



# INSTRUCTOR



PHOTOS COURTESY IRENE WAKEHAM

At the Philippine Youth's Congress a Moro Delegate, Recently Converted From Mohammedanism, Demonstrates the War Dance of His People in the Pageant of the Non-Christian Tribes of the Philippines

The Morning Devotional and Prayer Band Period at the Philippine Youth's Congress When Small Groups Gathered in Different Places on the Campus of Philippine Union College





# In Spite of Della

By **IRENE WAKEHAM**  
*Manila, Philippine Islands*

**I**N THE Southwest Pacific the typhoon season often begins in June. This year it began a few days before the All-Philippines Youth's Congress started June 21. For identification typhoons are always given girl's names, and this first storm bore the name of Della. Whenever there is a typhoon anywhere near the Philippines, the inhabitants of the islands are likely to have plenty of rain along with the high winds—really heavy downpours.

Although the congress was scheduled to begin Tuesday night, because of irregular boat schedules from the farther islands, some delegates arrived as early as the preceding Friday. They were more or less pushed from pillar to post to keep them out of the way of the nearly two hundred college students who were finishing their summer session classes and taking their examinations up till the very day the congress began, but at least they did avoid having to travel during the midst of Della's depredations.

Most of the delegates and visitors were not so fortunate. Those who came by boat had rough seas; those who came by bus had rough roads, made like corduroy by the rain and barred in the mountains by slides—and even at its best, bus travel in the islands is no pleasure jaunt. One group from the far north called themselves "The Rough Riders of Cagayan Valley."

We who were already at the college hoped the pounding rains would not continue. The uninsulated metal roof on the newly renovated gymnasium, where the meetings were to be held, would prove a perfect sounding board for a heavy rain, making speech, even with our new public-address system, virtually impossible. But it seemed as if the evil spirit of the ele-

ments, having done everything in its power to disrupt the meeting, at the last minute surrendered, and from the time of the opening service till the end of the congress the weather was fair and bright. If Della did keep anybody away, perhaps it was a good thing; if there had been many more present, they would have had to sleep, not on the floor, as most of them had to do that anyway, but on top of one another.

But as the young people returned to their homes they took with them more lasting treasures than the neat, printed booklet containing programs, messages, pictures, and many autographs, or the badge and ribbon that they received at the time of registration. They took memories—of the beautiful Philippine Union College campus, freshly green from the

rain after the long dry season; of the P.U.C. choir in white robes and maroon scarves marching to their places on the rostrum by the light of the candles they carried at the Friday night meeting; of the lighted "Know, Live, Share Your Faith" emblem that formed the theme of the decorations; of the comradeship of shared consecration; of the challenge of the unfinished task; of the stress not primarily on such negative problems as, "Why can't we go to the movies?" but rather on the positive problem, "How can I win more souls to Christ?"

Planned two years ago, and preceded last year by local youth's congresses, this greatest gathering of Philippine youth is destined to have a profound influence on the progress of Missionary Volunteer activity in the islands.



*Along with messages of greeting from division and General Conference officials, former missionaries, and others interested in Missionary Volunteer work, the following telegram was received from His Excellency Elpidio Quirino, president of the Philippines:*

"I am happy to be able to greet the Seventh-day Adventist youth of the Philippines as they hold their All-Philippines Youth's Congress. One of the objectives of this congress, which is to make the youth physically clean, morally straight, and individually useful in their service to God and their fellow men, has struck me as in line with the administration's effort to establish a clean, honest, and upright government, with full backing of a morally sound and God-fearing citizenry. I hope that, inspired by the lofty ideal of this congress, the youth attending it will become practical crusaders prepared to do their share in our present task of nation building."





**T**HE first and only All-Philippines Youth's Congress is now a part of the history of the progress of the Seventh-day Adventist mission work around the world. And what a thrilling chapter in the history of the S.D.A. mission work in the Philippine Islands was written as nearly two thousand smiling, singing Missionary Volunteers gathered for this banquet of song, study, joy, greetings, and spiritual refreshing.

From all portions of this long chain of islands they came. Some came from the land of the Moros far to the south, from islands large and small, from the rugged slopes of the Mountain Province; every section of the Philippines was represented. They simply took possession of Philippine Union College. They swarmed over the campus, filled every hall and classroom, jammed the meeting halls, slept on the floors, and crowded the large dining room to capacity three times a day.

What an inspiration it was just to sit and watch these brown-skinned young people getting a great thrill from the association of fellow Christians! What a strong, clean group of youth they were! As one watched them he was happy that he had ever had a part in any mission giving or any missionary endeavor. They were something to be proud of—these young soldiers of the cross. Here indeed is the flower of the denomination, the greatest asset of the church.

At the opening meeting, on the evening of June 21, the large gymnasium of Philippine Union College was crowded to the doors, and scores of eager faces peered through the windows. Nearly two thousand people made the walls vibrate as they sang the opening songs and choruses.

The actual opening of the congress was beautifully done. Each of the eight local missions comprising the Philippine Union Mission had its group of delegates at the rear entrance of the gymnasium, massed under the flag of the Philippines and of their organization. After the white-robed seventy-voice choir of Philippine Union College had marched to the platform and had begun singing "Volunteers," the delegates began marching, by mission groups, to the front and their designated seats. The mission director and the educational secretary led each group. When these two men reached the platform they marched up to the rostrum and turned to take the two flags from the standard-bearers. These flags were then placed in their standards at the rear of the rostrum by Pastor C. P. Sorensen and Pastor L. A. Skinner. As soon as one mission group were in their places, another began their march forward. Soon the flags and assembled delegates added a panorama of color that was beautiful to see.

It was indeed an inspiring sight to see these young people firmly march forward to their appointed places. One could easily visualize them as firmly going to all points



Very Much a Part of the Congress Were Pastor C. P. Sorensen; P. H. Romulo, Philippine Union Missionary Volunteer Secretary; the Lone Moro Representative in Costume; and Pastor L. A. Skinner, From the General Conference

# ALL-PHILIPPINES Youth's Congress

By **H. A. MUNSON**  
*Manila, Philippine Islands*

of the globe as ambassadors of the heavenly King. They gave the impression of vigor, zeal, and courage—a readiness to give the strength of their youth to advance the cause of God. And they looked as if they were determined to keep on marching right into the kingdom. The Advent youth of the Philippines are truly marching on in perfect step with the Adventist youth of the world.

In his opening message Pastor E. M.

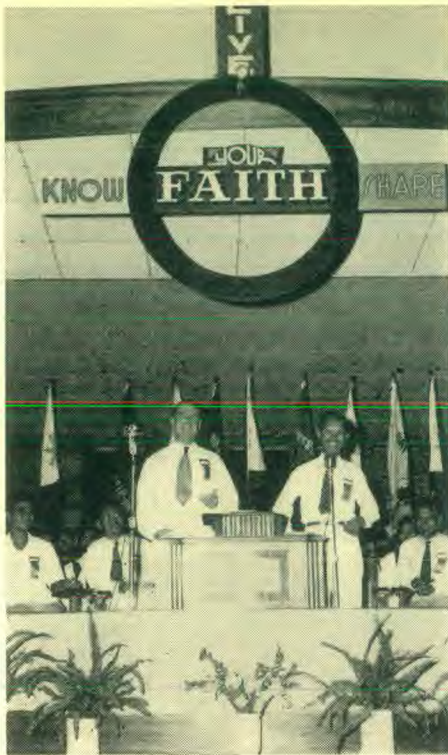
Adams, acting president of the Philippine Union Mission, presented a stirring call to the youth to rid themselves of everything that is keeping them from a full consecration and a victorious life. He urged them to go deeper and deeper into a Christian experience that would fit them for the kingdom, and enable them to witness continually to what God has done for them and can do with them.

After the thrills of the first meeting the

The Delegates March Smartly to Their Reserved Seats, Each Mission Group Bearing Both the National Flag and Its Own Mission Flag







Pastor Skinner Addressing the Congress, With the Skillful Assistance of Pastor A. J. Abawag

delegates settled down to four days of good things. From the early morning worship meeting until the last meeting at night no time was wasted. And between meetings the happy delegates shared their smiles, their handshakes, their greetings, their rooms, and at the same time built up a great determination to share their faith with others.

The first full day of the congress was one of activity, stirring meetings, and social and spiritual blessings. Nearly a thousand young people came to the early devotional meeting, and received strength for the day from the Morning Watch and message by L. A. Skinner. The "Share Your Faith" assemblies, led by C. P. Sorensen, made many determine to really begin sharing their faith. The rest of the day was one feast after another, as talks were given and discussions were held that made each delegate proud to be an Adventist and eager to be a more active Missionary Volunteer. At the evening meeting Pastor Skinner told of the young people who are sharing their faith in all parts of the world—from the snowy slopes of Canada and the north countries to the far-flung islands of the sea. In all these lands our youth continue to share their faith

under hardships, persecutions, trials, and at times even in the face of death.

It was a great blessing to these young people to have such men as Pastors Skinner and Sorensen present. Their messages and their leadership in discussions filled a need in these young lives, and the youth listened intently as these men took morning worship, led out in "Share Your Faith" assemblies, or gave other messages.

The Sabbath services were something long to be remembered, and the blessings received from these meetings will be cherished in the hearts of these young people as long as they live. C. P. Sorensen took the Friday evening consecration service. The more than two thousand young people present listened attentively as he called for a real, full, and definite consecration of all they are and all they have. And the consecration pledge from the young people was given fully and completely. The Sabbath services were crowded from the Morning Watch until the evening vespers. At least thirty-five hundred were present to hear Pastor Skinner give the sermon at eleven o'clock.

The Saturday night meeting was a thrilling panorama of the non-Christian peoples in the Philippines who are yet to be warned. The different groups were represented by delegates in native costumes. The greatest appeal was made by a lone Moro delegate, who represented the thousands of unwarned Mohammedans of the great island of Mindanao.

A word should be said for the organization and management of this great gathering of youth. The great load of the work fell upon P. H. Romulo, secretary of the Missionary Volunteer department of the Philippine Union Mission. Pastor Romulo worked untiringly for weeks before this congress began, and showed real organizing ability in the detailed preparation of the many phases of this gathering. His committees were well chosen and worked faithfully. And from the very first meeting one had a feeling that here was an assembly that had a well-laid plan, and that it was going to work. And work it did from beginning to end.

The Philippine press took much interest in the meeting, and published all the pictures and articles the press committee furnished. Eight Manila dailies took material. The radio companies also expressed an interest, and one large broadcasting

—Please turn to page 19

Part of the Crowd Attending Sabbath School Are Accommodated on Benches Under the Spreading Trees Out of Doors—the "Sabbath School Extension"

✱

PHOTOS COURTESY OF IRENE WAKEHAM

✱

A Quiet Reverence Hovers Over the Congress at the Morning Devotional and Prayer Band Hour Under the Skies





**W**HEN the new year 1949 arrived in Burma it found the beautiful country of pagodas in a tense political condition. The newspapers carried reports of strife and bloodshed among the white-and-yellow-band P.V.O. groups. The radio blared the insurgent activities of the Red Flag Communists, the White Flag Communists, the Mons, and the Karens against the government forces.

As we heard these reports we felt rather secure in our little hill station in Maymyo. How could we be affected even though the fighting did rage in the delta, the Tenasserim, and if Toungoo were in Karen hands? It did not affect us in our pleasant mountain station. True, we had not had railroad service for many months, for the bridges were blown up along the way; but the airplanes came with reassuring regularity, bringing mission mail and an occasional letter from friends back home.

We were looking forward with great anticipation to a workers' meeting to be held in Rangoon in February. At this meeting General Conference and division representatives were expected. It would be a gala occasion to us in Maymyo, for we had not seen the other missionaries for a long time. The unrest in the country began to trouble us. Suppose things got so bad that airplane service was suspended, and we should miss that meeting? The day of our departure drew nearer and nearer. Our excitement mounted as we made plans, got our clothes in readiness, made our reservations, and purchased our tickets. The J. F. Hamel family left their apartment upstairs and were off to Rangoon, but we must wait over the week end to care for the services—then our day to leave would come.

At last the day arrived, and we were on our way with suitcases, lunch basket, and even fifty pounds of strawberries to take to the less fortunate missionaries in Rangoon. While we and our luggage were being weighed in, the air office agent somewhat dampened our enthusiasm by telling us that Chaukse had been captured by Karen insurgents, and it was reported that they were heading for Mandalay, only forty-two miles from Maymyo. And the meetings were to begin in Rangoon that very day! We hated to miss any of them. Our spirits rose as we headed for the flying field. After all, the plane *might* come.

The sun beat down upon the dusty airstrip, causing the waiting passengers to take shelter under the mat huts. The air office agent sought us out, and reported that only one plane would come in. The passenger list was much too large for only one plane. Did we want to fly that day to Rangoon, and risk the capture of Maymyo by insurgents and being cut off from our home indefinitely? That would mean without a doubt that our home would be looted, and we would lose all our earthly goods. Or did we want our names scratched from the passenger list, allow

# Through the BATTLE of MAYMYO

By P. A. PARKER

someone else to go in our places, and miss that long-awaited meeting in Rangoon? Such a momentous decision to make! The eager faces of our children, David and Linda, easily showed what they wanted to do. Miss that long-promised airplane ride? *Never!*

While we pondered the question the hum of airplanes filled the air. Military chartered planes no doubt, we thought, flying troops to meet the advancing insurgents. We watched as one plane swooped down the field and at the far end unloaded its soldiers equipped for battle. It roared up the field again and had hardly cleared the ground when the second plane got into position to land. Down it came. Pausing but a moment to unload its cargo of soldiers, it roared past and took to the skies once more. Down came the third plane, and as it stopped just in front of the mat shelters, officers got out with guns raised. What was this? Nervously we glanced around us—soldiers in back, soldiers to the side, and soldiers in front, all pointing their guns at us. We had been captured, and we were in insurgent hands.

Tense moments followed. Would there

be fighting? What protection would these mat huts afford? A child cried, and the parent tried to reassure it with a confidence he himself did not feel. Soon we found we were in no immediate danger. The insurgents dumped our baggage from the air-office trucks, requisitioned sufficient transportation to get them to town, and left for Maymyo. We were told to wait for an hour in case there was fighting, then return peacefully to our homes.

We rode back to town with two British officers and right behind the Karen insurgents. As we left the airfield the thing I remember most vividly was the silver-gray airplane we were to have gone to Rangoon in. It questioningly circled the field; then, suspecting something amiss, flew off to Rangoon again. We munched our lunch and pondered the thought that evidently God did not want us to attend that meeting. We saw the bewildered, disarmed guards at the outskirts of the town walking aimlessly along and still wondering what had happened. No shots had been fired, but they too were in the hands of the insurgents.

Home was a nice place after all. We had had enough excitement. Even David did

Pastor Parker and the Jeep He Drove in Maymyo During the Time of Stress





not mind missing his airplane ride. The excitement was just beginning, we found out only too soon. The government officers surrendered as the Karens surprised them at their mess. They phoned up their units and instructed their men to surrender, but the men in the ranks had other ideas. They grabbed all the arms and ammunition they could, and headed for the near-by jungle. The Karen insurgents released about two thousand Karens, who had been interned in Maymyo by the government. Yes, they had accomplished their purpose quietly and quickly, but their troubles were just beginning too. The two days which followed were a veritable "calm before the storm." The bazaar opened for business; the bank functioned as usual. This fact was important to us for it gave us opportunity to lay in supplies and withdraw money for emergencies.

At breakfast the next morning we were suddenly and rudely disturbed by a volley of shots and shouts of an angry mob. The

shouts grew louder and louder until we could make out the words, "*Doe Burmah, Doe Burmah!*" (Our Burma, our Burma.) Then from behind our closed windows and locked doors we could see them rushing by—men with military uniforms, men in civilian dress, men with shoes, men with Burmese slippers, men with pants, men with lungis, but all had guns or rifles, and all were shooting and shouting. The counterattack had begun.

All day long the tempo of the battle increased. The staccato of the shots reached a deafening roar at times. The attackers rushed on, and the insurgent defenders retreated to their heavily defended military positions. Toward dusk the battle increased in momentum if possible, and at this time came a knock at our door. Opening it, we found an excited cook from the Baptist mission across the road. The American missionary had been hit! Could we come and help? Bullets were dropping all about. I grabbed a bottle of iodine, a roll

of bandage, and ran out. It was a relief to step within the shelter of the Baptist rest home, but I was filled with anxiety when I saw Mrs. Keyser lying there in a pool of blood, a bullet in her head. A doctor was needed here, and the nearest one was a half mile away in the fighting area. Promising help, I ran to my garage to get my jeep. A shot whizzed dangerously near my head, and I knew that without God's protection I would not be able to accomplish my purpose in bringing help to Mrs. Keyser. A huge American flag had been given me by some American soldiers in India. Just the thing to let these Burmese soldiers know I was not Karen, and to let Karen soldiers know I was not Burmese. I tied it on the jeep and started on my mission. Slowly I drove to the corner. All went well. Then the main highway lay ahead of me.

A Burmese soldier stepped out and, with gun pointed at me and finger on the trigger—*Please turn to page 20*



## Measure Your S.Q.

By W. A. TOWNEND  
Christchurch, New Zealand

**A**LL ambitious young people ought to check their S.Q. By the way, S.Q. stands for "success quotient." Success is the goal of every normal, red-blooded young person. Every such youth ought to have some fairly clear ideas on this stimulating subject.

There are two kinds of success. The rough-and-tumble old world in which we live has its own brand, and God also has a gauge for determining one's success or failure.

The world seems to measure success by the four *P's*—popularity, plenty of money, possessions, and high position. For just three minutes let us do a bit of straight thinking about these points.

There was once a ruler who made a certain drastic decree, because it pandered to the blind demands of the clergy, the government, and the people. Doubtless Pilate was a popular man, when, concerning Christ, he "gave sentence that it should be as they required." But here is a question for you: Would you, a thoughtful young person, rate popular Pilate a successful man?

Then there was the young man who was "very rich." You will recall that he stumbled over his riches, and thereby lost

his way to eternal life. Plenty of money? Yes, he had plenty all right. *But* honestly, was he truly successful?

Think of the king who strutted on the wide road atop the walls of his capital and boasted, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built." Nebuchadnezzar surely had plenty of possessions; one would even venture to say that he lacked nothing by way of material things, but would you rate him as being successful?

Consider Belshazzar. He had good position—why, he was able to summon a thousand of his lords to a banquet! But stay while I ask you: How would you rate his S.Q?

Of course, one could have all the four *P's* and at the same time have a high S.Q.; but real success does not depend on popularity, plenty of money, possessions, or position.

Jesus was a successful young man. Yet a study of His life reveals a complete absence of these four *P's*. True, He was the only begotten Son of God, but men and women chose not to believe that. In their thinking He had no place in the *Who's Who* of their day. "Is not this the carpenter's son?" they said. Christ Himself told them that "the Son of man hath not

where to lay his head." That hardly sounds as though He owned anything. When it came to paying taxes He performed a miracle which produced the money in the mouth of a fish—that hardly sounds as though He had *much* money. And where did He stand in the matter of popularity? Scripture has the answer, "And immediately, while he yet spake, cometh Judas, one of the twelve, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves. . . . And they laid their hands on him, and took him." And what happened after that demonstration of mass unpopularity? "So Pilate, willing to content the people, released Barabbas unto them, and delivered Jesus, when he had scourged him, to be crucified. And the soldiers led him away. . . . And they . . . platted a crown of thorns, and put it about his head. . . . And they smote him on the head with a reed, and did spit upon him. . . . And they . . . led him out to crucify him."

As you consider your outraged, flogged, and bleeding Saviour, you are looking at God's standard by which He measures success. For we read that "God also hath exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name. . . . Jesus Christ is Lord."

The road leading to eternity-lasting success is the path that Christ traveled. It is the road along which you do not have to worry about being popular, or having plenty of money, possessions, or high position. It is the road on which you seek only to do God's revealed will. Strength for every step of the journey is found in His indwelling presence in the heart. Yes, you must have the Saviour with you if you would know the satisfaction of daily successful living. It works. Try it now.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

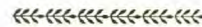




PHOTO COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

The Face of Ajilu Minjeri, of the Malundain Central School, Reflects His Consecration on the Day of His Baptism

# Be THOU Faithful



By S. G. MAXWELL

Blantyre, Nyasaland, Africa

**A**JILU MINJERI watched intently. What did that European want with the chief? They were talking a long time. The chief seemed to be asking for something. Finally they shook hands, and the European went away.

A few weeks afterward a new building began to appear about a mile away from the chief's court. Two strange, elderly men were working with the poles, mud, and grass. Ajilu's curiosity was aroused, and he drew near. The men were talking his own language, yet in terms which he did not understand. They referred to the "prayer house" they were building. They talked about how many people would come there to learn to read the Bible, the Book of God.

Now, Ajilu was a Mohammedan boy. His father was the head teacher for the believers in Islam who lived in that district. Day by day in his home he heard the Koran read and the endless prayers recited. Of course, the Koran was the book of God, but what was this other book which these strange men had been talking about?

A few weeks later he chanced by the new building again. The roof of grass was on, and the men were putting mud on the walls. He listened again, and heard them singing as they worked. They were singing about one Jesus who came down from

heaven to save men. After a while they sang again of the great love of God. Ajilu knew of Allah as the one God and Mohammed as His prophet. But *who* was this other God of love who sent His son to die for sinful men? As the mudding went higher the men needed help. Ajilu offered his services. Soon there came an invitation to attend a song service to be held in the new building.

There were very few people present at this first meeting, but the songs sung gripped Ajilu's heart. He mentioned the meeting to a friend, and they continued to attend together. The teacher wrote some letters on the blackboard and began to explain the alphabet. These were different characters from those in the Koran, but they were not difficult to master. One day Ajilu was able to read from the blackboard the words: "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." As he pondered these words there came the announcement that a class for understanding the Bible was being formed. Would he join?

There was a strange fascination in these classes. He learned that one should not take beer and strong drink. Why, that was what his father read out of the Koran! The pig is an unclean animal, and should not

be eaten. Yes, that is what all true Mohammedans believe! Jesus was a great prophet and one day is coming back to this earth. He already knew this from the Koran. So his interest grew in the new Book of God.

One day the same European who had been talking to the chief long ago came back. He talked to the young people who were gathered in the prayer house. He seemed very pleased when they sang the hymns, repeated the Ten Commandments, and answered questions about the Bible. Then a messenger came to say that the chief wanted to see him.

Soon the word went around that the chief had asked for "a school of the Malamulo Mission." He had said that the children of that mission were different from others, and that they had good characters. It was not long before the necessary permission was given for this school. Some of the leading Mohammedans were not very pleased as they saw many children going to the mission school. They decided to ignore the place.

But Ajilu's father knew what was happening. One day he followed his son to the school. As he listened outside he heard the gospel story told to the young people. His mind was made up quickly. When Ajilu returned home that evening the stern face of his father told him that something was wrong.

"Are you attending that Christian school?"

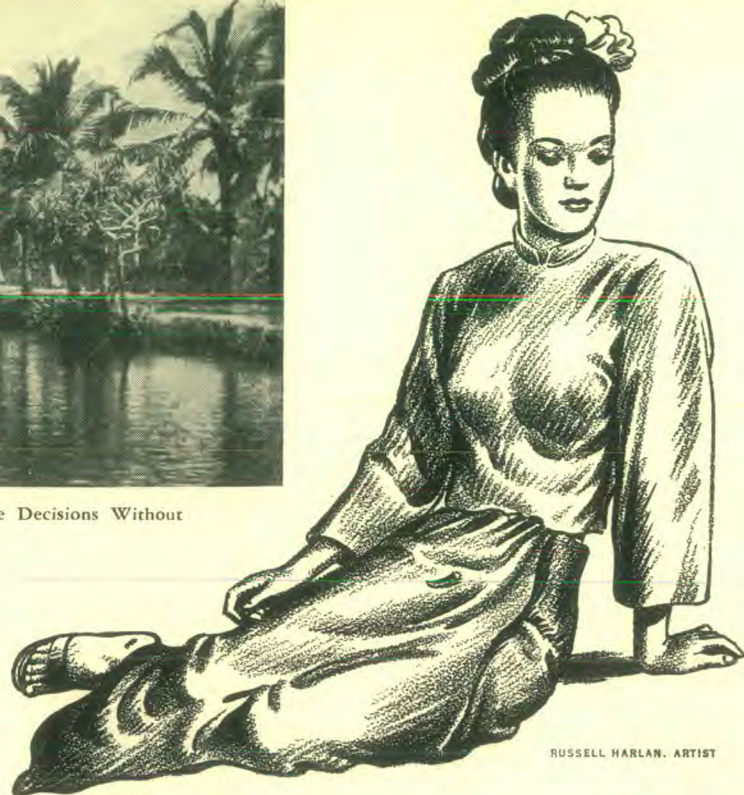
—Please turn to page 21





Mei-ling at Twenty-four Considered Herself Mature Enough to Make Some Decisions Without Consulting Her Older Sister Lian-hoa

• By **CORRIE KHOE**  
Arlington, California, U.S.A.



## OUT of the Dark

**M**EI-LING rubbed her sleepy eyes open and absently reached a dainty, bejeweled hand across the bed to her nightstand. A cigarette the first thing upon awakening seemed to supply the energy to rise and face another long, anxious day at the office. After a few puffs she pushed back the sheets, swung out of the bed, and lapsed into deep thought.

"What is the matter, Mei-ling? Don't you have to go to work today?" Lian-hoa's inquiring eyes searched Mei-ling's troubled face for an answer.

"Nothing is the matter, I'll be ready for breakfast before you are, sister, unless you get your hair combed faster than usual," said Mei-ling, giving the covers a final impatient toss. "I wish you would stop worrying about me, Lian. I am old enough to do my own worrying."

Mei-ling at twenty-four considered herself mature enough to work in the Japanese office in occupied Java without having to take advice from her older sister, Lian-hoa.

"I won't be home for dinner," called Mei-ling to her sister Kim-nio, as she and Lian went out the door. As they parted at the corner Lian called to her retreating

figure, "Do be careful today, Mei-ling, and don't do anything you will regret."

"Lian and Kim always think I am up to something," thought Mei-ling. "I wonder whether either of them has any idea of what my plans are for today. They really would have something to worry about if they knew. This luncheon date, for instance, has even caused *me* to lose sleep. I wonder who this unknown person is that wants me to eat lunch with him, and what can be his purpose."

She let her thoughts drift back to four days ago. Mei-ling had been working at her desk in the office when her private telephone rang.

She had been amazed upon picking it up to hear record after record of popular American music—music that the Japanese had banned from Java since the occupation three years before. At the end of the little program a polite masculine voice inquired whether Miss Chong would like to hear some more music tomorrow.

"Yes, Miss Chong would like to hear more music," she replied, glancing anxiously around to see whether any Japanese office boss was in hearing distance. She

had heard music every day since, but yesterday the voice had said, "Miss Chong, we know you very well, and you have seen us many times. If you would like to hear some more music, what about allowing us to take you to lunch tomorrow?"

Mei-ling had consented without any pause for thinking. It sounded interesting, and she had been looking for something interesting to do. But after a restless night of thought she had begun to suspect that the whole affair was a little *too* interesting! In Java anything could happen, and often did. What did these strange men want of her? Surely there was more to it than a few albums of contraband popular music.

The hours till lunchtime dragged slowly by. After a last glance in the mirror Mei-ling slipped out the door and down the stairs to the sidewalk. No one was in sight as she anxiously looked up and down the street.

"Hello, Miss Chong," said a voice behind her. Mei-ling turned quickly to face a tall, personable young man about her age, whom she dimly recognized as the son of one of the wealthiest garage owners in the city. "It is not far to walk," he said, "unless you object."

"Of course not," she assented.

Soon they came to the large garage belonging to Mr. Lee. An appetizing meal was ready in the reception room. Several other young men about her age were awaiting their arrival. After a pleasant hour of



food and music Mei-ling returned to her office, no nearer a solution to what these men wanted of her than before, but with another invitation to lunch.

It was the third time Mei-ling had gone out to lunch with young Lee Yan-swie. This time his father, known as the "Tiger," was present at the meeting. Mei-ling found out why she had been invited to these strange lunch parties. It seemed that the "Tiger" had in his possession a large quantity of tires which the Japanese had not located and confiscated. Now he had heard that the occupation force was much in need of tires at any price. So for some time he had been looking for a way to sell on the black market to the Japanese without dealing directly with them. After some study he had decided that Mei-ling would be a good go-between. The girl listened carefully as the "Tiger" laid his plan before her. The pay was very attractive, and the added interest of doing something dangerous was even more attractive. Mei-ling accepted at once. In a few weeks her pay from selling tires exceeded her pay at the office. She found the society of Yan-swie, his sister, and their friends pleasant and exciting, for they belonged to a group of young people with whom she had formerly had no dealings.

One evening Mei-ling went down to the garage to pick up a few tires she had sold and was to deliver in the morning. In the reception room of the garage several young men were engaging in their favorite pastime—weight lifting. Yan-swie detached himself from the group and went to meet Mei-ling.

"How many tires this time?" he asked.

"Oh, five will be enough," Mei-ling replied. Yan-swie started off to get them; then he thought better of it.

"Hey, Jack, come here please," he called.

"Have you met Jack?" he inquired. Mei-ling shook her head. "Jack is my cousin. He is a queer one, but a good fellow nevertheless. Jack is not his name, but we call him that because he won the middleweight lifting title from the Dutch East Indies; Jack comes from car jack, you know. A car jack lifts cars; Jack lifts weights."

By this time Jack, a solidly built, well-muscled young man, walked up to where Mei-ling and Yan-swie were standing.

"Mei-ling, allow me to introduce to you my cousin Jack. Jack, this is Mei-ling, who wants to load a few tires from the storehouse into that jinrikisha. You know, I would not do any lifting with you around." Yan-swie laughed good naturedly at his joke.

How could Mei-ling know that this chance meeting was the first of many seemingly casual events that were in time to change her from a frivolous pleasure seeker into a child of God!

"Here, waiter, bring in some more shark-fin soup and chop suey," called Yan-swie.

The whole gang were having evening dinner together at a fashionable Chinese restaurant before going out to movies. The room was full of gay chatter and light laughter. More than one of the boys had been slyly taking sips from a bottle that someone had produced from a pocket. They were all bent on having a good time, each one trying perhaps to get away from the unrest and sorrow the war had brought into the home he represented. The last weeks had been feverish ones for Mei-ling. She had seized upon this gay life as the panacea for the troubles that seemed to be shutting her in on all sides. True, Lian-hoa and Kim-nio spent the evenings at home in tears, wondering what had caused the sister they loved to turn against their warnings and counsels.

At the office the Japanese bosses were becoming more tyrannical and hard to please. But out here with the gang Mei-ling could forget everything in the pleasure of the moment, and when she would go home she would be too tired to think.

As the laughter became coarser and louder Mei-ling was conscious that she was not enjoying the party so much as she had expected. The air was hot and close and heavy with tobacco smoke. Her head was beginning to throb. At the next table she noticed that Jack was leaning forward with his head in his hands. His food was untouched, and he did not seem to be enjoying the party either. It occurred to Mei-ling that she had never seen Jack at one of the gang parties before. She vaguely wondered why. He seemed to be popular with everyone, though all admitted that he was a bit queer. Mei-ling

did not know just what was queer about him, but certainly there was something. She had never seen him smoking or drinking, but many athletes did not smoke or drink. Finally she decided to ask her partner about Jack.

"Say, Tjin-tek, what do you suppose is wrong with Jack? He doesn't eat a bite of anything this evening."

Tjin-tek gazed at Jack's broad back thoughtfully. "Didn't anyone tell you, Mei-ling, that Jack is a queer one? Well, he belongs to a fanatical religious sect, whose main concern seems to be keeping its young people from getting any fun out of life. He can't smoke, drink, go to movies, play cards, or work on Saturday. The trouble with him right now is that he is afraid all these foods are cooked with pork. So he won't eat any of them. He didn't want to come to this party at all, but because it was his cousin Yan-swie's birthday, he agreed to come, provided he didn't have to eat anything or go to the movies afterward. He is queer, but he is a good sport. Sometimes I even think he gets more out of life than I do. At least, his kind of fun doesn't leave him with a headache the next morning."

After this talk with Tjin-tek, Mei-ling decided to ask Jack himself about his strange beliefs at the first opportunity. That opportunity came a few days later when she was over at the garage after a supply of tires. After they were loaded and the jinrikisha driver was instructed where to deliver them, Mei-ling opened the conversation.

"Jack, what's the matter with you? Why  
—Please turn to page 19



## The Last Chapter

By STANLEY COMBRIDGE

My life is like a book with pages fair,  
And every day are made some entries there.  
My thoughts and acts are faithfully inscribed—  
The record stands, and cannot be denied.  
One day the final chapter will be writ,  
And I must honor every line of it.  
When finis shows the story is complete  
And I must stand before the judgment seat,  
Among the entries made may there be one—  
Writ by God's hand, the last, two words—"Well done."



# YOUTH'S CONGRESSES

## in the North and East Brazil Unions

By L. M. STUMP

Secretary, Young People's Missionary Volunteer and Educational Departments, South American Division

THE "Share Your Faith" movement has penetrated into the dark jungles of the central Amazon region.

On May 4 Pastor A. M. Tillman, of the South American Division young people's department, and I left Buenos Aires via the Pan American plane to assist in a series of youth's congresses in the northern part of Brazil. Previous to our arrival plans for these congresses had been made by Pastor R. R. Cronk, young people's secretary for the North Brazil Union, and other associated leaders in his field.

The largest congress in the north field was held in the city of Maues, which is about one thousand miles up the Amazon River. About 350 young people were in attendance. This number might be considered small to some; but for this isolated region, where many times one's nearest neighbor is several miles away, it was very good. The only highways are waterways, and the only means of travel is by canoe or boat. In this Amazon country almost as soon as a child can walk he is taught to paddle his own canoe up and down the mighty Amazon River. In order to attend this youth's congress several of the delegates traveled by canoe for three or four days.

One young man told us that as he was

walking near the river's edge a huge snake raised up out of the water, seized him by one leg, and tried to pull him into the river. The young man quickly grabbed a banana tree and hung on for his life. Rolling up his trouser leg, he showed us the scars left by the merciless fangs of the snake.

The malarial mosquitoes were present in great abundance at our evening meetings. The young woman who served as the cook at the congress became ill with the dreaded malaria, and others were infected; but even with this danger lurking about, the attendance did not drop, nor was the ardor and enthusiasm dampened. The spirit of "Share Your Faith" prevailed at every meeting.

Seventeen of those present at the Maues congress pointed with pride and happiness to eighty-eight persons whom they had been instrumental in bringing to Jesus.

Near the close of the congress, at one of the most impressive meetings, the mayor of Maues, a non-Adventist, rose and said that he would rather be known as a servant of God than by his official title.

At the consecration service on Friday evening the Spirit of the Lord was manifested in a special manner. Practically everyone present took a stand for God, and sixty-two accepted Jesus as their Sav-

iour for the first time and joined the baptismal class.

After we left the North Brazil Union, where eight congresses in all were held, we traveled down to the East Brazil field, where three successful similar meetings had been planned. Preparations for these gatherings had been made by Pastor R. A. Wilcox, president of the East Brazil Union, with the assistance of several of his co-workers.

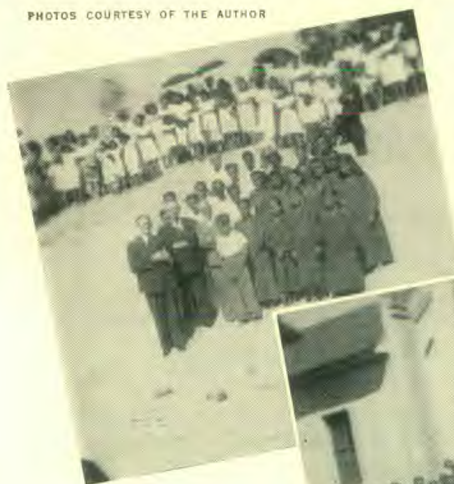
At the Bahia congress one of the delegates in attendance, Joaquim Franca, told of having given more than five hundred Bible studies, conducted eighty public meetings, and led twenty-eight persons to Christ.

Another delegate, Firmino Alves, related how he had given more than one thousand Bible studies, and won twenty-eight persons.

However, it was at the Baixo Gandu congress that we learned that the young people in that field led all the others in giving Bible studies. Twenty-six young people under twenty years of age were engaged in studying the Bible with neighbors and friends. Among those twenty-six were a number of children—Celia Michael, age nine; Vanila Tezer, nine; Leila Moreira, eleven; Jormina Vierra, eleven; Orly Prado, twelve; and Ormi Prado, thirteen.

—Please turn to page 21

PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR



Young People Who Attended the First Brazil Youth's Congress at Baixo Gandu



Young People Who Were Baptized at the Baixo Gandu Youth's Congress

Some of the Teachers Who Were Present at the Teachers' Institute at the Bahia Congress





ONE of the devil's favorite lies has to do with those who serve him. It is twofold. It says that all Christians are unhappy, inhibited to the point of repression, and slightly envious of the unrighteous. Besides this, we are told, the wicked always prosper, are always gay, and are always to be envied.

This is the devil's doctrine, not God's. There is nothing in the Bible to support such a view. Not that the Christian is free from all sorrow and trial. Common sense would tell us that for God to guarantee that disappointment and suffering should not come the Christian's way would be to defeat the plan of the gospel. Men are to follow Christ for love, not for loaves and fishes. Only the social gospel teaches that the reward of goodness is material prosperity here and now.

The devil's doctrine, understood, is always the opposite of God's—so much so that if we read our Bibles intelligently, we can quite predict what deceptions will be presented to us by Satan.

The Bible tells us that "the way of transgressors is hard." And Jesus said, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." This is the truth.

The Bible record is filled with instances that demonstrate the truth of the two propositions just mentioned. From the cry of Cain, when God apprehended him after the murder of his brother, "My punishment is greater than I can bear," to the wail of the lost at the end of time, "And every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him," we find that the record of the transgressor is an unhappy one.

And consider the people with whom Jesus dealt while on earth. There was Herod who beheaded John the Baptist. This particular Herod was Herod Antipas, the son of Herod the Great, who butchered the children of Bethlehem. Herod the Great married ten times; and Herodias, who hated John so vehemently, was one of his daughters. She married one of her uncles, Herod Philip, from whom she was willingly stolen by his brother, Antipas, because he was the heir of Herod the Great and, thus, the most promising of the brothers. Even the hardened soldiers in Herod's command, it is said, were stirred with moral horror at the record of desertion, adultery, and incest in this unspeakable family.

Well, Herod was wicked enough to please even the devil. Was he happy? We think not; he was a man who lived in fear, as all criminals must. The Record says, "Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man and an holy."

Now, there are two ways of dealing with reminders of our iniquity. One way, the right one, is to repent and turn from



ANTONIO CISERI, ARTIST

Pilate, Who Thought Himself a Realist, and Who Had Small Respect for the Mysticism of the East, Was Trying in Advance to Cleanse His Soul of the Injustice He Was About to Commit

# The DEVIL'S Lies

By R. E. FINNEY, Jr.  
Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

our evil ways. Another way is to seek to destroy the reminder. This is the way that Herod, at the instigation of Herodias, took. But burning the Bible has never done away with the law of God, nor has killing the prophets ever kept prophecy from being fulfilled. So, to stifle the voice of an accuser of unrighteousness never solves the problem of a tortured conscience. Herod had John beheaded; what then?

Then Jesus came. And the Record reads, "Now Herod the tetrarch heard of all that was done by him: and he was perplexed, because that it was said of some, that John was risen from the dead." Yes, Herod was still afraid of John, even though he had killed him, for his conscience would not let him rest. And more—he now was afraid of two men where before he had been afraid of only one.

Of course, the day came when Herod

had a hand in another murder. This time it was Jesus. Herod was stupid enough not to remember that the murder of John had done nothing to still his seared conscience and quiet his jumpy nerves. We find him almost pleading with Jesus at the time of the trial, you remember, to do some miracle to prove His Messiahship. But Herod was one of the few people whom, the Record tells us, Jesus apparently did nothing to convert. Jesus knew that Herod's heart was hard beyond hope. He is the perfect example of a man who has committed the unpardonable sin.

But Herod's life was not over—yet. Can you imagine the weak and sweaty terror that must have gripped his shriveled soul on the morning of the first day of the week when the resurrection was announced? The Bible speaks the truth when it says that "the way of transgressors is hard."

Nor was Herod's killing over. He murdered James the brother of John, and then he was afraid of *him*. But, seeing that what he had done pleased the Jews, he also

❧ MILEPOSTS ❧



seized Peter. It was then that God demonstrated to Herod that he had no power except it was allowed him. And we find him so terrified because apparently Peter had escaped that he put the prison keepers to death and fled down to Caesarea. It was here that God finally dealt with the man.

"And upon a set day Herod, arrayed in royal apparel, sat upon his throne, and made an oration unto them. And the people gave a shout, saying, It is the voice of a god, and not of a man. And immediately the angel of the Lord smote him,

because he gave not God the glory: and he was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost. But the word of God grew and multiplied."

What a world of sermons there is in that last short sentence: "But the word of God grew and multiplied." The way of the transgressors is hard indeed. But nothing stops the progress of the work of God.

There was another transgressor connected with the last days of Jesus by the name of Pilate. Pilate was a Roman pagan, and as such had enjoyed no such ad-

vantage of knowing the truth of God as had Herod. Nevertheless, as to all men, the day came when he must either choose God or reject Him and His ways.

Time does not allow us to follow the twistings and turnings of this weak man in his efforts to escape the responsibility of dealing with Jesus' case. Finally, however, he made the choice and in the same moment sought to absolve himself of the responsibility for what he had done. John Erskine has described the scene graphically:

"The washing of hands is an almost universal symbolism, but here it provokes a deep question. To whom was Pilate making this public apology or self-defense? Certainly not to the mob, nor to the high priests, nor to Jesus. Was it to himself? Since the handwashing was done in public, it may be that Jesus, captive and bound was looking on. If so, he alone in that extraordinary audience may have caught the terrible irony. Pilate, representative of the greatest earthly power, Pilate, who thought himself a realist, and who had small respect for the mysticism of the East, was trying in advance to cleanse his soul of the injustice he intended to commit. We should like to know whether from that moment he was able again to look his prisoner in the face."\*

Surely, if we are to envy anyone connected with that tragic, illegal trial, it will not be Pilate. Down the uneasy years that followed, with their constant reminders of his cowardice, Pilate must have realized again and again that the "way of transgressors is hard."

Of course, beyond all others connected with the death of the Lord the most infamous was Judas—he who professed to be the Lord's friend. Retribution, swift and terrible, overtook him almost immediately. God did not strike him dead, nor cause him to be smitten with leprosy or some other dread disease; he was his own judge and executioner. "Then Judas, which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. And they said, What is that to us? see thou to that. And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself."

If you are one who knows himself to be a transgressor, you know that the way is hard. Why not give up sinning now and find peace with God? Peace of mind is the desire of the world today, and millions of Christians will tell you that only in Christ can you have it. Right now, if you are a sinner, you are unhappy, uneasy, frightened. Why not give up your own willful ways and follow the ways of the Lord?

—Please turn to page 22



## IN TIME OF WAR

By BERNARD E. SPARROW

Since our untrammelled yesterdays  
Have taken wings and gone unchosen ways;  
And, helpless, we have had to stand and see  
The misery  
Of silent men who lack the tears to weep  
Beside their shattered homes, but keep  
Sad vigil with their wives who mourn  
The little ones that they have borne;  
While gaping strangers stay to stare  
Upon the tragic ruins there  
Who can wonder if the bruised mind  
Questions that the Lord is kind?  
Since war strode in and peace crept out  
Many a doubt  
Has filled the stricken hearts of men.

Wouldst thou help them find their faith again?  
Then tread the patient fields that lie  
Bare beneath the vaulted sky.  
Crouch there softly. Wait to see  
The everlasting mystery  
Of the green, green grass that grows  
Unaided, year by year, in serried rows.  
Watch the slim beech buds unfold  
Shimmering leaves from sheaths of gold.  
Find the meekest flower that hides  
Near the restless streamlet's sides;  
And the furry field mouse blest  
With squeaking babies on her subterranean nest  
By the edge  
Of the tangled hawthorn hedge.

Peaceful treasures such as these  
Will your war-born doubts appease.  
Hark now! There from the grassy sod  
A skylark sings his way—  
A skylark sings his way to God.

\* From *The Human Life of Jesus*, by John Erskine, copyright 1945 by John Erskine, by permission of William Morrow and Company, Inc.





Above: This Happy Group Is Composed of the Staff Members of the Winklespruit Senior Camp of the South African Union Mission

P. H. COETZEE PHOTOS



Left: Young People Going by Truck to Scatter Handbills for "Share Your Faith" Meeting at the Camp

# Winklespruit Senior Camp

UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA

By EDWARD A. TRUMPER

IN RECENT months rumor has from time to time penetrated the mission fields to the north that a great work was being done for the youth of the Union of South Africa. These reports were so impressive as to be almost unbelievable. However, I have now seen a bit of what is being done, and I must say, "I believe," and definitely do not need to add, "Help thou mine unbelief."

I gained my firsthand knowledge of the youth activities at the Senior camp held at Winklespruit, when on the way out to the grounds I asked Pastor Vic Norcott, the Missionary Volunteer secretary of the Natal-Transvaal Conference, whether these were the "cream of the crop" of the youth of Natal, the Transvaal, and the Orange Free State. It seemed to me that only those rightly so designated would be sufficiently

interested to take ten days plus traveling time from their work to attend camp.

Pastor Norcott informed me that some were very high in their spiritual experience, some were working with definite problems and handicaps, some were backslidden in varying degrees, and some were not Adventists at all. Quite naturally I gathered the impression that working for them while we were in camp would involve a bit of difficulty because of the wide range of Christian experience covered by those camping there, with each group needing a bit different approach from each other group.

Upon arrival at the camp I found that the only ones there with whom I was really acquainted were Pastor and Mrs. Walter Cooks, with whom I had worked in Northern Rhodesia. They are now con-

nected with a new school project being started near Johannesburg. A few more I had met and knew by name. But at least 90 per cent of the Senior camp attendants I had never even met before. However, very soon the friendliness of the camp made me feel that I was at least somewhat intimately acquainted with each one there.

Nor did it take long before I learned that Pastor Norcott had been accurate in his summary of the experience of the campers, and also that an exceptionally fine job had been done by Pastor Pieter H. Coetzee, Missionary Volunteer secretary for the South African Union Conference, in selecting counselors and instructors. There were the principal of one of the largest schools and strong local church workers—all banded together under Pastor Coetzee's direction with the one aim in view of making camp successful.

Success in this camp was not measured by the pleasure derived by the campers. It was measured neither by the number of Vocational Honors distributed nor by the quality of the accommodation or the food. I think I have never seen a camp where everyone had such a good time, had better food, or made more progress in Vocational Honors; however, these were only incidental to the main interest, which was spiritual. The spiritual atmosphere was the overpowering interest that permeated every other aspect of the camp. Instead of taking anything away from any of the success these other interests have held in the usual camp, this interest gave a glow to everything else. Much of this effect, of course, was due to the excellency of the personnel brought together, but especially to the excellency of the spiritual experience of these counselors and instructors.

If it has been tried anywhere else, I have not seen it or heard of it; and I must admit that I did not like the idea at the start, but this camp had a pastor, or chaplain, who had no responsibility but to preach and counsel. The reason I did not like the idea when I first heard of it was that I felt such a person would automatically be set up in the minds of the young people as one whose duty it was to single out each one for "laboring with." This would make the chaplain's efforts something he must do and something, therefore, that they must bear. How wrong I was! I still think that this would be the attitude of the youth if the camp were conducted differently, but in this camp everything was so integrated into the spiritual program that the chaplain actually seemed to be one of the busiest and most popular of the camp leaders. It was a real revelation and privilege to make this observation.

Please do not get the idea that all the spiritual work was done by the camp pastor. That would be very wrong indeed. Each counselor and instructor did fully as much spiritual work as did the camp pastor, who had spiritual work as his only



duty. And it must be said that Pastor Coetzee, with the very real burdens upon him as camp director, probably had fully as many personal interviews with campers as did the pastor. Every leader in the camp was a genuine *spiritual* leader, originally selected not only for his ability in the special line in which he was to lead out but primarily for the deep spiritual experience he was known to possess.

At the outset the pastor tried, in a tactful way, to visit with every camper. But it was not long before he had no more time tactfully to seek opportunities for spiritual counseling. The counselors and instructors were bringing campers to him to discuss their problems, and some of these had to wait their turns, because other campers were coming on their own initiative without any suggestion being made to them.

How the Spirit of the Lord does work when the way is planned so that He may have unhampered opportunity! It was wearying to be up until nearly midnight every night to attend the meeting of all leadership personnel, but how it paid in right atmosphere the following day! In the practical Vocational Honor classes one saw excellent craftsmanship shaping up, and also heard the choruses coming from various parts of the camp as students sang while they worked with their hands. Even during the necessary camp duties, such as cleaning the dining tent and the campgrounds, good old Advent hymns sounded from hither and yon. Surely the Spirit of the Lord must have been delighted to find such an atmosphere in which to work!

There was a full day's outing away from the camp, but even then the chapel period was held out in nature, and the air echoed with the songs of Zion as the campers walked along the beach and up the road, and from the boats as they went up the river. It was an outing Jesus could have attended with the greatest pleasure.

African days may be very hot, but

African nights can be equally cold at certain seasons of the year. Some of the campfire sessions made one glad for the warmth of the fire. But the fire that really warmed was the fire of the love of Jesus in the heart of every camper. Each campfire began with the singing of choruses, followed by the study of the Sabbath school lesson. Then each night the main program that followed was of such high standard that one could be sure the angels of God were present in their legions to enjoy the scene.

As one thinks back over the days of the camp he can remember many individual experiences that cannot be retold with the true emphasis, for the soul struggling for victory and peace creates an atmosphere that cannot be regained or placed on paper.

One thinks of the many isolated youth who came with their problems and prayed earnestly for strength to stand alone and to witness aright where there is no other Adventist young person and sometimes no other Adventist of any age.

He thinks of the backsliders who, one by one, sought help and prayed that they might again keep the Sabbath or separate from some other apostasy, and nevermore drift.

He remembers the victories—often with tears, the mingled tears of sorrow for sin indulged and joy in the new experience won—over specific problems.

He must recall, for instance, the traffic officer from one of the principal cities of South Africa, who had delved deeply into many religions and philosophies in the search for truth, and who found the light of the third angel's message and a new life experience at this camp.

There was also the railway worker with long seniority who took his stand in the face of the certainty that his lifework must be started anew, for it is impossible to keep the Sabbath when one is working on the railways here.

He thinks of the young person who finally wrote the letter to dissolve the long-

standing un-Biblical friendship with a non-Adventist—a friendship that had brought no little soul conviction and contrition in the past but which sorrow had never before been accompanied by the courage to make the necessary break.

There were also, of course, victories over some of the major evils so difficult to put away in many cases, such as the tobacco habit.

At the last Sabbath morning service the camp pastor made a call. It was a peculiar call in a way. He said in part: "We have prayed for you. Like parents expecting a new baby, we have *planned* for you to join us. We *want* you to heed the call of Jesus, 'Come to me.' But we do *not* want you to stand merely because we have prayed and planned, and you think we will be pleased if you stand. We do *not* want you to stand because nearly everyone else stands, and it embarrasses you to remain seated. We do *not* want you to stand because of any emotion of the moment. We want you to stand *only* because you are determined to follow Jesus all the way from now until eternity, come what may."

There was a one hundred per cent response to the call! Nearly everyone had responded and taken his stand before this as an individual in personal interviews, but there were some who had not. Those few were immediately and tactfully sought out for the assurance in personal counsel that the stand *really* meant what was wanted. Praise God; in every case it was found that the stand was genuine!

From the very start of the camp baptismal classes had been conducted in both English and Afrikaans under competent teachers. Careful examination and due caution led to counseling some to wait until they had been able to make right some wrong or to have the baptism in the home church. But even with such genuine care in examining candidates, and the complete avoidance of any urgings that might prove to be hasty, as a result of the work in these classes we baptized six on Sabbath afternoon.

One of the outstanding features of the camp, and one which we hope will have marked results in future months in souls of youth saved for the kingdom of God, was the "Share Your Faith" hour on the closing Friday evening. The program had been carefully worked up and practiced throughout the camp. Handbills had been attractively printed and were distributed by the campers throughout the surrounding area (which is packed with holiday folk at this time of the year). The dining tent was converted into an evangelistic tent. The attendance was heartening. In all there were easily more than a hundred non-Adventists in attendance. There were youth in camping attire, and even evening dress was seen. A whole Y.M.C.A. camp from up the beach attended.

The sermon was good, and the appeal was an attractive conclusion to the ex-

—Please turn to page 21

Members of the Senior Class in Campcraft at Winklespruit Camp Employ Their Practice Period in Setting Up a Tent

P. H. COETZEE







The Utter Ruin and Desolation of Not One City Only but of Every One I Have Seen Beggars Description. They Are in Such Terrible Ruin That Generations Will Not Rebuild Them

SOVfoto

By E. L. MINCHIN  
Watford, England

# An Australian on the RHINE

**I**T IS a glorious midsummer day as we glide up the famous river Rhine on one of the large paddle steamers plying between the many historic towns along her banks.

At the beautiful city of Bonn this morning I saw the birthplace of the world's greatest composer of symphony music, Ludwig van Beethoven. Here also Robert Schumann was buried. But I must not run ahead of myself, for so much has been crowded into the last two and a half eventful weeks since I came at the request of the Central European Division on a good-will visit to attend several Advent youth gatherings in western Germany. It has been a great privilege indeed. There is no country I have desired more to visit, not because it has any natural beauty more than others, but because of the travail and humiliation through which its people and cities have passed. I have wanted to meet our people, to see our youth, and to observe conditions as they really are. This I have done.

So much I have seen and felt that it is impossible to express adequately the impression made upon my mind and my heart. I had come expecting to see bombed cities and the terrible effects of total warfare, but the scenes of desolation and ruin that I have witnessed surpassed anything I had imagined. I have been among a greatly chastened and humiliated people, who are still comparatively cut off from association with, and recognition among, the nations of the world. Their cities are in such terrible ruin that generations will not rebuild them. They have suffered a dreadful period of distress and famine. The fear of what the future holds is very real. All this, in addition to the millions of those lost and maimed during the war, has been a

fearful price to pay for the ambition which possessed their prewar leaders to become world rulers.

I came with the purpose of bringing a message of confidence and hope to our people and youth. I found them hungering for fellowship and recognition. Never in any other country or place have I received greater expression of appreciation and love.

Next to their desire for fellowship is their overwhelming appreciation for the life-giving gifts of food and clothing poured into Germany by our people in North America, Australia, and Britain during their suffering after the war. They wept—some caught hold of my hands and begged me to tell you what your gifts have done. They told me that thousands of our people would have perished with hunger had you not done this. Scores have come and asked whether I knew this person or that in Australia, New Zealand, America, or Britain. These gifts were reported by the newspapers, and the Roman Catholic Church issued a statement declaring that Seventh-day Adventists of other countries gave more than any other church, including the Roman Catholic, for the support of their own people in Germany.

I could not tell all the heart-rending stories of suffering, endurance, and faith that have been told me. The utter ruin and desolation of not one city only but of every one I have thus far seen beggars description. In one section of Hamburg I traveled by train for half an hour; and on both sides, as far as the eye could see, it was a scene of such devastation that I could only think of the Biblical description of the ruins of Nineveh. Our food factory stands amid the ruins, in the area where they told me fifty thousand people perished in one fearful night. In the Ruhr the train passes

through many onetime densely populated cities. People still live among the ruins—they have nowhere else to go. They live in cellars and in the rubble and ruin of partly standing buildings. Often I saw the skeleton of a building with the bottom floors bombed out but maybe the second or third floors with curtains hanging across the windows, indicating that someone was living there. The great railway stations of practically every city are still ghastly-looking skeletons. London's East End has nothing to compare with what is seen here.

But now let me come to a brighter picture. Let me tell you of something that men and devils cannot destroy. That is the faith and love of God's children. Through suffering this faith has been purified. I have discovered something in the hearts of our people and our youth that is wonderful indeed. In the meetings I found an interest and a fervor that is not always felt in our home churches. I have been deeply impressed with the way the work of God has prospered in Germany. There are forty-two thousand believers, and the number is increasing at the rate of more than three thousand a year. Great crowds of earnest believers are flocking into the annual conference meetings. The most heartening aspect of all is that of every three baptisms one is a young person. I attended the Westphalian Conference session at Bielefeld. Fifteen hundred Adventists were present on the Sabbath. At Hanover recently, when Pastors E. D. Dick and W. B. Ochs were present, nearly four thousand attended a union conference session. It has been an inspiration to feel the beauty of their singing and to hear the fervent chorus of "Amen's" at the end of the public prayer. And what crowds of

—Please turn to page 22





# KING BANANA

By NELLIA BURMAN GARBER

*Uganda, East Africa*

IN THE central Uganda one can roll along mile after mile on winding country roads through thousands of acres of banana plantations. In the true sense of the word these are not bananas as we think of them, but rather the plantains, a rich, oily variety of the banana. In the groves alongside the road can be seen all the varieties of bananas you might imagine—the dainty lady's finger; the short, fat variety; the deep-red banana; the long Inter-American banana, so common on the American market; and the plantain. To be able to walk into a plantation and to distinguish one tree from another is the work of a connoisseur; to the average eye they look the same except for depth of color in the barklike fiber on the outer stalk. It is a wonderful sight to look over the hills and valleys from the top of Katikamu hill and view, as far as the eye can see, the little native homes nestled among the bananas.

An all-wise Father planned well when He gave the banana to the once-primitive people of Uganda, for to them it supplies many of the needs that we feel we can never fill without the aid of the corner five-and-ten.

Most important, the plantain forms the basis of the native diet. The plantains, which are picked green, are thinly peeled and washed. Then one of the girls runs to the plantation for several of the young, yet-uncurled leaves of the banana tree; and the equipment for cooking the food is at hand. These young leaves are care-

fully cleaned, then placed across one another fan shape, and the peeled plantains are arranged carefully in the center. The leaves are folded one over the other and securely tied with a bit of dried banana fiber. Another older leaf is then folded in half lengthwise and rolled into a hollow ring, like the insert in a pressure cooker, or steamer. This is then lowered into the water in a big open pot, and the bundle of peeled plantains is placed on top. A thick layer of banana leaves serve as a lid, and the pot is now ready for the long cooking period. During this time the plantains never touch the water, but are thoroughly steamed until soft.

Here another use comes into view. The bundle is then removed from the improvised steamer; and, still enclosed in the leaves, the plantains are mashed and kneaded with the hands until soft and smooth like mashed potatoes. They are then ready to be eaten with the thick, rich peanut sauce, which the Uganda mother knows how to prepare so well. And it is delicious.

Did you ever drink banana drink? Perhaps, but I doubt that you ever drank anything approaching the sweetness of *mubisi*. To prepare it, take one bunch of overripe, sweet bananas. Peel them, and put them into a big pot. Then cut several bunches of long, green grass; wash; and put into the pot with the bananas. Squeezing and pulling, work the bananas and grass together until they become one thick, sticky mass. But keep on working until

the bananas become almost liquid and separate from the grass. Then add a bit of soda bicarbonate and sour milk. Now the grass can be removed. Cold water is then added, and the drink is strained through the grass. And it is delicious. This is the favorite drink served at our Katikamu church socials.

When we receive gifts from our African friends they come tied in parcels just as interesting as any that you have ever seen coming from the hands of those professional wrappers in the big department stores, yet they do not require so much skill or expense. Most of the papaws, eggs, and such, which come almost daily to my door, are wrapped in banana leaves, either the fresh, green ones, or dry fiber. And it is not an uncommon sight to see the leaves stacked in big piles at the market or butchery, all ready to receive anything from sugar to meat. They cost 5 cents each! After the article is wrapped in the leaf it is securely tied with the strong banana fiber, which serves admirably in place of string. This same fiber is used to support flower trellises, to make ropes for climbing vines, to tie the poles and reeds together in the native houses, and to hold up trousers in lieu of a more formal kind of support!

It is not unusual to see strange sights along a Uganda road in a quick shower of rain. Wherever the people happen to be when a shower comes up, they have instantly at their hand their "umbrella." (Lucky people!) They hurry to the nearest plantation and cut a broad leaf off the banana tree. Over their heads it goes, and ample protection it seems to afford. Or a hat fashioned of the leaf is not uncommon, and it puts the little plastic rain caps we see at home to shame.

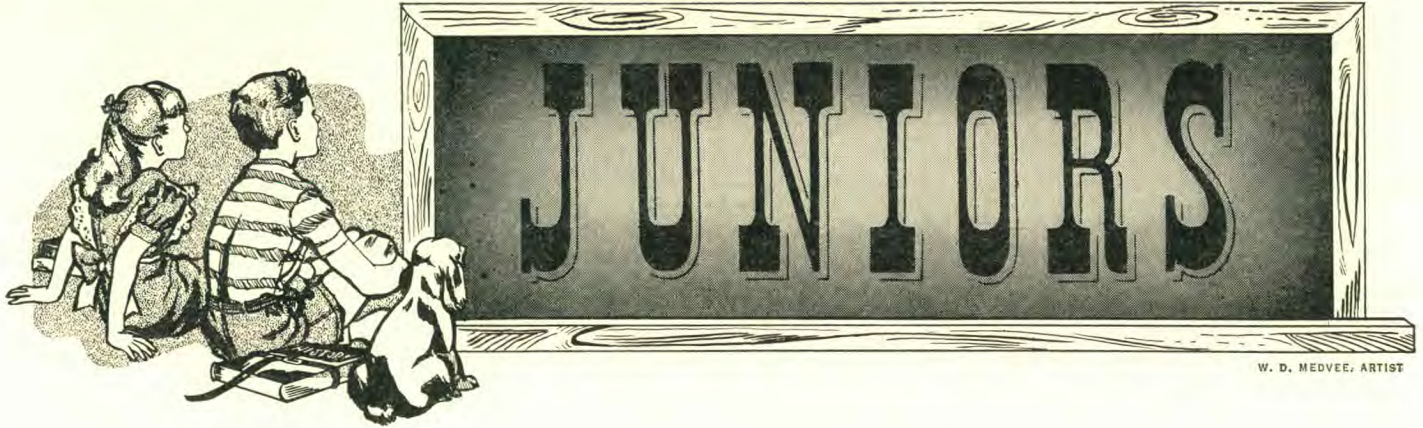
One day as I drove along the road to our nearest shopping center—a block of small Indian shops a mile from the mission—I saw one of the queerest sights that I have ever seen. At first I could not distinguish what it was, and then I saw that it was a full-grown sow all wrapped up in banana leaves, except her head, and tied to the back of a bicycle. A man was riding along as if it were nothing unusual—as it probably was not! Other times one sees fowls in little bags of banana leaves, tied to the bicycles, or even strapped to the back of some native woman who does not happen to have a baby small enough to require the "rumble seat."

It is not unusual to have small boys come for medicines to put on stubbed toes or tropical ulcers. These many times are wrapped in a bit of new banana leaf and tied with banana fiber. One old woman I saw the other day had both feet completely wrapped in banana leaves. Upon inquiry I found that she had sore feet from jigger fleas. These flea bites result in a small sore caused by the development of an egg laid by this insect, which bores its way into the soft parts of the feet. If these eggs are not

—Please turn to page 20

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR





W. D. MEDVEE, ARTIST

**F**ROM your cozy home or comfortable room back there in America to the upper reaches of the Tutau River is a long way! Even from the pleasant mission compound here in Singapore to the little native villages of the Dyaks in Sarawak, although it is only three days by ship to the island of Borneo and another day or two by river launch to Masur's village, in point of civilization that little corner of the world is centuries away.

First, a short lesson in geography: You know, of course, the island of Borneo, third largest in the world, lying just a short way off the southeast corner of the mainland of Asia. Perhaps you know too that although most of that great island is a Dutch possession, there are certain areas which are colonies of the British Crown. One of these areas, turning its face toward Malaya across the South China Sea, is Sarawak, a former possession of the white raja Brooke.

The metropolis of Sarawak is Kuching; and two hundred miles away, along the swampy, malarial coast, is the mouth of the Tutau River. Up this river among the Dyak tribesmen, who till their little plots of garden and live in fear of the devils of river and jungle, lived Masur and his friend Nihin.

Masur was different! Not for him the fear of devils. He could work six full days every week. Even when it thundered he

knew there was no devil in the thunder to be appeased by his staying away from his little field. Of if a snake slithered across his path as he walked from the village to the paddy (rice) field, he knew there was no devil in the snake to strike fear to his heart. He blithely worked through the first six days of the week, and reverently yielded up to his God the seventh day, not in fear, but in love.

Nihin was a thoughtful young man, just reaching maturity; and he was impressed by Masur and his calm assurance and faith in his God. It was a very real advantage too to have a God who required only one day in seven as His due—six days every week to work, instead of only three or four, or, if the devils were particularly active and malevolent, perhaps only one! For the devils of the jungle and river are very real to these unlettered tribespeople; they show their displeasure in myriads of little ways. Perhaps it may be by a raucous note in the

song of a bird as a worker is on his way to his paddy field, or by his accidentally tripping over a rock in the way, or by an unexplained rustling of the branches of a coconut palm—any little happening out of the ordinary will be taken by these people as an omen from the devils that the day is not propitious, and they must not work but sit in

idleness, waiting for a better day, while the weeds grow, and the crops wither away.

Masur was clean too, thought Nihin—no trash or filth littered his one-room section of the "long house," which constituted the entire village. Masur had no pigs rooting in the garbage under the house.

So Nihin began to ask questions, and Masur began to tell the story of his God—a God who had made the jungle, the river, yes, even the thunder; a God who loved and pitied these Dyak tribesmen, and who had sent His Son long ago to live and die for men, yes, for Nihin.

It was the old, old gospel story, the story you have known and loved so long; but it was told, back there in the jungle of Sarawak, by an illiterate Adventist believer to an equally illiterate savage tribesman, whose life had been ruled by abject fear—fear of animals, fear of sounds, fear of the weather, fear of the very ground which grudgingly yielded up a little rice and a little taro for his daily food. What a beautiful, touching story it can be to such a one as this!—the old, sweet story of a loving God and a living Saviour.

Nihin listened and believed. His father ridiculed, scolded, cursed, and threatened; but Nihin, though he said little, was steadfast in his belief in Masur's God. Trying to get along with his father became more and more difficult; for although Nihin was an obedient son, he felt he owed a higher loyalty to God. It was apparent that something must happen soon to solve the problem.

It was just at this time that a big event took place in Nihin's life—he was married. He saw in his marriage a solution to his difficulties with his father; so taking his new wife, he went up the river to another village and established his new home



You Are Looking Down the Stretch of a Community Veranda in One of the Villages of Sarawak



there. His peculiar beliefs soon brought down on his head more ridicule and more sneers from his new neighbors. To them it seemed downright foolishness to be so fanatically clean, and surely it was nothing less than presumption to go and cultivate the paddy when the devils said no!

Many weeks after the arrival of the young couple in the new village a crisis came into their lives. Up to this time they had never attended a Christian church service, had never been instructed fully in the doctrines of Christianity, had never even prayed! But one day, as they were in their small field some distance from the village burning off the stubble from their last crop, a trick of the wind carried the fire out of control, and they looked suddenly and found themselves surrounded by flames. There was no way of escape.

Nihin's first thought was of Masur's God. "Pray," he instructed his wife excitedly. "Pray that God will put the fire out!"

"I can't pray," she objected, her teeth chattering with fear. "You pray—it's your God and Masur's."

So Nihin got down on his knees, there in the midst of those crackling flames, and

prayed. All he could say was, "Put out the fire, God. Please put out the fire!" With the flames roaring all around him and the hot breath of the fire on his upturned face, I do not doubt that his prayer, simple though it was, came from his heart.

A skeptic would say there was no miracle in what happened next, but I know that Nihin would not agree. For by the time he had risen to his feet the wind had shifted again, a way of escape had opened, and within a matter of minutes the fire had burned itself out! Nihin's very first prayer that was, and how marvelously it had been answered!

Not many days later the inhabitants of Nihin's village were interested to see him building another fire—a smaller one, this time, right in front of the "long house."

"What are you doing, Nihin? Going to burn up the village this time?" someone asked jokingly.

"No," the young Christian replied; "I'm burning my devil charms. I don't need them any more; my God is more powerful than all the devils in the jungle."

A buzz of comment went around the village. It was known that Nihin's charms were very old, and therefore very power-

ful; it was a shame to see them going up in smoke! Soon a small delegation approached Nihin as he squatted on his haunches thoughtfully watching the blaze.

"Nihin, it's too bad to burn all those charms," the spokesman began placatingly. "They're very good charms, and the devils pay attention to them. Why don't you give them to the village? Or," he added craftily, seemingly as an afterthought, "why don't you sell them?"

"No," Nihin replied firmly. "My God doesn't like the jungle devils, and I don't need any charms to talk to Him. I only need to pray and believe." This was what Masur had told him, and he knew now from experience that it was true.

"Nihin," the leader drew closer and dropped his voice confidentially. "Nihin, would you sell the charms for *four hundred dollars*!"

Four hundred dollars! Nihin had never seen four dollars at one time in his whole life, much less four hundred. Why, he would be the richest man in all Sarawak! Maybe the richest man in the world! The spokesman was offering him the combined wealth of all the families in the village.

"No," he repeated, just as decidedly as before. "If you believe in my God, you won't need any devil charms, and you can have your four hundred dollars besides. My God is more powerful than the devils anyway; why don't you believe in Him as I do?"

Sadly the little committee turned away. Soon the fire had burned down to embers; and as the villagers stood by, gasping in amazement at his bravery, Nihin took a club and carefully pounded the remaining smoldering bits to dust. No one would ever use *those* charms again!

The last I heard Nihin was about ready for baptism; so probably by now he is a full-fledged Seventh-day Adventist. He is doing as Masur did before him—telling his fellow villagers about his powerful, loving God, and about the Son who came and lived on this earth many years ago. And one day soon Nihin's village, like so many other villages here and there in Sarawak, will get rid of its hogs, its filth, its garbage, for Nihin's witnessing will bear fruit. He is sharing his faith, for he is *living* his faith day by day.

"Ye are our epistle written in our hearts, known and read of all men." Nihin would hang his head in embarrassment if we were to call him a preacher, yet what a powerful witness he bears in his life. Quietly, steadfastly, sometimes with imperfect understanding perhaps, but with a heart full of confidence in a loving, powerful God—he lives his faith. Can you and I do less?

EVEN in earth's blackest hour  
God sets His lamps  
In heaven's window.  
Someone is home.

—BILL OLIPHANT.

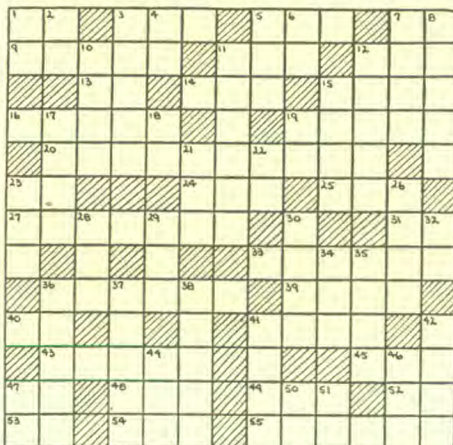
## Crossword Puzzle

### The Jordan Divided

Joshua 3

Across

- 1 City of the Canaanites Josh. 7:2
- 2 "begin to magnify thee in the sight of . . . Israel" :7
- 5 "drive out from before you . . . Canaanites" :10
- 7 Continuous wave (radio abbr.)
- 9 "ye shall stand . . . in Jordan" :8
- 11 "upon an heap very . . . from the city Adam" :16
- 12 Spoil
- 13 Cent (abbr.)
- 14 "The sea . . . it, and fled" Ps. 114:3



© W. A. WILDE CO.

- 15 "Jordan overfloweth all his banks all the . . . of harvest" :15
- 16 "until all the people were passed . . . over Jordan" :17
- 19 Military assistants
- 20 The . . . passed over the river Jordan
- 23 "feet of the priests that bare the ark were dipped . . . the brim of the water" :15
- 24 Thing (Law)
- 25 Bachelor of Sacred Theology (abbr.)
- 27 "thou shalt . . . the priests that bear the ark" :8
- 31 Each (abbr.)
- 33 "the waters of . . . shall be cut off" :13
- 36 "the people . . . over right against Jericho" :16
- 39 "people removed from their tents, to pass . . . Jordan" :14

- 40 Aluminum (abbr.)
- 41 "ye shall . . . that the living God is among you" :10
- 43 "from the waters that come down from . . ." :13
- 45 Senior Medical Officer (Brit. abbr.)
- 47 Titanium (abbr.)
- 48 Rowing implement
- 49 "when the priests that bare the . . . of the covenant of the Lord were come up" Josh. 4:18
- 52 Oldest son of Judah Gen. 38:6
- 53 "Israel came over this Jordan . . . dry land" Josh. 4:22
- 54 and 55 "stood firm on . . ." :17
- Our text is 3, 5, 20, 36, 39, 53, 54 and 55 combined.

Down

- 1 "And . . . they that bare the ark were come unto Jordan" :15
- 2 "And . . . came to pass" :14
- 3 Structure for sacrifices
- 4 Low Latin (abbr.)
- 5 Marble
- 6 Hour (abbr.)
- 7 "and those that . . . down toward the sea" :16
- 8 Wrench
- 10 Frosts
- 11 "even the salt sea, . . . and were cut off" :16
- 12 "dry ground in the . . . of Jordan" :17
- 15 Binds
- 17 Old Measure used in Paraguay
- 18 Western Continent (abbr.)
- 19 By
- 21 Sea eagle (var.)
- 22 "city Adam, that . . . beside Zaretan" :16
- 23 Frozen water
- 26 "priests that . . . the ark of the covenant" :8
- 28 Master of Business Administration (abbr.)
- 29 Newspaper items
- 30 "as . . . as the soles of the feet of the priests" :13
- 32 "and they shall stand upon . . . heap" :13
- 34 Royal Victorian Order (abbr.)
- 35 Night moisture (pl.)
- 36 "toward the sea of the . . ." :16
- 37 "waters which came down from above . . . and rose up" :16
- 38 "out of . . . tribe a man" :12
- 41 A Krag-Jorgensen rifle (colloq.)
- 42 "Come hither, and hear the . . . s of the Lord" :9
- 44 Variant (abbr.)
- 46 "Now therefore take you twelve . . ." :12
- 47 "He divided the sea, and caused them . . . pass through" Ps. 78:13
- 50 Railroad (abbr.)
- 51 Commanding Officer (Army slang)
- "And it shall come to pass, as soon as the soles of the feet of the priests that bear the ark of the Lord, the Lord of all the earth, shall rest in the waters of Jordan, that the waters of Jordan shall be cut off from the waters that come down from above and they shall stand upon an heap." Josh. 3:13.

—Key on page 25



## All-Philippines Youth's Congress

(Continued from page 4)

company sent its representatives to make a wire recording of one of the programs to be broadcast later.

The final service of the congress was the farewell meeting held on Sunday morning by Pastors L. A. Skinner and C. P. Sorensen. Many of the delegates were reluctant to go, and the partings were sincere and with a touch of regret. All realized that hearts had been stirred, that souls had been enriched by study and Christian fellowship. As the delegates scattered to these far-flung islands they took with them a fervent determination to live more fully for Christ and to witness more frequently to the power of God.

### Out of the Dark

(Continued from page 9)

aren't you like the rest of the boys? How can you get any fun out of life living the way you do? Can't you get your priest to let you do things the rest of us do? The priest at our church doesn't care at all what I do, just so I come to mass once in a while."

Jack pondered her question gravely. "Are you really interested in knowing, Mei-ling? We don't have a priest at our church. We have a teacher and a minister who tell us how to serve God and love our fellow men. I don't miss the things that you call pleasure. I have something in their place. If you want to know more, I have a book for you to read." Jack pulled a thin book out of his pocket. In answer to Mei-ling's surprised look he said, "I brought this booklet to lend to Yan-swie, but he can wait till you are done with it."

Mei-ling took the book home and put it on the table, where it was soon forgotten. Her days were so filled with other activities that there was no time left for reading. Several weeks went by before she saw Jack again. This time he saw her on the other side of the street and crossed over to walk with her. He had another booklet in his pocket to lend her.

"Have you finished reading the other?" he inquired.

"Not yet," she answered, conscious that her answer was a half lie, since she had not started to read the booklet.

"Take your time," replied Jack cheerfully. "Tell me when you are through, so I can drop around to pick it up."

Mei-ling's sisters had no liking at all for her new friends. She had not dared to bring any of them into her home. She never informed her sisters of her plans for the evening beforehand, lest one of them in righteous wrath might hide her clothes. Imagine her surprise, then, one evening when she arrived home after a date with the gang to find the two girls and Jack sitting in the living room, engaged in cheerful conversation.

"Jack, what are you doing here?" whispered Mei-ling as he rose and offered her his chair.

"I came to collect that book I lent you," he answered aloud. "My dad wants it, or I wouldn't be asking you for it yet. You may have it again after he finishes, if you wish."

"I am sorry I have kept you waiting. Couldn't Lian find the book for you?"

"The fact is, Mei-ling, I became so interested talking to your sisters that I forgot the book until you came in the door."

"What a fine young man!" remarked Lian-hoa after Jack had left. "I wish all your friends were like him, Mei-ling."

After this, Jack was a frequent visitor in the Chong home. Often Mei-ling was not there, but Lian-hoa or Kim-nio was always glad to talk with him.

Sunday was usually a day of quiet at the Chong home. The other members of the household attended mass in the morning. Mei-ling preferred to sleep. Somehow the ceremonies of the Catholic church never had appealed to her.

But this Sunday, Lian-hoa was surprised to see Mei-ling up at eight o'clock.

"Are you sick, Mei-ling?" she inquired.

"No, Yan-swie's sister is having her wedding feast today, and I want to be sure to be ready by three o'clock. I must see that my dress is pressed, my hair fixed, and my gift wrapped. It's going to be a big feast."

It was a big feast. The food was excellent; the bride was beautiful; the decorations were lovely; the gifts were elegant. The bride and groom slipped away after dark. Most of the older guests left soon after. There would be drinks and dancing for the younger set until a late hour. Mei-ling had looked forward to this evening for a long time, but now that it was here she was not finding it so pleasant in actuality as in anticipation. The weather was warm; the girls and the young men were silly. Coarse jests and smutty stories went the rounds more and more frequently as the evening progressed. A group of young men in one corner were trying to see who could act the most drunk after one glass of beer. Mei-ling felt sick as she looked on the disgusting scene around her. A feeling of horror and nausea swept over her as she realized that what she was looking at now were young people who had gone just a little farther down the highway of pleasure that she herself was following. Surely, there must be some other reason for living than pleasure. She thought of the many tears her sisters had shed over her thoughtless course.

A window was opened. She walked over and stood where the cool evening breeze caressed her hot cheeks.

"I can't go on like this much longer," she told herself softly. "I wish there would be a way of escape. In life one needs a strong tower to flee to, where care and

worry can be shut out. I thought that pleasure was that tower, but I have been mistaken. Lian thinks religion is that tower. But *her* religion does not help me. My head is beginning to hurt. I believe I will see if Yan-swie will take me home."

"Don't tell me you want to go home now at eight-thirty!" Yan-swie objected. "Why, this party won't break up till after midnight. You'll miss the best part of the fun." He turned back to the card game Mei-ling had interrupted and said, "Jack is wandering outside somewhere. Why don't you get him to take you home? I can't leave now."

Mei-ling found Jack sitting under an acacia tree studying the stars. "You don't seem to be very busy, Jack. Would you like to take me home? Yan-swie is busy just now."

"Surely, Mei-ling. I shall be glad to." On the way she confided to Jack some of her doubts about the wisdom of the life she was leading. Jack agreed with her heartily.

"I have been wondering for a long time why so sensible a girl as you should get any pleasure out of the worthless time-wasting activities that my cousin Yan-swie and his friends find so enjoyable. Let me show you a little of my kind of fun. Give me a fair trial, and we shall see at the end of three months how it compares with the fun you have been having."

"That's a bargain, Jack. Privately I have been wondering what *you* consider as being a good time. But I am at the place where I want a change."

The next few months flew by rapidly. Jack kept his word. One or two evenings a week Mei-ling and he went out together. Sometimes it was with Lian-hoa or Yan-swie to an Indian restaurant; sometimes they took a long ride on their bicycles. Once they went to a program of classical music. Several times they simply sat at home and read or talked. After one evening spent with Jack, Mei-ling realized that she had not smoked for several hours, which was a rare thing for her. It just did not seem proper to be smoking when Jack did not smoke. Mei-ling was surprised to find how much easier it was to go to work Monday morning after getting to bed at a reasonable hour than it was after dancing in a stuffy room till midnight.

One week end in the month Jack asked Mei-ling whether she was willing to spend a few hours visiting his parents, sisters, and brothers. The day he gave her the invitation he seemed unusually quiet.

"Mei-ling," he said, "I know this sounds rather blunt, but I want my parents to see the real you. Those rings on your hands are pretty, but your hands are more natural and beautiful without them. Would you go all the way with me in trying my kind of good time? Lay aside the paint and jewelry for once, and let's see how you look."

Jack's request was greeted with stubborn silence. Mei-ling had taken pride in her



outward adornment. How could she now part with this gold, chain necklace and her rings of gold set with precious stones? Since her association with Yan-swie and his friends it seemed necessary that she be dressed in a manner to compare favorably with his careless, well-to-do friends and relatives. But now it was evident that this new friend had some different ideas.

"Jack," she finally broke the silence, "I don't see things the way you do. But to please you and just for this one time, I will take off all my jewelry except this small necklace and one diamond ring."

Accordingly, she greeted Jack that Friday minus most of her glittering ornaments, with a natural shade of lipstick in place of the brilliant red she usually wore. Jack wisely said nothing about the retained jewelry, for well he knew that she would either refuse to go with him or put on a few more adornments.

As a guest in Jack's home for Friday evening worship, Mei-ling felt decidedly out of place, for besides the difference in ideas there was a difference in the language used. She was accustomed to speak Dutch in her home, but Jack's family spoke Malay for the most part.

For a long time afterward the visit was not repeated. In the meantime Mei-ling, who continued to see Jack, was becoming more and more dependent on him for companionship. In fact, when another visit to Jack's home was suggested, she was ready to take off every bit of jewelry! Gradually the thoughtless yesterday was receding out of Mei-ling's life. She dropped her black-market dealings and all questionable ways and pleasures. She was emerging from darkness into marvelous light. Cigarettes, jewelry, paint, and their accessories were laid aside for good. Yes, Mei-ling had tried Jack's kind of fun, and found that it provided a type of pleasure not present in the movies, gay parties, and dances.

In Jack, Mei-ling found a true friend and more than a friend—a life companion. Had he not proved to her that the best friend to have is Jesus and that the highest pleasure is to be found in His service?

### *King Banana*

*(Continued from page 16)*

removed when they become mature, they cause bad sores.

Berry cups, drinking cups, and such are easily made from the banana leaf by folding the leaf in half along the center core, and wrapping it around the hand. Then a quick and deft fold at the bottom, secured with thorns, encloses the open space, and a serviceable cup is the result. These are often seen at the native markets with mulberries, tomatoes, or gooseberries in them.

The long leaves, cut in half, make very good covers for articles in baskets. They are often used to keep dry corn from fall-

ing from the baskets, or to pack around corn meal which might blow from the flat baskets when they are carried aloft on the head.

I was in the garden of our headmaster here at the mission one day. As I approached, his wife was busy hoeing; and when I came near enough to shake hands with her, she quickly turned her back to me. I thought that that was strange, for she and I are good friends. I looked around to see what she was doing. With a long knife she had quickly cut a big green leaf from the banana tree near by. Deftly slitting it down the core, she found water and a soft, spongy mass which she was using as a washcloth to wash her hands. Then she turned and, smiling a welcome, held out a *clean* hand to me!

White settlers find new uses for bananas every day. Dried, they are as sweet as dates, and just as nutritious; baked, they are savory and appetizing. They make a wonderful jam. When mixed with a few dates and onions, plus sugar and lemon, they make a delicious pickle, which adds much to the flavor of gluten steaks and nut meats.

King Banana rules with a lavish hand in Uganda. It has been a real revelation to me, who always thought that bananas were only a luxury to look for in the market or ice-cream parlor!

### *Through the Battle of Maymyo*

*(Continued from page 6)*

ger roughly ordered me to get out of the jeep. I obeyed quickly. Earnestly I tried to make him understand in Burmese my need of a doctor. After a tense moment he waved me on. His companion had not understood, and as I scrambled back into the jeep to drive on his gun came into position to crack down on me. Again I got out and talked some more. More tense moments followed; then he too waved me on. I would drive on but a few yards when more Burmese soldiers would stop me. As they sighted at me down the barrel of their guns I would talk fast and would sigh a sigh of relief as I crawled back into the jeep each time and drove on.

At long last I reached Dr. Ba Shin's house and found there a flourishing first-aid station. Dr. Ba Shin was busy, but he ordered the ambulance to follow me home and to pick up Mrs. Keyser. The trip home was a repetition of the trip coming, but thanks to the Lord's protecting care, no soldier shot before asking, and no stray bullet sought out my jeep. I arrived home shaken and unnerved but safe.

The nights and days that followed were a nightmare. By night the noise of battle increased until sleep became impossible. Tracer bullets made red-hot streaks through the sky; mortars boomed off in the distance; bullets hit our house, breaking windows. The days were comparatively quiet, but stray bullets made even a trip

to the garden or chicken house a dangerous venture. It became more and more apparent that this was no place for my wife and children.

One day the British consul made contact with us through some British officers. He recommended that we move to a safer area. A house was provided for us in the safe area, and we moved the necessary things during the daytime lulls. Now it was better. The children could play out of doors a little. We could sleep on beds again instead of on the floor for safety. From the "safe" area we watched the battle. Each day I returned to the mission to see that all was well. I encouraged the watchman and gardener to stay by. If they had deserted, our house would have been looted completely. I was busy from morning till night evacuating people in dangerous places, carrying food to those without sufficient supplies. My jeep with the big American flag still attached went everywhere, and God protected me. Civilian casualties were high. Some estimated a thousand killed. The dead were not buried in some places, but were left lying by the wayside.

Days went by, and the Karen insurgents began to gain ground. At last they drove all the Burmese back into the jungle again. During the lull the British consulate made plans to evacuate all British subjects and Americans from Maymyo. Would we go too? My wife and children were anxious to get away from it all. Who could tell how we would fare when the Burmese attempted to recapture the town at a later date? I must stay to see about mission affairs and to protect the property. That was the decision we gave the consulate.

It was a very impressive affair when the convoy pulled out for the airport. My big American flag was rather prominent among all the British flags. The trip to the airport was one long to be remembered. Nearly every house along the way had been burned. There were parts of battle gear and knocked-out trucks on every side. I counted six dead bodies by the roadside. Out of sight there were others from which vultures flew up as we passed. Three planes came in that day. My family left on the second one. The evacuation continued for several days, and I drove down to the airfield to transport people who were going. Finally the last plane left with the British consulate personnel and the rest of the British military men aboard. On that plane I sent the last letter to my family. That aircraft was my last link with the outside world except by radio. I regretted to see it go, but as I headed back to Maymyo my consolation was that I was needed at my post of duty.

The next eight weeks were very lonely. I moved back to the mission house the day after my family left. There was plenty to do, and for that I was glad. The suspense and uncertainty was a heavy strain. It seemed that everyone was in trouble and all thought the American missionary was



the one to help them out. No one had money. The bank was closed, and there was no mail service. I helped all I could afford to with small cash loans. The Karens were very kind to me. My American flag was a sort of passport to any place I wanted to go, even to the headquarters. The brigadier was friendly, and I was able to get a loan from him for an old Canadian pensioner who was without funds.

It was not that I was afraid of the Karen insurgents that I sent my family out of Maymyo but that I was afraid there would be more fighting if the government forces tried to retake the town. If Maymyo had been taken by Communist insurgents, this would have been a much different story. As it happened, when Maymyo was retaken by government forces, there was no more fighting. The Karens surrendered. Most of them had left Maymyo for lower Burma, and after Mandalay was retaken the government closed in on Maymyo from both sides. There was nothing else for the Karens to do but to evacuate and surrender the town back to the government forces. On Easter Sunday the armies of the government re-entered Maymyo.

I was very anxious to get in touch again with my family. There had been a number of false radio reports, and I knew that my wife would be worried. Maymyo was reported retaken several weeks before this actually happened. It was also reported that heavy fighting had taken place and that the town had been bombed.

Needless to say, it was a happy day when I was able to fly out and join my loved ones. A still happier day followed when a plane landed again in Maymyo with the whole family aboard, and we once more took up our life and work in the invigorating hill climate.

The exciting experiences which we have been going through remind us that the Lord is coming soon. "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come." It also reminds us of the great unfinished task that must be completed even under conditions of danger and unrest. God has protected His people during this trouble. Although many of our members lived in some of the areas where heavy fighting took place, none of them were injured, nor were their houses destroyed.

The danger and unrest is not over in Burma. But through the help of the Lord the work will be finished. We feel that in a time like this we can claim the promise found in Psalms 33:18, 19: "Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy; to deliver their soul from death."

—  
"HAVE faith in God—  
His mercy points to you;  
Have faith in God—  
Whatever others do;  
Have faith in God—  
And find the promise true.  
Have faith, dear friend, in God."

## Youth's Congresses in the North and East Brazil Unions

(Continued from page 10)

Because some doubted whether children of this age really knew how to give Bible studies, we asked Celia Michael to come to the platform, and she was questioned as to how she gave her studies. All were amazed at the knowledge and ability she displayed as she tremblingly explained to that large audience how she was sharing her faith. Surely God is working upon the hearts of the children.

The "Trophy Hour" was a blessed demonstration of the value of sharing one's faith. There were seventy-six delegates who could report at least one person baptized as a result of their efforts. One delegate called to the platform sixteen persons who testified that it was this young woman who had first drawn their attention to the truths of the third angel's message.

Another delegate presented a large number he had won; and as I finished complimenting him for his fine work, he said, "Some of these that I have won also have won others." At least three of those persons called from the audience others whom they had brought into the fold of the Good Shepherd. Again, our young delegate rose and said, "Now one of this second group also has won souls." So in the end there were present on the platform four generations of children in the Advent faith. Such demonstrations stirred the hearts of all present to share their faith and win others for Christ.

At the close of the congress at Baixo Gandu a number of delegates came to Pastor Wilcox and asked, "Why have we not had a meeting like this before?"

There were 150 delegates to the various congresses who reported 657 persons baptized whom they had helped to win. And 592 delegates returned to their homes determined, with the help of the Lord, to win at least one soul before the close of the year 1949.

## Winklespruit Senior Camp

(Continued from page 14)

cellent program Adventist youth can give when really interested. The end result of the whole service was most effective. Names were taken for follow-up by the Voice of Prophecy, which is doing such a fine work in Africa. The congregation seemed pleased. Many stopped for brief personal interviews after the benediction. The campers received a very real inspiration to do more aggressive "Share Your Faith" work when they get back to their homes. This inspiration was followed by the closing sermon of the camp chaplain on Sunday morning, when he encouraged each young man and woman to do his or her full part to finish God's work.

One of the major evidences of the presence of God's Spirit with us at the camp came just a few minutes before time to begin the "Share Your Faith" program. Pastor Coetzee had been suffering from a cold for a day or so, and word reached me that he desired to see me in the kitchen tent. When I arrived I found that his voice was so nearly gone as to make any attempt at speaking impossible, and his part in the program to come was of utmost importance. At his request I gathered the other ordained ministers, and the five of us placed his case in the hands of God, with sincere and fervent prayer that the heavenly Father would work a miracle if it be His will. He *did* work the miracle, and Pastor Coetzee, although not completely free from voice strain, had sufficient freedom to do this necessary portion of the program in a very acceptable way. Yes, we still have miracles, if we just ask for them in faith, believing.

It was with feelings of very real regret that I witnessed the close of this fine camp. Naturally, I have not been able to convey to you the full thrill of such an experience, but do you wonder that I think *glorious* is a perfectly proper word to use in describing the experience at Winklespruit?

How glad we all are for the work of our youth!

How we hope the experience of this Senior camp is being repeated in many places throughout the world, to prepare other youth so that Jesus may come very, very soon!

## Be Thou Faithful

(Continued from page 7)

"Yes, Father, I am."

"I forbid you to go near the place again!"

But Ajilu found that he could not stay away. Something stronger than his father's commands drew him there.

The next interview between father and son was more severe. His father was now angry.

"If I find you becoming a Christian, you are no longer my son," he cried. "You will leave my home immediately. I will support you no longer. Go to the new preacher if he will support you, but you cannot stay in my house as my son."

Ajilu was greatly distressed at these words. He loved his home, his parents, and his brothers, and sisters. How could he accept this verdict and become an outcast? It was clear that his father had refused to allow him to become a Christian, yet that was now his secret desire, as his attendance at the Bible class indicated. He continued to attend and hoped that his father would forget his threat of disinheritance.

But before long the matter came up again.

"Have you stopped going to that school?" demanded his father one day.



"I am still attending," replied Ajilu. "You are a disgrace to me, a Mohammedan teacher," shouted his father. "You bring dishonor on my house and my profession. If you continue to go to this school, I will not only disinherit you but also kill you."

Ajilu was stunned by these cruel words, yet he knew that this was no idle threat. He had heard stories of others who had been unfaithful to Islam and who had mysteriously disappeared. It was with a very sad heart that he returned to his Bible studies and classes.

A third time the European appeared. It was at the beginning of the Sabbath day, just before the sun set. He had come a long way and would be spending the Sabbath with the school. After the morning service the minister called out seven of the young people and brought them to the European. He began to question them individually concerning their faith in Christ. Each in turn answered brightly and intelligently. The European remarked that they were better prepared in their knowledge of the Bible than many who had had school privileges for years. He seemed very much pleased.

Then Ajilu's turn came. The minister had evidently left him to the last, expecting that perhaps there would be some disappointment. How much did the European know about him? "Ajilu, are you prepared to be faithful to death for Christ? If we baptized you, do you know that your father will carry out his threat to kill you?"

Ajilu looked very solemn, but answered boldly, "Yes, I know what he will do, but I must be baptized."

"But," said the European, "if you should fail after you were baptized, it would be a disgrace to the name of Christ."

"I will not fail," replied Ajilu, "God helping me."

They went back to the meeting. The minister announced that there would be a baptism at two o'clock in the afternoon of that day. But first the candidates would be asked to study a card which contained the promises they would make at baptism. They were asked to read these prayerfully in the interval. Ajilu went home with his card in his hand.

What went on in Ajilu's home can be better imagined than described. The afternoon meeting was just convening when word came that there was a great commotion at the head Mohammedan teacher's home. Ajilu had been seen in tears. The father was evidently going to carry out his threat.

"Before we have our general prayer," said the European, "let us especially remember the absent member of the baptismal class, and ask that the Lord will intervene in his behalf and enable him to come to the baptism." An earnest season of prayer followed. Then the candidates listened to the definition of baptism as the European gave it, and told them what

they were revealing to the world as they went down into the watery grave.

Just as the preliminary service was concluding, the Mohammedan chief arrived. He had come to greet the European. It was necessary to sit down with him for a few minutes for politeness. The baptismal candidates and a group of followers passed beside him going down to the river. "Who are these, and where are they going?" he demanded. It was explained that this was going to be the first baptismal service to be held in that place. Would he like to attend? He replied, "Not this time, but perhaps at the next one."

As we walked to the river one remarked what a pity that there would be only six baptized. We had hoped for seven. But as the minister was preparing to enter the water there was a stir in the crowd, and it opened to allow a young man running in haste to come through. Ajilu joined the other candidates as they entered the water. No questions were asked, but his face told of the victory which he had gained. There was an especially loud "Amen" as he rose to walk in the newness of life.

That night there were angry voices at the minister's home. Ajilu's relatives were there.

"Why have you stolen our son?" they demanded.

"No, I have not stolen Ajilu. He came here of his own free will. I gave him no money or clothes. He is still one of you and will continue to live here."

Gradually the voices grew softer as understanding of what had taken place became clearer. In the early hours of the morning Ajilu walked home with his people, a victor, because he had been faithful.

### *The Devil's Lies*

*(Continued from page 12)*

Only a short time ago I had the privilege of talking to a man who had once been a Christian. He had left God and tried the world, and now he was finding his way back. His testimony was that he had not known one happy moment in all the time he had been living a life of sin. How could he? He knew what was right and was not doing it; he knew that he was bound for a judgment that would find him guilty of death if he did not change.

A few years ago I studied the truths of Christianity with a well-to-do family in a Western city. They heard the gospel preached for many weeks in special evangelistic services. They studied the Word of God, and were much impressed by what they learned. They even came to church a few times to see what it was like. But they finally rejected God. It is not necessary to go into their reasons; there are no good reasons for not obeying God. But I had the sad duty of conducting funeral services for their little grandchild within a few months, and within a year or so I prayed

at the deathbed of their only child, the apple of their eye.

No, I would not say that God punished them by allowing these tragedies to come into their home. I cannot say that that was so, but I do know that the sorrow would have been far easier to bear if they had been united around the throne of God. No Christian family is permanently separated by death.

These things that we have been considering should also be encouraging to those who are following the Lord. Yes, there are rocks and rough places in the path, and it is narrow, but the "way of transgressors is hard."

"The way of transgressors is hard," but wisdom's ways 'are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.' Every act of obedience to Christ, every act of self-denial for His sake, every trial well endured, every victory gained over temptation, is a step in the march to the glory of the final victory. If we take Christ for our guide, He will lead us safely. The veriest sinner need not miss his way. Not one trembling seeker need fail of walking in pure and holy light. Though the path is so narrow, so holy that sin can not be tolerated therein, yet access has been secured for all, and not one doubting, trembling soul need say, 'God cares naught for me.'

### *An Australian on the Rhine*

*(Continued from page 15)*

youth there are! At Bielefeld I spoke several times and taught the young people to sing the chorus "He Lives" in English. Oh, how they enjoyed it! On the steps of the hall we had a picture taken just before I left, and there must have been three hundred youth there. While still standing in position we sang "He Lives" again, and it was singing I shall never forget. How grand to know that our youth around the world serve the same risen Saviour!

Pastors Minck, Gmehling, Dettmar, and other brethren from the division, union, and local conferences have been most cordial and appreciative. They tell me it is the first time they can ever remember when the British Union has sent a representative to visit Germany.

I have been entertained in the homes of our people, and they excelled in hospitality. Most can speak "a leetle" English, as they say, and with my extremely limited German we have had much fun, but we always felt and understood the language of the heart.

Since the currency reform last year conditions in western Germany have improved immensely, almost unbelievably so. Thousands are still flocking across the border every week. These people present a great problem. I have seen whole families of such refugees trudging down the street, having traveled hundreds of miles and



# "Look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh."

Luke 21:28

## A timely message from the President of the General Conference

"There are issues now taking shape in this world that are vital to every believer in this message. The *Review and Herald* deals with these issues, and their meaning is interpreted in the light of prophecy. Every believer owes it to himself and to his family to make this investment in the spiritual help that can come only from reading the *Review and Herald*.

"This is a world movement, fulfilling divine prophecy in the proclamation of the message of Christ's soon coming. We all need to be deeply conscious of what it means to be part of such a movement and to have a vital sense of responsibility in helping to give this message to all the world. No other publication issued by our presses even attempts to provide the continual flow of information that comes through our general church paper, the *Review and Herald*. May I exhort you all to provide yourselves with this important weekly spiritual minister?" J. L. McELHANY.

### Let the "Good Old REVIEW" serve You

Orders placed now will include 10 or more daily telegraphic reports from the coming General Conference session.

### ORDER TODAY—\$ Saver Order Form

Please enter my subscription for one year as checked below.

☐ New Subscription ☐ Renewal

	Regular	10 or More Bulletins	Value	\$ Saver Special
<input type="checkbox"/> REVIEW	\$3.75	\$1.00	\$4.75	\$3.75
<input type="checkbox"/> BIG THREE	5.25	1.00	6.25	5.25
Review, Liberty, Life and Health				
<input type="checkbox"/> FAMILY GROUP	8.75	1.00	9.75	8.75
Big Three, Worker, Instructor				
<input type="checkbox"/> REVIEW and INSTRUCTOR	7.00	1.00	8.00	7.00

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Rates for Canada sent on request. In countries requiring extra postage add 50 cents for REVIEW, 90 cents for BIG THREE, \$1.85 for FAMILY GROUP, and 60 cents for INSTRUCTOR.

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION  
Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

ORDER FROM YOUR BOOK AND BIBLE HOUSE







"A MAN of few words doesn't have so many to take back."

MEDIOCRITY can talk; but it is for genius to observe.—DISRAELI.

"HE who can take advice is superior to him who can give it."

"HUMILITY, that low, sweet root,  
From which all heavenly virtues  
shoot!"

ONLY one thing is worse than a devil, and that is an educated devil.—GEORGE A. BUTTRICK.

"FAILURES are divided into two classes—those who thought and never did, and those who did and never thought."

"THE advice of Charles Dickens to an assembly of schoolboys was, 'Do all the good you can and make no fuss about it.'"

No day is ever lost.  
Regrets, the heart must spurn.  
Today, to do our best—  
From yesterday, to learn.  
To make each moment count.  
(Forgetting futile sorrow)  
For what we are today  
Determines our tomorrow.

—TRUDY TURNER.

COUNT that hour lost in which is not accomplished some worthy deed.—*Author Unknown.*

"To speak wisely may not always be easy; but not to speak ill requires only silence."

'Tis better far to love and be poor, than to be rich with an empty heart.—LEWIS MORRIS.

THE world's great men have not commonly been great scholars, nor its great scholars great men.—O. W. HOLMES.

HE who wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.—EDMUND BURKE.

HE who can suppress a moment's anger may prevent a day of sorrow.—CASLOW.

escaped by night over some lonely part of the border in order to find freedom.

I attended a camp at our college at Neanderstal, near Dusseldorf, where more than eighty Adventist students from various parts of western Germany came together for a study of problems peculiar to Adventist students in non-Adventist colleges. I have been greatly impressed by the

earnestness and ability of these young people. Several were present from Berlin, and two students came from Leipzig in the Russian zone. I sat at meals and chatted with them as much as possible. Many of the boys had been prisoners of war in Russia, France, the United States, or England. On the day of our trip on the Rhine one boy showed me the place where he had been captured by the Russians. Another lad was present who had been shot in the foot and had had it taken off. He had also lost all the toes on the other foot through frostbite. Another boy explained that he could not run fast because he had been shot through the lungs during the war.

I also met at the camp an Adventist lad by the name of Walter Klinge, who has recently won a world championship in swimming. He has been offered a position as instructor at Bonn University, but he has decided to train for the ministry at our denominational college.

A memory I shall always cherish will be of that group of nearly a hundred German Adventist youth gathering around me on the boat as we traveled that evening up the beautiful Rhine singing in the most perfect harmony their lovely old German folk songs. Whether it be chorus or hymn singing, the German people have a natural gift for singing in parts. This country has produced many of the world's greatest musicians; and that night I told them that if the German youth would live for the lovely and beautiful things of the soul and heart, which have inspired so many of their great men and women of the past, they would rise to true greatness again. That day we saw the magnificent hotel, on a hill above the Rhine, where Chamberlain met Hitler in September, 1938. Chamberlain flew home to London to announce, "Peace in our time." Twelve months later the nations were plunged into war. In yonder valley, I was told, is a cemetery where six thousand German boys, sixteen years of age, are buried. They had been killed during a battle near there. What a fearful crime against humanity have the perpetrators of this terrible war committed!

The day is closing. Long shadows creep up the steep, vineyard-covered hills on each side of the Rhine. All day we have passed beautiful, historic towns and villages, and dozens of ancient castles on hilltops proclaim the glory and terror of the wars and struggles of other years.

This week end I spend with our 450 youth at a camp at our college near Darmstadt and then return to England via Belgium. I thank God for the privilege of making this visit.

I have also had the privilege of visiting Holland and Denmark on this trip. In Denmark I spent two days at our Skodsborg Sanitarium and spoke to the patients and staff. Everything there is beautifully clean and well appointed. It was an inspiration to see more than two hundred

Adventist nurses filing into the chapel for morning worship. In the evening I joined the sanitarium staff in an excursion on the Baltic Sea. Except that they did not speak my language, they were just like any happy, laughing party of Adventist youth in our British or American homelands.

May God bless His youth in Western Europe, and keep us all faithful until we stand united with the redeemed from every land.



## Senior Youth Lesson

### XII—The Millennium

(December 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Revelation 20:1-15.

MEMORY VERSE: Revelation 20:6.

LESSON HELPS: *The Great Controversy*, pp. 657-673 (new ed., pp. 739-756); *Daniel and the Revelation*, pp. 739-753.

1. What instruction did Christ give regarding the resurrection of the dead? John 5:28, 29.

2. What is said of those who rise first? Who only have part in this resurrection? Rev. 20:6 (first part); 1 Thess. 4:16, last part.

NOTE.—"The first [resurrection] is a resurrection of the righteous at the beginning of the thousand years. The second is that of the wicked at the end of the millennium. On such as have part in the first resurrection, the second death will have no power. They can pass unharmed through the elements which destroy the wicked like chaff. They will be able to dwell with devouring fire and everlasting burnings. . . . The difference between the righteous and the wicked in this respect is seen again in the fact that while God is to the latter a consuming fire, He is to His people both a sun and a shield."—*Daniel and the Revelation*, p. 747.

3. When Christ returns to this earth, where are the righteous taken? 1 Thess. 4:17; John 14:1-3.

4. What will be the fate of the wicked at Christ's coming? 2 Thess. 1:8, 9; 2:8.

5. In what desolate state will the earth be during the thousand years? Jer. 4:23-27; Isa. 24:1, 3; Rev. 20:1.

NOTE.—"At the coming of Christ the earth is reduced to a chaotic state—to a mass of ruins. The heavens depart as a scroll when it is rolled together; mountains are moved out of their places and the earth is left a dark, dreary, desolate waste. . . . The word here translated 'bottomless pit,' is translated in Gen. 1:2 'deep'—'darkness was upon the face of the deep.' A more literal translation would be 'abyss.' It is a term applied to the earth in its desolate, waste, chaotic, dark, uninhabited condition."—*Bible Readings* (1915 ed.), p. 262.

6. What did the angel do when he laid hold on Satan? Rev. 20:1, 2.

NOTE.—"Limited to the earth, he [Satan] will not have access to other worlds, to tempt and annoy those who have never fallen. It is in this sense that he is bound: there are none remaining, upon whom he can exercise his power. He is wholly cut off from the work of deception and ruin which for so many centuries has been his sole delight."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 659.

7. What important work is assigned to the righteous during the thousand years? Rev. 20:4, 6 (last part); 1 Cor. 6:2, 3.

NOTE.—"During the thousand years between the first and the second resurrection, the judgment of the wicked takes place. . . . It is at this time that, as foretold by Paul, 'the saints shall judge the world.' In union with Christ they judge the wicked, comparing their acts with the



statute-book, the Bible, and deciding every case according to the deeds done in the body."—*Ibid.*, pp. 660, 661.

8. At the close of the thousand years what event takes place? Rev. 21:2; Zech. 14:4, 9.

NOTE.—"At the close of the thousand years, Christ again returns to the earth. He is accompanied by the host of the redeemed, and attended by a retinue of angels. . . . Christ descends upon the Mount of Olives, whence, after His resurrection, He ascended, and where angels repeated the promise of His return. . . . As the New Jerusalem, in its dazzling splendor, comes down out of heaven, it rests upon the place purified and made ready to receive it, and Christ, with His people and the angels, enters the holy city."—*Ibid.*, pp. 662, 663.

9. The righteous dead having been raised at Christ's coming at the beginning of the thousand years, when will the wicked dead be raised? Rev. 20:5, first part.

10. What change is made in Satan's condition at the close of the thousand years? Rev. 20:7, 3, last part.

NOTE.—"As we have learned, 'the binding' of Satan means simply placing beyond his reach the subjects upon whom he works. His being 'loosed' means their being brought again by a resurrection to a position where he can again exercise his power upon them."—*Daniel and the Revelation*, p. 745.

11. As soon as the wicked are raised, what does Satan prepare to do? Rev. 20:8.

12. Against whom do the wicked go to make war? How will Satan and sinners be destroyed? Rev. 20:9, 10.

13. What is the punishment or destruction of sinners called? How completely will sin be blotted out? Rev. 20:14, 15.

## Junior Lesson

### XII—The Millennium

(December 17)

LESSON TEXT: Revelation 20.

MEMORY VERSE: "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power." Rev. 20:6.

#### Guiding Thought

At last John sees what he has looked for so eagerly—the destruction of Satan, and the end of sin. When the righteous are all taken to heaven to be with Christ, and the wicked are slain, Satan alone is left on the earth, serving a term of imprisonment of one thousand years. He is bound, not with iron chains, but with circumstances. He has a whole world in which to roam, but no one alive on it to tempt or deceive. When the thousand years are over the chain falls off, for the dead are raised to life, and he sees coming down from the heavens the long promised home of the righteous, the New Jerusalem. Maddened with hatred, he plots a final furious assault on God's people. He gathers his newly resurrected followers, and tries to attack the city, but his attempt is foiled, and at last he receives his punishment as he and his followers are destroyed in the lake of fire.

#### ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson text and the Guiding Thought.

#### ASSIGNMENT 2

##### The Righteous When Christ Returns

1. What promise of Christ's has been the hope of all ages? John 14:1-3.

NOTE.—"Long have we waited for our Saviour's return. But none the less sure is the promise. Soon we shall be in our promised home. There Jesus will lead us beside the living stream, flowing from the throne of God, and will explain to us the dark providences through which on this earth He brought us in order to perfect our characters. There we shall behold with undimmed vision the beauties of Eden restored. Casting at the feet of the Redeemer the crowns that He has placed on our heads, and touching our golden harps, we shall fill all heaven with praise to Him that sitteth on the throne."—*Testimonies*, vol. 8, p. 254.

2. What will happen to the good people who are in their tombs when Christ returns? What will happen to the living righteous? 1 Thess. 4:16, 17.

3. What is said of those who have a part in the first resurrection? Rev. 20:6.

DECEMBER 6, 1949

#### ASSIGNMENT 3

##### The Wicked When Christ Returns

4. What kind of resurrection takes place for those who have done evil in their lives? John 5:28, 29.

5. What will the coming of Christ do to the wicked? 2 Thess. 2:8.

NOTE.—"Like Israel of old, the wicked destroy themselves; they fall by their iniquity. By a life of sin, they have placed themselves so out of harmony with God, their natures have become so debased with evil, that the manifestation of His glory is to them a consuming fire."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 37.

#### ASSIGNMENT 4

##### The Millennium

6. What is meant by the word "millennium"?

NOTE.—The word *millennium* comes from two Latin words, "*mille*," meaning a thousand, and "*annus*," meaning a year. The word *millennium* does not appear in the Scriptures, but the expression "thousand-years" is mentioned in the Bible, in Revelation 20.

7. What wonderful experience do the righteous have during the thousand years? Rev. 20:4, 6.

8. What is happening to the wicked dead during this same period? Verse 5. What is Satan doing at this time? Verse 2.

NOTE.—"Bottomless pit" refers to the earth in its state of chaos. Satan is "bound," not in chains of iron, but in chains of circumstance. With no one to tempt, no soul to deceive, his wicked nature has nothing to do.

9. How do the Old Testament prophets picture the earth during the millennium? Jer. 4:23-27; Isa. 24:1, 3.

#### ASSIGNMENT 5

##### The End of the Millennium

10. When the thousand years are over, what happens to the wicked, and to Satan? Rev. 20:5, 7, last part.

NOTE.—"At the close of the thousand years, Christ again returns to the earth. . . . As the New Jerusalem, in its dazzling splendor, comes down out of heaven, it rests upon the place purified and made ready to receive it, and Christ, with His people and the angels, enters the holy city."—*Ibid.*, pp. 662, 663.

11. In his last furious onslaught what does Satan attempt to do? Verse 8.

NOTE.—"Now Satan prepares for a last mighty struggle for the supremacy. . . . He will marshal all the armies of the lost under his banner. . . . He represents himself to his deluded subjects as a redeemer, assuring them that his power has brought them forth from their graves, and that he is about to rescue them from the most cruel tyranny. . . . He proposes to lead them against the camp of the saints, and to take possession of the city of God. With fiendish exultation he points to the unnumbered millions who have been raised from the dead, and declares that as their leader he is well able to overthrow the city, and regain his throne and his kingdom."—*Ibid.*, p. 663.

#### ASSIGNMENT 6

##### Satan Overthrown at Last

12. As the forces of the wicked try to carry out their furious scheme what occurs? Verse 9.

NOTE.—The enemy approaches the Holy City, and for the first and last time the entire family of Adam are assembled. No one is absent or missing. All the righteous are inside the city; all the wicked are forever shut out. Yet the infinite mercy and love of God are completely vindicated. His justice in terminating the lives of depraved, fiendish, and abandoned sinners, who would not and could not enjoy the peace and purity of heaven, is clearly recognized.

"With all the facts of the great controversy in view, the whole universe, both loyal and rebellious, with one accord declare, 'Just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints.'"—*Ibid.*, p. 671.

"The Holy City comes down and settles on the plain. Satan then imbues the wicked with his spirit. He flatters them that the army in the city is small, and that his army is large, and that they can overcome the saints and take the city. While Satan was rallying his army, the saints were in the city, beholding the beauty and glory of the Paradise of God. Jesus was at their head, leading them. All at once the lovely Saviour was gone from our company; but soon we heard His lovely voice, saying, 'Come, ye

blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' We gathered about Jesus, and just as He closed the gates of the city, the curse was pronounced upon the wicked. . . . Then the wicked saw what they had lost; and fire was breathed from God upon them, and consumed them. This was the execution of the judgment."—*Early Writings*, pp. 53, 54.

13. What fate overtakes the arch enemy of Christ? Verse 10.

14. How at last are the wicked made to face their sins? Verses 11, 12. How is an end made of them? Verses 14, 15.

#### ASSIGNMENT 7

Design a chart of the millennium. Show on it:

- What happens when Christ comes to—
  - Satan
  - The wicked living
  - The righteous dead
  - The righteous living
- What happens during the 1,000 years to
  - The saints
  - Satan
  - The wicked dead
- What happens at the end of the 1,000 years to
  - The saints
  - The wicked dead
  - Satan

#### KEY TO "CROSSWORD PUZZLE"

A	I	A	L	L	T	H	E	C	W
S	T	I	L	L	F	A	R	M	A
C	T	S	A	W	T	I	M	E	
C	L	E	A	N	I	A	I	D	E
I	S	R	A	E	L	I	T	E	S
I	N				R	E	S	S	T
C	O	M	M	A	N	D	S		E
E	B	D			J	O	R	D	A
P	A	S	S	E	D	O	V	E	R
A	L	T	V		K	N	O	W	
A	B	O	V	E	R		S	M	O
T	I	O	A	R	A	R	K	E	R
O	N		D	R	Y		G	R	O

© W. A. WILDE CO.



Issued by

Review and Herald Publishing Association  
Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

LORA E. CLEMENT - - - - EDITOR

FREDERICK LEE - - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR

#### CONSULTING EDITORS

E. W. DUNBAR

K. J. REYNOLDS

L. L. MOFFITT

MARY CASTOR - - - - EDITORIAL SECRETARY

R. J. CHRISTIAN - - - - CIRCULATION MANAGER

This paper does not pay for unsolicited material. Contributions, both prose and poetry, are always welcomed, and receive every consideration; but we do not return manuscript for which return postage is not supplied.

#### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Yearly subscription, \$3.75; six months, \$2.10; in clubs of five or more, one year, each, \$3.25; six months, \$1.85.

Foreign countries where extra postage is required: Yearly subscription, \$4.35; six months, \$2.40; in clubs of five or more, one year, each, \$3.85; six months, \$2.15.

Monthly color edition, available overseas only, one year, \$1.40.

#### ARE YOU MOVING?

You should notify us in advance of any change of address, as the post office will not forward your papers to you even though you leave a forwarding address. Your compliance in this matter will save delay and expense.





# THE LISTENING POST ★

★ It has taken four years of diligent work to restore Norway's war-damaged lighthouses to prewar standards.

★ THE U.S. Highway Safety Conference says that four times as many deaths from traffic accidents per car on the road occur at night as during the day. This is thought to be chargeable "to defective tail lights, defective headlights, fatigue, fog, alcohol and inadequate visibility."

★ EVEN the Moslems are making their famous pilgrimage to Mecca by modern methods these days—at least some of them are! A special dispatch to the *New York Times* from Istanbul, Turkey, says that a plane-load had departed for Damascus, Syria, planning to continue by air to Medina, and then complete the last stage on foot in the traditional way.

★ THE U.S. Library of Congress is working on a new project, the recording of the voices of leading American poets reading their own poems. Recordings will be made of 22 poets, and the 12-inch records will be made available to the public at \$1.50 a disk. Among the poets included are T. S. Eliot, Robinson Jeffers, E. E. Cummings, Paul Engle, Allen Tate, and Mark Van Doren.

★ As in Australia, rabbits have become such a pest in New Zealand that they cause an annual loss of \$12,000,000 in potential sheep production alone. Rabbits multiply in some districts in such numbers that they practically consume the available pasturage, or if not, then leave only a small fraction of it for the stock. At present the rabbit population is estimated at 40,000,000 to 50,000,000. Boards set up in the worst affected areas employ men who destroy about a third of the pests each year. Poisoning and trapping are the methods chiefly used. The government is now conducting studies to find more effective ways of bettering the situation.

★ HAVE you heard of BINAC? It is a new invention perfected by the Eckert-Mauchly Computer Corporation of Philadelphia, and is described as "the first giant brain—mechanical, that is—which is not gigantic," since it is only the size of a large filing cabinet. The first machine was shipped to the laboratories of Northrop Aircraft, Incorporated, in Hawthorne, California. There it went to work, "whining like a spoiled child, yet five minutes later, for all its complaining, it had performed 500,000 additions, 200,000 multiplications, and 300,000 other mathematical operations—a job that would have taken an expert mathematician many months." The "brain" is completely electronic, with no moving parts except for a typewriter that transcribes the answers and fans that keep the machine cool.

★ THE fourth new comet of 1949 has been discovered. This is the second one to the credit of the South African astronomer E. L. Johnson. It is far too faint to be seen by the naked eye, and too far south in the sky for many American telescopes. Mr. Johnson spotted it from the Union observatory at Johannesburg.

★ CARNAUBA wax comes from the carnauba palm of Brazil and is widely used in polishes in the United States. But in the mother tree it serves an unusual purpose—it prevents the escape of moisture from within the tree, and enables it to survive severe droughts.

★ THE wingspread of the original Wright airplane was 30 feet. In comparison the B-36 bomber has a wingspread of 230 feet.

★ ENGLISH is now the most widely used language for scientific articles, having pushed German and French into the background.

★ THE average man shrinks three fourths of an inch in height from breakfast to bedtime; and the average woman, about half an inch.

★ K. MIKIMOTO, Japan's pearl king, employs only women divers in his business. Why? He explains that women can hold their breath longer than men.

★ How tall a growing child will be when he is grown up is being predicted to within a quarter of an inch by scientists at Leland Stanford University in California.

★ SETTING an example in the campaign to grow more food in India, Prime Minister Nehru has had the lawns of his home plowed; and crops of groundnuts, millet, wheat, and sweet potatoes are now flourishing.

★ THE United States Department of Agriculture counts itself victor in another summer's battle against the Japanese beetle. The early summer's dry weather and the department's own biological warfare against this pest are credited with cutting down the damage to a minimum.

★ ONE of the earliest cameras in the United States will be on display at the photographic museum at George Eastman House, Rochester, New York, when the house is opened to the public in a few months. The camera is one of the first Daguerre cameras sold in the United States and was purchased by Dr. Samuel A. Bemis, a Boston dentist, on April 15, 1840, for \$51.

★ THE air is being mined for gold, silver, and other metals. Valuable quantities of minerals, precious and otherwise, are being released as industrial wastes, and "smoke from improvident factories may be worth a fortune," says a Los Angeles, California, chemist, Walter A. Schmidt. Mr. Schmidt recently told the United Nations Scientific Conference on the Conservation and Utilization of Resources, at Lake Success, New York, just how this unique mining is done.

★ PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS has completed what it claims is the largest airplane "drydock" in the world. The dock, built to accommodate the company's 75-passenger, double-deck Clippers, is an intricate, scaffoldlike framework of welded steel tubing and trusses weighing 75 tons. It has been fabricated in five major sections, and is rolled into position after a Clipper has been towed into the hangar. Fitted together around the aircraft, the dock permits mechanics and inspectors to reach every section of the giant planes.

## One in Anticipation

The faithful youth of the Seventh-day Adventist Church stand united in the anticipation that they one day, and that right soon, shall see their blessed Lord. With the patriarch Job they have abiding within their hearts the conviction that they shall see the Christ face to face. And because of this conviction abiding deep in their innermost souls, the Advent youth are driven by the compelling power of the Holy Spirit to witness for God.

Notice the words of Job as recorded in the nineteenth chapter: "Oh that my words were now written! oh that they were printed in a book! That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever! For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me."

Yes, the Advent youth round the circle of the earth bear positive testimony to their faith. They pass out tracts and books and periodicals, and their lives are veritable monuments to the saving and redemptive power of Christ.

The patriarch Job bore further testimony: "He knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold. My foot hath held his steps, his way have I kept, and not declined. Neither have I gone back from the commandment of his lips; I have esteemed the words of his mouth more than my necessary food."

This is the experience that brings victories into the sharing of our faith, when our footsteps hold His steps, and when His way becomes our way, and we decline not from walking therein.

Let us highly esteem the words of His mouth, so that from Minneapolis to Buenos Aires, from Cape Charles to the shores of the Mediterranean, and from the farthest reaches of Africa to Takoma Park, we can, in anticipation of His glorious appearing, share our faith victoriously, that others seeing us may walk as we have walked.

R. J. Christian,  
Manager, Periodical Department,  
Review and Herald Pub. Assn.



# COLLEGES



The Seventh-day Adventist colleges and advanced schools presented on this page invite your careful consideration as you plan your education in a Christian school.

"Upon Christian youth depend in a great measure the preservation and perpetuity of the institutions which God has devised as a means by which to advance His work."—*Counsels to Teachers*, p. 99.

"There is a science of Christianity to be mastered, —a science as much deeper, broader, higher, than any human science as the heavens are higher than the earth."—*Counsels to Teachers*, p. 20.



## Atlantic Union College

"NEW ENGLAND FOR THE STUDENT"

SOUTH LANCASTER, MASSACHUSETTS



## Pacific Union College

"WHERE NATURE AND REVELATION UNITE IN EDUCATION"

ANGWIN, CALIFORNIA



## Canadian Union College

"THE SCHOOL OF CHARACTER"

COLLEGE HEIGHTS, ALBERTA, CANADA



## Southern Missionary College

"THE SCHOOL OF STANDARDS"

COLLEGEDALE, TENNESSEE



## Emmanuel Missionary College

"FIRST THINGS FIRST"

BERRIEN SPRINGS, MICHIGAN



## Union College

"UNION—THE COLLEGE OF THE GOLDEN CORDS"

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA



## La Sierra College

"WHERE GOD IS REVERENCED AND MEN ARE TRAINED"

ARLINGTON, CALIFORNIA



## Walla Walla College

"THE SCHOOL THAT EDUCATES FOR LIFE"

COLLEGE PLACE, WASHINGTON



## Oakwood College

"A GUIDING LIGHT TO A LIFE OF SERVICE"

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA



## Washington Missionary College

"THE GATEWAY TO SERVICE"

TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON 12, D.C.



Seventh-day  
Adventist

## Theological Seminary

"WE SERVE OUR WORKERS IN ALL THE WORLD"

TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON 12, D.C.

## Overseas Advanced Schools

Antillian Junior College, Santa Clara, Cuba  
Australasian Missionary College,  
Cooranbong, New South Wales, Australia  
Brazil College, Sao Paulo, Brazil, South America  
Caribbean Training College,  
Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, British West Indies  
Chile College, Chillan, Chile, South America  
China Training Institute, Chiaotoutseng, Kiangsu, China  
French Adventist Seminary, Collonges-sous-Saleve, France  
Helderberg College, Somerset West, C.P., South Africa

Inca Union College, Lima, Peru, South America  
Japan Junior College,  
Showa Machi, Kimitsu Gun, Chiba Ken, Japan  
Middle East College, Beirut, Lebanon  
Newbold Missionary College, Bracknell, Berks., England  
Philippine Union College, Manila, Philippine Islands  
River Plate College, Entre Rios, Argentina, South America  
Spicer Missionary College, Kirkee, Poona, India  
Vincent Hill College, Mussoorie, United Provinces, India  
West Indian Training College, Mandeville, Jamaica, B.W.I.



## *The Secret of Power—*

in the life of the apostle Paul is revealed in his statement: "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." Today the men and women whose lives and services are of the greatest value to God and humanity are those whose spiritual discernment has been quickened, their minds awakened, their personalities conformed to the divine pattern.

The Seventh-day Adventist college sends forth each year men and women who are awake to their possibilities, aroused to the needs of humanity, and determined to awaken the world.

*Suggested by Richard E. Guy*

