

THE ADVENT SABBATH **REVIEW AND HERALD**

GENERAL CHURCH PAPER OF THE SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS



ACROSS THE SOUND*

By Viola Scott

Across the sound the harbor lights
Are flashing free
Their welcome signals, through the night,
To ships at sea,
Safely to guide past rocks that hide,
Till morning comes.

Across the sound the evening star
Is shining clear;
Its silver splendor gleams afar.
What need I fear?
Hope's cheering ray, shine all the way
Till morning comes.

Across the sound the morning sun
Is rising fast;
The newborn day is well begun,
The night is past.
Love lights the way to heaven's own day
When morning comes.

* Puget Sound, Seattle, Wash.

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TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS

As the chronicler of the history of the church the REVIEW is always interested in prompt reports with pictures of important happenings—church dedications, camp meetings, evangelistic meetings, and other newsworthy events. An out-of-date report is not news, and is not acceptable. Also, the REVIEW is interested in articles. Copies of manuscripts sent to other journals cannot be used. Lay members should identify themselves by giving the name of the church they attend and the name of their pastor or local elder.

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ON THE Religious Front

[These news items are taken from Religious News Service, Ecumenical News Service, and other sources. We do not necessarily concur in statements made in these items. We publish them simply to give our readers a picture of current religious developments.]

Motorists' Prayer

✓ The Synod of the Anglican Diocese of Sydney, Australia, has announced it will distribute copies of the following "motorists' prayer" in an effort to reduce the number of road accidents in Australia.

"Grant me a ready hand, a watchful eye,
That none may suffer hurt as I pass by.
Thou givest life—I pray no act of mine
May take away or mar that gift of Thine.
Shield those, dear Lord, who bear me company,
From fools, and fire, and calamity,
Teach me to use my car for others' need.
Nor miss through lack of wit or love of speed
The beauties of Thy world—that thus I may
With joy and courtesy go on my way."

Few Philadelphia Teen-agers Attend Church

✓ Only 25 per cent of the teen-agers in the West Oak Lane-Mount Airy neighborhoods of Philadelphia go to church, according to a survey of 804 youths in the area. Most of the youngsters spend their weekends watching television, the survey disclosed. It indicated that interest in religion begins to wane after the thirteenth year. Of the 12-year-olds questioned, 40 per cent said they took part in religious activities on the weekend. This dropped to 24.8 per cent of the 13-year-olds, to 17 per cent of the 14-year-olds, and to 11 per cent of the 16-year-olds.

Ceylon Nationalizes Church Schools

✓ A bill nationalizing Protestant, Roman Catholic, and other private schools in the predominantly Buddhist country of Ceylon was passed by the House of Representatives and sent to the Senate, where it was passed by a vote of 19 to 6 in the early part of November.

Contributions to Church Reach Record in 1959

✓ Members of 49 Protestant and Eastern Orthodox denominations in the United States contributed a record \$2,407,464,641 for all church purposes in 1959, it was reported in New York. This was a gain of \$55,305,351 over the total reported for 1958. Dr. Thomas K. Thompson, director of the National Council of Churches' Department of Stewardship and Benevolence, said in an annual report that the average gain in contributions was 4.6 per cent above 1958 for 35 of the 49 bodies reporting comparable figures for both years. Total giving to the 35 groups in 1959 was \$1,715,505,635, or \$69.13 per member, said Dr. Thompson.

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• EDITORIALS •

The President-elect

For the first time in history the United States has elected a Catholic President. Obviously a decided change has taken place in the nation's political climate in recent years. Millions of Americans have decided that the persecutions that drove their ancestors to the shores of the New World were simply part of the general pattern of the Dark Ages and cannot be repeated in the present age of enlightenment. They have also decided that the Roman Church of Spain and Colombia is not the Roman Church of the United States. And, most important, they have decided that John Fitzgerald Kennedy will be his own man regardless of pressures from ecclesiastical or other sources.

There is much that we might say concerning the election, for this event, as well as all others, certainly has significance when viewed in the light of Bible prophecy. We think, however, that three suggestions have maximum relevance to Adventists in the United States just now. First, it is altogether fitting that they should offer earnest prayers for the President-elect. This is in harmony with Paul's counsel: "I exhort therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men; for kings, and for all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty" (1 Tim. 2:1, 2).

Second, let every member give the new President loyal support. It is not necessary to approve of all his acts, but it is important to guard against imputing sinister motives to the President every time he takes a step that looks dangerous, as viewed from the Adventist-prophetic frame of reference. To develop an attitude of constant suspicion is inimical to one's spiritual health, and is, at the same time, grossly unfair to the nation's Chief Executive.

Third, let every member place absolute trust in God, as never before. God is still on His throne. He rules in the affairs of men. "Above the distractions of the earth He sits enthroned; all things are open to His divine survey; and from His great and calm eternity He orders that which His providence sees best."—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 417.

"The world is not without a ruler. The program of coming events is in the hands of the Lord. The Majesty of heaven has the destiny of nations, as well as the concerns of his church, in his own charge."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 753.

K. H. W.

The Mystery of Life

At no point in all nature is the Creator's infinite wisdom and ingenuity so mysterious and awesome as in the single, minute, fertile cell out of which emerge all living things, from microscopic organisms up to man. Out of that solitary cell are fashioned, as if by a master sculptor, the great variety of differentiated tissues that compose the body—the brain, nerves, glands, skin, muscles, bones, and the many intricate organs that sustain life. Every tissue and every organ develops in its own proper place,

and in a harmonious relationship to other organs that enables the body to function as a unit. In a full-grown man that original cell has multiplied into some 300 trillion cells.

Thus far white-coated men peering into their electronic microscopes have not been able to discover in that amazing original cell of life or during its earliest stages of subdivision and multiplication any indication of the astonishing process of differentiation that begins only a little later. First to form is a hollow globe of cells called the blastula. At this stage there is no differentiation or organization. There is neither head nor tail, nor are there any organs, nor is there any hint of where these will develop. But ere long, cells at different locations on the blastula seem, spontaneously, to assume the characteristic features of the many diverse cells that make up the various tissues and organs of the body. Furthermore, indelibly imprinted on the genes and chromosomes of each new cell, as new cells form, are the many personal hereditary characteristics that will identify the new individual as the offspring of its own parents. In some mysterious way known only to the Creator, all of this is in that single original life cell.

An Amazing Experiment

A recent experiment by Drs. Paul Weiss and A. C. Taylor of the Rockefeller Institute, as described in the *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*, demonstrates conclusively that each cell in the developing embryo seems to "know," in some uncanny way, what specific tissue or organ it is supposed to form, and that it is able to proceed on its own, without external direction, to produce that tissue or organ. For instance, the cells of each organ of a half-developed chick embryo were separated by mechanical and chemical means, thoroughly scrambled into a random mass, strained through a nylon filter, and placed on the enveloping membrane of another immature chick embryo and left to develop. Nine days later the disorganized cells of the kidney graft had reorganized themselves into a perfectly-operating miniature kidney that seemed to be trying to purify the blood of a nonexistent chick. Similarly, the liver cells had formed themselves into a tiny liver one fifth of an inch long that produced functional bile and secreted it through a network of canals. The skin cells arranged themselves into a sheet and produced sprouting feathers about one tenth of an inch long.

Drs. Weiss and Taylor concluded that "the cells of the various tested organs, at the time of their isolation, must have already contained some specific 'information,' distinctive of the kind of organ of which they had formed a part, and must have been capable of translating that 'information' into a repeat performance." Scientists agree that the original cell contains a complete blueprint of genetic instructions that control the entire future development of the embryo, but they have no idea about how these instructions are imparted to the other cells as the embryo develops. The recent experiments by Drs. Weiss and Taylor now prove, however, that each cell has in its nucleus its own set of instructions, and knows precisely what it is to do and how it is to cooperate with its neighbor cells.

As the psalmist reflected upon the wonders of the

human body 3,000 years ago he exclaimed: "For thou hast possessed my reins: thou hast covered me in my mother's womb. I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well. My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth. Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them" (Ps. 139:13-16). If the scant knowledge of the wonders of the human body the psalmist possessed in the long ago could inspire so impassioned an ascription of praise to the Creator, how the increasing knowledge of the marvelous organization and functioning of our bodies should impress us today with His infinite wisdom and ingenuity, His love and care. How anyone can examine the great mysteries of life and yet deny the existence of the great Life-giver Himself is itself a mystery beyond comprehension.

The apostle Paul points to the human body as "the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God" (1 Cor. 6:19), and sets forth this sublime fact as sufficient reason why we should glorify God in body and in spirit, which, he says, belong to God. "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do," he concludes, "do all to the glory of God" (1 Cor. 10:31). By His grace, let us, anew, yield our members to Him, as servants of righteousness and holiness (Rom. 6:19).

R. F. C.

The Nations Are Angry—Part 3

The Most Critical Era in Earth's History

Our readers may recall that early this year we commented at some length on an extended discussion in the authoritative *U. S. News & World Report* under the title "The Coming Choice for U.S.: Fight or Surrender?" We noted that the evidence, according to the best military and State Department spokesmen, seemed to require the conclusion that before too long the United States would either have to fight or surrender.

The sequel to that important discussion that appeared in *U. S. News* on December 21, 1959, is an article appearing in the issue of July 25, 1960, entitled "Is War Now Nearer?" The discussion begins thus: "War once again appears to be edging near. This time, war dangers have grown while American minds are centered on thoughts of politics." Then follows a terse summary of the evidence in support of this statement that is to be found in the main trouble spots of the world.

A further distinguishing mark of the epochal 15-year period since World War II, is this: We not only have new and far more deadly agents of destruction—the nuclear bomb, and chemical, biological, and radiation agents of death—we also have new and far more deadly ways to use them. We can send these agents of death a far greater distance than men ever dreamed of before. We read much today of intercontinental ballistic missiles, usually referred to by the harmless-looking initials, ICBM. These missiles can cover thousands of miles, and in a very few minutes, which is another way of saying that surprise attacks can prove appalling. Nothing has done more to put the nations in a state of nervous tension than the development of the ICBM. One of the results of this is that the United States now keeps a certain per cent of its Strategic Air Command bombers constantly in the air, and thus ready at a moment's notice to strike out against an attacking enemy.

In both world wars submarine attacks were a major factor. A submarine could secretly strike its victim and move away. But the victim, at worst, would be a large battleship or passenger ship carrying a few thousand people. Now comes the dread atomic submarine carrying Polaris nuclear missiles. From underneath the water the missiles can be fired a great distance and with great accuracy. The United States is working with haste to put in operation a whole fleet of such submarines. Incredible as it may sound, the first atomic-powered submarine, with 16 Polaris missiles, can rain more destruction on the world than was done by all the bombing raids in World War II. Or to state it another way: This submarine has more destructive power than has been expended by all the navies of the world up to the present time.

Combine with this picture of ever more deadly weapons of destruction the fact, already set forth, that world conditions are such as to make very real and terrible the danger that these most deadly new weapons may soon be used. Indeed, it is the combination of an unstable world, socially, politically, internationally, mixed with high explosives, that makes the present the most critical era in all of earth's history.

This Unstable World

Along with these unstable conditions there is the problem of nationalism today. The front pages of all our newspapers provide a sufficient comment on the disturbing quality of this relatively new factor in world unrest. The great continent of Africa, which not very long ago lay silent and shadowy under the control of a few great colonial powers, now seethes and bubbles, and the end is not yet. Interrelated is the problem of race and color.

Look now to the Far East. In former centuries, indeed until the opening of the twentieth century, Western nations were scarcely aware of China and Japan as factors in world affairs. This was particularly true of China. One of the most disturbing heritages of two world wars is the awakening of the continent of Asia. Here is a development of vast portent, unmatched in the past history of the civilized world. Only a few decades ago it was considered a mark of sensationalism to write of China as a possible threat to world peace. Such writing was described as yellow journalism. That day suddenly has passed. True, it is sensational to write of China as a war power affecting the destiny of the world, but it is sensational in the context of reality and a fierce array of hard facts.

Look now to the Near East. This little area of the world has always been viewed with misgivings. But if the past provided a basis for fears for the peace of the world, how much more is there a basis for fears today.

Explosive Points

Again, look at certain explosive points in our world. There is Berlin, for example. No long-range, stable solution of this problem has been devised by anyone. It symbolizes the frictions and the tensions between East and West.

Then there is Taiwan, formerly known as Formosa, which might well be described as an armed camp, only a short distance from the mainland of Red China. Nearby, cruising restlessly, is a great United States fleet.

Or go to Korea, to the line that divides between North and South Korea, at a place called Panmunjom. Here armed guards of North Korea stand facing similar guards of the United Nations, in what might be described as perhaps the hottest spot in the whole cold war. The United Nations military leader at Panmunjom charges that the North Koreans are fortifying their area contrary to the armistice agreement. The North Koreans

make countercharges. If ever the angels have a task holding the four winds, it surely must be at Panmunjom.

Talk with the ambassadors and consuls in different parts of the world. Let them give their appraisal of world conditions. We recall vividly the conversations we had last year with some of these men round the world. Quiet, efficient, well-informed, they seemed ready to speak quite freely, provided they were not being quoted directly. We found none of them hopeful of the future, even though, of course, they declared they would work valiantly for peace, and trusted that the cold war would not become a hot one. Some of them really talked as Adventist preachers talk when they are discussing the future of the world, except, of course, that they did not include the Second Advent in the picture.

F. D. N.

(To be continued)

Unity in Spite of Diversity (Concluded)

"Perfect in One"

Last week we commented on two factors that help produce unity among the Adventist people: (1) complete loyalty to Jesus Christ, and (2) a common devotion to belief in His soon coming. A third factor is the attitude of mind we might call "a hunger for truth." True followers of Christ are never satisfied with what they know about God or His Word. They ever long for greater revelations of glory. This attitude contrasts sharply with that of multitudes today who are willing to live on a low plane of spiritual attainment and who are content with the crumbs of spiritual knowledge that drop from the tables of those who are feasting on the bread of life.

A thoroughgoing belief in the cardinal doctrines of the Bible also contributes heavily to the remarkable unity of the Advent people. Of the doctrines that unify us the Sabbath is undoubtedly the most distinctive. Other important truths are: the absolute divinity and sinlessness of Christ, the investigative judgment, the millennium, and the mortality of man. We repeat, the cardinal doctrines of the church *unite* the believers. Let us always keep this in mind, for there are people who rise up from time to time endeavoring to make major doctrines out of lesser points of faith, and as they press their efforts they divide and scatter the church rather than unite it. It is always unfortunate when men lose their perspective, and emphasize minor points as if they were major, when they arbitrarily set up their own standard of orthodoxy, and condemn all who do not measure up to it.

Loyalty to Leadership

We shall mention but one more factor on which church unity rests—loyalty to duly appointed leadership in the church. Though leaders sometimes make decisions that cannot be understood easily by those who are on the periphery of a problem and hence have only partial information, the Adventist people have an abiding confidence in the leadership of the movement. This loyalty prompts them to uphold the hands of the leaders who are earnestly seeking to make wise decisions in harmony with the counsel of the Bible and the Spirit of Prophecy writings.

Let us remember that it is not easy to be right 100 per cent of the time in this complex age. Even in our private lives, who among us has not at various times made wrong decisions, even after earnest study and extended prayer? Does this mean that God is not leading us either individually or as a church? No. It simply means that God

does us the high honor of letting us find our own way through most of our problems. He always stands ready to provide added supplies of grace and wisdom, but He does not take the reins out of our hands except on rare occasions. The early Advent believers suffered bitter disappointment when Jesus did not come in 1844. God did not prevent this, even though He could have shown William Miller and others the mistake they were making in their study. He waited for them to pass through an experience that tested their faith before He provided greater light on the prophecies.

In ancient times God led His people by Urim and Thummim. Today He leads His church through earnest, consecrated men who continually feel their utter dependence on Heaven for wisdom and understanding. Let us thank God for the confidence that we have in the leadership of this movement, for this confidence is one of the foundations on which church unity rests. Certainly any member's desire for unity is suspect if his strength is expended in attacking the church and its leaders rather than in pressing the drive against Satan and the forces of darkness.

True Religion Unites

Through God's special messenger to the church we have been told: "The unity of the church is the convincing evidence that God has sent Jesus into the world as its Redeemer. This is an argument which worldlings cannot controvert. Therefore Satan is constantly working to prevent this union and harmony, that unbelievers, by witnessing backsliding, dissension, and strife among professed Christians, may become disgusted with religion, and be confirmed in their impenitence. God is dishonored by those who profess the truth while they are at variance and enmity with one another. Satan is the great accuser of the brethren, and all who engage in this work are enlisted in his service."—*Testimonies*, vol. 5, p. 620.

In another place we read, "He who says or does anything that tends to separate the members of Christ's church is counterworking the Lord's purpose. Wrangling and dissension in the church, the encouragement of suspicion and unbelief, are dishonoring to Christ. God desires His servants to cultivate Christian affection for one another. True religion unites hearts not only with Christ, but with one another in a most tender union. When we know what it means to be thus united with Christ and with our brethren, a fragrant influence will attend our work wherever we go."—*Ibid.*, vol. 9, p. 145.

"It is not a great number of institutions, large buildings, and outward display that God requires, but the harmonious action of a peculiar people, a people chosen by God and precious, united with one another, their life hid with Christ in God. Every man is to stand in his lot and place, exerting a right influence in thought, word, and deed."—*Ibid.*, vol. 8, p. 183.

One of Christ's last acts before His betrayal was to pray that His church might enjoy unity. He prayed "that they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one: I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one" (John 17:21-23). As we observe the marvelous unity that exists among the Adventist people all over the world we believe that Christ's prayer on their behalf has been answered. Though the people of God are of different colors, of different backgrounds, of different abilities, and of different judgments on various issues, there is a unity among them that the world cannot gainsay. This unity must grow stronger as the great day of God approaches.

K. H. W.

"Stand Upon the Mount"

By W. R. BEACH
Secretary, General Conference



[The substance of a devotional study given at the Autumn Council.—EDITORS.]

"Go forth, and stand upon the mount before the Lord" (1 Kings 19: 11).

THIS command leads to the climax of Elijah's encounter with God on Mount Horeb. Forty or so days before, the prophet of the Lord was found sleeping under a juniper tree. He was hoping that the next day would find him dead—so discouraged was he. Elijah was confused mentally and spiritually; he was unable to understand God's purpose for him and for Israel. He was looking for God in tempests, fire, noise, agitation, and such things.

But Elijah obeyed the Lord and went and stood upon the Mount of Horeb in the presence of the Lord. Then he could hear the still small voice, knowing that it was God's voice. He understood the pattern for his life, and accepted the work that was his. The full pattern came into focus and soon he was on his way to the wilderness of Damascus, ready to accomplish God's work courageously.

What made the difference? To say it simply, Elijah was obedient. And once he stood upon the mountain he experienced two vital advantages that should, and must, be ours.

In the first place he gained vision. Vision makes a great difference in one's achievements for God. "You must scale the mountains if you would view the plain," wrote a Chinese philosopher. We can add that the higher we climb, the farther we can see.

Vision is essential. Herbert Hoover took his oath of office with his hand on the family Bible opened to this text: "Where there is no vision, the people perish" (Prov. 29:18).

Vision segregates the men who *do*, from those who *do not*. Vision enables men to see possibilities where without vision stark impossibilities

glare. Vision opens doors, brings light out of darkness. Vision eliminates ignorance and prejudice, and substitutes knowledge and action. Without vision nothing is accomplished; with vision miracles are performed. Vision gives men of God understanding and the faith that dissipates difficulties, removes mountains, and casts them into the sea. How essential then to gain vision! How important to understand it!

This is what the apostle calls the "heavenly vision" (Acts 26:19). For him vision was a symmetrical view of the message, the work, and the victory. The message was justification, sanctification, and glorification—God's good news. The work was an ambassadorship to all men. The victory was the final restoration of all things at the conclusion of a triumphant mission to all men.

Such are the elements of the heavenly vision. Standing on the mountaintop we see these elements in proper scope and perspective. Exercising our hearts and our minds upon them will expand our thinking, sharpen our insights, bring our understanding into focus.

Men of such vision are needed in God's cause today. The world has moved into the narrows of stress and perplexity. On many fronts the church faces a fierce battle. At such

a time as this there must not be confusion, dismay, or hesitancy. The times require men who see and understand and act.

At the crisis hour the heritage of the servants of the Lord is to become a shining reality. This heritage, proclaimed Isaiah, is the promise of God that "no weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn" (Isa. 54:15-17).

The time has come, brethren, to scale the mountain, and understand the hour's need. We cannot allow our sight to be blurred or obstructed by difficulties. The messenger of the Lord counsels that we are to see in every difficulty a call to prayer, and to advance. On the mountaintop God's men will be able to discern right from wrong and good from evil, and will advance with an eye of faith that sees the invisible.

A part of this "invisible" is the vision of a finished task. And brethren, God will finish His work. He will do it, and we are to be the instruments of His might. God initiated the salvation of men; in the flesh He pursued it; through us He will finish it. What a glorious triumph!

Elijah experienced a second vital advantage as a result of obedience. He not only stood upon the mountaintop but he stood "before the Lord." The presence of God and the awareness of it are indispensable conditions to success. No earthly power, no skill, no learning, no tactical subtlety or acumen in maneuver can take the place of God's abiding presence and a sensitivity to it. Therefore, said the psalmist, "I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved" (Ps. 16:8). The same thought was voiced by Paul when he reported, "The Lord stood with me, and strengthened me" (2 Tim. 4:17).

The First Snowfall

By Alva R. Appel

As I woke up this morning
And looked upon the land,
I saw a wondrous beauty
Not wrought by human hand.

It came so very quietly—
Happened in the night.
There now it was in splendor,
A coat of gleaming white.

Now, he who places God at his right hand and walks in His presence will become a partner to a living experience. And this is precisely what God makes available to each of us.

God does not engage in a philosophical dialog with His servants. Theological discussion and information are not His ultimate concern. God wants men in whom He can live and move and have His being; men whom He can lead into action. God wants men who will identify their lives and their purposes with God's life and God's purposes; men to whom He can speak and who can speak for Him.

Past Experience Not Sufficient

Past experience is not sufficient. To be sure, the past has its place in the Christian way. The past testifies to God's leading. His providence emerges from the past a thing of beauty. This past, therefore, gives confidence, substantiates trust, and undergirds the life. "We have nothing to fear for the future," is the inspired comment, "except as we shall forget the way the Lord has led us."—*Life Sketches*, p. 196.

But it is not sufficient to dwell on the past and to recite its providences. In fact, a disproportionate, unwholesome preoccupation with the past can lead to immobilism and sterility. When we become too involved in the past, the result is despair, or sterile legalism, or both. This can become a veritable worship of forms, formulas, symbols, and achievements—a type of prostration before graven images. The recital of texts and inspired words dissociated from a life experience can become a part of this same false worship.

God wants men who know Him personally, not secondhand, not by proxy, not in terms of mere texts, formulas, and symbols. God does not seek historians but apostles, prophets, evangelists, and doctors. He wants men who have learned to think His thoughts, to commune with Him; men who know what He plans, where He is going, and who are ready to move with Him—and who do move with Him. These are men who stand in His presence.

Likewise, we must think of the future. One of the Christian's most comforting thoughts is that the sun will always rise on a new day. Tomorrow is a glorious white page. And the future is bright for the Advent Movement. This future is not built upon blatant optimism, but upon divine commitment. It is proper to think of the future, to plan for the future, and to dwell upon the grand future that the triumph of the Advent Movement will bring to us.

But the future, like the past, is not ours (see *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, pp. 149, 150). God asks His servants to participate in a living experience of the present; to know Him, to talk with Him, to represent Him, and to speak for Him. Such are true leaders in God's cause.

How then shall we accomplish this? How shall we have this living experience in the present? Let us look into the face of our God and learn of Him. The Master when on earth laid down this basic principle: "If any man will do his will, he shall know" (John 7:17). The psalmist, centuries before, declared: "The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple" (Ps. 119:130). Paul spoke thus of his personal experience: "We speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth; comparing spiritual things with spiritual" (1 Cor. 2:13). Such is the teaching of God's Word. The inspired messenger has given us much counsel along this line. In the first place she makes it clear that God's provision makes wisdom available.

"The followers of Christ who work with an eye single to the glory of God will have heavenly wisdom."—*Testimonies*, vol. 8, p. 141.

In a practical sense this wisdom manifests itself through the due processes of church organization. This organization is not, as a field leader once claimed, "A one-man democracy." Through regular officer, departmental, and committee channels, and at all levels of organization, programs are established, targets are set, the

way of wisdom is marked out. All of this can only be accomplished on the mountaintop in the presence of the Lord.

Such are the basic principles and high privileges of the mountaintop experiences in the presence of the Lord. Who could gainsay the need to enact, or to re-enact, this glorious program today? We are face to face with history's greatest challenge. There is the exploding world population; mankind's woefully misplaced loyalties; godless social, political, and economic concepts—these make the church's responsibility more awesome than ever. Pagan religions are on the march and are experiencing an unprecedented upsurge. Islam now claims to have in Africa alone more missionaries than Protestantism has in all the world. Buddhists are expanding and adapting their program, setting Buddhist doctrine to Christian hymnody. The nations are caught up in tensions and turmoil. Ominous rumblings sound up and down their frontiers.

This hour demands a mountaintop experience in the presence of the Lord. This hour demands vision and a living experience with our God. At such a time we must know our God and be able to speak for Him. The ability to pronounce "shibboleth" without betrayal is insufficient today. Steadfastness in the faith must not be confused with "stuckfastness" in the way. Strengthened and enlightened by our God, we will do His work victoriously. In a word, we will "go forth, and stand upon the mount before the Lord."

The Specter of Anxiety—I

The Soul's Gray Ghost

By J. W. Osborn

Pastor

Sligo (Takoma Park) Church

A YOUNG man sat beside me in my parked car. His face was etched with deep furrows of anxiety. He was a youth of pleasing personality and was well-liked by his friends, but he had become a lone wolf. He was capable of making good grades, but when he opened his books he was unable to study. His personality had become distorted. He couldn't think, he couldn't sleep, he couldn't carry on a normal conversation. Anxiety had cut such deep channels into his

mind that all other thoughts were now draining into them.

Recognizing that his condition was more serious than I could handle, I recommended him to a physician. His case was diagnosed as an anxiety neurosis. With medical and spiritual help he was able to recover and resume a normal place in society.

Anxiety is the soul's gray ghost. It has the qualities that are used in the description of a ghost. There is a vagueness about it, yet it appears real.

We sense its presence, yet we are unable to locate it. There is a feeling of helplessness in its presence, yet it is something that really shouldn't be feared. But it torments us and fills us with an unnamed dread.

Anxiety is as ubiquitous as the air we breathe. Everyone suffers from it to a greater or lesser degree. Like a virus it attacks any time, anywhere. It is like the alloy in the metal of Christian character that spoils the life of even the finest type of Christian.

It is so common that our Lord felt compelled to come to grips with it in His Sermon on the Mount. "Therefore I tell you, do not be anxious about your life, what you shall eat or what you shall drink, nor about your body, what you shall put on. . . . And which of you by being anxious can add one cubit to his span of life? And why are you anxious about clothing? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they neither toil nor spin. . . . But if God so clothes the grass of the field, which today is alive and tomorrow is thrown into the oven, will he not much more clothe you, O men of little faith? Therefore do not be anxious, saying, 'What shall we eat?' or 'What shall we drink?' or 'What shall we wear?' . . . But seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all of these things shall be yours as well. Therefore do not be anxious about tomorrow, for tomorrow will be anxious for itself. Let the day's own trouble be sufficient for the day" (Matt. 6:25-34, R.S.V.).

We burden ourselves with anticipated troubles, many of which never actually come to fruition. We waste the present by borrowing troubles from the future. One time Thomas Carlyle was complaining to a neighbor that his rooster kept him awake all night, and his neighbor said, "Why, Mr. Carlyle, he only crows three or four times during the night. Surely that couldn't disturb you." Mr. Carlyle replied, "That may be, but if you only knew how I suffer waiting for him to crow."

What Is Anxiety?

Exactly what is anxiety? What does it do to us? It is a painful uneasiness of mind. It is an extremely foreboding sense of dread. We cannot put a finger on it; we do not know its actual cause. It is always out of proportion to the danger it faces. It may be a threat to one's existence as a human being, in the form of some disease, real or imaginary. It may be a threat to the values that one identifies with his existence.

Its causes are legion. To many, uncertainties resulting from living in the world of sin create anxiety in the heart. The Son of God knew that con-

ditions, particularly in the last days, would become a source of worry to many people. His graphic description of last-day events includes this expression: "Men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth" (Luke 21:26).

One day I was discussing the problem of anxiety with my barber while he was giving me a haircut. I asked him what he felt were the causes of anxiety. He answered, "Bad health, bad finances, bad kids, bad wives, and no religion." I thought this was a pretty good analysis.

Jesus made another observation in Luke 21:34: "And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares." Here He points out that the speed of our assembly-line living would cause men to be weighted down with the cares of life. Competitive struggles and rivalries, continual seeking of a higher rung on life's ladder, and an endless climbing of progress have an evil affect upon our lives.

In *The Ministry of Healing*, page 481, we read: "There are many whose hearts are aching under a load of care because they seek to reach the world's standard. They have chosen its service, accepted its perplexities, adopted its customs. Thus their character is marred and their life made a wear-

ness. The continual worry is wearing out the life forces."

How graphic is this description of our condition. A century ago there were about 72 different items the average man wanted, but he could get along with 16 of them. In our present age there are 484 items the average man wants, and he feels he must have 94 of them.

Cannot Serve Two Masters

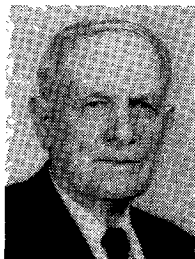
We often increase the load of anxiety we bear because of our own self-centeredness. People who are ego-centric are loaded with all kinds of anxiety. Then, too, any man who endeavors to serve two masters is bound to live an anxious and worried life. If our religious experience is not clear-cut for Jesus Christ and at the same time we are reaching out for what the world has to offer, we are bound to be anxious. No one can serve two masters. The results are disastrous to mind, soul, and body.

Many who are suffering from asthma, colitis, indigestion, loss of appetite, and numerous other ailments may be able to trace the cause to the anxiety that rends their souls. Problems of a cardiovascular nature, of a respiratory nature, of a gastrointestinal nature, often find their roots in a state of chronic anxiety.

All of us face anxiety in some form. But the question is, How can we handle it; what can we do to deal with it?



R. U. Garrett



R. U. Garrett, a native of Michigan, was born just across the St. Joseph River from the site of Emmanuel Missionary College. The influence of evangelistic meetings held by F. I. Richardson and C. P. Whitford led

to young Garrett's attendance at Battle Creek College, and there he became an Adventist in 1892. In 1902 he was married to Edith Becker. Their home was blessed with two children. His son, Dr. E. L. Garrett, is a surgeon in Niles, Michigan. The daughter, Mrs. Frank L. Marsh, is professor of home economics at Emmanuel Missionary College.

Since 1908 Elder Garrett has spent 45 years as an educator and minister. In

1913 he was ordained to the ministry by C. S. Longacre. He has served as principal of several academies. His life has been filled with the work he loves—teaching, evangelism, and pastoral duties in churches and sanitariums. At the age of 85 Elder Garrett enjoys good health as he lives in active retirement in Berrien Springs. With his wife of the past five years, Maggie Siems Garrett, he assists ministers in their overloads with prayer meetings, funerals, and pastoral visits. He greatly enjoys teaching in the Sabbath school.

As a young licensed minister in 1909, he listened to Ellen G. White's daily sermon at a camp meeting in Michigan. He parallels this experience with the description in Acts 4:13, for this modern-day messenger of the Lord also spoke as one who had "been with Jesus," and who brought her listeners into His presence. In 1915 Elder Garrett took his family to Sister White's funeral service in the Old Tabernacle in Battle Creek, and impressed his young children deeply with the solemnity of the occasion. Elder Garrett's love for the youth has been felt by his students of other days, and is felt today by his young neighbors and grandchildren.

ERNEST LLOYD

In our opening text Jesus makes several observations. First, He tells us that anxiety is contrary to all of nature. He points to the fowls of the air and the lilies and grass of the field as illustrations of nature's complete reliance upon the Creator. Not a trace of anxiety or solicitude clouds the face of nature.

I have a visitor who comes to my study each morning. He is a little gray squirrel. He sits on the ledge just outside the screen. If I pay no attention to him, he begins to climb up and down and scratch the screen. Raising the screen a little, I push a nut within his reach. He quickly grabs it and turns it around and around in his

little paws until he is satisfied with his approach to this delicacy. He sits there and nibbles on it until it is gone. When he is full, he takes the extra nuts and buries them in the lawn.

I am not an authority on the personality of squirrels, but this little fellow seems to be well balanced and well adjusted. I have never seen a look of anxiety on his face, nor is his tiny brow ever wrinkled with worry. He comes to the window with an expectancy to be fed and he is never disappointed. If I should fail to feed him I am sure he would never worry. He would merely go elsewhere in search of food.

(Concluded next week)

My Recollections of Ellen G. White

By Jessie Barber Osborne

[Jessie Osborne died in 1959. Her husband, Elder H. E. Osborne, one of the early mission-board secretaries of the General Conference, died many years ago. Sister Osborne continued in her teaching work, and through the years ably served in our schools in Healdsburg, San Fernando, and Angwin, California, and at South Lancaster, Massachusetts. These human-interest memories were told to Elder and Mrs. Ernest Lloyd a few months before Sister Osborne passed away in Angwin.—EDITORS.]

I HEARD Ellen G. White speak in the Healdsburg, California, church at various times during the years I taught there in the college, between the fall of 1900 and the spring of 1906. At least three times during the latter part of that period she chose 2 Peter 1:1-11 from which she spoke on God's "Wonderful Mathematics." This, you remember, is the admonition to *add* virtue, knowledge, and the other great qualities, with the assurance that God will *multiply* grace and peace. This repetition was not tiresome, since the development of the theme varied with the use of many supplementary texts.

One winter Sabbath day Sister White, as I remember it, insisted on having the windows of the Healdsburg church lowered at the top. Between the Sabbath school and the church service she said, "May we have some windows lowered, please?" As the brethren went about responding to this request, some sisters on one side of the church looked up, and seemingly disturbed, rolled up their coat collars. Then Sister White remarked, reassuringly, "You ladies have your wraps on," and after a pause, in a strong clear voice, she said, "You

know, brethren, you cannot have good religion in bad air."

On one occasion, as her sermon continued past the usual closing time, Sister White's son, Elder W. C. White, who had been dozing a little in his seat on the platform, suddenly started up, looked at his watch, then went to his mother's side, touched her on the shoulder, and showed her his watch. Without undue haste she majestically brought her sermon to an end. Sister White's pulpit manners were impressive, her voice was clear and resonant, her enunciation perfect, her choice of words fitting. One could not listen without being convinced that she was sincere, and that she regarded her message as important and beneficial.

Come a Little Closer

By Harry Silbaugh

Come a little closer to the Lord each day,
As you journey forward on the King's highway;

Come a little closer; let His light shine in;
He will cleanse your garments so defiled by sin.

Come a little closer, do not lose the way;
Come into His presence when you kneel to pray.

Come a little closer and you will find
Heaven's key to happiness for all mankind.

I well remember an occasion when Sister White spoke to a group of young women students and teachers on the lawn of the school home in Healdsburg. I shall never forget her admonition as to one's duty and privilege to repel discouragement. "Be sure," she said in effect, "that Satan will cast his hellish shadow across your mind. He is determined to ruin your usefulness through discouragement. Pierce through that shadow by faith. Know that beyond the cloud is God's sunshine of love and of care for you in your work for Him. Refuse to be discouraged."

I began teaching at Healdsburg College in October of 1900. Arriving late in September, before President M. E. Cady had returned, I was advised by the business manager, James Peoples, to find a boarding place across the street in the home of Elder and Mrs. N. C. McClure. I did so. This gave me the unusual opportunity to sit at the dinner table with Sister White when she and her son, Elder W. C. White, came over from Elmhaven, near the St. Helena Sanitarium, to spend the day with their old friends, the McClures. The White family had but recently returned from Australia. The following conversation impressed me about how very human Sister White was with her friends.

At the dinner table she was seated about midway at the side of the table, near the bathroom door. Sister McClure was very exacting about her table service, including her large linen serviettes, as napkins were called then. These had been polished with a flat-iron until they shone. On this day some fruit was served that soiled the fingers. Suddenly, without saying a word, Sister White stepped from the table to the bathroom, washed her hands, and reappeared with a look of pleasant satisfaction.

"Why, Sister White," remarked Sister McClure, "why did you not use your serviette?"

"Do you think I would soil that beautiful linen? Besides, the fruit might stain it," and that was that.

When dinner was over and the McClures with their guests were seated in the living room, on Sister McClure's invitation I slipped in to listen to the conversation. Elder White showed the friends a large autograph album, telling us it was a parting gift from the brethren in Australia. Sister White told us that their farewell gift to her was a fine warm coat and a lovely robe, which she said had made the long ocean voyage home more comfortable.

Then she spoke of their preparations to leave Australia. She said, as I recall, "I had a good marble-topped table in my home there that I had en-

joyed and wanted to bring with me. But Willie said, 'Mother, it is a heavy thing and will be very difficult to take with us.' So I gave it up. And now in our new home that Elder Burden helped me to obtain, there are two marble-topped tables!"

Later that afternoon, Sister Brown, the elderly and recently widowed mother of Sister McClure, tearfully appealed to Sister White. She said, as I remember the conversation of that day, "Sister White, tell me why the Lord took away my husband when we had been together so many years." The response from Sister White was prompt: "That is not what you should be asking, Sister Brown. You should be asking, 'Why did the Lord permit

me to have my husband so many years?'" This I have often used to comfort elderly widows recently bereaved.

I recall another little thing that Sister White mentioned that enjoyable afternoon. It was about her deceased husband, and showed how naturally active she was. "When James was not well and I was sitting beside him, if he mentioned something he wanted that was not at hand, I would jump up to get it for him. 'Wait a minute,' he would say, putting his hand on my arm, 'I might change my mind.' 'That is just the reason why I want to get it for you at once,' I replied."

Yes, it was a never-to-be-forgotten afternoon!

The "how to do it" trend is good if placed in the right perspective. We know that when we have a flat tire we must do more than put air back into it. We must find and patch the hole. When there are webs on the patio furniture we must brush them away; yet, this is at best only temporary if we don't kill the spider lurking there.

The average Christian is often weak, inactive, and self-seeking. He is ruined by a desire for ease and pleasure. He is constantly seeking to escape from trials that are inseparable from a life of faithfulness to God. Too frequently he sets his heart upon the good things of this life. Often his decisions are based upon personal happiness and gain. Often he is unwilling to make any decision that does not lead to happiness and profit. He doesn't seem to realize that he is not to seek happiness only; he ought rather to seek righteousness. He ought to seek God's plan. He ought to seek God's will.

A pastor and his parishioner were visiting concerning a decision to be made at one of the great crossroads of life. The pastor pleaded for a decision according to the Word of God. But the man held back. "I don't see how I can," he said. "If I do what the Bible says I can't possibly have any personal happiness; so I am not going to do it that way."

"My friend," the pastor answered, "though it's true, I agree, that it seems as though you can't have happiness unless you violate the Word of God, I hope you'll think this through carefully. How can you possibly find true happiness when it is founded on a base contrary to God's Word!"

Often the Christian, like the worldling, doesn't have the moral grace and fiber to stand up to trouble. If he doesn't like the home situation, the only thing he can think of is to walk out, to run away from it; not realizing that though he may run away from the situation he cannot run away from himself.

When a man doesn't like himself he tries to run away from himself. As a result we have the addictions, the neuroses that are so prevalent today.

By now you know that "the forgotten virtue" is self-denial. Take a moment to define this term. Self-denial means to rule the spirit when the passions are seeking for mastery. It means standing at the post of duty when others fall. Self-denial is counting it a privilege to bear reproach for Christ. It is being silent when we might praise ourselves. It is doing good for others when inclination would lead to serve oneself. In other words, holy self-denial is a controlling of sinful passions. It is living by the standards of Christ even at the cost of inconvenience. It

The Forgotten Virtue

By Jerry Lien

Instructor, La Sierra College

FOR many in this push-button age of easy living, self-denial has become repulsive and meaningless. A large number assume that it is our natural and spiritual birthright that we never be forced to do without, never be called upon to endure, never be subjected to the disciplines of life. Mankind today is mad for happiness.

Don't think that God does not want us to be happy. He does. But He knows that happiness is not a round of amusement; it is not wealth or intellect or ease or comfort; rather, happiness results from "true moral worth and a sense of duty performed" (*Testimonies*, vol. 4, p. 125).

"Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me" (Matt. 16:24). "Thou therefore, endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ" (2 Tim. 2:3). "Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution" (2 Tim. 3:12).

These are tremendous and basic texts of Scripture, texts that were of import and meaning to the apostles and the early church. But what are their meaning and import to the world today, to the church today, and to the individual Christian today?

As no other people in history, we need to contemplate the divine command in Jeremiah 45:5: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not." The world today lives for self, for pleasure, for ease. For mil-

lions of people the prevailing idea is How can I enjoy myself? Work is done half-heartedly. Entertainment is the real business of life.

Once there was a love of work, a love of job, a pride of workmanship. Now we rarely find these characteristics. As employment is discussed today the most important questions are, What are the wages? What about the security? What about vacations? What retirement plan is offered? What fringe benefits come with this job?

Even the church today is sometimes a pliant church, preaching a soft gospel. Modern, easy-going sermons "have turned our churches into warrens for spiritual rabbits, who want some magic formula to save their tender skins," said Dr. Paul Payne, general secretary of the board of Christian education of the Presbyterian Church.

The trend in religion today is a "how to do it" trend. It tells how to find happiness, peace, or relief from anxiety. It specializes in providing spiritual tranquilizers. Its message is one of relief and not of challenge. It is a confirmation in easy living rather than a call to heroic living.



is sacrificing for the good of others. It is yielding the whole life to Christ.

Self-denial is living in reference to the future, whereas self-indulgence is living completely in the present, with a disregard of the future. Jesus said to His disciples, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me" (Matt. 16:24).

We should emphasize that there is no merit in self-denial for its own sake. There is no virtue in going around with a long face. The Lord's messenger tells us that God is not pleased when His people make a time of trouble for themselves. Why, then, does Jesus give this call? Is it for penance? Is it to earn virtue or righteousness? No! Self-denial is necessary because of the very being of God and man. The will of God is the creature's supreme law. Our natural inclinations cross the will of God. Originally this was not so. But in an evil hour when Eden was blighted this became a fact. Therefore, because of

this crossing of individual wills we must deny ourselves or we are walking the path of death.

Furthermore, self-denial is necessary because the very condition of our existence demands it. We are living in enemy country in a time of war. We cannot expect the ease of peace and home. Self-denial develops courage to stand in the face of adversity. And how much we need moral courage in this critical age! There are unpopular truths to be proclaimed. There is a consecrated way of life to be maintained—a way that is contrary to the tide of society. There are strongholds of sin and superstition to be assailed. There is an unwilling world to be warned of a soon-coming Christ.

We are all endangered by ease and self-indulgence. The south wind of worldly comfort has enfeebled us. We need endurance and self-denial to develop our courage and fit us for service. To self-denial may be applied the old Scandinavian proverb, "It is

the north wind that made the Vikings."

"Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards," said Canon Wescott. "They simply unveil them to the eyes of men. Imperceptibly, as we wake and sleep, we grow strong or weak, and at last some crisis shows us what we have become." Self-denial, moral discipline, day by day lays the building blocks of moral victory—supplies reserves in time of crisis.

We moderns are obsessed by a desire for fruits. We are ruled by the tyranny of the present. We live for the moment. We have adopted the philosophy, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die." But fruits depend upon roots. This is true whether in Christianity, in life, or in horticulture. Six basic roots of the tree of self-denial are these: 1. *Moral discipline*. "Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me" (Matt. 16:24).

2. *Spiritual vision*. "By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king: for he endured, as seeing him who is invisible" (Heb. 11:27). "He looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God" (Heb. 11:10).

3. *Disinterested personal service*. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world" (James 1:27).

4. *Christian maturity*. "Brethren, do not be children in your thinking; be babies in evil, but in thinking be mature" (1 Cor. 14:20, R.S.V.).

5. *Faith*. "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day" (2 Tim. 1:12).

6. *Conversion*. "But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name" (John 1:12).

"Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." Let us follow the Saviour in His simplicity and self-denial. Let us lift up the Man of Calvary by word and holy living. If there was ever a time when we needed the working of the Spirit of God upon our hearts, it is now. Let us lay hold of divine power for strength to live a life of holiness and self-surrender. Let us not ask, What is easy? What is convenient? What is personally beneficial? What offers me the most happiness? Rather, let us ask, What is right? What is holy? What is godly? Then, let us pray for grace and strength to follow in the Master's steps.

Watching for the King

By Delphia Cline Freeman



'Neath the blanket of night lay the city,
Asleep at the close of the day,
All was still save the bray of a donkey,
Cry of child, bark of dog 'cross the way.

The loud babel of voices of daytime,
That filled busy Bethlehem streets,
Had become, first a murmur, then whisper,

Then silence that weariness greets.
Many visitors to this fair city
Had journeyed from towns all around,
In obedience to Caesar's summons,
And lodging within it had found.
Inn and homes were capacity crowded—
Even tents were set up by the wall—
And a stable became the crude shelter
Of the worthiest One of them all.
And, no doubt, some had talked that same evening

Of Micah's strange prophecy old,
But not one ever dreamed its fulfillment
Would happen that night as foretold.
So this greatest of moments in history
Found Bethlehem folk fast asleep—

Sound asleep when all heaven bowed
earthward

To herald the King—yes, asleep!
Thus the first little cry of the Christ child
Could never be heard there at all,
Nor the radiant star o'er the stable
Be seen glowing down on the stall.
Yes, they failed to behold heaven's glory
Descending to where the Child lay,
Or to hear angels' song of great tidings,
As sky became brighter than day.
Only shepherds out on the mountains,
While watching their sheep in the night,
Saw God's angel and heard the announcement,

Were blinded by heavenly light.
How few were awake when the Saviour
Came down among earth men to dwell!
Angels, bringing the news to the city,
Found only the shepherds to tell.

If tonight angels came with the tidings,
"He's coming again, His to take,"
Would they find us asleep like the city,
Or watching, like shepherds, awake?



OUR HOMES

HOW TO KEEP THEM
HAPPY
AND HEAVENLY

CONDUCTED BY PROMISE JOY SHERMAN

Saving Unwanted Boys and Girls

By Wm. H. Bergherm

IT APPEARS to this examiner that the early damage done to this boy because of his poor father-and-mother relationship is so severe as to prevent his ever seeing himself in a normal relationship. When the boy takes things not his own he feels he has a right to them because he wants them. He knows he is not wanted by anyone, and acts out his rejection in society by taking what he wants rather than waiting to be given what he needs."

This report was given by a school psychiatrist about an unfortunate 11-year-old boy who had just been admitted to a rehabilitation center operated by the California Youth Authority. That was five years ago. We shall call the boy Eddie.

Unwanted, neglected, and forgotten, the neighbors came to speak of Eddie as "that homeless child." His long hair grew down his back. It was seldom cut, and never combed. His body was left unbathed. All that Eddie possessed when he was picked up by police were the clothes on his back. He never knew his father and seldom saw his mother. But he did know how to steal.

"Don't you ever cry at night when you are alone?" he once was asked. His laconic reply was: "I gave that up a long time ago. Nobody wants me anyhow." This was Eddie at 11—a rejected, highly disturbed boy.

But a year at the rehabilitation school of the Youth Authority wrought great changes in the lad. At its close, it was decided not to return Eddie to his mother, but to place him in a foster home. Fortunately for him, it proved to be a home with a kind and sympathetic mother and an understanding father. Now, after four years, the Youth Authority is still in touch with Eddie through his parole officer's regular official reports of his visits to this home. I quote from one of these reports, dated January 21, 1957:

"This boy has done a superlative job in the home and is enrolled in school with a high degree of success.

There has been no problem whatsoever. The boy's attitude is excellent and he is making tremendous progress. His whole outlook on life is much improved."

Other encouraging reports have followed. One recent one says: "During Eddie's stay at the ——— home, he was given many things, not the least of which was individual attention and a mother's love. The boy, of course, responded beautifully to this attention. Mr. ——— took Eddie fishing and gave him a fish pole. They also gave him a dog, which they are



going to keep for him." We are happy, and so is the psychiatrist, that his early forecast proved incorrect. But true it would have been had it not been for one very important factor in Eddie's life—a Christian home.

The California Youth Authority, with which I am associated as a chaplain for boys, is outstanding among the various States for its well-planned program of service in behalf of delinquent youth. It recognizes, however, that the best of institutional care to the youth has its limitations. Children develop best in the loving atmosphere of a Christian home. It is in recognition of the advantages of personal relationship in the well-disciplined home, that the Youth Authority of this State, as well as others, seeks to return its youth, as soon as they are prepared for the move, to their own homes.

Naturally, in some cases this is not possible, nor is it advisable. For youth who have unsatisfactory home environments, foster homes are needed. Ideally, these should be homes gov-

erned by godly parents. The records show the advantage of such homes. Let me point, for example, to one young man formerly with the Youth Authority who after being taken by a Seventh-day Adventist family, is now in one of our colleges preparing for the gospel ministry. Many pages of instruction to the church have been written on this matter, among which are these two paragraphs:

"Then there are the multitudes of children who have been wholly deprived of the guidance of parents and the subduing influence of a Christian home. Let Christians open their hearts and homes to these helpless ones. The work that God has committed to them as an individual duty should not be turned over to some benevolent institution, or left to the chances of the world's charity."—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 203.

"Many of them [orphans] have received an inheritance of evil. They are unpromising, unattractive, perverse, but they are the purchase of the blood of Christ, and in His sight are just as precious as are our own little ones. Unless a helping hand is held out to them, they will grow up in ignorance, and drift into vice and crime."—*Ibid.*, p. 205.

Instead of Christian homes, what kind of homes usually are available to these boys and girls? Information available to me indicates that many of these foster homes are far from being motivated by the principles and precepts of Christ. We have young boys come to us who are eight, ten, or 12 years of age, some of whom have already been placed in seven to ten different foster homes.

Here is a mighty challenge to the church and to the people of God. Youth are walking in increasing numbers in the ways of violence and crime. Shocking reports fill the daily press. The Spirit of God is slowly but surely being withdrawn from the earth. We recognize that not all can open their homes to shelter those whose path is leading down the slippery way to hell. But there are some who can do this good work and should. To all such the admonition is: "Instead of giving attention to pets, lavishing attention upon dumb animals, let them give their attention to little children, whose characters they may fashion after the divine similitude."—*Ibid.*, p. 203.

REVIEW AND HERALD



By Carolyn E. Keeler

December is a delightful season, a season of happy secrets, a season of giving and singing and rejoicing. Sometimes there is a little disappointment mixed in, because you can't do all you would like to do for this one or that one. But so often it happens that the One whose birthday people are celebrating is the One who is forgotten, or remembered only with a card, so to speak. Think of how large the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering might be if every Adventist cut down a bit on Christmas celebration and gave the amount saved.

I think there is no better gift than a book, and what a wealth of good books we have! I fairly drool when I see all the book advertisements in the REVIEW. All the lovely children's books that we have, the Book Club books, the Morning Watch devotional book (and I must have that book about Anna Stahl), the Conflict of the Ages Series, the missionary book of the year. I could ramble on and on about books. And good musical records, recordings by our own artists—the King's Heralds, Del Deller, the Faith for Today quartet, and many other groups and soloists. And how about the REVIEW, our church paper, the *Instructor* and *Junior Guide*, *Primary Treasure*, *Our Little Friend*, *Signs, These Times*, and other periodicals?

These are just a few suggestions for gifts at Christmas time, but all through the year there are many marvelous opportunities of giving oneself—reading to some blind person, visiting an old person who feels lonely and neglected, playing with a child, teaching someone to make something they have long wished to make, helping in the Dorcas work, teaching in the children's divisions, going out Ingathering, or giving extra time and thought in preparing the missions talk for Sabbath school, making a goal device that will inspire greater giving to missions, writing a letter to some missionary in a far-off land, heart-hungry for news of home.

Not long ago we visited some friends who were moving to a new community a county or two away. Their house is small and warm and cheerful. I was delighted to see the use they had made of dresser drawers. Two dresser drawers were placed one on top of the other, and fastened to the wall. They were painted attractively and cretonne curtains had been

placed at the front. This made a neat, colorful cupboard. Another dresser drawer was placed on end on the wall, with several little shelves in it. This was painted also, and made a neat little cupboard. It might be used as a medicine cabinet, if a door were added. A dresser drawer could be made into a chest for toys, by adding a cover, painting it and applying some decoration, such as a Pennsylvania Dutch design. A dresser drawer can also be made into a doll's bed.

A market basket, padded and covered with checked gingham, can become a nice sewing basket. Place a ruffle of gingham on the outside, wind gingham over the handle, and make little pockets and pincushions of the gingham attached to the inside lining.



Helped by an African

By Arthur S. Maxwell

While Pilate was seated on the judgment seat a servant drew near, bowed low, and handed him a message. Opening the note, Pilate found to his surprise that it was from his wife. It read: "Have . . . nothing to do with that just man: for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him."

Just what she saw in her dream the Bible does not say, but it could have been the story of a crucified man coming back from the grave to become King of the whole world. Whatever it was, it frightened her so much that she could not rest until she had urged her husband to let Jesus go.

Pilate should have heeded the warning, but he didn't. He was afraid of the anger of the Jewish priests and rulers and the report they might send to the Roman emperor about him.

By this time he was sure Jesus was innocent, and he should have released Him then and there. Instead, he turned Him over to his soldiers to be scourged.

Scourging was a terrible punishment. It was done with a whip, which was brought down with great force on a prisoner's naked back. Poor Jesus! How He must have suffered as lash after lash fell upon Him! But it was not only the whip that hurt so much but the thought that men could be so cruel, unjust, and hateful.

Soon His back was cut and bleeding. Yet even this did not satisfy the hateful men who were torturing Him. Some of them made a crown from pieces of a thornbush and pressed it down on Jesus' head. The sharp thorns opened up more wounds, and soon blood was flowing down His cheeks and neck.

This makes a basket you can enjoy carrying to Dorcas meeting. It will help keep your sewing materials ship-shape.

My sewing basket is a gift from a dear Indian sister who used to live in the Finger Lakes area of New York State. It is made of fragrant, sweet grass, and I have always been delighted with it. We went to a birthday party at her home once, and I'll never forget the clever little prizes given—a little canoe, a tiny Indian doll, some artistic beadwork.

A gift that has some "do it yourself" in it is always pleasing to a child and even to a grownup; for instance, those paint-by-number pictures.

Make room for Christ in your heart's "inn" this Christmas.

After they had done their worst the soldiers put a purple robe on their bleeding prisoner and led Him back to the judgment hall.

When Pilate saw Jesus he turned to the crowd and cried, "Behold the man!" "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" they yelled.

"Shall I crucify your King?" asked Pilate.

"We have no king but Caesar," roared the crowd. "If you release this man you are not Caesar's friend."

At this Pilate gave in. Calling for a basin of water, he washed his hands saying, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it."

But he wasn't innocent, and no water could ever wash away his guilt. He could have saved Jesus, but he didn't.

Now he gave the order for Jesus to be crucified, "and the soldiers led him away."

"Hail, King of the Jews!" they sneered, as they took the purple robe off Him and dressed Him in His own clothes.

Half dead from weariness, pain, and loss of blood, Jesus was now told to carry the great wooden cross on which He was to die. But it was too much for Him.

Sure that their prisoner would never be able to carry such a load all the way to the place of crucifixion, the Roman soldiers wondered what to do next. Looking around at the people who had gathered to see the procession start, they picked on a strong-looking man and pressed him into service. He turned out to be Simon of Cyrene, a town on the north coast of Africa. He had just arrived in Jerusalem on a visit and now found himself ordered to carry a criminal's cross.

At first, probably, he was much annoyed at being told to do such a menial task; but years later how glad he must have been that he had been chosen for so great an honor!

Someday you and I may be asked to carry a cross for Jesus. It may be heavy or light. But whatever it is, let us carry it cheerfully.

Journey to Bible Lands—4

From Hazor to the Negev in Israel

By Robert A. Tyson

AFTER spending more than a week in and around Old Jerusalem, now in the kingdom of Jordan, the 1959 Bible Lands Tour passed through the Mandelbaum Gate into the territory of Israel. Our bus rested in no man's land as each traveler was questioned at length concerning money, cameras, and facts on our passports. Those of us who waited in the bus observed the many apartment houses, now windowless, with sandbags where curtains once hung. Alert troops with forbidding rifles and machine guns were much in evidence. United Nations truce watchers in jeeps passed often. It took us two and one-half hours to go less than three miles.

We visited 16 countries in ten weeks. It was interesting to try to learn to handle a new currency oftener than once a week all summer.

One of the first places we visited in Israel was the Advent House on Abraham Lincoln Street. There the congregation speaks Bulgarian. The church is across the street from what is called the most beautiful YMCA building in the world and is situated only one short block from the famous King David Hotel, which was partially destroyed by a terrorist bomb in 1948.

The so-called New Jerusalem, west of the walled city—the portion that the Israelis have occupied and are

enlarging—is quite modern, with many automobiles, buses, and trucks. The streets are wide and busy, the shops attractive and up to date, the parks well landscaped and clean. Buildings are being erected everywhere. Our guide boarded the bus and traveled with us for the week we were to be visiting this area. First we drove to the important spots in the city: the so-called Tomb of David, the headquarters of the Chief Rabbinate, the House of Parliament, et cetera.

The new Hebrew University is a marvel of ultramodern architecture constructed of glass, steel, marble, and concrete. All the cost of the buildings was donated by friendly governments and wealthy patrons of Israel. We especially enjoyed seeing the new Museum of Palestinian Archeology on the campus. In the administration building the famous Isaiah scroll found in Cave 1 near the Dead Sea was on display. This piece of well-preserved leather 11 inches wide and 24 feet long was purchased for the proposed Shrine of the Book in Jerusalem for \$250,000.

On Friday evening we briefly visited 12 Orthodox synagogues. These congregations had been built up from people coming from points as widely separated as Yemen and Lithuania.

The highest hill near Israeli Jerusalem is Mount Herzl. Here is found

the tomb of the "prophet of Zionism," Theodor Herzl. It was he who in 1896 predicted with uncanny accuracy the re-establishment of the State of Israel. He was the chief organizer and speaker at the Zionist Congress of 1897 in Geneva. As he requested, his body was moved from Vienna to Jerusalem.

We drove through the Jerusalem Corridor, the neck of land leading to Jerusalem from the coast, then turned southward past Gath, a typical Near-Eastern mound. We had lunch at the modern House of the Negev in Beer-sheba, and visited the interesting, but noisy, camel market.

We were impressed with the fertile land in the heart of the Negev, the desert to the south. Our guide enthusiastically pointed out that all this land needs is water to cause "the desert to blossom as a rose."

Sodom

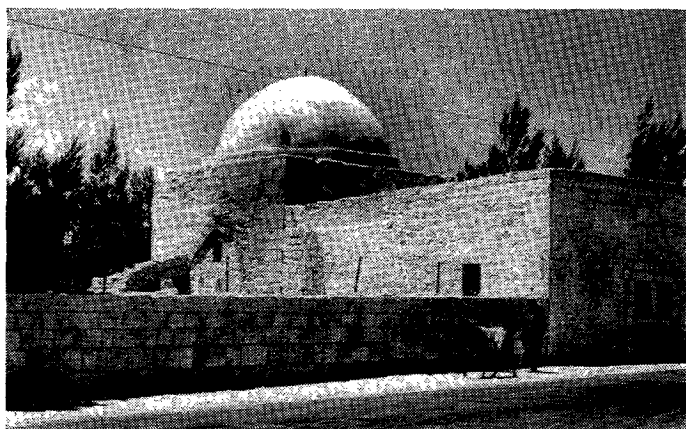
From Beersheba we took the road south and east toward modern Sodom and Aqabah. Israel is building good highways, modern bridges, pipe lines, and water mains. The winding descent into the Dead Sea Valley at Sodom brought an impressive view. The greatly eroded hills, the plains where Lot's flocks may have grazed, the rock-salt mountains, and the pillar called Lot's Wife were among the major attractions. As we gazed across the green, salty water we wondered just where the ruins of Sodom and Gomorrah lay.

Large dump trucks hauled out tons of calcium chloride and other chemicals from the evaporation beds and plants. Cold fruit drinks and ice cream never tasted better than in this 125° area. The only cool place we found at Sodom was in a large cave cut by some mystery of nature under the salt-crystal mountains.

Leaving Sodom, we went to the area of the cities of the Philistines, and visited Ashkelon. We thought of Jonah, Dorcas, and Peter as we vis-



Ruins of Caesarea, the city from which Herod the Great ruled Palestine.



The so-called Tomb of Rachel, a short distance north of Bethlehem.

ited Joppa. Some of our men climbed to the roof of the traditional house of Simon the Tanner.

We were impressed by the thousands of evergreen trees planted to reforest the mountains, conserve rainfall, and restore the balance of nature. It was a new experience to visit one of Israel's many *kibbutzim*. Here the people work together without salary. Families live in cottages, but all eat in a common dining room. It is an experiment in communal cooperation.

En route to Caesarea we went through the historic city of Arimathea, for centuries the administrative center of Palestine under the Moslems. Napoleon made this his headquarters too. We climbed over the ruined palaces, villas, and castles of Caesarea, the city from which Herod the Great and Pilate ruled.

South of the Carmel ridge we drove through the rich fields of the plain of Sharon, the heart of the orange groves. Tel Aviv is the hub of industrial Israel. Here are centered the steel, chemical, shipping, and heavy industries. Haifa, at the foot of Mount Carmel, too, is a busy seaport and industrial boom area.

We visited the cave of Elijah and the place where the prophet is thought to have gained his great victory over the priests of Baal. As we drove along the mountain crest we thought of the large skeleton of the antediluvian Mount Carmel man, which had been found in a limestone cave nearby. Shortly before we had seen his remains in the museum in Jerusalem.

It was a thrill to climb the historic mound of Megiddo, from which, it is thought by some, we derive the name Armageddon. This has always been a central defensive point in the fertile crescent. Many battles have been fought there—by Thutmose III, Ramses II, Allenby, and others. From the height of Megiddo we could see the rich plains of Esdraelon, the battleground of history, with Nazareth and other towns on the hillsides beyond.

We drove on to Galilee, singing happily in anticipation of the joys of walking where Jesus taught. From the mountaintop the sea that Jesus loved looked like a rich gem set in gold.

We visited Capernaum, His own city, to find it totally uninhabited except for a monastery. We visited Magdala, near Tiberias, and other now desolate places. We thought of Jesus' parables as we saw fields of grain and fishermen's vessels. We pushed out in a small boat and envisioned the multitudes who followed Christ to the waterside. We swam in the sweet waters of Galilee and were happy to be modern disciples of the Master.

Driving north of Galilee to Hazor, the largest fortified mound in Palestine, we saw ruins of Canaanite houses and temples of Baal dating back possibly to the eighteenth century B.C. It was a thrill to walk around a gate whose layout and foundation was most like those of the Temple of Solomon. Here we saw the great moats and earthworks thrown up by the Hyksos kings in the seventeenth century B.C., and buildings destroyed by Joshua in the end of the fifteenth century B.C. In Hazor has been found what is believed to be the only preserved Israelite cult place where descendants of Jacob worshiped false gods in the days of the judges, when "every man did that which was right in his own eyes."

On the acropolis at Hazor we walked through gates that were probably built by Solomon, and on pavements in a public building built by Ahab. From bedrock up, there are 21 strata of occupation believed to cover nearly 2,500 years of time. We brought back bits of pottery, samples of stone, scores of color slides, and hundreds of memories of these historic sites where Bible history was made.

Back in our hotel near Tel Aviv we said farewell to our guide, to Dr. Horn, and to one another as we departed for the airport. Five of our party flew on around the world, the others returned home by routes of their own choosing. Reluctantly we ended this trip which has greatly helped us bring into focus many details of the great Book, which is able to make us, in our day, "wise unto salvation."

(End of Series)

Junior Talks

Angels in Human Form

By D. A. Delafield

"Ministering angels," wrote Ellen G. White, "frequently disguise themselves in the form of human beings, and as strangers converse with those who are engaged in the work of God."—In *The Review and Herald*, Nov. 22, 1898.

Here is an illustration of what Mrs. White meant, in her words:

"Recently, in a meeting held in the large tent, Elder Haskell said that he would give one hundred of his book, 'Seer of Patmos,' to help in obtaining means to carry forward the work, if the brethren and sisters would do their best to sell them. After he sat down, a clean-looking, pleas-

ant-faced man came forward, and slipped some money into his half-closed hand, with the words, 'You need it.' Elder Haskell opened his hand, and there lay one hundred dollars. He turned to thank the man, but he had gone. Several tried to follow, to see who he was, but there was no man to be seen. Was it one of the angels of God that did that?"—Ellen G. White letter 342, 1906.

G. B. Starr, once was conversing with Mrs. White and he told her the story about the time when he, with three other ministers, was conducting a tent meeting at Oskaloosa, Iowa. A tall, good-looking stranger, entered the tent. The evangelist invited him to sit down and the two chatted together. E. W. Farnsworth sat at a table nearby writing, and Brother Starr and another young minister sat close by and took in the conversation. The stranger seemed very interested in the Seventh-day Adventists. He asked questions about the meetings. At first the evangelist answered the questions kindly, but soon he assumed a debating, controversial attitude.

Elder Starr told Sister White that this continued for an hour or so. Then the stranger arose in all his dignity and addressing the minister, said, "You are no minister of Jesus Christ. You are a controversialist, sir. There is your minister," as he pointed to Elder Farnsworth at the other side of the tent. But the minister only laughed and the stranger repeated, "You are no minister of Jesus Christ. You are a controversialist, sir. I bid you good day." And out of the tent door he walked.

Sister White was very interested in what Brother Starr had to say, and she said, "Why, Brother Starr, that was an angel of God."

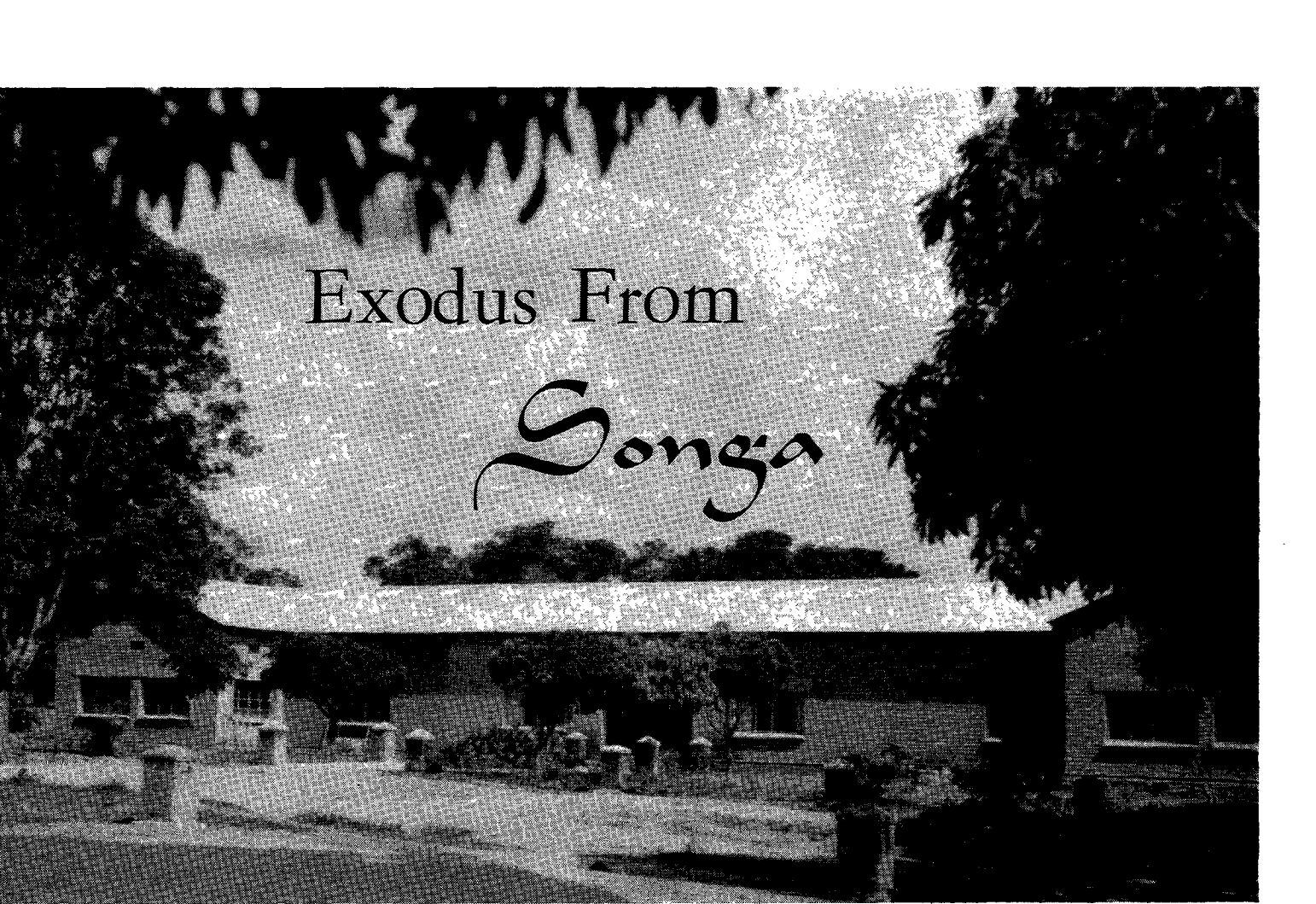
Brother Starr inquired, "How do you know?"

"How do I know?" replied Sister White. "Why, I gave that message to that brother at the ——— conference and told him that the Lord had sent an angel to rebuke him for his controversial manner of labor."

Sister White referred to the time when she had written a letter to this minister reminding him that she had seen in vision an angel visitor disguised as a man and sent by God to rebuke him for the way in which he argued with people about the truth.

Well, this minister accepted Sister White's testimony and was converted. So you see, juniors, angels do come to visit human beings and speak to them the mysteries of the kingdom of God.

May we not be like this unwise man who entertained an angel unaware and treated him discourteously.



Exodus From Songa

By Dorothy Dye Schaffner
Missionary Wife

The personal experiences of a mission family during
the recent evacuation of personnel from the Congo

WHERE are we, Mommy?"
"We're in Salisbury, Robbie."
"Did we come on the airplane?"
"Yes, honey."
"Why?"

Independence Day, June 30, at Songa Mission Hospital was a good day, a holiday. There was a program with speeches about independence by both Europeans and Africans, with music, games, and races.

The next day R. H. Pierson, Southern African Division president, arrived to be with us at Songa for the weekend. Everyone appreciated his coming to the Congo for two weeks to counsel with and encourage us. It seemed especially timely to have him present on Sunday morning to discuss the future of our school and hospital with a group of African political leaders who asked to meet with us in our home. Six weeks before, one of these same leaders had led a drunken group to our home to insult and threaten us and to tell us to leave the country.

Sabbath afternoon we were listening to Pastor Pierson under the trees in our back yard when two African nurse aids came to tell my husband

that an angry group from a village across the river were on their way to our home. We went on with our meeting. A little later the same two came back to report that our Songa Africans had turned the group back and sent them home. Another reason to be thankful for our faithful African Christians! These jewels are a real contrast to some of their African brothers who were soon to plunge their country into almost total anarchy.

July 7 and 8 we listened to every newscast we could pick up. When the radio began reporting that armed bands of soldiers in revolt were molesting women on mission stations, and that they were shooting at Europeans in cars, regardless of nationality or occupation, the situation looked grim. It was the beginning of an unreal, bad-dream type of existence for us.

We were sleeping soundly before daybreak on Sabbath morning, July 9, when someone banged on our door. "Marlowe, let me in. It's Phil."

In my haste to get to the front room to find out what was going on, I

slipped my housecoat on inside out twice.

P. F. Lemon, our field president, had driven most of the night from Elisabethville, 400 dirt miles away, to tell us that our mission leaders and the American consul there had advised that we leave. We sent the children to call the other missionaries together. Then by candlelight we made our plans. We decided to drive through Elisabethville to Rhodesia, that being our closest and most feasible route to the border. We planned to leave that evening in four cars—Gutekunsts', Lemons', Schaffners', and Miss Gillham's. We remembered that the Africans in revolt in Leopoldville had closed the borders there shortly after the trouble began. Soon after daybreak Pastor Lemon drove on to Kamina, 60 miles away, to tell his family.

In our Songa church at the eleven o'clock hour that morning, Pastor Abel's text was 2 Timothy 3:1, "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come."

At two o'clock that afternoon we met with our African pastors, teach-

ers, and the hospital staff to discuss our plans and theirs, and to have prayer together. Some of them were asked to return that evening to make arrangements about various responsibilities and keys.

As we were filling the cars with gasoline that night and the first two smaller cars were preparing to leave, Pastor Lemon drove in again, an hour earlier than we had expected him.

"It's all off. We're not going."

Wonderingly we heard his explanation that he had just received word in Kamina that the African army was now revolting in Elisabethville, cutting off our way of escape to the border. Since we had been told that we could not stay at the mission, we decided to go to the Lemons' home in Kamina and then on to the air base 18 miles from there, if necessary.

By eight o'clock we had finished all our business with the Africans who were to be in charge, and had the car piled roof high with hastily packed food, clothing, bedding, and important papers. Watchmen were assigned to all the houses and the hospital.

Because many of Songa's patients come from great distances and everyone had been afraid to travel in recent weeks, there were only 12 patients in our 100-bed hospital. We hated to think what would happen to those who would need medical care after we left, remembering the three Cesareans my husband had had to do in one afternoon just a few days before.

As we backed out of the driveway Gustave, our houseboy, ran out to the car and asked, "What about me?" I optimistically assured him that my husband planned to be back in a few days after getting the family out, and that we all wanted to come back as soon as possible.

"Daddy, may I go in Lemons' car?"

"No, Rita, there had better not be any girls in the first car, just in case we should run into trouble on the road."

We drove behind so that the three single women, Miss Haseneder, Ann Marsa, and Miss Gillham in the latter's Volkswagon, would not be last in the line of cars. It was dusty having to stay together the 60 miles to Kamina.

"Where are we, Mommy?"

"We're in Kamina, sweetheart."

"Did we bring my little pillow?"

"No, honey, I'm sorry."

The men planned to take turns watching all night so that we wouldn't be caught off guard. As the 17 of us were attempting to get settled down for the night—in fact, three of our children were already asleep on air mattresses in Pastor Lemon's office—a car came around with the message,

"Pack one suitcase and get ready to leave." We were in the midst of rearranging and trying to pack decently what we had thrown into the car at Songa. Ten minutes later the word came, "Leave immediately for the air base."

Marlowe, my husband, threw things back into the car while I pulled the children abruptly out of their beds, trying to waken them from that first deep sleep. Within minutes the cars were headed for the air base. There were a number of armed Europeans in the streets. We found ourselves part of a long line of lights winding up and down the rolling hills toward the air base.

At the *centre d'accueil* for refugees, we waited several hours before being assigned a place to sleep. The Gutekunst family were taken to a room in an adjutant's house, the three single girls were assigned to the Protestant chaplain's front room, and the Lemon family and ours were given an unoccupied house together. At two o'clock Sunday morning we were finally all in bed. It had been a long day since Pastor Lemon had knocked at our door early Sabbath morning.

On this same Sabbath morning 400 miles north of Songa, Julia Hoel was fixing breakfast for the Marsas from Songa, who were visiting at Bigobo Mission, when a European drove up in a cloud of dust. He was from the cotton company in Kongolo 50 miles away and he warned them and the Wilsons to get out immediately. The revolt had started in Kongolo: two Europeans had been killed.



"Robbie," the author's daughter.

As Miss Hoel, the Marsas, and the Wilsons neared Kabalo in their flight they heard that some Belgians had been taken hostage there. Although it looked quiet in the town, they feared to stop even for gasoline for their three cars. Just outside of Kabalo, they found that their way to the bridge across the Lualaba River was blocked by a mob with armed soldiers. When Simon, the head teacher from Songa who was with them, explained to the Africans that the group were missionaries, they were allowed to pass unmolested. They think that three cars of Europeans just behind them were detained by the soldiers. All along the route the Africans were hostile, shouting *Uhuru* ("Independence") and *Toka* ("Get out").

The Wilsons' car has a notorious reputation for giving major trouble on every trip they take, but this time, even at full speed over sandy, washboard roads, they had no difficulties of any kind. The group arrived at Songa at midnight, four hours after we left, and found the letters we had left for them. They packed a few of the Marsas' belongings and went on to Kamina. There they found no one in Lemons' house, so they went on to the base.

"The Bigobo folks are here!" What a relief! We had been wondering whether they would receive the telegrams sent them earlier from Elisabethville. They hadn't.

The Wilsons and Miss Hoel were housed with Belgian families, and the Marsas joined us in the house assigned to us, making 15 of us. There were only two beds, but we had air mattresses and sleeping bags and we were glad to be by ourselves and not in someone else's front room, especially with the nine children involved. We thought we were faring very well for refugees. All 23 Adventist missionaries ate at our house. We were glad someone had remembered the salt, someone else butter, et cetera. We were very happy to be all together. The Adventist family is a wonderful one.

"Where are we, Mommy?"

"At the air base, Robbie."

"Oh, I see," very doubtfully.

It seemed as if most of my time at the air base was spent in trying to keep everything put away in the suitcases in case of a sudden move.

Monday, July 11, at 2:30 P.M. a jeep came around, the driver announcing through a loud-speaker that all Americans and those wishing to go to Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, would be flown out in *one-half hour* on a Globemaster from the U.S. Air Force. We would be allowed ten kilos (22 pounds) of luggage for each person, and some food. What a desperate rush these announcements provoked—

packing a few sandwiches, cramming last-minute things into the suitcases, and wondering which possessions were the most important. We put as many layers of clothing as possible on our four children, to help on the baggage weight and because it would be cold in Salisbury.

As our luggage was loaded into the truck we were reminded of the ten-kilo limit. We got into a bus for the airport, leaving our cars by the side of the road and the rest of our luggage in the air-base house. At the airport we were greeted with the news that we might not take off for 24 hours because an expected convoy of refugee cars from the north had not yet arrived. Two planes had been detailed to search for them. As we got out of the bus word came that the African army in Kamina was revolting and that they were being fired on by the Europeans.

It was decided to go ahead and take our group of about 70 out right away without waiting for the convoy, even though the plane could hold 200. So all our luggage was put in without even weighing it. We wished we had taken more, but we were thankful for what we had. The American crew looked good and sounded good to us.

A reporter from *Newsweek* snapped pictures of us as we boarded the Globemaster. Knowing that even helicopters are carried in these flying barns, we asked if we could take our cars along. The answer was No, not this time. Just as we were getting settled on suitcases and in the few canvas bucket seats available, the lost convoy showed up and our number increased to about 90. The newcomers were given mattresses to sit on.

Pastor Lemon decided to stay at the air base. He was especially concerned about the Wendells at Lulengele Mission near Luluabourg, and about the morale of the African workers. It was useless for the other men to stay, since they were not allowed to go back to their mission stations anyway.

At six-fifteen that evening we took off with a roar and the roar stayed with us for the entire trip. Globemasters aren't soundproofed or made for passenger comfort, but that was the least of our worries. Until the take-off, all the events had seemed unreal; we had been dazed by the rapid developments. But now, in a plane on our way out of the Congo, it was all too real, and we wondered about the faithful Christian Africans left behind—and whether we would ever get back.

In some ways we looked like refugees. Ricky had left Songa without any shoes, and Ronnie and Rita had only thongs. Above the roar, my hus-

band shouted, "Refugee is an ugly word," and we all nodded in agreement.

As we passed over the lights of Elisabethville we wondered what was happening there. Later we heard of the murders and looting that had taken place. One of our mission men had stayed there with the American consul. We heard that a doctor trying to help the wounded was hacked to pieces with a machete. We know that the Italian consul was shot and that a Mercedes like ours with its two white occupants was riddled by machine guns.

At Salisbury at nine-thirty that evening the Rhodesian officials cordially helped us off the plane and put a blanket around Robbie and me. It was bitterly cold and we were grateful for the hot soup offered us. We were surprised at the lack of formalities. Usually it takes at least an hour to cross the border, but we only had to fill out one paper for each family and weren't even asked for passports. Two of our group didn't have theirs.

It was good to see a group from our Salisbury mission office on hand to meet us, and to be taken home with them rather than sent to the refugee shelter. After a warm, welcome midnight supper at the Trumpers', our family was finally in bed in Mrs. Piercey's apartment at one o'clock Tuesday morning. The three days since we left Songa seemed like weeks. When getting ready for bed, I had the feeling that everything should be put in the suitcases before I went to sleep, then I remembered where I was. We were thankful to be among friends and to lie down to sleep in peace.

Two days after our arrival in Salisbury my husband went back to Kamina on the Globemaster, at the request of the American consul, to establish radio communication between the consul and the Americans still in the Congo. He took a ham set with him, since he was not sure he would be able to get out to Songa for his own equipment. Although it was quiet in Kamina at the moment, the Congo had proved so explosive that we hated to see him go back, for, as he said, "Anything could happen." We had prayer together, and when two of the children and their mommy got a bit tearful over the good-bys he cautioned us, "Be careful now or you'll have me making a decision that I shouldn't."

The same day that we left Songa and the others left Bigobo, the Wendells near Luluabourg received a warning from a passing Belgian that there was trouble in Luebo, 70 miles away. Soldiers had taken part of the town and had molested the European women. Sunday night, African soldiers

surrounded a European house just one and one half miles from the Wendells but found only an African living in it and went on without stopping at the mission. Monday night, on the advice of the African pastors, the Wendells moved into the African compound to sleep, and hid their car nearby in the grass. They never received the telegrams sent them by our leaders in Elisabethville. All the roads were blocked anyway and there was seemingly nothing to do except sit it out. The soldiers didn't seem to be looking for missionaries, but the African pastors insisted that the Wendells continue to sleep in the African compound.

They slept there three nights. One night 13 truckloads of soldiers went by. The Wendells heard that some missionaries who tried to flee were put in jail.

About ten-thirty on Thursday morning the plane of an American Presbyterian missionary flew over Lulengele and dropped a note from Pastor Lemon, which told them to go to the small emergency landing strip 12 miles from the mission, to be flown out. As they stood counseling a moment with the African workers, the plane dropped a second note saying, "Please hurry."

After a half hour of frantic packing they started off, taking care to put all their luggage in the trunk of the car so that they wouldn't give the appearance of fleeing. They were stopped on the road by three African soldiers and asked where they were going.

"In the direction of Kongolo Moshi, a village where we have some believers."

"Are you missionaries?"

Upon giving the affirmative answer, they were allowed to go on. A few minutes later, as they were getting into the plane, several Africans threatened to take their belongings, but they were able to take off without any trouble. They were flown to the Luluabourg airport, then on to Elisabethville, finally arriving in Salisbury two days after leaving the mission at Lulengele. They were a much-prayed-for family and we were very glad to see them.

It was good that our Songa group hadn't started for Elisabethville; it was also good that the European took time to warn the group at Bigobo, and that they could say "Yes, we are missionaries" to the soldiers at the bridge. It was good that the Wendells were protected until a chance for evacuation came, and that they also could answer "Yes, we are missionaries" when stopped by soldiers on the road. "All things work together for good to them that love God" (Rom. 8:28).

News From Home and Abroad

The Great Controversy Wins Souls in a Philippine Barrio

By J. O. Bautista

Departmental Secretary, North Philippine Union Mission

A COLPORTEUR evangelist, whose identity we have not been able to ascertain, little realized, 31 years ago, when he sold a copy of *The Great Controversy* to a man in a barrio (village) of Rizal, in Nueva Ecija, that an abundant harvest of souls would result for the kingdom of God.

Following strictly the instruction given colporteurs to visit every home, even the isolated ones in out-of-the-way places of the countryside, this self-supporting gospel worker called at the home of Alejandro Tangunan in the faraway sitio of Cabalantian in Barrio Cabucbucan. Impressed with the enterprising spirit of the salesman, the man did not want to disappoint him, and so obligingly ordered a copy of the book—*The Great Controversy*.

A lover of books, Mr. Tangunan kept his numerous volumes in a wooden trunk especially made for the purpose. In this collection *The Great Controversy* found its place, but because it had no special appeal to its owner, it remained as the only unread volume among them all.

Among the children, Eugenio, the fifth child in the family, seemed to be the only one who had acquired the father's love for books. He became an avid reader. The lad finished his elementary education in 1932, and for financial reasons he could not go on with his studies in high school. He helped in the work on the farm, and instead of frittering away his leisure time in company with other boys, he utilized every moment in reading the books in his father's trunk.

Unlike his father, the young man found unusual interest in the copy of *The Great Controversy*. One thing impressed him above all else, and that was the Sabbath truth. After reading the book through three times, he began keeping the seventh-day Sabbath. The father was quick to notice this, and for some unknown reason did all in his power to prevent his son from keeping the day the Lord had blessed and commanded to be kept holy. Eu-

genio's refusal to give up resulted in persecution by his father.

A sympathizer in the person of Vicente Payabyab, a member of the Seventh-day Adventist church in the neighboring town of Muñoz, some 20 kilometers away, learned of the sad plight of the persecuted young man. He offered to provide him asylum by employing him as a farm hand.

Eugenio stayed with this brother's family for almost a year. In July, 1935, he went to Manila with the intention of marrying a young woman with whom he had become acquainted in Muñoz. However, his plan was not carried out, for he failed to locate the young woman in the city.

Having heard about Philippine Union College, the Seventh-day Adventist school in a suburb of Manila, he paid the institution a visit. That visit proved to be a turning point in Eugenio's life. One of the students encouraged him to continue his studies as a self-supporting student, which he did.



E. J. Tangunan (right) with Gelacio Pascual, who found the truth through reading a copy of *The Great Controversy*.

At the close of the first semester of the 1942-43 school year, even before he finished the first year of college, Eugenio received a call to join the organized work as an evangelist in the Central Luzon Mission. But because he was deriving an income from operating a carretela (a rude two-wheeled carriage) with which he could support himself in school, he did not accept the call but planned on continuing his studies until he finished college.

About two months later one of his two horses got sick. This led him to surmise that the Lord might have been displeased at the course he had taken. He prayed for the healing of the horse and made a vow that if it got well, he would favorably consider the next call. On November 9, 1943, the second call came; to it he readily responded. He became an evangelist, training under, A. A. Alcaraz, an experienced worker.

From the beginning it was evident that the Lord had a hand in the development of a fruitful ministry. He was instrumental in raising up five churches in the districts where he labored. Among those who have been converted through his ministerial labors, two are now workers in the Northern Luzon Mission, five are in the Central Luzon Mission, and two are outstanding colporteur evangelists. In addition, he had the privilege of training many lay workers, a number of whom are very successful soul winners. In 1958 he was appointed to his present position of Sabbath school and home missionary secretary of the Central Luzon Mission.

Another chapter is to be written in this story about the copy of *The Great Controversy* sold to Alejandro Tangunan. In 1942 Brother Tangunan loaned it to a friend in San Jose, Nueva Ecija. In time this friend became a public school teacher and was assigned to teach in Lawy, a barrio of Capas, Tarlac. Early in 1959 an evangelistic effort was held in this barrio. One of those baptized as a result of the effort was this public school teacher, Gelacio Pascual, who has now become a lay preacher.

As time goes on, it might become necessary to write a sequel to this story as those who have been won through reading the book continue to bear fruit in their missionary endeavors.

The Wonderful People of Korea

By J. J. Short, M.D.

Seoul Sanitarium and Hospital

Before embarking for Korea several months ago, Mrs. Short and I called on an outstanding Christian leader prominently identified with Korean missions because of his frequent visits to this field and his radio appeals in their behalf. We were cordially received, by this kind friend, who not only offered facilities in Korea for our convenience but prayed for us and the Seventh-day Adventist work there. Our object was to learn all we could about the field and the various missions operating in it.

In the course of our conversation he told us that Koreans make very good Christians in all respects save one. He said they would study their

Bibles diligently, arise early to attend worship, and do many other good things; but, said he, they have one blind spot—the inability to distinguish clearly between “mine” and “thine.” “You will have to forgive them,” he said, “and make allowances for this one weakness.” And if Christians are this way, what of non-Christian natives? was the natural question.

So it was with considerable apprehension that we debarked at Incheon in April of this year. You may be sure that we kept a close watch on our luggage every minute and wondered how much would be missing on arrival at the Seoul Sanitarium and Hospital.

After several months in Korea on a busy program of teaching medicine, seeing hundreds of patients, holding English classes in our home, teaching in Sabbath school, and preaching in churches, how does the record stand? Not one article has been stolen.

Workmen have swarmed through our house, uncrating belongings and repairing equipment; a servant has been here alone with all things under her control; her children have been frequent visitors; she has done much shopping and purchasing at her own discretion; watchmen have had our house keys in our absence.

In fact, not only have we not missed anything through theft but we have been overwhelmed by the Koreans' thoughtfulness and generosity. Mrs. Short and I have decided to be restrained about expressing admiration for anything, for these great-hearted people, in spite of their meager incomes, are apt to bring you a gift of what you have admired.

Mrs. Short expressed admiration for the women's Korean costume. Almost immediately, my office nurse, who heard her, had a dressmaker come to measure her for one. It was duly made and presented, but when



Three New Churches Organized in Kansas Conference

Three new churches were organized in the Kansas Conference during May and June of 1960. Two of these churches had their origin in branch Sabbath schools. The first to be organized was the church at Leavenworth. About two years previously the Kansas City, Kansas, Sabbath school had organized a branch Sabbath school at Leavenworth. From the beginning it experienced steady growth. When the church was organized, the Sabbath school membership enjoyed a regular attendance of around 30. The church membership at the time of organization numbered 18.

On June 18 the Winfield, Kansas, church was organized. It, too, stems from a branch Sabbath school originally sponsored by the Arkansas City Sabbath school and church. Many weeks of persevering effort were extended in the maintenance of the Winfield branch Sabbath school. It had its origin in a private home, but in time, through the efforts of the now-deceased Pastor J. R. McWil-

Left, above: church group at Leavenworth, Kansas. Right, above, Winfield group. Right, McPherson members.



liam, a store location was secured for a meeting place. Later this was purchased, and their present place of meeting is known as the Seventh-day Adventist Chapel. Winfield was organized with a charter membership of 22.

The third church, with a membership of 20, was organized at McPherson, Kansas, on June 25. The McPherson group owes its organization to the effort of one of our lay workers, Arthur Follett. About three years ago Brother Follett took up residence in McPherson, working in one of the local garages as an auto mechanic. Brother Follett and his family faithfully began distributing Bible correspondence

cards, and visited the homes with literature.

Alfred Bernhardt, a colporteur evangelist in the area, with his family took up residence in McPherson and learned of the work of Brother Follett. They joined their efforts and soon there was brought into existence a home Sabbath school. Its membership grew, and sometime later, quarters in the 4-H building were rented. The group is presently conducting its Sabbath services in the McPherson Armory.

E. E. HAGEN
Departmental Secretary
Kansas Conference

Mrs. Short contemplated what this must have cost the giver she accepted it with mingled feelings of warmth and regret. I admired the necktie of one of our local elders, and within a day or so received two similar ties. What can you do with such people? Nothing I can think of, except serve them with joy and gratitude.

Nor are our experiences confined to those of our own faith or even altogether to professing Christians. We have contact with many who are without faith but have requested instruction in English conversation. These are mostly college-trained young people with a working knowledge of written English, and they have been my wife's responsibility. Three of them have recently attended her Sabbath school department.

One young woman, a student of Ewha University, recently came to live with us to learn English more perfectly and to study the Adventist message. After about a week she was ordered home by her father, a physician who has taken graduate training in Washington, D.C. She wept bitterly when she had to leave and said she was the only one of a family of nine who "believes God." "Pray for my father and mother," she pleaded, "that they will believe God." We hope our entire membership will pray for her and for many others in Korea that they will "believe God."

"Blind Spot"?

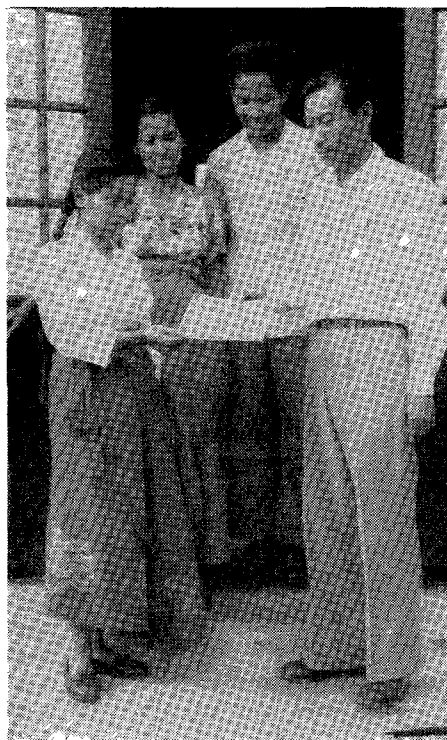
But it was in the attitude of our own believers toward the eighth commandment that we were chiefly interested. Could it be, as our good friend had suggested, that even our Seventh-day Adventists might have a "blind spot" toward this commandment? Would they observe the fourth commandment and not the eighth, as some Christians observe the eighth and not the fourth?

The answer is an emphatic and resounding No. Seventh-day Adventists are the same the world over, as I have observed from the Northeast Atlantic to the Southwest and North Pacific. On the continents and in the islands of the sea we are a homogeneous people. These are they "that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus."

Our stressing of the binding claims of the law on the Christian has borne good fruit. This has not led to cold Pharisaic legalism, as some of our opponents have charged, but to the development of a warmhearted, devoted, generous, grateful people who have spurned covetousness.

To illustrate this point, a few incidents may be of interest. Our faithful servant happened along as we were

walking one day in a slum neighborhood. She speaks some English and invited us to visit her home nearby. As we walked we felt like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, because of the large number of children who were following us.



Bible School in India Reports 99 Per Cent of Enrollees Active

The Lushai Voice of Prophecy school was begun in Shillong, Assam, India, January 19, 1960, with James E. Chase, of the General Conference, and C. R. Bonney, of the Southern Asia Division, present to officiate at the opening ceremony. By the end of September, 3,032 students had enrolled. Of these, 57 have completed the course and received certificates. Active students number 3,017, or 99½ per cent of all enrollees. Only 15 have dropped out.

Students are enrolled from six of the 12 districts of Assam and from other states, such as Tripura and Nefra in the northeast and the United Provinces to the west. There are also students in other countries, such as Burma and East Pakistan.

The first student to complete the course was Miss Darchhingi from Pukpui Village in the South Mizo district. She came to Shillong where the Voice of Prophecy staff, Brother Hmingliana, Brother Palian, and Sister Hluni, presented the certificate to her personally. It was a happy occasion for them all, and they look forward to being able to distribute many hundreds of such certificates in the near future.

HELEN MELEEN LOWRY

We concluded that they were expecting a gift of candy or gum so we gave the servant a 1,000-hwan note (\$1.00) and told her to buy something. Evidently she concluded we were too generous, for the next day she returned 500 hwan.

We have tried again and again to reward our workers by paying them for personal services such as fixing the radio, the vacuum cleaner, or other items—work often performed on their own time. They have steadfastly refused money, for as the Korean hospital manager expressed it: "We are glad to do anything to make you people comfortable and happy, for I have been to the States and realize how much you have sacrificed to help us. We want no pay." An occasional small gift is all we can get anyone to accept.

One day when in conference with the manager I told him the hospital trays were grossly inadequate in nutrients and the foodstuffs too coarse for the human stomach. Digestive complaints are almost universal in Korea. Patiently he explained to me that there were three classes of diet. The third class patients pay only 1,100 hwan a day, and how could he provide more on so little, since the hospital is self-supporting? Then he mentioned a personal matter. "As business manager I am better paid than many. Three hundred people work under me and are dependent for their livelihood on this institution, and I am better off than they. But," he added, with some embarrassment, "with my wife and two children we average only ten eggs a month. The day that I can have an egg to eat I am very happy. It is a good day. Boiled vegetables and rice are about the best we can do." I left him with a lump in my throat.

Shortly afterward my wife presented him with some eggs. He received them graciously, but later he mentioned the matter to me. "I think you know about it," he said, "but, though I was very happy to receive them, I cannot take any gifts. Just think of the 300 who are worse off than I!"

I thought, and somehow the surroundings suddenly seemed strangely dim. An egg makes "a good day." And just a few days ago I read in the paper about a child in the homeland injured in an egg fight!

Although deprived of many of the comforts and associations of the homeland, Mrs. Short and I consider it a joy to serve such grateful, cheerful, but underprivileged people, and are receiving great compensations as we see the response to kindness, help, and understanding. Truly our "cup runneth over."

George McCready Price Honored

By Richard Hammill

Associate Secretary, General Conference
Department of Education

On his ninetieth birthday anniversary, George McCready Price, well-known author and veteran teacher in the denomination's colleges, presented a scientific paper entitled "The Time Problem in Natural Science and in Adventist Theology" to the delegates of the quadrennial session of Seventh-day Adventist science teachers. Chairmen and other teachers of the departments of biology, chemistry, mathematics, physics, and nursing from the denomination's colleges in the United States and Canada were meeting at Loma Linda, California, August 24-30, to present scientific papers, to report on research projects, and to lay plans for more effective science instruction in our schools. Included in the nurse educators' group were the administrators of Adventist schools of nursing and the directors of nursing service from our hospitals.

After the presentation of his scientific paper, E. E. Cossentine and Richard Hammill, of the Department of Education of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists, presented to Professor Price, on behalf of the science teachers, a scroll inscribed with the following tribute:



Dr. George McCready Price (center) receives scroll from Dr. Richard Hammill as E. E. Cossentine looks on.

"On the occasion of your ninetieth birthday this scroll is respectfully presented to you by the Seventh-day Adventist college science and mathematics teachers assembled in conference at Loma Linda, California, August 24-30, 1960, as a symbol of our sincere appreciation for the courageous and capable manner in which you championed the cause of Bible science during the first half of the twentieth century. For many years, accoutered with the sword of the Spirit, an inspired pen, and selfless devotion, you stood quite alone in the gap and ably fought back the legions of uniformitarian geology. Particularly from your tongue and pen came inspiring explanations

of the facts of earth science which strengthened and preserved the faltering faith of countless individuals in the inspiration of the Scriptures and their account of a universal Noachian Deluge. That you be assured of our profound appreciation for your forthright expositions of Bible science and for your faithful service as teacher, counselor, personal friend, and inspirer to higher levels of scientific investigation, we submit this token of our sincerity."

It was a source of gratification to the science teachers, many of whom had studied geology and science under Professor Price in their college days, to note that the ninety-year-old veteran author and teacher was as keen of mind as ever.

Born and reared in Nova Scotia, Professor Price had finished Battle Creek College and was actively engaged as a literature evangelist more than 70 years ago. Later, while teaching public school in Canada, he came face to face with the problem of evolution. After a long period of intense private research, followed by graduate study in geology, Professor Price began writing in defense of the Biblical account of Creation and the Noachian Deluge. In the decades since then from his pen have come numerous books and unnumbered periodical articles, some of which were published by our own presses and others by non-Adventist publishers.



Sixth Annual Mental Hygiene Institute at Harding Sanitarium

Harding Sanitarium, Worthington, Ohio, welcomed the Sixth Annual Mental Hygiene Institute for Seventh-day Adventist clergymen, October 10-12. Twenty-three pastors, chaplains, academy principals, Bible workers, and social workers from seven States and Canada assembled for study.

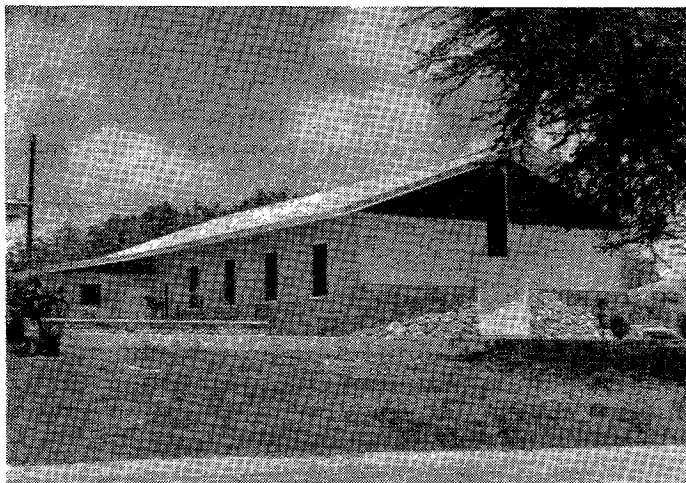
Directing this year were Harrison S. Evans, M.D., co-director of Harding Sanitarium, and Charles E. Wittschiebe, professor of pastoral care at the Seventh-

day Adventist Theological Seminary of Andrews University.

The photo shows the entire study group, with instructors, assembled on the spacious grounds of Harding Sanitarium. Pictured on the front row are members of the institute staff. They are (left to right): L. Harold Caviness, M.D., chief of psychiatric services, Battle Creek Health Center, Battle Creek, Michigan; Donald H. Burk, M.D., staff psychiatrist, Harding Sanitarium; Charles E. Witts-

chiebe; Harrison S. Evans, M.D.; George T. Harding, III, M.D., co-director, Harding Sanitarium; Charles L. Anderson, M.D., chief of psychiatric service, Hinsdale Sanitarium and Hospital; Mary J. McConaughy, chief psychiatric social worker, Harding Sanitarium; and James L. Hagle, administrator, Harding Sanitarium.

MARVIN H. REEDER
Departmental Secretary
Ohio Conference



Chapel Dedicated on Guam

The Ana T. Gay Memorial Chapel was dedicated on Guam, June 11. The service opened with the unveiling of a plaque bearing the inscription ANA T. GAY MEMORIAL CHAPEL, by Mrs. Elizabeth Everett, daughter of Mrs. Ana T. Gay, donor of the property.

The dedicatory sermon was preached by J. L. Pogue, president of the Far Eastern Island Mission. W. L. Pascoe, treasurer of the Far Eastern Division, offered the dedicatory prayer. The history of the chapel was read by the writer.

This beautiful chapel is the fulfillment of the dream of Mrs. Gay who, to her dying day on July 22 of last year, never lost hope of having a church edifice on the property she had donated to the mission. This structure will serve as a continual reminder of her faithful Christian life. Mrs. Gay was among the first Seventh-day Adventists on Guam.

E. A. JIMENO

Pastor, Far Eastern Island Mission



Laying a Hospital Cornerstone in Trinidad

September 15, 1960, marked a long step forward for the medical work in Trinidad, British West Indies. This was the occasion of the official cornerstone laying for a new hospital.

The program was broadcast over five radio outlets in the island for three quarters of an hour. Dr. Winston Mahabir, Minister of Health, was the honored speaker. David Bull, M.D., medical director of the hospital, J. C. Boger, business manager, A. A. Ward, president of the South Caribbean Conference of Seventh-day Adventists, D. G. Nudd, architect, and F. S. Thompson participated in the ceremony.

When completed the hospital will accommodate 57 beds. Provision has been made to expand to 100 beds, and to include a school of nursing.

H. E. RICE

Associate Secretary

Medical Department, General Conference

New Adventist Medical Unit in Ecuador

By Robert E. Osborn

Treasurer, South American Division

A new denominational medical institution was opened in September, 1960, in the beautiful capital city of Quito in Ecuador. This unit joins a growing group of hospitals, sanitariums, clinics, and consultation and treatment facilities, as well as mobile clinics and medical launches, in the South American Division.

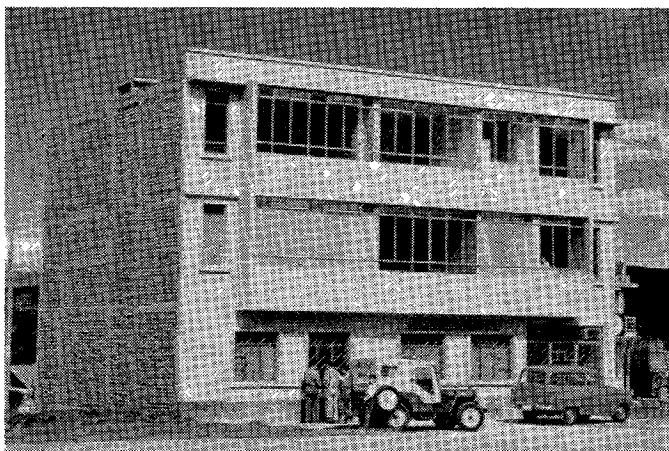
The Quito institution, known as the Clinica Americana Adventista, is unique in that it has come to the denomination complete and almost fully equipped as the gift of Dr. and Mrs. Waldo W.

Stiles, and represents a present replacement value of approximately \$50,000. The clinic is being operated by the Inca Union, which already has well-known units in Lima, Juliaca, and Iquitos, in Peru, and Chulumani in Bolivia.

Dr. and Mrs. Stiles have served in the Inca Union as regular and relief medical workers off and on since 1936, most of their scattered periods of serv-

ice being in response to urgent needs for temporary help. During the times spent in South America, they saw the great influence of our medical program and decided to move to Ecuador, where we had no regular medical program. They came on a self-supporting basis in 1957 and began to build up a busy private practice, at the same time planning and constructing a unit that can handle medical, surgical, and obstetrical cases.

A few months ago Dr. Stiles discussed with the denomination the possibility of turning this complete unit over to the church, the only stipulation being that it would be operated for at least five years as an Adventist institution. A special committee composed of division, union, and Ecuador Mission representatives met in July with Dr. and Mrs. Stiles and inspected the facilities and potential. The General Conference approved of the acceptance of the clinic, and it began functioning as a denominational institution, September 1. Dr. Stiles has been named medical director, but all other personnel will be South American Adventists.



The new Adventist medical unit in Quito, Ecuador.

The Quito Clinic is situated about two miles from the civic center on the main avenue to the airport. It has facilities for ten beds, major and minor surgery, delivery rooms, pharmacy, laboratory, X-ray, and consultation and examination rooms for two doctors. The building is of modern construction and is conveniently appointed. There is sufficient room in the rear to expand into a 60-bed institution as the needs indicate.

A Day With Retired Missionaries

By Barbara Westphal
Missionary Wife

"Would you like to go with us out to a little country church Sabbath morning?" asked Veteran Missionary Orley Ford. I was eager to go, not only because I love little churches in the wildwood but also because I wanted to see how Elder and Mrs. Ford continue to carry on their work after retirement.

After 40 years of foreign mission service they feel more at home in the Spanish-American countries than in their own, and so upon retirement they chose to stay in their pleasant home in the city of San Salvador instead of returning to the United States. A district of 12 churches has

been entrusted to Elder Ford's care now instead of the responsibility of directing the entire Salvador Mission as formerly.

El Salvador, the smallest and most densely populated of the Central American countries, has good roads that enable the Fords in their station wagon to reach—or almost reach—any church in the mission.

Mrs. Ford explained plans to me: "In order to reach this church, we'll have to walk about three miles. There is a woman there who will give us something to eat at noon, so we don't have to carry our lunch. I take a Bible and hymnbook, kindergarten materials, and my melodica. We'll leave about five-thirty in the morning."

The highway took us toward the triple peaks of San Vicente, an extinct volcano. As we circled it, we noticed that the slopes were cultivated almost to the very top. Then we went off to the east of the mountain and it changed its contour, as mountains have a way of doing, so that it was one perfect cone.

As we left the highway and began to bounce over a stony road, I thought, "A younger minister would say, 'I'm not taking *my* car over this road.'" But not Elder Ford. According to his philosophy, cars, like men, are to be worn out in the Master's service.

When his station wagon could go no farther we left the car by a native

hut for safekeeping. Elder Ford slung a pair of old canvas bags over his shoulders—"My dental equipment," he explained. Then they handed me a big straw hat to wear, and produced for themselves a contraption I had never seen before, though I had wished someone would invent one—a small parasol that fastens on the head so that one's arms are not encumbered with it. Elder Ford also carried a flour bag containing baptismal robes. Mrs. Ford took his book bag, and I took hers. My bird glasses also hung over my shoulder.

The one-hour walk was pleasant in the early morning. As we neared the little San Jacinto church we could hear the people singing. The one-room adobe building was already packed to capacity, but the people made a place for Mrs. Ford and me on the front bench.

Since there was to be a baptism and a wedding, Elder Ford announced that it would be well to have the baptism first so we could walk to the river and back before it became any hotter. He lined up the candidates—eight men and one woman—and gave them a sermonet and questioned them on our beliefs.

A walk of a mile brought us to the river, and all the people scrambled over the rocks and found perching places with a good view of the pool. This was the third baptism this year, making a total of 24 added in eight



Parent-Education Classes in Korea

Under the able leadership of Mrs. Naomi Munson, assistant secretary for Parent Home Education in the Korean Union, a strong parent-education program is being developed in this field. An edited translation of the child training booklets has been published and is currently being used in a course conducted for church Parent Society leaders and instructors. Some 20 church leaders of the Seoul area attend the course sessions regularly, and 17 graduates received diplomas on July 20.

Pictured above with Mrs. Munson are the graduates.

RUDY E. KLIMES, *Departmental Secretary*
Korean Union Mission



New York Conference Medical-Health Retreat

Workers of the New York Conference assembled at Union Springs, New York, August 14-20, for a conference-wide medical-health retreat. Coordinator of the meeting was Dr. J. Wayne McFarland, medical secretary of the Atlantic Union Conference. Front row, left to right: Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Truman, Dr. and Mrs. H. W. Vollmer, Dr. McFarland, Elder and Mrs. R. W. Moore, and Elder and Mrs. R. C. Mills.

M. REES, *Departmental Secretary*
New York Conference

months to a church that has no pastor.

Back at the church again, the Sabbath school leader took charge, and Mrs. Ford took all the children outdoors. There wasn't even a bench or a box for them to sit on. Some children sat on the ground and others followed her suggestion and brought over a brick for a seat from a pile nearby. Nearly 50 bright-eyed children enjoyed the songs and the stories.

Going back into the church, we saw that many more people had arrived. Since they have no clocks, they never know what time it is, but the word had passed around that the pastor had come. I counted 65 people standing during the second service—standing all over the platform, in the aisle, at the rear, and at the windows.

Mrs. Ford's German melodica, a wind instrument, which she played for the hymns, is not much larger than a big mouth organ, but it has two octaves on it. When they travel by oxcart, or have horses or carriers, she takes along the heavier accordion, which is really appreciated by the little churches that are without piano or organ.

"Now we'll have the wedding," announced Elder Ford. I had expected one couple only, but four couples pushed their way through the crowd in the center aisle to the front. One person from each couple had just been baptized. Three of the girls had white cotton dresses for the occasion, and one of them boasted a veil. Elder Ford elbowed and stumbled through the crowd standing below the platform and arranged the couples there, read the ceremony, had the participants join hands, and laid his hands on their heads as they knelt in prayer.

As he closed the service he said, "Any who want teeth pulled may wait for me outside." By the time I rounded the corner of the church, I saw he was already at work, with a crowd of interested bystanders looking on. One after another they sat in a chair and opened their mouths. "Which one?" was all Elder Ford asked, and the next minute the tooth was out and the patient was giving his chair to another.

"How many teeth did you pull?" I asked Elder Ford later as he was washing his hands.

"About 40."

The woman who lived in the mud hut nearest the church had placed a little table for us beside an old bench. A pile of hot tortillas was there and some boiled eggs, but no silverware. Mrs. Ford produced three spoons from her bag, otherwise we would have had to dip up the eggs with pieces of tortilla as the natives do.



Elder and Mrs. Orley Ford ready to walk eight miles on a Sabbath morning.

Our hostess brought us a hot drink made from toasted corn. We were hungry and thirsty and we appreciated the lunch.

While we waited for Elder Ford to pull about 25 more teeth, we talked with the woman in the hut. A little girl kept coughing as she ate her tortillas, and everyone had a favorite remedy to suggest to the grandmother.

The three miles back to the road seemed longer in the heat of the day under the tropical sun. How welcome was the cool water in the thermos jug in the car!

As we jogged along the road, Mrs. Ford said, "You know, it isn't the physical hardships that make mission life difficult. Walking keeps us young. It's the problems that make life in the mission field hard." I knew just what she meant—the constant struggle to meet the needs with so little money, the frustration of trying to fill the posts of duty with too few workers, and the thought that often intrudes itself on one's mind—"Do the folks at home care? Do they understand?"

I thought how wonderfully God has cared for Orley and Lillian Ford through the years that their slender frames are still able to keep up with any group of young people, or outdo most of our active younger missionaries.

Driving 55 miles each way, walking eight miles, a baptism, a wedding, a sermon, 65 teeth pulled—it was all in a day's work for this retired missionary.

Surely God's promise in Psalm 103: 5 is fulfilled: "Thy youth is renewed like the eagle's."

From Home Base to Front Line

Australasian Division

George Scott sailed October 16 from Sydney, on the *Shansi*, en route to Port Moresby, Papua. Brother Scott is under appointment to the Coral Sea Union Mission for a limited period to engage in building construction work. His first appointment will be to erect additions to the Central Papuan Missionary School, located at Bautama, Port Moresby.

Thomas L. Trotter traveled from Sydney to New Guinea, on October 27, on his way to Honiara in the Solomon Islands. Brother Trotter will engage in building construction work in the Bismark-Solomons Union Mission for two years. He will begin his work at the Betikama Missionary School, Honiara, where he will erect a new girls' dormitory.

North American Division

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Heisler and two children left Miami, Florida, October 28, returning to Kingston, Jamaica, after furlough. Sister Heisler's maiden name was Ethel Florence Blabey. She graduated from Canadian Union College and completed the nurse's course at the College of Medical Evangelists. Her experience has been in teaching and nursing. Brother Heisler attended Oshawa Missionary College. He served as a treasurer, Book and Bible House manager, departmental secretary, and elementary superintendent before going to the mission field. Since 1955 he has served as administrator of the Andrews Memorial Hospital. He will resume this work upon their return to Jamaica.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph H. Jones and two children, of Roseburg, Oregon, sailed on the *S.S. Hellenic Glory*, October 28, from New York City for Bombay, India. Before marriage, Sister Jones's name was Viola Marie Kendall. She attended Walla Walla College and has had several years' experience as a nurse aid. Brother Jones is a graduate of Walla Walla College and received an M.A. degree in religion from the SDA Theological Seminary. His experience has been as a teacher, and principal in a junior academy. He is to serve as principal of the Lowry Memorial High School in India.

Elder and Mrs. Ernest D. Hanson left New York City November 2, returning to Southern Africa after furlough. Sister Hanson's name before marriage was Iva May Nagel. She graduated from the advanced normal course at Walla Walla College. As a teacher and preceptress, she has had a number of years' experience. She has also prepared textbooks for mission schools. Brother Hanson also graduated from Walla Walla College, with a B.A. degree. Later he secured an M.A. degree from the University of Washington. He served as a preceptor and teacher before going to South Africa. In 1924 Brother and Sister Hanson first connected with the work in South Africa. He has served as a union departmental secretary, principal of Spion Kop College, and president of a local conference, a union

conference, and a union mission. Upon their return he is to be a field secretary for the Southern African Division.

Elder and Mrs. William J. McHenry and two daughters sailed November 4, on the S.S. *Flying Eagle*, from New York City, returning to India after furlough. Sister McHenry's maiden name was Aimee Lillian Brown. She completed the normal course at Pacific Union College. She has had teaching experience. Brother McHenry attended Southwestern Junior College and Pacific Union College, and obtained B.A. and M.A. degrees from the latter. He is a son of Elder and Mrs. W. Hume McHenry, who were missionaries in India for many years. From 1941 to 1954, Brother and Sister William J. McHenry served in Western India. They returned to the United States in 1954 and have been connected with the work at Mount Ellis Academy, Bozeman, Montana. Brother McHenry will serve as educational and Y.P.M.V. secretary of the South India Union.

Northern European Division

Myrna E. Dorland, a new appointee from Britain, sailed October 13 from Liverpool, England, for West Africa. For the past six years Miss Dorland has been teaching history and English at Newbold Missionary College, the division senior college. She will connect with the Nigerian Training College at Ihie, East Nigeria, as English teacher.

Evelyn Beechey returned to her nursing service in East Africa on October 17. She

has been in England, undergoing extensive medical treatment for severe burns she sustained about a year ago. Miss Beechey has received medical clearance to return to her duties in the Heri Mission Hospital, in Tanganyika.

W. P. BRADLEY

• In Brief •

NORTH AMERICA

Columbia Union

• A meeting of accountants and treasurers of academies in the Columbia Union Conference and of Washington Missionary College was held recently at the Columbia Union Conference office in Takoma Park, Maryland, to study plans and procedures pertaining to their work.

• The Dorcas Health and Welfare Federations of the West Virginia Conference elected new officers at recent meetings. The West Central Federation met at Point Pleasant and elected Mrs. Roxie Riley president; Mrs. Peggy Byrde, vice-president; Mrs. Connie Wilson, secretary-treasurer; and Mrs. Hazel Rabel, assistant secretary-treasurer. The South-Central Federation met in Lewisburg, and elected Mrs. E. R. Cowling, president; Mrs. A. L. Midkiff, vice-president; Mrs. M. E. Fra-

lick, secretary-treasurer; and Mrs. G. M. Lawrence, assistant secretary-treasurer. The North-Central Federation met in Cumberland and elected Mrs. Evelyn Postlewait, president; Mrs. Frank Rutledge, vice-president; Mrs. Shirley Bittner, secretary-treasurer; and Mrs. Charles True, assistant secretary-treasurer.

• Students of Blue Mountain Academy in the East Pennsylvania Conference organized their first Master Guide Club with a membership of 40 young people 16 years of age and older.

Lake Union

• Mrs. Viola Hack, of East Detroit, Michigan, was recently voted "Citizen of the Month" by the Citizens' League of South Macomb County. A dinner was given in her honor, and the local newspaper carried a picture and story. She was given this award because of her activities as president of the Dorcas Welfare Society of the Detroit Van Dyke SDA church, and her personal welfare activities in the community.

• Claude R. Barrett has recently joined the Emmanuel Missionary College Press as production superintendent. A graduate of Walla Walla College, he has been employed in their press, the Paradise Valley Sanitarium, the Pacific Union College Press, and recently the Washington Missionary College Press.

• The weekend of October 14-16 found 400 Pathfinders and leaders, under the supervision of L. C. Caviness, Michigan

MERCY RIDES ON WINGS

—An invitation to adventure

By L. E. C. Joers, M.D.

"Why don't you take your vacation in the jungle of Peru, Doctor?" was the request made by Pastor R. A. Hayden, president of the Ecuador Mission. A ready response was found in the hearts of Dr. Joers, his wife, Annetta, and his daughter, Mary Lou.

Pastor Hayden writes of Dr. Joers's visit as follows: "I can still hear the expressions of appreciation: the 'Thank you's' and the 'God bless you's' of villagers, landowners, their Indian slaves, women, children, and even the nuns in a remote parochial school. Before me lies page after page of signatures in appreciation of the doctor's visit to that isolated corner of the world."

Dr. Joers says, "The gratitude of the people made it one of the most heartening experiences I've ever had. I'd be ready to go again tomorrow."

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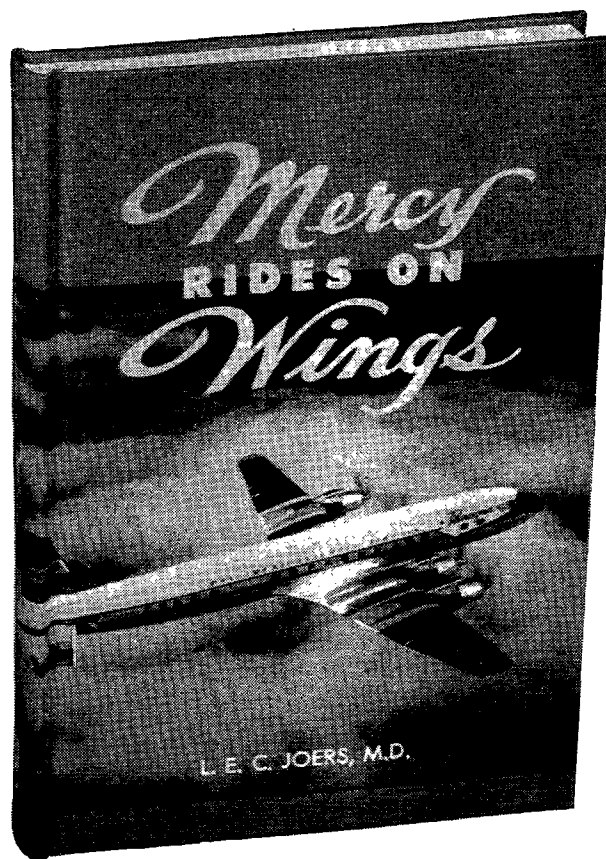
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Conference MV secretary, gathered for a camporee at the new Scott Lake Camp in southwestern Michigan. On Sabbath afternoon a nature hike was conducted over the 80-acre tract, and on Sunday many outdoor skills were featured.

● Six new members were added to the Broadview Academy church by baptism on Sabbath, October 1. This was a culmination of the fall Week of Prayer conducted by Richard Barron and Ray Turner.

North Pacific Union

● The newly formed Cummings-Dale evangelistic team for the Montana Conference is beginning an evangelistic effort in Hamilton. On January 14 a similar effort will begin in Missoula.

● October 29 and 30 were the dates of America's northernmost book sale, in the new church building in Fairbanks, Alaska, where an evangelistic effort is in progress by Don Jacobsen, the pastor, and Ron Turner, singing evangelist. A. C. Reed of the Alaska Mission office was flown, along with books and phonograph records, more than 450 miles to the sale through the courtesy of one of our members, Fred Frakes. When the sales were tallied, \$309.52 worth of our books and records had been sold.

● The Walla Walla College *Collegian* was one of eight college newspapers in its class to receive the All-American rating from the Associated Press for the last semester of 1960. Ken Kelln, of Everett, Washington, a 1960 spring graduate, now in his first year of medical study at the College of Medical Evangelists, was last year's editor.

● A Sabathil Harpsichord Maestoso III arrived recently for use by the Walla Walla College music department. The six-foot instrument has two manuals, with eight-foot and four-foot stops on the lower manual and an eight-foot lute stop

that affects all the other stops. The harpsichord was built in Vancouver, B.C., by the Sabathil family, makers of harpsichords since World War II and originally from Czechoslovakia.

Pacific Union

● On November 19, members of the Santa Barbara church commemorated the seventieth anniversary of the establishment of the congregation. The church building has been moved three times, but is now in a beautiful state of preservation in spite of its being the oldest church in Santa Barbara still in use, excepting the Old Mission. Guests assisting in the celebration were Cree Sandefur, president of the Southern California Conference; Alvin Munson, conference secretary-treasurer; and Merwin A. R. Jones, former pastor. The present pastor is Wilford L. Goffar.

● The Livermore church was dedicated on Sabbath, October 8, with R. R. Bietz, president of the Pacific Union Conference, giving the dedicatory sermon. Others taking part in the service were Carl Becker and E. A. Schmidt, president and secretary-treasurer, respectively, of the Northern California Conference; H. K. Martin and J. D. Hardt, former pastors; and the present pastor, V. N. Mallernee.

● For the third consecutive summer the Oakdale church has conducted a Vacation Bible School. This year 75 per cent of the 133 children registered were from non-Adventist homes. Typical of the enthusiastic workers is Mrs. Lillie Allen who, though 90 years old, still takes an active part and transports children to the Vacation Bible School in her small electric car, reports J. E. Bynum, pastor.

● Kenneth H. Wood, Jr., associate editor of *THE REVIEW AND HERALD*, was the speaker for the fall Week of Devotion on the Loma Linda campus of the College of Medical Evangelists. His theme was "The Focused Life."

● The Hill church at Loma Linda has undertaken a building project to provide a suitable place for its Pathfinders, and for Dorcas and fellowship activities. The two-story structure will be located in an area south of the church proper.

NOTICE

Christmas Songs of Many Lands

Eleven Seventh-day Adventist choral groups participate in a special tape of "Christmas Songs From Many Lands," just released by the General Conference Bureau of Public Relations. Many of the voices are untrained, but the program holds the listener because of its unusual and fast-moving nature.

Heard on the twenty-four-minute program are students of the Coral Sea Union Training School in New Guinea; children of Lebanon singing in Arabic; men of Solusi Mission in Africa; young folks of the Poona, India, church singing in Marathi; students of the Danish Junior College singing in their tongue; nurses of the Waldriede Sanitarium and Hospital in Berlin, singing in German; and others.

Narration weaves the singing together, enabling the listener to imagine himself right there with the singers; and the program closes with best wishes for the Christmas season from the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

The tape may be offered to local radio stations, to be aired on public service time during the Christmas season as program scheduling may permit. It will provide a unique and friendly greeting from the church to the community. Order from Bureau of Public Relations, General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists, Washington 12, D.C. Cost of tape plus instruction sheet, spot announcements, and two scripts (one of which is that used on the tape and the other a suggested five-minute interview by radio) is only \$3.75, plus postage if requested by air mail.

Church Calendar FOR 1960

Thirteenth Sabbath Offering (Christmas Offering) December 24

1961

Home Missionary Day—Lay Evangelism	January 7
Church Home Missionary Offering	January 7
Religious Liberty Campaign	January 14-21
Religious Liberty Day Offering	January 21
Christian Home and Family Altar	February 4
Christian Home Week	February 4-11
Church Home Missionary Offering	February 4



Potomac Vacation Bible Schools

Sabbath school activities? Yes! "Activities" that are never out of date—2,491 of them to be exact! That's how many active boys and girls came to the 22 Vacation Bible Schools in the Potomac Conference this past summer. And there were 1,308 non-Seventh-day Adventist "activities" among them, for this was the number of little visitors who came and who were very active in the program. Think of it, a crowd of youngsters, not of our faith, almost equal to a small conference, invading our churches, and then, as a tremendous potential for our Sabbath schools, going back home to

make perpetual the activities of Vacation Bible School evangelism.

May we illustrate? Deborah, four, Yvonne, six, and Edsel, nine, actively entered into a new experience for them—a Seventh-day Adventist Vacation Bible School. Then something terrible happened!

"Grandma must go to the hospital for a cancer operation!" they were told. The Seventh-day Adventist minister was taking the children to VBS, so he heard about the situation too. Soon he was involved in more activities, first visiting and then giving Bible studies to grandma as she recovered. Mother also entered into the studies eagerly. Now they are both very interested in the everlasting gospel of Jesus Christ, all because the local Sabbath school decided to have a Vacation Bible School. And Deborah, Yvonne, and Edsel are faithfully attending Sabbath school every week.

Sabbath school activities? Yes! The

kind that reach out long after Vacation Bible School itself is over. Listen to a couple of the reports by active Vacation Bible School directors.

"Our junior division leader is making personal contacts as follow-up. She enrolled 11 of her class in the Voice of Prophecy Junior Bible Course and plans to help them follow it through to the end."

"The Methodist minister visited our school one day and told a story to the children. We presented him with the book *Planet in Rebellion*. We also gave 50 of these remarkable missionary books to parents who attended the closing exercise of our Vacation Bible School."

Sabbath school activities? Yes! Activities for us all, as God helps us to activate the Sabbath school. Now's the time to plan, to pray, and to be active!

WILLIAM E. CARPENTER
Sabbath School Secretary
Potomac Conference

Sabbath School Lesson Help

By HARRY W. LOWE, General Conference Field Secretary

FOR SABBATH, DECEMBER 24, 1960

The Millennium

[This Lesson Help is a running comment on the lesson presented in the *Sabbath School Quarterly* and should be read in connection with it.]

THE idea that the millennial reign of the saints with Christ would be on earth and that it would be a period of peace and prosperity came from a misunderstanding of certain Old Testament prophecies that suggest such a golden age. The school of prophetic interpretation known as *chiliasm*, and the period known as a *chiliad*, derive from the Greek word for *thousand*.

It was once a popular idea, even among religionists, to believe that the world was getting progressively better, and that it would eventually reach a golden age of peace and tranquillity. With variations, this idea also included a Messianic reign. More recently, however, progressive betterment has receded under the shock of possible sudden annihilation.

1. The World Before the Millennium

MATTHEW 24:37-39. "As the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be." Men will continue their usual pursuits right up to the very end of time. "The same sins exist in our day which brought the wrath of God upon the world in the days of Noah. Men and women now carry their eating and drinking to gluttony and drunkenness. This prevailing sin, the indulgence of perverted appetite, inflamed the passions of men in the days of Noah and led to general corruption, until their violence and crimes reached to heaven, and God washed the earth of its moral pollution by a flood."—*Testimonies*, vol. 3, p. 163. See Genesis 6:5, 6 on God's attitude to antediluvian wickedness and compare 2 Timothy 3:1-5 on Paul's delineation of last-day wickedness.

MATTHEW 13:38, 39. "The good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked one." The ultimate classifications among men are the saints and sinners. There are none in between in the judgment day. The reaping angels will gather men to judgment or to salvation on the basis of a heavenly predetermined selection. Saints are determined in the investigative judgment; all others are sinners.

1 THESSALONIANS 5:3. "For when they shall say, Peace and safety; then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall not escape." "Like the priests and teachers before the fall of Jerusalem, they [false teachers] look for the church to enjoy earthly prosperity and glory. The

signs of the times they interpret as foreshadowing this. But what saith the word of Inspiration? 'Sudden destruction cometh upon them.'"—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 635.

2. Initial Events of the Millennium

JOHN 14:1-3. "I will come again." This is Christ's own promise, and is the central truth in the study of eschatology, or of the last events in world history. His coming is the crisis of divine intervention. It begins with the first resurrection: "The dead in Christ shall rise first" (1 Thess. 4:16). The resurrected and the living saints shall reign "with Christ a thousand years" (Rev. 20:4). This is a period during which "judgment was given unto them." Doubtless this period is occupied in receiving enlightenment on God's purposes, judgments, future plans. It ends with the second resurrection, that of the wicked (Rev. 20:5).

2 THESSALONIANS 2:7-10, R.S.V. "The mystery of lawlessness is already at work. . . . And the Lord Jesus will slay him with the breath of his mouth and destroy him by his appearing and his coming." The "fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries" (Heb. 10:27) is the "sudden destruction" that destroys the wicked living at Christ's coming (1 Thess. 5:3). "In the mad strife of their own fierce passions, and by the awful outpouring of God's unmingled wrath, fall the wicked inhabitants of the earth, —priests, rulers, and people, rich and poor, high and low."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 657.

JOHN 14:3. "I will come again, and receive you unto myself." The Second Advent has a twofold purpose: (1) To judge the wicked, and (2) to deliver the church. The resurrected righteous dead and the righteous living are "caught up" in the clouds (1 Thess. 4:16, 17). "So shall we ever be with the Lord."

3. Events of the Millennial Reign

REVELATION 20:1, 2. "He laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years." The angel had "the key of the abyss," an idiomatic expression such as when we say "the key to the situation." The earth is devoid of beings for Satan to deceive and he is confined to contemplation of his dastardly work. "His sufferings are intense," and he must "look forward with trembling and terror to the dreadful future, when he must suffer for all the evil that he has done."—*Ibid.*, p. 660; see context.

1 CORINTHIANS 6:1, 2. "Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world?" To initiate litigation before heathen judges was, to Paul, inconsistent in God's saints who shall judge the world. Daniel had foretold that "judgment was given to the saints of the most high" as well as "the kingdom and dominion" itself (Dan. 7:22, 27). This judgment of the wicked takes place during the thousand years.

4. Events at the End of the Millennium

REVELATION 20:5. "The rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished." The raising of the wicked hosts restores life and activity on earth, provides Satan's last malignant effort to deceive, and sets the stage for the final execution of judgment on sin and sinners.

REVELATION 20:3. "After that [end of the thousand years] he must be loosed a little season." Christ has now come the third time with the redeemed and angel hosts in terrible majesty, and the New Jerusalem "in its dazzling splendor, comes down out of heaven. . . . Now Satan prepares for a last mighty struggle for the supremacy. . . . As the wicked dead are raised, and he sees the vast multitudes upon his side, his hopes revive, and he determines not to yield the great controversy."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 663.

REVELATION 20:7-9. "And they [Satan and his hosts] . . . compassed the camp of the saints about, and the beloved city." This is the final abortive attempt to overthrow Christ, the saints, and righteousness. Its awful nature we cannot conceive, for naked fiendishness and every cruelty and deception are practiced, even to claiming that Satan has raised the hordes who now follow him. See *The Great Controversy*, p. 663.

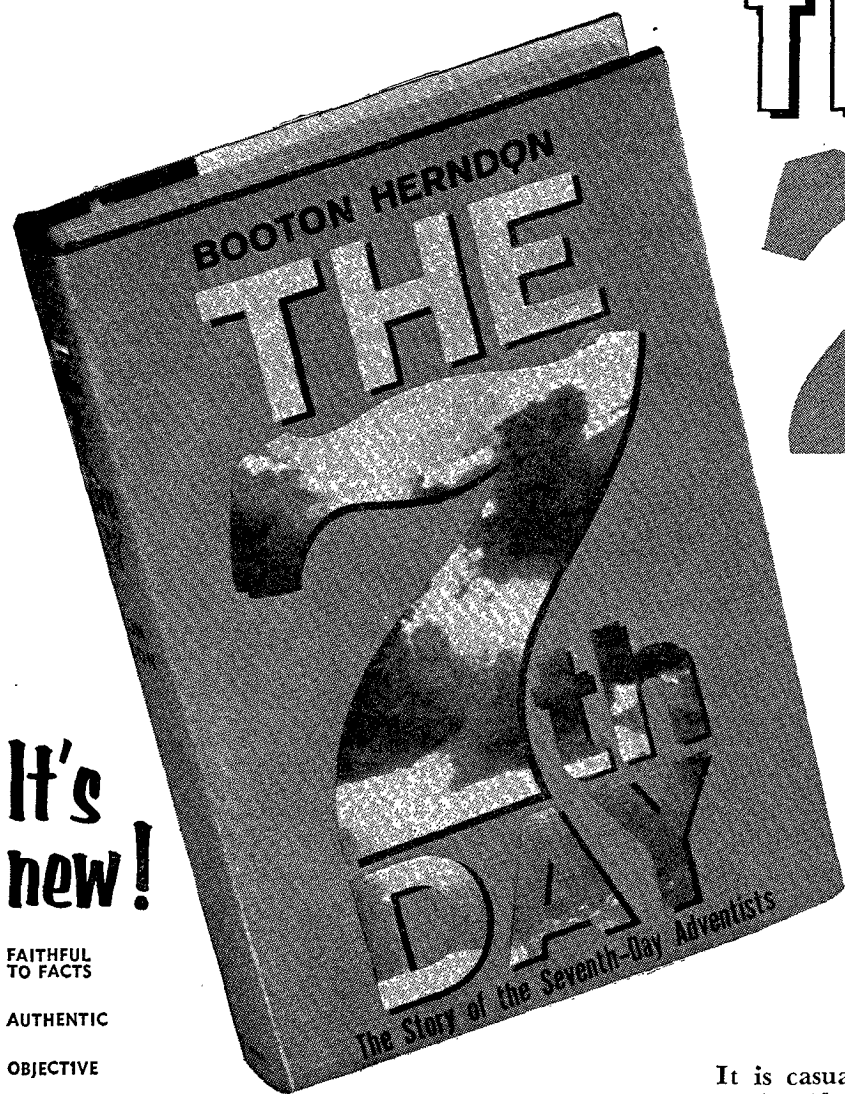
MALACHI 4:1. "Behold, the day cometh, that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch."

"Now Christ again appears to the view of His enemies. Far above the city, upon a foundation of burnished gold, is a throne, high and lifted up. Upon this throne sits the Son of God, and around Him are the subjects of His kingdom. The power and majesty of Christ no language can describe, no pen portray. The glory of the Eternal Father is enshrouding His Son. The brightness of His presence fills the city of God, and flows out beyond the gates, flooding the whole earth with its radiance."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 665.

REVELATION 21:1. "I saw a new heaven and a new earth." This sentence summarizes the highest hopes of all the ages. "The fire that consumes the wicked purifies the earth. Every trace of the curse is swept away" (*ibid.*, p. 674) and the only remaining reminder of the old things are the Redeemer's "marks of His crucifixion." Here there is no regret, pain, tears, night, death. Immortal minds will explore the secrets of the universe that now baffle mankind. "From the minutest atom to the greatest world, all things, animate and inanimate, in their unshadowed beauty and perfect joy, declare that God is love."—*Ibid.*, p. 678.

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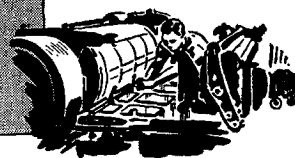
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As We Go to Press



Coming, a Discussion of Hypnotism

We are happy to announce that early in the new year we will run an important series of articles on the much-discussed subject of hypnotism. These articles have been written by one of our physicians who is also a minister. You will not want to miss them.

Remember, the campaign price of \$6.75 on the REVIEW ends at the close of this month. Don't let your subscription run out. To church leaders we appeal: Please endeavor to persuade every member of your church to take the REVIEW for the coming year. If all read the REVIEW all will be more ardent in their attendance at church and in their support of the gospel program.

A Congolese VOP Convert

Leonard C. Robinson, radio-TV secretary of the Congo Union, writes that the Sabbath before the trouble broke out in Elisabethville he had the privilege of baptizing a Voice of Prophecy convert. This man had been a stanch believer in one of the other Protestant churches and an active opposer of Seventh-day Adventism. Then a colporteur evangelist cultivated his friendship and sold him a small book. Later he was enrolled in the Voice of Prophecy Bible school.

At first his wife opposed him strenuously because she knew he had been chosen as the local leader of a new African church being organized, and she wanted him to accept the position. But "the Voice of Prophecy lessons seemed to have a bewitching hold on him" writes Brother Robinson, "so that he could hardly wait for the lessons to arrive." When he was about half through the course he persuaded his wife to join him, and together they completed the course and joined the baptismal class.

I quote these solemn words from Brother Robinson: "We must do all we possibly can in the short time which remains at our disposal to get the gospel into the unentered parts of this great Congo. If we could only have these Voice of Prophecy lessons translated into the Lingala language we could touch at least another five million people. Then if we could

have them translated into Ruyaranda we could contact roughly another five million.

"Surely time is shorter than we realize. The regular channels of evangelism may close in the near future, but I firmly believe that our Voice of Prophecy lessons, under the direction of our faithful African workers, will play a major role in evangelizing the unentered parts of this great land."

E. R. WALDE

Adventist Food Factories

Seventh-day Adventists are the founders of the modern cereal-food industry. Today's wide selection of ready-to-eat cereals originated with research on foods in the Battle Creek Sanitarium and related laboratories. W. K. Kellogg, founder of the Kellogg food industries and brother of John Harvey Kellogg, director of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, was perhaps the most important figure in this development. While the production of this kind of foods here in America has passed into the control of large private corporations, in Australia Seventh-day Adventists with their chain of modern factories are the largest producers of cereal-food products.

In America, our denominationally operated Loma Linda Foods, the privately operated Worthington Foods, and a number of smaller concerns are growing into a multimillion-dollar food industry. We have growing food industries in England, Germany, Switzerland, Denmark, and France.

This summer a food manufacturers' council was held in Stanborough Park, Watford, England. The secretary, C. H. Anscombe, reports progress in our food industry and plans to emphasize research and development.

T. R. FLAIZ, M.D.

Narcotics Education Program Urged on Church

On a recent radio interview Mr. H. J. Anslinger, Federal Commissioner of Narcotics, was asked what interest the churches have in the narcotics problem. He hesitated a moment as if trying to think of any church that might be doing a definite work along this line, then replied, with vigor:

"Seventh-day Adventists have been

right on top of this problem with wonderful books and bulletins, and they have done more for us than any other church."

Mr. Anslinger is at present preparing 5,000 copies of *Listen* reprints on one phase of the narcotics question which appeared recently. He plans to circulate these among medical colleges. In a recent interview with Mr. Anslinger in his office he commended us highly for the *Listen* sponsorship program that we are undertaking this year, which has as its goal the putting of three church-sponsored subscriptions into each junior and senior high school. This campaign will be followed up by a Narcotics Education, Inc., program. He urged us to get copies of *Listen* into penitentiaries and penal institutions.

As I left, Mr. Anslinger stated, "Mr. Gibson, I want you to know that we are counting in a big way on Seventh-day Adventists to help us in the great problem of narcotics education."

JESSE O. GIBSON

Academy Enrollments Show Good Gains

Paralleling population trends in schools throughout the United States, Seventh-day Adventist academies in the North American Division during the decade of the 50's gained appreciably in student enrollment. With complete figures available there was a 46 per cent gain of student enrollment for the 1959-60 academic year over the 1949-50 school year. The largest gains in academy enrollments were in the Columbia Union and Southern Union conferences, with 84 and 67 per cent gains, respectively, during the decade.

The 1960-61 opening reports for the academies in North America show a four per cent increase in student enrollment over the opening reports of the past school year. Student enrollments in boarding academies went up 2.10 per cent for 1960-61, and in the day academies, 14.39 per cent. Again this school year Laurelwood Academy has the largest boarding academy enrollment, with 378 students, and Lynwood Academy the largest day academy enrollment, 398.

May the Master Teacher bless the 13,575 students in our North American Division academies with a profitable year.

T. S. GERATY