



The Youth's

INSTRUCTOR



GOD'S WORK

Goes Forward

By W. P. BRADLEY



Left: Pastor Milton Lee (and His Family) Who, With His Father, Pastor Frederick Lee, Recently Conducted a Series of Evangelistic Meetings in China's Old Northern Capital, Peiping

PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Right: Damage Caused by Shell Fire on the Shanghai Sanitarium. The Buildings Were Struck by Twenty-one Shells When the Communists Took the City in May, 1949



ONE of the best-loved expressions in the Chinese language is *hoping* (peace). It means literally "together level," and carries the idea of people living together evenly, with harmony and tranquillity. If the Chinese can have peace, he can supply his needs, live a full life, and see his children and grandchildren around him. The Christian greeting is one of peace—*ping an*.

Maybe the Chinese cherish peace because as a nation they have seen so little of it. Not that the Chinese want war, but it seems to have been the lot of the nation to be torn with strife again and again. The list of external and internal conflicts of the century since Western nations became really concerned with China includes more than a dozen wars and revolutions. But in between the wars, on the fringes of the wars, in their secluded valleys far from war, and even in the very shadows of war the Chinese struggle to carry on the pursuits of peace.

In normal times China is a veritable beehive of activity. From childhood both boys and girls learn to work, and all have a part in helping the family make its

living. In the country areas thrives the basic industry of China—the growing of the food supply. Here the people till their soil with the simple farm tools made in the shop of the village blacksmith. Every single stalk of rice is transplanted by hand from the seed bed into the paddy field, and at harvesttime every single stalk of grain is cut by hand. The grains are threshed on ancient threshing floors, and where wheat is used it is often ground and sifted in tiny community mills, where the big stones are turned by animal power.

A Chinese city scene is an amazing sight. Much of the manufacturing is done in little shops and overflows right out onto the sidewalk. Here are made and sold clothing, fans, buckets and pans, bread and rolls, sweets, umbrellas, chopsticks, coffins, works of art, religious articles, jewelry, soybean cake, chests, leather goods, stoves, and other things. Everybody is busy doing something useful—turning a blower, pushing a cart, rubbing, polishing, spinning,

carrying water, washing vegetables, painting, holding tools, or giving directions. China at peace is China at work, producing, trading, transporting, filling life to the full with useful labor.

To the Christian worker a time of peace is a golden opportunity to evangelize. He can visit the people in their homes, gather them in meeting halls, organize and conduct their schools. War drives the people from their homes, breaks up families and churches, keeps them tense and anxious, and leaves a wake of poverty, disease, and starvation. Bandits take advantage of the unrest, and prey on travelers and merchants. The Christian worker finds it hard to get the books, tracts, Sabbath-school quarterlies, and Bibles needed to carry on his work. Life is hazardous, and everyone is busy getting food and seeking safety.

Quite a little of China was at peace when I visited there two years ago, and prospects for the work of the third angel's message were encouraging. Schools were being reopened, and supplies were coming in. At one academy in the northwest the workers said that during the war they had been without writing materials, so they had used flat stones for slates. How happy they were to have schoolbooks and writing paper again. In the north it was bitterly cold, and there was little fuel for heating, but the schools went on just the same. Chinese workers, valiant heroes of the church during the stress of war, were at their posts of duty. Their salaries had been irregular; their clothes needed replacement; many had lost all their possessions. A number told harrowing stories of persecution, of the killing of loved ones, of the destruction of chapels, and of the scattering of the flock. But their courage was high, and they rejoiced in the fellowship of the Advent message. They told of the many providences of God in protecting their lives and the turning aside of the forces of destruction.

Another encouraging feature in China at that time was the returning of the older missionaries and the coming of new overseas workers. Groups of these younger workers were in the language schools getting ready. Doctors, nurses, teachers, and others were joining with their Chinese colleagues in reopening and rehabilitating sanitariums, clinics, schools, and printing plants. They had to work against great odds because of lack of supplies and transportation. On top of all that came the inflation, which greatly multiplied the problems of life. Someone computed that in 1938 \$100 (Chinese currency) would buy a cow and a calf; in 1939 it would buy a cow; in 1940, a calf; in 1941, a pig; in 1942, a ham; in 1943, a chicken; in 1944, a small bag of rice; in 1945, a fish;

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AND now for that trip to C.T.I.—China Training Institute! We really must go today, for “tomorrow,” it is reported by unusually reliable sources, “military passes issued by the British Army headquarters will be required of every person using the highway to our college.” You see, we have been declared to be in a military zone, and already there are tons and tons of the highly explosive material an army uses, stacked up for miles right in the vicinity of our school!

Before we leave 2 Duke Road, Kowloon, the location of our China Division headquarters and also the Williams’ residence, let us run down the street a few doors to see Uncle Chuck, more formally Dr. Charles Winter, who heads the premedical work at C.T.I. I am sure he will be delighted to meet you, and I also believe that he can easily be persuaded to take some of you along with him out to see our school. He is our oldest teacher in point of time served in the colony of Hong Kong, and will be better able to show you points of interest along the route. With him words flow freely, and I assure you that you will have a pleasant time until we all meet again on the campus of C.T.I.

Dr. and Mrs. Winter and Robin came to us from Washington Missionary College in Washington, D.C., where he had served after having taught in both Union College, Lincoln, Nebraska, and Southern Missionary College, Collegedale, Tennessee. Dr. Winter may even tell you some of his experiences when he was an ambulance driver during the early days of the Japanese occupation of this colony. He covered hundreds and hundreds of miles hereabouts, carrying loads and loads of Chinese dead from the streets and—but say, that is a story in itself.

Before we leave we must meet the

China Training Institute

By **WILLIAM C. WILLIAMS**

Hong Kong, China



PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

The New Home of the China Training Institute Taken From the Mountain Facing the College

Milton Lees, who occupy a flat near the Winters.

They have joined our faculty this year, and he is heading the theology section. Mrs. Lee is a daughter of Pastor and Mrs. M. C. Warren, who have given many years of faithful service to old China. You may already know that Milton Lee is the son of Pastor Frederick Lee, one of the associate editors of our denominational church paper *Review and Herald*.

And now for the eleven-mile trip to C.T.I. I am going to suggest that some of you ride our double-decker busses (trams, as they are called here). They are very colorful replicas, we are told, of the very ones which ply the streets and lanes of old London. Find space, if you can, on the upper deck, for the view is better, and at times the vibration is such as to remind you of your ocean passage; that is, if you are not a particularly good sailor. We shall meet you at the end of the bus line, which is right on our route and very near the airfield.

Yes, that outlay to our right is the Kai Tak Airport, the world’s fourth largest. I believe it gained that distinction during the hectic days of the Communist advance on Shanghai. Air lines from many countries share this space with the British R.A.F. From here we have a fine view of Lion Rock up there in the mountains to our left.

Soon now our highway turns sharply, and before long—yes, here we are in the midst of the mountains. We will stop at the crest of this hill, for it affords an excellent view of Kowloon, which is part of the mainland of China proper; and you also can see the harbor of Victoria, capital of the island of Hong Kong. You will surely want to snap a picture or two from here, but not too many, for much of interest lies ahead.

Those loads? They are only fuel being carried to market. Every day we pass many Chinese women bearing heavy loads of fuel. And the women, by the way, are the *real* workers of South China! If they are not too camera shy, you may persuade one of them to pose for you, for they do look unique in those large-brimmed, curtain-fringed, “umbrella” hats.

Terraces! What can grow on those rocky mountainsides? Little, I fear. See those rows and rows of graves all up and down the sides of the mountains. While passing these graves I often find myself humming or thinking these lines from the old hymn you doubtless know, “No graves on the hillsides of Glory, for there we shall nevermore die.”

Just before we reach the military zone we catch our first glimpse of Junk Bay. We are told that in the days before the British came this was a favorite haunt



Above Is Pictured the “Memorial Bell” Erected to the Memory of Those Who Lost Their Lives During the Japanese Occupation

of numerous South China pirates. Now, however, it is calm and peaceful, and the placid waters afford haven for numerous junks during the stormy season. This is a favorite spot for my camera, and you will surely want a snapshot or two as a souvenir of this delightfully picturesque little bay.

From this point until we reach our destination the scenery is simply superb, rivaling, in fact, the colorful coastal country of the Western States of the United States of America and the western part of the province of British Columbia. However, we do miss the trees. The inhabitants of this land do not sing, "For only God can make a tree"; neither do they follow the philosophy which prompted its composition.

That queer little house with stones on the roof? You may want to snap a picture here too. At this time of year storms

(typhoons, as the Chinese would call them) are frequent, and a roof that is not solid may take wings. I want you to walk a little way up this hillside to see another item of interest. Yes, this is it! Just a row of earthen jars. No, they are not crocks of food stored along the countryside. Perhaps we may call them "ancestral urns," for they contain the bones of the dead. Recently I was told that the bones are taken from temporary coffins and placed in these crocks. The idea is that they will be here only temporarily, because the relatives are hoping for better days when they will be able to afford a really fine cement tomb, such as you can see dotting the hillsides. Open one? One day I was out all alone and thought of lifting the lid, only a little, of course, but though I was all alone someone seemed to be watching me!

We shall have to drive with caution

along here. The highway allows only one-way traffic, and the British major is alert to anyone's driving faster than the five-mile-an-hour limit that he has fixed for this section of the road; and then too who would care to have a collision with tons of T.N.T.? That is right—those are piles and piles of war material, all plainly marked "Ammunition," "Explosives," or "T.N.T."

This accumulated war material is a gentle reminder of the uncertainty of our times and of the unstable conditions under which we work and live. It seems to us that for months we have been near the edge of a volcano, for any day an order may be issued by the British military command or the Communists, and our school be closed.

Now we have our first glimpse of China Training Institute as it is today. Of course you want a picture! I know you will agree that it rivals or even surpasses in beauty of location any college you have ever seen. Yes, ours is the campus beautiful! But before entering the gate, let us climb this mountain facing the school. It *does* look steep, but there are little paths, and the going will not be hard, and the marvelous view repays one for the labor of the climb!

Beyond that peak, which the Chinese call the Old Fisherman, we may possibly catch a glimpse of a large ocean-going liner passing from Hong Kong to countries to the south. This is an excellent place from which to watch the air liners, too, as they leave for the Philippines and other countries to the north and south.

The first building that we visit on our campus houses the primary school, as well as the assembly hall for the whole college,

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Tested and Found Faithful

By C. A. SCHUTT

Poona, India

THE young people of Southern Asia are faithful to this third angel's message in a way that brings a real thrill. An example will illustrate this better than any generalizations.

Neville Matthews was attending the university in Bangalore, South India, in 1942, when he became a Seventh-day Adventist. He was about to enter his final year of the Bachelor of Science course. Until this time he had always stood first in his class, but now he had to miss the classes which regularly met on Sabbath. He dropped down to third place. The next hurdle was the final examinations. We interviewed the president and registrar of the university in an effort to have these examinations scheduled on days other than Sabbath, but to no avail. We were informed that if exceptions were made for us, they would have to be made for others as well. Neville took his examinations and wrote such brilliant papers that in spite of three of his examinations coming on the Sabbath—which he missed, of course—he failed to pass by only one point.

Neville was called into the organized work of the Seventh-day Adventist Church as a teacher in one of our academies. Three years later we were able to arrange to

have the examinations scheduled for days other than the Sabbath, and with only a month to prepare he appeared again for the Bachelor of Science examinations. Even though he had been out of the university for three years, the results indicated that he had tied for first place among the 180 students who appeared that day for the test.

The story does not end here, for in 1946 Neville decided to take work at the university leading to a graduate degree. He was now serving as principal of the academy section of Spicer Missionary College. The examinations were scheduled for April of 1947. Before they were scheduled Neville and I interviewed the vice-chancellor and the registrar of the university, but this time also it was to no avail. When the examination schedule was posted we found that several examinations came on Sabbaths. He appeared for the test at another time, and failed to pass by a very narrow margin. He appeared again last year, and in spite of the same handicaps he was successful, and secured his graduate degree.

We are proud of our young people of Southern Asia in their determination to serve God in such a steadfast manner.



PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Upper: Women Wearing "Umbrella" Hats Carrying Fuel to Market. By the Roadside Are Stacked Stores of Explosives

Lower: On the Terraces of the Rocky Mountains One Can See Rows and Rows of Graves All up and Down the Sides of the Mountain

MY DEAR Missionary Volunteers in every land, if I could meet you face to face, there is one thing about which I would like to visit with you. It is the way in which you and thousands of other Adventist youth in every land are responding to the "Share Your Faith" challenge which has been given to you by your Missionary Volunteer leaders. Your ready eagerness and willingness to share your faith and hope in a soon-coming Saviour brings great joy to me and thousands of others who have their eyes upon you. Participation in "Share Your Faith" is a ready test of the Christian's life.

There is an old story in 2 Kings 7. Four starving lepers at the gate of Samaria one evening find that the siege of the city has unexpectedly been lifted. Greedily they enter the deserted Syrian camp and satisfy their hunger. Then they pause, saying, "We do not well: this day is a day of good tidings, and we hold our peace." So they hurry and call the messenger of the gate, who tells the king's household, and before dawn the starving city also has food to eat. Undoubtedly the one who recorded these words did not conceive that we should use them as a "Share Your Faith" text. That was not the glad tidings of which the lepers were talking, but the incident and the words illustrate that men are naturally inclined to share. If they discover something of importance by which someone else will also profit or be made happy, their very nature will drive them to tell others about it.

Across the centuries this has been the experience. In our time the insistent demands of the scientists after the war that they be allowed to share their atomic energy discoveries is an illustration. It is our nature to share.

The order that Jesus Christ gave His disciples that they should preach the gospel to all the world is not an arbitrary command. It is built upon Christ's true understanding of our nature. Jesus knew that His disciples would have to share their faith, and He set His seal upon that sharing. If men find what they believe to be a cure for political ills, they share it. A doctor would be read out of his profession if he neglected to tell his fellow doctors some important discovery made in medicine. And in Jesus Christ men have found the cure for the most dreaded disease of all—the sin and evil of their own hearts. And it is as natural and normal as breathing that men who have found that should share it. The Missionary Volunteer who has found Christ certainly has found something to share.

Every Adventist young person should have an adequate conception of the life and the work of Jesus Christ. If you believe in Him only as another teacher with a new ethical program for the world, then the "Share Your Faith" drive is not there. But if you believe in Him as your Saviour, and if you believe that consecrated young people working together with Him can

become a dynamic influence for God in the world, then you have found something that you will want to share, that you are compelled to share.

We must not forget that the present world situation has demonstrated to us that nothing short of the gospel of Jesus Christ will save us. No one in his right mind would dare suggest that education, material resources, or social reforms will save the world. Man is beyond that. In such a time as this the only good tidings there are, are the good tidings of the gospel.

During and since the last war there have been some tremendous changes in the world. In the field of transportation there has been an



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HARRY ANDERSON, ARTIST

THE CAPTAIN

Calls for You!

By E. W. DUNBAR

*Secretary, General Conference Young People's
Missionary Volunteer Department*

unprecedented speed-up. Every few months it seems that we read of a new speed record being broken. As I write this I have just returned from a single air trip of some nine thousand miles, which was made in approximately forty hours' flying time. A year ago I flew from London to New York on a BOAC Constellation. Five hours is gained on any westward crossing of the Atlantic. We had such a strong tail wind that in making the flight to New York we had, instead of breakfast, dinner, and supper, three breakfasts en route. In the field of communication there has been a similarly striking speed-up. Ships at sea, in addition to the traditional wireless, now are equipped with radar, radio direction compasses, and ship-to-shore telephones. Recently an urgent matter necessitated my making a three-thousand-mile telephone call. I checked carefully with my watch,

and within forty seconds after filing the call I had the party on the line, and we conversed as easily as would two people in the same room. A few weeks ago, when I was in Central Africa, one of our missionaries was called to the telephone, and his father was on the line in Canada, ready for a conversation with him. There has been a corresponding speed-up in the field of the graphic arts, notably in the printing industry. One of our leading publishers says that the changes in the last few years, notably in the substitution of plastics for metals, amount to nothing short of a revolution.

Such invention and such progress mean but one thing. The stage is all set for a great spiritual and educational awakening. Coupled with this is the fact that men and women are reaching out for a new

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Above: A Palau Girl Standing Beside Her Home on Babelthaup Island

Right: A Palau Advent Believer Helping to Clear Land for Mission Home and Church on the Island of Koror



PALAU VISIT

By **ROBERT E. DUNTON**
Far Eastern Island Mission

THE curtain of tropical night was falling rapidly as our jeep bounced furiously toward the small landing which formed a back door to the island of Peleliu. Darkness had already obscured the varied hues of effulgent waters; the shimmering green of jungle-covered islands broken here and there by a white glare from small, sandy beaches; and the jagged portals of yawning volcanic caves, transforming beautiful coral heads and colorless volcanic islets into fearsome shapes and shadows.

The boatmen were anxious to cast off while the channel was still visible. Disaster lurked in each foot of the perilous journey through those coral heads until one reached deeper water beyond the inner reef.

No moon appeared to illumine the pathway as our small boat—a rusty, ready-to-sink LST—moved away from the dock. Standing in the prow of the craft was our own Brother Sakuma shouting and motioning first to port then to starboard as he peered intently forward searching for rock or shoal. Unerringly the crew took us mile after mile on our way to Koror, headquarters of the United States Navy Civil Administration Unit and of the Palau Missions of Seventh-day Adventists.

Through the Stygian darkness of that watery waste we soon heard a faint shout, which grew louder as we drew near a small sailboat becalmed with two men aboard. Would we tow them? No sailor would refuse, much less these dark-skinned men of the Pacific Islands. Arcturus and Lyra smiled down benignly as the little craft was lashed to our launch, but we had not gone far until sharp cries rent the still night air. Something was amiss aboard our befriended sailboat, and she was lashing back and forth furiously in our wake. We could see her quite clearly in the phosphorescent glow of the foaming waves. Scurrying feet and deft hands quickly brought her alongside, repaired the tiller, and secured her for the remainder of the journey.

"I wouldn't take a boat out through those reefs in broad daylight for five hundred dollars," an American sailor had said just that morning; "but those natives are uncanny about it!" As we drew near the dangerous waters surrounding night-cloaked T dock on Koror Island, it was a marvel how they knew when to turn each time on that zigzag course, skirting unseen reefs which might have torn our craft from stem to stern. Surely the Master Pilot stood with the helmsman that night

until ringing bells announced that we had arrived safely at our destination.

As morning light came again we could praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men. For long weary months, now stretched into years, the people of the Palau Islands had waited and prayed for a missionary. At the time Pastor P. L. Williams, treasurer of the Far Eastern Division, and I last visited Palau the son of the high chief was baptized and joined with the remnant church. "I have many friends who would like to know about Sabbath," was the word he sent us later, "but we have no teacher!"

Now the Lord has sent them a teacher. Pastor and Mrs. J. L. Bowers have accepted the call of the General Conference to devote their lives in service for these needy people. At this writing Pastors Bowers and H. R. Emmerson, Far Eastern Division building supervisor, are with me in Palau. Mrs. Bowers remains on Guam, but will join her husband when living quarters are ready.

What thrilling stories there are to tell! We have secured a tract of land with an area of more than three acres. It is in an excellent location and is a veritable garden. Used during the "Japanese time" as a housing area for officials, the property has many concrete foundations which have survived the ravages of war and are suitable for our buildings. We have also been given several buildings which will meet most of our building material needs. With a scarcity of safe water we also thank our heavenly Father that the mission home will be permitted to connect with the government water main.

In many ways the Lord has gone before us to prepare the way for the entrance of the Advent message. Brother Sakuma, a Palauan, speaks, reads, and writes Japanese, Palauan, and English. He is an excellent translator, and during the years the believers were without a pastor he has prepared Sabbath school lessons for the church and led out in evangelistic endeavor. Before the war he attended our Japan Junior College, and his training there has enabled him to accomplish much in teaching his people the fundamental truths of the third angel's message. As a result of his work many have been baptized, and many more are preparing for baptism.

Both Catholics and Lutherans conduct missions in the area, yet we are happy that in His great providence God has brought "princes" to the light. Among our members are the wife of the high chief and her married son together with another man who will become high chief when the now aged high chief dies. Also members of our church are the first congresswoman of Palau, the special adviser to the military governor, the superintendent of education, the special adviser on ethnic affairs, and others who are esteemed by all. We

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HOW exciting it all was! We were actually to talk with our children more than three thousand miles across the Atlantic Ocean. "Mac" Maurer, an amateur short-wave enthusiast at Atlantic Union College, Massachusetts, where our two children, Kelvin and Joan, are studying, made contact with a Commander Trinder, another short-wave amateur at Rickmansworth, near Watford, England, where we live. Arrangements were made to have a family "pow-wow" across the sea.

At five o'clock British time and twelve o'clock noon Eastern United States time we were in the wireless room of Commander Trinder, knowing that at the same hour our children and my brother with his wife and family were waiting in a room thousands of miles across the ocean to talk with us.

At first atmospherics were bad. Our operator called the station, WQMS, but we could not get through. It was tantalizing. Shortly something began to come through. Oh, yes, we could hear a voice. It was my brother speaking. Soon it was so clear we could imagine it was in the same room with us. Then another voice came through.

"Hello, Mum, Hello, Dad. Hello, Yvonne and Twinnies—it's Kell here."

Soon we were replying. We had prepared notes as to what we should say, but in the excitement we forgot our notes and just talked and talked, backward and forward, first one and then the other.

"Hello, everybody—it's Joan here." And could we mistake that dear, familiar voice, even though one of the twins told her that she was developing an American accent!

We talked about the simple, intimate things of family interest, such as the clothes we were wearing, the wedding we had just been to the day before, about Skippy the dog and Timmy the cat, and

A Family Talk Across the Sea

A MESSAGE FOR THE NEW YEAR

By **E. L. MINCHIN**

London, England

about our friends on the Stanborough Park Estate and elsewhere, and our loved ones in Australia.

Presently Kelvin said, "Say, Dad, I had an accident on my bike yesterday and cannot get another tire here. It's Australian make, you know. There is a tire hanging up in the back shed at home. Do you think you could get it and send it over to me?"

Back went my reply, "Yes, son, I'll have a look when I go home, and if it is still there, I will send it." It was there all right, and the next day it was on its way to the United States.

Oh, how loath we were to close that talk with our children across the sea. We said good-by many times, but kept thinking of something more to add. The tears were in our eyes when we said a final farewell. How wonderful it all was! We seemed so close to one another again! As we came out of Commander Trinder's home the sun was setting. As we looked westward over the beautiful hills and fields of a peaceful English countryside

toward the great Atlantic Ocean, and thought of the thousands of miles of trackless sea that lay between us and our dear ones, we felt overwhelmed with the wonder and marvel of it all. But it was not a dream! We really had talked with them; we had heard their voices!

What precious lessons we have learned. This experience has forcefully reminded us of the wonders and privileges of prayer. Just as we talked through three thousand miles of space to each other, so we really may talk to our Father in heaven.

Today I am thinking of the great family of Advent youth around the world. Our home is in heaven. Our Father is there, and surely this New Year 1950 offers no greater privilege than that of coming into intimate contact with Him through prayer, and of talking with Him in a personal way and of letting Him talk to us.

I cannot explain how it was that the moment we spoke Kelvin and Joan could hear our voices thousands of miles away. Neither can I explain how it is that when I meet the conditions He has laid down and talk to my Father in heaven, believing that He is there, He hears my voice and sends His loving answer to my requests. One is no more difficult to believe than the other. Every Christian heart constitutes a broadcasting station with which heaven is constantly in tune.

There was reality, earnestness, and joy in our experience that day. We did not recite prepared speeches—we forgot our notes. We simply talked to the children, and they talked to us. Dear young friend, have you found reality and joy in your prayer life? Do you "say" your prayers, or do you pray? There is a difference. Why not determine to make 1950 a year of reality and joy in your prayer life? Young people hate sham, pretense, and unreality. One young man asked me recently, "How can I find reality in prayer? When I pray I feel as if my prayers rise no higher than the roof." This is the experience of many. Although we could not see our children we knew and believed that they



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were by the wireless receiver and listening. That brought a sense of reality. When you pray do you believe that your Father is there? "He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

The evening after our talk Joan wrote a letter to us. It said in part:

"This has been one of the most wonderful days of my life. Until today we have felt so far from you all, but now we seem so much closer." My mind immediately went to that well-known statement in *Steps to Christ*: "Prayer does not bring God down to us, but brings us up to Him." Has it done that for you, my friend? If not, will you not make this the challenge of 1950, to find God through a real, living, personal, prayer experience? He is there if you will seek for Him. "And ye shall . . . find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart."

We had an appointment with our children that day. The time was 5 P.M. We were beside the receiver all right. We did not have to be driven. We entered into the radio room, and the door was shut in order to exclude every other sound. Many people claim that their busy lives give them no time for prayer. This is a shallow evasion, for they clearly find time for less important things—the newspaper and amusements. The first thing in the morning is the best time for prayer. Atmospheric conditions always seem good then, when the mind is clear, and the body fresh. But if circumstances make that impossible, the keen mind will find time before the day is old. I heard of a busy mother with a large family who kept her tryst with God in the early afternoon when the last member of the family had returned to his tasks from the midday meal. *Time can be found!*

We must keep our appointments with God, whether we feel like it or not. Let us learn too to shut the door and listen in quietness for His voice. Do you have a spot, some little oratory kept for devotion? If privacy is hard to find, you may even build an oratory within your heart, a sacred silence inside, to which you can retreat in the midst of noise and chatter. In an overcrowded room, in a bus, or tram, the mind can learn, by practice, how to be deaf to all distractions, and climb the hidden stair to the sacred place.

W. E. Sangster tells how when Charles de Foucauld was living a hermit life in the deserts of North Africa, he sometimes was invited by French Army officers to their mess. He went. At table he was the center of all wholesome fun. But as the evening wore on, the company would get more than merry. Perhaps the colonel's stories

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Faith - a Grain of Mustard Seed

By H. T. JOHNSON
Watford Herts., England



"Faith as a grain of mustard seed . . . say unto this mountain, Remove hence . . . and it shall remove." Matt. 17:20.

THE pastor visits an isolated member, a widow in the highlands of Scotland, forty miles from the most northerly church in the British Isles.

MRS. C (as pastor comes up garden path): "Oh! I'm so glad you have come, for I am in need of help."

PASTOR: "Why, what is wrong?"

MRS. C: "I sent my little girl to the village school on Monday, and she has come home with some disgusting talk and wicked words."

PASTOR: "Oh, I am sorry! What can we do to keep this little life pure and unstained?"

MRS. C: "Where is there a school belonging to Seventh-day Adventists?"

PASTOR: "Why, the only one open now in the British Union Conference is at Watford, near London."

MRS. C: "All right, then I shall close the house and go there. I will find some work, and put my girl in a church school."

So after a few days the necessary arrangements were made, and the six-hundred-mile journey was undertaken. After a week or so the man who owned the house where this isolated member

lived asked for the key to be given up and the furniture removed. The pastor passed this word on, and asked what Mrs. C would do. Immediately the word came back: "Please arrange for removal of furniture to Watford." The pastor made investigation, and the cheapest quotation for the job was forty-five pounds. How could a struggling little widow pay such an amount? Her reply was, "God will provide."

So the little company of Advent believers collected a few pounds among themselves and engaged in much earnest prayer. Then the pastor tells how on Sunday night he was awakened by a voice which said, "Go to the shipping office where the young husband of Mrs. C worked before he was killed in an air crash." Turning over, he went to sleep again, only to be awakened once more by the voice speaking the same instruction. Realizing that God, the Father of the fatherless and the widow's God and guide, had spoken he awoke his wife and told her what had happened, and they both realized that God was answering prayer in His own way, and was calling for the exercise of faith on the part of His servant. That Monday morning the pastor interviewed the chairman of the shipping company.

PASTOR: "Good morning, sir. You will remember meeting me at the funeral of Mr. C."

CHAIRMAN: "Why of course, that was about three years ago. We've not seen or heard of his widow since."

PASTOR: "I have come to talk to you about her. [He explained the situation and the fact that the church members were getting a little cash together to help.] I have come to see whether the firm might not like to make a small donation."

CHAIRMAN: "But we have had no contact for so long; actually, when the husband died we thought of helping, but—just a moment, I'll have a chat with the secretary."

As the pastor patiently waits and silently prays, the chairman enters and places a roll of notes on the table.

CHAIRMAN: "Will you pass this money on to Mrs. C with our best wishes? You know, Pastor, I can't explain what has happened, but those are the very notes the secretary put aside in the safe for her three years ago, and they have been there ever since. Will you kindly count them?"

PASTOR (opening roll of five-pound notes): "Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five; can it be true? Yes, one more—fifty! Thank you very much indeed."

The money was immediately put into the bank, and a check forwarded to Mrs. C, who sent back five pounds as belonging to the Lord, and there it was! Could it be true? Forty-five pounds—the exact cost of the furniture removal! No wonder that now, five years since that event, the good sister is still rejoicing in the Lord, and her daughter is growing up a credit to our church educational system and a blessing to her mother and friends.

"Faith as a grain of mustard seed"—but it removes mountains!

ANTHONY ISSA did not know what to do when he received notice from his government that he was to enlist immediately for military service. Should he run away as some other young men had done? Should he yield to the higher authorities, and let his principles go to the wind? Or should he—?

Anthony had read his Bible, and he knew that the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord. He knew by the prophecies and fulfilling signs that Jesus is coming soon, and he wanted to be ready for that great event. He knew that in the last days there will be a few faithful ones who will keep the commandments of God and have the faith of Jesus, and he wanted to be among that group.

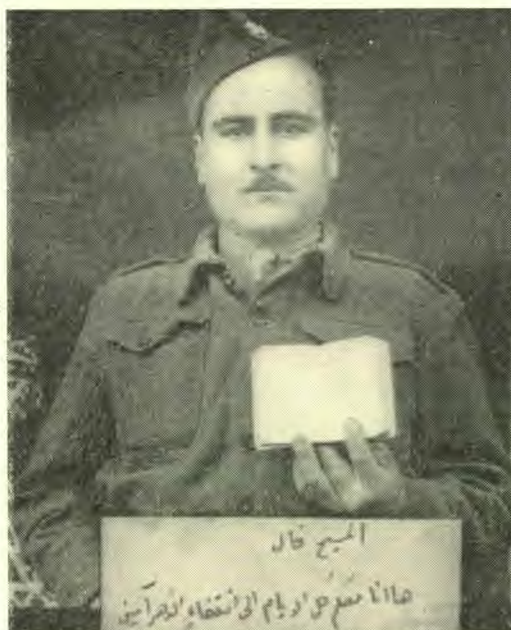
It was a happy day when Anthony decided to be baptized, and become a member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. It seemed that all nature was rejoicing with him as he walked with a group of other young people from his village on a hill to the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. There the minister was waiting for him, and the Advent believers on the shore prayed for him as the rite was performed and the words were spoken: "Dear Brother Anthony, on your profession of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour, I now baptize you in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost."

As a full-fledged member of the church, Anthony was eager to fulfill all his duties and obligations. He studied his Sabbath school lesson daily. He shared his faith with his friends as opportunity presented itself. He met regularly every Sabbath with the company that came to worship in the shade of an olive grove about two miles away from the village. It would have been better to meet in a church building or a hall or at least a room in the village, but the opposition of the priest and the members of another denomination made this impossible. Of course, meeting in the open air was not without its advantages. It reminded one of the way that Jesus must have met with His disciples and taught the multitudes. And had not Jesus said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation"?

Anthony often wondered what the Lord would have him to do. He wished that he could do as his brother had done—go to college and train for the ministry. But duties kept him at home. Besides, he did not have enough money to go to college.

Then came the unexpected—war, and his country decided to introduce conscription. That meant that every young man would have to report for military service and training as soon as he was nineteen years of age. And Anthony was nineteen! Furthermore, the government knew he was nineteen, and had sent him official notification. What should he do?

Some young men had slipped out of the country, and by taking out other papers had escaped the call. Should he do the



Anthony Issa Shared His Faith, and Today Still Stands as a Witness to the Truth of God in a Moslem Country Under Moslem Rule

Ye Are MY WITNESSES

By G. ARTHUR KEOUGH

same? Somehow that course did not appeal to him. It might be all right for others, but not for him.

The great problem before him was how he could be faithful to his country and at the same time be true to his principles and to his God. He heard that in other countries arrangements were made for Adventist boys to join a noncombatant corps, such as the medical, and that they were released from duties for worship on the seventh-day Sabbath. But his country was predominantly Moslem. Would the Moslem authorities be willing to recognize his religious principles as a Christian? The only examples of those who had stood true to principle in his country were Bible characters, such as Daniel and his three companions, Stephen, and Paul; and they were called to pass through some trying experiences. Would he be able, like them, to stand?

He placed his problem before his minister and his brother, a preacher; and after prayer the three decided to go to see the enlistment officer.

"Sir," said the minister as the three stood before the officer's desk, "we respectfully ask you to consider the case of Anthony Issa, who has come in accord-

ance with government regulations to report for duty."

The Moslem officer looked over to Anthony, and saw a young man in the best of health, frankness in his eye and determination in the set of his lips. But he thought of him only as another recruit.

"This young man," continued the minister, "is a Seventh-day Adventist, and as such is eager to serve his country. But his religious convictions do not allow him to bear arms."

The officer looked up in surprise.

"Furthermore, he believes that the seventh day of the week is the Sabbath, and he cannot do any work on that day."

The officer thought that this was going too far, and with evident impatience said, "A man in the army has to do what he is told, and that is the end of it."

The minister suggested that in other parts of the world Adventist young men served in the army in a medical corps, and suggested that Anthony might serve likewise. But the officer would have none of it.

"There is no such thing as religious scruples in this army," he said. "I for one was not allowed to go to the mosque yes—

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The Story of Biakchhawna

As Told to MRS. E. M. MELEEN

Poona, India



PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Students From Lushai Hills Attending the Assam Training School. The Young Woman in the Center Is Now Taking the Nurses' Course in the Nuzvid Hospital. The Superintendent of the Assam Mission, C. J. Jensen, Is in the Right Foreground Behind the Boy With the Basket. The Shillong S.D.A. Church Is in the Background

THIS is for you, young teachers, who are now teaching or in training in Seventh-day Adventist colleges in the United States. I want to help you realize what an important work a teacher-missionary can do in overseas countries where the people do not know Jesus as a personal Saviour. Let me tell you only a few of the many, many experiences which I have had while either canvassing or having a holiday among my people.

I live in the northeast corner of Assam, where there are beautiful hills covered with flowers and trees, where valleys and rivers abound, and where birds sing all day long. The place is called the Lushai Hills. Here in quietness and peace live the fine Lushai people who love the gospel and look forward to the coming of Jesus. Although 99 per cent of the Lushais are Christians, not many know what it is to have a real Christian experience.



The Lushai Young Men at the Assam Training School. Thangliana Is Sitting at the Center Front. Biakchhawna Is Sitting at His Right

When I heard about the Seventh-day Adventist mission school and read through the prospectus of the school, I decided that I would attend, and journeyed to Shillong, the capital of Assam. The school I wished to attend is located a day's journey south of Shillong. In order to reach this institution I had to go three days' journey on foot, then four days by boat, then one day by train, and one by motor bus, making a total of nine days in all.

While in my country I heard how this school really trained the young people morally, physically, and spiritually; and that first year I saw how this was done. The Christian fellowship and love displayed in the classrooms and in the work program made the school one big family.

I was not a member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church when I went to school, but I was determined to find out the real reason for the high Christian standards held there, which were so different from the government schools. Zeal, happiness, enthusiasm, and devotion were displayed in every task performed. I found that the secret was intensive Bible study, true heart devotion to God, and a complete surrender of the life to Him in harmony with His commandments.

As I associated with these fine Christian people, all my worries, struggles, and discouragements vanished, especially when we studied the Holy Bible which worldly schools do not consider. I was very happy

to learn God's promises to humanity. I also realized that I needed the physical training that outdoor work gives in order to have a complete education. I determined to attend the Assam Training School again when the school year ended and for as many years as were necessary to make me a fit worker for God.

Thanks to Him who is always ready to help those who try to do His will, I obtained means to attend. After having been trained in the colporteur institute, I went out to sell books among my people. The English language is too feeble to express the interest of the people in these books. Sometimes in canvassing among the soldiers we could take fifty orders in forty-five minutes, and one officer would buy twenty copies of the same book for his men. Everywhere we went we found the people very appreciative of the Christian literature we were selling. Many times I have been asked to give a full explanation of the discipline of the school I attended, and many people came to me for interviews about the school, for they were eager to have their children admitted.

Sad to say, Seventh-day Adventists have only one high school in Assam, among twelve million people. We should have many. If we had many Adventist schools, we would have countless young people attending them. But there are no missionaries and no teachers to open these schools. This makes me sad, because I know and read of the many Adventist schools in other parts of the world and in the United States and of the young people who have finished college there. Why could not some of you come over and teach us here? There is an important work that can be done for these poor natives who beg and beg for Adventist schools. May I make this appeal to you young people? You are needed.

On time a rumor went around our hills that a graduate of the Assam Training School would open a school for the Lushais. It was at the time the government schools should open, and many of the students said, "We are going to the Adventist school." But this young man had to have higher education than tenth standard (equivalent to high school in the United States), so he had to go to college instead of starting a school, and to this day there is no Adventist school in our country. The desire for the school is still here. How long will my people have to wait?

Young people across the sea, you do not know how much you are needed, and what a great work you could do for God. I know it would be difficult for you to come to India, where the people are forti-

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WHEN my husband and I were doing pastoral work in Gary, Indiana, our rest was broken early one morning in the fall of 1945 by the shrill ringing of the telephone. On answering it, I heard a voice say, "This is E. D. Dick, of the secretarial staff of the General Conference. I am in Chicago, and would like to have a talk with you." Since we were only thirty miles from Chicago, in a few hours we were talking with Pastor Dick.

He laid before us the needs of the mission fields, and mentioned especially Liberia, a Negro republic on the West Coast of Africa, asking us whether we would be willing to labor there if the call should come.

Really we had never dreamed that we would ever serve as missionaries. The thought had never occurred to us, especially since it had been more than ten years since Pastor B. W. Abney had returned from service in South Africa, and no other colored missionaries had been sent from North America.

Down in our hearts, as in the hearts of countless other colored Adventist youth, was an intense desire to have a more definite and a more personal part in the carrying of the third angel's message to the ends of the earth. Then before our eyes rose a mental picture of the seething multitudes of Africa's people, lost in the Stygian darkness of ignorance and heathenism, pleading for light and truth; and the words of Isaiah the prophet provided our answer: "Here am I; send me."

The call did come a few months later; and after a great deal of prayer and discussion of the matter with our parents and friends, we, with two other families, were on our way to Liberia. That was almost four years ago. We have never regretted that choice.

This little republic was founded by emancipated colored people from America 103 years ago. The descendants of these pioneers are civilized men and women, speaking the English language. From their ranks are usually elected the leaders of this democratic nation. Most of them live in and around the capital city, Monrovia.

Liberia, located on the rocky shores of West Africa, is bounded on the west by Sierra Leone, on the east and the north by French West Africa, and on the south by the Atlantic Ocean. Its climate is typically tropical, hot and humid, having two extremes of weather with approximately six months of rain and six months of dry weather. It is in that portion of Africa known through the years as the white man's grave. This vast area of land, rich beyond imagination, is still very much undeveloped, and is inhabited, aside from the civilized element, by about two million people, divided into twenty-four uncivilized tribes, speaking as many languages and dialects.

Here devil worship, heathenism, and superstition abound. The witch doctor is a man feared and revered because of

A Glimpse Into Liberia, THE NEGRO REPUBLIC

By **MRS. C. DUNBAR HENRI**
Monrovia, Liberia, West Africa

the supernatural things he is able to do. Just the other day one of these devil men, in order to appease his god, went through this ordeal: He first gathered a huge pile of wood, set fire to it, and let it burn to coals. Then with his bare hands he scooped up a handful of the coals and threw them onto the dry thatch roof of his hut. It did not burn! He then sat down on the heap of glowing red coals! That too did not burn him, and he walked away satisfied that he still had favor in the sight of his god. This reminds one of the text in Revelation 13:13: "He doeth great wonders, so that he maketh fire come down from heaven on the earth in the sight of men."

This is only one of the countless ways Satan holds the native people of Liberia in utter subjection. The power of the devil is invoked to heal the sick, to discover criminals, to determine the cause of death, and even to get a job or make money. Against this awful horror of worship the gospel of Jesus Christ is effecting transformations so marvelous as to be almost beyond belief.

Jesse was a native boy born amid heathenism and superstition. His parents offered sacrifices to the devil of the bush, and invoked the spirits to protect them from sickness and trouble, and their property from damage and loss. Jesse grew up with the awful fear of the devil influencing his every move in life. He knew many of the secrets of the "Devil Society" and also knew the terrible results of violating those laws.

But since most of the native people wish their

children to be civilized and "learn book," Jesse was sent to the mission school. There year after year were unfolded to him the truths of the Divine Book and the love of Jesus. He gradually lost the fear of the devil that had controlled him from birth. Then on one never-to-be-forgotten day Jesse joined the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Somehow he had obtained a devil's mask that had been used in many ceremonies, and he brought that to us, showing that he had lost all fear of the evil one.

Oh, it was a glorious day when my husband baptized him, as well as several others from the school. Jesse knew when he brought that mask to us that if his act ever became known by the society, he would be kidnaped, to be seen no more.

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PHOTO COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Pastor and Mrs. Dunbar Henri,
Who for the Past Four Years
Have Been Laboring in Liberia



SIXTY VOLUNTEERS

On Fire for Their Lord

By **THEODORA WANGERIN**
Seoul, Korea

DURING the war, when our churches were disbanded by order of the Japanese Government, two members were secretly baptized into the church at Muk-Ho. Shortly after the missionaries returned to Korea a young man was sent to labor in that district. Within a few weeks after his arrival he began a short evangelistic effort. The Spirit of the Lord moved upon the hearts of the people, and a great revival began to sweep through that territory.

Thirty earnest persons, well established in the Christian faith, heeded the call to come out of Babylon and to walk with God's commandment-keeping people. Today more than two hundred meet for Sabbath services in the beautiful new church that was built by "blood, sweat, and tears" last year. The believers gave freely of their means, and labored faithfully with their hands to erect this house of worship. A church school was also opened, and one hundred children are being instructed in the way of the Lord by three God-fearing teachers.

The believers have been very active in sharing their faith with their neighbors. As a result, four companies have been or-

ganized in that vicinity. Nearly one hundred members have been baptized in a beautiful, scenic spot in the sea of Japan, which washes the eastern coast of Korea.

The Missionary Volunteer Society has also been very active. Preaching bands have been organized, and open-air preaching services have been conducted. The church school students have taken an active part in this missionary program. Upon arriving in a certain village the young people begin their program with a lively song service. Then one of the students mounts a desk, which he has brought, and begins to tell the people about one of the special gospel truths for this time.

Other speakers follow. Each one speaks about ten minutes on an assigned topic. The program is interspersed with special music. At the close of the service one of the older members makes an earnest appeal to the listeners to accept Christ as their Saviour, and extends an invitation to attend the church services. Literature is distributed as the people return to their homes.

The women of the church have their own missionary society. They have been

active in raising funds with which to send the light of truth to those who sit in darkness. All contributions went to a fund dedicated to foreign missions. Within a short time they had four hundred thousand won in their treasury.

Recently, as the church at Muk-Ho was planning to do more aggressive work for their Lord and Master, one of their members returned from a trip to Fusan, the second largest city and port of entrance in south Korea. He reported on the deplorable conditions he had found in that city. Although there was a good church building only four or five members met for the Sabbath services, and nothing was being done to tell the multitudes about the soon-coming Saviour.

When the church members heard of this they decided to make Fusan their field of missionary endeavor. Because Muk-Ho was located in the Central Korean Mission and Fusan in the South Korean Mission, they looked upon Fusan as a foreign mission field. (The mission directors knew nothing of their plans.)

Within a few days sixty members volunteered for foreign mission service. They arranged for their passage, and paid their own fares. The women donated their four hundred thousand won to the enterprise. The church supplied twelve sacks of rice. Men, women, young people, and Juniors, with rolls of bedding on their shoulders, left on a small coastal steamer on their first missionary journey.

The entire church went down to the pier to see them off. Prayer was offered for the Missionary Volunteers, and farewell songs were sung. Those who could not go wept and prayed for those who could go. The church continued to send supplies and to pray for those who went. The sixty members decided to stay in Fusan until they had won sixty souls.

Upon their arrival in Fusan the sixty Volunteers went to the church set up a communal house, unrolled their bedding, and went to work. Open-air meetings were held on the street corners. Special music was rendered. Soon large crowds of people gathered and listened with rapt attention to the message given. Earnest invitations were extended to all to come to the church for Bible studies. House-to-house visitation was faithfully carried on. When the church at the union headquarters heard of this laymen's effort, they sent large quantities of tracts down for free distribution.

These earnest Volunteers, on fire for their Lord, were instrumental in arousing a great interest in that large city. Men and women are making decisions for eternity. Verily, a new day has dawned in Korea. The lamps of faith and liberty have been rekindled. The church bells ring again. The voice of song and prayer is heard again in the churches. Truth-filled literature may be freely distributed again in southern Korea where more than two thirds of the people reside.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

THREE new church schools were opened in British Columbia several months ago. One was in the basement of a little church tucked away up in the Okanagan foothills. One was begun in the living room of a neat little cottage in the lower Okanagan Valley. The other began its history in a new wing on one of our Fraser Valley churches. In fact, the wing was so new that the windows and doors had not been hung, and only one thin layer of shiplap separated the pupils and their teacher from the out-of-doors. However, let me hasten to explain, September weather in the Fraser Valley is very mild; fresh air is good for pupils and teachers; and the school was right at the edge of the beautiful British Columbia woods with a big playground all around it. I talked with the teacher in her still-unfinished room a few days after school started, and she was full of courage. Since then the room has acquired blackboards, windows, doors, a finish floor, and a more substantial wall.

This is not the first year lately that new schools have been opened in British Columbia. In fact, every year since I have known anything about the province schools have been founded. Nor is the one already mentioned the first one that has opened in an unfinished room. I could take you to one that was begun in a church basement before the roof of the church was completed, and which now has grown from eleven pupils to almost fifty, and occupies a neat two-room building sixty feet long with a commodious auditorium in the basement. It has a two-acre playground too. Another of these schools opened last October. In August the trees that furnished lumber for its walls were still growing! Today it is a neat two-room school, modern, furnace heated, and comparable with the best the public school system furnishes its pupils.

Nearly seven hundred British Columbia youth are straining the capacity of our educational system. They are symbols of the onward march of the Advent message round the world—a march that is so remarkable that few of us can grasp its magnitude.

The Glory of God

By **R. E. FINNEY, Jr.**
Vancouver, B.C., Canada

Although it is never good to become self-satisfied, and certainly God's people ought never to boast, it does build our faith to be given assurance that God's cause marches on. With these facts in mind, let us consider them a bit.

"The part is greater than the whole," some wise man once said. This is often true when we want to get the trend of a movement. Since I happen to know more about the Advent Movement in British Columbia than anywhere else, suppose we consider it a little further?

As we consider the membership of a small conference as it actually is, scattered over 359,279 square miles of territory, it may not mean so much to us as if the entire membership were brought together in one place. Suppose now that we do just that for the purpose of our study. Suppose that we imagine a village composed entirely of Seventh-day Adventists and their children, and in it the membership of the British Columbia Conference. Since there are a little more than twenty-six hundred members in the conference, there would be, with the children too small to be church members, about thirty-five hundred or four thousand people in our imaginary town.

This would be a most extraordinary community, and by that I do not mean that it would be so because no one would be seen eating pork chops or smoking or drinking. There are other reasons.

Perhaps the first outstanding feature that would strike a visitor would be the most extraordinary number of churches dotting this peaceful little hamlet, for there would be more than a score of them. Several would be quite imposing in size. Almost half of them would be less than five years old. And all of them would be teeming with life on the Sabbath—some almost bursting with overcrowded humanity. There would not be a minister for each of these thriving churches, but there would be considerably more than the usual number for a town of this size, and they would all be dashing about in a most energetic manner.

This little town would likewise be dotted with schools, and the schools would be staffed with thirty well-prepared and enthusiastic teachers. All the grades would be represented, and ten of the schools' quarters would be less than five years old. There would be no college in the town, yet it could be said that the town supported about one fourth of the cost of operating a first-class senior college, where many of its young people finish their formal education.

You would find an attractive, small hospital of fifty-five-bed capacity in the town, and this is far better than average facilities for a town of this size. There also would be five or six highly trained doctors on call, to be sure that you had adequate medical attention.

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MILEPOSTS

Analyze Those Rather Dull-looking Statistical Tabulations, and You Will Find the Remarkable Progress Being Made Round the World

H. A. ROBERTS



I SUPPOSE that to more than 99 per cent of the world's inhabitants the name *Araguaya* means nothing. Yet it is one of Brazil's major rivers. I was among that 99 per cent until a few weeks ago, but now when I think of the great river Araguaya my mind is flooded with memories that form pictures of beauty and grandeur that can never be erased.

When I returned to the South Brazil Union office from a month's visit among the churches in the two southernmost conferences of our union, I found that our committee had invited me to accompany Pastor Joao Linhares, union educational and Missionary Volunteer secretary, and Pastor Arnaldo Rutz, president of the Goiano-Mineira Mission, on a trip down the Araguaya River to survey the needs of a mission school that had been started years ago by Pastor A. N. Allen among the Caraja Indians in the state of Goyaz.

Like most of the territory of the new world, Brazil was originally inhabited by Indian tribes; but when the European settlers came the Indians were pushed into the inland area and as civilization expanded, the Indian retreated until today it is chiefly in the Amazon basin that one encounters Indians in Brazil. It is in the remote parts of the states of Mato Grosso and Goyaz that some of these tribes today make their homes. Some are still very unfriendly to the white man, and others seem to welcome his trade and his fellowship. The Carajas are among the latter group.

Goyaz is the fourth largest state in Brazil, and is in reality the country's heart and a new frontier for expansion. Its capital, Goyania, is a new city having been founded less than twenty-five years ago. It is a city designed by engineers with wide streets and a well-organized plan for building construction. It is linked to the other great cities of Brazil by highways and air service. Soon a railway will add another link to its prominence in commerce and travel. Endowed with a mild climate because of its altitude of twenty-one hundred feet, Goyania is a good place to live. It is there that our mission headquarters is located, and there that Pastor Linhares and I met Pastors Rutz and Trezza and the rest of the group who were to go on the long trip with us.

The first two days of our journey were overland in the mission's little pickup truck and covered the 220 miles from Goyania to Leopoldina. You may wonder why it took two days for so short a trip; but as I look back over this part of our journey and the terrible, almost impassable, terrain that we traversed, I wonder that we made it in so short a time. The first one hundred miles from Goyania to Goyaz, the old capital of the state, was only a matter of a little more than half a day, for the roads are fairly good, and there is regular bus service linking the two cities. But from Goyaz on to Leopoldina our trail went through heavy woods, over rocky ridges, and across ex-

pansive sandy plains. When we were not lifting our heavily laden little truck out of a ditch, it seemed that we were pushing to help it through the loose sand. When we finally reached Leopoldina on the banks of the Araguaya, we were weary but full of anticipation for the long river journey that lay ahead.

Our trip had been timed for July and August, so that we could benefit by the cooler winter weather which is also the dry season, when the river flows within its banks. Senor Macedo, one of our laymen who had spent much of his life traveling the Araguaya assisting our work and trading with the Indians, went along to see that we did not become lost or stranded. And in Leopoldina we picked up Joaquim, our Indian guide who was to pilot our twenty-five-foot boat through the treacherous, narrow channel, discernible only by the keen eyes of the Carajas, who have lived on the waters of the Araguaya for generations. Joaquim was particularly valuable to us, for he spoke both Portuguese and Caraja, and had had numerous contacts with our work. He told us that his father had once attended a Seventh-day Adventist school.

At Leopoldina we caught our first glimpse of the Araguaya and its charac-

teristic white sandy beaches, which jut out into the green waters in picturesque beauty. These wide beaches were to serve both as our bedroom and as our dining room for nearly a month, so we came to know and appreciate their friendly warmth.

Our mission school is located at a point known as Fontoura, 447 miles down the river from Leopoldina, on the island of Bananal, reported to be the largest river island in the world.

Early Sunday morning our small boat, filled to capacity with human cargo and supplies, started down the wide waters of the Araguaya. To tell of our voyage for six days down the river and our fourteen days returning would be to recount the story of warm days beneath a tropical sun and cold nights with only the starry heavens above us; of colorful jungle foliage; of graceful tropical water birds of all colors and sizes, which eyed with distrust our intrusion of their domain; of deer, monkeys, crocodiles, jaguars, and other jungle animals at the riverbank challenging our presence; of scattered settlements composed of friendly river folk living in mud houses with thatched roofs; and of the ever present beautiful white beaches. But our trip down the river revealed more

UP THE AR

By F. C.
Sao Paulo



Above: In Goyania, Pastor J. Linhares and I Met Pastor A. Rutz and Pastor C. Trezza, and We Started on Our Long Voyage

Upper Right: The First Part of Our Journey Was Made in the Mission Pickup Truck Over Almost Impassable Roads

Right: Our Small Boat, Filled to Capacity With Human Cargo and Supplies, Started Down the River



ALL PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

AGUAYA RIVER

WEBSTER

Brazil

than this—it showed us plainly the footprints of the missionary.

We spent the Sabbath in Leopoldina. The postmistress is a Seventh-day Adventist. Where did she hear the third angel's message? One of our missionaries had baptized her when he was pioneering the work there. Down a little farther at San Jose we met two sisters. They too had been baptized by the same missionary. At Peadade, Alfredo Strube, living at the site of the old mission, is still letting the gospel light shine forth. He told us of some of his experiences. For the last several years he has been transporting the Catholic bishop and priests down the river on their annual tours. Some of his people asked the bishop why he gave his work to Alfredo when he was a Seventh-day Adventist, and he answered, "I can depend on him. When I stop at a village I can be sure that he will be waiting for me and not be running off just when I want to go on." Some of our people asked Alfredo how he managed to keep the Sabbath while he was traveling with the bishop. "Oh," he said, "we have that all settled before I make the contract. When the sun sets Friday night we make camp on a beach and stay until Sunday morning. I keep the Sabbath, and so does the bishop."

And at Fontoura our teacher, Antonio Gomez, is himself a convert to the third angel's message from among the river folk and a product of the mission school in this isolated place, cut off even from mail service from the rest of Brazil, and much of the time without guidance and personal contact with his fellow workers.

Soon after our little boat arrived Friday afternoon at our mission school the Indians started coming up from their beach homes to greet us. They were friendly, and seemed to feel at home on our mission grounds. When we began to set up our camp they looked on with interest. They laughed heartily at our civilized methods, and communicated with each other in strange, staccato, guttural sounds. They seemed to be particularly interested in our folding cots and mosquito nets. They are people of the beaches, and sleep in the sand. They have no fear of the mosquito that causes civilized man so much distress.

As night came we could hear the weird, strange rhythm of their dance coming across the sands. We later saw one of their dances and their primitive mode of living. They were always friendly, but seemed still largely untouched by the transforming power of the gospel. What God's plan is for bringing the one thou-

sand Carajas and their tribal neighbors under the influence of Christianity is still Heaven's secret, and must be included in one of those "thousand ways" that the Spirit of prophecy tells us of that God will use in finishing His work.

When it was time for us to start our long return voyage up the river, it was hard to leave Pastor Gomez, who was all alone in his work in that isolated place. He is truly one of God's heroes and a man whose heart is filled with a love for the souls of his fellow men. We are certain that his will be a rich reward.

As we traveled back up the wide river we had a little more time to visit with the river folk and to be recipients of their genial hospitality. We found that the creed of these friendly people is to share their blessings with others. Certainly by our standards their blessings seem few, but the Samaritan spirit is large. Complete strangers brought us eggs, sweet potatoes, and bananas, and one man gave us a beautiful jaguar hide.

One of the great needs of the people living in this expansive river area is medical aid. In all the 447 miles that we traveled there is not one doctor. We could have traveled nearly three hundred miles farther in each direction, and still not have encountered a doctor. Yet in vast regions of this territory malaria is a curse, and other scourges each year take the lives of many.

One day we met a family who were traveling up the river by canoe. They called to us, and asked for medicine. As we came closer we found that the mother was very sick with malaria. We were glad that we had brought a supply of aralen and could be of some help, but we thought of the thousands of other needy people whom we were unable to help, and who were dying each year with broken bodies, and souls untouched by the gospel.

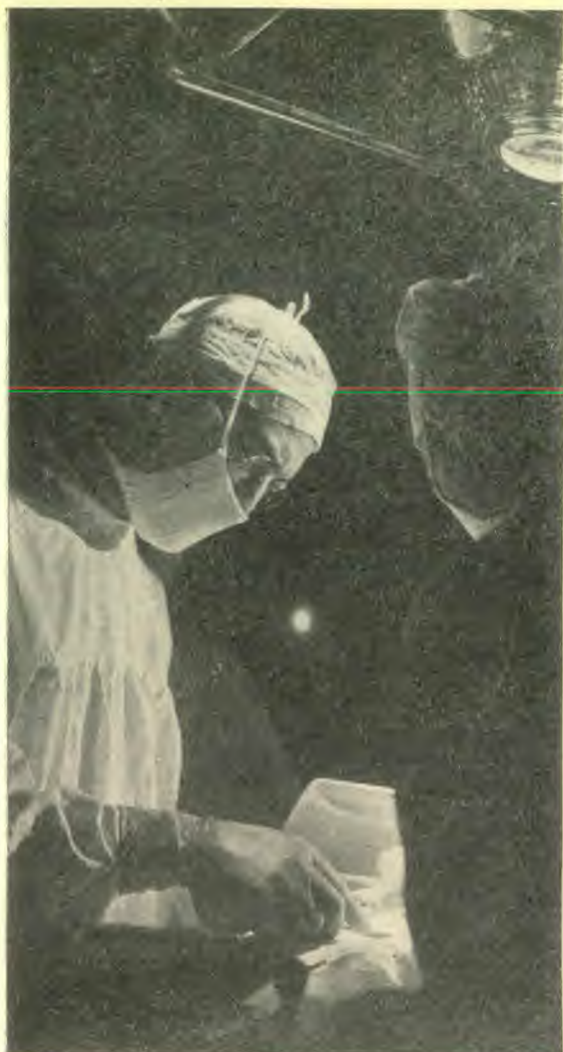
During our sojourn, which lasted nearly a month, we had been entirely cut off from civilization, from our loved ones, and from the outside world. All of this time we had slept out in the open air, and that in some of the wildest country on earth. We had seen at close range the great jaguar, the king of the South American jungle. We had put up our camp at sites that were his favorite watering places. We had heard his roar in the jungle, and in the night air we had heard the cries of smaller animals who had fallen as his victims. We had shared our beach home with crocodiles. We had batted the air against the ever present insects. We had beheld with adoration the glorious sunsets and been awakened each morning by the jungle bird life in time to see the sun once again illuminate the silent beaches. The charm of the Araguaya will long linger in our minds, as will the great needs of its peoples. And when the golden daybreak of eternity calls forth the redeemed from among men, we hope that the glad voice will be heard by some of the Carajas and river folk of the Araguaya.



Upper Left: We Stopped at Scattered Settlements of Friendly River Folk Along the Araguaya

Above: Often These River Folk Called to Us and Asked for Medicines

Left: Soon After Our Little Boat Arrived in Fontoura the Indians Started Coming Up From Their Beach Homes



IRVING BROWNING



I Shall Never Forget the Day of Little Mohammed's Operation. We Knew That He Would Be a Very Sick Little Boy After This Ordeal

in a white hospital bed, and the nurse had to put him back each time he would crawl out to sleep on the floor. He was just four years of age, and soon learned that the beds had a nice spring to them, which was more fun than jumping from rock to rock as he did at home.

Because the other children in the ward did not appreciate having Mohammed pouncing on them and their beds all day, they at last had to tie the little chap to the foot of his own bed. The clean tile floors he thought were nicer than the dishes, and so he would dump his food on the floor, and then scoop it up with paper-thin bread. The only thing he learned about the

back her veil one could see that she was young and strong, but the look in her eyes would tear the hardest heart. She stood by that operating room door for the two hours that her boy was in there. Her heart was in her eyes, and though not one sound escaped her lips her shoulders shook with grief, and the tears rolled freely down her brown, wind-burned face. An old piece of rag served as a handkerchief for her. Every few minutes she would press her face against the screen door to see whether she could get just a glimpse of her most precious possession, but of course she could not. If anyone stepped out of the room, her face would ask the questions that her mouth did not speak: "Is he all right? Is he still alive?"

The father, in his flowing garments and Arab headdress, paced the floor constantly. Every few minutes he would step to the door as if tempted to open it and rush in and grasp his small son—his only child.

At last the doctor stepped from the operating room and patted the mother on the shoulder, saying in Arabic, "Praise God, your child will be all right. He will live, I believe."

Now, the Moslems believe in God, though they do not accept Christ as His Son. So the mother, looking upward, tears of joy streaming down her face, whispered, "Allah, Allah [God]." The look of grief and worry left the face of the father, and a brief smile lighted his bewhiskered face.

Still under ether, the child was wheeled from the room. They smelled the ether, saw him white and asleep, and their momentary joy was taken away.

The next morning I asked about the boy. No, he was not doing well at all. He had not regained consciousness, and the father and mother were both keeping vigil by his side. A complication had set in—some type of pressure on the back of the head causing him to have a high fever. The sixth day came, and still no signs of improvement. He was rapidly losing his strength, and there seemed little hope for him. Every night late the father would leave, and return early the next morning with a few loaves of bread. This was what he and his wife ate for seven days. The nurses said that they never saw the mother sleep in those seven days. Her eyes constantly were on that little son—waiting for one flicker of his eyelids. On the seventh day her hopes were revived; the little boy regained consciousness, and there was a chance that he might live. The last I heard he was making a very slow recovery and had lost his huskiness. But he *did* live!

Then I thought of the many Bedouins throughout the Middle East who die each year without the hope of salvation as we know it. No one has told them the story of Jesus and of eternal life through His sacrifice. We have no Seventh-day Adventist missionaries or missions so far among the Bedouins. I thought of that song, "Into

—Please turn to page 22

A Bedouin Boy

By MILDRED THOMPSON OLSON

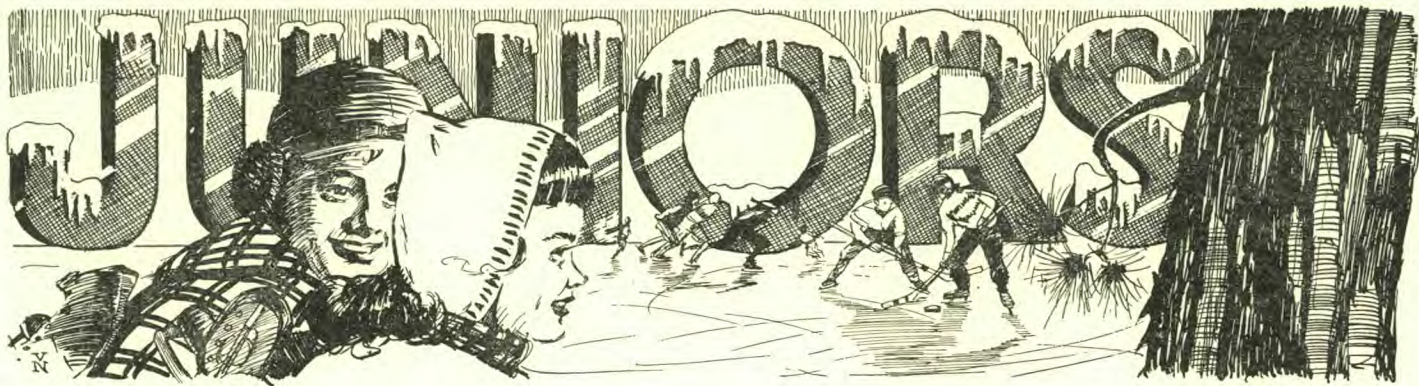
IT IS a delight to go to the hospital when you are rewarded with a healthy little son; but as I lay in my bed counting my blessings, I observed many of the wretched sights that sin has brought upon humanity. Since my room was directly opposite that of the operating room, I could observe both the patients and those who had to wait outside. Since an Arab does not go to a doctor until his case is nearly hopeless, many were the heart-touching scenes I witnessed.

Little Mohammed was brought to the hospital with a very serious rupture. Being a Bedouin, he had never seen walls other than those of his father's goat- and camel-hair tent; neither had he ever seen a bed other than the mat that he rolled out on the ground each night. It was quite a problem to try to keep a husky little boy

silverware was that it would make a nice ring when you hit it on the bedpost. Baths were simply unheard of in his small world; consequently, the entire hospital was given the opportunity of hearing his lusty voice when one was on his program.

At last the doctors and nurses felt that they had Mohammed tamed enough so they could attempt the needed operation.

I shall never forget the day of his operation. All of us in the hospital had learned to love the little rascal with his tousel of black, curly hair. We all knew that he would be a very sick little boy after this ordeal. His father and mother arrived at dawn that eventful day, though they knew his surgery was not scheduled until afternoon. The mother wore pink pantaloons under her gray, checked, gathered skirt and loose, black blouse. As she pushed



Brownie Assists the Nurse

As Told by

LUCINA GARCISA, R.N.,

Director of Nurses, Lakeside Clinic, Dansalan, Lanao, P.I.

to

D. LOIS BURNETT, R.N.,

Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

BROWNIE was an attractive dog with a fluffy, curly, light-brown coat. He was born in the Philippine Islands several weeks before the Japanese occupation of World War II. He was given to me by a neighbor while I was working as a graduate nurse for the Adventist mission. Brownie was only a tiny dog when he came to live with me, and would eat only milk and soup. When he was very tiny he liked to eat frequently, and would beg for food in the middle of the night until I would get up and give him milk.

When Brownie came to live with me I also had a cat. Even though Brownie was a very little dog, he knew right away that he did not want to be friends with a cat; but soon they learned to enjoy each other just as we can enjoy people whom we think we might not like. If we train ourselves to be friendly and kind, we too can learn to appreciate the good things in other people, and to get along nicely with them.

I gave the dog and the cat many lessons

on how to be neat and clean in all their habits, and also how to eat together. They finally became so devoted that one would not eat his meal unless the other was there to share it with him.

By the time the Japanese came into the part of the Philippine Islands where Brownie, the cat, and I lived, Brownie had grown quite a bit. To get away from the Japanese soldiers, we evacuated to the mountains. We had to climb and climb for many hours to reach our new shelter. Brownie was not used to such long trips, so I carried him in my arms much of the time. As Brownie grew older he became very helpful in our new home. He stayed with me while I planted our vegetable garden. As the garden grew he drove the pigs and other animals away so they would not destroy it.

My work for the mission was to visit sick people in their homes and to give them nursing care. I also gave Bible studies wherever I could. Brownie usually went to the homes with me. When he was one and

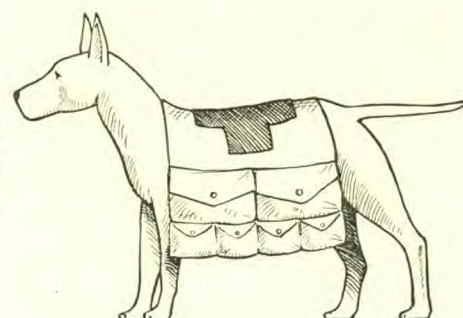
a half years old I decided to let him help me carry my medicine bag when I visited the sick people in the hills. Although I am a graduate nurse I am really a very small Filipino woman, and it was hard work to carry my medicine bag, particularly when I had to climb up and down the steep mountain paths. So Brownie became a great help to me. Because of his faithful service in carrying the medicine bag, I made a coat for him that had a big red cross on the back of it, just like the one you see in the picture. Sometimes when I went to give Bible studies he carried my Bible and songbook instead of the medicine bag. He was very proud to help me in this way. Often when we stopped long at the home of a patient whom Brownie did not like, he would pull at the hem of my uniform as an indication that it was time for us to go. I understood what he meant, so I would tell the people I was visiting that Brownie wanted to leave.

Usually Brownie walked along beside me fastened to a chain, but at times I told him that if he behaved, he would not have to be tied to his chain, and allowed him to run loose.

Before the war was over, the Filipinos engaged in much guerrilla warfare. I was called upon to care for many of the injured during that time, and Brownie would always go with me. Once a trench mortar shell exploded near where we were, and many people were injured. Eight of the people who had been injured came to me to have their wounds treated. Then they went home. The next morning Brownie was not tied to his chain, and he went out and visited each of the patients at his home. The patients recognized that



Because of His Faithful Service in Carrying the Medicine Bag, I Made a Coat for Brownie Which Had a Big Red Cross on the Part That Went Over His Back, Just as You See It in the Picture



Brownie was my dog, and they thought that I had sent him to tell them to come to see me again and get a new dressing on their wound. So you see, Brownie used to visit the sick too!

Once during the war we had to move our location to an evacuation center farther away, which was so crowded that there was no place for Brownie to stay. I told him to stay underneath the little nipa hut where I lived. He felt so bad because he thought I was unkind to him that he went to the place where we had stayed before we evacuated to the mountains. I missed him, of course, and went

back to look for him. When we returned he stayed with us inside the hut, for by that time we had enough room for him too. (See the picture of Brownie and me in front of the nipa hut.)

At the time of the liberation, when the American soldiers came, I took Brownie to the city, and many of the soldiers stopped to admire him. They seemed very happy to see him dressed in his nice Red Cross coat and carrying my medicine bag.

I could not take Brownie with me on all my trips, and sometimes he had to be left with friends. Several times when I did this he disappeared, so I decided to send him over to my relatives on the island of Mindanao. While he was there somebody was unkind to him, so he went away and never came back. I was very sad to lose Brownie, and am sorry I do not know what happened to him. However, I am grateful to have had such a nice little dog who did so much to help me relieve suffering humanity.

of Honan and burned our fine hospital at Yencheng. Finally the movement reached the Yangtze, and Nanking and Shanghai were threatened. It was then decided to move the China Division headquarters to Kowloon in the British Colony of Hong Kong. This took place during the last few weeks of 1948, at which time a large section of the missionary working force was relocated in South China, West China, and Formosa.

But the respite was not for long. Shanghai was "liberated" by the Communists in late May, 1949, and the front was rapidly extending southward. At this point we had missionaries within Communist-controlled areas at Tsingtao, Hankow, Chiaooutseng, Kunming, and Shanghai. It became known that an effort was being made to arrange for an American ship, the *General Gordon*, to enter the blockaded harbor of Shanghai to bring out Americans. Immediately the question arose: "Should the missionaries leave their posts and evacuate to other fields?" It was a question that caused a great deal of soul searching on the part of the missionaries themselves as well as on the part of the members of the General Conference Committee. Generally, the missionaries wanted to stay, but after careful study of all the factors involved the General Conference Committee decided to advise them to leave, for the following reasons:

1. Most of the missionaries were Americans, and the Communists had not been friendly to Americans.

2. Our experienced Chinese leaders would be able to care for the work.

3. Consular officials had pointed out their inability to render protection.

4. The missionaries might be completely cut off from outside supplies, funds, and evacuation facilities.

5. There was actual personal danger, especially from mob action through tensions arising among the people.

6. The presence of the foreigner brought jeopardy to Chinese associates who would be suspected of having subversive connections.

Accordingly, the missionaries began to make plans to move. All were not able to secure exit permits from the authorities by the time the *General Gordon* sailed from Shanghai, so a few had to come later. It was hoped that most of these workers could be transferred to other fields rather than returned to their homelands. This has been largely accomplished. The eighty family units who were still connected with the work in China in the summer of 1949 are now distributed as follows: Transferred or transferring to India and Burma, fifteen; to South Africa, one; to Japan and Korea, four; to the Philippines and Palau, five; to Malaya and Indonesia, six; still in China, thirty-one; returned to homeland and on furlough, eighteen. In their new fields of labor these missionaries will be supplying some very urgent needs. Some of them, especially the younger ones, will



Original puzzles, acrostics, anagrams, cryptograms, word transformations, quizzes, short lists of unusual questions—anything that will add interest to this feature corner—will be considered for publication. Subjects limited to Bible, denominational history, nature, and geography. All material must be typewritten. Address Editor, YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park 12, D.C.

Occupations

By HELEN ROSSER BUELL

1. Who loved husbandry? (2 Chron. 26: 9, 10.)
2. Who was the first musician? (Gen. 4:21.)
3. What prophet was once a shepherd? (Ex. 3:1.)
4. What prophet was once a herdsman? (Amos 1:1.)
5. What prophet was called from the farm? (1 Kings 19:19.)
6. Who was cunning to work all works in brass? (1 Kings 7:13, 14.)
7. At what feast was "the cook" mentioned? (1 Sam. 9:22-24.)
8. Name two tax collectors. (Luke 5:27, 28; 19:2.)
9. Who was once a carpenter? (Matt. 13: 53-55.)
10. Who was a seller of purple? (Acts 16:14.)

Useful Articles About a Farm

By G. G. BROWN

We have listed in Column A ten articles and implements that could have been used in Bible times on the farms. In Column B are the texts in which they are found, but not in the same order. Match the two columns, drawing lines from the article in Column A to the correct text in Column B. If a text is found in the list twice, more than one article is mentioned in it. Use your Bible and dictionary if you need to.

Column A

1. Axhead.
2. Brickkiln.
3. Candle.
4. Cart.
5. Chariots.
6. Coulters.
7. Forks.
8. Goads.
9. Harrows.
10. Lanterns.

Column B

- a. 1 Sam. 13:21.
- b. 2 Sam. 12:31.
- c. John 18:3.
- d. Matt. 5:15.
- e. 2 Sam. 12:31.
- f. 2 Kings 6:5.
- g. 1 Kings 4:26.
- h. Eccl. 12:11.
- i. Isa. 28:28.
- j. 1 Sam. 13:21.

—Keys on page 25

God's Work Goes Forward

(Continued from page 2)

in 1946, an egg; in 1947, one-half packet of matches; and by 1948 and 1949 million-dollar bills were in use. Small bills like one hundred dollars were rarely seen; they were not even retrieved if dropped on the street, and beggars scorned them. Money lost its value so fast that when entering a restaurant people usually ordered their meals and paid before eating lest the price be advanced 10 to 20 per cent before the meal was over.

But the work of God was moving on, and strong plans were made for the future. The emphasis was to be on evangelism; and so vigorously did the working force respond that in the spring of 1948, and again in the fall, more than sixty strong evangelistic efforts opened simultaneously in all parts of China. One of the most unusual was the father-son series conducted by Pastors Frederick and Milton Lee in China's old northern capital, Peiping. David Lin was steadily enlarging the list of stations broadcasting the third angel's message, and the Bible correspondence school was meeting a growing response. China was being enlightened with the news of a soon-coming Saviour.

Now we turn our attention to a disturbing element in the north and west. Here in the faraway province of Shensi the Communists had become firmly established and disciplined, and had developed an aggressive program for China. The Central Government in the meantime had been weakened by the war with Japan, was unresponsive to the needs of the people, and began to lose prestige with the nation. By 1948 the Communists had won a number of crucial victories, and were penetrating into Central China. It was barely a few days after my visit to Yencheng in 1947 that the Communists overran the province

learn the languages of the peoples where they are working. Others will be able to carry on their work without having to learn a new language. As time goes on, it may be clear that a large number of these transferred missionaries should return to China. Let us all pray that that may be true, and soon. The work in China is not at a standstill but is moving forward. From time to time we receive brief reports telling of meetings being held, of baptisms, and of other activities. Our workers in China are bound by common ties with us in the world work, and will continue to feel the fellowship of the third angel's message though partially separated from their fellow believers in other countries. Their courage and devotion are great, and we can expect continued progress in the great land of China.

It was more than sixty-one years ago that the work of Seventh-day Adventists was first started in China. It was begun in Hong Kong by Abram La Rue, an ex-shepherd whose burden for the Chinese led him to travel across the broad Pacific to bring them the light when he was sixty-nine years of age. He labored alone in Hong Kong for fourteen years until 1902 when the first regular missionaries sent out by the General Conference arrived to take up the burden. Pastor La Rue had seven converts ready and awaiting baptism. When he passed away a year later he willed his small savings to the cause in China. He had done all that he could, in giving his life and his means, to advance God's message there. Surely our heavenly Father will not allow such sacrifice and devotion to pass without bringing into being a yet greater work in China. In these times of perplexity and unrest we must have confidence that "the program of coming events is in the hands of the Lord. The Majesty of heaven has the destiny of nations, as well as the concerns of his church, in his own charge. . . . Finite men are not left to carry the burden of responsibility. We need to trust in God, believe in him, and go forward."

The Glory of God

(Continued from page 13)

Some of the most remarkable things about this village would not be apparent on the surface. For one thing, you would find that its residents are far from satisfied with its population. They are incessantly bombarding the surrounding territory, it seems, with every legitimate sort of inducement to entice people to become members of the community. To this end they spend thousands of dollars annually for free literature, which is distributed by hand and by mail at great distances all around. Five powerful radio stations broadcast weekly programs which have as their purpose the building of the population of this strange community. In addition, all

the ministers, with a part of the municipal directors, spend several months each winter in public-speaking engagements throughout the province in a further effort toward the same goal.

The financial setup in this place is staggering. None of the churches, schools, or other institutions within its borders are tax supported, although every citizen pays the regular taxes into public funds. In fact, every building has been built without using tax money. After the regular taxes are paid these strange people insist on supporting all these schools, all these churches, and the hospital, to a large degree, out of their private incomes. And this is not all, for beyond all these expenses thousands of dollars are sent out of the community for mission enterprises around the world.

They must be a community of paupers after all their money is spent in this way? Not at all. Notice their neat homes lining the shady village streets. Behold them as they sally forth to go to church on a Sabbath morning—they are well dressed. And look at the rows of shiny automobiles parked around the churches during the services. No, they are not paupers. In spite of the fact that they seem determined to give all their money away, they, in some mysterious fashion, seem always to have a little more. With the surplus they buy more literature to give away; they give some more thousands in freewill offerings; they buy an astounding amount of books annually; and they are always ready to give a dollar or two to someone less fortunate than they.

Advent Town is growing by leaps and bounds too. How could it do otherwise with such a head of steam up? Something like 100 per cent increase in ten years does not seem unlikely.

As you know, this is *not* an extraordinary record when it is compared with the growth and progress of the third angel's message in the earth. Look into any statistical table published by the Seventh-day Adventist denomination, and you will find this to be true. Year by year the record, almost without exception, is one of progress. And that is the way God intends it to be.

Long, long ago God promised that His work would close in glory. At a time when it seemed that the people of God might rebel and refuse to carry out the directions of their Creator, He said, "As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." That declaration was not dependent upon humanity; therefore, it is sure. The last book in the Bible carries the same promise of victory for God's cause in these last days. "I saw another angel come down from heaven, having great power; and the earth was lightened with his glory." Both these promises include humanity in their fulfilling, but they are not dependent upon it.

It is a grand thing to be young and to be a part of a movement that cannot fail. This is the happy lot of Advent youth—

as long as they are willing to *be* Advent youth.

Occasionally I have met disgruntled young people who are inclined to disagree with denominational policies and practice. Some of them seem to feel that if they refuse to cooperate, the whole structure of the organization will crumble and come to nought. This might actually be true if there were enough of them in the same frame of mind, *if* this were not God's movement. But it *is*, and it *is* going to triumph.

When Jesus was making His triumphal entry into Jerusalem there were some standing by who disliked what was going on. Rather sourly they requested the Master to hush up the boisterous shouts of the multitude. Jesus said, "I tell you that, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out." The triumphal entry of God's closing message in the world cannot be hushed up, and it will not fail even though we fail to give it our support. No, the question is not at all whether the message will triumph. We need not be concerned about that. The question that should concern us is whether we shall triumph with it, and we shall if we keep in step with it.

And so the next time you see one of those rather dull-looking statistical tabulations somewhere, do not pass it by without looking at it. Analyze it a bit, and you will find that it is one of God's mileposts in these last days—one of the most inspiring!

A Visit to Betikama Missionary School

By LYN THRIFT
Batuna, Solomon Islands

NO DOUBT you people in other parts of the world often wish you could see just what work is being carried on in mission fields, and what your prayers, efforts, and sacrifices have helped to accomplish. If you would like to visit the training school for the Solomon Islands, you had better come by flight of imagination, for you may not be fortunate enough to secure passage on any of the few ships and fewer planes that come this way.

But let us suppose you have crossed the miles of water and are ashore at the capital, Honiara, on Guadalcanal. It will be rather strange, trying to think you are in a capital, for there are no paved streets, and the bush is still stubbornly resisting human invasion. However, here is the jeep, so let us go and see the school for ourselves.

If you watch, you will see the headquarters of our mission, but we shall pass that by and take the road that follows the curve of the beach. It will not be long now before we pass through a coconut plantation and come to the top of a hill from which we can see the school buildings.

How would you like to stop and have a look at the place from here? You would! Good! Right in front of us is the garden, and we are quite proud of its size, since we started it just seven months ago.

"But what queer buildings! It is unusual to see a round roof on a house."

Well, they are not out of the ordinary here, for the American Army used them. They have steel frames, and the advantage of being easily erected and durable. Each one houses eighteen boys, and they prefer to be in groups of that size.

"Is that a river I can see, or am I having hallucinations from the heat and humidity?"

No, that is a river all right, the Lunga, and it is an excellent place for swimming. You can see that many of the houses are only fifty yards from it, and the boys have many good times chasing one another through the water. Sometimes crocodiles come past, but their visits are very infrequent. Wait until we approach closer. You too will want to get into it in spite of any fears you may have of reptiles.

Just across the river is the Henderson Airfield, and the Americans still maintain a base there. It was for the line of trees at the river that the Allies had to fight very hard in 1942. Often we see things that remind us of the grim struggle that took place among these hills. But it is hot out here in the sun. Let us go down to the houses and have a look at them.

We have fifty-four boys here now, and they come from almost every one of these islands. If they all spoke as they did in their own villages, we would have our own private Babel with ten different languages and dialects, but English is rapidly taking the place of Marovo as the common language. This is greatly to be desired, for it opens up so much for the boys to read.

We will have a look at their dormitories, and then see them at their work.

"I say, this house is well fitted up. Where did you get those beds? They look good and seem to be strong too."

Three of the boys made them during part of their last vacation at Batuna. When we came here all the parts were tied in neat bundles, with everything cut to size, and then they were put together in real assembly-line style. Before long there should be lockers between the beds, and then there will be room to store properly the odds and ends that constitute a native's treasures. There are two more houses like this one, and another fitted up as a school. But we hope soon we will be able to start on our permanent school building.

"What's wrong there? It seems that a birdhouse is on fire!"

Actually that is not an aviary, although it is often called "Sevelus's birdcage," after the native carpenter who built it. That is just the smoke coming out of the vent over the *motu* or stone oven. These boys would never allow the culinary establishment to burn down.

"I notice that some of the boys are very dark, but others have light-colored skins? Do they come from different places?"

Yes, the ones with the dark skins come from the western Solomons, and some of them really are black. The light-colored ones come from Rennel and Bellona islands, and have been here just a few weeks. The people of these islands are Polynesians, and have many characteristics and customs that are different from those of the inhabitants of other parts of this island world.

Over where the sweet potatoes are being planted you will see a real patchwork of black, brown, and light-brown backs.

"Talking about the sweet potatoes, how much ground do you have planted now, and what are you growing?"

At present fifteen acres have been plowed, and most have been planted. Of course, sweet potatoes are the most important crop; but we have tapioca, bananas, pineapples, corn, soybeans, and native cabbages as well. Some of the plowed area near the road will soon be planted with yams.

Would you like to have a look inside our school?

"Certainly!"

As you can see, our desks are not finished, but we are working for the day when we shall be properly set up. You will not see many textbooks or library books, but they too will come in time. All the teaching is done in English, and the boys conduct their worships and Sabbath meetings in the same language.

"Isn't that river close! I didn't think it was as wide as that. I guess that high bank is needed if you have any floods."

That bank is twenty-six feet above the usual level of the river, but just after we came here the water rose to within three feet of the top. You can see that the river spreads out to about five hundred yards wide when it reaches that height, so it would take a really big flood to come over it. That flood I was talking about came when we were short of food for the boys, and before our own gardens had started to produce; but it helped us a great deal. Some of the stores at the Army camp were flooded, and the food stocks damaged, and that which could be salvaged carried us through the lean time. God provided for us then, and has done so in many other ways, and we are sure that as we work with Him to establish this school His guidance will lead to success.

The Captain Calls for You!

(Continued from page 5)

anchorage, for a faith which will withstand the pressures of the present time. The reading habits of men and women are changing. According to the latest indexes, fiction has tumbled from the top of the list, and now religion stands third place in the volume of books sold.

Missionary Volunteers must come to life everywhere, and assist the church in revitalizing her soul-winning program if she is to survive in this fast-moving age.

Many people are deciding now how they will live for the rest of their lives, and they are giving Christianity a hearing. If Christ is the glad tidings the world needs, we must not share our faith in a passive, incidental, and lukewarm manner. If this compulsion is laid on us, we will work at it as though we were working for our own safety, insistently, perseveringly. It means, also, that in this sharing of our faith we will share life. Around the world the issue has been joined in a spiritual struggle for the life of man. If we really believe in Christ and in the message of the remnant church, our money will not be enough, our prayers will not be enough; it will have to be life, our own life, committed to the glad tidings we have to tell.

As you face the tremendous challenges and opportunities of 1950, may God bless you who bear the torch of truth with joy and courage.

Ye Are My Witnesses

(Continued from page 9)

terday, although it was the prophet Mohammed's birthday. No, this young man will have to obey the army regulations, or be punished accordingly."

The minister saw that it was time to speak firmly.

"Sir, we are ready to serve our country. But instead of taking life, we shall try to save it. We are not cowards, but we prefer to obey God rather than man. We leave Anthony in your charge, but we know that he would rather die than give up one of his religious principles."

The officer, faced with this firmness, said, "I am sorry; I can do nothing for you. You will have to take the matter to the minister of defense."

Anthony did not feel too happy about the interview. The way was evidently going to be difficult. But he remembered the promise: "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape." He also determined that, by the grace of God, he would be faithful even unto death.

All went well with Anthony the first few days. The officer issuing his uniform looked a little surprised when Anthony said he would not bear arms, but he said the matter would have to be referred higher up.

Then came the Sabbath. With mixed feelings Anthony attended early-morning parade to show that he was present. But as soon as the teaching began he stepped forward and said, "Sir, as you know, I am an Adventist. I cannot take lessons today. With your permission I shall drop out of line."

The sergeant went to the lieutenant.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

When the lieutenant heard what had happened he flew into a rage; and striking Anthony in the face, he said, "Go back into line, you, or worse will come upon you."

Respectfully Anthony replied, "Please, sir, do not be angry with me, but let me speak as your humble servant."

"Speak then!"

"Sir, when I reported for duty I told the officer that I was an Adventist and that even if you killed me, I could not break one of the commands of God."

"Come, then," said the lieutenant, "we shall see the captain."

The captain was told of what Anthony had said.

"You shall do as you are told in your class, or you go to prison."

"Sir," Anthony said, "I cannot go back to the class even though you put me in prison."

"Then to prison you shall go."

It was not long before Anthony found himself marching off to prison in disgrace, yet his heart was light. Had he not done what was right?

In the prison Anthony found a number of companions, and immediately began to share his faith. With his New Testament in his hand he began to read to them of the plan of salvation. But this did not suit the officer in charge of the prison who ordered that the New Testament be taken away.

"You can take away this paper New Testament," said Anthony, "but you cannot take away the New Testament in my heart and mind so long as I am alive."

Determined to keep him quiet, the officer ordered that Anthony be placed in a small room by himself. Here he remembered the experience of Paul and Silas, and he began to sing. It seemed that Anthony could *not* be kept quiet!

In desperation the officer sent word to the captain that his charge could not be prevented from preaching the gospel, a Christian among Moslems! So the captain sent for him, and asked, "Why do you do these things?"

Anthony replied, "Did I not tell you from the beginning that even though you slew me I could not break one of the commandments of my God? Am I a child or do I speak in vain?"

The captain could see that Anthony was not one to be frightened into compliance with regulations. So he changed his tactics.

"Your brother," he said, "has gone to the capital to the minister of defense to secure a permit for your release. He will be here shortly. Then you can go home without our troubling you or you us. Do your regular duties on these Sabbath days, just for once or twice, or three times at the most, and then you can be released."

"But, sir," said Anthony, "I do not want to leave the army. I want to serve my country. Only I want to be excused from doing those things that I see are contrary to the Word of God."

The captain thought a moment. "Well," he said, "supposing I do excuse you from your duties today, what will you do?"

"I shall have worship in my room," answered Anthony, "and read a portion of the Scriptures, and then go out to do some work of charity, such as visiting the sick or supplying, as far as I am able, the needs of the poor."

"Go," said the captain, "you may go and worship as you desire."

And so Anthony left the officer, overjoyed at the privilege he was being granted and thanking God for victory.

At the next opportunity of meeting the captain Anthony asked whether he could be trained in a medical corps. This request was granted, and Anthony soon found himself at a hospital for training. "But," said the captain, "come back here after you have finished your training; we need you here."

At the hospital Anthony was free to keep the commandments of God, and he applied himself wholeheartedly to his study and work. He became so popular with all that the hospital staff begged him to stay with them. "No," he said, "I promised to go back to my first captain, and I must go."

Thus Anthony shared his faith, and today he still stands as a witness to the truth of God in a Moslem country under Moslem rule. His testimony has been carried to high places. Who can tell what the final results will be? One thing we do know, and that is that God works today even as He worked in days gone by.

A Glimpse Into Liberia, the Negro Republic

(Continued from page 11)

Twenty-two years ago our work had its beginning in Liberia among the Bassa tribe. Our believers from Germany, who were our first missionaries here, went far up into the hinterland, about twenty-eight miles from where we are now living, and there began the first effort to break down the power of Satan on these people, and to bring them the light of the Advent message.

With the aid of the native Bassa men the bush was quickly cut down and burned, and soon houses of mud for dwellings, a church, a clinic, and a school appeared, to lend their concentrated influence to dispel the darkness that surrounded the people. It was slow, laborious work, but at last there were a few faithful believers. After a few years the work branched out; and there were mission stations established at Liiwa, Konola, Lower Buchanan, and finally in the capital city, Monrovia.

When World War II began our German leaders had to leave, and we were the next missionaries to be sent here.

Before being called to mission service

we were thrilled by different experiences that came to those working in those mission fields where hundreds were won yearly to the truth of the third angel's message. We had hoped this would be our experience, but we found the people of Liberia slow to respond to the gospel message. New methods had to be devised for working among the different types. We must preach among the absolute heathen in the bush, among the semicivilized in the towns and villages, and among the educated and cultured in the cities. Our appeal must be made to the Mohammedans and to the nominal Christians, as well as to the actual worshipers of the devil.

Like Paul, we were "made all things to all men, that" we "might by all means save some." In the bush we use the Picture Roll, sing hymns, and when the people gather, do what we can for them along medical lines. Then we tell them the story of Jesus. Among the semicivilized and civilized we use our stereopticon machine and the Bible charts to attract them to our meetings.

These methods seem ineffectual, but somehow God uses them to win souls. We understand as never before the words of the prophet in Zechariah 4:6: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." Now we have five organized churches and many Sabbath school groups in many parts of Liberia. Our membership is nearly five hundred, and there are more than two hundred in the baptismal and hearers' classes.

Our schools established at Konola, Monrovia, and Bassa are now proving their worth. In past years we experienced little results, but daily the seed was sown in the classroom, and now we are beginning to see the harvest. Many have been baptized, and are proving faithful despite bitter persecutions.

Two years ago the president of Liberia made an official visit to Grand Bassa County, where one of our largest schools is located. The most elaborate preparations were made to welcome him. Each school planned some entertainment, and the army drilled and drilled so that everything that should characterize an official welcome for the chief executive would move with precision and dispatch. Our church and school boys were in the army drilling with all the others, because Liberian law drafts all youth who reach sixteen years of age into the army. Preparations were completed: houses were painted and whitewashed; the grass was cut in the streets; beautiful wreaths decorated each corner.

Then that eventful Wednesday dawned! Our boys donned their khaki, which had been washed and starched to perfection, and from early morning stood with all the other soldiers on the beach awaiting the arrival of the president, who was to come by sea. All day Wednesday we waited,

but he did not come. Thursday all day we waited—he did not come. Friday saw the same thing, and the president still had not come. But by radiogram we learned that he would arrive the next day, Sabbath!

A great test was before these boys—to keep the Sabbath, according to the commandment, or to obey the command of the government. The next day when Sabbath school began all were in church. Oh, how we praised God for the courageous stand these boys had taken. But our rejoicing was short-lived, for a few minutes later a detachment of military police marched up to the mission compound with orders to bring the boys to the beach.

Then the colonel commanded each of them to take his position in his company. Each in turn respectfully said he could not do it and sin against God, because today was God's holy day. Prayer after prayer of thanksgiving ascended to God from our hearts at this unfaltering witness to His truth. The colonel angrily ordered the lads locked in the guardhouse, and there they remained while the guns boomed and the crowds cheered the arrival of His Excellency the President.

At sundown the boys were released by presidential order. My husband requested, and was granted, an audience with the president and his corps of officers to explain why we were imprisoned. Never will we forget how God worked for us that day. The scriptures seemed literally to spring before him as he endeavored to present the Bible truth and the solemn obligation that is ours to obey the commandments of God implicitly.

Despite violent opposition by the officials of the army and government, the president granted our request, freeing us from the obligation to perform military duty on the Sabbath, and placing all Seventh-day Adventist boys in the medical corps! All this because our boys were courageous enough to go to prison rather than deny their faith!

The future is bright for our work in Liberia. Trusting divine guidance and with our courage strong in the Lord, we renew our consecration to the great unfinished task of bringing the news of a soon-coming Saviour to the two million people of Liberia who have never heard it.

China Training Institute

(Continued from page 4)

and just behind it is the administration building. In addition to containing many of the classrooms, it also houses the various administration offices of the institution. President T. S. Geraty's office, as well as that of the dean, is located just to the right of the entrance, and on the opposite side are the offices of Treasurer F. A. Landis, as well as those of the principal of the academy. Pastor Landis is an "old China hand," and was with C.T.I. many years ago. This year his wife is teach-

OUR COVER

A scene near picturesque Peiping, the ancient Chinese capital, is featured on our cover page. The wall with its protecting moat and its several tall towers, one of which is our central motif, is many hundreds of years old, for it was built during the rule of the Ming Dynasty.

ing the children of the American members of our staff.

To the right of the administration building is located our industrial center with Karl Fischer in charge. The Fischers are recently from Walla Walla College, in the United States, and they began their teaching service with us this term.

Just beyond is the boys' dormitory, and to our left is a new apartment building, which houses teachers and the college men. This building was begun before the Japanese occupation, but was only recently completed. The girls will occupy new quarters later this year, and you can see their home just a bit farther on, near the dining hall. Those two quonset huts were built after our evacuation from the north. One houses the science department, and the other serves as quarters for the Bible correspondence school.

That other quonset? That is the new home of the Harold Coles family. They came to us from Emmanuel Missionary College, and he is in charge of our agriculture department. We hope they soon will have a new roof, for during our great typhoon earlier in the season a part of their roof took leave of them. I had better add that the dining hall and also the girls' dormitory lost parts of their roofs during the same storm.

You have doubtless noticed those two cottages farther below. One is the home of the Geratys, and the other is where the Karl Fischers live. Oh, yes, I did not mention those over there to the extreme right, but they are the farm buildings of which Mr. Cole has charge.

While you are here we want you to meet each of the teachers, and we hope also that you will be able to see all our students. Some of the teachers are veterans of several evacuations, and many of them have a "story" to tell. This reminds me that you will want to see the Memorial Bell, erected in memory of those who lost their lives during the Japanese occupation. I believe you would be interested in seeing many of the activities about the institution. Be prepared, of course, to have a little "word" to say should you be called upon to speak to our school group! We have about two hundred students this year. We are small because of our cramped quarters and because of the turmoil of political conditions in China. It is, of course, due to the political condition prevailing that we are not at our real home—way up north near the Yangtze River, about thirty-five miles

from Nanking. We sometimes feel that ours should be called "evacuation college," for we are here for the second time, and during the war with Japan the school had to be moved out to the far west near Chungking.

Visit us soon again and often, and frequently remember us in your prayers. China is a tremendous country, and the task of warning these millions that Jesus is soon coming is stupendous. In comparison our efforts seem indeed puny.

The Story of Biakhawna

(Continued from page 10)

fied in this Gibraltar of heathenism. There would be hardships and a new language to learn. But I assure you from the Holy Word that even though you come with tears you will reap in joy.

Many times when I see the great need I wish that I had the knowledge, and that I were at least three persons so that I would be a teacher, a preacher, and a doctor all at the same time. If you were here and saw the need, you would feel the same. Please come!

Palau Visit

(Continued from page 6)

are glad for their influence in the cause of truth, and glad most of all that these honors have come to them because of their fidelity to God and the principles of His kingdom.

A Bedouin Boy

(Continued from page 16)

the tent where a gypsy boy lay," and how applicable it seemed to this very situation.

The Middle East has not been touched yet with the gospel—one church member to every sixty-five thousand people. How long will these masses of humanity remain in darkness?

A Family Talk Across the Sea

(Continued from page 8)

passed the limit of propriety, and then De Foucauld, judging a public rebuke ill-timed, left the fellowship. He still sat at the table, but he withdrew himself to the secret chamber of his soul. He dropped out. He did not hear. He thought of other things. Quite often someone would notice and remark that the visitor must be scandalized, but he replied, "I was not listening. I did not hear." And it was true. He was in his oratory.

For a time we could not get through to our children. We were hindered from making the contact. Have you tried to get through to God, and failed? Is your prayer life a sham? What has hindered

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you and caused His voice to fade into silence? Could it be that some cherished sin has stood between you and God. "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." By the confession of sin we may clear the King's highway. The year 1950 looms before us, bright with the promise of new-found spiritual power, if we will but cleanse this highway of every distraction and give the King of the universe the opportunity He desires to speak to us.

We knew we were not merely talking to ourselves that long-to-be-remembered day. On one occasion, it is said, a man went into a telephone booth to call up a friend. In the midst of his conversation the door opened beside him and a little boy called out, "O Mamma! Come and look. Here's a man talking to himself." Some people think that way about prayer. Ours was a two-way conversation across the Atlantic. We did not do all the talking. We longed to hear the familiar voices of our dear ones. We listened, and hung on every word, and repeated them to each other afterward. Do you do all the talking when you pray? Some people think that is all prayer is—just talking. They do not let God talk to them. They are poor listeners. Prayer is not only talking, it is also listening. Take God's Word or some devotional book, read, and then meditate. Let Him speak to you. Then maybe you will not need to say so much to Him. If you have failed here in your prayer life, dear friend, will you not resolve now, at the start of this new year, to make prayer a force instead of a farce in your experience? As well as talking to your heavenly Father, will you not listen to what the Lord God has to say to you? Be assured He has much to tell you.

Ellen G. White, the Lord's special messenger, says: "If we keep the Lord ever before us, allowing our hearts to go out in thanksgiving and praise to Him, we shall have a continual freshness in our religious life. Our prayers will take the form of a conversation with God, as we would talk with a friend."

When we talked across the sea it was just a family affair, and we spoke about the little intimate things of family life. Surely our Father wants us to do just that with

A MAN with both feet on the ground has not far to fall.—JOHN W. RAPER.

I HAVE been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE hills ahead look hard and steep and high,
And often we behold them with a sigh;
But as we near them level grows the road,
We find on every slope, with every load,
The climb is not so steep, the top so far,
The hills ahead look harder than they are!

—DOUGLAS MALLOCK.

Him. He loves to have us come to Him just as we are, and tell Him about our joys and sorrows and the little things of the daily experience.

"Prayer is the opening of the heart to God as to a friend."

"Nothing that in any way concerns our peace is too small for Him to notice. There is no chapter in our experience too dark for Him to read; there is no perplexity too difficult for Him to unravel. No calamity can befall the least of His children, no anxiety harass the soul, no joy cheer, no sincere prayer escape the lips, of which our heavenly Father is unobservant, or in which He takes no immediate interest."

As I was ready and even hastened for love's sake to grant my boy's request for the bicycle tire, so our heavenly Father longs to grant us our requests if it will be for our good. How wonderful to know that we have such a Father as that!

It was a precious season that day—we did not want to say good-by. We lingered. We were loath to lose the sound of those dear voices. We found excuses to stay and talk longer. So it is with those who meet with God in the secret place and listen to His voice. If more than two hundred thousand Adventist youth throughout the world could find such reality and joy in their prayer life this year, what a power would go out from their lives to bless this distraught world! The very glory of God would shine from their faces, and men and women would know that indeed there is a God in heaven.

Yes, indeed it was a thrilling experience to talk to loved ones on another continent. Dear young friends, you and I may have that thrill every day by tuning in to heaven and actually talking with the One who loves us and longs to have us open our hearts to Him and to listen to what He has to tell us. Such an experience will bring reality, joy, and power to all who enter into it.

Thank God for the mighty "Share Your Faith" call that has gone out to our youth in all the world. This must be more than a beautiful slogan. We must have a living, dynamic faith to share. This will be found in the secret place of prayer, for true "prayer is the key in the hand of faith to unlock heaven's storehouse, where are treasured the boundless resources of Omnipotence." This was the secret of the power of the youth whom God called to build this great Second Advent Movement in the early days. This will be the secret of the power of the youth whom God calls to finish His work on earth. The hour is late. It challenges us to greater things for God. Will you, my friend, join now in an act of faith and consecration, and claim a new power and reality in this the greatest privilege the New Year holds for us—communion with our Father in heaven? Stanley Combridge sings:

"I used to know a lot about the Lord,
I'd read about His life from out His Word;
I thought it really wonderful indeed—
But of Him or of His help, I felt no need.
One day His Spirit spoke right to my heart
And told me all about the better part.
So now I sit like Mary at His feet—
The converse which He holds with me is sweet;
And so, my friend, with you my faith I'd share—
To know your Saviour you must find Him there."



Senior Youth Lesson

II—"Teach Us to Pray"

(January 14)

MEMORY VERSE: Romans 8:26.
LESSON HELP: *Mount of Blessing*, pp. 119-130.

1. Questions 1, 2; memorize Romans 8:26.
2. Questions 3, 4; "Mount of Blessing," pp. 119-121.
3. Questions 5, 6; "Mount of Blessing," pp. 122-124.
4. Questions 7, 8; "Mount of Blessing," pp. 125-128.
5. Questions 9, 10; "Mount of Blessing," pp. 129, 130.
6. Questions 11, 12; repeat Romans 8:26.
7. Review. Answer questions without referring to texts.

1. What request did the disciples at one time make of Jesus? Luke 11:1.

NOTE.—In answer to the disciples' request Jesus gave them no new form of prayer. Neither does He restrict us to the exact words of His prayer. "As one with humanity, He presents His own ideal of prayer,—words so simple that they may be adopted by the little child, yet so comprehensive that their significance can never be fully grasped by the greatest minds. We are taught to come to God with our tribute of thanksgiving, to make known our wants, to confess our sins, and to claim His mercy in accordance with His promise."—*Mount of Blessing*, pp. 152, 153.

2. What motive often prompts the prayer of the hypocrite? How does the true follower of Jesus pray? Matt. 6:5, 6.

NOTE.—"We must have a knowledge of ourselves, a knowledge that will result in contrition, before we can find pardon and peace. The Pharisee felt no conviction of sin. The Holy Spirit could not work with him. His soul was encased in a self-righteous armor which the arrows of God, barbed and true-aimed by angel hands, failed to penetrate. It is only he who knows himself to be a sinner that Christ can save."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 158.

3. Who is imitated when vain repetitions are used in prayer? Why is "much speaking" in prayer unnecessary? Matt. 6:7, 8.

4. What promise is made to those who ask, seek, and knock? Luke 11:9, 10; James 1:6.

NOTE.—Parents will and must refuse some things asked by children, but they do not refuse food to children when they are hungry. So our heavenly Father responds to the cry of him who hungers and thirsts after righteousness.

5. To whom may we leave the answer to our prayers? Knowing that He hears, of what may we be confident? 1 John 5:14, 15.

NOTE.—"When we pray for earthly blessings, the answer to our prayer may be delayed, or God may give us something other than we ask; but not so when we ask for deliverance from sin. It is His will to cleanse us from sin, to make us His children, and to enable us to live a holy life. Christ 'gave Himself for our sins, that He might deliver us from this present evil

world, according to the will of God and our Father."—*Ministry of Healing*, p. 70.

6. How constant should we be in lifting up our hearts to God in prayer? Luke 18:1.

7. What brief petitions illustrate two kinds of prayer that are always answered? Matt. 14:30; Luke 23:42.

8. In response to Solomon's humble prayers what assurance did God give him that his prayers were accepted? 1 Kings 3:5-12.

NOTE.—"The language used by Solomon while praying to God before the ancient altar at Gibeon, reveals his humility and his strong desire to honor God. He realized that without divine aid, he was as helpless as a little child to fulfill the responsibilities resting on him. He knew that he lacked discernment, and it was a sense of his great need that led him to seek God for wisdom. In his heart there was no selfish aspiration for a knowledge that would exalt him above others. He desired to discharge faithfully the duties devolving upon him, and he chose the gift that would be the means of causing his reign to bring glory to God. Solomon was never so rich or so wise or so truly great as when he confessed, 'I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in.'"—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 30.

9. In Hezekiah's prayer for deliverance from the army of Sennacherib what reason was expressed for his petition? How did God assure him that his prayer was heard? 2 Kings 19:15-20.

NOTE.—"Hezekiah's pleadings in behalf of Judah and of the honor of their Supreme Ruler, were in harmony with the mind of God. . . . Hezekiah was not left without hope. Isaiah sent to him, saying: 'Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, That which thou hast prayed to Me against Sennacherib king of Assyria I have heard.'"—*Ibid.*, p. 359.

10. What was the result of Daniel's humble prayers regarding the deliverance of God's people from captivity? Dan. 9:3-6, 19-23.

11. What should be our attitude as we approach God in prayer?

Answer.—We may learn from the following scriptures the proper attitude of one who approaches God in prayer: With reverence, Exodus 3:2-6; Hebrews 12:28; in quietness and alone, Acts 9:40; Luke 9:18; kneel before Him whenever possible, Psalms 95:6.

12. In view of our nearness to the end how are God's followers exhorted? 1 Peter 4:7.

Junior Lesson

II—"Lord, Teach Us to Pray"

(January 14)

LESSON TEXTS: Exodus 3:1-6; Matthew 6:5-8; Luke 11:1-10.

MEMORY VERSE: "The end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer." 1 Peter 4:7.

Guiding Thought

"As He [Jesus] returned from the hours of prayer that closed the toilsome day, they [the disciples] marked the look of peace upon His face, the sense of refreshment that seemed to pervade His presence. It was from hours spent with God that He came forth, morning by morning, to bring the light of heaven to men. The disciples had come to connect His hours of prayer with the power of His words and works. Now, as they listened to His supplication, their hearts were awed and humbled. As He ceased praying, it was with a conviction of their own deep need that they exclaimed, 'Lord, teach us to pray.'"—*Mount of Blessing*, p. 152.

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson texts and Guiding Thought.

ASSIGNMENT 2

We Need to Learn to Pray

1. As the disciples watched Jesus pray, and noticed the power and the peace that prayer with His Father gave Him, what were they moved to ask Him? Luke 11:1.

2. When we feel the need to talk with our Father, yet do not know how to speak to Him, what help has God promised us? Rom. 8:26.

NOTE.—Another translation of this verse reads, "In the same way the Spirit helps us in our weakness, for we do not know how to pray as we should, but the Spirit itself pleads for us

with inexpressible yearnings." SMITH, GOOD-SPEED, *The Bible: An American Translation*, University of Chicago Press. We often feel we need to talk to our Father, but we do not know how to frame the sentences, how to choose the words. Then it is that the Spirit prays for us, and makes our clumsy expressions of thanks and requests fit for God's throne.

ASSIGNMENT 3

What to Avoid in Prayer

3. What kind of praying does Christ warn us against? Matt. 6:5.

NOTE.—"The Pharisees had stated hours for prayer; and when, as often came to pass, they were abroad at the appointed time, they would pause wherever they might be,—perhaps in the street or the market-place, amid the hurrying throngs of men,—and there in a loud voice rehearse their formal prayers. Such worship, offered merely for self-glorification, called for unsparing rebuke from Jesus. He did not, however, discountenance public prayer; for He Himself prayed with His disciples, and in the presence of the multitude. But He teaches that private prayer is not to be made public."—*Mount of Blessing*, p. 125.

4. Name one other thing that Christ tells us to avoid in our prayers. Verse 7.

NOTE.—In Tibet the worshippers of Buddha have prayer wheels on which are inscribed the short prayer, "Ah Mah Ni Pah Mi Hung." These wheels are placed in the temples, and also in places of business and at the door of the homes, and as each enters or leaves he gives it a few turns. The more times he turns the wheel the more merit he receives. There is no real translation of the queer words, "Ah Mah Ni Pah Mi Hung." They refer to the Tibetan conception of the six states of existence, and this "vain repetition" is a prayer for a higher existence in the next life.

ASSIGNMENT 4

Continuing in Prayer

5. What did Christ teach us about continuing in prayer? Luke 18:1.

NOTE.—Billy had a friend whose father had just bought him a flute. He listened enviously to Laurie's tootings on the instrument, and went home to ask his father whether he would buy him a flute too. "We'll see," said father. The next day Billy again begged for a flute, and the next, but by the next week his interest began to show signs of flagging. Grant, his next-door neighbor, had been given a puppy, and now Billy was asking his father for a puppy. Would Billy's father have been wise if he had given in to Billy and bought him the flute as soon as he asked for it? So God deals with us. If we continue to pray for something, then He knows that we really want it.

6. What does the apostle James say about prayers and faith that vary? James 1:6.

7. What parable did Christ tell to impress on us the need to continue in prayer? Luke 11:5-10.

NOTE.—"In like manner the disciples were to seek blessings from God. In the feeding of the multitude and in the sermon on the bread from heaven, Christ had opened to them their work as His representatives. They were to give the bread of life to the people. He who had appointed their work, saw how often their faith would be tried. Often they would be thrown into unexpected positions, and would realize their human insufficiency. Souls that were hungering for the bread of life would come to them, and they would feel themselves to be destitute and helpless. They must receive spiritual food, or they would have nothing to impart. But they were not to turn one soul away unfed."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 140.

ASSIGNMENT 5

Prayers That Honor God

8. When Solomon prayed for understanding, was it for his honor or for the honor of God and His chosen people that he asked for this gift? 1 Kings 3:7-13.

9. When Solomon offered his prayer at the dedication of the Temple (1 Kings 8:23-53), whose glory did he seek? 1 Kings 8:43. How did God show His pleasure in this prayer? 1 Kings 9:2-5.

10. What was the burden of Hezekiah's prayer when Sennacherib, king of Babylon, sent his message through Rabshakeh to Hezekiah (2 Kings 18:17-37)? 2 Kings 19:15-19.

NOTE.—"Hezekiah's pleadings in behalf of Judah and of the honor of their Supreme Ruler,

were in harmony with the mind of God. Solomon, in his benediction at the dedication of the temple, had prayed the Lord to maintain 'the cause of His people Israel at all times, as the matter shall require: that all the people of the earth may know that the Lord is God, and that there is none else.' Especially was the Lord to show favor when, in times of war or of oppression by an army, the chief men of Israel should enter the house of prayer and plead for deliverance."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 359.

ASSIGNMENT 6

Things That Help Us Pray

11. In contrast to the hypocrites, who prayed openly, how should we pray? Matt. 6:6.

NOTE.—"Have a place for secret prayer. Jesus had select places for communion with God, and so should we. We need often to retire to some spot, however humble, where we can be alone with God."—*Mount of Blessing*, p. 125.

12. In what attitude should we pray? Ps. 95:6; Neh. 8:6.

13. What was Moses told to do when He was bidden to enter God's presence? Ex. 3:4, 5.

NOTE.—"Humility and reverence should characterize the deportment of all who come into the presence of God. In the name of Jesus we may come before Him with confidence, but we must not approach Him with the boldness of presumption, as though He were on a level with ourselves."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 252.

ASSIGNMENT 7

FILL IN THE CONSONANTS:

Our prayers should not

Be made to e _ e _ o _ e _ (Matt. 6:5.)

Or with _ ai _ e _ e _ i _ o _ (Matt. 6:7.)

Or with a e i _ (James 1:6.)

But our prayers should be

I _ e _ e _ (Matt. 6:6.)

While we are _ ee _ i _ o _ (Ps. 95:6.)

Or standing with o e _ ea _ (Neh. 8:6.)

KEY TO "OCCUPATIONS"

(1) Uziah. (2) Jubal. (3) Moses. (4) Amos. (5) Elisha. (6) Hiram of Tyre. (7) Samuel's feast for Saul. (8) Levi and Zacchaeus. (9) Jesus. (10) Lydia.

KEY TO "USEFUL ARTICLES ABOUT A FARM"

(1) f. (2) b. (3) d. (4) i. (5) g. (6) j. (7) a. (8) h. (9) e. (10) c.



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THE LISTENING POST

❖ NORTH AMERICAN national parks are sanctuaries for more than 65,000 hooved animals, and for unestimated thousands of carnivores, or flesh eaters.

❖ PRESIDENT HARRY TRUMAN has accepted from the American Veterans of World War II (Amvets) a carillon donated for the memorial amphitheater in Arlington National Cemetery, as a memorial to World War II dead.

❖ EXPERIMENTS which have been carried on under the direction of the American Medical Association prove that hope for relief from common colds and other respiratory diseases by daily prophylactic doses of penicillin has been vain. The results of the trial were entirely negative.

❖ THE Nobel Peace Prize for 1949 has been awarded to Lord Boyd Orr, nutrition expert and crusader for world government. The 69-year-old former director general of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization was the unanimous choice of the committee that makes the annual award.

❖ HARRY ADAMSON, of Truesdell, Wisconsin, was just a humble village carpenter a year ago; but most of 1949 he has spent traveling around the world, paying his way with his scissors and comb. He has traveled 14,000 miles as a ship's barber and about 600,000 miles as a haircutter on transcontinental trains. He plans to spend the next few months cruising in South American waters.

❖ THE magazine *Newsweek* reports that at Jomyo Temple in Tazaki-Machi, on the southern island of Kyushu, the Export Frogs Legs Producers Association recently sponsored a Buddhist memorial service for 150,000 frogs which were sacrificed in filling a six-ton export order from the United States. Prayers were offered for enlightenment of the souls of the creatures, and incense was burned before an altar bearing the portrait of a frog.

❖ EMMET J. LEAHY, executive director of the National Recorder Management Council and a member of the Hoover Commission task force on records management, estimates that American businessmen waste \$200,000,000 a year by their inefficiency in record keeping. Surveys show that the average office full of records should be broken up approximately like this: 33 per cent of the files should be retained in the office for current operations and permanent checking; another 33 per cent should be transferred to an economical, efficient record center; and the rest should be destroyed. To keep a file cabinet in an office, says Mr. Leahy, costs about \$29 a year. In a records center the same papers can be held on call for \$2.15.

❖ AGRICULTURE and industry are being expanded in a big way in Texas these days. In Dallas, for instance, the Alford Refrigerated Warehouse has been built recently—one of the largest storage plants in the United States. It comprises two parallel one-story buildings each three tenths of a mile long and 250 feet wide. Double railroad tracks on their outer sides can accommodate 160 cars. The floors of the structures are so extensive that they were laid with the aid of highway paving equipment. They contain enough concrete to make a twenty-five-foot road six miles long. A much larger warehouse and building project is being planned for Houston, which involves an investment of approximately \$50,000,000.

❖ ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD Franklin J. Miller is the youngest amateur radio operator in Canada. A seventh-grade student, Franklin passed the Department of Transport examinations for his license, and has received international call letters.

❖ WITHIN the boundaries of the State of Wisconsin are 8,289 lakes, 3,747 of which have an area of over 10 miles.

❖ THE flavoring for licorice, children's favorite candy, is secured from goldenrod.

❖ A RECORD postwar wheat harvest is in sight for Europe.

❖ EUROPEAN silk is produced largely in Italy.

❖ LAST year 17,000,000 pairs of eye aids were sold to the American people.

❖ ITALY is to have a corps of policewomen to "protect good manners and fight feminine and juvenile delinquency."

❖ PRESIDENT HARRY TRUMAN has received from Israel a 55-pound silver ark in which to keep a parchment copy of the Jewish scrolls of the law. The ark was presented by Eliahu Elath, the Israeli ambassador, on behalf of Dr. Chaim Weizmann, president of the new Jewish state.

❖ As of August, 1949, a Federal Government survey showed that there were 480,000 women employed in its far-flung activities. However, only about 500 occupied "positions of recognized authority in the policy-making and administrative fields which merit a yearly salary of over \$5,000."

❖ THE bell of the church at Hjoerring, Jutland, was silent recently. An owl had made its nest inside the bell, and the members decided that the ringing of it would crush mother and chicks. So they watched their clocks on Sunday morning for several weeks, or until the birdlings were grown up and off for themselves.

❖ A SURVEY in Berlin discloses that in that partitioned city of ruins there are living approximately 27,000 persons from at least 36 countries. This figure does not include the members of the Allied occupation families or the military missions attached to them. The total population is estimated at 4,500,000. There are only 23 Negroes on the census rolls.

❖ A NO-RINSE laundry cleansing agent has made its appearance on the American market. Its manufacturer claims that it will cut washday blues in half. The new detergent will save housewives the trouble of rinsing their clothes, and enable them to do their weekly wash in half the time and with half the labor required under present wash-and-rinse methods. The product called No-Rinse Surf is manufactured by Lever Brothers Company, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

❖ BACK in 1904 the late Jack Miner established a bird sanctuary at Kingsville, Ontario. In 1909 he began banding birds, and the data secured in the 37 years in which his system has been followed now provides a vast fund of scientific knowledge for institutions of learning throughout the Dominion and the United States. In 1914 there was incorporated into this bird-banding scheme a feature which made it unique and also successful beyond his dreams. This was the stamping of verses of Scripture on the blank side of duck and goose bands. Many wonderful experiences and messages came to Mr. Miner as a result of this message sending, and it was much appreciated.

One in Understanding

Seventh-day Adventist youth understand the combination of faith and works as set forth in James, the second chapter and the twentieth verse: "But wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead?"

We understand that we must share our faith. We understand that the doctrines that have made us the people we are, are the doctrines that are needed by the world today. There must be faith in God. There must be a sharing of that faith. There must be an understanding of how the love of God works in and through the human heart. There must be an understanding of the need of the human heart for the love of God.

The year 1950 must be an outstanding year for our individual faith and the sharing of that faith. It has been called the mid-century year. Some are calling it the year for the greatest religious crusade since the days of Pentecost.

Let us not be vain youth; but let us have a living faith, a faith that will be shared, a faith that will be made manifest through loyal and earnest work for God. So, Advent youth around the world, from Nome to Rome, from Dover to Durban, and from Mount Vernon to Montevideo are united in sharing their faith. For 1950 it is awake, arise, evangelize.

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.



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SOUTH LANCASTER, MASSACHUSETTS



Southern Missionary College

"THE SCHOOL OF STANDARDS"

COLLEGE DALE, TENNESSEE



Canadian Union College

"THE SCHOOL OF CHARACTER"

COLLEGE HEIGHTS, ALBERTA, CANADA



Southwestern Junior College

"WHERE STUDENTS LEARN TO LIVE"

KEENE, TEXAS



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



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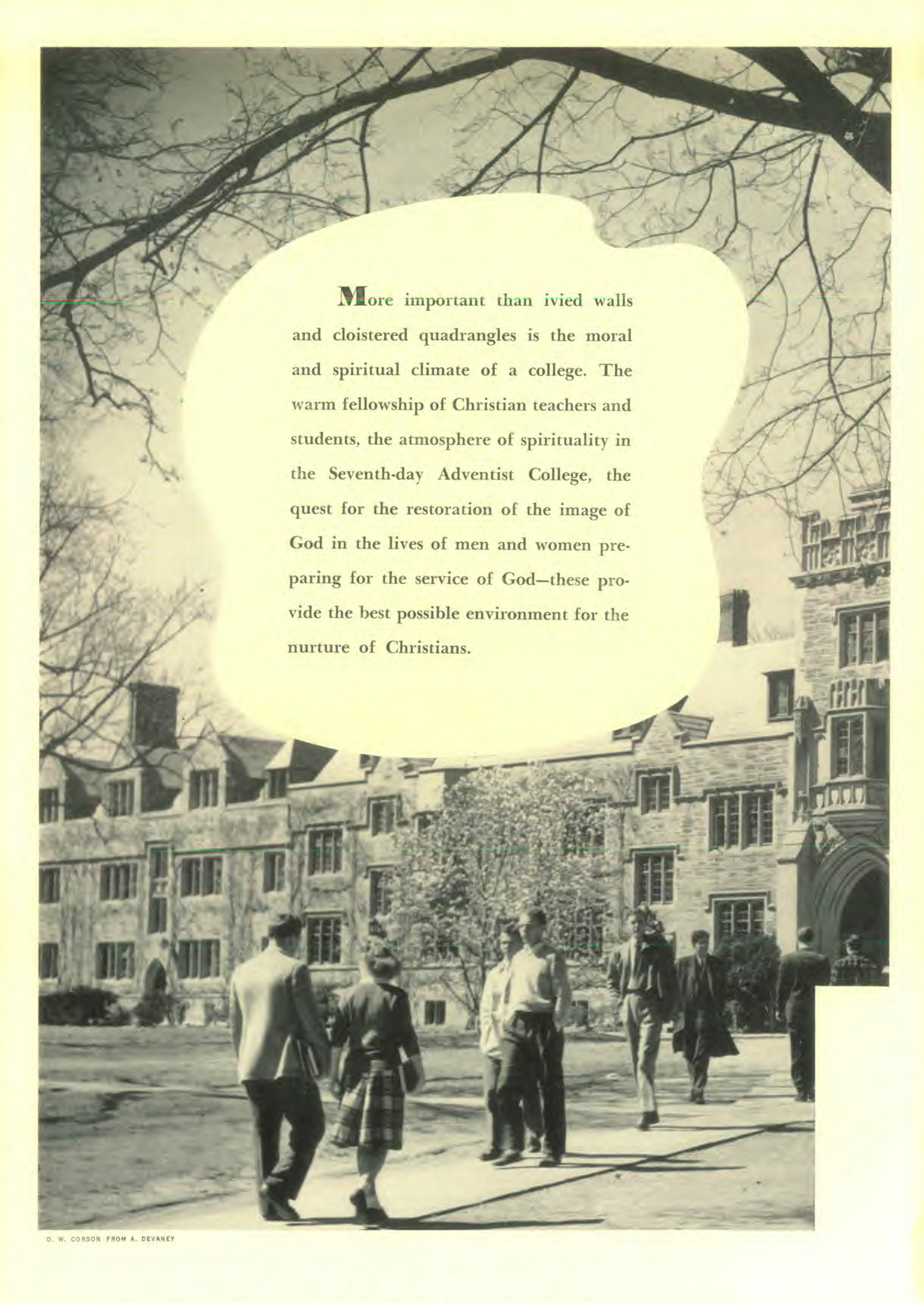
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"Upon Christian youth depend in a great measure the preservation and perpetuity of the institutions which God has devised as a means by which to advance His work."—*Counsels to Teachers*, p. 99.

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
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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.



More important than ivied walls and cloistered quadrangles is the moral and spiritual climate of a college. The warm fellowship of Christian teachers and students, the atmosphere of spirituality in the Seventh-day Adventist College, the quest for the restoration of the image of God in the lives of men and women preparing for the service of God—these provide the best possible environment for the nurture of Christians.