mum about corruption and unfair practices in the land and injustices among the nations. Too many politicians and financiers were supporting the church.

Furthermore the glowing promises of science robbed the preachers of their message. From thousands of pulpits, science, dressed in sacerdotal garb, proclaimed a new day. Man had found new powers. He need worry no longer about original sin. Just give

him time and all would be well. Churchmen learned that the old ideas about God and creation, and about the Bible and Christ, in fact, almost every theological tenet, needed to be taken apart and tested in the light of new knowledge. When the job was done, nothing much was left of the old faith. But the church sailed on with the rising tide, happy that it was keeping company with scholars, and pitying the ignorant who clung to the faith of the fathers.

However, instead of finding new converts marching down its carpeted aisles, the church found more and more pews vacant from Sunday to Sunday, because of its modernizing tendencies. Where once the church held services morning, afternoon, and evening on the day of worship, it was hardly able to sustain one noon meeting.

### Little Protest

And as to the world situation, it was growing more and more corrupt in spite of what Darwin and his satellites had declared. Then suddenly the tower of Babel, which men were erecting, collapsed, and while men worked to repair the damage of the first World War, they boasted that the tower would never again be laid low. Thus they builded with greater confidence—yes, and greater godless abandon.

During all these days few voices rose above the din to call men to their senses. Even the church was almost silent. Was this pleasure-bent, God-forsaking, lawbreaking horde really fashioning a new world that would endure the test of time? Any thinking minister of the gospel ought to have known that the world was building on shaky foundations, and that another collapse more dreadful than any hitherto, would take place. The masses, who had been robbed of their faith by the combined activities of modern scholar and modern preacher, thought only of the present, and gave free course to every whim of their evil hearts.

At last thinking men of the world and of the church became alarmed. Something seemed vitally wrong. A few voices began sounding in the wilderness, calling upon the world to change its course and upon the church to be the church. Article after article and book after book began to appear, clearly analyzing the situation and calling for a renovation of Christian doctrine and thought, so as to make the church the influence it ought to be in an evil world. The change was most remarkable.

### A Severe Indictment

In the January (1940) issue of *Fortune* the editors set forth a striking indictment of the church. It was not an attack upon the church but a call of laymen to the leaders of the church to set their house in order and to take

a more active part in remedying the ills of the world. The editorial declared that church leaders, instead of preaching absolute values, have been concerned with secondary matters.

"The voice of the church today," says the editorial, "we find, is the echo of our own voices." "The way out," it states, "is the sound of a voice, not our voice, but a voice coming from something not ourselves, in the existence of which we cannot disbelieve."

It was a startling innovation to have a great secular journal turn aside and give a message like this to the church. In response to this editorial *The Christian Century* (January 3, 1940), leading Protestant journal in America, asks editorially, "What Has the Church to Say?" and then declares, "The church has abdicated its spiritual independence and is now trailing along behind the politician, the businessman, the scientist, adjusting itself to their purposes and ideologies, and feeding their vanity by acting as a chaplain and sanctifier of their temporal and relative interests." The editorial concludes, "There may be some Christian leaders who will whimper under this lay castigation, but we venture to say that the great majority of the Christian clergy to whom these laymen turn for a divine message will feel that this voice from the laity is itself a veritable word of God."

Others have noted this same thought of the church reflecting its environment rather than remaining distinctive. Lynn Harold Hough, in his book *The Christian Criticism of Life* (1941), says, "The pulpit held the mirror up to contemporary life and tried to find a hearing by reflecting back upon a confused humanity its own fervors of the moment and the inadequate solution which it was inclined to substitute for eternal truths."

The indictment was too true. The church leaders had indeed been affected by every trend of thought that was enunciated by some new prophet of science. The church itself is to a certain extent now recognizing its folly, and some of the strongest criticisms of the leaders of the church are found in church journals or come from churchmen.

### Dominated by Science

*The Christian Century* (January 17, 1940), in an editorial, put its finger right on the place of great weakness in the church. We read: "In identifying Christianity with the laws and forces which science was able to uncover in nature and society, liberalism allowed revelation to be swallowed up by science. It became subservient to science, and obsessed with the world outlook which science disclosed."

Along this same line we read the following from leading church journals:

"We face a world whose outlook is dark because the church's theology is so confused that it is no longer a sure and authoritative source of guidance and comfort for the people."—*Editorial in The Watchman-Examiner (Baptist), Jan. 1, 1942.*

"The church of God has surrendered all too much to the prevailing secularism. It is not that we have become atheistic, but rather that we have put our trust in things."—*Editorial in The Christian Advocate (Methodist), Sept. 10, 1942.*

"The world is reaping the results of the kind of theological thinking which proudly called itself an emancipating influence and hoped to ride to universal success on the back of inevitable social progress taught by evolutionists."—*Editorial in The Presbyterian, Feb. 11, 1943.*

"We begin to understand also why faith was lost. We were busy exploiting the planet: a man with his eyes on the earth soon forgets the sky. We explored atoms and flesh with every resource of science: a man with his eyes on matter soon forgets essential spirit. We honored the abstractions of science as truth, and dismissed the book of Genesis as only a fairy tale."—*From article by George A. Buttrick, popular Christian leader, in The Christian Century, June 3, 1942.*

Hugh Stevenson Tignor, in his book *Our Prodigal Son Culture*, says: "The excessive adulation of science, the tendency to ape its attitudes and apply its tools in all places and to every facet of reality, has had a baneful effect. Blanketed over the whole range of human experience, the scientific point of view has helped to rob our experience of its primary significance—its meaning."—*Page 11.*

What was the result of this capitulation to science and its evolutionary view of inevitable progress, on the part of churchmen? Herbert Agar, popular journalist and author, says in his book *A Time for Greatness* (1942): "There has been a thinness to the spiritual life of the last generation. . . . We were caught in the myth of progress. . . . The search for the kingdom of heaven became less like Pilgrim's hard voyage, more like waiting in a railway station for the next train."—*Page 158.*

### Influence Lost

With such lack of vision as this and bereft of its message, the church has come to its lowest state as an influence in the world. Bernard Iddings Bell, prominent Episcopal clergyman, opens his book *The Church in Disrepute* (1943) with the words, "The Christian church has today for the most part ceased to have any influence worth mentioning over human affairs, particularly on men who think and lead"; and closes it with the words, "The church on earth will never again know

general respect until it has looked upon itself and felt that near despair which drives the penitent to God."

In the book *Christianity in Peril*, published by the Oxford University Press (1942), we read: "Unquestionably the churches held a more commanding position in the last century than they do today. Not only did they exercise a greater influence on public affairs, but their life was more vigorous."—Page 20.

There is little doubt that many now recognize that the church is in a bad state of health. Where a few years ago church leaders in general thought that all was well with the church, they now recognize that if the church is to be saved from oblivion it must reshape its thinking and be a potent instrument in the life of man for the fashioning of a better world.

So long as the church remained tied to its environment, desiring little

change, we could expect no great revival of religious domination such as is revealed in the prophecy of Revelation thirteen. But it is now evident that the church is shaking off its lethargy and again is seeking a position of influence in the life of man. We do well to note this changed situation, for it is this that is making way for the false revival that will become a challenge to the advent message.

F. L.

The Historical Background of Seventh-day Adventism—Part 15

## The Great Newark Camp Meeting—November, 1842

THE last time the great tent was pitched in the 1842 season was at Newark, New Jersey, beginning November 3. It is possible to present a very detailed picture of this meeting, because the New York *Herald* sent a reporter to cover in detail the happenings of each day. These reports were finally published as an eight-page extra about the size of one of our present-day tabloid newspapers. After making due allowance for some flippant and occasionally sacrilegious comment, the report bears on the whole the clear proofs of serious reporting. At least it gives us the firsthand impressions of a man who was reporting what he had seen and heard, in contrast to the usual practice of the newspapers of reporting merely hearsay and rumor regarding Millerism.

Because the Newark meeting was typical of Millerite camp meeting technique, we quote at some length from this report.

The reporter's story begins Thursday, November 3. Here is his description of the layout of the camp:

"This has been an exciting day in Newark. The disciples of Miller, or the 'Second Advent Men,' as they call themselves, pitched their great tent for a ten days' sojourn in Newark.

"The site selected for this operation, is a large field. . . . The field is a square, comprising about two acres and a half; and very near the centre of it the tent is pitched, and is so conspicuous, that it can easily be seen from the railroad. The tent itself is a most magnificent affair, and the largest ever erected in the United States, or probably anywhere else, except by the Jews of old, during their sojourn of forty years in the wilderness. Its highest peak is 56 feet from the ground, and it is about 112 feet in diameter; it falls in a graceful festoon shape from the summit, until within six feet of the ground; here it is supported by posts and chains, and an enormous piece of canvas forms the

sides all round. . . . Within the tent there are rough boards made into benches, forming long rows; a broad aisle down the centre."

### The One Topic of Conversation

As the tent began to rise, the Millerites became the one subject of conversation in the town. In the words of the reporter:

"You can form no idea of the excitement this camp meeting has created in this very orderly and sober little town or city. It is the universal subject discussed here."

The reporter's story for Saturday, the fifth, opens thus:

"The excitement is gradually but surely increasing in this place in relation to the second advent. I sent you word yesterday that Father Miller, as he is called, had arrived, and this afternoon he delivered his first sermon.

"Those who think that one of these Millerite meetings resembles a Methodist Camp Meeting are greatly mistaken; there is much more order, decorum, and argument in these Miller meetings. Up to the present time there has not been a disorderly person upon the ground; all has been quiet and decorous."

Sunday, as naturally would be expected, was a very important day. The reporter estimates that "at one time there were over six thousand people on the campground today. . . . The campground was completely and literally surrounded with vehicles of every description. . . . At one time there were nearly five thousand in the tent. . . . There was no riot, no confusion, no disturbance on the campground. All went off peaceably."

In his report for Monday, the seventh, he wrote: "The excitement in regard to the camp meeting increases with every succeeding day. . . . At any rate, the excitement is so great, that at all the churches here yesterday, the respective ministers preached against

it. Some . . . denounced Mr. Miller as a great humbug." At this point the reporter makes his personal observation on Miller. "He appears to be very sincere, although he is a Yankee."

A list of the rules by which the encampment was governed are given by the reporter and explain why he could state repeatedly that there was such decorum on the ground.

The reporter has a few critical comments on the way some of the people prayed in their little groups in the special prayer tent between the general meetings, but he adds immediately:

"Now, I have not a word to say against all this; I repeat, there is no doubt of the piety and sincerity of these people, and that they have as keen a sense of propriety as anybody else, and as much or more morality. But this is a queer way of showing it."

Though a Monday, "there were six thousand people here today," says the reporter.

### Ministerial Opposition

He tells of a prominent minister who was coming to Newark within the next day or two to speak against Millerism. That seemed to be a more or less common practice where Millerite services were held. It always added to the interest in the meetings.

On Tuesday, the eighth, on account of a "terrible storm of wind and rain" no service was held in the tent, and "Mr. Miller preached a sermon in the afternoon in one of the regular churches here." Then follows a summary of the sermon, with a concluding note:

"This sermon was attended by many ladies of the first standing, and preachers of all denominations, and made a great impression."

On Wednesday, the ninth, the great tent was raised again, but the place was still too damp for meeting and "Mr. Miller preached again in the church in town." "As he has already

converted three ministers in this place and secured a footing in one of the churches, I think it highly advisable that the learned theologians of New York should be made fully acquainted with his movement and his statements in order that they may prepare themselves as the ministers of this place and Dr. Brownlee are doing, to controvert him. I sincerely hope that next Sunday they will all preach upon it. Bear in mind, that I am no believer in or convert to his doctrine, but he has produced a tremendous impression among the people of this city and the country round about."

In his report for Thursday, the tenth, he tells of the sermon preached against Millerism by Doctor Brownlee the preceding evening and of the great crowds who sought admittance to his meeting.

The write-up for the eleventh consists almost wholly of a summary of the sermon preached by Miller.

### The Reporter Is Exhausted

On Saturday a heavy rain prevented the holding of meetings in the tent. "A large iron foundry," with a capacity of five thousand, was hired. By this time the reporter was rather tired by the strenuous program and by attending all the services, for he remarks:

"I have to attend their meetings, morning, noon and night until I feel completely fagged out. Some days I have scarcely had time to get my meals, and write out the report between the acts. I thought the Methodists were pretty indefatigable at camp meetings, but these people can beat 'em hollow."

Though the camp meeting had come virtually to a close, the reporter remarked with apparent surprise:

"I haven't heard the old gentleman [Miller] allude to money matters or contributions at all yet, nor any of his regular preachers." If they were such avaricious, mercenary adventurers as their critics were increasingly declaring, then these Millerites were letting a lot of very valuable days go by, in which they could have been pleading for contributions morning, afternoon, and evening, at the services.

The services on Sunday morning were conducted in a Presbyterian church in the city, the tents having all been taken down the day before. On Sunday afternoon Miller "preached on the steps of the court house, . . . to a large crowd of country people," estimated at "near 5,000 people."

The closing service was held Monday morning in the Presbyterian church. The most distinctive feature of this meeting was the denying of various wild rumors afloat regarding Miller and his associates.

In connection with his day-by-day story the reporter gave this word picture of Miller:

"In person he is about five feet seven inches in height, very thick set, broad shoulders; lightish brown hair, a little bald, a benevolent countenance, full of wrinkles, and his head shakes as though he was slightly afflicted with the palsy. His manners are very much in his favor; he is not a very well-educated man; but he has read and studied history and prophecy very closely; has much strong common sense, and is evidently sincere in his belief."

### Summary of Activities

During that season the Millerites had pitched the great tent eight times, in places five hundred miles apart. This indicates something of the industry and indefatigable zeal of these men. It was no small task to set up the great tent, and with transportation facilities poor, it was an even greater task to move it from one place to another. They did this eight times over from the twenty-eighth of June to the third of November. But that is only part of the picture. They had also "held thirty camp meetings within the last four months," Himes stated.

At the Boston conference in May there was a doubt as to whether the movement was large enough or strong enough to conduct even one camp meeting. It is certain that if they had been governed by their fears and their limitations, there never would have been even one camp meeting. But these men believed that they must preach a certain message for God, and within a limited time. Their faith offset their fears, and whenever that takes place great things happen. The Millerites provide another heartening illustration that it is neither money, numbers, nor influence that finally counts. Men may lack all these and still do amazing things. Thirty camp meetings within four months was nothing short of amazing. The bitterest enemies of Millerism were very willing to admit that.

### New Paper Started

The inclement weather that had now brought the camp meeting season to a close did not dampen the ardor of the Millerites. Papers could be circulated even in cold, rainy weather. Himes, who had started the *Signs of the Times* in Boston early in 1840, now started *The Midnight Cry* in New York. The first issue bears date of November 17, 1842, and carries the announcement:

"We intend by this little sheet to lay before the public in a cheap and popular form, some of the principal reasons for our faith in the second coming of Christ in 1843. It is an apostolic injunction, that we be always prepared to give a reason of the hope we have within us. Conformable to this command, we hold ourselves in readiness to give, not only our *reason* for such a glorious hope, but to lay the claims of this great, this overwhelming truth

before the people. We esteem it not only our right and our privilege, but our *duty* to do so. Were we to hold our peace in the assuring prospect we have of such an event, it would be a cowardly betrayal of our trust."—*The Midnight Cry*, Nov. 17, 1842, p. 2.

Himes added that this paper "will also labor to disabuse the public mind of the one thousand and one false reports that have been put into circulation and heralded by the press through the length and breadth of the land."

### A Daily Paper for Four Weeks

At the outset the plan was simply to publish one volume of twenty-four numbers, and to do this in the brief space of four weeks—in other words, a daily paper, Sundays excepted. Even though these first twenty-four issues were only four pages each, this was no small undertaking. Ten thousand copies of each number were printed, or a total of about a quarter of a million papers in four weeks' time. Most of these were intended for free circulation. The printing costs were met largely by the liberality of the believers in the movement.

It seems only natural to exclaim frequently as one reads the story of these men: Why such ardor, such sacrifice? One of the best answers found in all the Millerite writings is the editor's statement in the first issue of *The Midnight Cry*. Said Himes:

"Our Work is one of unutterable magnitude. It is a mission and an enterprise, unlike, in some respects, any thing that has ever awakened the energies of man. It is not a subserviency to human institutions. It is not a conflict on a political arena. It is not the operation of a distinct religious sect. But it is an *alarm*, and a CRY, uttered by those who, from among all Protestant sects, as watchmen standing upon the walls of the moral world, believe the WORLD'S CRISIS IS COME—and who, under the influence of this faith, are united in proclaiming to the world, 'Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him!' It is an enterprise that swallows up all the petty peculiarities of sectarianism, and unites us upon an elevation so far above those mercenary undulations, that they are utterly lost to our view below."—*Ibid.*

Though the editor made no promise that there would be issues of the paper beyond the first twenty-four, the facts are that *The Midnight Cry* was continued as one of the most influential Millerite publications to the end of 1844, becoming an eight-page weekly with the opening of the second volume. Only twenty-four numbers had been promised in the first volume, but there were actually twenty-six published from November 17 to December 17.

It was frequently the practice of the Millerites to found a paper for a few weeks or months in connection with a

special series of lectures in a city. For example, the *Philadelphia Alarm* was started early in 1843, as an adjunct to a series of lectures. Thirteen numbers were issued. Thus a local color could be given to the literature in any city when an initial endeavor was being made there. Afterward, the more permanently established publications could be used for promotion and for educating the believers in the movement.

The influence of these papers was not confined to America. Mention has already been made of the Millerites at Bangor, Maine, who distributed thousands of copies of their papers to sailors who would soon be on their way to

the four corners of the earth. This sending of literature abroad was a definite part of Millerite promotion. It could hardly fail to arouse interest in the subject of the advent in various lands. At the close of 1842, the *Signs of the Times* could say:

"The expectation of the second advent in 1843, is becoming general in all parts of the world. We are informed by a gentleman from New Bedford, that the sailors who go out to sea from that port, are writing home from all parts of the world respecting it. These sailors have carried out from that port the second advent publications, and are scattering them in all lands, and are telling these

things wherever they go, from port to port, and from coast to coast."—*Signs of the Times, Jan. 4, 1843, p. 128.*

At the same time *The Midnight Cry* ran the following news note under the title "Faith in Scotland:"

"A young lady, lately from that country, states that in one small town in Scotland the people generally are in the church every day in the week, preparing for the coming of the Lord in 1843. They distribute what they have among them, and do not dream of a failure."—*The Midnight Cry, Nov. 30, 1842, p. 3.*

Thus the movement entered the fateful year 1843, that was to close earth's history.

## "Unreasonable" Critics

THE apostle Paul asked the Thessalonian believers to pray that he might be delivered from "unreasonable" opposers. 2 Thess. 3:2. The margin says, "absurd." What he said and things he wrote were often "wrested" (2 Peter 3:16) to make his teaching appear untrue, when, taken in any fair sense, he had stated the truth plainly. It is the way of the unreasonable opposer. We often see it in the way critics have handled the writings of the Spirit of prophecy. Take three examples:

1. A critic in Europe published a leaflet from which I translate:

"The apostle Paul looked out into the heathen world and saw an open door, but instead of this, Frau White looked, and to her view the door was shut."

Yet for years the critic had had in his possession the writings of Mrs. White, saying:

"Would that every one of you could have a view that was presented to me years ago. In my very girlhood the Lord saw fit to open before me the glories of heaven. . . . The angel said to me, 'Look!' I looked to the world as it was in dense darkness. The agony that came over me was indescribable as I saw this darkness. Again the word came, 'Look ye.' And again I looked intently over the world, and I began to see jets of light like stars dotted all through this darkness; and then I saw another and another added light, and so all through this moral darkness the starlike lights were increasing. . . . I saw then these little jets of light growing brighter, shining forth from the east and the west, from the north and the south, and lighting the whole world."—*Gospel Workers, old edition, p. 378.*

This view was evidently given in February, 1845, but a few days after the first call of the youthful agent to speak messages by the Spirit of prophecy. The plain words and graphic pic-

ture of soul winning in the world mission field show how "unreasonable" was the critic's representation. A secretary of one of the world's great missionary enterprises, hearing this description read, asked me for the privilege of copying it in full as a beautiful representation of the world missionary task.

2. A correspondent in the Middle West wrote me to ask about the following criticism recently circulated by an opposer in her field:

"Mrs. White taught that the tower of Babel was built before the flood. (See *Spiritual Gifts*, Vol. III, p. 201.) Turn to Genesis 10:32, and 11:1-9 and refresh your memory as to the teaching of the Bible in this regard."

It is evident that this critic did not have the old volume of *Spiritual Gifts*, else he would have known how "unreasonable" was the earlier critic who first started this criticism on its way. If one turns to the old volume of 1864, he finds it a brief story of the early Bible times (now covered by the book, *Patriarchs and Prophets*). A few of the chapter headings show how the course of events to the tower of Babel was reviewed:

Chapter 6—"Crime Before the Flood"  
Chapter 7—"The Flood"  
Chapter 9—"Disguised Infidelity"  
Chapter 10—"Tower of Babel"  
Chapter 11—"Abraham"

One look at the order of chapters shows that the story of the building of the tower of Babel comes in the exact Bible order. How then did the critic of the 60's (whose effort later critics have followed without looking up the facts) get the chance to make his representation? It is simple. Over in chapter 21, dealing with Israel in the wilderness and the giving of the sacrificial system, and with the course of apostasy from the truth through the centuries, the one word, "and," was dropped from one sentence by printer's error. When it was

noticed, the REVIEW (July 31, 1866) called attention to it, reporting—

"An unfortunate typographical error which has crept in here, makes the language place the building of the tower of Babel before the flood. After the word 'flood' a comma and the word 'and' have been left out."

Dropping this word "and" out had made it read:

"The Lord first established the system of sacrificial offerings with Adam after his fall, which he taught to his descendants. This system was corrupted before the flood ["and" omitted] by those who separated themselves from the faithful followers of God and engaged in the building of the tower of Babel."

But any fair critic who had the book would have looked at the chapters on the flood, the apostasy, and then the building of the tower, and would have seen that the omission of the word "and" in the later summary was an ordinary error in bookmaking. It is hard to absolve the original critic of the 1860's. If he had the book, he concealed the fact that the narrative plainly and at length placed the building of the tower of Babel after the flood. If the critic did not have the book, he must have learned of the printer's error from the note of correction in the REVIEW, and based his charge of error on this, without letting his readers know the full facts.

In the next edition of the book, a few years later, the paragraph had the word "and" in its proper place, and it reads:

"This system [of sacrifices] was corrupted before the flood, and by those who separated themselves from the faithful followers of God and engaged in the building of the tower of Babel."—*Spirit of Prophecy, 1870, Vol. I, p. 266.*

3. A former member of our church, who fell out with our cause and became a critic of the Spirit of prophecy, rep-

resented Mrs. White as radically extreme and in error on the matter of health. Speaking of the early days of our movement he wrote:

"It was also unfortunate for this movement that its pioneers advocated strenuously some 'reforms' which not only were not calculated to reform the health, but were very decidedly harmful and dangerous. One of these was the disuse of butter, the importance of which as the source of essential vitamin is now so well known."

The counsel against use of butter, the critic wrote, was put out by our pioneers as of "divine origin"; that is to say, by the Spirit of prophecy. But so carelessly did this critic write, in bringing the charge against Mrs. White, that he did not look up the facts. It was he himself who argued the "butterless regime," while Mrs. White wrote advising against the extreme position. She wrote that the time had not come to discard milk and butter and eggs. In counsels of the 1870's she wrote:

"The position to entirely discontinue the use of these things may be right in its order, but the time had not come to take a general stand on these points."—*Testimonies, Vol. III, p. 19.*

And she added: "There are very few families in Battle Creek who do not use these articles upon their tables."—*Id., p. 21.*

She counseled that harm was being done to the health cause by the idea going abroad "that at Battle Creek they were radical and fanatical." And whose teaching was it thus going abroad? The critic's own teaching! He was writing in those years that butter was "a cause of dyspepsia"; that "it renders the blood impure"; that it "communicates disease"; that it produces "butyric acid—a substance . . . which is of a very poisonous character"; and that "the principal objection to the use of butter, lard, and similar articles is not that they are of animal origin, but that they are of concentrated fats. . . . This is as true of vegetable oils as of those of animal origin."

Therefore this writer ridiculed those who were seeking to find a vegetable substitute: "The persistent efforts of individuals to discover some cheap vegetable substitute for butter and lard are painfully ludicrous."

That is what the critic himself taught. And in later years, forgetting who it was that advocated the "butterless regime," he charged it to the Spirit of prophecy, which sought to restrain such radical positions.

Well may we still pray to be delivered from "unreasonable" opposition.

W. A. S.

WE can never be the better for our religion if our neighbor is the worse for it.—*William Penn.*

## GENERAL ARTICLES

### Mrs. E. G. White in Vision

By MARTHA D. AMADON

**W**E have heard from the bright, the holy land; We have heard and our hearts are glad."

Mrs. E. G. White was a woman very gifted in prayer, her voice clear, her words distinct and ringing; and it was almost always during one of these earnest seasons of prayer that she was taken off in vision. She also had important visions in public, usually an unexpected experience to those present.

Though many of her old friends and associates are passed away—Elders J. N. Loughborough, Uriah Smith, J. N. Andrews, S. N. Haskell, G. W. Amadon, and others, yet there are people living today in various parts of the world who have seen her in vision from time to time, and what is here stated will doubtless be familiar to them.

As one who has frequently observed her in vision, knowing the company of people usually present, all deeply observant, and believers in her exercises, I have often wondered why a more vivid description of the scenes which transpired has not been given.

In vision her eyes were open. There was no breath, but there were graceful movements of the shoulders, arms, and hands, expressive of what she saw. It was impossible for anyone else to move her hands or arms. She often uttered words singly, and sometimes sentences which expressed to those about her the nature of the view she was having, either of heaven or of earth.

Her first word in vision was "Glory," sounding at first close by, and then dying away in the distance, seemingly far away. This was sometimes repeated. When beholding Jesus our Saviour, she would exclaim in musical tones, low and sweet, "Lovely, lovely, lovely," many times, always with the greatest affection. Looking upon the cloud which enveloped the Father, as she afterward explained, her shoulders would draw back, her hands lift in awe, and her lips would close.

Sometimes she would cross her lips with her finger, meaning that she was not at that time to reveal what she saw, but later a message would perhaps go across the continent to save some individual or church from disaster. She said, "Words cannot express the beauties of heaven"; no more can they describe these scenes of which she was a part. Her visions

seemed to bring you nearer heaven; and you longed to be there.

There was never any excitement among those present during a vision; nothing caused fear. It was a solemn, quiet scene, sometimes lasting an hour—a scene, during which, like prophets of old, she saw so much of the vastness of God's work for His people that it would be the principal subject of her writing for two or more years. When the vision was ended, and she lost sight of the heavenly light, as it were, coming back to the earth once more, she would exclaim with a long-drawn sigh, as she took her first natural breath, "D-a-r-k." She was then limp and strengthless, and had to be assisted to her chair, her position in vision being a recumbent one.

These impressive scenes encouraged and strengthened the faith of those present, not only in her work, but in the Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever.

The first time I ever saw her in vision was at my father's house in Potsdam, New York. I was a girl of twenty, and there were only a few Sabbathkeepers then anywhere, no church as yet having been organized. This was in the early fifties. Brother John Andrews accompanied Elder and Mrs. White to our place, my father having made an appointment for Sister White to speak at the Wesleyan Methodist church in Morley, two miles distant. Just as we were about to start for the meeting, a violent thunderstorm came up, lasting so long that we could not go.

But what I best remember of that evening, nearly seventy-five years ago, was the occasion of our family worship, when Sister White was taken in vision.

The subject of this vision was the Sabbath question, and in connection with it she saw that God had a great work for Brother Andrews to do.

As she came out of vision she reached for the hand of a young woman near her and, calling her by name, earnestly said, "Will you keep the Sabbath?" As the girl hesitated, Sister White repeated, "Will you keep the Sabbath? Will you?" She responded, "I will," and she always did to the day of her death. Sister White had had no acquaintance with this girl, a beautiful young woman about whom we had all been anxious, fearing that she would not take the right step concerning the Sabbath. The earnest-

ness of the Lord's servant won her over, and it seemed that the Lord must have presented this case in the vision and impressed Sister White with what to say.

Similarly these experiences have turned many other footsteps from the wrong path to the right. From the very first a love for Sister White sprang up in my heart, and never has faded away.

Those were the days of turnpikes and plank roads; and the year before the Civil War, Brother and Sister White drove through from Rochester to Vermont, visiting little churches on the way. Father had pitched a tent in his pasture and fenced it in. It would hold about fifty people; and he called in his friends and neighbors for a meeting with Brother and Sister White.

This was a wonderful occasion—Sister White was taken in vision. After coming out she walked up and down in the tent, appearing in great perplexity, and repeating these words several times: "This country is to be deluged with blood." It was a startling prophecy to all present, for political men were saying that the prospect of war would soon be over. But God knew otherwise, and her words proved true, for soon fathers and sons had to stand the draft and were sent to the battle front; and the time came when our whole country was in mourning for the loss of sons.

Another vision which has always been of the deepest interest to me was in Sister White's own room in Battle Creek. She sometimes differed in judgment even with her associate workers, and at this time their opinions varied somewhat over a situation which had arisen, and the matter was so intense to her that she fainted under the pressure. She was laid on the bed and Brother White, much alarmed, sent for Elder J. N. Loughborough and others to pray. While prayer was being offered—we were all kneeling about her—Elder White exclaimed, "She's gone!" He thought that she was dead. But at that very instant he saw a gentle movement of her hand, and, showing great relief, he said, "She's in vision!" By this vision the matter that was so difficult to understand was made clear, and God's instruction through her was accepted by His people.

It is not easy for one to describe the influence of the Holy Spirit upon an individual; but all of Sister White's experiences were appropriate and harmonious, and in no way apocryphal. She was quick to discern between the right and the wrong. Eternity only will reveal the influence she has had in saving souls.

In the old church in Battle Creek, before the tabernacle was first built, Sister White at one time arose to address the meeting concerning some

who were too critical of one another because of differences of doctrine. While speaking she walked back and forth on the platform, earnestly appealing to the people, and pressing the question as to whether they had hold of the silken cord of love. Suddenly the sound went through the audience as if she had dropped to the floor, but immediately it was apparent that she was wrapped in a vision of God's glory. What she saw was short and to the point, and sealed the truth of what she had been saying against the criticism prevalent. Her reproofs on such occasions might seem to have been severe, but she always ended with cheering encouragement to those who would obey the counsel of God.

A vision was given Sister White at Brother Aaron Hilliard's in Otsego. This was in 1863. Brother White had been laboring under heavy discouragements. One Friday morning he invited some of his friends in Battle Creek to go with him to Otsego for a Sabbath meeting, for there was a tent effort at that place.

Friday evening we found ourselves all assembled at Brother Hilliard's for family worship, about a dozen being present. A chapter was read and Sister White led in prayer, Brother White kneeling across the corner from her. Her burden in prayer was for him, and as she prayed, while still on her knees, she moved over to his side, laid her hands on his shoulders, and prayed until she was taken in vision. This lasted for about three quarters of an hour. At this time she was given the light on the health reform. Brother White also was greatly blessed and encouraged, and he was relieved of the burden of discouragement that he had been carrying.

Sister White loved the cause she served from her girlhood days. She loved the schools and the Sabbath schools which prepared the young people for missionary work; she loved the sanitariums for their promotion of health; she loved the church memorials built in His name; she loved the printed page which ever tells of the cross of Christ. The cross of Christ was her favorite theme. Her constant association with the atmosphere of heaven and with God's Holy Word gave her a delineation of character far beyond human standards. She talked with Jesus, and He entrusted her with His messages of truth and love. The law of kindness was in her heart; she was thoughtful and considerate of those less fortunate than herself. She loved the fields, the trees, the flowers; and nature in all its beautiful forms had a charm for her.

Those best acquainted with her work have the most confidence in it. When she made her first visit to our old home in New York, she made a little appeal to our family. At first my brothers and sisters manifested some prejudice, and assembled in a room by themselves. As she ceased speaking I went to them and said, "It makes no difference how anyone feels, I know that she is a woman of God."

I am now nearly ninety-two years old and am the only living member of the first organized Seventh-day Adventist church in Buck's Bridge, New York, about a mile from father Byington's farm.

*St. Joseph, Mich.*

*Nov. 24, 1925—the sixty-fifth anniversary of her marriage to George Amadon. She was nearly 103 years old when she died.*

## Love the Brotherhood

By L. H. CHRISTIAN

THE term "brotherhood" has become very popular. We recently attended a church luncheon in Minneapolis where prizes were given to high school students who had made the best design or drawing of "Peace and Brotherhood." The idea in itself is beautiful. At the above-mentioned gathering it was advocated, by well-meaning people, that we should have a brotherhood of Jews, Catholics, and Protestants, without regard to the errors and wrong practices of any group. We believe in a tolerant spirit that respects the opinions and rights of others. Such a spirit is a strong antidote to racial, religious, and political oppression. But true brotherhood, though much talked about, is as yet almost unknown among men, for real brotherhood must have unity in faith, objective, and spirit.

In our Bible the word "brotherhood" occurs only twice (1 Peter 2:17 and Zechariah 11:14), although in the original it is found again in 1 Peter 5:9. This brotherhood consists of the brethren of Jesus, the true children of God in all the world. In our day the remnant church is a great brotherhood. The advent people are bound together as one family, with adherents in all lands. Some are educated and wealthy; some uneducated and poor. The members of this family speak more than eight hundred languages. They live under every form of government on earth, being loyal citizens of the countries in which they may dwell. They belong to every race, know every climate, and use every kind of money that man has invented. But this brotherhood is not founded on racial or political ideologies, nor does it rest



on money or profit. It is built on a deep personal devotion to Christ and His Word and work.

The world today is full of fraternities, and these brotherhoods have hundreds of laws. To the Bible brotherhood the Lord gives one command: "Love the brotherhood." True, that love includes all duties and all good rules. It means to help, to defend, to speak well of, to have faith in, and to live for the brethren. It is expected that a brotherhood, with members in all the earth, would not at first thought see all things alike and from the same

angle. During the first World War the people of God in one country would look at certain things differently from the way people did in other countries. But when they finally met again their hearts were knit together as one in Christ.

The Lord could have urged the brotherhood to do many things, but He has summed it all up in the one word, "love." Love is universal. We are not to love only those in our own country. We are to love our brethren in Central Europe or in Eastern Asia or in any part of the world as much

as we love those close by. We are never to compromise with error or sin, and yet we are to shun minor matters that might divide. We are to pray for understanding minds. We are never to believe rumors about distant members of the brotherhood; we are to wait until they themselves are present to feel the warmth of our love and to unburden their hearts.

This divine-human brotherhood is a sacred heritage that all should cherish. God's word to Adventists in all the earth today is, "Love the brotherhood."

## That Blessed Hope

By A. T. ROBINSON

LOOKING for that blessed hope," are the words of Paul to Titus. That blessed hope is the hope of having a part in the first resurrection. "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with Him a thousand years." Rev. 20:6.

This was the hope that inspired the apostle Paul when He stood in the presence of his accusers. "He cried out in the council, Men and brethren, . . . of the hope and resurrection of the dead I am called in question." Acts 23:6.

The blessed hope of a resurrection from the dead was made eternally sure to the followers of Jesus, in the answer to His prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane. "Who in the days of His flesh, when He had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death, and was heard in that He feared." Heb. 5:7.

Jesus prayed to One who was able to save Him from death, and was heard. Was He saved from death? Behold Him dying on the cross only a few hours later. He did not pray to be saved from dying. No, that point had been settled in His prayer, "O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me; nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt." Matt. 26:39. He was on His way to Calvary, and He knew it. He was looking down into the grave, that awful place to which sin was carrying Him. The jaws of death were closing in upon Him. And in that dreadful hour, with the weight of the sins of a lost world pressing upon Him, and with His Father's face withdrawn from Him, the soul of the Son of God was seized with a mysterious human fear.

We read that His prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane "was heard in that He feared." What did He fear? He feared death. He feared that even the

sacrifice that He had made, and was about to make, could not meet the demands of the broken law of God. He feared that the bars of the tomb would forever hold Him, and that His mission to this world would fail.

That mysterious fear followed Him to the cross, where He cried out in anguish: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Matt. 27:46. I read that, as the Saviour hung upon the cross, "from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour." Matt. 27:45.

That was the most fearful three hours of darkness that had ever fallen upon this world. The cup of salvation trembled in the hands of its Author. Let me say with emphasis—and I wish these words might burn their way into the heart of every one who reads these lines—if Jesus had died amid that darkness, there would have been no blessed hope of a resurrection from the dead for any of us.

But thanks be to God, He did not die in the darkness. The darkness prevailed only from the sixth to the ninth hour. After the ninth hour had passed, something grand and glorious occurred. Let me quote a passage from the book *The Desire of Ages*, descriptive of the scene that then occurred:

"Suddenly the gloom was lifted from the cross, and in clear, trumpetlike tones, that seemed to resound throughout creation, Jesus cried, 'It is finished,' 'Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit.' A light encircled the cross, and the face of the Saviour shone with a glory like the sun. He then bowed His head upon His breast and died."—Pages 755, 756.

Jesus died in the triumph of a glorious faith—a faith that was realized on the third day, when the tomb was unlocked and He came forth a triumphant conqueror over death. He thus transformed the grave from a dark prison house of the dead, where Satan holds his victims, into a sweet

resting place for every child of God. The psalmist makes this beautiful reference to the answer of the Saviour's prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane:

"Thou hast given Him His heart's desire, and hast not withholden the request of His lips. . . . He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest it Him, even length of days forever and ever." Ps. 21:2-4.

"His heart's desire" was that He might see us redeemed from the power of the grave. When He sees all the family of the redeemed safely housed in the kingdom of God, He will be satisfied. Isaiah says, "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied." Isa. 53:11. What a time of satisfaction that will be! David said, "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, in Thy likeness." Ps. 17:15.

In the little book *Early Writings* this statement occurs: "I saw a covering that God was drawing over His people, . . . and every soul that was decided on the truth, and was pure in heart, was to be covered with the covering of the Almighty."—Page 43.

Dear reader, if that covering is to be drawn over us, it will shut out many things to which I fear God's people are still clinging. It will shut out pride, love of the world, all sinful pleasure, selfishness—everything that is unlike the blessed Jesus. But oh, it will shut us in with the Lord Jesus. Paul says, "For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory." Col. 3:3, 4.

God grant that every one who reads these lines may be covered with that covering of the Almighty, and thus be shielded from the storm that is now gathering, and soon to break upon the shelterless heads of an ungodly world.

"No man can learn to enjoy life until he first learns to enjoy work."

## Our Work in China\*

By GEORGE J. APPEL

**S**EVEN years ago when a few shots were fired at the Marco Polo Bridge near Peking, little did we realize what would happen in that land during the following years. For nearly seven years now China has passed through the greatest crisis in its history. Millions have had to flee from what are now occupied areas to those which are still in free China. Little did we realize that millions would be called upon to lay down their lives or that many of the large cities of China would be destroyed by bombing and our own people so sadly affected by conditions that have existed, and do exist, in that land.

Many of our flourishing churches in the large cities have been scattered until we do not know where the members are, and many of them, perhaps, we shall never know about until the war is over or until we reach the kingdom of God and there find those who have remained faithful to this blessed truth.

China has suffered, not only from war and the terrible results of war, but also from disrupted communications, which make it very difficult to send supplies from one area to another. Whenever there has been a shortage of crops in an area, it has brought untold suffering and hardships. Hundreds of thousands in some places have actually starved to death. The Honan famine in the winter of 1942 and 1943 was perhaps one of the greatest tragedies China has witnessed in its history. Brother Longway and I made a trip up into Honan at the beginning of that winter and saw how our own people were affected. We traveled through certain areas where there was not even stubble in the fields. We talked with people along the road and asked them what they expected to do. They said, "We haven't much left to eat and no money to purchase food; so when the little we have is gone starvation faces us."

As we met with the committee in Yencheng, the local headquarters for that mission, our brethren presented to us the dire need of our believers. At that time it was estimated that six hundred of our own members would need help to keep them from starvation. On the basis of this we cabled the General Conference for funds, and

they kindly sent us \$5,000. But soon the need called for double that amount. The price of flour increased from a few dimes to \$35 a pound, so that the amount of \$40 estimated for each member each month, would purchase little more than one pound of flour. We had to increase the amount we had voted in order to help these members. We greatly appreciated another \$10,000 sent us by the General Conference for this relief work. And we are also happy to report that the lives of our own members in that field were saved. Many letters have been received in appreciation for the help that was given to them.

The following spring we had word that our Swatow believers were facing a similar terrible famine. That area has never produced all that the people needed. They depended on the rice and other products imported from Indo-China and other places. But when the city of Swatow was occupied by invading armies, the sources of supply from the outside were cut off. Literally hundreds of thousands were then in need. We received a wire from the director of this mission in which he stated that hundreds of our believers were facing starvation. In fact, one had already starved to death. We were glad that we had some funds left, which made it possible to save the lives of our own believers in that area. Then, last fall, word came to us of famine conditions in North China, in an area where we have hundreds of believers. Their crops had been a complete failure. Relief was immediately sent to them.

At the time of our recent council, which was held in Chungking, word came of another area where conditions were terrible. The foodstuffs had been taken out of the country, and nothing was left for the people to use. We were told that our own people were actually eating grass gathered by the roadside and leaves from the trees, in order to live. Again we are happy to report that we could send relief to help them pass through the time of emergency. I mention these things, brethren and sisters, to let you know that we appreciate the help we have received during these times of stress. The funds you have been sending to China have saved the lives of hundreds of believers in that field. Truly, the angel of the Lord was sent to help God's people.

### Blessings in Travel

Perhaps you would like to hear of some of God's mercies in traveling. A year ago this month I was to make a trip from Chungking to Kunming by plane. When we go anywhere over there we immediately begin figuring a way for our return trip. It was important that I get back, because Brother Longway was to leave on a trip of several months' duration, and one of us needed to be at the office all the time. On arrival there I went to the booking office for air passage and was informed that everything was booked up for ten days or two weeks ahead. I told them it was imperative that I get back to Chungking within five days. The man said he could do nothing for me. I prayed to the Lord. Then the thought came to me to go out to the airfield to see whether I might get in touch with a colonel who could grant priority, but the field was seven miles out of town. As I stood on the street corner a military car came by and I hailed the driver. As he pulled up to the curb, I saw a general in the back seat. He opened the door and said, "Who are you?" very abruptly.

"I am an American, sir," I replied. Then he asked, "What do you want?"

"I am very anxious to get out to the airfield to inquire about securing priority back to Chungking," I said.

"Who are you? What do you represent?" came the questions.

I pulled out my name card on which was printed in the lower corner: "S. D. A. Mission."

"What does 'S. D. A.' stand for?" he asked.

"Seventh-day Adventist Mission," I replied.

"Recommendation enough—get in," came the response.

As I got into the car he held out his hand and said, "My name is Chennault—glad to meet you."

Well, it was rather a happy surprise, meeting Major General Chennault under such unusual circumstances. I was able to secure my priority, and reached Chungking the following Friday. Brother Longway left the next Sunday. The Lord has worked many modern miracles to make it possible for His work to be carried on. However, it is not always possible to move from one place to another so rapidly.

\* Synopsis of sermon in Takoma Park, March 18, 1944.

## China Training Institute

Perhaps you would be interested in just a short report of our China Training Institute, which trains workers for the entire China Division. I will go back to the beginning of the present crisis in the Pacific. We had moved the college to Kowloon, where buildings had been erected and an excellent work was being done with a student body of more than two hundred in attendance. Then the news came to them that the airfield in the city had been bombed. As a result the foreign workers had to leave immediately for the city. In a few hours forces landed on the beaches a short distance from the school. This meant trouble. Those who had been left in charge were perplexed, because they had a fine group of girls at the school, and feared that harm might come to them; consequently, they hid them in the attics of the buildings. Of course the doors into the attic could be seen, and this caused worry. When the soldiers came they looked over everything, trying their best to find the girls, but somehow the Lord sent His angel, and they failed to find the little attic doors, and finally left. The girls were kept hidden and were sent food for several days, until it was at last possible for them to be taken into Kowloon or brought into free China.

When I arrived in Chungking we did not know what had happened to the students, but we felt that something must be done to continue our educational work. Action was taken to move the students and faculty from Hong Kong to the Chungking area. This word was sent to our people, who immediately took what clothing they could carry and some of the school equipment—such as typewriters, a little science equipment, and part of the library—put it into the boats and started across the bay to free China. But they had not gone far when they were accosted by bandits in other boats. They were taken to a little island and locked up all night. Their prison was so crowded that there was hardly room to stand on the dirt floor. On the following morning the bandits returned nearly all their baggage and equipment, and permitted them to go on their way. On arriving in free China, they had to walk for eight days, carrying their baggage and equipment, before they could reach a place where it was possible to hire a truck to take them the rest of the way to the railroad.

After reaching the railroad they traveled by train to the city of Hengchow. While here, when air-raid signals sounded, they would go from the mission to the riverbanks to hide until the bombing was over in the city. When the planes left they would return to the mission. This went on for several days. One evening after re-

turning from their shelter, they retired to their beds and went to sleep. They were so tired that when the emergency alarm blew again none of them heard it, and they awoke with bombs dropping all-around them. Had they heard this alarm and gone to the usual place, everyone would have been killed, because a bomb dropped on the very spot where they had been accustomed to hide. Again the Lord had sent His angel and revealed His power to protect His people in time of need. And although, instead of a few days' travel between Kowloon to Chungking, it took the group three months to reach their destination, not a word of complaint did I hear. They ran out of gasoline about twenty-five miles out of the city, and I had to go out with a supply of it for the trucks.

We took them out to our West China Training Institute, where we have erected some temporary buildings, and today we have about two hundred in the higher grades preparing themselves for an active part in the finishing of the work in China.

The students are in very crowded quarters. In rooms where formerly four students were accommodated, there are now eight or even more. Even so the dormitory space is not sufficient. In the evening some of the students must take their bedding with them into the classrooms and sleep on the floor, rolling up their bedding in the morning before class time. But they are happy for the privilege of being there and for the opportunity to prepare themselves to take this blessed message to the portions of China where it has not yet been preached. You will have an opportunity this quarter to bring relief, through the Thirteenth Sabbath overflow, to our China Training Institute. Please remember the work of our school at that time.

## Our Medical Work

In China we have eleven sanitariums, five in occupied areas and six in free China. Of these eleven institutions nine are still operating. Only two in occupied areas have been closed. And even though all but one of our missionary doctors have had to leave the field, God has led through these years in the training of Chinese doctors, so that with the exception of one place, we have our own doctors to man these institutions at the present time. The institutions are doing a good work, too. A few days before leaving Chungking, Dr. Herbert Liu, who is medical secretary for the division and also superintendent of our Chungking Medical Center, called my attention to the action taken by the committee more than eight years ago when he first went up there from the Hankow area. At that time we had no medical work in Chungking. All we had was a piece of barren land at the foot of a

mountain. "Look at that action and tell me what you think of it," Doctor Liu said. It had been voted to grant an appropriation of \$2,000 with which to begin medical work in the Chungking area. Now it was not \$2,000 United States currency. It was Chinese dollars, and even though it was worth more then than it is now, it was not worth much.

On that barren strip of land the conference first constructed a small building, which was soon destroyed by bombs. They then constructed a little larger building, and also an air-raid shelter in the mountain. The Lord sometimes causes us to build in odd places, and we wonder why, but He knows why. Before the second bombings took place all arrangements had been made so that when the first signal blew some would carry the X-ray machine, some the laboratory equipment, and others the patients, until all were in the shelter. The hospital was so full that they were unable to get all the patients into the shelter; so they put one man in the doorway, thinking he would be safe there. A bomb hit the top of the mountain and sent debris and dirt over the entrance, completely covering the man in the doorway, but when they dug him out, he was still alive—and is still alive today.

A large bomb dropped right into the middle of the main building, which was completely destroyed. Brother Longway was in Chungking at the time. He hurried over there, and looking into the bomb crater, found Doctor Liu digging in the debris, trying to gather together what he could save from the wreckage. Brother Longway said, "Well, what about it, Doctor Liu?"

"Brother Longway," he answered, "that old bomb has destroyed the building, but we are going to build bigger and better than we have before."

In place of the one building we now have six buildings. Even with all these they have more patients than they can accommodate, and are doing a good work. Not only are the sanitariums self-supporting, but some of them are devoting part of their funds to help in other mission enterprises. We thank God for His mercies and for His blessings on our medical work in that field.

Yes, God has been very near to us in China during these recent years. He has revealed His power in behalf of His people. Our publishing house is again operating, with a circulation of the *Signs of the Times* of more than fifty thousand copies each month. Every department of our work is prospering. We thank God for this. We are of good courage and, with you, are determined to do our part in the finishing of the work. We ask an interest in your prayers for the work in China.

# East African Union Camp Meetings

By J. M. HNATYSHYN

AT our first camp meeting we were met by F. H. Thomas, superintendent of the Tanganyika field, and L. D. Brown, missionary in charge of the work at Majita Mission and the near-by islands. The work at Ukerewe is growing, and we have a group of earnest believers. There were about six hundred in attendance; sixteen were baptized and twenty-four joined the hearers' class. The people were very attentive as they sat in the shade of the mango trees and listened to the words of life. When the bell for meeting rang, they actually came running, so as not to be late. We left Ukerewe Island in the little mission launch *Bluebell*, which is used as a means of conveyance between the islands in this section, and went to one mission station at Majita. That day, for us, ended at midnight, after a fourteen-mile trek in the hot sun, up hill and down and through sandy river beds, but we enjoyed it all.

After a well-earned rest we left for our second camp meeting, at Utimbaru Mission. Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Reid are in charge of the work in this area. H. M. Sparrow, superintendent of the East African Union Mission, met us here. Excellent preparations had been made for the camp, and each company had come beforehand and built small huts for themselves. As we have a large and rapidly growing work, this was only one of the two camp meetings held in this field. At Utimbaru we had more than five hundred present. During the consecration service 125 signified their desire to follow their Saviour. Of these, about forty were real heathen men and women, bedecked with much jewelry—numerous one-and-a-half-inch brass bands tightly binding the flesh of arms and legs; multicolored bead necklaces about their foreheads and necks; and charms from their witch doctors hanging from their elongated ear lobes.

It was a real thrill to see so many rise out of heathenism to join the hearers' class. A hundred and twelve were ready for baptism, and the goal of eighty-three shillings was exceeded, one hundred and fourteen shillings being given. This was excellent for these people. I was greatly impressed by the self-supporting work being done by several of the laity. One young man in particular came to camp meeting bringing with him thirty-nine ready for baptism, whom he himself had won for God. Others have pledged to do a similar work this coming year. This is an advance step in mission work in East Africa, and we rejoice to see the lay members taking hold in this way.

## The Ntusu Mission

Upon leaving here we were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, traveling by car to the next two camp meetings, also in Tanganyika, but about 275 miles distant. At Ntusu Mission, out in the blue, 123 miles from the railway and forty-three miles from their nearest post office, we found Elder and Mrs. H. E. Kotz too busy to be lonely. They are the only European workers in a very large and scattered population. Sister Kotz is conducting a large dispensary work, but greatly needs a doctor and hospital near enough so that she can send there many who cannot be treated in a dispensary.

Our meeting at Ntusu was attended by more than six hundred. The Spirit of God was poured out in a remarkable manner, and on Sabbath over two hundred came forward to accept Christ. Among these were old men who had served the devil for many years but were tired of it all and were ready to accept the new way. The offering again exceeded the goal set, and we were happy to see thirty-five go down into the watery grave. This particular tribe enjoyed singing, and under the leadership of *Bwana* Kotz they sang very well indeed. They love these self-sacrificing missionaries, and the work shows encouraging signs of progress. Distances in this territory are great, and our missionaries are very much handicapped by not having received their car from America as yet.

The next camp was at Mwagala, some seventy-five miles away. This station, with all its buildings, is empty. Elder Kotz visits the native evangelist as often as he can arrange to do so. We found that the native workers had made elaborate preparation for the meeting place. We were happily surprised by the neatness and convenience of it all. Of the four hundred in attendance, twenty-two were baptized. Two wives of the district chief are preparing for baptism in the near future.

In this vicinity we were happy to visit several new schools which were being built by the people. In one instance a young native woman is fostering plans for the erection of a school building, and she also conducts a Sabbath school. Two more schools are being opened in an adjoining new chieftainship. On Sabbath morning I was impressed to see how ably a native woman conducted the review of the Sabbath school lesson. Her methods of holding attention were excellent. I was told that only a few years

previous she had burned her idols and heathen gods, and taken her stand for the truth. Since then she has been a real leader in her village, leading others to the One she has learned to love.

## The Ikizu Training School

Ikizu was our last camp meeting in the Tanganyika Territory. Here we were happy to meet Mr. and Mrs. D. K. Short and family. Mr. Short is principal of our Ikizu Training School and is doing an excellent work, but greatly needs the help of another European family. Brother Yolam Kamwendo and his wife, a native-trained couple from Nyasaland, are giving him excellent support. How much we need more teachers like these who would be willing to leave their homes and go to the mission fields with a burden to help their fellow countrymen. Mrs. W. Chase is doing a good work among the girls at this school. The camp meetings were held in the new church building. In previous years this building would have cared for the crowd, but this year it was inadequate to accommodate the Sabbath attendance, which passed the one thousand mark. I was told that there were more than eighteen headmen there to hear the message that day.

Brother Short has succeeded in gaining the confidence of the leading chief, and today he is busy building schools and appealing to us for teachers. We received a camp meeting offering which doubled that of last year. It was good to see these heathen men giving of their means to the cause of God. There were thirty-two baptized and forty-five new converts took their stand. The harvest is ready to be reaped, but the laborers are so few.

We left Tanganyika, sailing by steamer across Lake Victoria to Kampala, Uganda. Our boat called at Kisumu en route, and here we visited Elder and Mrs. H. M. Sparrow and the headquarters of the East African Union, of which Elder Sparrow has charge. Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Bannister are located here, Brother Bannister being secretary-treasurer of the union, and also Elder and Mrs. E. W. Pederesen. He is the departmental man for the union. On arriving in Uganda we were happy to meet Elder and Mrs. G. A. Lewis and family. They have just recently moved to this section of the union to take charge of the work in Uganda. Miss M. Sachs is the secretary-treasurer. Here we also met Elder and Mrs. F. H. Muderspach. Elder Muderspach has recently been very ill and has been compelled to give the work up for the present. He was greatly loved by the native people, and

we hope that the specialists in South Africa will be able to render the needed medical assistance.

The camp meetings in Uganda were small but refreshing. At Mityana our attendance was about 130, but the people were faithful in attending and would sit by the hour drinking in the message given. The chief at Mityana is a young man. Both he and his wife speak good English. He has more than ten thousand people under his supervision. He attended our meetings and showed a keen interest. On Sabbath twenty-two new believers took their stand. The Luganda people are a very interesting tribe. They are responsive to the truth, but they need workers to teach them this true way.

I next visited Katikamu, where there were 350 in attendance. This is a lovely place and there are prospects for a big work here. We already have a good school, and some of the believers and the chief have given us a plot of land on which they are eager for us to establish a mission station. It is an excellent site, and we trust that soon a worker and sufficient funds may be found for the establishment of a strong work here. At this meeting we ordained our first four native evangelists for Uganda.

Our third camp meeting was in Nawende, where just a few years ago Elder M. E. Lind held an effort, and a number accepted Christ. This was their second camp meeting. It was gratifying to see how the work had grown here. Last year their attendance was 150, while this year it exceeded four hundred. On the day of baptism there were over twelve hundred present. We baptized twenty-four, and seventy-two joined the Bible study class. God's Spirit was present in a great measure. During the consecration hour a man who had been the subject of prayer for two years decided to obey God and put away one of his two wives. There are seventy-five children attending our new school. The work is advancing.

#### Meetings in Kenya

Our next move was to the Kenya field, where we attended our last three meetings. Kenya is indeed a beautiful country, and we have a large and prospering work there. The first two meetings at Kisii and Wire respectively had an attendance of about three thousand each. At the Kisii camp meeting we met Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hyde and Miss G. Clarke. This camp was well organized, having a large enclosure, and seating arrangements under tall shade trees planted for the purpose. The people sat in church groups, and good order was kept by the leader of each group. A short distance away were the native huts, which are kept in repair year after year for use during the camp meeting period. Prizes are offered

for the best row of huts. The prize given is in the form of a banner, and may be retained for the one year. A banner is also given to the church group bringing the highest camp meeting offering, and to the church with the highest tithe percentage per member. The offering for this year considerably exceeded that of last year. The total offering was £285, which would have been a good offering from a European congregation. There were 182 buried with their Lord in baptism. The first four believers from a new tribe, the Lumba, were baptized. This tribe has been known as a war-like tribe, but the gospel has begun to change their hearts also.

At the Kisii camp I was most impressed with the great need for a teacher to head up our Kisii girls' school. We have good buildings and equipment and many promising students, but alas! no suitable woman teacher. It made our hearts ache to see such a fine group of young women who should be in our schools preparing to be workers and wives for our native leaders. In our M. V. meetings we had more than one thousand bright and promising youth. The work in the Kisii country is most encouraging and Brother Hyde is doing a good work, together with his native assistants. At our workers' meeting we had an attendance of seventy-five.

#### The Luo Tribe

At Wire we met with the Luo tribe. Elder and Mrs. M. C. Murdoch are in charge of this large work. Within this field is our Gendia publishing house managed by Brother R. A. Carey at Gendia Mission. In this field we also have our well-known Kendu Hospital with Dr. L. P. Foster in charge, assisted by the Misses K. and D. Nielsen and Miss C. Olsen. Chief Paul of this area is also a Seventh-day Adventist. He gave us a very interesting talk on "Our Old Heathen Customs," at the camp meeting. How thankful we are to see so many denouncing witchcraft and turning to God. There were 190 baptized at this meeting, and Elder Murdoch expects about four hundred in his section of the field to be baptized this year. The work among the Luo tribe is growing, but here, as in the entire field, is a great dearth of workers. One family is entirely inadequate for the vast population and increasing interests. The believers are doing their best by giving their offerings and building churches and schools, but they must have leadership. Our last camp meeting was in the Ukamba country, in the hills, about eighty-seven miles from Nairobi. Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Swaine are in charge of this work. Here also the chief and his headmen are members of our church. The work is new among this tribe, but it is going forward in a most encouraging manner.

Our attendance was about three hundred. Nineteen were added by baptism. It was good to see those who had themselves been leaders in witchcraft now praising and worshipping God. Our members in this area are suffering from famine this year, but in spite of this a good offering was brought.

In short, the work of the entire field is progressing. The workers are of good courage and are doing their best to keep things going. In East Africa there are many more precious souls that God will call out. How it thrilled our hearts to hear them singing:

*"Tuligenda eyo,  
Tuligenda eyo, . . .  
Tuligenda mu maka ga ffe."*

*"In a little while,  
In a little while, . . .  
In a little while we're going  
home."*

Our brothers and sisters in East Africa are longing for this home-going time to come, as are we. Let us do our part in finishing the work in the east, west, north and south. The reward is to the true and the faithful.

## British Honduras Mission

By FRED I. MOHR

SOME fifty years ago the work was started in British Honduras by F. J. Hutchins, working out of the Bay Islands. The work has been growing slowly, but good results are seen today. Some of the charter members are still here. We came to this field in June of 1943. After our mission session a special effort was conducted under the leadership of F. R. Archbold, a graduate of our academy in Costa Rica. Mrs. Archbold is also a graduate of the same school. The results have been very gratifying.

After the effort in Belize, we started an effort in Spanish in Corozal, in the north. The work in this place was altogether different from the work in Belize. More obstacles and prejudice had to be overcome, but finally the people broke away and came into our chapel. The hall was filled every night, with people standing at the windows and doors to hear the message. One young man, a member of the local court, is intensely interested. He is reading Mrs. White's books. We are hoping that he will finally take his stand for the truth. Elder Archbold is giving Bible studies in several near-by villages every week.

Several languages are spoken in this British colony, the principal ones being Spanish, Maya, and Carib. Everyone of our workers is able to use the Spanish language in his work. We are in need of one more worker for the southern part of the field.

*(Continued on page 18)*

Conducted by Nora Machlan Buckman



## Letters From the FLOWERY KINGDOM

By BETTY SCHAEFER WINTER

### Part II

Shanghai, China  
Oct. 5, 1939

**S**HANGHAI is such an interesting town, with its cosmopolitan population. At night it becomes a pretty city. The dark skies are made bright with the glitter of many, many large and elaborate neon signs, and the streets are always busy and filled with people out enjoying one or another form of Oriental night life.

One recent evening, after school, Mrs. Dale, Charles, and I got bicycles and went for a ride. As we cycled down Hung Chao Road, the main one toward town, we heard the queer-sounding music of shrill horns and cymbals. Down the road came quite a procession. First there were coolies carrying a large, boxlike sort of carriage, which was painted many bright colors and decorated with brilliant pompons and spangles. The door on the front and the little windows at the sides were hung with curtains, so that curious eyes could not peer in. Following this was the "orchestra" with its, shall I say, unusual music? Behind the orchestra came quite a few people, each carrying some sort of parcel—gifts for the bride, for, as you've probably guessed, it was a Chinese wedding.

Every so often the procession would stop, and people from the street would gather round. Some village smarties were even bold enough to pull back the curtain and peek in. We were surely tempted to do likewise, but refrained. A Chinese bride is taken to the home of the groom, where she lives and performs many duties for the mother-in-law. We don't know whether this was one of the Chinese "lucky days" for getting married or not. On such days many weddings take place.

A few nights ago we heard quite a lot of shooting, which didn't seem to worry anyone—but me. They tell us that it was the Chinese guerrillas a few miles away. It seems to be quite a common occurrence and nothing to get excited about at all.

At last we have received our first mail from home, and it is very, very hard to express the joy we felt on getting it. If you could only realize how much your letters mean to us now! It seemed as though we never would get any, but I imagine it seemed that way to you too. Reckoned in material things, we really have given up practically nothing by leaving our homeland, but when we think of all you dear ones and our inability to see you, it does give us a few moments of loneliness. Won't it be delightful in the new earth where there will be no partings?

We have seen some superconvenient "walking restaurants" where a not too fastidious person may buy a meal of several courses. Of course, one does have to stand on the sidewalk with bowl in hand and perhaps be jolted in the ribs occasionally by passing pedestrians. But if one doesn't mind little things such as these and the fact that those same pedestrians stop to pick up the waffles to feel them and see whether they are limp or nice and crisp, it's really, as I said before, very, very convenient. One such establishment which I saw had three bowls and three pairs of chopsticks, and the proprietor was so careful to thoroughly cleanse the utensils after every customer by wiping them briskly with a rag that—well, it was no ad for Oxydol.

Charles recently went with Doctor Dale to call on a sick man in a little village a few blocks away. The man was very ill; so all his family and relatives were crowded around in the little room. Once he went into a coma, and immediately the family began shouting and poking him to revive him. He did rally in a few moments, but not permanently, for I believe that a few days later he died. The shouting was to scare away the evil spirits which, supposedly, were trying to take the man's soul.

Many of the villagers have malaria or cholera this time of year; conse-

quently, every day we see groups of people going toward some village house, where they shout and yell to frighten away the spirits. In the evening lighted lanterns are carried with them. It is quite easy to know when there is an epidemic, because of the frequency of noisy visits to various homes. Incidents such as these make us realize how many there are in this land who know not Christ, and a missionary's purpose in coming here seems very clear.

We are beginning to feel quite proud of ourselves and our ability to converse, at not too great length, of course, in Chinese. The reading and writing classes have begun, too, and it is all so interesting and, believe it or not, easy.

Here it is just the beginning of October, but we went Christmas shopping this week. What fun we had in all these shops full of beautiful things! As it is, I guess our packages won't get to America any too soon.

The Christensens and we bought a volleyball and net; so now our recesses are busy ones. The Chinese teachers, who play with us, look so funny jumping and running while dressed in their *i fu*, or dresslike garment. Chao Hsien-sheng, our writing teacher, who is fairly old, stands in his appointed place on the court, with his arms usually folded and his hands up in the wide sleeves. If the ball comes his way we all shout and, in self-protection mostly, Mr. Chao throws his hands into the air. It's really astounding that quite a few of the balls he hits, or that hit him, actually do go over the net, and when we all shout, "*Hen hao*" (very good), the old fellow grins from ear to ear.

You know, I've completely changed my viewpoint on the servant question. At first we didn't think we'd need one, but now I don't believe one would be so "in the way" after all. We have an amah in mind who will work for us three days each week and three days for another of the foreign families.

Last Wednesday after school the Christensens and we went for about an eight-mile bicycle ride. We came upon a quite startling procession headed down the road toward an old church, which was being used for Japanese military headquarters. First came a rather pretentious-looking gentleman in a ricksha, behind whom walked two men—apparently Chinese captives. The back of the white jacket on one of the prisoners was liberally stained with bright red. He had no doubt been prodded with the bayonet of one of the several uniformed sol-

diers who marched behind them. The incident had a rather dampening effect on our bicycle ride, for we couldn't help wondering just what would be the fate of the two men after reaching the old church.

I believe I told you before that the sanitarium and the compound are located in what is now Japanese-controlled territory. Three of the Japanese officials were out one day just to look the place over. The sanitarium business manager and Charles escorted them around to the various buildings and finally brought them to our apartment, where I served them afternoon "tea"—cocoa and some cookies. There were a major and two lieutenants, but not knowing at the time which was which, I made the great social error of serving one of the lieutenants before the major—that is, I attempted to serve him first, but as I started to hand the cup of cocoa to him, the major reached over and took it himself.

Anyway I guess he didn't hold it against me, for they were all very friendly—particularly the major, who spoke excellent English.

Shanghai, China  
Nov. 7, 1939

One evening last week, Mr. Knight and Charles informed Mrs. Knight and me that they were preparing us a spaghetti dinner, similar, they hoped, to one we had previously eaten. We were instructed to please refrain from entering the kitchen during the preparation period and to invite in the Meislars and Christensens for the occasion.

The meal was carefully planned, even to salad and dessert. It proved to be a very good meal, and we had plenty of fun over it.

Speaking of food, our teacher, Mr. Chen, told us that some of the birds' nests, out of which the Chinese make their famous soup, are made of little fish and others of seaweed. It seems they are very expensive, because most of them are imported; so only the wealthier Chinese can afford them. Perhaps there are some advantages in being poor after all.

You should see the modern barber-shops, which are movable and located on just any busy sidewalk. The customer sits on a box, and at his side is another box on which stands a basin of water that is used for person after person.

The barbers use straight razors, and it is surprising to me how so many Chinese escape without having their throats cut. Some of the smoother faced men merely pluck their whiskers with tweezers, perhaps while riding to work on the tram. However, there are barber and beauty shops in many parts of Shanghai which are just as nice as the American ones.

(To be continued)

## A Few Extra Minutes

By LUCIA MALLORY

**W**ILL you please go to the store and get a loaf of whole-wheat bread for me, Alice?" my sister-in-law called to her daughter, who was working at the sewing machine, making a dress for her little sister.

I was visiting in my brother's home. "All right, Mother," Alice promised, "I'll go just as soon as I finish these ruffles."

"I'd rather you would go now, Alice," her mother replied a little wearily. "You know what happened the last time—"

Alice pushed her sewing aside with a wry smile. "I didn't get the bread home in time for daddy's lunch, and he had to eat crackers and milk instead of sandwiches. I'll go right now, Mother, so lunch will be ready a few minutes early."

"Thank you, daughter!" Her mother looked relieved as she turned back to the salad she was preparing. "I'm trying to get the whole family into the habit of giving themselves a few extra minutes instead of always being hurried and late," she said to me.

"It was my fault as much as Alice's that her daddy failed to have a good lunch that day when we had no bread," she explained. "When he went back

to work after eating that skimpy lunch, I just sat down and took stock of myself and my home. I used to think I could do things in no time at all. You know how I worked my way through college, doing everything that came to hand, and managing to get through it all with reasonable success."

"All your friends wondered how you ever accomplished so much, Beatrice," I interposed. "You made excellent grades and kept your health at the same time."

"I've found out that being a mother is entirely different from being a student or a businesswoman," Beatrice continued. "One has to plan a schedule that is flexible enough to allow for interruptions. Home should be a restful place for all the family. There cannot be much repose in a home if the mother is always hurried and flurried."

"I decided that the cure for too much hurrying was to simplify my work as much as possible and give myself a few extra minutes for each task. Some days I leave work undone that I used to think was absolutely necessary. If I try to push myself through every minute of the day, there is an atmosphere of strain that is actually a menace to health."

"I have found that the children can  
(Continued on page 19)

## LIFE'S PATTERNS



### PERSEVERANCE

**O**F all the weaknesses the human race is heir to I suppose that of discouragement, or giving up too soon, is the most common. Perseverance, as a rule, has to be cultivated. Especially is this true of pioneers and promoters of projects and ideas. It takes a great deal of persistent, hard work before any apparent progress is made. Undoubtedly there are some people who are born with a determination to accomplish whatever they set out to do, in spite of obstacles, but they are few and far between. Most of us have to learn the hard way.

Jacob Riis, the man who slaved so long to rid New York of its slums, used every opportunity that he could to bring before the public the true condition of their city. Naturally he was discouraged at times, but he says, "When nothing

seems to help I go and look at a stonecutter hammering away at his rock perhaps one hundred times without as much as a crack showing in it. Yet at the one hundred first blow it will split in two, and I know it was not that blow that did it, but all that had gone before."

Day after day I tried in every way I knew to instill a deeper love for spiritual things in the lives of my students. I must admit that at times my efforts seemed useless, because to all appearances most of them heeded little; yet all was not in vain. Some time ago I received a letter from a girl who came to school under great protest. I feared she would be a genuine problem child. We did have a few minor difficulties with her, but nothing very consequential. Gradually she began to like the school, and when she was graduated she left very reluctantly.

She wrote, "I guess you feel that all the things you tried to teach us went in one ear and out the other, but I want you to know that I realize now what a privilege I had in attending a Christian school." And now, instead of upsetting the school she attends, this student is earnestly praying for her schoolmates and trying hard to live a Christian life before them.

When the disciples felt that their work was in vain, the Lord spoke to them and said, "Men ought always to pray, and not to faint." He knew that if they continued faithfully to sow the seed, the harvest surely would come.

Do you have someone on your heart for whom you have been praying a long time? Don't be discouraged. Remember it may not be the first prayer, nor perhaps the second or third, but all of them put together which will finally accomplish the task, just as the last blow of the stonecutter finally splits the rock. N. B.

## WORLD-WIDE FIELD

### Abilene, Texas, Service Center

ONE of the most remarkable outgrowths of the present conflict in which we are engaged is the creation and development of service centers for our Seventh-day Adventist young men who are in the service of their country. As director of the Abilene Service Center for the past several months, I have witnessed the power of God working in the lives of many of our young men.

One cannot too highly estimate the value of spiritual and recreational guidance for our boys in uniform. Although it is true, especially at this time, that each must be firm and unwavering in his allegiance to God, yet we find many of our young men who are in desperate need of counsel and spiritual guidance. Our hearts go out to these young men, as we listen to their many, many problems, some of which are most perplexing.

With more than 350 of our boys here in Camp Barkeley, we find that our service center in Abilene is inadequate to accommodate so many for Sabbath services. There are hundreds of honesthearted and truth-hungry souls among the men at Barkeley, some of whom also attend our services.

In January I received a letter from one of our brethren in New Hampshire, requesting me to visit his brother here in Camp Barkeley. In my visit with this brother I found him to be deeply touched by the Spirit of God, and willing to go all the way with His Saviour. The same day, just before our Friday evening vesper service, another young man was brought to me desiring to be baptized and become a member of our church. One of our boys had been studying with him for a number of weeks. We can see the hand of God in these contacts, and witness the power of His Spirit in the lives of these young men.

The next Sabbath two more young men came to me desiring baptism. A week later word reached me of another young man who was also studying this message, and was desirous of uniting with our church. We studied with these men and questioned them at length on various points of our faith. To the glory of God, three of these young men were buried with their Lord in baptism, Sabbath, January 29, by C. A. Walgren of San Angelo, Texas. After further study and counsel the other two candidates were baptized Sabbath, March 4, by H. Christensen, our new camp pastor for

the Abilene territory. These young men are rejoicing in this blessed hope and are holding true to their profession. Three of them have been transferred to other camps, but there are many other fine young men here who are also interested. We are studying with several at this time.

One of the most remarkable experiences of recent weeks is one concerning the attitude of the military here in Camp Barkeley toward our boys on bivouac. Captain Calvin A. Pyle, who is one of our loyal doctors here in Barkeley, telephoned us that the commanding officer of a certain battalion on bivouac would like to have one of the Seventh-day Adventist pastors from Abilene to come out and conduct Friday evening and Sabbath services for the Seventh-day Adventist boys in his battalion. The Army not only furnished the transportation for us to and from the area but also provided us a tent in which to worship. You can imagine the thrill of riding in a jeep over rocky terrain, at a speed of forty miles an hour in near-freezing weather! But what a joy and blessing those little gatherings there in the wilderness of west Texas proved to be! Again, we can only say, to God be the glory and praise and thanks for His wonderful kindness to the children of men.

The time is short, the task is great, and the possibilities are unlimited in the work that should be done for the men here. We solicit your earnest prayers in behalf of our boys in Camp Barkeley, and especially for Elder Christensen, as he continues to direct the work in this field.

W. H. TOWNSEND.

### Nurses in the Draft

THE registered nurses of the nation have been tallied and classified in an availability ladder very much like that of the Selective Service.

There is a range of classifications from Class I, those "available for military service," to Class V, those "not available for either military or emergency civilian work because of physical disability, age, or other reasons."

Each class has several subdivisions, such as married, unmarried, no children under fourteen, and so forth.

The availability ladder also provides for nurses "available for relocation" and those "essential until a replacement can be secured."

The Procurement and Assignment Service, which has set up the classification of nurses, is under the authority of the War Manpower Commission.

The WMC has denied that there is any compulsion connected with the procedure respecting nurses and has said that no legal machinery exists whereby the commission can enforce its decisions with respect to nurses.

The notice of classification sent out to each nurse, however, does not stress these voluntary aspects. It reads:

"If classified as available you should get in touch with the secretary of your Red Cross Recruitment Committee at once, and make application for appointment to the Army or Navy Nurse Corps.

"If classified as essential, stay in your present position until you can be replaced."

Seventh-day Adventist nurses who have been in doubt as to their status in the procedure have made inquiry in an endeavor to discover what provisions have been made for conscientious objection and Sabbathkeeping privileges. In reply to an inquiry the War Manpower Commission has stated:

"There will be no attempt to force anyone into the services who has conscientious scruples against it. The only compulsion is a nurse's desire to serve."

CARLYLE B. HAYNES.

### Los Angeles, California

GOD is mightily blessing in the Phillip Knox meetings at the Biltmore Theater in Los Angeles, California. Through the day (and there are three meetings on Sunday—11 A. M., 2:30 P. M., and 3:30 P. M.) there are nearly four thousand gospel-truth-hungry people hearing the gospel message. And they come—almost the same folk each week—through cloud and sunshine, through the testing truths, and now into the second series of meetings, to hear the message all over again.

After the main meetings there is a Bible class conducted by Mrs. Curran from the reading room near by, and—after many have stayed through the three meetings—there are usually around three hundred who stay for the class.

Surely this is the day of God's power. We are witnessing in this city such a revelation of the fact that men do want the truth, and of the fact that the Spirit of the Lord is leading many to come out from darkness into the marvelous light of this last call to a dying world, that it is wonderful to behold.

Here, where men and women think only of pleasure and fun and entertainment, there is a vital evidence of the working of the Spirit of God on honest hearts.

Miss Hester Walsh is in charge of the books and is doing a good work reaching hundreds who seek to read



the message more fully for themselves. Mrs. Graham presides at the piano. The ushering is well organized also, and when the crowds are seated, this auditorium—dedicated to nothing but pleasure—is filled with those who long to know how to obtain eternal life. The theater is turned into a Bethel. Pray for us that many will be turned to righteousness.

HAROLD L. GRAHAM.

## A Disappointed Soldier

DEAR PREACHER:

I was at home a few days ago on a furlough and happened to hear you preach on the radio, and I feel that I should write you about what is on my heart. For I think that I will be going to the battlefield within a few days, and I want to have everything right between me and God before I go. Preacher, I have never seen you and I do not know you personally, but I wish that you would write me and tell me exactly what to do to be saved and ready to meet the Lord, if this should be my time to go. Also, if you wish to read this letter over the air you may do so, for it may help some mother or father to wake up to what is going on. Perhaps it may reach my own mother and help her to see what she should do.

Now, here is the story: When I went home the other week, I went with a feeling of joy, and yet there was a burden on my heart. I knew that perhaps it would be my last furlough home, and that maybe I would never see my folks again. For I know that all of us are not coming back, and as yet I am not ready to die. So as I went home I went hoping that mother and dad would help me to get right with the Lord; I knew that they had never been very religious, but they belonged to the church and claimed to be Christians. They never had family prayers and did not seem to care much about the real spiritual work of the church. But I had the idea that that would all be changed now. Somehow, Preacher, I felt that surely this war, with all that it is bringing, would make mother and dad really live for the Lord.

So I went home hoping that they would talk to me about being a Christian, and that they would try to help me get saved and ready to meet the Lord. I went home thinking that surely my mother was interested in the spiritual condition of her son. I have always thought that my mother was the finest woman in the world and have been very proud of her. So I told myself that mother was praying for me and that she was interested in seeing her boy saved, whether anyone else was or not.

But things at home were not as I had expected to find them. I think I came back to camp the most discouraged boy that there has ever been. For when I got home everything seemed to be just about as usual. About the only difference that I could see was that they fussed a lot about having to put up with rationing, and because they could not buy just anything they wanted to have. As far as their religious life is concerned, I think they must be further from God than they have ever been. Preacher, they seem to be asleep to what this war is doing, and instead of waking up and getting right with God, they seem to be getting deeper in sin. The mother that I thought would pray with me, and help me to be saved, never once mentioned religion to me. She has even quit going to church—with the excuse that they do not have enough gas to drive to church. I noticed that they could take a drive and go visiting in the afternoon on Sunday. Anyway, the church is not far, and anyone who was really interested could walk.

Dad was all wrapped up in his job. Of course, it is a defense job, but he does not seem to care much about the defense end of it. All he could talk about was the big salary he was getting, and the fact that their local union was pressing for more money. One day when I said something about it being the biggest salary he had ever received, he said, "Oh, well, I might just as well get my part out of this war." Preacher, I believe that he is actually glad that the war is going on. He did not seem a bit interested in the fact that the longer the war goes on the more people will lose their lives. All he seemed to care about was his pay.

Then came the day when I had to leave. Preacher, I could not stand it any longer. I know you may think I am a fool, but I broke down and cried like a baby. I just could not help it. It was not because I was having to leave. I knew that I might never see them again, but that was not what worried me. I just had to cry to think that my own mother and dad were not the least interested in my salvation.

Preacher, I came back to camp determined by the help of God to get saved. But I also came back wondering what would happen to mother and dad if God should call them into the judgment. I am not very proud of mother now. I see that she is more interested in her clubs and visits and clothes than she is in the salvation of her own son. And one day when I smelled cigarette smoke on her breath, I knew that mother was just as badly in need of someone's praying for her as I am.

Now I know that dad isn't interested in his son's salvation. Oh, he got a kick out of taking me around and

showing the men of the community what a fine-looking boy he had, and all that. But, Preacher, dad does not care about my salvation. He is too much interested in making a dollar. I even caught him drinking one day in a beer joint.

I know this is a long letter and will take some of your precious time, but I write it in the hope that you may be able to say or do something that will wake the godless fathers and mothers of America up to see that they have boys and girls who need to be saved, and that they should help them. Tell the mothers wherever you can that for God's sake and for the sake of their boys, they should get right with God and quit this foolish sinful way in which they are going, and get down to business in praying for the boys and girls of this nation. Tell the fathers that they should quit drinking and gambling, and become interested in their children and in God's work *more* than they are interested in making money. Tell the young girls (and I have some sisters) to quit their smoking and dancing and petting, and to be clean Christians, so that they will be fit to marry a decent man someday and raise a family.

Preacher, keep telling them the truth, over and over again, and please pray for my mother and father and sisters, and write me just what I must do to be saved. *For I want to be a real Christian and ready to meet Jesus even if I have to die on the battlefield.*

(Signed by a soldier.)

—Meadow Grove News,  
Meadow Grove, Nebraska.

## Another Centenarian

**A** NOTATION regarding the life of Mrs. Ella R. Miller, of 1721 Adams Street, Artesia, California, has been sent to us by C. C. Morlan, of Bellflower, California. Sister Miller attained her one hundredth birthday several days ago.

She accepted the message as taught by Seventh-day Adventists in 1884 under the labors of Elders Loughborough and Briggs.

She is not able to walk, because of an accident which she experienced about a year ago, and she is quite unable to see, but her mind is very clear and she is longing for the return of the Saviour.

Brother Morlan tells how it was his privilege to celebrate the communion service with her and to join with her in singing the song, "Down at the Cross."

THINK prayerfully before deciding. You can only see a little way; Christ can see the whole way. He cares for you. Consult Him, and He will guide you.—James M. Barrie.

## Week of Prayer at Atlantic Union College

IN one of the most beautiful, interesting, and historic areas of our country is situated Atlantic Union College. This school has a fascinating history and a rich tradition, and the growth and development of the past few years indicate a bright future.

The spring Week of Prayer, conducted March 26 to April 1, afforded an excellent opportunity to observe at close range the activities, the spirit, and the objectives of the school. It is a pleasure to report the substantial, progressive program of Christian education being carried on by G. Eric Jones and his associates in the college, and by L. G. Sevrens and his fellow workers in the academy.

An attitude of attentive, serious interest was in evidence during the Week of Prayer, both in the college and in the academy. A friendly, courteous spirit was noticeable throughout the school. At the end of the week, when calls were made for consecration, the response was nearly unanimous, and the personal testimonies had a ring of sincerity that was most inspiring. A large number of students have been baptized during the year, and a number more joined the baptismal class on the closing Friday evening of the Week of Prayer.

One of the outstanding features in the program of the college is the School of Theology under the direction of L. H. Hartin. During recent years this department has shown a gradual, consistent growth. At present there are about seventy theological students enrolled, and fifteen expect to receive their degrees this spring. Officials of the school report that each

graduate of the theology department has received his appointment for service. From this group of theological students come many of the student leaders of the school. Their influence is felt in upholding the Christian standards of the institution.

Six years ago a large expansion-program was instituted. This program is less than half completed, but has resulted in an excellent dormitory for women, a new power plant, a wood-work shop, and other improvements. As rapidly as conditions permit it is planned to construct a new administration building, a men's dormitory, and an auditorium. These progressive moves are making Atlantic Union College more and more adequate to serve the educational needs of the constituency.

During the past sixty years Atlantic Union College has sent 260 workers to foreign fields. Hundreds more of her former students and graduates have served and are serving in the homeland. As each passing year adds to this list of workers, it becomes increasingly evident that Atlantic Union College is true to the great purpose of Christian education—training for service.

NORVAL F. PEASE,

*Pastor, Boston Temple Church.*

## British Honduras Mission

*(Continued from page 13)*

During 1943 we baptized forty-five. This increased our membership to 377. In addition to the mission church there are twelve organized churches; two of these, which were organized in the month of December, are Spanish. Our Sabbath school membership is 448. This department raised for missions

the sum of \$850.50 during the past year.

The largest amount of tithe was brought into the treasury for 1943, it being \$4,378.28. The total offerings to missions amounted to \$1,490.53. The Ingathering offering was a little more than \$471, the largest amount gathered in the history of British Honduras. Our people in this field are courageous, and will do their part to spread the message to all parts in this field, as well as to other parts of the world.

We are arranging for a colporteur to work in our field, beginning in a few weeks. This brother whom we have in mind has been in Guatemala for a number of years, but is ready to come home and take up this work. We are glad that he speaks the two languages, Spanish and English. This will be a great help to him and to our literature cause in the mission. Already an order has been placed for books, and we are hoping that he will soon arrive to tell the people of this great message. God is going before our people in this field. We have a population of sixty thousand to warn. This is a tremendous task for three workers.

WHO seeks for heaven alone to save  
his soul,  
May keep the path, but will not reach  
the goal;  
While he who walks in love may wander  
far,  
Yet God will bring him where the  
blessed are.

—Henry van Dyke.

'Tis not the dying for a faith that's  
so hard; some men of every nation  
have done that; 'tis the living up to it  
that's so difficult.—Thackeray.



THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE ATLANTIC UNION COLLEGE

Elder Hartin, the Head of the Department, is in the Center of the Front Row

# A Few Extra Minutes

(Continued from page 15)

help me a great deal. Alice likes to cook and to sew, and even Betty Anne is not too young to set the table, wipe dishes, and dust the furniture. Kenneth runs the vacuum cleaner and uses the dust mop for me whenever he has time.

"I rise a few minutes earlier than I used to do, plan my meals, and then order my groceries as soon as the store is open, and I do not wait until almost noon to start getting lunch."

"Not even when you have a talkative visitor to take your time," I smiled, looking up at the clock to see that the hands showed ten minutes to twelve. "May I set the table for you?"

"Yes, thank you, Lucia," Beatrice replied. "The salad is ready and here comes Alice with the bread. I can't get the bread daddy likes until after half past eleven. We shall not be late, because I gave myself more than the usual number of extra minutes to make up for the time I'd spend talking with you!"—*National Kindergarten Association.*

"JUST here at the cross, when Satan did his very worst—just here, just then, God did His very, very best. At the cross the very worst and the very best met."

## THE JOURNEY'S END

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." Ps. 116:15.

### THE EVERLASTING ARMS

BY K. R. HAUGHEY

Why grieve, my heart, o'er youth's ambition perished,

Or fret, my soul, o'er ills that may betide,  
Since loyalty and friendship still are cherished,  
And faith and hope and love with me abide?  
The arms of love are ever under me;  
Nought from that love can ever sunder me.

Why mark the passing years with vain regretting,  
Or mourn the vanished strength of yirile youth?

Hush, O my soul, let there be no forgetting  
Of God's unbounded mercy, grace, and truth,  
That wondrous grace from Calvary is flowing;  
And pardon full that mercy is bestowing.

He keeps thee through the days of joy or sorrow,  
Through weal or woe, though good or ill befall.

So take no anxious thought for the tomorrow;  
Rest trustfully in Him, thine all in all,  
His loving arms so tenderly enfolding,  
And nothing good from me is He withholding.

Calm, holy calm, amid the world's perplexing;  
Peace, perfect peace, through all the world's alarms;

Rest, sweetest rest, from earthly cares and vexing.

As in His arms I'm sheltered from all harm,  
Beneath the refuge of His wing I hide;  
Though darkness deepens there will I abide.

At His dear feet I lay life's weary burden,  
From His pierced hands accept the healing balm;

From Him receive the faithful warrior's girdle,  
Shout joyful praise and sing the victor's song.

And while life's little day draws near its closing,  
Within His loving arms I am reposing.

### KENNETH RAE HAUGHEY

Kenneth Rae Haughey was born Oct. 23, 1875, in Moulton, Iowa. His parents, Matthew Thomas Haughey and Mary House Haughey, were pioneer Adventists. His boyhood days were spent in Missouri. He entered Battle Creek College in 1895 and after three years became a pioneer church school teacher. In the spring of 1899 he broke ground for Bethel Academy, where he later taught. He came to Grayville, Tenn., in 1904 to teach in the Southern Training School. The following year he and Rachel Vreeland were united in marriage. From that year to 1930 both worked together in our academies; he served as principal of Bozeman, Mont., Academy; Mansfield Industrial Academy, near Vancouver, British Columbia; Sheyenne River Academy, in North Dakota; and in departmental work as educational secretary and home missionary secretary in Southeastern, Southern, and Southwestern Union Conferences.

In 1928 Elder Haughey entered pastoral work in Springfield, Miss. Failing health made it necessary for him to discontinue active service in the work he loved, and in 1930 the family moved to Grayville, Tenn.

He is survived by his wife; a daughter, Ratie Mae Haughey, who is in training at the Wm. Mason Memorial Hospital, in Murray, Ky.; a sister, Mrs. Jessie R. Warren, of Galion, Ohio; two nephews; and several cousins, among them Elder S. G. Haughey, A. G. Haughey, and Mrs. W. R. White, of Nashville.

Services were conducted Sabbath afternoon, Jan. 22, 1944, at Grayville, Tenn., by I. M. Evans and F. C. Webster.

### JOHN HENRY BEHRENS

John Henry Behrens was born in Schleswig (then a province of Denmark), March 17, 1860. His parents were faithful adherents of the Lutheran Evangelical Church, and brought up their children in a true Christian home, where the voice of prayer was heard night and morning.

When he was but a child, God seemed to be preparing him for a place in His service. One Sunday, at the age of ten, as he stood on the bank of a little stream, he had a strange, but clear, impression that one day he would keep Saturday for Sunday, a thing unheard of in his community.

After he had completed high school in Germany, the family came to America, in 1872, where they pioneered in the States of Minnesota and North Dakota. In building their new home, his parents provided a large chapel room for the circuit rider, who came every second Sunday to conduct services. Eventually Seventh-day Adventist colporteurs were guests in this hospitable home where no wayfarer was ever turned away. Shortly afterward he was called to sit up at night with a sick neighbor, and while there was given a copy of the book *Daniel and the Revelation*, which these colporteurs had sold in that home. All that night he read the prophecies of the book of Daniel and found to his surprise the truth of the Bible Sabbath. His mind was greatly disturbed, and for several days he studied the Scriptures diligently. Being fully convinced of this truth, he at once began the keeping of the Bible Sabbath, and soon dedicated his life to the work of God in the earth. This decision was made as a full and complete consecration. Henceforth neither material advantages, human ambitions, nor even personal comfort were considered as, like Paul, he pressed forward "toward the mark . . . of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

In April, 1891, he entered the evangelistic colporteur work in the Minnesota Conference but was soon called to enter the gospel ministry.

While attending the Minneapolis Bible School he met Alice Caroline Kysor, and in 1895 they were married. One daughter was born to this union.

Elder Behrens and his companion labored in the Minnesota and Montana Conferences for several years, the Lord blessing their labors with a number of substantial churches.

In 1901 he was called to the superintendency of the Hawaiian Mission Field, where he served for three years, until compelled to return to the mainland because of the failing health of Mrs. Behrens.

In California he connected with the Healdsburg College and later joined the St. Helena staff as chaplain and Bible teacher.

When the Central California Conference was organized, he was called to be its first president, and later served in the same capacity in the North Carolina Conference.

While in California his faithful companion passed away, and he was later married to Mable D. Noggle, who shared his labors through his remaining years.

After serving for four and a half years as pastor in the Cincinnati church, Elder and Mrs. Behrens were called to take up teaching work at Southern Junior College in Tennessee—he as head of the Bible Department.

Always a thorough and conscientious student of the Bible and the Spirit of prophecy, he greatly enjoyed the training of young men for the gospel ministry. One of the greatest satisfactions of his later years came from following the work of his former students in various mission fields and centers of influence.

Failing eyesight compelled him to give up active teaching, but an operation restored par-

tial vision, and his later years were devoted to pastoral and Bible work.

On his eighty-fourth birthday he was seriously stricken with pneumonia and passed peacefully to his rest on March 20, 1944, at his home in the San Pasqual Valley, Calif. Thus closed fifty-three years of faithful service in the work to which he had been called.

He leaves to mourn: his beloved companion, Mrs. Mable D. Behrens; his daughter, Mrs. Robert Bickett; two granddaughters, Alice and Jeanne Bickett; one brother, Chris Behrens, of Canada; and many other relatives and devoted friends.

A triumphant Christian veteran has fallen asleep for a little while to await the call of the Life-giver, but the influence of his earnest, consecrated life will continue to bear fruit unto the kingdom.

The funeral service was conducted by R. J. Bryant, assisted by J. C. Haussler and T. L. Copeland.

### C. D. WOLFF

Cleggette D. Wolff was born in Cavetown, Md., March 22, 1857. He died in Glendale, Calif., Dec. 19, 1943. Although his immediate family were not religious, Brother Wolff was converted when sixteen. He went to Kansas in 1878, where at Centralia, on Dec. 30, 1880, he was married to Miss Claribel Rogers, with whom he lived happily until his death. Of the six children born to them, three survive.

Brother and Sister Wolff received the truths of the third angel's message at Hartford, Kan., in 1885, by purchasing from a colporteur, Miss Helen Cowles, the book *Thoughts on Daniel and the Revelation*. Within one month, with the help of this colporteur, they had taken a firm stand for "the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus." A few months later Brother Wolff entered upon his lifework as a colporteur. He was greatly blessed of God in this sacred calling. In 1888 the General Conference called him to take charge of that work in North Carolina. Through the many years of his faithful service he led out in this work successively in Florida, Mississippi, West Tennessee, West Kentucky, and East Pennsylvania.

H. M. J. RICHARDS.

### CHRISTIAN EDWARDSON

Christian Edwardson was born in Modum, Norway, Nov. 22, 1873. At the age of ten he came to America with his parents, who settled on a farm in southern Minnesota.

As a young man he became interested in reading the New Testament, the only available portion of the Bible. He dated his conversion from an experience, in which alone, under a cluster of trees in the wooded hills about his home, he gave his heart to God. Aided by a lone colporteur, Ole Engen, he accepted the faith of the Seventh-day Adventists. He attended college at Battle Creek, Emmanuel Missionary College, and Union College in Lincoln, Nebr.

Elder Edwardson labored faithfully as a gospel colporteur for ten years, during part of this time filling the place as field secretary in the Illinois Conference. In 1903 he began ministerial work in Chicago. Later on he was called to the Wisconsin Conference, where he devoted his time to evangelistic work. Here he organized several churches that have been, and still are, a strength to that conference.

It was in the year 1918 that he connected with the Minnesota Conference. He organized, and was the first pastor of, the Scandinavian Tabernacle, located on 27th and Franklin Avenues, Minneapolis, Minn. The present structure was erected under his supervision, and he served as their faithful and beloved pastor for seven years. Other churches in the conference to which he had definitely contributed are Willmar, Gilchrist, Artichoke, Granite Falls, Anoka, Hinckley, and Litchfield.

For the past six years Elder Edwardson had resided in Hutchinson, where he had devoted much of his time to research work and writing. He valued books a great deal because of their help in substantiating the great spiritual and historical truths of the third angel's message. His library of more than three thousand volumes contains many rare books, of value to the cause of God.

He was also the author of several books which have been an inspiration and help to many. Elder Edwardson had a well-grounded understanding of the truth for this hour, and he lived it in its purity, and this enabled him to teach it effectively to others.

He passed to his rest at the University Hospital just as the sun set on the Sabbath, with the assurance which he had all through his illness that "underneath are the everlasting arms." A real champion for the cause of God has fallen at his post of duty. We have, however, the promise, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

Burial took place in the family cemetery at Jacksonville, Iowa, beside his first companion, who labored faithfully with him for many years.

He leaves his devoted wife, Anna Edwardson, of Hutchinson; two brothers, Peter and Manuel Edwardson, of Whalan, Minnesota; and a large number of believers whom he affectionately called his children because they had through his labors accepted the message that he so much loved. May God comfort and sustain those who mourn his departure. C. V. ANDERSON.

## HERBERT M. KELLEY

Herbert M. Kelley was born April 10, 1886; and passed away at Herrin, Ill., on March 20, 1944, at the age of fifty-eight years. His sudden death came as a real shock to his many friends and acquaintances. Although not feeling well, he delivered his regular weekly radio address on Sunday afternoon, and his death came early Monday morning.

Elder Kelley had given thirty-three years of his life to the gospel ministry, and at the time of his death was serving as pastor of a small district of churches in southern Illinois. During his ministry he held many positions of responsibility. He started his labors in Illinois, and later was connected with Southwestern Junior College as Bible teacher. He gave many years of faithful service to the Florida Conference, having served as pastor of the large Orlando and Miami churches. He was educational secretary of that field for eight years, later moving to the Alabama-Mississippi Conference. Elder Kelley was also an attorney at law, and at one time was a member of the Indiana bar.

In his passing, the cause of God has sustained a real loss. Elder Kelley was a devoted laborer and a great humanitarian. He gave his life in unselfish service for others and was always willing to counsel and help individuals in solving their personal problems. He was a man of courage and optimism, and in the few hours of suffering preceding his death, he informed his companion that it was his desire to depart out of this world with the same courage that had characterized his entire life. Thus he fell asleep to await the call of the Life-giver on the morning of the first resurrection. He is survived by his faithful wife, two sisters, and one brother.

Funeral services were conducted at the First Baptist church in Herrin, Ill., by the president of the Illinois Conference, assisted by W. O. Berry, and were attended by many believers and friends. Burial took place at Linton, Ind., with O. K. Butler officiating at the service.

Even though another faithful soldier of the cross has laid down his burdens, yet we sorrow not as those who have not hope, but look forward with eager anticipation to the time when "the dead in Christ" shall come forth from their dusty beds.

L. E. LENHEIM.

## GEORGE FRANCIS ENOCH

George Francis Enoch was born June 10, 1876, in Battle Creek, Mich., of Seventh-day Adventist parents. He received his early education at Battle Creek, later moving West, where he entered Walla Walla College with the

first class. As Walla Walla was not giving degrees at that time he later moved to California and entered Pacific Union College, graduating with the class of 1915. Brother Enoch began his ministerial labors at the age of twenty, working first in Washington State with Elder Nellis.

Two years later, in 1898, he was married to Bertha Graham, sister of Elder J. E. Graham, first captain of the missionary ship *Pitcairn*. This same year the family accepted the call to labor as missionaries in the West Indies. For three years they worked in Port Antonio, Jamaica. While there Brother Enoch was ordained to the gospel ministry. Three years were also spent in Trinidad, and three years in Barbados. Elder Enoch was appointed as the first union superintendent of that field, which then included the West Indies and British Guiana.

While in the United States for a few weeks in 1907, he received a call to India, and went out with his family the same year. In India he labored for a time at Lucknow, North India. He also worked as an evangelist in the great city of Bombay. Later he served for several years as editor of the *Oriental Watchman* at our division publishing house at Poona. Elder Enoch learned the Marathi language and found a very warm place in the hearts of the Indian people. He was gifted as an evangelist and pastor, at one time being the instrument in God's hand to lead a whole church, with its missionaries, into this message. Elder Enoch also had a vision of the needs of God's cause, and was successful in raising money for our educational institutions, both at home and in India.

He was a man of strong faith and prayer, and was mighty in the Word. He was a true lover of India and its people, and he has never been fully happy since, after thirty-nine years of mission service, failing health necessitated his remaining in the homeland. Two sons who came to bless this home lie in India awaiting the call of the Life-giver. After several months of declining health, Elder Enoch passed away quietly at the Loma Linda Sanitarium, April 2, at 9 p. m. He is survived by his wife, his only daughter (Mrs. Pearl Brayshaw), two grandsons, two brothers, and three sisters.

Words of comfort were spoken from 2 Samuel 3:38 by Earl R. Reynolds, assisted by C. J. Ritchie and the writer—all co-workers with Elder Enoch in India, and W. A. Sweany, of Glendale. Eight young men from La Sierra College and the College of Medical Evangelists—most of them born of missionary parents in India—acted as pallbearers. Elder Enoch was

laid to rest in the beautiful Montecito Cemetery in Loma Linda, there to await the call of the Master.

F. A. WYMAN.

SMITH.—Annetta Matilda Barrow Smith was born Sept. 9, 1895, in Belize, British Honduras; and died March 11, 1944. She was married in 1914 to Whitfield Smith. She accepted the Adventist faith in 1930 and was baptized in Puerto Barrios by C. B. Sutton. We understand that she was the only Adventist in her immediate family.

SAUNDERS.—Marilla Burdick Saunders was born in the town of Lincklaen, N. Y., May 4, 1879, the only daughter of R. D. Burdick and Elvira Poole Burdick. On March 4, 1903, she was united in marriage with Lee C. Saunders, of the same place. One daughter, Mellicent, was born to this union. For the past twenty-five years Sister Saunders was treasurer of the Lincklaen Center Seventh-day Adventist church. Her grandfather, Ezra A. Poole, was the first pastor of this church. Sister Saunders was an outstanding Christian character and rests in full assurance of the resurrection unto eternal life when Christ comes.

## MR. AND MRS. KNOX

Mathias Frank Knox was born in Murfreesboro, Tenn., Nov. 21, 1869; he died March 21, 1944, in Houston, Texas. At the age of twelve he gave his heart to the Lord and entered the Baptist Church. Later he accepted the Adventist faith. At one time he was manager of our sanitarium at Nashville.

Brother Knox served twenty years in the Southern Union Conference as member of the Tennessee River Conference committee. Later he served eleven years as treasurer and six years as manager of the Southern Publishing Association.

After twenty-three years of administrative work he retired and moved to Texas. He died suddenly after he returned to Houston from Corpus Christi.

Mrs. Laura Knox, wife of M. F. Knox, died in Houston, April 7, 1944, just seventeen days after the death of her husband. She was sixty-eight years of age.

Surviving Brother and Sister Knox are two daughters, Mrs. Gladys Stevens of Houston, Mrs. Aline Teys of Nashville, Tenn.; five sons, Dr. Frank Knox of Fayetteville, Ark., Gilbert Knox of Battle Creek, Mich., Norman Knox of Chattanooga, Tenn., Raymond and Maurice Knox of Nashville, Tenn.

Interment was at South Park Cemetery, Houston, Texas.

R. P. MONTGOMERY.

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**BUCHANAN.**—Martha Buchanan was born in Missouri more than eighty-six years ago. She died suddenly in Portland, Oreg., March 17, 1944, leaving three sons and three daughters to mourn their great loss.

**HEETER.**—Roxy Heeter was born in Marshall County, Ind., Jan. 29, 1858. She passed to her rest Jan. 2, 1944, at Gardena, Calif., at the age of eighty-four years. At the time of her death she was a member of our church at Huntington Park Calif. She leaves a sister-in-law and a nephew.

**LUCKEY.**—Laurietta Palmer Luckey was born near Watertown, Wis., March 15, 1872; and died in Lincoln, Nebr., March 3, 1943. She was brought up in the truth and gave her life to active soulsaving. Those who mourn are her husband, one sister, and other relatives and friends. Interment was at College View Cemetery.

**GEISKE.**—William B. Geiske was born in Manchester, Mich., Nov. 17, 1864; and died at his home in Ohio, Feb. 19, 1944, after an illness of about two and a half months. For a number of years Mr. Geiske lived in Los Angeles, Calif., and later in Oregon. In 1942 he moved to Ohio. In 1924 he joined the Seventh-day Adventist Church. He is survived by his wife, two daughters, and one granddaughter.

**PATTEE.**—Alphosine Mosher Pattee was born in Constantine, Mich., Jan. 31, 1870; and died Feb. 16, 1944, in Crestline, Ohio. Sister Pattee accepted the truth three years ago in Grand Rapids, Minn., where she was a faithful member at the time of her death. Three months before she died she came east to visit a sister in Crestline, Ohio, and was taken sick the day she arrived. She is survived by three sisters.

**NIERGARTH.**—Latonja Brueckner Niergarth passed to her rest March 8, 1944, at the age of sixty-seven. Left to mourn are her husband, Harry Albert Niergarth, a daughter, two brothers, and a sister. In 1898 our sister was baptized, eight months after her marriage. From the year 1910 she labored with her husband, first in the Alberta Conference and then in Oregon, returning to their native district of Kitchener, Ontario, several years ago to engage in self-supporting missionary work, where Brother Niergarth has undertaken the pastoral burdens of our work in both Kitchener and Galt.

**REEDER.**—Eugene Edwin Reeder was born April 25, 1925, at Loveland, Colo.; and fell asleep in Jesus at the home of his parents at College View, Nebr., March 24, 1944. Eugene suffered an affliction that left him unable to walk from the time he was eight years of age. He was ever cheerful, and inspired with courage and faith those with whom he came in contact. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Reeder, two sisters, and two brothers.

**SCHELANDER.**—Hilma Schelander was born in Sweden, June 16, 1877; and died in Arlington, N. J., March 28, 1944. She came to America in 1897, and was married to P. A. Schelander in 1902. One son born to this union preceded the mother in death in 1930 at the age of twenty-six. She accepted the advent message in 1931 and remained faithful to the end. She is survived by her husband, two brothers, and two sisters.

**GOETZ.**—Christina Goetz was born in Germany, Feb. 20, 1862; and died in her home in Jersey City, N. J., April 5, 1944. Her husband had preceded her in death by twenty-five years. She accepted the advent message twenty-six years ago and remained a faithful member of the Jersey City German Seventh-day Adventist church till her death. She is survived by two daughters, one son, and other relatives.

**MIDDLEWORTH.**—Wilbur Ross Middleworth was born in Hudson Falls, N. Y., Sept. 9, 1875; and fell asleep in Jesus on March 8, 1944, at Big Bear Lake, Calif. Brother and Sister Middleworth accepted the truth and united with the Seventh-day Adventist Church in 1917, at Glendale, Calif. Brother Middleworth is survived by his widow, Sarah E. Middleworth, one son, and three grandsons.

**SCHHEY.**—Christina Schhey was born in Germany, March 10, 1878; and died in Hamilton, Ohio, Jan. 16, 1944, at the age of sixty-five. She is survived by her husband, Andrew Schhey, Sr.; three daughters, all of Hamilton; two sons; a step-daughter; three sisters; and other relatives. In 1939 Sister Schhey was baptized into the Berea German S. D. A. church of Cincinnati, Ohio.

**HOLLENBECK.**—Chloe Rumsey Hollenbeck was born Jan. 25, 1861; and died March 15, 1944. Her husband, Allison Hollenbeck, preceded her in death May 25, 1921; and one daughter, Elva Hollenbeck, passed away March 11, 1943. Sister Chloe Hollenbeck was a faithful member of the Adventist Church for sixty-five years.

**HOOD.**—Harriet L. Hood was born in New York, April 3, 1853; and died February 25, at the home of her grandson, A. R. Tinker, National City, Calif. She is survived by two daughters and other relatives.

**HALLADAY.**—Emma Alice Halladay was born near Helmer, Ind., July 27, 1871; and died Jan. 23, 1944, at Long Beach, Calif. After accepting the present truth Sister Halladay served the cause of God as a Christian nurse, in which service she had great success. She leaves to mourn: two children, Mrs. Ruth Akeyson, Long Beach, Calif.; and Elder Howard K. Halladay, Indianapolis, Ind.

**MOSS.**—Oscar H. Moss was born Jan. 18, 1875, near Bay City, Mich., and died in San Antonio, Texas, April 15, 1944, at the age of sixty-nine years. With the exception of one cousin, Mrs. A. R. Chandler, of Flint, Mich., Brother Moss is survived only by his brothers and sisters in the faith, his earthly family having gone to their rest.

He was reared a faithful Seventh-day Adventist and was ever active in the work of the church, having been organist for over fifteen years in one of our large churches in California.

**TRESSIDER.**—John Vyvyan Tressider was born in old Cornwall, England, April 25, 1861; and passed away in Beaumont, Calif., Oct. 29, 1943. When but a lad he left the land of his birth and journeyed over the sea and across much of America to the frontier mining town of Butte, Mont. He came at the invitation of Cornish friends in Montana, who knew of his great gift in music and who wanted him in the band they were organizing in Butte.

In 1882 he came to San Jose, Calif., and soon thereafter became a citizen of the United States of America. In the Santa Clara Valley he was active in church musical circles, both in choir work and at the organ.

In 1902 Mr. Tressider went to San Francisco to work with the War Department of the U. S. Government. In 1903 he connected with the Internal Revenue Department of the Federal Government in Los Angeles. Altogether he was in Government service twenty-one years.

Forty-one years ago he married Lucy Mary Chapman, of Oakland. To them were born two sons, both of whom died in infancy. In 1921 he became a Seventh-day Adventist. From 1924 on until a year and a half ago, when the Tressiders moved to Beaumont, they resided in San Diego. During their residence there Mr. Tressider was the organist of the North Park Adventist church.



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# Camp Meetings

1944

## Atlantic Union

New York, Union Springs . . . . . June 29-July 9  
 Southern New England  
     South Lancaster, Mass. . . . . July 7-16  
 Northern New England  
     Auburn, Maine . . . . . July 20-23  
     White River Junction, Vt. . . . . July 28, 29  
     Washington, N. H. . . . . Aug. 26

## Canadian Union

Ontario-Quebec, Oshawa . . . . . June 30-July 9  
 Maritime, St. John and Halifax . . . . . July 6-16  
 Manitoba-Saskatchewan,  
     Saskatoon . . . . . July 21-30  
     Alberta, Lacombe . . . . . July 28-Aug. 6  
     British Columbia, Vancouver and  
     Kelowna . . . . . Aug. 4-13

## Central Union

Wyoming  
     Rawlins . . . . . May 31-June 4  
     Cheyenne . . . . . June 7-11  
     Casper . . . . . June 14-18  
     Sheridan . . . . . June 21-25  
     Powell . . . . . June 28-July 2  
 Kansas, Enterprise . . . . . June 2-10  
 Nebraska  
     Northfolk . . . . . June 9-11  
     Scottsbluff . . . . . June 23-25  
     Hastings . . . . . Aug. 18-20  
     College View . . . . . Aug. 25-27  
     McCook . . . . . Sept. 1-3  
 Colorado, Boulder . . . . . June 15-25  
 Missouri, Jefferson City . . . . . Aug. 11-19

## Columbia Union

Potomac . . . . . June 22-July 2  
 New Jersey, Ocean County Park,  
     Lakewood, N. J. . . . . June 29-July 9  
 East Pennsylvania, Wescosville, Pa., July 6-16  
 West Pennsylvania . . . . . July 13-23  
 Ohio . . . . . July 27-Aug. 6  
 West Virginia . . . . . Aug. 3-13  
 Chesapeake, Catonsville, Md. . . . . Aug. 10-20

## Lake Union

Illinois, Brookfield . . . . . June 13-18  
 Wisconsin, Portage . . . . . Aug. 10-20  
 Michigan  
     Upper Peninsula, Fortune Lake . . . . . June 16-25  
     Grand Ledge . . . . . Aug. 15-27

## Northern Union

North Dakota, Jamestown . . . . . June 9-18  
 (Russian) Butte . . . . . June 22-25  
 South Dakota  
     Huron . . . . . June 16-24  
     Black Hills . . . . . June 29-July 2  
     (Indian) . . . . . Aug. 25-27  
 Minnesota, Anoka . . . . . June 15-25  
 Iowa, Cedar Falls . . . . . Aug. 23-30

## North Pacific Union

Idaho, Caldwell . . . . . May 30-June 4  
 Upper Columbia  
     College Place, Wash. . . . . June 9-18  
 Montana, Bozeman  
     (Mount Ellis Academy) . . . . . June 16-24  
 Oregon, Gladstone . . . . . July 20-30  
 Washington, Auburn  
     (Auburn Academy) . . . . . July 27-Aug. 6

## Pacific Union

Central California  
     Fresno . . . . . June 2-10  
     Santa Cruz . . . . . Aug. 11-19  
 S. E. California, La Sierra Heights,  
     Arlington . . . . . June 2-10  
 Northern California, Lodi . . . . . June 8-18  
 Arizona, Prescott . . . . . July 27-Aug. 5  
 Southern California, Lynwood . . . . . June 9-18

## Southern Union

Alabama-Mississippi, Meridian, Miss., May 18-27  
 Carolina, Lake Kanuga,  
     Hendersonville, N. C. . . . . May 25-June 3  
 Florida, Forest Lake Academy, May 25-June 3  
 Georgia-Cumberland  
     Southern Junior College . . . . . June 1-10  
 Kentucky-Tennessee  
     Madison College . . . . . June 15-24

## COLORED

Alabama-Mississippi, Meridian, Miss., May 18-27  
 Carolina, Asheville, N. C. . . . . May 25-June 3  
 Florida, Winter Park . . . . . May 25-June 3  
 Georgia-Cumberland  
     Chattanooga, Tenn. . . . . June 1-10  
 Kentucky-Tennessee  
     Nashville, Tenn. . . . . June 15-24

## Southwestern Union

Arkansas-Louisiana . . . . . July 28-August 6  
 Texas  
     Texas . . . . . July 21-30  
     Texico . . . . . Aug. 7-13  
     Reserve (Spanish) . . . . . Aug. 17-20  
     Sandoval, N. Mex. (Spanish) . . . . . Aug. 24-27  
 Oklahoma . . . . . Aug. 10-20

## EMERGENCY RELIEF FUND

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VREELAND.—Julia Hillman Vreeland was born at Rye Neck, N. Y., on Jan. 11, 1864. She was married to Edward Vreeland on Aug. 11, 1886. To this union were born one son and one daughter, who survive and mourn their loss. She died Feb. 9, 1944.

LAINSON.—Clarys Jane Greer Lainson was born Sept. 7, 1861, in Iowa; and passed away at her home in Council Bluffs, March 31, 1944, at the age of eighty-two years. She leaves to mourn her loss, her husband, two daughters, one brother, and other relatives.

BOOTH.—Margaret Marie Nelson Booth was born in Minneapolis, Minn., Feb. 24, 1893; and passed away March 17, 1944, at National City, Calif. In 1918 she, with her husband, was baptized into the Seventh-day Adventist Church. She is survived by two daughters, one son, and her husband.

ROSS.—Fay Vinton Ross, of New Milton, Pa., died April 16, 1944. He was born in Orwell, Pa., Dec. 30, 1853. He was ill only about one hour, the victim of a heart attack. He is survived by his faithful wife, three brothers, and a number of nieces and nephews.

CLARK.—Ann C. Clark was born in Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 25, 1848; and died in St. Helena, Calif., March 8, 1944. She embraced the Adventist faith in 1876 and became a charter member of the Sacramento church. She is survived by a son, Dr. Leslie Clark, and a daughter, Mrs. Lulu Norris, and other relatives.

GROUNDS.—Mrs. Martha M. Grounds, daughter of James and Elizabeth Gregory, was born in Davis County, Ind., January 16, 1869; and passed away at Lyons, Ind., March 13, 1944. Her husband preceded her in death; but of their ten children, six sons and one daughter and other relatives mourn the loss of a loving and devoted mother.

WALLACE.—Amanda Elliott Wallace was born near Prairie City, Iowa, Oct. 7, 1859; and passed away at the home of her daughter in Covina, Calif., April 8, 1944, at the age of eighty-four years. She was united in marriage to Robert J. Wallace in 1881. Of the four children born to Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, two died in infancy. Two remain to mourn their loss.

CHAMPION.—Emma Gilmore Champion was born Jan. 15, 1854; and passed quietly to her rest April 20, 1944, at Shiloh, Ohio, where she had lived practically all her life. She was an Adventist for more than forty-four years. She and her husband were among the founders of the original Mount Vernon Sanitarium. She was laid to rest in the family plot at Plymouth, Ohio.

McLAUGHLIN.—Annabelle McLaughlin passed away Feb. 3, 1944, in Nueva Gerona, Isle of Pines, Cuba, at the age of seventy-four. She embraced the message more than thirty years ago and was a faithful church member to the end. She leaves to mourn their loss: her husband, John W. McLaughlin, and a daughter, Mrs. Pearl M. Cliff of Washington, D. C., as well as ten other children and other relatives.

RUITER.—Morrell McKenzie Ruitter was born in Vermont, April 11, 1860. As a young man he stayed in the home of Elder and Mrs. James White while attending Battle Creek College. He was among the early pioneers in South Dakota and served as elder of Ash Grove church in that State. Later he moved to Wyoming, then Loma Linda. In the closing period of his life he resided in Long Beach. He died at the age of eighty-four on April 11, 1944.

MEYERS.—Raymond Meyers was born July 2, 1914, in Illinois; and passed away April 12, 1944, at Glendale, Calif., following a serious automobile accident. At the age of twenty-two he was baptized and united with the Seventh-day Adventist Church. On July 2, 1938, he was married to Dorothy Macey. He leaves to cherish his memory: his wife, Dorothy J. R. Meyers; his two-year-old son, Curtis; his mother, Sylvia Meyers; one brother; and two sisters.

## Notices

### REQUESTS FOR PRAYER

A sister in Illinois desires prayer for her son, who has a serious sinus difficulty, and for herself, as she must soon undergo a very serious operation.

"Will you remember to pray for my daughter who has heart trouble, high blood pressure, and a tumor?" is the plea of a sister in Kentucky.

A brother in Ohio requests the prayers of the readers of the REVIEW. He has only one eye with which to see, and that is failing now.

## OF SPECIAL INTEREST

### Correction in Editorial

ATTENTION is called to an editorial, in our April 13 issue, entitled "Christ in Type and Antitype," in which we speak of the transfer of sin by the blood into the sanctuary and the eating of the flesh of the offering by the priest. The editor regrets this error. Correcting this, we may say that the flesh was not eaten by the priest in the first apartment of the sanctuary. It was eaten in "a holy place," but this "holy place" was the court of the sanctuary, as plainly stated in Leviticus 6:26.

When the whole congregation sinned, the blood was carried into the sanctuary and sprinkled before the veil. When a ruler or one of the congregation sinned, the blood was not carried into the sanctuary, but was placed upon the horns of the altar of burnt offering and poured out at the foot of the altar. The flesh of the offering was eaten by the priest in "a holy place" of the court. Hence the sin was transferred to the sanctuary by the blood and to the priest by his eating of the flesh. (Lev. 6:16-18.)

For a full and very clear explanation of this question we refer our readers to the book *The Sanctuary Service*, by M. L. Andreasen. F. M. W.

### Missionary Departures

A GROUP of missionary appointees, who had been waiting for transportation for some time, left Philadelphia April 22, en route to their fields of labor. They were:

Miss Ruth E. Carnahan, nurse, of the New England Sanitarium and Hospital, to Africa to connect with the Songa Mission, in the Belgian Congo.

Miss Myrtle I. Reimer, nurse, of the Portland Sanitarium, to connect with the Kanye Hospital, in Bechuanaland, South Africa.

Elder and Mrs. Alger F. Johns, of Utah; Elder and Mrs. Stanley Johnson, of Montana; and Elder and Mrs. Neal Wilson, of Nebraska, to Egypt and other countries in the Middle East, for evangelistic work.

E. D. DICK.

### Church Papers

WALTER L. LINGLE says in *The Christian Observer*: "The church officer who takes and reads a church paper is making himself a more intelligent, and thereby a more efficient, officer. My observation is that people who are most enthusiastic about for-

eign missions, home missions, or any other church enterprise, are people who have been reading the church papers for a number of years and have thus informed themselves."

### Zambezi Union Mission Field

ELDER G. R. NASH always cheers our hearts as he writes from time to time of the progress being made in his union. Here is just a bit of encouraging news which he sends us under date of December 28, 1943:

"We are now planning for the Golden Jubilee at Solusi, which is to be celebrated July 26. We are planning to take an architect out to Solusi and let him look the old girls' compound over with the idea of drawing up new dormitory plans, and also plans for the kitchen, dining room, laundry, etc., units at the back. We are using an architect here in Bulawayo quite frequently, and find that we are getting a much better looking building at very little more cost. We are making big plans for the jubilee and will have Solusi looking its very best for the occasion. The prime minister and several other high government officials will be present, as well as many of our division folk, plus all the pioneer workers.

"I am glad to tell you that during 1943 through active evangelism we brought in just over two thousand converts here in the Zambezi Union Mission. This does not include those who came in as a result of camp meetings, schoolwork, etc. We baptized 1,100 people here in Southern Rhodesia, plus another seven hundred in other parts of the union. This is very encouraging and causes us to push forward with renewed strength to finish our task in this field."

Brother Nash is one of our very enthusiastic, yet careful, leaders in Africa. We thank God for the achievements in his territory during 1943. Let us unitedly pray that 1944 will witness still greater progress, with a still larger harvest of souls.

J. F. WRIGHT.

### Missionaries at Aroma Once More

ACCOMPANIED by A. J. Campbell, I visited the Aroma Mission, South Pacific, on New Year's Eve.

On the long beach, just before we reached the mission, could be seen numerous natives gathered here and

there, some swimming, others playing on the sand. The joyful prattle of children was heard everywhere. It all reminded us that it was holiday time and the spirit of merrymaking had invaded even this place, so far removed from the large cities of the south.

As we walked along the beach and were noticed and recognized, the exclamation came from all directions, "Mission *Taubada!*" The natives joined our party, chatting freely as we walked. Our company grew until I suppose we had several hundred children and older folks all around us, dancing, singing, skipping, playing, and laughing. We felt very welcome among these children of nature. One little fellow, dressed in nature's garb, with eyes just dancing over a broad smile, ran up and asked, "*Taubada, oi mai noho hari?*" (Master, have you come to stay?) All was quiet as they listened for the answer. The reply was "yes," and called forth a loud shout from all, "Namo, namo!" as they ran before us clapping their hands.

A little farther along was a company of our teachers, with their wives and children. The smiles on their faces told their own story. After the usual handshakes, Haru, the leading teacher, tried to still the children so that we could talk together; but it was almost impossible. My mind went back to the day long ago when the children sang praises to the dear Master as He traveled along the sandy road toward old Jerusalem.

On reaching the mission, we found everything clean and neat. There were only two married couples there, keeping vigil over the property and the goods of their former missionaries. They seemed happy when I told them I was leaving Elder Campbell with them to be their missionary for a time. Of course they soon asked after Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Judd and Sister Wiles, but appeared satisfied when I told them it would not be long before these missionaries would be with them again.

The thing that most attracted my attention as we entered the compound was a notice on the side of an enclosure under the house, where Sister Wiles keeps all her possessions. It read thus: "Keep out from here otherwise you getting trouble." This notice was placed there by the native who was looking after the mission. It shows his zeal in caring for the property of those who had to leave their posts of duty for a time.

In this thickly populated district there are multiplied opportunities and possibilities for our forces, as they regroup and address themselves to the finishing of the task committed to them. May God hasten the day when they will all be back at their stations.

C. E. MITCHELL.