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A Form of Godliness

FREDERICK LEE

ONE OF the most dangerous pitfalls in religious experience is what Paul calls "a form of godliness." It is startling to learn that the eighteen sins listed by the apostle in his second letter to Timothy are committed by those who have "a form of godliness." And this, he states, is one of the causes for the perilous times in the last days. (Tim. 3:1-5.) How very careful then one should be to avoid this pitfall.

The great danger is that a person who never has been truly converted may think there is some virtue in going to church and that God will overlook his sins in the judgment day because he has been a professing Christian.

However, this attitude is revealed as self-deception in these surprising words that Jesus uttered. He said:

"Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven. Many will say to Me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name? and in Thy name have cast out devils, and in Thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from Me, ye that work iniquity." Matt. 7:21-23.

Here we are told that some of those who have taken the name of the Lord upon their lips and who even have done many wonderful works in His name are rejected at

last because the Lord has never known them as His disciples.

Not only does the unconverted Christian deceive himself by his formalism, but there is the greater danger that his form of piety will lead others to become lax in their Christian experience. Just as leaven changes every particle of the meal that it touches, so the leaven of worldliness and laxity, even in the church, will have its effect upon those who come into constant contact with it, unless it is consciously resisted. Only a determined purpose to do God's will and a daily, living connection with Christ can counteract the wrong influences that are all about us.

We are told that "the fact that men are in the church does not prove them Christians."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 74. This truth was illustrated in the parable of the tares. The tares and the wheat are to grow together until the harvest. Therefore, one should be careful not to follow those in the church who have a tendency to liberalize the high standards and principles that should guide every member.

We were told many years ago that "not only is formality taking possession of the nominal churches, but it is increasing to an alarming extent among those who profess to be keeping the commandments of God and looking for the soon appearing of

Christ in the clouds of heaven."—*Testimonies*, Vol. 4, p. 401.

A certain amount of formality and order in our worship services is necessary to bring in a sense of respect and a spirit of reverence. God is not the author of confusion and will never bless it.

Nevertheless, form is but the shell and not the kernel of worship.

When Israel worshipped the Temple and forgot the Holy One in whose name it was erected, no wonder God sent them such a message as this:

"To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto Me? saith the Lord. I am full of the burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts. And I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he goats. . . . Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto Me." Isa. 1:11-13.

Ezekiel gave a graphic picture of formalism when he wrote:

"Also, thou son of man, the children of thy people still are talking against thee by the walls and in the doors of the houses, and speak one to another, every one to his brother, saying, Come, I pray you, and hear what is the word that cometh forth from the Lord. And they come unto thee as the people cometh, and they sit before thee as My people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them: for with their mouth they shew much love, but their heart goeth after their covetous-

ness. And, lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument: for they hear thy words, but they do them not." Eze. 33:30-32.

SENSITIVITY TO SPIRITUAL THINGS

Jesus touched the essential element of worship when He said: "God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." John 4:24.

If the whole man is to be sanctified, then body, soul, and spirit must enter into worship. It is not enough to be present in church on Sabbath. The soul must be awake to its spiritual needs and must be in the attitude that David expressed in these words: "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart

and my flesh crieth out for the living God." Ps. 84:2.

The Christian must consciously combat the human inclination toward dead formalism. He must do this by constantly reminding himself that the letter killeth and only the spirit giveth life. If this is not done, there will come a gradual loss of sensitivity to spiritual things. When this takes place, one is in danger of reaching a position where the Spirit of God cannot work upon his heart.

When formalism in the church brings peril to the world, as Paul said it would, it most certainly will bring peril to the individual—the loss of contact with God. Let us therefore come before the Lord with a contrite spirit and an open heart, ever seeking to learn more of His will and asking for more grace to perform it.

IN THE MASTER'S HANDS

JAMES J. AITKEN

THE furnace blazed fiercely. Flames leaping from its multiple doors produced an unbearable, sweltering heat which filled the furnace room of a Murano glass factory. Before one of the doors of the furnace stood a young Italian. From the roots of his dishevelled black hair trickled streams of perspiration. In his hands he held a long, hollow steel pole, which he thrust into the molten pool of liquid glass. As he turned and came toward me, I could see a red-hot mass clinging to the steel pole, which he placed on the warm, iron table by the visitors' gallery.

As the glass cooled it lost its rosy hue and began to harden. Back and forth the young man rolled the pole, shaping the mass into the desired form. Presently he asked, "What shall I make for you?" I answered, "Well, what can you make?"

With a shrug the young man suggested a man, a dancing girl, a horse. "Let's see what you can do with a horse," I said, scarcely believing that such a young, unpretentious-looking fellow could create anything artistic.

With a twinkle in his eye he snatched a pair of tweezers from the table and began working on the fast-cooling mass. As I watched I saw a miracle unfolding before my eyes. On one end of the molten mass he gave a pull with his tweezers, shaping the arched neck of a horse. A slight

push at the right places formed the nostrils and eyes. A few quick pulls and a flowing mane rose upon the arched neck. Two pulls below and the front legs emerged. With a careful hand the body was shaped. A couple of pulls for the hind legs and a short one for the tail, and he dropped the tweezers, picked up the large scissors, and clipped. There in three minutes he had produced from a shapeless mass of liquid glass the graceful figure of a prancing horse, crystal clear.

I looked at the young man in amazement as he handed it to me for examination. And at that moment I realized I was standing in the presence of an artist. Seemingly unaware of the "ohs" and "ahs" of the visitors, he turned again to the furnace and prepared another mass of glass, a shapeless liquid mass ready to be formed into any form the young artist desired. Every object depended upon his artistic skill, and he could not permit himself to form something that would not be beautiful or live up to the tradition of his master's furnace.

Young man, young woman, what are you producing that is beautiful and worth while from the life your Master has given you? Are you using your talents to make your life as useful and attractive as possible in the Master's service? God calls youth today to place themselves in the

Master's hands to be moulded into objects of joy and blessing for Him.

God is the Master Artist. He has no other purpose in our creation than that our lives may be formed in His image. In Isaiah 43:6 He calls you. "I will say to the north, Give up; and to the south, Keep not back: bring My sons from far, and My daughters from the ends of the earth; even every one that is called by My name: for I have created him for My glory, I have formed him; yea, I have made him."

We must surrender our lives to Him if we would become an object of beauty for His service. Even as the glass blower takes a pliable mass of material to form his creations, so we must be submissive in His hands. It is often through the fiery furnace of affliction and trial that our lives are formed for His service. The young artist, however clever, could not take a mass of hardened glass and shape it. A container beside the furnace received those pieces that had broken or hardened too quickly. But they were not loss. Oh, no. They were saved carefully and put back into the fiery furnace to be re-melted and re-formed—redeemed for His service. "Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name, thou art Mine." Isa. 43:1.

I wonder whether we are submitting our lives, our talents, willingly to the Master's service. If God has given you a voice, are you using it to His glory? Do not spoil this beautiful possibility by using this rare gift for worldly acclaim. Your song may reach hearts otherwise impossible to penetrate. Are you a mechanic? Then do your work well. Use this talent to His glory by tuning a motor perfectly, even remembering to keep your own heart tuned to the needs of those around you. If you choose medicine or surgery, develop this skill to bring relief from pain and restoration of health to suffering humanity, not forgetting that the souls of men need medicine and surgery even more than the body.

Today the world is full of men and women who are seeking self-glory and worldly acclaim. They feel they are getting along very well without God. If these people could view themselves as the Master Artist sees them, they would be horrified to see how imperfect and unartistic their lives actually are. What a tragedy when youth decide to shape their own lives without the aid of the Master! Even as the molten glass cannot be shaped

(Continued on p. 9.)

“**T**HOU shalt worship no other god,” said Jehovah to Israel: “for the Lord, whose name is Jealous, is a jealous God.” Ex. 34:14. We do not easily understand jealous people. And we don’t generally understand what is meant by a jealous God. Human nature associates jealousy with narrow-mindedness. God had better be bigger and better than that if He expects our willing worship. So many of us reason.

Let us try to understand the meaning of the expression “a jealous God.” In a spiritual sense the Lord is married to His church. Israel is His bride. She has given herself to Him in a loyalty covenant, to love, honour, and cherish Him. He, on the other hand, has pledged Himself by a solemn covenant and oath to save His people from the world, the flesh, and the devil. He intends to keep His promise, if we will consent, for it is the nature of God not to tolerate the rivalry of sin in the Christian heart.

Our English word “jealous” has an origin similar to the word “zealous.” In God’s jealousy for Israel there is a zealous interest in her welfare. Webster describes zeal as “ardour of feeling taking the form of jealousy.” This is the Bible sense of the word. The God whom we serve takes His covenant relationship with His church seriously. He exerts every effort to make the “marriage” a success. In order to achieve this, God is vigilant in His care for His people. He is watchful and apprehensive lest His church come under the spell of the world’s infatuation and leave His blessed side as Eve left the side of her husband.

God is not doubtful of His people’s love; neither is He distrustful nor suspicious. The Lord knows how weak we are, and He watches over us with kindly solicitude. Never does He slumber or sleep. His love for His church demands that He exercise a jealous interest in all her affairs and activities. He has imparted His name to His bride, and His honour is at stake. In defence of His own integrity before the moral universe, He must watch over His beloved, for at any moment, through human weakness, she may forget her heavenly Lover and disgrace His holy name.

FIRST USE OF THE WORD “JEALOUS”

The first use of the expression “a jealous God” to be found in the Bible is recorded in the

A JEALOUS GOD

D. A. DELAFIELD

second commandment. This is the law forbidding idolatry. Every rival that bids for the affections of the bride of Christ are idols in God’s sight. It makes no difference that the idol is an image of gold and silver fashioned after the sun, moon, and stars, or a person, or a thing—even an idea. He says, “Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God.” Ex. 20:5. He refuses to share His glory with idols, and declares, “I am the Lord: that is My name: and My glory will I not give to another, neither My praise to graven images.” Isa. 42:8.

There are rival gods and rival lords. These vie with the true God for the allegiance of His bride. If the people of God choose these idols, they violate the spiritual covenant that unites them with Jehovah. God cannot forgive their sins or be to them a husband if they are divided in their allegiance.

In his parting words to Israel, Joshua said: “Ye cannot serve the Lord: for He is a holy God; He is a jealous God; He will not forgive your transgressions nor your sins. If ye forsake the Lord, and serve strange gods, then He will turn and do you hurt, and consume you, after that He hath done you good.” Joshua 24:19, 20.

God’s purpose through Israel is utterly frustrated when His people choose other gods. Not until Israel turns her back upon her idols can God forgive and heal her.

CASTING DOWN OUR IDOLS

In the days of the captivity when the elders of Israel came to Ezekiel, they sat down before him, and the word of the Lord came to the prophet, saying: “Son of man, these men have set up their idols in their heart, and put the stumblingblock of their

iniquity before their face: should I be enquired of at all by them?” Eze. 14:3. God instructed Ezekiel to “speak unto them, and say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God; Every man of the house of Israel that setteth up his idols in his heart, and putteth the stumblingblock of his iniquity before his face . . . ; I the Lord will answer him . . . according to the multitude of his idols . . . ; because they are all estranged from Me through their idols.” Verses 4, 5.

There was a final word for the prophet to speak: “Therefore say unto the house of Israel, Thus saith the Lord God; Repent, and turn yourselves from your idols; and turn away your faces from all your abominations.” “That the house of Israel may go no more astray from Me, neither be polluted any more with all their transgressions; but they may be My people, and I may be their God, saith the Lord God.” Verses 6, 11.

GOOD COUNSEL FOR US

This counsel is for us. Are there idols of sin that have broken our covenant relation with the Lord? He will not share a place with idols upon the throne of our hearts, for He is “a jealous God.” “Look unto Me.” He says, “and be ye saved . . . : for I am God, and there is none else.” “There is no God else beside Me; a just God and a Saviour; there is none beside Me.” Isa. 45:22, 21. “I have sworn by Myself,” He says, “the word has gone out of My mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, That unto Me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear. Surely, shall one say, in the Lord have I righteousness and strength: even to Him shall men come; and all that are incensed against Him shall be ashamed.” Verses 23, 24.

Those who serve the Lord with all their hearts “have . . . righteousness and strength,” but the idolaters in Israel are ashamed. Oh, that we might, all of us, cast down our idols of pride and worldliness at Jesus’ feet and worship Him alone! With the song writer, let us pray:

“Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole;
I want Thee forever to live in my soul;
Break down every idol, cast out every foe;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.”

—Review and Herald.

EVERY BOY NEEDS A DOG

MRS. KENNETH A. WRIGHT

"MOTHER, I need a kitty."
"Daddy, I need a pony."

"Mother and Daddy, Brother and I need two white bunnies, the kind with long ears and pink eyes."

Few of us have gone far along parenthood's trail without some similar little phrases humming in our ears. Then comes the problem of pets for Mother and Daddy to study. At this time it would be wise to include the little folks in the discussion. Children need pets, and they may learn much of love, sympathy, comradeship, responsibility, gratitude, courage, and faithfulness by caring for them.

Small children are usually loved and cuddled a great deal. As they grow and are a little more independent of our intimate care, there is often a desire for something of their very own to love and care for. This parent and child devotion is natural, and often a child is lonely when mother feels that she must gradually devote more time to the new baby and her household duties. This love and sympathy may be supplemented and the necessary gap filled by some gentle household pets for them to play with and help to care for.

A soft, fluffy kitten or two, or a little long-eared pup a few weeks old, will stand a lot of loving without too much danger, if they are properly cared for. The latter is too much responsibility for tiny tots, but older children can often take full charge of their pets. A blessed sense of trust dwells in the hearts of dumb animals, the same trust we find in innocent human babes. They know their friends and benefactors in a hurry, and children are quick to recognize this sense of trust in their animal playfellows.

One young boy confronted his mother in a most pleading tone of voice. He told her that he knew where he could get the dearest little puppy that didn't have a home. Meanwhile a tiny tail kept wagging through his jacket front, where he thought that he was hiding the little dog. Mother tried not to notice and certainly not to smile as she asked where he would keep the pup and how he would care for it. He already had plans for a little box with a piece of blanket

for its bed, and if necessary he would even share his own food with the dog. The understanding mother took in the little dog, and he became a real pal to the child. A boy who is kind and sympathetic to animals is more than likely to be kind and sympathetic to people.

Young masters learn *patience* in teaching their pets routine health habits. Besides patience a young owner is bound to get much exercise and good recreation in teaching his pets tricks.

Pets may also be of real economic value, as well as giving genuine pleasure to their owners. One little boy just loved his hens. He raised them from tiny, fluffy baby chicks. They greeted him with much peeping at feeding time, and months later it almost seemed that they tried to say "Thank you" with their cackling—"See we've laid some eggs." They were his chicks, and later the eggs were his to gather and to sell. The first memories of the pretty chickens laying us good fresh eggs is very lovely. It almost seems like a miracle to a child. This also teaches gratitude!

BIRD PETS

The birds, for which children put out food and build birdhouses, can hardly wait to say "Thank you" with music. The children notice their pretty songs; they soon recognize many different birds and learn their habits. They love God's little creatures and are sympathetic to their needs, especially when the snow is on the



ground and their food is scarce. They may have "wings" at their windows all winter by providing a little feeder on a window sill.

Country children have the opportunity of wider selection in choosing their pets than city children. Because of the spacious environment, their pets may include farm animals, such as calves, ponies, lambs, or some other tame animals.

It is presumptuous for people to select wild animals with the thought of making tame pets of them, and tragedy lingers in the hearts of many children because this has been tried with terrifying results. In dealing with animals and children we should stick to a choice of tame and so-called domestic animals, for in this world creatures of the wild may not cooperate. In the earth made new the picture will be different, for Isaiah 65:25 says, "The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock: and dust shall be the serpent's meat. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain, saith the Lord."

The general care of pets, such as arranging for proper shelter, bedding, food, water, sunshine, and other needs, teaches the child industry. Making a chicken house, dog house, or colt pen teaches the boy or girl the essentials of simple carpentry, for necessity remains the "mother of invention," and many a master builder first uncovered his talent in such elementary architecture.

The heroic tales of dogs that have saved human beings are numerous, and nowadays it is quite common to find human beings who make heroic rescues of stranded small animals. One touching story of a kitten that ran too high comes to mind. She was a dear little kitten. She kept climbing higher and higher in the tree, and then ventured far out on a limb. There she was so frightened that she just meowed and meowed pitifully. A passer-by heard the faint, pleading cry, and looked up to see the helpless little creature. He was the right person, because he immediately called the fire department, and the men came with their ladders. Up went the highest ladder and up the ladder went a strong, husky fireman. He climbed to the very top, and then reached up to rescue the poor, frightened little kitten. Then with the shivering bundle of fur in his arms he returned to the ground, and the kitten partook of a dish of nice warm milk, which some thoughtful person had provided.

Pets have brought comfort and

cheer not only to children but to countless shut-ins and aged people who live alone. We may learn much of courage and devotion from our so-called dumb friends. The Seeing Eye dogs are so trained that their blind masters may go to school, or shop, or travel at their own convenience. They are a wonderful boon to humanity, and the school in Morristown, New Jersey, which trains them, deserves much credit for the happiness and independence it gives to hundreds of otherwise handicapped people, in helping them to live and act more freely.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO A DOG

Former Senator George Graham Vest paid a beautiful tribute on the occasion of the trial of a man who had abused a faithful dog. It follows here:

"Gentlemen of the Jury: The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. The son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him perhaps when he needs it the most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honour, when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

"A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer. He will lick the sores and wounds that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journeys through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard

against danger, to fight against his enemies.

"And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."—Father & Son Library No. 13, *Pets, Hobbies and Collections*, "Senator Vest on the Dog."

The accounts of dogs repaying

humans for their kindness to them are too numerous to mention. Children may truly learn much from faithfully caring for their pets, and they are richly rewarded in affection, faithfulness, and comradeship. The daily love and sympathetic care for their animal friends bring out the better qualities in children, and help them to grow into more understanding and useful citizens as they mature and come to young manhood. Certainly it is true that every dog needs a boy and every boy needs a dog.—*Review and Herald*.

SUFFERING HAS A MEANING

ERNEST LLOYD

WHEN Mrs. Jordan went to Springfield the one thing that she dreaded was going to see her old friend, Eleanor Gilmore, who had been confined to her bed for two years. She remembered her as a very capable woman, intolerant of the weaknesses of others—one who had been cut down quickly and without warning from a life of activity. She expected tears, and remarks on the hardness and unkindness of fate in general. But their meeting was quite different from all that.

Mrs. Gilmore held out her hands with a sunny smile, and then motioned her visitor to a comfortable chair by the bedside. "How glad I am to see you," she exclaimed. "Isn't it a blessing that we have our friends? Now, tell me everything about yourself—what you did not tell me in your nice letters."

The little clock on the dressing table ticked away an hour before Mrs. Jordan realized she had not been able to ask a question concerning her friend's illness. After several hesitating attempts, she managed to say, "I was so sorry to learn of your affliction, Eleanor. You were always so capable. I cannot understand why such a thing should be put upon you."

Mrs. Gilmore turned quickly and smiled in a way that her visitor long remembered. "Do you know I felt that way at first," she said, "but now I know the reason."

Mrs. Jordan looked startled. "You see," continued Mrs. Gilmore, "it was like this: In those first dark weeks I rebelled. I could see no reason for

my affliction. I had always tried to do the right thing. Why should a just God afflict me in this way? When my friends called I talked about myself and my troubles. A year passed, and still the little god Self held sway. One by one my friends ceased to come. I sat alone and stared at the four walls of my bedroom. Oh, the emptiness of those dreary days!

"Then one day, in my reading, I came across these words: 'Suffering always has a meaning; those who find it gain more than they suffer.' At first I laughed in mockery, but the words remained with me, and, lying one night in the intimate darkness, I turned the searchlight on my soul. 'Suffering always has a meaning.' What did it hold for me?"

"I did not know then, but now I have found out. Suffering has taught me patience, tolerance, forgetfulness of self, a proper sense of values. It has made me a different woman. I have at last learned those essential things, and now the strange part about this is that my doctor tells me I am to get well. Someday I shall look back upon the two years spent in bed as years not wasted, for they have taught me lessons I might never have learned in any other way. 'Suffering always has a meaning; those who find it gain more than they suffer.'"

Mrs. Gilmore was right, and her experience reminds us of the fact that the world's greatest teachers have been men and women who knew experimentally the meaning of suffering. The apostle Paul, in his letter to the Hebrews, makes it clear that the Author of our salvation was made

"perfect through sufferings." He allowed Himself no exemptions from the hardships, sufferings, and sorrows of mankind. He is our great sympathizer because He has trod the way before us. He knows and understands the experiences through which we pass. And in them all He is our Comforter.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHARACTER

Our heavenly Father allows suffering to come to us to aid in the development of our characters. It is one of His tools with which He changes us. Some resist the work of God's tools and try to push them aside. Dark and dreary days result. The wise submit to God's shaping

and polishing processes, and gain thereby.

Suffering is also necessary for the development in us of pity, mercy, and the spirit of self-sacrifice—the noblest of all our endowments. It makes for strength of character. Without suffering we could not attain to the highest happiness of which we are capable. It was the road of sacrifice and suffering that our Lord Jesus trod in old Galilee. And He chose that road so He could be an example to us in self-sacrifice, for it is through the sacrificing of self that we find our greatest gain. This is the road to enduring peace. Blessed are they who know the road. —*Review and Herald*.

THE WAY TO A CHILD'S HEART

GEORGIA COTTRELL

THE Shunammite's son lay dead in the chamber. His mother appealed to the prophet to come and rouse him to life. Elisha first sent his servant with his staff to lay upon the face of the child. But the servant came back, saying, "The child is not awaked." (We think Elisha knew beforehand that the staff would not bring the boy to life; but God had him do this that He might teach those parents, and all parents, a certain truth.)

Then Elisha went himself, and entered into the chamber, "and shut the door upon them twain, and prayed unto the Lord." And the Lord impressed Elisha what to do. "And he went up, and lay upon the child ["bowed himself and embraced the child," A.R.V., margin] and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands; and he stretched himself upon the child, and the flesh of the child waxed warm."

There are sometimes young people, children of Christian parents, who show little signs of life. They do not seem to want to be positive Christians, devoting themselves to God's service. They may be somewhat wayward. If we would awaken such a youth to life's higher possibilities and purposes, we need to learn the true way. There is a way that will be successful, and there is a way that will not succeed—so this story would teach us. It cannot be done by any hard dogmatic methods, which might be represented by the

laying on of the staff. Not by rigidly holding over them the rod, or by sternly keeping before their faces the rules of righteousness, can we summarily stimulate them to choose the good way.

But it often can be done by prayerful carefulness in seeking to enter into the chamber where the tender soul of a young person lies dormant. Then, like Elisha, in being willing to bow ourselves down to the level of the child's understanding and interests, we shall find a way to come close to that young heart. As the prophet put his mouth on his mouth, and his eyes on his eyes, and his hands on his hands—this is the way to cause the spiritual sensibilities of the youth to wax warm. Find out what things he is interested in—what he likes to talk about, what he likes to see, what he likes to do with his hands. Then enter with him into his activities; show an interest in the legitimate things that interest him—his hobbies, his pets, his sports; seek to be a companion to him in his work and in his play.

A FRIENDLY INTEREST IN OTHERS

While doing this we shall find opportunities for directing his mind to spiritual truths, and we shall see him warming to the true ways of life. Because we have shown a friendly interest in what interests him, he will be drawn to take an interest in spiritual truth.

We may not see at once a full

response. Neither did Elisha. Though there were some encouraging signs—the flesh of the child had begun to wax warm—yet he still lay in coma-like insensibility. Then Elisha "returned, and walked in the house to and fro." The prophet went out and walked the floor a while, pondering what he should do next. He decided to go back and continue with the same tactics. He "went up, and stretched himself upon him." After another session of sympathetic contact, the boy responded completely and zestfully—"the child sneezed seven times, and the child opened his eyes" in full conscious life and youthful vigour.

So shall we find that to rouse a young person's desire and will to live the true life we shall have to come close to him, listen to what he has to say, try to see things from his viewpoint, work and play with him. In this matter of finding a way to awaken his higher sensibilities, "a little child shall lead them." If we take hold of these things he is holding out to us, we shall see him opening his eyes to the real, eternal values of life, and ready to use his powers and capabilities in the service of God.

"No barrier of coldness and reserve should be allowed to arise between parents and children. Let parents become acquainted with their children, seeking to understand their tastes and dispositions, entering into their feelings, and drawing out what is in their hearts.

"Parents, let your children see that you love them, and will do all in your power to make them happy. If you do so, your necessary restrictions will have far greater weight in their young minds. Rule your children with tenderness and compassion, remembering that 'their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven.' If you desire the angels to do for your children the work given them of God, co-operate with them by doing your part.

"Brought up under the wise and loving guidance of a true home, children will have no desire to wander away in search of pleasure and companionship. Evil will not attract them. The spirit that prevails in the home will mould their characters; they will form habits and principles that will be a strong defence against temptation when they shall leave the home shelter and take their place in the world."—*The Ministry of Healing*, p. 394.—*Review and Herald*.

MY EXPERIENCE IN JOINING THE ADVENT MOVEMENT

(Interview with New Believers)

DONN THOMAS

MRS. CHARLES DREYER never dreamed of becoming an Adventist when she inquired about Sabbath school for her daughter.

Like thousands whose lives are being transformed as they learn of God's message for these latter days, Mrs. Dreyer has found her conversion to be an experience entirely wonderful, yet not without its perplexities.

The stately woman with chestnut hair and dark eyes is the wife of an Army captain. In the living room of their home is an excellent oil portrait of her with a gold chain and locket about her neck. "It was done by assembly line artists when Charles was stationed in Germany," Mrs. Dreyer declared laughing. "One artist did the outline of my head, another painted in the mouth, another the eyes, and so on. It cost only thirty dollars."

Mrs. Dreyer's mother at one time was interested in Adventism. When Captain Dreyer was transferred to this country last year, he and his wife agreed that their four-year-old daughter, Joyce, should have some religious training. Mrs. Dreyer quite naturally inquired about the Adventist Sabbath school. "They don't waste any time at that church," she recalled. "Before I knew it, the assistant pastor dropped in to see me. He asked us to come to church and well, we accepted his invitation."

Mrs. Dreyer believes that the Spirit of the Lord was striving with her before they ever went to church. Both she and her husband "smoked like stoves," she related, and their small daughter caught on fast. Frequently she would put a toothpick in her mouth and ask her mother for a light.

"One day I decided this had gone far enough," Mrs. Dreyer said. "I got some pills that are supposed to take the craving for nicotine away, and I stopped smoking. My husband knew what I was doing, and seven days later he quit smoking too. He had developed a cough, and thought cigarettes were the cause of it."

Little Joyce started to Sabbath school and her parents went to church. Mrs. Dreyer and her husband

enrolled in the Voice of Prophecy Bible Correspondence Course. One day Mrs. Dreyer stopped drinking coffee. Not long ago she was baptized. She hopes with all her heart that her husband too will make the important decision.

She has not been particularly troubled in giving up things for the Lord. After baptism she was a little reluctant to remove her wedding band, but she did it. Her ears are pierced for expensive earrings and her platinum engagement ring is studded with several sparkling diamonds.

Social life hasn't been a problem. "If you've got a youngster, you don't have much time for entertainment," she said as little Joyce ran in to present her mother with a weed from the backyard. "She's very fond of flowers and growing things," Mrs. Dreyer explained.

Since the captain is stationed in a large city as an ROTC instructor, there is not much official social pressure on the Dreyers, but his wife knows that this would be changed if he were transferred to an Army post. "Then I would have some problems," she admitted.

Formerly a Catholic, Captain Dreyer agrees with much of Adventist teachings, but his job looms as a major problem. Mrs. Dreyer thinks forty acres of land, which they recently purchased in the northern section of their State, may be God's way of helping them to solve it.

Lin DeCamp looked hard at the cigarette package on the desk. There it was like some animate thing promising a sense of debonair

pleasure and relief from taut nerves.

Lin looked away. Then he looked at the package again. He picked it up and took out a cigarette.

Lin had been reared in an Adventist home in Michigan. He went to Cedar Lake Academy, where he met a nice girl, and later they were married. Although her grandmother had been an Adventist, Mrs. DeCamp and Lin quietly drew a shade on religious remembrances.

But in 1951, when they moved to a western State, he had a growing conviction that he should observe the Sabbath. However, when he found a job that he liked he was afraid to ask for Saturdays off. Finally he blurted out the question. To his surprise the manager was willing to let him work on Sunday instead of Saturday.

Things went along well for a while. He and his wife attended church occasionally and he stopped smoking. Then one day a new manager brought some friends to work at the garage. One of them got Lin's job.

Lin decided to go in business for himself. He took over a small garage, but he soon grew careless in his obligations to the Lord. "When we were busy I'd work on Saturday, and somehow or other we just couldn't seem to scrape up money for tithe," he said. Then came the day that he started smoking again. He really didn't intend to smoke a lot. "Just a little to keep me going when the pressure was on," he recalled, but the habit grew. The DeCamps seemed to be plagued by troubles. Nothing went right. Finally Lin had to give up his business.

"You just can't get around it. Things don't work out if you're not obeying God." That's Lin's opinion now.

His next job was at Bill Babb's Custom Body Shop—with Sabbaths off! Right then and there Lin stopped smoking, and he and his wife decided that they would go to church regularly and pay tithe. "Sometimes we'd check up on our financial situation and decide that the groceries would be a little skimpy. But we gave our tithe anyway, and we always had enough to eat," Lin said.

They were baptized a year ago. Soon he bought out the man he was working for. The January issue of *Car Craft*, a trade magazine, carries a cover picture and inside feature story about an ingenious body re-styling job done by Lin and his associates.

Let the mind dwell upon His love, upon the beauty, the perfection, of His character. Christ in His self-denial, Christ in His humiliation, Christ in His purity and holiness, Christ in His matchless love,—this is the subject for the soul's contemplation. It is by loving Him, copying Him, depending wholly upon Him, that you are to be transformed into His likeness.—"Steps to Christ," p. 75.

Things are better for them now, although they have their temptations like everyone else.

Social life hasn't been much of a problem. The DeCamps saw movies a lot in the old days but went to dances only twice. Now their recreation has taken a healthier turn.

Before they became church members his wife didn't want to give up her bracelets and rings. A wise Bible instructor urged her to be concerned less about this and look more to Christ. Today Mrs. DeCamp is not adorned with jewellery.

Quiet Mrs. Ida Shepard had few problems in accepting the beliefs of Seventh-day Adventists. Nevertheless her decision was an extremely difficult one.

Even before she became a member of the church she didn't drink or smoke. She wore no jewellery and had no desire for worldly amusements. She did not work on Saturday, because the linen supply company that employed her was closed on that day.

For seven years she had been a good member of another Protestant church. She faithfully taught a Sunday school class and filled other church offices. Then one day her husband became desperately ill. During an anxious three-week period before he died, Mrs. Shepard's minister visited him every day but two. His kindness at a time when she needed it most was like a soothing poultice for her troubled mind.

Two years passed, and one day her physician, who is an Adventist, invited her to some evangelistic meetings at the civic auditorium. She went to the first lecture and liked what she heard. She attended other meetings. Some things were puzzling, and in between lectures she discussed them with her doctor.

One sunny Sabbath morning she went to an Adventist church service, and within a few weeks attended her first Adventist camp meeting. She was impressed by the orderliness of the encampment.

It so happened that the church of which she was a member was holding its summer camp meeting at about the same time, and Mrs. Shepard decided to go, as she had in the past. But what she saw now disturbed her. The camp store was open on Sunday. There was no change in camp activities during what her fellow church members called "the Lord's day."

"They were buying and selling and working and doing the same things

ITEMS OF INTEREST—MID-YEAR

THE mid-year division committee and board meetings were held at Salisbury Park, July 4-13. In addition to the regular members a number of representatives of institutions and fields were present to join in the study of items pertaining to the promotion of God's work among the millions of Southern Asia. The majority of those in attendance reached Poona by July 2 to enjoy the inspiration of a good vesper service on Friday evening and the encouraging report of the recent San Francisco General Conference at the eleven o'clock hour on Sabbath. The entire session was characterized by a sweet spirit of unity and co-operation. Day by day the Lord came near through His Spirit to guide and bless. For this divine leadership and for the support of consecrated workers and faithful members we are deeply grateful.

With the limited number of workers it was not easy to take experienced and qualified men from positions where they are serving and where they are desperately needed, to head up the unions that were without presidents and to fill other offices that were vacant. We believe, however, that TIDINGS readers will agree that the Lord guided the committee in selecting the following leaders to fill the positions indicated hereunder:

Ceylon: Pastor L. F. Hardin, with a background of successful evangelistic experience, who has been acting president in Ceylon, was invited to be the president of that union.

Northeast: Pastor W. F. Storz, South India educator, evangelist and departmental secretary, was called to the presidency of the Northeast Union.

South India: Pastor E. L. Sorensen, with a good record as evangelist, teacher, and departmental secretary, was elected president of the great South India Union.

West Pakistan: Pastor H. C. Hamel, who has served so well in the work in West Pakistan and has experienced the joy of successful ministry, was made president of the West Pakistan Union. Pastor K. S. Brown will continue to serve as acting president in West Pakistan until Pastor Hamel returns from furlough.

Spicer Missionary College: Prof. R. E. Rice was invited to become the president of Spicer Missionary College. Brother Rice holds an M. A. degree from the Seventh-day Adventist Theological Seminary and has filled successfully positions as teacher and principal. He will enter upon his duties at Spicer Missionary College at the beginning of the next school year.

Other appointments of interest to the field made during the mid-year meetings were:

they did every other day," Mrs. Shepard recalled. "I couldn't understand it. If this is God's church, why are the people acting this way, I wondered."

By now Mrs. Shepard was aware that she had found a treasure of truth stemming from the Creator Himself. She talked to the Bible instructor about it one evening as they returned from a meeting to Mrs. Shepard's home, where she now lived with another woman. Then suddenly and without warning she came face to face with her decision.

As she opened the front door her minister rose from a chair. He had been waiting for her. The Adventist

Bible instructor discreetly excused herself within a few minutes. The minister stayed. Mrs. Shepard thought of his kindness when her husband was so sick. The minister tried to point out errors in Adventist teachings. She remembered texts that did not substantiate what he said. She also saw the people at the camp store buying and selling on their Sabbath. And she saw Adventists observing God's Sabbath in harmony with His Word.

The minister stayed a long time. Finally he left. Two months later Mrs. Shepard was baptized into membership in the Seventh-day Adventist Church.

DIVISION COMMITTEE MEETINGS

Editor-in-Chief of vernacular magazines	J. S. Dason
Home Commission secretary	Mrs. D. S. Johnson
Acting Home Commission secretary	Mrs. W. L. Barclay
Public Relations secretary	C. B. Israel
War Service Commission secretary	R. S. Lowry
Religious Liberty secretary	J. F. Ashlock

We invite our division membership to pray often for the above mentioned workers and to encourage them in their sacred and important tasks.

Strong and far-reaching plans were laid to enlist every worker and lay member in an over-all programme of integrated evangelism by which the total strength of the ministry, the activities of every department, the resources of lay members, including the unbounded enthusiasm of the youth and the services of every institution, shall be directed toward our supreme objective—the winning of souls. Division, union and local administrators and departmental secretaries will acquaint their respective fields with these plans and will assist in carrying them out so that the work may be speedily finished in Southern Asia.

In the best interest of the division-wide programme, the quadrennial council originally scheduled for next year will be held during 1956. It is proposed that this council serve the largest group and accomplish the most helpful service of any meeting in the history of our work in Southern Asia. The General Conference President, Pastor R. R. Figuhr, and the General Conference Treasurer, Pastor C. L. Torrey, will be invited to attend this important council.

Study was given to the year-end division and union budget meetings, at which time we are to have the valuable counsel of Pastor W. R. Beach, Secretary of the General Conference, J. F. Cummins, Assistant treasurer of the General Conference and Pastor Eric B. Hare, former worker in Burma and now associate secretary of the Sabbath School department of the General Conference.

Spicer Missionary College is to be host to a special extension school of the Seventh-day Adventist Theological Seminary during the 1955 vacation period. Further announcements will appear regarding this excellent provision for Southern Asia workers.

With gratitude to God for His leadership in the past, with full dependence upon His power and strength for the future, let us go forward courageously and confidently in the glorious service to which we have all been called.

O. O. MATTISON

The Bible instructor recalls quite vividly her first visit with Mr. Benjamin Butler. "As I approached the white frame house a little cloud of blue smoke was ascending into the air over the rocker on the front porch. Silently I asked God's help, because I knew it wouldn't be easy for this gentleman to give up his beloved pipe."

The elderly Mr. Butler had been smoking steadily for fifty-six years. "I didn't just smoke a pipe; I lived with it," he recalled. And his alert wife agreed. "Why Ben would get up with that pipe. He'd have it in his mouth all day, and at night he'd go to bed with it and fall asleep.

"Now, now, I was always careful," interrupted her husband. Over in a corner of the pin-neat living room Mrs. Butler's sister, Edythe Rehberg, smiled as she continued with her tating.

Mr. Butler and his wife were Catholics but later became Protestants. Recently their daughter grew seriously ill. She was taken to an Adventist hospital, and when she left the nurse gave her a copy of *The Marked Bible*. This was the beginning of her parents' interest in the Advent message. Joined by Mrs. Butler's sister, they began to study with a Bible instructor. All three accepted the Sabbath truth quickly. Mr. Butler

smoked his beloved pipe less and less. One day he took it out of his mouth and casually handed it to the surprised Bible teacher. Soon they were baptized.

Because he is retired there have been no problems of Sabbath observance. He and his wife and Miss Rehberg admit that they lost some friends when they became Adventists. "But we gained some at our new church," they agreed.

Forsaking coffee set up an interesting transition in drinking habits. First they tried a little-known substitute, but Mr. Butler thought it tasted "pretty awful." They switched to Sanka, and were surprised to discover that they didn't like that either. Happily they decided they had lost their taste for coffee, so they began to drink Postum. "We like that just fine," Mr. Butler said.

Mr. and Mrs. Butler and her sister thank the Lord for the light He has given them. Like all new converts they are reaching out in faith for the unseen hand of God. Their attitude is perhaps best exemplified by Miss Rehberg, who in January was busily tating on a handkerchief. She was getting ready for a Dorcas sale next December.—*Review and Herald*.

IN THE MASTER'S HANDS

(Continued from p. 2.)

into a thing of beauty outside of the artist's hands, so youth cannot form beautiful characters without surrendering themselves to the Master. Out of life's fieriest trials and temptations your life will come crystal clear, an object of blessing and inspiration forever.—*Review and Herald*.

NEXT TO THE BIBLE

J. S. Washburn

The Bible is the greatest book in the world. It is God's own book, His glorious message; but next to the Bible, is the blessed book "The Great Controversy," a message for this time, for this people, written by Mrs. Ellen G. White. God gave her this message. She never could have written this wonderful book without divine inspiration from heaven. I read it years ago and have often studied it, but have just read it completely through again, and it gives me glorious light and perfect assurance.

Do you want blessed assurance and heavenly comfort? To all who read this word of mine in the TIDINGS, I say, "Read 'The Great Controversy,' the whole book again, now, and God will bring comfort and heavenly peace to your troubled soul."

GOD'S WORK GOES FORWARD IN OTHER LANDS

TROUBLES AND VICTORIES IN THE AFRICAN BUSH

P. B. FAIRCHILD

“WELL, Mashaba, are you packed?” Nearly every day around 2:00 P.M. my trek boy hears these words as we get ready to leave for the next school. And in order that you may laugh with me, cry with me, suffer my heartaches, and rejoice in my blessings, I want you to travel with me to a few of my twenty-seven schools scattered over one thousand miles of travel. We are going to see a few of God's dear African children.

The African rainy season has already begun. The roads will be bad, the car will stick, we will sleep under the stars alongside a car that doesn't like muddy roads. But our car will have to go through so that we may see our schools, as required by our Rhodesian Government. At least once in each of the three school terms we must see these schools. They are to be checked as to enrolments, school equipment, the progress of the children, and many other items.

Mashaba has packed the car with our suitcases, food, beds and bedding, table, chairs, cooking pots, as well as plates and our so-called silverware. Then there are our towing cable, pick, shovel, ax, and five gallons of drinking water. Just so these belongings don't rattle, we will pack school records and other school supplies around the corners.

Our first school is only twenty-three miles away, so off we go. The roads are not bad as far as bush roads go; yet I just heard you complaining about that last bump I hit. My apologies are most sincere. I had forgotten that your bones and joints were not yet accustomed to our roads. But it is those dark, black clouds yonder that really make you forget that bump. Your guess is that we are in for a shower. And then it falls, not a shower as you thought, but all heaven is poured out, it seems, on this one spot. We are forced to stop, for we cannot see. Yet we dare not leave the road, for we will stick in the softened soil of the veld. While we sit, our talk goes to Africa and

her problems. And there are so many. But nature's "cease fire" tells us to get started, as the afternoon will soon be gone.

You have read about the green of Ireland, the flowers of the English countryside, the beautiful sunsets at sea, but here God has wrapped all the beauty into one parcel. That small jewel of colour, the Rhodesian pimpermell, dots the green fields like flashes of rubies. That rainbow of colour alighting on yonder bush is one of the Master's most colourful pictures. What this Lobengula's roller lacks in his ugly voice, he has given us in his azure blues. That tawny streak of colour flashing past is only a steinbok fleeing from us. Man is his worst enemy.

Small African dwellings soon begin to show themselves. Our first lap is ended as we drive into the yard surrounding a group of buildings. That small square house yonder, with no doors or closed windows, is ours for tonight. As we begin to unpack, the teacher comes from his near-by house to greet us. He is overjoyed when he learns that you will talk to the people in the evening. Mashaba has gone for water for cooking and washing. We set the table under that small tree. Beds and mosquito nets are set in their places. Then comes the very essential campfire.

As night falls we light up our lanterns. The table is set, and food is ours. But that itching of the ankles

The life of the vine becomes the life of the branch. So the soul dead in trespasses and sins receives life through connection with Christ. By faith in Him as a personal Saviour the union is formed. The sinner unites his weakness to Christ's strength, his emptiness to Christ's fullness, his frailty to Christ's enduring might. Then he has the mind of Christ. The humanity of Christ has touched our humanity, and our humanity has touched divinity. Thus through the agency of the Holy Spirit man becomes a partaker of the divine nature. He is accepted in the Beloved.—“The Desire of Ages,” pp. 675, 676.

reminds us that we must get out the medicine bottle. These mosquitoes leave us with that most dreaded of tropical troubles, malaria. That is why you must take pills, rub on medication, and sleep under nets.

During our supper the many voices we hear tell us that the bush telegraph has done its job. That promise that all who hunger and thirst will be filled has brought these voices. The taking of our lantern into the school-house is the sign for all to follow. Then it is that these people become radiant smiles and diamond eyes in the light of our burner. Your hearts become warmed at their response to the Word. As we slumber through the night, dreams of Africans walking the streets of gold warm our hearts.

“What is that banging noise?” are your first words to me the next morning, just as the sun beams its way through the leafy forest. Your own eyes answer your question as you climb out of bed to see the cause of all the noise. Hanging from one of the near-by trees, are the remains of the brake drum of an old truck, on which the teacher is beating out the call to school. As the children come you see that each one has over his shoulder a bag of school magic—books and slates. Before the teacher lets them pass into school, hair, skin, clothing—all have to pass inspection. Soon your ears pick up that melody, “Lord in the Morning.” But the words don't make sense to you. And yet it is the same great song that our people sing in the homeland.

After readin' an' writin' an' 'rithmetic are over, the children go out for handcraft classes. These little tots do their clay modelling of donkeys, birds, and school letters, all from common ground clay. The older children do fibre work, from common fibres of the bush making such articles as schoolbags, hats, ropes, and other useful things.

After all the children have gone home we sit down with the teacher to go over the day's work. Our visit is recorded in the logbook, leaving a written reminder of all our suggestions on how to have a better school.

And then these words, “Well, Mashaba, are you packed?”

“This is no road,” you say, and you are sure that it leads nowhere. Then just around the corner in an open place of God's great outdoors is a small group of buildings telling us that another school is reached. Five teachers are coming out to greet us. It is one of our bigger schools. All

seem so happy that I feel sure all is cared for here. But the school register shows one teacher with sixty-five pupils. Since forty-five is all that is allowed by law, the morrow alone will tell what can be done with the extras. The teacher claims that he had to enrol this number, because the fathers refused to stop enrolling until all were in school. We have supper. Then after the meeting with the people and a night's slumber, we rise to meet the new day and the crowded school.

Today many parents come with their children. You see the smiles of those who know us. They are happy we are here. But some are not smiling. They are afraid of what is coming. That big boy who is now answering to his name is just starting school. He is far too old to begin with little children. Just why is he so retarded? He replies that his father would not allow him to attend school, since there were many cattle to herd. And I know that he is telling the truth. But with a sad heart I tell him that he cannot learn with little children. Even at his age of sixteen years tears fill his eyes as he turns and walks away from school. Even my own eyes fill with tears as I see this strapping boy paying the price of his father's ignorance and greed.

But now comes this large class of sixty-five. At least twenty must go home. The fathers know the law, but each hopes that his child will not be the one to go home. When I suggest one plan of weeding out, the fathers say that my plan is no good. I ask them to offer a plan, but they refuse. At last we work out a plan. Twenty little ones will return, to wait until next year. No one is happy, but it is the best we can do.

"Say, Mashaba, are you packed?"

Our next school was opened in 1941. G. R. Nash had held an effort here, with the result that many joined the Bible class, among them the chief. He had held out day after day against the pleadings of the Holy Spirit. And then came the Sabbath morning altar call. The chief came to Jesus, prostrating himself on the ground in front of the altar. His wife, already a Christian, came forward, prostrating herself beside her husband out of sheer joy at seeing this miracle of God's grace. You know, friend, if you had been there the dividends to your mission offerings would have been paid in full. The eyes of all filled with tears as the Holy Spirit brought this precious

soul to Christ as a result of the prayers of this faithful wife.

Today it is more than ten years since that first school began. Many buildings have now replaced that first pole-and-mud house. Four teachers are here, and another is to be employed as soon as he can be found.

Makulambila is only five miles along the main road. The road is good, and soon we are there. But what a sight! One school building has fallen during the night, owing to the heavy rains. Fathers, mothers, children, all stand around in a daze. Action is needed. The people hear that the school can continue as a two-session school until the building is repaired. Some fathers promise thatching grass that they had saved for their own houses. Some promise



Ask—Seek—Knock

Ruth Cross

Ask, for the asking makes manifest
That you realize your need of the Lord
And you want the blessings He's promised,
So just ask; your faith He'll reward.

Ask to make perfect your character
Pattern after Christ's likeness today,
And ask for compassion and mercy
He's promised, so ask—don't delay.

Seek thou, but desire not merely
His blessing, but also a part
Of Himself—for He too is seeking,
And drawing you close to His heart.

Knock now, 'tis the Lord's invitation;
He personally welcomes you too.
He waits in the audience chamber
Of heaven. He's waiting for you.



to go into the forest and cut poles for the new roof; others, to haul these materials to the school with oxen. Do you see, friend, what Christian education has done for this place? How is it at your church? You don't mean it! No church school? I am afraid of a church that can't care for its little ones.

"Mfundisi, I'm packed," shouts our Mashaba.

Heavy rains during the night mean trouble ahead. Our next school, Jonkola, lies beyond that wet place ahead. Maybe with a fast run we can get through where others have stuck. But it is not to be so. Friend, take off your shoes, roll up your trousers and wade through the mud. Isn't it fun? All that nice mud

squeezing up between your toes. "Backward, turn backward. O Time, in your flight, make me a child again just for tonight!" And it is night when we conclude that we will sleep here until daylight comes to help us.

Out come our beds, table, chairs, and food. A fire is soon burning as we prepare to spend this night under the stars. Mashaba begins to grow eloquent, as most natives do, under the spell of a campfire. But the sound of approaching feet hushes the story. A passing native promises to send help, for it would not be good for us to sleep out here all night. The clanking of chains an hour later tells us that help is coming. Our church elder, Nyati, and our deacon, Sibanda, along with others, have come to get us. Their missionaries cannot sleep out this kind of weather. So with oxen fastened on, Mashaba's shout, "All packed, Mfundisi," is the signal for us to move.

Our regular road is closed because of the rain. The fathers are to show us another road that will hold us up even in wet weather. But we're down! And we are so tired of cutting poles to build up these spots. However, it is our only way out. Within another one hundred yards we are in again. This time for only two hours. But what a mess—muddy feet, muddy trousers, muddy shirt. It won't be long until you love Africa, it stays so close to you all the time.

Now look ahead. That's a bad spot. But it's too late. We are down again. This time we are down to the axles. Unless help comes as a result of that message we sent by our guide, we will spend the whole night here. Just as I thought. No oxen tonight. These people are afraid of the dark.

As two spans of oxen arrive in the morning they find us nearly out by our own efforts. The wives soon arrive and ask our pardon for their delay. And so we go to Dwaleni.

And Mashaba cries in victory, "All packed, Mfundisi."

The sun is giving us a pleasant Sabbath "Good morning"—soon the people will be gathering for Sabbath services. How they drink in the words spoken! They will not have another feast like this for another two years. I try to space my Sabbath days around with all my companies. The African workers will visit them often. But there are those who feel that we don't love them like the old missionaries since we don't visit them as often as they did. These people forget that the work is growing, that the

African workers are taking over from us, that we must decrease while the African must increase.

Sunday gives us a little time to see the forest while Mashaba washes our soiled clothing and dries it on nature's clothesline, the bushes. Soon we go on to Kanye, one of our large schools. There we have a meeting with the fathers of the students.

And then those words, "We're all packed, Mfundisi."

That old chief, Gwamambi, who has just left for his home after that meeting you held, is really an Adventist at heart. He is not a full member because of our church ruling on the matter of multiple wives. He pays tithe, he attends most of our Sabbath meetings, but he can't become a member with us. He sees no reason for giving up his wives. His Bible tells him about David, Abraham, Jacob, and a host of others who had this same trouble, yet were loved by God. So he is quite prepared to keep his wives and let God judge the matter when He comes. Tomorrow this chief will send his younger brother with six oxen more than five miles to the Shangani River, to pull us through more than a half mile of deep river sand. He does this because he loves God's messengers. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Some of the earmarks of love are in this old chief, what do you think?

This last school that I want you to visit with me is Jobolinko. We will have to borrow bicycles to get there, as the roads have all been washed out with the recent rains. Tomorrow the bicycles will be brought here by some of the pupils of that school. They will walk the six miles while we ride their bikes.

Your back has sharp pains coming from those bumps? Friend, you have something to write home about. Those bumps are caused by the larva of a small fly. Mashaba did not iron your underwear thoroughly the last time. The little *putsi* fly laid eggs on your underwear. They have now hatched and gone into your skin. They will have to go a few days yet before they can be taken out. Yes, I know they hurt. I've had them also.

Come on, get up. Have you forgotten that little bicycle ride for today? Six miles is not bad. Yet your complain about sore muscles. Just consider how lucky that we don't have to reach all our schools on bike, as our African pastors do when they make their rounds. And some

of these men are over sixty years old.

The inspection is over. The teachers have had a bit of a talk about their problems, and so we are ready to go. That river at the bottom of this hill may tell us another story though. The rain that fell in those hills may hold us for some hours. If we could have gone home with the children, there would have been no trouble. But now—well, we shall wait and see. Just as I thought. The stream is full.

"Just to the right, teacher, is a more shallow place." These words from an old deacon of the Methodist Church who lives very near the river. He was calling directions to the teachers who were trying to find a crossing for us. But since these teachers failed to find the way, just watch this old man. Off come his trousers, with only a shirt remaining. Then with a teacher on either side of him he makes his way across and back. Then, "Off with your clothing, friend. We don't go into that stream with something to weight us down, or we might get taken away by the flow of that river."

Now, with one big native on your left hand and one holding your right hand, you can appreciate what the Lord means when He says He will hold us by the right hand. Just dig your toes in well to help your along. Now we're across! That stream has many crocodiles. But they do not bother a crowd. I didn't dare to tell you before, for I was afraid that you would not have crossed tonight, and we have to get home. Mashaba is all packed.

Those of you at the home base who have followed with us have tasted only a bit of our pleasures and sorrows. The job is not all sorrows and not all play. We are here doing the job for all of you. The ropes are

We may commune with God in our hearts; we may walk in companionship with Christ. When engaged in our daily labour, we may breathe out our heart's desire, inaudible to any human ear; but that word cannot die away into silence, nor can it be lost. Nothing can drown the soul's desire. It rises above the din of the street, above the noise of machinery. It is God to whom we are speaking, and our prayer is heard.—"Gospel Workers," p. 258.

still held by your strong hands in the homeland. That is why we are still of good courage here in Rhodesia.—*Review and Herald*.

STUDENT COLPORTEURS IN CENTRAL AMERICA

GEORGE A. HUSE

IN THIS evil day, when newspapers report the wicked devisings and crime of delinquent youth, it is most heartening to learn of the zeal and consecration of our student colporteurs in their efforts to share their faith. This was brought vividly to our attention in a recent letter from J. C. Culpepper, publishing department secretary of the Inter-American Division. He writes:

"Ablaze with real missionary zeal, student colporteurs have as their goal to win souls and scholarships. In addition to distributing the maximum number of health and message books, several Central American student colporteurs volunteered to hold a public effort in a small city near San Salvador.

"Three young men and four young women taking part in the effort have enough orders already for their scholarships. Thus their six-nights-a-week evangelistic effort has not hindered their colporteur ministry. The young men alternate in preaching. The small hall is crowded with 150 eager listeners each night. During the first six weeks of the effort, after their having presented the Sabbath question, the law of God, and other doctrinal subjects, the interest still grows.

"There are forty-two interested persons. Many of these are families of six or eight. Some of the few members of the small church in this town are giving Bible studies. The girls help with the music at each evangelistic meeting.

"A young woman dentist of the capital city of San Salvador drives with her mother the seven miles each way to attend the meetings. Her mother is already planning for baptism, and it is hoped that the dentist will also accept Christ as her Saviour and be among the twenty-five they hope to baptize."

Let us unite in praying for these young men and women as they devote their lives in service for lost humanity.—*Review and Herald*.

THE ROAD TO BOGOTA

GLENN CALKINS

President, Inter-American Division

LET me give you a striking example of the faithfulness of our people in Inter-America. This is the experience of Gustavo Olaya, as told by one of our faithful missionaries:

"It was much more economical to ride a donkey or a horse across the top of the northern Andes from Tula, in the great Cauca Valley, to Colombia's capital, Bogota, than to travel in a carriage or a cart. It was still less expensive to walk; and when one walked, costs could be cut by going bare-footed. Shoe soles would wear out; so during much of the eight days' journey on foot to the capital, Gustavo Olaya tied his shoes around his neck and carried his bundle of clothing and supplies in his hand as he wound his way up to beautiful Mesata, where lived his little daughter, Sixta Elena, whom he had not seen for nearly two years, but the journey was well worth the effort.

"For three days Olaya had travelled along. On the morning of the fourth day he saw another man who was walking in the same direction that he was. He hastened his steps and soon overtook the other foot traveller.

"How do you do, *Senor*?" he said. "Are you also walking to Bogota?"

"Yes, I too," he replied.

"Then," said Olaya, "why don't we walk together and converse as we go?"

"Oh, with much pleasure. You must also be on a pilgrimage, journeying to honour our beloved Lady at Monserrate, in the capital city?"

"I am travelling to Bogota to see my little daughter.

"Then you may be delayed if you journey with me, for I have vowed to halt at every shrine and altar and church along the way and pay tribute to our dear Lady at each place—five *Pater Nosters*, five *Ave Marias*, and five *Milagros*."

"I shall wait for you at each stop while you fulfil your vows," promised Olaya.

"All along the way for practically five days Olaya's new friend spoke continuously about his pilgrimage—the miracles and mercies bestowed by the saints, the frequent healings from illness, the protection during tropical storms, and innumerable other favours. Olaya hardly said a word, but he listened and waited courteously.

"Late in the afternoon of the eighth day the sun, which was already far

behind them, began painting the sky; and as they rounded the bend, there lay the beautiful city. The pilgrim fell to his knees and ecstatically shouted: '*Santa Fe de Bogota*. Olaya, our dear city founded by brave Quesada when he built a church and surrounded it by twelve houses, one named for each apostle. Ah, Monserrate, the shrine of our beloved Lady. Olaya, soon my pilgrimage will be at an end, but it just occurs to me now. Do you not have faith? Not once on this trip did you count a single bead. Not once did you make the sign of the cross. Not once did I hear from your lips an *Ave Maria*. Are you devoid of faith?"

"A VERY PRECIOUS FAITH"

"I have a very precious faith," said Olaya. "It is the faith of the dear Jesus. Really you should know my faith, and you would be convinced of how beautiful it is."

"Tell me, Olaya."

"We are now too near to Bogota, and I will not have sufficient time to tell you all you must hear about my faith, but I shall tell all to you if you will permit me to return with you ten days hence."

"The date for the return trip was agreed upon, and shortly after that the men separated.

"Monday morning, ten days later, the two travellers were on their way home. Each was happy over his stay in Bogota.

"Olaya, do you remember how you promised to speak to me about your faith?"

"Yes, I have been wanting this time to come quickly. Now you shall not be occupied with your vows, so I hope you will permit me to speak much of the time. I have so much to tell you."

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday the men walked and talked. Olaya was the chief speaker.

"My faith begins when the Creator made our world," started Olaya. Then in much detail he told of the coming of sin, the first promise of redemption. He spoke of the patriarchs, the prophets, the children of Israel, the birth of the Saviour, His ministry, His death, His resurrection, the early church, the great apostasy, the Reformation, the Sabbath, and the second coming of Jesus. He told everything he knew, right down through Revelation.

"Not even in the days when I studied for the priesthood have I ever been more thrilled or moved, Olaya.

Tomorrow, at Armenia, you leave me; but can't you tell me how I can study this further? Olaya, my heart tells me you are my brother. My conscience orders me to begin at once to keep the Saviour's Sabbath. My soul longs to see Jesus when He comes."

"Olaya gave his fellow traveller the address of our Seventh-day Adventist missionary in a near-by city. Olaya travelled on to his home, and the pilgrim went to his home.

"Several weeks later Olaya's friend knocked at the door of our little mission headquarters and announced, 'I want to be baptized.'

"Our missionary told him he would have to study more. He gave the inquirer books and a Bible, and again he was gone.

"Two years passed and nothing was heard from him. Then one day he re-appeared. 'Now you must baptize me, but first you must come with me to my home. There are three groups of people, nearly seventy in number, and they also keep the Sabbath. They also expect the second coming of Jesus. They also want to be baptized.'

"This all happened twenty-six years ago (1928). Then there were only

(Continued on p. 16.)



WHEN I TRAVEL WITH JESUS

J. Ashford Hyde, M.D.

'Twill be easy to pack when I travel with Jesus,
Leave this old earth and take to the air,
Leaving the trials and doubts all behind me,
For nothing of these ever entereth there.

'Twill be easy to pack when I travel with Jesus,
Leaving behind all the worries and fuss.
No need to think as I wing my way upward,
'I wonder what others are thinking of us?"

'Twill be easy to pack when I travel with Jesus,
Easy to leave all the old life behind—
Easy to loose all the old ties that bind us,
For nought of the past shall be brought into mind.

'Twill be easy to pack when I travel with Jesus.
Be ready, O heart, as you press on the road—
Ready if Jesus should come now and call you—
Ready for Jesus to lighten your load.



PROGRESS AND PROMISE IN WEST AFRICA

G. D. KING

*Secretary, Publishing Department,
Northern European Division*

I HAVE just finished an itinerary of nine weeks in West Africa. This extended trip was both an exhausting and an exhilarating experience. To re-visit a territory I knew thirty years ago and see the development and progress that has taken place is an amazing revelation. In West Africa today I saw great developments in education, health service, and industry. These have almost revolutionized the whole picture of this vast area of Africa.

Our mission programme in the West African Union gives one the impression that we have entered upon that period spoken of in the Spirit of prophecy when the "final movements will be rapid ones." The impression left upon my mind as I look back upon the itinerary in East and West Nigeria, in the Gold Coast, in Sierra Leone, in Liberia, and in the Ivory Coast, is that the Lord is greatly blessing the soul-winning witness of His servants and that the potentialities for greater ingathering and a fuller development of our work are tremendous.

As never before the educational departments of the various governments are looking to mission societies to provide educational facilities in all parts of their territory. To a large extent this is also true of the medical service, and the opportunities for developing hospitals and clinics are pressing in upon us with such rapid succession that it seems impossible to cope with the demand.

There is in many places in West Africa a pressing demand for Seventh-day Adventist educational and medical work. Consequently there is a double urgency that our programme should be stepped up in such a way as to reap the harvest that now awaits us in this territory.

In my visits to camp meetings, constituency meetings, and committee meetings I noted that our African believers and workers are themselves astir to meet the needs of their own field, and they are giving sacrificially, not only of their means, but of their sons and daughters, to the cause of God in their homeland. One most impressive feature in Africa today is to see the development of our own African leadership, and we believe that an increasing responsibility will

be placed upon the indigenous workers of West Africa during coming days.

The recent development in West Africa of our publishing work and of our Voice of Prophecy Bible Correspondence School will mean much in the programme of evangelism throughout the whole field. The Bible correspondence school at Ibadan in West Nigeria is enjoying great success.

During the course of my itinerary there were four important events which serve to illustrate the development that is taking place in West Africa. These events were as follows:

1. The opening of the Advent Press at Accra, Gold Coast.
2. Nurses' graduation exercises at Ife Hospital, West Nigeria.
3. Opening and dedication of the secondary school building at Bekwai, Gold Coast.
4. Dedication of the new church in Monrovia, Liberia.

In our West African publishing house at Accra we have an institution that stands as a worthy representative of our great publishing programme. The building brings credit to our mission. H. Pearce worked energetically and wisely in the establishment of this institution. At the opening ceremony the Honourable Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, Prime Minister of the Gold Coast, was in attendance, and gave a most appreciative speech concerning our expanding mission programme.

The Ife Hospital in West Nigeria

Our confession of His faithfulness is Heaven's chosen agency for revealing Christ to the world. We are to acknowledge His grace as made known through the holy men of old; but that which will be most effectual is the testimony of our own experience. We are witnesses for God as we reveal in ourselves the working of a power that is divine. Every individual has a life distinct from all others, and an experience differing essentially from theirs. God desires that our praise shall ascend to Him, marked by our own individuality. These precious acknowledgments to the praise of the glory of His grace, when supported by a Christlike life, have an irresistible power that works for the salvation of souls.
—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 347.

has now become a well-established medical institution with a high reputation. An outstanding feature of the work of the hospital is the nurses' training school. At the graduation exercises held over the week-end of January 30 and 31, seventeen nurses received their diplomas. Dr. S. A. Nagel, Jr., and his associates, are making a great contribution to the finishing of the work of God in Africa.

Our training school at Bekwai, Gold Coast, was first established in 1932, and its primary purpose at that time was for the training of evangelistic workers. Since then great developments have taken place in the field of education, and courses are now offered for the training of teachers with government recognition. On February 5 the new secondary school building was formally opened by the Honourable Kojo Botsio, Minister of Education and Social Welfare of the Gold Coast government.

Our mission work in Liberia received a setback during the years of World War II, but since 1946 a most progressive programme has been launched under the leadership of our coloured brethren from America. At the present time C. D. Henri, who is in charge of the field, is giving earnest attention to every phase of our denominational work.

While visiting in Liberia it was a great privilege to visit our splendid school at Konola, where the principal, P. E. Giddings, is not only following a full teaching programme but setting an energetic example to both students and staff in the upbuilding of the institution.

In Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, the dedication of our new church building took place on Sabbath, February 20. This building occupies an excellent location on one of the main roads in the city of Monrovia.

West Africa is indeed showing great signs of progress and promise. The beginnings of our missions of the French Ivory Coast have been encouraging. Two consecrated African workers are selling hundreds of our papers and books and arousing interests that undoubtedly will bring an eventual harvest of souls.

This is a partial picture that left an indelible impression upon my mind as I finished my itinerary of the West African territory. J. O. Gibson and his associate workers are endeavouring to meet the pressing demands that are made upon them, and we in the homeland must do all that we can to stand by them in their great programme.—*Rev. & Her.*

SOUTH INDIA UNION MISSION*President:* E. L. Sorensen*Secretary:* I. K. Moses*Treasurer:* D. O. Calkins*Office Address:* 9 Cunningham Road, Bangalore**SOUTH TAMIL MISSION
CONSTITUENCY MEETING**

W. MULLER ISAAC

WE, THE workers of the South Tamil Mission, praise God with all our hearts for His blessings and tender care over us during the past two years and for having enabled us to meet each other to exchange our joys and blessings of the Lord that we found in His vineyard.

Really we had a good religious festival from June 8 to 13, 1954, at Prakasapuram. We were indeed happy to have with us Pastor L. C. Shepard and Mr. J. S. Dason from the Division, Pastor E. L. Sorensen, Pastor and Mrs. W. F. Storz, Pastor and Mrs. R. H. Brodersen, Pastors C. Moses and V. D. Koilpillai, Brethren S. John and O. S. Matthews from the Union. Pastor B. S. Moses, the president of South Telugu Mission, and Mr. E. L. Rollins from E. D. T. Memorial High School, were also with us. A hearty welcome was extended by the secretary, Mr. V. Benjamin, to all leaders and representatives at the opening meeting. The opening address was given by Mr. D. David, the president of South Tamil Mission, and his message was to be "Ready for Service and Sacrifice" which was our motto for the Constituency Meeting and which was displayed in the form of a picture of a bullock standing between a plough and an altar.

Every morning we met in prayer hands from 7:00 to 7:30 and then followed the devotional meeting. On the first day Pastor Brodersen brought forth many important points on "The Love of God." The next day Mr. S. John, the Union acting secretary-treasurer, spoke on "God Found Jacob—the Deceiver." The following morning's topic was "God's Plumb-line" by Pastor B. S. Moses and on Sunday morning Mr. J. S. Dason, the editor of our health magazine, *Nalwazhi*, preached on "Christian Life."

The business sessions were conducted from 9:30 to 11:00 each day. The president's report was presented by Mr. D. David; the

secretary's report by Mr. V. Benjamin; the educational report by Mr. E. L. Rollins; the M. V. report by Mr. V. Benjamin; the Dorcas report by Mrs. A. J. Wessel; the H. M. and Sabbath School reports by Mr. D. David; the VOP report by Pastor N. Vinayagam, and the publishing report by Mr. E. Scott. All reports showed steady progress. On Sunday Mr. O. S. Matthews took a few minutes to promote the Temperance work.

On Wednesday, 9th June, we had a Bible study on "Being Born Again" by Pastor Sorensen who brought forth many important features as to how to be a born-again man or woman. The next day Mr. Rollins gave a timely Bible study on "Unity in Service." "The Power of the Christian Life" was the next day's topic which was given by Pastor L. C. Shepard of Poona. We had another good Bible Study on Sunday when Pastor Storz spoke on "Ministering in God's Vineyard."

From 2:30 to 3:30 p.m. we had regular committee work. Committee reports were given on Friday and Sunday evenings.

On Wednesday and Thursday from 3:30 to 5:45 p.m. we had departmental meetings in two sessions. Our Union VOP secretary Pastor C. Moses, Educational and M. V. secretary Mr. O. S. Matthews, and H. M. and Sabbath School secretary Pastor W. F. Storz gave us instructions promoting their respective departments. On Sunday Mr. O. S. Matthews with the help of Mr. V. Benjamin conducted an investiture service when twenty pupils who were prepared by the teachers of Prakasapuram church school got their insignias. This was followed by the Prakasapuram Dorcas Sale. Through the earnest effort of Mrs. A. Selvanayagam, the Prakasapuram Dorcas Society leader, the sale amounted to Rs. 68. Our Union Dorcas Society secretary, Mrs. W. F. Storz, and the local Dorcas Society secretary, Mrs. A. J. Wessel, conducted the meetings for the ladies.

On Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday nights, Pastors Sorensen and Brodersen conducted public meetings. We had good

attendance. Very interesting topics were presented. Brother Jones Isaac lead out in the song services for these meetings. Mrs. Brodersen and Pastor Sorensen favoured us with special items of vocal and instrumental music. On Friday night Pastor Storz conducted the service in the church, and his subject was "The Progress of the Advent Movement."

Mothers will never forget Mrs. Storz because she did her best in the mothers' meeting every day from 3:30 to 4:30 p.m. The children liked the pictorial lectures and hymn stories which were provided by Mrs. Brodersen. May the Lord bless their efforts.

On the Sabbath we had very inspiring meetings. 328 members attended our Sabbath School which was conducted by the writer. The church service was conducted by Pastor V. D. Koilpillai and his message was "Alive, Yet Dead." At the close of this meeting a special offering was taken to erect a church building at Pulliangudi which amounted to Rs. 2,350 in cash and pledges. The Prakasapuram church alone pledged Rs. 500. Thank God for this freewill offering.

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At 3:00 p.m. Pastor Brodersen conducted an evangelistic symposium. At that time, the circle leaders, Pastors A. Selvanayagam, A. Manuel and Brethren A. J. Wessel and S. Anbiah, gave progressive reports of their fields. Then Mr. G. A. Yesudian and W. Muller Isaac narrated a few experiences of the Dindigul and Nazareth efforts, respectively.

Pastors L. C. Shepard and E. L. Sorensen conducted a special service at 5:30 p.m. when Mr. D. David, president of South Tamil Mission, was set apart for the ministry. May God bless Pastor D. David as he takes up special responsibilities in God's work, is our prayer.

In conclusion I would like to say that all the meetings were inspirational. All the departments and committees did their noble work in perfect order. Everyone enjoyed the meetings. Thanks to all the leaders. Thanks to God for His Spirit who guided us. May He bless every one by giving His Spirit to finish His ministry soon is my prayer.

The Road to Bogota

(Continued from p. 13.)

fifty Seventh-day Adventists in all of Colombia, and Colombia is a big country. Today there are nearly one hundred times that many Seventh-day Adventists there. Gustavo Olaya is still there. He and others like him continue to tell about their 'wonderful faith.' New opportunities and ways of witnessing are constantly presenting themselves before workers and laity in this large field."

So, my friends, the work of God in Inter-America is onward and will be under His continued blessing until Jesus comes.

Looking upon the crucified Redeemer, we more fully comprehend the magnitude and meaning of the sacrifice made by the Majesty of heaven. The plan of salvation is glorified before us, and the thought of Calvary awakens living and sacred emotions in our hearts. Praise to God and the Lamb will be in our hearts and on our lips; for pride and self-worship cannot flourish in the soul that keeps fresh in memory the scenes of Calvary.—"The Desire of Ages," p. 661.



ALL PRESIDENTS, SCHOOL PRINCIPALS, HOSPITAL DIRECTORS, EVANGELISTS

AND ANYONE WITH A GOOD REPORT

We appreciate good articles from other fields as we see them come out in the TIDINGS from time to time, but much more appreciate good reports from within Southern Asia. Recently we have had a real dearth of the good reports which formerly were coming in. Let us hear from your field, your effort, your school, your hospital—all that you are doing for the Cause of God is of interest to all of us. So, send in that soul-inspiring experience or event that will bring courage to all the fields and thanks a lot.

O. O. MATTISON.



BEARING A MESSAGE OF SALVATION

From outposts around the world comes the good news that the radio, with its helper, the Bible school, is playing an important part in preaching the Sun of righteousness and dispelling the darkness of sin in hearts of men and women in all parts of the world.

NICARAGUA: A military man sat drinking in a little bar in Managua, Nicaragua. At the same time the radio was playing the Voice of Prophecy programme. He heard the offer of a free Bible course, so he enrolled. As he progressed in studying the lessons he began leaving off certain vices. He also quit his studies in Spiritualism and sorcery. He began to share the things he learned with his family. As a result five of his family have already been baptized. He plans to dedicate his life to the cause of God.

AFRICA: "The Voice of Prophecy Bible lessons have opened my eyes to many things. For some time I have been an Adventist at heart, but yesterday I decided to go the whole way. I know this decision is going to take me a long way spiritually, and I can assure you that the lessons have been a great help and blessing to me. For thirty-one years I was a very heavy drinker. I have not had a drink for over a year, and I resolve by the grace of God never to drink again."

MADAGASCAR: A Malagasy gentleman came to our evangelist at Antsirabe, Madagascar, and stated he wished to accept the message which is being taught by our radio broadcast and Bible correspondence school. Great was the joy of our evangelist to have the privilege of preparing him for baptism. In his village this Malagasy gentleman has created a good interest, and four persons are studying the Bible with him regularly and are preparing for baptism. His wife also is convinced of the truth and now comes to the Sabbath meetings accompanied by two of her friends, and all are preparing for baptism.

CONNECTICUT: "Recently I sent to you a very difficult prayer request. You see, my work interfered with Sabbath-keeping, and it seemed that there would be no way of working it out. But the Lord has found a way. I am now keeping the Sabbath and plan to be baptized. Instead of losing my job, I have been given the Sabbath free, and I am still receiving the same pay. I had not hoped for such a happy solution to my problem."

Radio is bearing the message of salvation with the speed of light to places where the living preacher has not penetrated.

ELMER R. WALDE, Secretary,
Radio Department, General Conference