

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH

REVIEW and Herald

Francis David Nichol
1897-1966



A Tribute to Francis David Nichol

By Kenneth H. Wood

It requires the perspective of time to provide an accurate evaluation of the life of a man, and to assign him his place in history; yet even now, immersed though we are in sorrow and surrounded by the dark clouds of death, it takes but dim eyesight to see clearly that Francis David Nichol was a great and good man. He was great in physical vigor, great in intellect, great in human emotions, great in deep convictions.

And all that was great about him he dedicated to the Advent cause. As a skillful editor and eloquent preacher he applied the total capabilities of his tireless energy and brilliant mind to the task of articulating clearly the unique purpose of the great Second Advent Movement. With a single-mindedness that sometimes mystified and awed even his associates, he proclaimed both the truths held in common with all Christian bodies and those Biblical insights that are God's special gift to the world through the Advent people.

He not only proclaimed those truths, he defended them with all the sanctified vigor and wisdom at his command. He felt called upon to be one of God's lawyers in a world where higher criticism and scientific discoveries had placed historic fundamental Christianity on trial for its life. That he made a strong defense for truth, no one can deny.

And what he preached he lived. He believed that the Advent message must go to all the world in a brief span of time, and he always did more than his part to undergird that advance by generous contributions. Most of his gifts were anonymous, but heaven's records will testify that they were not inconsiderable. Not only did he give to needs within the church, he gave to lighten the burdens of individuals. His fiscal philosophy was that money is a sacred trust, not to be used selfishly but to benefit others. With the same type of thrift that characterized the pioneers of the Advent Movement, he lived frugally and unostentatiously in order to advance the cause. His life was a silent condemnation of the luxury and gadgetry of the affluent society. He never had a radio in his car, and only in recent years did he permit himself the convenience of an automatic transmission—perhaps due, I have sometimes thought, to excessive persuasion on the part of associates.

Elder Nichol lived the kind of Adventism that seemed both reasonable and relevant in a twentieth-century context. He fought all forms of fanaticism, and even as he did so performed a successful marriage between faith and reason in his own life. Better than most people, he exemplified the beliefs of Adventism, I have often thought that if someone were to ask the question, "What is a Seventh-day Adventist?" I could hardly give a better answer than to say, "Francis David Nichol is a Seventh-day Adventist." Apparently this was not merely my personal opinion, for one of the many telegrams of condolence that have poured in since his death says, in part: "No one has served the cause of Christ with more devotion or with such fearless courage. He will long be remembered for his contribution to the church."

Some men shine with almost dazzling brilliance when before large crowds, but show up poorly in the person-to-person, day-by-day working relationships. This was not true

with Elder Nichol. While he had few, if any, peers in public presentations, he was likewise exceptional in many traits that are revealed only behind the scenes. He expected his fellow workers to put forth their best efforts, but he understood that the human element is uncertain at best, and when mistakes were made he always accepted the full responsibility as editor. He never tried to shift the blame to others, never sought to hide behind lesser men.

Elder Nichol scorned sycophants but showed genuine admiration for men of sincere and sterling character. Frequently, for example, his love and profound respect for his predecessor, Elder F. M. Wilcox, cropped up in our office conversations. Often he spoke of Elder Wilcox as a saint, a man of God, a man of tact, a man who was well organized, who never procrastinated but always kept ahead of his work. It was apparent that, in many respects, Elder Nichol hoped to emulate his great and good predecessor.

In this he did not fail. Never one to leave assignments to the last minute, he had completed preparations for four speaking assignments next weekend at Andrews University. His major appointment represented about 40 manuscript pages. Likewise, he had completed all the preliminary organization for printing the daily *Bulletins* during the General Conference session. Eagerly he looked forward to the added excitement and exhilaration involved in producing a daily paper, as he liked to think of it, for distribution to the delegates at Detroit. He loved life and its attending pressures.

Elder Nichol was an extremely complex man, with many facets to his character. He had a keen sense of humor, and always had an appropriate story for every occasion, yet he had a dominantly serious side. He had a brilliant intellect, yet he did not retreat into the world of the mind; he was very much a part of the world about him. No one who ever saw his eyes light up at the sight of a red-haired child or baby can doubt the genuine warmth of his nature. And no one who ever went to him in trouble—and there were many—can doubt his deep interest in helping to solve even self-caused problems. Not a few in our community will feel keenly that they have lost a sympathetic friend—one who not only listened willingly but who kept absolutely secret the confidences entrusted to him. And patients in the sanitarium will miss his visits, made voluntarily week by week whenever he was not out of town traveling.

But what can we say in such a limited time to give any adequate picture of this man who used his God-given gifts so unstintingly in the service of the One who gave them? Should we forget to mention that though he sometimes thought his brethren were mistaken in their decisions, he joined hands with them, so dedicated was he to the unity of the church? Should we not mention that he possessed such an abundance of natural talents that it would have been easy to grow more dependent on self and less on the Lord, yet he paused for short prayers at regular intervals during each day at the office, seeking wisdom and strength from Him who alone is the source of all things good? Should we not mention that his influence in the publishing house was so enormous that when news of his death passed like an electric shock through the building, small clusters of workers gathered tearfully here and there in the

halls, unbelievably, hoping for word that somehow the dreadful report was untrue?

Words cannot capture the essence that was Elder Nichol—the sparkle, the good humor, the rugged individualism, the mighty intellect, the deep spirituality. As the poet Browning wrote, “. . . all gifts which the world offers singly, on one head combine!” In our loss perhaps it would be appropriate to express our feelings through the famous literary passage borrowed for use in connection with the death of America’s recent young President:

“When he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.”

Speaking personally, I can only say that a giant has fallen, and like a towering tree in the forest felled by the woodsman’s ax, his passing leaves “a lonesome place against the sky.”

A Prince Has Fallen

By Adlai Albert Esteb

And King David said, “Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel? And I am this day weak” (2 Sam. 3:38, 39).

A great man has fallen. At these last rites,
A spiritual giant now sleeps.
A man who ascended the mountain heights,
But one who could probe ocean deeps.

Today, like King David, we all feel weak;
We’ll miss his wit from tongue and pen.
We welcomed his counsel when he would speak,
He honored God’s blueprint for men.

A leader of men he was from his youth,
With the courage to match his brain;
He lived all his life a champion of truth,
With the wisdom to make things plain.

He scorned mediocrity, loathed all sin,
He hated hypocrisy too.
He knew that the good and the right would win.
To God and his church he was true.

His mind, clean and keen, was like sharpened blades;
On moral issues he took his stand.
Against all wrong he launched repeated raids,
The sword of the Lord in his hand.

He roared like a lion ‘gainst compromise,
He shunned all complacency too.
But wrote with such joy of the heavenly prize
For all who could read the *Review*.

He walked with good men and the great of earth,
Yet he lost not the common touch;
His prayers for the sick showed his inner worth,
His faith in God whom he loved so much.

He rests from his labors, his pen is laid down;
His works will live on for all time.
He’ll hear the “Well done” when given his crown,
For his work on earth was sublime.

Service With Ellen G. White Estate

By Arthur L. White

Late in 1950 Elder F. D. Nichol was drawn into the circle of the Ellen G. White Estate Trustees. He had a personal acquaintance with Ellen G. White as a young man, and he was ever devoted to the Spirit of Prophecy counsels. He gave himself without reserve in the defense of Ellen G. White and her work, guiding the members of the church to a better understanding of her ministry in the ever-widening distribution of her writings.

Elder Nichol’s painstakingly written work, *Ellen G. White and Her Critics*, published in 1951, has virtually shut the mouths of those who have opposed the church because of the Spirit of Prophecy. His explanatory editorials appearing from time to time in the *REVIEW* have answered many a question, strengthened many a faint heart, and led new believers to an enlightened appreciation of the gift in the church.

Upon the death of Elder A. V. Olson a little more than three years ago, Elder Nichol was called to the presidency of the Ellen G. White Estate, and as such served as chairman of the board. He ever sensed the high honor of this office and was alert to the solemn responsibility of giving leadership to the organization established by Mrs. White for the care of her writings.

Elder Nichol was particularly mindful of the relationships that this work entailed, and exercised rare judgment in guiding the fortunes of this organization devoted to the preservation and dissemination of the Spirit of Prophecy messages. His discernment was keen and his vision broad as he labored to secure the publication of such Ellen G. White materials as would encourage, protect, and edify the church.

He was ever ready to point the new believer or the uncertain soul to

the strong evidences for confidence in this precious gift. A book from his pen devoted to this objective, *Why I Believe in Mrs. E. G. White*, came from the press in 1964.

It was his expectation, and ours, that he would soon be turning his attention to the preparation of a long-awaited biography of Ellen G. White to be issued in two volumes. He looked forward to making this the capstone of his many and important contributions toward leading thousands to a better understanding of the Spirit of Prophecy.

As can be well understood, Elder Nichol and I worked together very closely in an indestructible and intimate fellowship. I ever found him ready to give an attentive ear to the matters I brought to him and found his counsel safe and wise. The Ellen G. White Estate suffers a great loss today as this prince in Israel has fallen.



T. K. MARTIN PHOTO

The ministers who participated in Elder Nichol's funeral pause at the graveside as Elder Arthur White prays. From left: Elders Carcich, Loveless, White, Singleton, Figuhr, Wood, Cottrell.

Story of the Funeral

By H. M. Tippet

Less than a work week ago we passed him vigorously walking up Carroll Avenue to his busy duties at the Review and Herald office. Today we drove the other way on Carroll Avenue, following his funeral cortege to his last resting place in George Washington Cemetery.

Forenoon and afternoon and night,—
And day is gone,—
So short a span of time there is
"Twixt dawn and evensong.

But some men crowd so much into each day of living, so much into the total life span, that we revel in its recall, and linger, however sadly, in the hour of requiem. And thus it was on this bright June day that the memorial services for Elder Francis D. Nichol partook more of triumph than of grief, of inspiration and consolation than of tragic loss. And we believe he would have had it so.

At one o'clock on Monday, June 6, the parking places serving Sligo church were at a premium and little groups of people were wending their way from every direction into the sanctuary. Among the estimated 1,300 at

the service were businessmen and members of the community of other faiths whose friendship and respect for the deceased had been won during his nearly 40 years of residency in Takoma Park.

While the people were quietly filling the pews, Donald Vaughn, Sligo church organist, was at the console of the pipe organ, softly playing hymns of faith and confidence that comfort grieving hearts. At 1:15 Arthur Walters, director of the Takoma Funeral Home, led the honorary pallbearers to their reserved seats at the right front of the church. Among the 30 who were present were representatives of the Review and Herald Board, the staff and board of the White Estate, and members of editorial staffs, past and present. (See list in this issue.)

On the other side of the sanctuary the 34 members of the Review and Herald Men's Chorus were seated with their leader, Merrill Dawson, and accompanist, Giles Roberts. As soon as the mourning family took their seats in front of the bier, the officiating ministers occupied their places on the platform.

To open the service the Men's Chorus sang the beautifully moving song: "To See Thy Face."

Someday the plan divine, which now perplexes,
Ah, let me see and kiss those hands, nail riv'n.
And I'll remember through th' eternal ages
Thy life, dear Lord, for my poor life was giv'n.

To see Thy face! To see Thy face!
Someday, not distant, Lord, I'll see Thy face!

Elder William Loveless, pastor of Sligo church, read Scripture portions that from time immemorial have comforted God's people in their hours of trial and grief, of triumph and exultation. The familiar phrases fell comfortingly upon every ear and brought memories of individual experiences to each believing heart.

Elder Theodore Carcich, vice-president of the General Conference for North America, followed with a prayer that was full of earnest petition for God's gracious remembrance of His people, for angelic ministry to the bereaved, and for implementation of the promises of Heaven to the church in these solemn times. "Thou whose mercies are from everlasting to everlasting . . . fill our minds with the expectation of reunion at the coming of our blessed Lord."

The life sketch, which appears on the back page of this issue, was read by Elder R. F. Cottrell, associate editor of the REVIEW AND HERALD. The emotional break in his voice as he concluded his obituary testified to the affection that everyone on the editorial staff felt for their fallen leader.

Elder Arthur L. White, secretary of the Ellen G. White Estate, spoke of his association with Elder Nichol, who for some years has been chairman of their board. He especially emphasized the undeviating defense of the writings of the Spirit of Prophecy by the deceased, and of his interest in plans for the ever-widening distribution of the counsels of the messenger of the Lord to His church.

No more appropriate song could have been selected for the occasion than that sung so beautifully by Mrs. E. H. Atchley, accompanied on the organ by Mr. Vaughn, "Is It Far to Canaan's Land?"

O the way is long and weary,
And our trembling feet are sore;
Is it far to Canaan's land?

O how sweet would be a resting place
A safe and quiet home; . . .
Where the cruel days of bondage
And of fear will never come.
It's not far to Canaan's land.

Elder Kenneth H. Wood, long associated with Elder Nichol, and with

his staff suddenly charged with funeral arrangements and emergency plans for the paper, worked far into the evening hours preparing a fitting eulogy for this memorial service. That he was able to put together so eloquent a tribute as appears in this issue shows how close his sentiments were to his daily consciousness of the character and worth of his editorial chief.

The sermon by Elder R. R. Figuhr, president of the General Conference, was no stereotype of funeral occasions. He spoke with deep sincerity of the seemingly irreplaceable loss that had come to the church in the death of one of its most prominent leaders of thought and faith. Elder Nichol was always in close conference with Elder Figuhr on matters of great issue concerning the work and problems confronting the church. This loyalty of the REVIEW editor to the cause and to its leaders was of frequent reference during the ceremonies. And no pen was more able to analyze the issues and present them in cogent form, urging all to rally around noble principles, than was that of this fallen leader.

The Men's Chorus sang a song much loved by the deceased and couching in poignant phrases the hopes and aspirations of all who love the Advent message:

We journey to a city which eye hath never seen;

We journey to a country whose shores are ever green. . . .

No eye hath seen its glories, its joys have ne'er been told;

No cloud of sorrow passes above its streets of gold.

Elder H. D. Singleton, secretary of the North American Regional Department, and with whom Elder Nichol had been closely associated recently in the study of human relations, offered the closing prayer, most appropriate and benedictory before the recessional led by the honorary pallbearers, the officiating ministers, and the active pallbearers.

With the organ playing softly in the background, the hundreds of sorrowing friends filed past the open casket for a last look on the face of him whose name will ever be a revered memory. The honorary pallbearers formed a double row down the church steps while the casket was carried between the two lines. The active bearers were: B. B. Beach, educational and Sabbath school secretary of the Northern European Division; W. T. Crandall, editor, *Youth's Instructor*; R. R. Hegstad, editor, *Liberty*; Lawrence Maxwell, editor, *Guide*; M. R. Thurber, book editor, *Review and Herald*; Neal C. Wilson, president, Columbia Union Conference.

With the flashing warning lights of an escort of Takoma Park police, the funeral procession wended its way

The Funeral Service

SONG: "To See Thy Face," Review and Herald Men's Chorus

SCRIPTURE READING: William A. Loveless, pastor, Sligo church

PRAYER: Theodore Carcich, vice-president of the General Conference for North America

LIFE SKETCH: Raymond F. Cottrell, associate editor, REVIEW AND HERALD

STATEMENT FOR THE ELLEN G. WHITE ESTATE: Arthur L. White, secretary, Ellen G. White Estate

SONG: "Is It Far to Canaan's Land?" Mrs. Esther Atchley

TRIBUTE: Kenneth H. Wood, associate editor, REVIEW AND HERALD

SERMON: R. R. Figuhr, president, General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists

SONG: "We Journey to a City," Review and Herald Men's Chorus

BENEDICTION: H. D. Singleton, secretary, North American Regional Department

The Graveside Service

SCRIPTURE: Theodore Carcich

COMMITTAL: William A. Loveless

PRAYER: Arthur L. White

from Flower to Central avenues, back to Carroll and out across New Hampshire Boulevard to Riggs Road, the mile-long cortege intersecting and halting main-line traffic everywhere.

At George Washington Cemetery graveside services were conducted by Elders Carcich, Loveless, and White. If any message could come from the tomb, no admonition to us who remain would better express Elder Nichol's counsel than the hymn that was Winston Churchill's charge to Britain at his death:

Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Honorary Pallbearers

R. A. Anderson, Henry Andren, H. N. Aplin, W. R. Beach, O. A. Blake, C. E. Bradford, W. P. Bradley, H. A. Brummett, M. V. Campbell, R. G. Campbell, Michael Chiomenti, V. N. Clymer, M. E. Dawson, D. A. Delafield, R. M. Dower, E. W. Dunbar, T. R. Flaiz, H. J. Forquer, C. D. Forshee, J. DeWitt Fox, George Groome.

H. K. Halladay, Fred Harter, G. A. Huse, Frederick Lee, T. K. Martin, F. R. Millard, W. G. C. Murdoch, W. E. Murray, D. F. Neufeld, C. E. Palmer, F. L. Peterson, J. W. Proctor, J. D. Smith, J. D. Snider, K. W. Tilghman, H. M. Tippet, C. L. Torrey, R. S. Watts, J. M. Whitlock, Charles H. Wilkens, N. C. Wilson, C. H. Wolohon.

J. BYRON LOGAN PHOTO



Reports From Far and Near

A Little Tract on a High Mountain of Uganda

By M. E. Lind, Secretary
Trans-Africa Division

The first rays of the early morning sun were pouring over the edge of 14,000-foot-high Mount Elgon in the eastern part of Uganda. It was going to be another hot day. The people living on the vast plains below were accustomed to this kind of weather, for it was the month of January, which in this part of the world is notorious for its depressingly hot atmosphere.

The young director of Kakoré mission station rose from the breakfast table and went out onto the open veranda. To his surprise he saw four people sitting just outside the house—two men and two women. He greeted them cordially. Undoubtedly they had come for medicine.

He was on the point of telling them to go a little farther down the road to the dispensary, but decided against this and instead asked: "And what brings you here so early?" Their reply sounded almost incredible as the story unfolded.

They came from Bugishu, a mountainous district about 30 miles from the little mission station. One of them had been working in Kenya, but having been away from his native district for quite some time, he yearned to see his relatives and friends in Bugishu. He therefore made the journey across the mountains which serve as a border between Kenya and Uganda, and spent a very happy month with his family and friends. Then the time came for him to return to Kenya and to his work.

As is the custom in his country, he took with him for the journey a bundle of cooking bananas (*matoka*) and some live coals in a potsherd. After bidding farewell to his family, he set out on his return journey. He followed the narrow path leading up through the rain forest, and then into the bamboo forest. He was moving along at an even pace, balancing his bundle of bananas on his head and keeping the potsherd of live coals smoldering by frequently blowing upon it. Already it was past midday. He would need the fire soon for making his food and keeping him warm, for at that altitude it can become bitterly cold, especially during the night.

As he made his way through the thick bamboo forest, his thoughts were far away. He went on almost mechanically as if in a dream.

Suddenly he saw something white lying in the path ahead. His curiosity aroused, he stopped. Carefully balancing the banana bundle on his head, he picked up a white paper with some printing on it. Straightening himself and still with the banana bundle on his head, he began to read what was written on the paper.

"*Sabati ya Katonda, Lunaku Ki* ["Which is the Sabbath of the Lord?"]?"

He read on very slowly and laboriously, for he possessed but the minimum of education. It took him a long time to read through the first paragraph. He put down his bundle of bananas and carefully laid the little potsherd with the embers still alight on the grass. He engrossed himself in the study of the four-page tract on the Sabbath of the Lord. He was much impressed with what he found.

But he must be on his way. The day was almost past. He picked up the potsherd and began to blow on the embers, but they were cold. His fire was dead! No matter how hard he blew there was no sign of life left. It would be utter foolishness to proceed on his journey without a fire. Very reluctantly he decided to return to his relatives.

His family were indeed surprised to see him returning, but they listened eagerly when he told them about the little piece of white paper he had found on the high mountain and of the message it contained. Together they studied the tract. They compared it with the Bible. Then they began to inquire as to who had produced the tract. The way led to our mission station at Kakoré. There they received the answers to their many questions, and after being fully instructed, all four were later baptized.

Who put the tract 10,000 feet up on Mount Elgon? Did it fall from the pocket of another traveler? Or was it thrown down by someone, who having read the tract rejected its message? We shall not know the answers to these questions this side of eternity, but four people are rejoicing in the message as a result of this single, discarded piece of literature.

Statewide Baptism Held in Indiana

By Ralph Combes
Departmental Secretary
Indiana Conference

The first State-wide baptismal and trophy service ever held in Indiana since it was organized as a conference 94 years ago was held on Sabbath, March 26. The service demonstrated that the classes conducted by V. W. Schoen, of the General Conference, are already beginning to bear fruit in increased soul winning among Indiana laymen. Coming from 11 of the districts in Indiana, the trophies baptized on that day will serve to inspire others.

One member, Kathyeen Baker, of Westfield, Indiana, confided to me by telephone the following week that she had gone to the trophy meeting in a despondent mood, but she came away a changed person. She set to work that very week and enrolled more than 20 in the Bible course. She is bubbling over with joy.

Following Elder Schoen's classes last September, more than 800 laymen have been trained in similar classes in the churches. Others will continue to be trained.

James T. Jones, of Vincennes, Indiana, has written to us since the meeting:

"Our hearts are full and running over with blessings obtained by going from door to door. We want to share just a couple of experiences that have been ours to enjoy. Since I have always had a fear of going out and meeting people, I marvel at what the Lord can do with a person who will put his feet into the Jordan River. I am a living witness of that.

"Last Sunday my wife and I were visiting homes for the purpose of giving Bi-



A branch Sabbath school in progress in Uganda.

ble studies or enrolling the people in the Indiana Bible School. After making several calls, we entered the home of a mother with four children who had problems that seemed unsolvable to her. We told her that Jesus loves her and her family and He cares what happens to them and He has the answers to all problems. We explained how these studies can be a help to her children, about whom she was so concerned.

"As we talked, she seemed to be drinking in every word. We enrolled her and each of her four children in various Bible courses. They were dissatisfied with their own church and had not attended for six months. For some reason, recently she had bought every child a Bible, but none had ever used his. How it thrilled our hearts to be told that this call was an answer to prayer. Only the night before, she had prayed that God would show her how to help her children.

"We are giving Bible studies to a woman with seven children. She, too, has told us that the Lord has sent us to her.

"Even our ten-year-old daughter is feeling the urge to work. She has been bringing a little Catholic friend, a classmate from public school, with her to Sabbath school for the past few weeks. Last Sabbath this Catholic mother made her son go to Sabbath school also.

"If only there were more of our brethren who would just make that first contact with these waiting people—what a change they would see in their own Christian experience, as I have in my own! I understand now how you can keep your own religion only by giving it away."

We believe that the laymen's soul-winning program in Indiana will continue to grow in size and effectiveness.

Austin, Texas, Crusade for Christ

By R. E. Gibson, Pastor

Twenty-eight souls were baptized during the Barron-Turner meetings in Austin, Texas.

The first baptism was conducted on March 26 by the pastor, R. E. Gibson, when 18 new believers united with the church at the conclusion of three weeks of nightly meetings. Families were united and are now rejoicing in the Lord. One week later, on April 1, a second baptism was conducted, and eight more were added to the remnant church. The third baptism was held April 16, when two more were added.

About 30 more have indicated their

desire for further study, looking toward uniting with the church.

It has been said that the Austin church will never be the same again, and how true it is. The Spirit of God has been working on hearts, and lives have been changed as the message was delivered in word and song by Dick Barron and Ray Turner.

Radio Ministry Blesses in Britain

By Victor H. Cooper
Departmental Secretary
British Union Conference

The 54.2 million people in the United Kingdom have 14,297,789 radio receivers. The average home has about four people in it, so this means that practically every person in the country can be reached by radio. Until recently the programs of the BBC have been the only ones available, but during the past two years five or six commercial offshore "pirate" radio transmitters have challenged this monopoly without interference from Her Majesty's Government. Fifteen million people in Britain listen to these stations.

The Adventist message is being broadcast daily in a five-minute program from Radió Caroline North and Radio Caroline South at 7:55 A.M. (199 meters). A half-hour Voice of Prophecy program is broadcast twice a day from Radio City at 7:30 A.M. and 6:30 P.M. (299 meters). In addition, Radio City broadcasts Your Radio Doctor three times a week as a public service. This broadcasting program is operating on a \$70,000 budget, of which \$30,000 is still to be raised.

As I write, on my desk lies an offer to broadcast from Radio Scotland, but we cannot respond for lack of funds.

According to the survey by Radio Caroline, approximately one million are listening to our broadcast each morning. Between 60 and 100 people write each week for a correspondence course, and many more write for the free literature we offer. Please pray for the listeners in England and invite your English friends and relatives to listen.

Here are a few random comments from listeners' letters:

"Although we do not belong to your church I have been wishing that we could have a daily broadcast like this to start the day. It is certainly an answer to prayer."—London.

"I must write and tell you how much your service means to me every morning. I have to be up early to get my hus-

band and son off to work by seven o'clock and my child off to school. I wouldn't miss this for anything."—Chelmsford.

"My brother and I after hearing your broadcasts morning and evening would be pleased to know where the nearest Seventh-day Adventist church is. We thought we had an excellent vicar, but now we feel dissatisfied."—Colchester.

"I am enjoying the daily broadcasts very much. Thank you very much for making God's Word so plain. By taking God's Word and doing the lessons I am now a child of God and I went through the waters of baptism."—Harlow.

"I have been glad to hear your message of God's truth over Radio City, and would like to receive the books you mention and the booklets on Bible study. I would like to know your basic beliefs. I have always observed Sunday as the day of rest but see no reason why we should substitute the Sunday for Saturday. I would like more help if possible. Where is your nearest church?"—Felixstowe.

"I work with a gentleman who is a Seventh-day Adventist. It is through him that I came to listen to your radio program, and later to take the Bible lessons. Now I attend the Adventist church each Sabbath. There is about this man something that is hard to put into words, but he never preaches at a person as do some people, but he is always ready to answer any questions put to him. His deep sincerity in his faith seems to draw others to want to know more about it."—London.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH REVIEW and HERALD

In 1849 a company of Sabbathkeeping Adventists whose background was the Millerite movement began to publish a paper called *The Present Truth*. In 1850 they also published five issues of *The Advent Review*. In November, 1850, these two papers merged under the name, *Second Advent Review and Sabbath Herald*, now titled simply *REVIEW and HERALD*. Its editorial objective remains unchanged—to preach "the everlasting gospel" in the context of the Sabbath, the Second Advent, and other truths distinctive of the Advent Movement.

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Kenneth H. Wood
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The pastoral and evangelistic team (center, rear) pose with 18 candidates who joined the Austin, Texas, church in the first baptism of the crusade in that city.



Life Sketch of Francis David Nichol

By Raymond F. Cottrell

Francis David Nichol was born February 14, 1897, at Thirlmere, Australia, to John and Mary Nichol. Walking along a wooded path one day, John Nichol espied a copy of the *REVIEW AND HERALD*, which deeply impressed him and his wife as they read it, and ere long they both were baptized. Thus it came to pass that Francis was born into a Seventh-day Adventist home. In 1905, when Francis was eight years old, Elder J. A. Burden invited Brother John Nichol to join the pioneer group of workers at Loma Linda, and in October of that year the family made Loma Linda their home. Francis attended San Fernando Academy, and in 1920 graduated from Pacific Union College with a Bachelor of Theology degree.

While at San Fernando, Mr. Nichol met Rose Elizabeth Macklin. This friendship deepened during their student years, and on August 11, 1919, they were united in marriage. To climax the joy of this home came a daughter, Virginia Marie. Upon his graduation from college, the family moved to Vallejo, California, where he served as pastor. The following year Elder A. O. Tait, editor of the *Signs of the Times*, asked him to become an associate editor of that journal, in which capacity he served for six years. During these years at Mountain View came the first major challenge of Elder Nichol's long editorial career: The day before the General Conference session of 1922 opened in San Francisco, the responsibility of editing the *General Conference Bulletin* was unexpectedly placed in his hands. He has edited the *Bulletin* for every session held in the intervening 44 years.

In 1927 Elder F. M. Wilcox invited Elder Nichol to join the editorial staff of the *REVIEW AND HERALD*, and soon after Elder Wilcox' retirement in 1945 he was appointed editor in chief. Thus, for 39 years, Elder Nichol edited the journal that had brought the Nichol family in touch with the message of Christ's soon return. During his long editorial career he wrote innumerable editorials and articles, a dozen books—some of them involving extensive and painstaking research—and edited *The Seventh-day Adventist Bible Commentary*.

Elder Nichol became closely identified with a number of special areas of denominational interest and concern. One of these was the medical work. From 1934 to 1945 he was, concurrently, editor of *Life and Health*. Another area of special interest to him was the life and work of Ellen G. White. For 15 years he was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Ellen G. White Estate, and for the last three of these years, chairman of the board. A special project dear to Elder Nichol's heart was the *Review and Herald Memorial church* in Hyattsville, Maryland, which he and a group of workers from the *Review and Herald* raised up, and of which he was the founder and first pastor.

The basic motivation and driving force in Elder Nichol's life was his complete and soul-consuming dedication to God, and the profound conviction that the Advent message is verily God's message to the world that the coming of Jesus is near at hand. To this end he gave

the unstinted powers of body and mind, knowing no other interest or desire. He has left an indelible mark on thousands of people individually and on the corporate life of the church. The past few weeks he has devoted largely to intensive preparations for bringing the fiftieth session of the General Conference into every English-speaking Adventist home, that all may know what is done there and may share the inspiration, the vision, and the delegates' dedication of heart and life to the great unfinished task.

Little did we realize last Thursday morning that the last brief paragraph of the last chapter of a long and fruitful life was being written. At noon Elder Nichol left his office for the usual two-mile walk to his home and was stricken on the way. Friday morning it seemed for a time that all would yet be well, but at eleven-thirty the end came, quietly and unexpectedly, at the age of 69. The autopsy revealed a traumatic tear in the aorta—thought to have been caused by a severe fall some months ago—which resulted in hemorrhage and death. Those conducting the autopsy declare that there was no damage of any kind to the heart itself, and no evidence of arteriosclerosis (hardening of the arteries) or atherosclerosis (cholesterol deposits in the blood vessels); quite to the contrary, the vital organs and the tissues—except for the traumatic injury to the aorta—were in excellent condition, such as might be expected of a man in his early forties. Elder Nichol reached the end of life's race with no diminished ability or vigor, and when the time of his departure came he could well have said with the great apostle of old, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will award to me on that Day, and not only to me but also to all who have loved his appearing" (2 Tim. 4:7, R.S.V.).

The memory of Elder Nichol will live on in the hearts of thousands whose lives his life has touched, who share his love for the Lord, and who await His coming. He will live on in the hearts and lives of those of us whose privilege it has been to be closely associated with him in his labors. He will live on in the hearts and lives of those to whom he was a devoted husband, father, and grandfather—his dear companion of nearly half a century, his daughter, Virginia Marie Saxon, of Takoma Park, and his four grandchildren, Jimmy, Larry, June, and David. From his life and example we all take renewed courage and rededicate ourselves to the cause that was dear to his heart.

Dearly beloved, today it is our privilege to honor a prince in Israel. God gave him to us; and now God has taken him from us. We cannot understand why, but we can look up and say in faith, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." Yes, a hero has fallen at his post of duty, but in the blessed hope of the resurrection, when he will meet the great Editor in Chief of his life—and ours. Like Daniel of old he has been called to rest, with the sure promise that he will stand in his lot at the end of the days. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy lord."