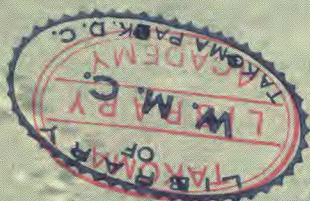


41324



INSTRUCTOR

The Youth's





LET'S TALK IT OVER

IT IS an arresting thought that right now, today, this very moment, the angel of the Lord is encamped "round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." How often this attending angel protects us from danger seen and unseen we'll never know, but there is wonderful assurance in the knowledge that in every experience of life these angel watchers are on guard, and that through God's grace their power is unlimited to keep us from disaster, if that be our Father's will.

One of our young men in Korea recently wrote his experience to a good friend, Mrs. Theodora Wangerin, who has been evacuated to Japan and is waiting there until she can return to her beloved adopted country. It was written in Korean, of course, and she has sent us a translation, from which we will pass the high lights along to you; for it is a faith-strengthening letter, and all of us need stronger faith and more implicit trust in the All-Father as we try to walk His way in these confusing days.

"When on last June 25 hostilities began in Korea I felt confident that our South Korean Army would quickly defeat the invading North Korean Army; and when it was announced over the radio that Seoul would be defended at any cost, I decided to stay at home with my mother and younger brothers and sisters.

"When things did not turn out as expected, and when our troops were forced to retreat along the Nakdong River, I began to look for a hiding place, because I did not wish to volunteer to join the army. Two friends of mine also found themselves in a dangerous situation, and so the three of us decided to hide in a stock room.

"One day the police, who had been appointed by the North Army, came to our prefecture to search all the houses. It was reported that they were taking all the young men. At first, thinking this to be only a rumor, we paid no attention to it. But before long doubts rose in our mind as to our safety, and we decided to look for another hide-out. We went up to the third floor of our home, where our chapel is and where church services for the Advent believers had been held. We crawled into the attic above through a

small opening, and there prepared a small hiding place.

"Two days later, on July 28, my cousin, also seeking a shelter, joined us. Strange as it may seem, that evening we all were of the same mind, and said one to another, 'Tonight let us not sleep in the stock room as we have been doing. Let us spread out our bedding on the floor, and then let us go up to the third floor of our house, but let us sleep in our clothes. Then if the police come to look for us, we will go to the attic and hide in the little place we have prepared.'

"So after supper the four of us retired to the chapel. We soon fell asleep. Suddenly I was awakened. There was a great commotion at the gate. It was exactly midnight. As I looked out of the window I saw about twenty North Korean police at the door. And when our servant opened it they all rushed into the house.

"During the excitement that followed, my cousin was the only one who was able to climb into the attic. As the searchers entered the second floor I urged my two friends to get up as quickly as possible. I even gave them my flashlight and told them to hurry. I was frightened.

"After having searched every nook and corner of the second floor the police started upstairs. I had to act quickly to get into our little haven of refuge. One of my friends had not as yet crawled clear into the attic, so I gave him a shove and then quickly followed. Just as I was through the small opening the police came. They raised their rifles and fired into the ceiling twice, but the shots did not touch our hiding place.

"Trembling like a leaf, I tried to close the door, but was unable to do so. My friends tried, but they likewise failed. Then we all struggled with it, and as we worked with the door we prayed. My friends were not Christians, but they told me they prayed to the Lord deep in their hearts. We heard the police saying, 'We know that men are in this house. We have seen them, but now we can't even find a baby ant!' Meanwhile we prayed, 'O Lord, save us!' And their flashlights playing over the ceiling did not find our door, which was still open!

"When morning came we decided that we must find another hiding place, so we

arranged to go to Pu Ram San—Buddah's Rock Mountain—a place close to our college out in the country. We spent twenty-nine days in this place, and during that time we prepared havens of refuge in seven different caves. Through the tender mercy of God we never were found, although the police came and made diligent search for us.

"On the night of August 24 we decided to sleep out on the big rock under the stars. During that night all the young men that had been sleeping in the caves were taken. The police came and searched all around the rock on which we were sleeping. They even fired their rifles and threw stones, but none of them touched us and we did not hear them. Neither did they see us or molest us.

"I firmly believe that the God of heaven, who is all-powerful, protected us that night, and at all other times. I give the glory to Him alone. I tried to help my two friends to see that only God's power could have saved us."

And again: A friend driving her car far from home encountered a blinding snowstorm. Could she get through? The drifts were high and her car was small and light. With a prayer in her heart she stopped and stepped out in the snow to clear her windshield wiper. Suddenly just ahead of her was a large automobile bearing the license of her home State. The man driving it stopped also, asked where she was going, and suggested that she follow him. This she did, and he cleared the way right to her stopping place. But when she got out of her car to thank him, such a car as his was nowhere to be seen, and not more than a minute had passed! "My folks thought it must have been an angel sent to help me through," she said when she told me her experience, and she likes to think this was so.

Don't forget, friend o' mine, wherever you are, under whatever circumstances, your heavenly Father is watching over you, and at His bidding angels that excel in strength hasten to keep you from harm.

Lora E. Clement

FOR a text tonight I am going to turn to Deuteronomy 6:12, the words of Moses spoken to the children of Israel: "Then beware lest thou forget the Lord, which brought thee forth out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage." The book of Deuteronomy consists of three great sermons Moses preached to the children of Israel just before he died, prior to their being led by Caleb and Joshua across the Jordan into the Promised Land. By many critics it is believed to be the greatest work of oratory found in any of the libraries of the world.

This was a meeting of great contrasts. Moses was an old man with white, flowing locks, but he was talking to a congregation of young people. Nearly all of those who were before him were very young when they left Egypt forty years before, and many of them no doubt were just babes in arms. They had followed Moses and Aaron and the other leaders through their wanderings in the wilderness, and now constituted the ranks of Israel. For the most part the pioneers had fallen in death. Only a few remained with Moses, such as Caleb and Joshua. You remember the story. Because of their murmurings and complainings God's anger was stirred. He declared that none of those over twenty years of age who had left Egypt should enter the Promised Land.

But Moses was now describing the experiences they were going to have when they crossed over Jordan and entered into Canaan. He himself had to stay behind; he could not go with them. But he felt that there were great dangers and unknown perils to be faced, and he was anxious to give them a word of warning before he laid off the burden of leadership, when under the guidance of new leaders they were to go across Jordan into Canaan. Therefore, he preached these three powerful sermons in an effort to prepare them for what was before them on entering the Promised Land.

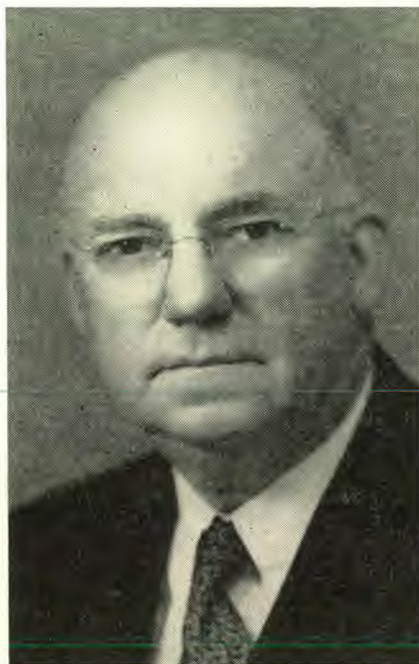
In the first four chapters of Deuteronomy, Moses recounted the experiences that Israel passed through since they had left Egypt. He included also their miraculous deliverance out of Egypt from the hand of Pharaoh and his armies, and related the struggles they had had with the roving tribes of the wilderness, their wanderings, and their murmurings. He told how God fed them miraculously with manna from heaven, and how He kept their clothes from wearing out and their feet from swelling on their journey. He related the experience of the twelve spies when they went in and searched out the land, and came back with their reactions. But Caleb and Joshua brought in a minority report full of courage. They appealed to the people to rise, go over, and take the land, since God would give it to them.

"Now," the great leader said, "you are going over Jordan, and I cannot go with

Address given to Takoma Park, Maryland, Mission-
ary Volunteer Society.

WANTED- Young Pioneers for God

A MESSAGE TO SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST YOUNG PEOPLE EVERYWHERE



By **W. H. BRANSON**

President of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists

you. I will not be able to warn you when you get there, or counsel you as I have done all these forty years. God has told me that I cannot go in. I have been pleading with Him, saying, 'O Lord, let me go in to see this wonderful land that you have promised to Israel. Why, I have led them forty years. We have had the one goal before us of entering into the Promised Land, and now you say I cannot go in.' I suppose there was a great deal of pathos in his voice as he made that statement. He mentions this fact a number of times during these three sermons.

It seemed a bit harsh when the Lord rebuked him, and said, "You cannot go; speak to me no more about this matter. You can go to the top of Pisgah and look out across the valley of Jordan into the Promised Land, but there you must die on the mountain, and these young people shall go in to possess the land." Of course Moses did not know then that there was

something so much more wonderful planned for him. God was going to give him a special resurrection a little while after his death and take him to heaven. From his place in God's serene eternity he could look down and see the triumph of Israel when they went into Canaan.

But on this occasion he was possessed with one great passion—that when they crossed Jordan and conquered the cities of the nations of Palestine they should not forget God. Over and over in the whole book of Deuteronomy he leads up to that climax. After relating how God's providences had led them thus far, and that they were now going into Canaan, he warns, "When you get over there beware! There is danger ahead. Beware lest you forget God." He was not particularly anxious because of the hardships they were going to face over there. The dangers would be much more subtle. They were going into a life of plenty, a life of ease, a

life of leisure. They would have land to cultivate, with servants to help them, houses that they had not built in which to dwell, vineyards and orchards that they had not planted. Everything would be ready for their enjoyment. And Moses said: "It is going to be so easy for you over there that it is going to be perilous. When you cease to be persecuted and hated, and become popular, and have power as rulers of the land, there is great danger that you will forget God and the wilderness experiences, and that you will turn away to worship other gods."

The church of God has always flourished best in times of persecution and hardship. When there is persecution men have to stand like martyrs for the cause that they love and represent. Then there is power and courage. But when popularity, prosperity, and ease become our lot we soften up so that we begin to settle down to a period of enjoyment. Then it is that the truth of God somehow seems to slip away. Indulgence in the things of the world seems to crowd out our love for the gospel, for Christ, and for truth. Then the spirituality of the church begins to wane. It has always been that way. It probably always will be like that.

So Moses was trying to prepare his people beforehand. He said: "When you get over there you must drive out all the nations. If you do not, it will be only a little while until they will contaminate you. You will not be sharing your faith with them; they will be sharing their heathenism with you. So you must go through the whole land and conquer it, and complete your task; otherwise in a little while you will be like the nations around you."

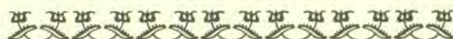
May I draw a lesson tonight for our young people by saying that today the Seventh-day Adventist Church faces a situation similar to that which was faced by Israel when Moses preached these great sermons to the young generation who were about to go across Jordan? We too are in a mighty movement from Egypt to Canaan. Egypt, we are told, represents all the present-day nations who do not reverence God, and who do not keep His law. God has called this people out of Egypt and out of Babylon. These are synonymous terms so far as their spiritual significance is concerned. We have come out of every nation, kindred, tongue, and people of earth.

But whether we realize it or not, a century has passed since the days when our pioneers began giving the call of God to the nations to come out of Babylon and Egypt, and prepare themselves under the power of the gospel to go into the heavenly Canaan. Had we taken a straight course, we might have been in the kingdom many years ago.

We, like Israel of old, have been wandering in the wilderness. We have been wasting time. They wasted forty years, but we have squandered many more years than that. Our task of world evangelism seems

almost just beginning when we compare what has been accomplished with the world yet unwarned. That task should have already been completed under the power of the Spirit of God. But we have been loitering instead of working. This has retarded our progress.

Then another thing has happened. Be-



Our Prayer

By DONALD ALVIN WEBSTER

**Our Father, when the day doth break,
And stars begin to fade,
We wake and ask upon our knees
That Thou our hearts will take.**

**Our Father, then throughout the day
We turn to Thee for help,
And ask that Thou wilt ever be
Our constant guide and stay.**

**Our Father, when the stars appear
As shadowy falls the night,
We ask for Thy protection sure
Till morn breaks bright and clear.**



cause of the long delay in finishing this task, the pioneers among us have all fallen in death so that today there are none who started with this message. Those of us who constitute the Adventist Church at this time are not those who back in 1844 were the founders of the movement. All have gone to their rest. Now we, as a younger generation, have taken over and are holding the destinies of the church. But a still younger generation is just coming upon the stage of action. I speak now to the young men and the young women who sit in these pews tonight, to those on the platform, and to thousands upon thousands of others in our churches all over the world. Many of these young people are already beginning to take up various lines of work; and unless the Lord comes very soon, they must follow in our footsteps, take over the affairs of the church, and try to lead it on to victory.

The pioneers are gone, and to a large

extent the conditions governing pioneering work of the early days have changed. Our pioneers faced great difficulties. They were persecuted, ridiculed, and called calamity howlers when they preached that future strife and bloodshed among the nations were to be signs of the second coming. And this reaction was not limited to the time of the early pioneers.

I remember that after I began preaching I was holding meetings in a city in the northeast, and spoke one night on Armageddon. As the people left the meeting that evening a man stood by the door saying: "There ought to be a law to stop a man who talks like that. He is just stirring up the people by talking on that subject. Nothing like that ever will happen again. We are going to have peace, prosperity, and tranquillity where the people will beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks. They will never learn war any more."

Thus it was in those early days. In the beginning there were no churches, but our pioneers out of their poverty built modest chapels. Our early leaders were brave and courageous, and soon saw the need for establishing institutions. Because of their courage, energy, faith, and confidence today we see large, beautiful churches, sanitariums, publishing houses, and educational institutions all over this world. Most of these were built by the older pioneers of this Advent message and have been left to us as a legacy.

I like to think of the time when James White took his scythe in hand and went out to try to find a meadow to mow in order to earn just a few dollars to pay for the publication of our first paper. But before he put his thought into action the Lord counseled him through his wife that he must not do this, else he might be cut down by illness. The point is that he was so much in earnest that he was willing to try any means of earning money for the cause so dear to his heart. He was told that he must "write, write, write, and walk out by faith." And he obeyed the instruction he received. Today at Autumn Councils we vote millions of dollars each year for carrying on the work in mission fields. We were told by the officers who reported at the last General Conference session that the presses in our publishing houses during the last four years have turned out thirty-five million dollars' worth of literature, about eleven million dollars' worth a year. Contrast that with James White's willingness to begin by faith the publication of *The Present Truth*, later named *The Advent Review and Sabbath Herald*.

At present we are living in a time when Adventism has become popular. People no longer cross the street to avoid meeting us. But high and low, rich and poor, all over the world, are searching out the representatives of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, and they are saying: "Tell us about your religion. What is it you believe

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POLILLO SEQUEL

By E. L. BECKER

POLILLO! What a surprise it was to see that name staring back at me from the pages of the *INSTRUCTOR* recently as I leafed through the latest number of the magazine to reach the Philippines. Polillo! Why, I had just returned from a trip there.

I read with considerable interest the story of the experience of our young people, enrolled in an academy in that little town, under the supervision of a Roman Catholic priest. And as I have turned that story over in my mind, since reading it, I feel that I must tell you something of the sequel.

It was in the cold, murky half-light of an equatorial 5 A.M. that I let myself out of the compound gate in Manila, waved good-by to my wife, and started on my journey to Polillo (po-leel'-yo). Busses and trains here in the Philippines start early—anywhere from three to six in the morning is quite the usual schedule—and I had only enough time to make the connection at the bus station half-way across the city at six o'clock. There were with me two traveling companions, Pastors P. B. Gonzáles and A. Macasiano, the president and educational secretary respectively of the South-Central Luzon Mission.

Our bus was waiting when we reached the terminal. It was not quite starting time, and fortunately there were seats for all of us. The bus itself is rather an interesting vehicle. It is built on the conventional truck chassis, and the body consists of a wide, rectangular floor, with about seven or eight bench seats extending the full width of the body from front to back. There is a roof over the top, so that the rain, if it should happen to come straight down (and I have never seen it do that yet), will be kept off the passengers.

In the middle of the front seat, behind the steering wheel, sits the driver. Squeezed into the front seat with him are perhaps four passengers—or five if business happens to be good. Each of them will have some of his hand baggage in his lap, more tucked under the seat, and perhaps a bag of rice or a live pig on top of the bus or on the luggage carrier underneath the passenger compartment. This hand baggage can be almost anything the human mind can conceive. On one recent trip I shared the front seat with a pet fighting cock belonging to one of the

passengers. It was tied to the brake pedal, and for most of the journey was inextricably entangled with the driver's feet. If on one of those sharp mountain curves, his right foot had come down on the rooster instead of the brake pedal—but it did not, and we all reached our destination safely!

On each of the long seats, behind the driver, there is supposed to be room for about six fairly large passengers, or smaller adults and children ad infinitum. It is not the crowding from side to side that bothers one though. In fact, it is rather convenient to be wedged in so tightly that it is impossible to sway or slide from side to side with the lurching progress of the vehicle. But the seats are *so* close together. The Filipinos, who are built on a smaller scale than I, do not mind it too much, but after several hours of sitting bolt upright, with my knees crowded up under my chin, I feel acutely conscious of muscles that I would much rather forget.

We started on time, and the journey turned out to be most interesting to me. I had been on other itineraries into various parts of the Philippine Islands, but this was my first visit over to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and I found it an enlightening experience. For perhaps the first four hours we traveled on a passable highway.

It was during this portion of the trip that I was introduced—by sight only, I hasten to add—to the gastronomic delicacy known as balut (ba-loot). Balut is a great treat to the average Filipino, and many of my fellow passengers on the bus enjoyed to the full this gustatory delight as a part of their breakfast purchased from the vendors who swarmed over the bus at every stop. What is it? Why, balut is a boiled

duck's egg which has been permitted to incubate until just before the embryo duckling begins to develop its bones. To you or me this might not sound appetizing, but I can assure you that millions of the good people in these islands think as much of balut as you do of candy or ice cream.

After the first portion of our trip over the improved highway, we stopped half an hour for lunch, in a little city halfway across the island of Luzon. As the driver sounded a blast on his horn I climbed back to my place on the bus, all unsuspecting. A very few minutes brought the realization though that we had passed the end of the paved road, and that for all practical purposes our vehicle had taken off over the mountains completely at the whim of the driver. There had apparently been a road of sorts there at one time, but any hard surface it might have boasted had been washed away by the torrential rains of many a typhoon, and now we bounced and galloped over boulders the size of one's head. Our route lay across the ridge of the Sierra Madre Mountains, which run right down the center of the entire island of Luzon. The scenery was beautiful and in many places breath taking. At times I even found myself forgetting the ever present seat ahead of me, so uncomfortably close, and the pressing mass of humanity on both sides, the bag of rice under my feet, and the choking dust.

As all journeys do, ours came to an end at last. About 2:30 in the afternoon the bus stopped, and we climbed stiffly down to terra firma and claimed our suitcases and brief cases. The road here wound between the humble homes of a fishing village; just a few feet away the waves of the Pacific lapped the sandy shore. A long, wooden pier stretched out into the water, and at its end, bobbing up and down like a cork, was a small motor launch. On it we were destined to travel the final leg of our journey to the island of Polillo, three hours off the shore of Luzon.



Ewing Galloway

The Road Wound Between the Humble Homes of a Fishing Village. Just a Few Feet Away the Waves of the Pacific Ocean Lapped the Sandy Shore

It was a rough ride, bumpier by far than the few hours on the bus. I am told that sometimes for a month or two at a time, during the stormy season of the year, it is impossible to get back and forth from Luzon to Polillo. Our trip was made during relatively smooth sailing weather, and I had reason to be glad that I am a good sailor. All around me as I huddled on the deck of the little boat (there were no seats for the thirty or more passengers) were men, women, and children in all stages of *mal de mer*. I did not feel too well myself, and the only thing that kept me from succumbing to seasickness along with the rest of the passengers was my overwhelming desire to be different.

I am sure you have some conception of my satisfaction when at last we tied up at the dock on the island of Polillo, lifted our baggage out of the boat, and found firm, solid concrete under our feet again. Several of our faithful Adventist church members were on hand to meet us, and our progress along the sandy streets of the little town assumed something of the character of a triumphal march.

After the noisy, rushing traffic of Manila—and Manila is one of the noisiest, busiest cities I have ever seen—Polillo was a bit

of heaven. There are no motor vehicles on the whole island! Even the ubiquitous jeep of other islands is nowhere to be found. Some of the people have bicycles, and there are a few carts drawn by diminutive horses, but most of the inhabitants, when they want to go from one place to another, simply get out and walk. Life lived at that tempo on the physical plane does something to one's mentality too. It is impossible to hurry, and imperceptibly one finds his mental processes and his philosophy taking on a more deliberate, leisurely rhythm. Although I was well occupied during my three days' stay on the island, I truly got more rest than I have had on many a two-week vacation.

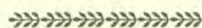
I must not bring you this far along our journey without telling you about the present status of Christian education on the island. Where a year or two ago our Seventh-day Adventist young people had no recourse but to attend the Catholic-controlled academy in the town of Polillo, they now have an academy all their own, the Polillo Vocational Institute. Our loyal church members on the island have rallied enthusiastically to the needs of their young people, and this school has just completed its first year of operation. The curriculum

includes all the subjects that are taught in our larger boarding academies in other parts of the Philippines, and its graduates will be accepted by our Philippine Union College as having the same level of academic achievement as those from other institutions. I met the members of the faculty—fine, well-trained Adventist young men and women, such as you have at the academies in other countries—men and women with the same spark of devotion and enthusiasm for the training of Christian young people that is found anywhere in the twelve divisions of the world field.

Of course, the work has not gone forward without problems—that was one of the reasons for our visit. The financial burden on our church members has been more than was anticipated; the requirements of the Philippine government's Bureau of Private Schools must be met, and every requirement means the outlay of more funds. Thus far only a day academy has been conducted. We hope that, with God's continued blessing, there will soon be dormitories for our young men and women, and a complete program of school industries and activities. But we build slowly and strongly; even now young

—Please turn to page 23

New Hebridean Jewels



By E. E. WHITE



JUST over one hundred years ago the New Hebrides was a dangerous group of islands to visit. Not only were there dangers of malaria and blackwater fever threatening a lingering death, but hostile inhabitants were ready to dispatch white-skinned intruders with ready blows of their clubs. One beautiful island, Erromanga, will always be remembered by the stone, which is fortunately now unused for its former purpose, where the slain body of John Williams was mutilated and eaten in 1839.

But today instead of murdering the missionary, the native of the New Hebrides assists him in his work. In two generations the gospel light has penetrated and kindled other flames, not only making it safe for the trader and visitor, but also using its

own native sons to further the preaching of this last message to its inhabitants.

On the island of Tanna in the southern part of the group I met Philip. Several years ago he accepted Christianity, but later found the fuller light of this Advent message. In spite of opposition from his father, who was a leader in another Christian mission, and ignoring threats of being completely ostracized, Philip decided to come to our mission school. From that day to this he has faithfully studied the Word of God; his qualities and industry led to his being selected as a teacher in a village school; he has consistently helped in local church life, and was recently ordained as an elder of the Adventist church at Port Resolution, our headquarters on the island of Tanna.

Another young man who is an excellent example of the value of investing money for missions is Japheth, of Ambrym. He is a teacher on another island, Aoba, and when we met him was having his period of furlough. However, this was not a period of idleness, for he was helping the teacher in the village school, who was less experienced than he. Then he joined us on the boat for our visit, and immediately busied himself by joining his friends, the native crew, and was always to be found lending a helping hand in the many duties that come in caring for the mission boat. He was prepared to return to Aoba, and was looking forward to another term of service there; and we must remember that for a New Hebridean to go to live on another island of the group is as much of a sacrifice as for a European to leave his homeland and loved ones. At every worship period Japheth was there, ears wide open, eyes keen, taking in every word that was spoken, and following intently when the Scriptures were read. Surely "God shall enlarge Japheth," and use him as a soul winner among his own race.

These two men are but random examples taken from a large number of faithful believers who, with us, are looking for the Second Advent of Jesus. Furthermore, they too are giving of their money so that the gospel can go to all the world, for they are filled with the love of God and desire to overflow to others. Our means are well invested in these precious souls gained for God's kingdom.

RECENTLY I stood on the very edge of a great cliff that fell away beneath me nearly four hundred feet perpendicularly. In one minute I saw enough water plunge over this precipice to provide four hundred million people with their recommended eight glasses for the day. Perhaps that is a little hard for you to grasp, so let us look at it this way. If Adam and Eve had remained alive until now, and had drunk eight glasses each day since the time of Eden, they would have had to live 135,000 such lifetimes in order to consume a single day's flow. Perhaps this gallon estimate is too much for your imagination, so let us try tons. The average flow of this waterfall is slightly over 500,020 tons a minute. If this were iron ore instead of water, it would take a fleet of 72,000 ships of 10,000 tons capacity each to load up one day's supply.

The scene is the beautiful Victoria Falls in the center of Africa, where I, with my family, was spending a holiday. The Zambezi River, which feeds the Victoria Falls, was the highest that year it had ever been since the white man first saw its verdant banks.

The stream is a mile and a quarter wide where it plunges into the deep gorge that gives the falls their being. These almost measureless tons of water take the fall in one unbroken leap, crashing on the rocks below with the roar of a thousand locomotives, and sending their spray towering four thousand feet into the heavens. This same spray, as it condenses into drops and returns to the earth, covers an area of many acres with a never ending torrent. When we went through this Rain Forest, as it is aptly called, the water ran ankle deep in the paths, and despite sou'westers and oilskins we came out drenched to the skin—about the only dry spot being the tops of our heads. Not only did the water descend by the bucketful, but as we stood on the brink of the gorge the rushing up-drafts carried the spray under our slickers so that we were being rained on from above and below at the same time.

Victoria Falls

By MARVIN L. SANFORD

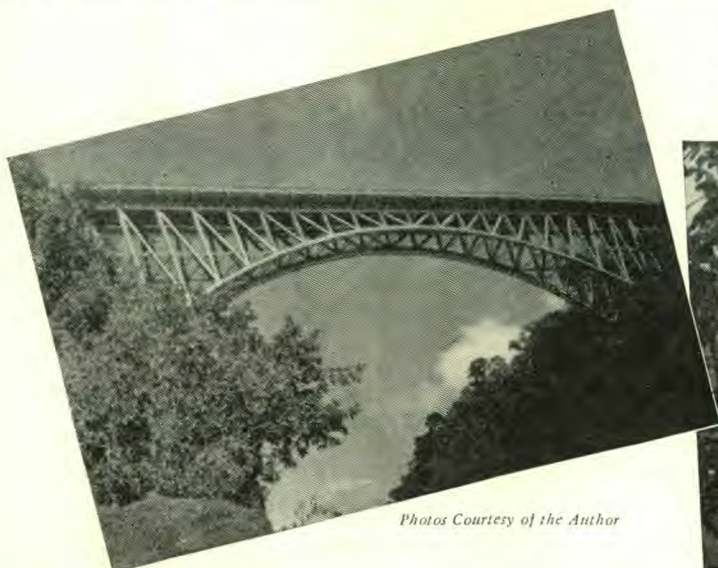
As we rested here for a few days from the rush of the ever busy missionary life we learned a few lessons from this wonderful chapter of God's book of nature—lessons that seemed too good to keep. I would like to share them with you.

Would you enjoy seeing the great "pillar of cloud" that stood over the children of Israel all during their years of wandering? I have often wished that I could, but now I think I have seen something a little like it. We have read how the pillar shone with the glory of the presence of the Lord, and how it was illuminated with rays of light from His countenance. I have been reminded of these scenes as I have watched this river's mighty plume of spray at sunset—stretching high into the deepening blue of the evening sky—its misty billows flowing in the still air, catching and reflecting every hue of the sun's last rays. Through it, one inside the other, two or three bright rainbows repeat the promise given so long ago to Noah when he left the ark and went forth into the Flood-ravaged world.

Today God does not manifest Himself to His chosen people in the same visible ways that He did to ancient Israel—with the cloud, the fire, and the Shekinah—but we can behold the reassurances of His presence in abundance if we will but look and learn. His great book of nature is filled with these messages to us, but we need to ponder, meditate, and pray until

we become familiar with its own peculiar language—then we can understand. The life of bustle and hurry that we are so accustomed to these modern days does not always provide the opportunity. So we must *take* the time. The returns will be ample.

At the western end of the falls there is a great cataract, separated by a small island from the main falls. When the river is low a canoe can be hired to carry you to this island. Four riverwise natives with rippling muscles send the frail craft darting through the boiling currents to the little landing on the rugged bit of rock. It is wonderful, and more than a little terrifying, to stand on the jagged ledges overhanging the Devil's Caldron and the great gorges far below, with the rushing waters hurtling downward all about you. When the river is high, as it was when we were there, access to the island is cut off—first by the strength of the current that makes the canoe trip impossible, and second by the high waters which inundate most of the island itself. However, there are a number of points of vantage from which one can view the Devil's Cataract from the mainland. And what a sight it is! A large portion of the river is funneled into this comparatively narrow space between the island and the river's bank, and the approach to the drop off is more steeply inclined than at the main falls. As the waters rush toward the edge of the chasm



Left: The Famous Victoria Falls Bridge Spanning the Great Gorge Just Below the Falls. Below: The Main Falls as Seen From the Victoria Falls Bridge



Photos Courtesy of the Author

they seem to become animated—turning, leaping, twisting with demoniacal fury, and at last plunging with a frenzied roar out and down into the tumult below.

I suppose to all who view it the same thought comes: "What would it be like to be caught in that dreadful current and carried away with it—over the edge and down with a death cry rising high and then melting into silence in the thunder of the falls?" There are records of a few tragic cases when this has happened. Take one glance at the maelstrom below, and you know without question the fate of those poor victims. Survival for more than a moment would be impossible. In fact, in these unhappy instances the greedy currents have held their victims for as long as twelve days before giving them up only a mile below the falls.

As I mentioned before, the Zambezi is from one to thirty miles wide above the falls, broad and smooth and enticingly beautiful. But the gorge into which it pours is but one hundred yards in breadth, and zigzags back and forth, south, west, and east until it finds its way into open veld again. As I watched this great cataract, so aptly named after Lucifer, I thought me of those two poor demoniacs of Gadara, writhing and twisting and screaming in agony as they were being carried helplessly away toward that great pit of destruction where Satan and his hosts are bound, and from which there is no escape.

I have felt too the pleasant urge to go out upon that great river, and paddle among its verdant isles. It could be that life is like that also. Great is the temptation to launch out upon the broad, beautiful, and enticing stream of this world's pursuits, skimming the gleaming surface from one flourishing isle of pleasure to another, or ambitiously exploring and conquering one after another of a progressive key of isles of attainment in worldly gain or power. Before we know it we are caught in the mighty pull of the current that would suck us into the breathless, dizzy, rushing cataract of sin from whose madness the soul finds no way of escape. Our need of help, should we now be one of these, is just as great as was that of the two demoniacs, and their Rescuer is our only Saviour too.

But as I watched, a miracle appeared before my eyes. Out of the mist, rising smokelike from the Devil's Caldron, riding but a few inches above the tossing, sucking waters on wings of gossamer, sailed a gorgeous glittering butterfly. In the midst of destruction it was safe from harm, borne about on the cool morning air. I thought: "How like some man or woman who has been saved from the pit of hell, flying on the wings of prayer and faith, and borne on the steady wind of the Spirit. Over such a one the forces of evil have no power—their raging fury is but a hollow threat." Would that this be you—rescued by a miracle from the pit of sin into which

every member of the human race has fallen. What a miracle of love!

From the Devil's Cataract at the western extremity of the falls we went to the opposite side, where we overlooked the eastern cataract. This is a wider section, reaching from the east bank out to Livingstone Island, which is also on the very brink of the gorge. The fall here is a bit deeper than that of the Devil's Cataract, but the ferocity of the water is slightly less. When the river is very low it is possible to pick one's way across the rocks near the brink, all the way out to Livingstone Island, and from there view the main falls in all their majestic beauty. On the occasion of a former visit we made this



"It is all a matter of viewpoint. The pessimist calls a doorway an exit, but the optimist thinks of it as an entrance to greater opportunity."



trip also by canoe, coming down to the island from upstream. It was a real thrill to stand, holding hands in a chain for safety, on the very outermost ledge of rock and look deep into the secret heart of one of the earth's greatest waterfalls. It was comforting then to have the substantial anchorage of Pastor E. A. Trumper as I peered over into the dizzying space where one slip would have been the last.

From this side one also descends a long steep trail to a point a few yards from the base of the falls, to what is called the Boiling Pot. It is a huge whirlpool where the waters leave the main gorge through a narrow defile, make a right-angle turn, and enter the lower gorges below. I said whirlpool, but it is more than that, for there are upwards of a dozen of them, whirling this way and that, tearing at each other, merging for a moment as a large one gains the victory and swallows up a smaller one.

With currents cutting back and forth, lashing the surface into a boiling foam, it looks like a huge vat resting over eternal fires. It seemed to me that Dante could well have used these pools and gorges, with their towering, mist-shrouded, Stygian walls, and their whirling, boiling, rock-riven waters for his pictures of the inferno. How glad I am to know the Bible truth, that there is no such horrible place prepared by a vengeful deity for the everlasting punishment of Satan's hapless victims. The living God has a heart of love; and though sin must be abolished by fearful means, mercy will mingle with judg-

ment, and the beauty of the new sinless universe will not be marred by some cruel spot of never ending suffering.

Out in the center of the eastern cataract, about midway between the bank and Livingstone Island, grows a tree. It stands at the farthest point out on the brink of the chasm. Before it is clear space, and below it is nearly four hundred feet of streaming foam, crashing thunderously on the rocky foot of the precipice. Behind it and on either hand is the rushing river gathering all its strength like a giant athlete for its mighty breath-taking leap. It is not a very large tree, but stands about thirty feet tall with a trunk perhaps eight inches in diameter. No speck of earth or rock is visible at its base, and the mighty current is swirling about it, so that it seems to be springing from the very river itself. But there it stands unmoving and unshaken. Its leaves are drenched continuously with the rising spray from the maelstrom below. Its branches are tossed to and fro by the surging updrafts of wind that sweep from the great gorges. Its stolid stem is assailed day and night by the full force of the rushing current at the point of its greatest strength. Its base is continually and completely submerged in the endless waters of this prince of rivers. But the tree is unshaken and ever green amid it all.

From infancy the tree has withstood all the worst the river has to give, but its growth has been undeterred. Day by day and year by year it has stretched its spreading arms higher and higher toward the azure heavens. Winter and summer it has stood amid noise and confusion on the brink of destruction, yet it has lived and prospered. I know why, and I am sure that you do also. Its seed was cast in the cleft of a rock, and its roots have set deep into the heart of it, where there is a bit of soil. There it gains the strength it needs to grow where the living and growing are anything but easy. That mighty rock is the firm foundation which all the immeasurable forces of the great Zambezi cannot assail.

"He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock." Yes, there He plants each tender Christian life, and upon that same foundation it grows and grows, stretching ever heavenward, all the while withstanding the great torrent of evil that is being poured down about it in a vain attempt at its destruction. We must sink the roots of our affections deep down in things spiritual and there anchor our lives against the tide of sin that is sweeping the world with its fury.

Young people of the great Advent Movement, learn a lesson from this stanch young sapling, and root your lives where they will not slip. Satan is gathering all his strength for his final plunge over the brink of ruin; and we, by some providence, are living on the last bit of earthly time. If we are to stand and endure at this hour and in this place of jeopardy, we must be

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JAMAICA Sets the Pace

By L. A. SKINNER

FROM the opening "Share Your Faith" torch ceremony to the closing outdoor mass meeting attended by more than fifteen thousand, the Jamaican youth's congress was a demonstration of the loyal spirit of Advent youth in that beautiful island. Pastor H. S. Walters' vigorous direction, supported ably by Pastors H. Nembhard and C. S. Greene, kept the program moving along at a pace that held the huge audiences in rapt attention.

Youth's congresses have been conducted almost annually in Jamaica since 1942. This year Kingston was the locale, and officials who have attended all seven concede that this was the largest and best. The immediate objective and purpose was to launch the visitation program in which the Missionary Volunteers of Jamaica will visit five hundred thousand people during 1950. In three years they will have made contact with every citizen of the island. To this end the youth were instructed, inspired, and dedicated.

By chartered train coaches, truck, bus, donkey cart, bicycle, and foot delegates came from all corners of east and west Jamaica. By the opening ceremony all fifteen hundred seats in North Street Temple were filled; the doors and courtyard were crowded with standing people; and the school on the adjoining lot, served by a loud-speaker, was full. A white-clad runner bearing the "Share Your Faith" torch started from what forty-two years ago was the site of the first Seventh-day Adventist youth society in Jamaica and arrived at North Street Temple for the opening ceremony. This same torch will be taken to Paris, France, in 1951 to open the Paris Youth's Congress. It was first lighted at Hazelton, Michigan, where the Missionary Volunteer movement was born, in 1879. Also introduced at this ceremony was the "Share Your Faith" registry, in which are to be inscribed the names of one hundred thousand Seventh-day Adventist youth who will take the pledge to do their best to share their faith with someone every day.

Pastor R. W. Numbers, president of the British West Indies Union, gave excellent encouragement to the program. Almost every worker in Jamaica attended and participated. Pastor Glenn Calkins, acting president of the Inter-American Division, struck the keynote in the first session. He called upon the youth of Jamaica to rise

up and emulate the courageous Reformers: "Teach the truth, live the truth, die for the truth." Pastor E. E. Cossentine spent a few hours at the congress, and Pastor Arthur Roth, of the division office, gave helpful leadership throughout. The writer was making his first visit to Jamaica and was captivated by the vitality of the Advent spirit and the kindness of the people.

The workshops were divided into six groups led effectively by experts—public evangelism, home builders, medical, educational, personal evangelism, and publishing. There were two panel discussions under the direction of Pastor Roth, one on the "Joy of Friendship and the Power of Love" and one on "How I Shall Choose My Lifework."

The Sabbath services were times of deep spiritual refreshing. There were evidences of the converting power of God's Spirit in the good number who confessed Christ for the first time or returned to the Lord after having wandered away. The preaching on the part of the local pastors was direct and forceful, and the personal testimonies were fervent and sincere.

The trophy meeting gave opportunity for eighteen soul winners to bring their trophies won during the last year. There were others, but time was limited. Typical was a young man named Albert Lyle. He was working as a clerk in a hardware store. He was a Methodist and was planning to prepare for the ministry. Mr. deLong, one of our Seventh-day Adventist colporteurs, sold him the book *Bible Readings*. Mr. Lyle thought this would help him toward his ambition. He studied, and was convicted that he needed to step into the additional light he discovered. Next he introduced the subject to a young woman in whom he was interested. She studied, and also yielded to the Spirit's voice. They were baptized and married, and now Mr. Lyle is a colporteur selling third-angel's-message-filled books and hopes to prepare as a minister of the third angel's message.

A number of choirs helped to make the music delightful. The British West Indies Training School male quartet was requested to sing several times. A ladies' trio pleased the large audience on a number of occasions. Wholehearted congregational

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Top Right: Pastor L. A. Skinner Presiding at the Torch Ceremony. Bottom Right: The Panel That Discussed the Question of Successful Marriage. Left: M.V. Secretaries H. S. Walters, C. S. Greene, and Hilbert Nembhard Looking at the General Conference Special Issue of the INSTRUCTOR

Photos Courtesy of the Author





H. A. Roberts

Worry, Fear, Jealousy, Double Living, Hate, Discontent, Remorse, and a Sense of Guilt Age Faces Far More Rapidly Than Does the Mere Passing of Birthday Anniversaries

A NEW FACE

By W. A. TOWNEND
Christchurch, New Zealand

THE bold-type caption announced, "New Faces for Old." However, the picture itself was a disappointment. It showed a not-so-beautiful woman displaying a "glamour mask." It appears that a glamour mask is a rubber gadget that fits over the head of a person who desires a new face for an old one.

But we are not deceived, for one's "old" face, or as we would prefer to say it, one's real face, would be underneath the mask of course.

However, here is some cheering news for each young person not entirely satisfied with his face as it now is: You *can* get a new face. We really mean that; and we intend to prove it to you.

What makes faces look old anyway? Worry, fear, jealousy, double living, hate,

discontent, remorse, and a sense of guilt. Yes, that is a fair muster of the beauty-banishing bunch, as we heard them named recently. These avowed enemies of good looks age faces far more rapidly than do the mere passing of birthday anniversaries. Improper thoughts, not years, are good looks' worst enemies. Strange as this may sound, the best face lift is actually a mind lift, or heart lift, as we sometimes say. This good old-fashioned Bible teaching has never been improved upon by either a beauty salon specialist or a modern psychologist.

To keep you thinking along this line, perhaps we ought to quote Solomon, who spoke for God when he said, "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." We moderns have often repeated that verse this

way, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." And so is his face, we add. Improving the appearance of one's face is clearly an internal rather than an external matter.

When looking into our hearts what does God find? He has told us that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," and further that "the Lord knoweth the thoughts of man, that they are vanity." These divine statements may help to explain for us some of the old faces that we sometimes see on comparatively young people. It is to such young people, and to us individually, that God is speaking when He invites, "My son [or daughter], give me thine heart, and let thine eyes observe my ways."

This verse indicates two of the distinct steps in God's process of giving new faces to those who desire them. We have already reminded you that a changed face is the outward physical evidence of an inward spiritual condition. The first step in this worth-while experience is surrender, the handing over to God of the whole life just as it is the moment you hear His call. (That moment could be *now*.) This surrender of your heart to God includes the confession of your sins and God's forgiveness of those sins. This step is sometimes called justification. It has to do with the past, and in effect it makes you just as though you had never sinned.

But what of the future that follows justification? The second step mentioned in the verse we are discussing, "Let thine eyes observe my ways," has to do with the future. You may ask, What then are God's ways with a young person whom He has justified? They are intelligent ways. They are ways that you can follow. A well-known friend of youth once said, "When the soul surrenders itself to Christ, a new power takes possession of a new heart. A change is wrought which man can never accomplish for himself. It is a supernatural work, bringing a supernatural element into human nature." It is this "new power" of God working quietly, but nevertheless very effectively, that changes the faces of all those who surrender their hearts to Him.

"But faith is needed," I imagine I hear you say. True. But remember also that the faith you need is itself a gift which God is waiting to bestow upon you. And something else about His faith—it is living faith; it is faith accompanied by works. Now, works may be a term hard to understand in the abstract. It could set you thinking about long periods of compulsory fasting, much demonstrative praying, or even the climbing of long flights of stairs on your knees. Lest you add to this list of works and thereby become further confused in your mind, we hasten to tell you more of the ways of God. We repeat: They are ways which you can follow. "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good"—this is God's way. This is the very essence of His law of substitution.

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Titicaca Adventure

By D. W. HOLBROOK

THE Sabbath afternoon sermon was over, and the Indians were slowly filing out of the dark little adobe church. Bent, weather-beaten grandmothers with deeply lined and leathery-brown faces, colorfully blanketed men, solemn-faced but sparkling-eyed children, mothers in voluminous multicolored skirts, and babies, tight little chubby knots of chocolate brown, swinging contentedly on their mothers' backs—all stumbled through the little doorway, gave an affectionate handshake, a friendly Indian squeeze, and a quiet *Kamisaki Tata*, and passed on. Here was a typical group of more than a hundred Indians who had crowded into a dark little room built to hold thirty or forty to hear the good news of hope, of a soon-coming *Señor de Señores*, of a future home where the hard-biting Altiplano wind would not whine through the thatched roofs, where life would not be a daily desperate fight for existence, and where the dreaded cough and fever would not strike down loved ones. They had heard the familiar story many times, but each time it was good, and they were happy.

Nervously a shriveled-up little man stood by my side waiting until all had passed. Then he began to talk eagerly in Aymara. "No white worker has ever been to my home on the Island Companario, and only one or two native workers have ever visited there. There's much interest. Won't you come?"

Island Companario in the middle of Lake Titicaca, near the famous Island of the Sun, from which the Incas sprang, appeared before my mind's eye. Never visited before by missionaries, fifty people were living as did their ancestors centuries ago, and now they wanted to know more of the story of salvation. Visit them? Surely, why not?

Three-thirty Sunday morning, as I squirmed out of the warm sleeping bag, the little adobe and thatch room looked eerie and weird. The solid dirt bed left aches and pains here and there, but the biting, fresh morning air did not give us any time to worry about the night's discomforts. My companion, Acnuta, an Aymara Indian who is as fine an Adventist as I have ever met, simply pulled on his shoes, and he was ready to go. He knew what Altiplano nights were like, and like all his race, had slept in his clothes to keep warmer.

In a few minutes we were trudging down to the lake. A few bright, almost beaconlike stars shone steadily down upon us, and in the unreal half light of the cold, quiet morning Lake Titicaca lay still, a lake of lead. We rounded a rocky point overlooking a narrow bay where our boat lay for protection against the frequent and furious gales that regularly sweep the lake. As we drew closer the boat seemed to grow smaller somehow. And when we had splashed through the surf and scrambled aboard we looked around in astonishment not unmixed with some misgivings. Our craft, an open sailboat, was only about thirty feet long and eight feet wide. It had a rather stout center pole for the sail, and that was all. And in this we were to sail mighty Lake Titicaca! But it was too late to back out now, so we settled down to wait for the three mariners. They had promised the night before to leave at four in the morning, but obviously we had taken them a little too literally. After snuggling down in the bow of the boat to escape the wind that was starting to whip out over the lake, we dozed fitfully for several hours. The sailors ambled nonchalantly down to the shore at seven in the morning.

Expertly they hoisted sails, and in a few minutes we began moving swiftly but

quietly out into the lake. Suddenly the sun, bright and warm, broke through the cloud banks, and we stood up and stretched out the kinks and looked around. The brisk wind was spanking us merrily along over the deep, blue water. Straight ahead and just breaking over the horizon lay a point of land, Island Companario, and far beyond, indefinitely mixed with clouds, lay masses of peaks—Peru. In the boat were eight people: Acnuta, the *evangelista* for the lake section, the local church school teacher and his wife, the three sailors, and I. The three non-Adventist sailors soon wrapped themselves up in blankets in the stern, the leader with his arm wrapped around the rudder, and settled down for the long ride. The five enchanted passengers, however, could not sit still. The amazing blue of the lake, the brilliant azure sky which only the two-and-one-half-mile-high Altiplano can offer, and the crisp breeze combined with the steady slap of the waves as we bounced along to cast an almost hypnotic spell over us.

Soon we noticed that the crew in the stern had pulled out the omnipresent coca pouches and were filling their mouths with this curse of the Altiplano. Calixta, the teacher's wife, chattered something almost under her breath, and a sly smile swept over the faces of my companions. She bent over a blanketed bundle in the prow of the boat and displayed a heaping plate of *chuños*, the dehydrated potatoes of the Altiplano. She quickly made her way to the back of the boat and presented her *chuños* to the thoroughly embarrassed crew. They immediately began spitting furiously and washing their mouths with lake water so that they might enjoy the taste of their favorite food. After about fifteen minutes of vigorous rinsing they hopefully tried a mouthful. A look of disappointment spread over their faces, and again they went through their purification



Photo Courtesy of the Author

Island Companario, in the Middle of Lake Titicaca, Near the Famous Island of the Sun, From Which the Incas Sprang, Appeared Before My Mind's Eye

ritual. This time came success, and they settled down to enjoy a hearty meal. The coca leaves did not appear for the rest of the trip.

About noon we rounded a rocky point and cast anchor near the shore of one of the most thoroughly picturesque and delightful bits of land I have ever seen. Island Companario, just a pine point, a few undisturbed, uncivilized acres in the middle of Lake Titicaca, lay strangely silent under the bright noon sun. There was no one in sight; we could see no houses, no cultivated fields, no sign of human habitation. Suddenly Acnuta pointed to a ledge high up on a rocky peak. There silhouetted against the sky stood a human figure. Nothing was said; no one did anything; we simply sat down to wait.

After half an hour we spotted three figures working their way down the side of the steep cliffs to the little bay. Elias, the evangelist, went alone to meet them. Ten minutes later there was a sudden shout, and the side of the mountain came alive with women and children and men. The men were running down the tricky, rocky paths to the shore, the women were running back to tell the rest of the island people, and the children seemed to be running in both directions at once. All were excitedly shouting, "The Adventists have come, the Adventists have come at last."

About ten men, the total adult male population of the island, streamed out onto the little sandy beach and stopped abruptly. No one seemed to know quite how to act in the presence of the first white Adventist worker to visit the island and the first white man of any calling to visit the place in many, many years. Neither did the white man know quite what to do! However, a few Aymara words and then some more in Spanish with a translator broke the ice, and we were soon engulfed in a thrashing throng of brawny, bronze arms as we went through ten fierce but sincere welcomes. These greetings go like this: a quick grasp of the hand, then a hard body-crushing bear hug, and then another hand-shake. Repeat nine more times, and we were through. We left the crew with the boat and began to pick our way up the tortuous, rocky paths. Walking the streets of two-mile-high La Paz, Bolivia, is hard enough, but climbing a mountain in the middle of Lake Titicaca, which is some 13,000 feet above sea level, is something else again. Finally completely winded, we made the top and began to descend. Rounding another point, we saw the village for the first time—a half dozen little adobe and thatch huts securely tucked away in the more or less level part of the center of the island. Coming up the path toward us was a winding procession of the rest of the members of this strange little island community.

The procession was led by the matriarch of the island—an old, old woman of un-

certain age. She was about four feet tall and deeply wrinkled by the driving storms of well over a century. Her middle-aged grandson told me that they could not begin to calculate her age, but she says she remembers very distinctly some historical events that occurred on the lake 112 years ago.

As the two processions met I went up to greet the little old grandmother and was completely dumfounded when she fell down on her knees before me. I quickly picked her up and with the aid of a translator explained that there is a God in heaven to worship, and we need not worship anyone but Him. As God's created creatures we are all equal in His sight. I felt it more proper to pay homage and honor to her as a woman of such great age.

As we neared the village I noticed little



"Successful men follow the advice they prescribe for others."



patches of corn planted here and there, and in asking about them, discovered to my happy astonishment that this was corn that never had been crossed with seed from the "outside." Corn originally came from around Lake Titicaca. It was cultivated by the Incas and probably used in its wild state by tribes antedating the Incas. The Spanish conquistadors started corn on its spread around the world. And here were some of the direct descendants of the original. Needless to say, we took some dried ears home with us.

On arriving in the village we went directly to the hut of the man who seemed to be the chief. There in a little room about four by eight feet we preached the first sermon—not really a sermon, just a story. It was the old familiar story of a Man who came to this earth because people were killing and drinking and stealing. This Man was from a place beyond the clouds, called heaven. And this Man, named Jesus, did not drink or steal or kill while He was here on this earth, but He died because of everyone else's sins; and because He died, that gave Him the right to plead for us with His Great Father in heaven, so that we might go someday to that same heaven. And we can go if we want to badly enough. But first we must do what He wants us to do.

The old grandmother listened with childlike intentness, and she seemed to grasp every word. The men stood as stolid and silent as statues, but when we told about this heaven that will be so different from the earth—a heaven where we can live in happiness without fear of

sickness or death—their eyes looked wistful and misty. We closed with a prayer and went outside to eat dinner.

In front of the little hut lay a large blanket, and piled high on the blanket was cooked corn on the cob (little stubby but delicious ears) and boiled potatoes, or *chuños*. We squatted around the blanket and devoured great quantities of the food. After the brisk morning sail our appetites were enormous, and those mountains of corn and potatoes disappeared with almost frightening ease. During the meal the islanders explained to us how they first had heard about Adventism. Years ago one of their men had been in a storm and was blown over to the Peruvian side of the lake. While stranded there for a few weeks he had wandered into a village and listened to a lecture by a native evangelist. After the meeting he had learned more from the evangelist. He had returned to the island with his good news, and now, although they understood very little of our doctrines, they wanted to hear more.

After dinner there was another sermon. This time we explained about a Book in which God has told us how we should live. Since no one on the island could read or write, we had taught an *evangelista* to understand the Book, and he would come regularly and explain this Book and tell them more of this Man who died that we might live. Would they like to have this youth come? Every hand went up. Would they like to learn more about these Adventists that worshiped the true God? Would they like to be members of this same group and someday have a church and a school for their children on this island? Enthusiastically every hand went up again, and then to make it more emphatic, they stood up. Then we prayed that someday very soon every person on the island would be an Adventist and we would have an Adventist island in the middle of Lake Titicaca. Is it possible? Yes, I think it is very probable.

After that meeting we prepared to leave. The happy islanders started bringing presents to express their delight with the visit. Fresh fish, corn, a peculiar stone which was supposed to have miraculous powers, and firewood were given us. We could not refuse, for fear of hurting their feelings; yet we knew they were giving us of the best of their meager possessions.

Finally a brisk wind caught our sails, snapped them out round and full, and we glided smoothly away leaving behind one of the most enchanting places I have ever seen. Never shall I forget the simple, childlike faith of those people, the singular crystal-clear beauty of their island home, the ancient yet clear-minded grandmother, the little ten-year-old boy who shyly sidled up beside me and slipped a live fish into my hand; nor shall I forget the tearfully urgent appeal to come back and help them—soon.

Yes, behind us lay an enchanted island,

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How I Became a Seventh-day Adventist

By GURUDAT PERSAUD

WHAT does it mean for a Hindu to become a Seventh-day Adventist? Have you ever pondered over this vital question? It does not mean merely to be convinced of Bible truth, enter the baptismal class, and be baptized; but it means also to sever every link that binds you to this sinful world, and to live a consecrated Christian life in conformity with the commandments of God and the Spirit of prophecy, that others, seeing you, will observe fidelity, sincerity, and the image of Christ indelibly engraved on your heart.

Before I relate the experiences leading to my conversion from Hinduism to the truths of the third angel's message, I would narrate a few fundamental Hindu beliefs that were imbedded in my thinking from infancy, and thus formed an impediment for the acceptance of Christianity. Certain statements to be found in this account will seem almost incredible to my readers. All that I can say is that I have set down nothing without assuring myself of its exactitude and veracity.

The hate and contempt which Hindus cherish for most strangers and especially for Europeans, the jealous inquietude with which they conceal from the profane the mysteries of their religious cult and the records of their learning, the privacy of their homes—all these form a well-nigh impassable barrier.

According to the Hindu religion, there are an immense number of gods held in honor by different classes of people, who believe that they are under the protection of this or that particular god. Some of these gods are worshiped with strange rites, and others are worshiped with fearful rites. It is customary for men and women to inflict punishment on themselves for some misdemeanor on their part, in order to appease the wrath of a god. From this we can observe a striking contrast between Christianity and Hinduism. We worship our God in heaven because of love, not because of fear or material gain.

There are also some animals which the Hindu regards as sacred. The most sacred of all is the cow, and to kill or injure one is a terrible sin from the Hindu's point of view. The Holy Bible, which is the foundation of the Advent truth, is not accepted by them. Bowing to images, idols, and the belief in reincarnation (the rebirth of a human being after death in another form according to his former deeds, often in

the lowest stratum of animals) are all observed and believed with the utmost sincerity.

Among the good works expected of the opulent, one of the most honorable and most meritorious consists in spending a part of their fortune in the construction and endowment of large temples. Such munificence, it is argued, is an infallible means of obtaining the protection of the gods, remission of one's sins, and entrance into an abode of bliss after death. As a rule women are not permitted to attend any religious services in the temples, primarily because the attention of the opposite sex might be distracted while in meditation. One may ask, How will they be saved? But here is a very simple solution to this problem. In most cases women are regarded as slaves from the time of marriage. They actually have to do everything in the home, and husbands do not think the least thing about their soul's salvation.

These are all doctrines which I accepted as true, and it was impossible for one to convince me about the smallest iota of the truth of the Holy Bible and the faith I now accept.

There is one motivating power which above all others has influenced my determination. It struck me that a faithful picture of the wickedness and incongruities of polytheism and idolatry would by its very ugliness help greatly to set off the beauties and perfections of Christianity.

It was my ardent desire to derive an education, and despite the fact that I had

application forms from other denominational schools in the United States, there was a divine hand that directed me to fill the application form for West Indian Training College in Jamaica.

The environment in the school was not what I was accustomed to, and I was impressed primarily with the morning, evening, and Sabbath services. I had entered from choice, so it was needless to complain, for I had no one to accuse but myself for my folly. I must very definitely state that I never wanted to have anything to do with the Bible and also never took a Bible examination; when my report card came and I noticed the good grades in the other subjects excepting a failure in Bible, it did not matter the least to me. On the whole, school life was not interesting. I had a few sincere friends who spoke to me seriously about my belief, but the question of accepting Adventism could not be mentioned to me.

I still felt bored to be in this school, and I was moved to make arrangements to study in another institution in Kingston. When I consulted the clerk she informed me of the impossibility of interviewing the principal on that day, and since I knew no one in that strange city with whom I could talk over my problem, my decision was to return to school.

The first Week of Prayer came, and though my roommates prayed for me as they afterward mentioned, I was still obdurate. During the months of my stay in school many moments were spent in acri-

—Please turn to page 19



According to the Hindu Religion There Are an Immense Number of Gods Honored by the People

THE gigantic mountains and fertile valleys comprising central New Guinea shelter a dense population as backward as any in the world. Their fertile soil produces ample food with the minimum of effort, and the magnificence of unspoiled natural beauty makes them a potential tourists' paradise.

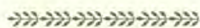
Despite such a good foundation for peaceful, contented living, the inhabitants were engaged in incessant strife, waged with the most pitiless cruelty, for when has Satan blessed his slaves with peace and happiness? Armed with bows and arrows and spears, one tribe would make undeclared war on their neighbors with the barbarous intention of annihilating them. If any were saved, they would be only one or two attractive young women and a plump child now and then.

Villages were strongly palisaded, and all tracks converging on them were "mined" with stakes of sharpened bamboo and other devilish contraptions; sentries were posted, and in protracted warfare the village was encircled with strong posts manned by the keenest and bravest of the warriors. The main body was held in the central village for the purpose of reinforcing any point attacked, and runners were always in readiness to take a swift message for assistance.

Often a tribe would be besieged within the village itself, and cut off from the source of food, their gardens. Night sorties for the purpose of relieving the famine within the fortress were highly dangerous, and fatal to many, so that the besieged were often in desperate straits. At such times after repelling another savage attack they would rush outside with raucous shouts and with ghoulish glee take as



A Garoka Aristocrat From the Highlands Displays the Finery for His Particular Social Standing



A NEW GU

By LOU
Wabag Mission,

Photos Courtesy

many as possible of the enemy casualties to replenish the village larder.

A feature of the social structure of these people is the entire absence of a chiefly line in the real sense of the word. Their tribal leaders have very little authority, and the other members of the tribe never learn to respect authority or submission to reasonable control. Their lives are almost entirely governed by personal desires and passions. Gratitude also is foreign to their nature.

At the present time a mere one and a half to two days' walk from Kainantu brings us to the uncontrolled area, where conditions such as described here are normal in all directions. We have teachers stationed in nominally controlled territory, which I recently visited, where the list of widows is tragically long, and any man, woman, or child who crosses the tribal border quickly enters the "land of no return."

What may be more strange is the absence of any form of worship or knowledge of a Supreme Being. The only suggestion of a belief in the supernatural is a vague belief in spirits.

Among these people our first mission station was established at Kainantu, "the gateway to the highlands," in 1934. Many well-known names were associated with its establishment—S. H. Gander, Oti and Salau, W. W. Petrie, and A. J. Campbell—and all these are still giving themselves without reserve to the service of the heavenly King.

The work at Kainantu had not been under way very long before Pastor Stan Gander, consecrated humorist, prodigious worker, and adventurer for God, pushed on to Bena Bena, which was for some time the administrative headquarters for the central highlands, to build our second highlands station on Sigoia Mountain, giving a magnificent view over many smaller ranges to that sprawling giant, Mount Michael (12,400 feet). In those days the government regulations required the carriage of arms by all, including missionaries. To comply, our missionaries carried a gun each as unobtrusively as possible and unloaded.

The year 1938, with war clouds billowing, saw the arrival of David Brennan, that genial Ulsterman known and widely loved throughout Australia, to begin our third

and last prewar mission at Omaura, eighteen miles south of Kainantu and looking toward the Markham Valley, shrouded in baptized heathenism.

The postwar period, as our responsibilities grew with our widening opportunities, saw a grand development of our work westward, where lie the uncounted and earnestly pleading populations of Garoka, Chimbu, Hagen, and Wabag valleys.

With General Conference assistance the central New Guinea field was reinforced with half a dozen families to form a chain of Seventh-day Adventist missions throughout the central highlands "controlled areas." Youthful zeal and vigor combined with the wisdom of experience and the "Lord of the harvest" has blessed the sowing and the reaping.

As President H. Ward Nolan today surveys this chain stretching from the edge of the Markham Valley in the southeast to the Wabag Valley at the extreme end of controlled territory, he must be constrained to say that those frequent exhausting treks over this rugged terrain were well worth while. By those who have enjoyed the privilege of going on a "walk about" with Pastor Nolan there has been experienced a revelation of what the human frame can endure. Despite the whirlwind nature of his passage, time has proved that an en-



The Bena Bena Mission Station

INEA FILM

P. GREIVE

theast New Guinea

the Author



the Highlands of New Guinea

during impression remains of the visit of the "namba wan masta bilong Seven Day" with his "million-dollar" smile of genuine friendship.

Today our oldest mission station, Kainantu, nestling among the symmetrical casuarinas with their attractively pendulous foliage, flanked by spacious lawns, beautified with gay, colorful flowers, is the sight of the district. Overlooking the nearby airstrip, the newly painted modern buildings, built from pit-sawn, hand-planed timber, are a tribute to the industry and to the tenacity of purpose of Pastor Campbell and his national assistants.

Unlike many other people of Oceania, the highlanders are not quickly responsive to the gospel, but today 130 baptized church members, including those of two organized village churches, bear witness to the power of God to change and sanctify degraded man.

The weekly "class ready" at the head station is attended by eighty candidates for the rite of baptism. Each week sees new accretions to it, and the instruction classes conducted in the villages by more than twenty teachers are attended by many more. After an average of two year's instruction those whose lives testify to the power of the name "whereby we must be saved" may join the baptismal class.

The amount in tithes and offerings given by these "primitives," who have so little of this world's goods, is surprising. It is quite usual for a party of our members to carry "bilums" of sweet potato, corn, and other produce fifteen miles or more in order to pay their tithe.

Over at Bena Bena the site is entirely new, and the Northeast New Guinea team "salute" our engineer missionary L. I. Howell, for his pre-eminently neat, new station and his successful completion of the first of our hydroelectric power schemes.

Lester Hawkes and his family, formerly of Papua, are ably holding the fort during the Howells' absence on Australian furlough.

Reorganization of our Northeast New Guinea educational work and the division of this field into northeast and northwest missions have affected the staffing of Omaura, the other prewar station, where the Eric Gane family is working with heart and soul to build up the intermediate school there, which is one unit in the progressive educational plans now being carried out. It is also a medical post serving a large population of very needy people.

Ormond Speck, former principal of Omaura, has gone with his family to Ambunti, 180 miles upriver from Wewak, at the mouth of the great Sepik River, to build our first inland mission of the northwest division, under the leadership of S. H. Gander. His early reports are enthusiastic.

"Over the hill" from Bena Bena, a distance of about twenty miles by road, L. R. Thrift, principal of the New Guinea Highlands Missionary School, toils unwearyingly on the heavy task of establishing our highest educational unit on a new mission property with great possibilities in the incredibly fertile Garoka Valley.

Omaura, our first teacher-training unit, was left isolated because of the rapid westward development of this field, and the committee therefore decided to transfer it to a more central site. This decision caused us sorrow, for we loved beautiful Garoka, but we know it is best and wish the Thrift family every success and



Lester Hawkes

The "Three Musketeers" Lined Up for Inspection at the Bena Bena Mission Station

God's blessing at that very important link in our educational system.

One mountain range divides the Garoka Valley from the more populous Chimbu. From the top of this range inspiring panoramas of both are to be had, and from this eminence it is only one day's march to Kumul station, where the C. R. Stafford family are literally carrying out the Biblical injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might"—and thoroughly enjoying it.

About equidistant in different directions from Kumul lie Yani, to the west, and Moruma to the north, where the L. A. Gilmores and the J. W. Frenches, respectively, are carrying on vigorous mission programs with increasing support from the populations they serve.

Proceeding farther, we arrive at Mount Hagen Leprosarium, where L. H. Barnard is now receiving his first patients and Frank Aveling is in charge of construction.

Lepers, though not commonly seen, are numerous, and this part of our medical work is receiving spontaneous support from all our local mission directors, as well as officers of the civil administration. Already a group of lepers are waiting at Kainantu for transport by air to Hagen.

The second world war introduced the people of Wabag Valley, where *Khakio* is the new word of obvious derivation used to describe the strange "pale faces" who



The Author Giving an Ailing Native an Injection for Frambesia



The First Group of Lepers Admitted to the Mount Hagen Leprosarium Shown With Their Orderlies



Robin (Left) and Neroli Greive, Children of the Author, Shown With Their Native Nurses

came to them from the outside world.

The Seventh-day Adventist mission in this valley, manned by the Frank Maberlys, was the first to bring the good news of salvation to this most primitive people of all the highlanders. The first Wabag students have already been attending the school at Omaura for a considerable time. Despite frightening manifestations of devil possession and other trials, the Maberlys are carrying on courageously to demonstrate the desirability of Christ possession.

The rise of the "cargo cult" in the coastal regions has interposed a well-nigh insuperable obstacle to mission operations there. As raw recruits Bert Grosser and his wife found difficulties and discouragements at Saidor, our one coastal station apart from our Madang headquarters, almost overwhelming. The followers of the cult await the arrival by sea of untold wealth and all modern conveniences from the spirit world. They believe the presence of whites among them, association with them, or attendance of their children at mission schools prevents their spirit ancestors from sending them this greatly desired wealth. Associated with this are the debasing practices of spirit worship.

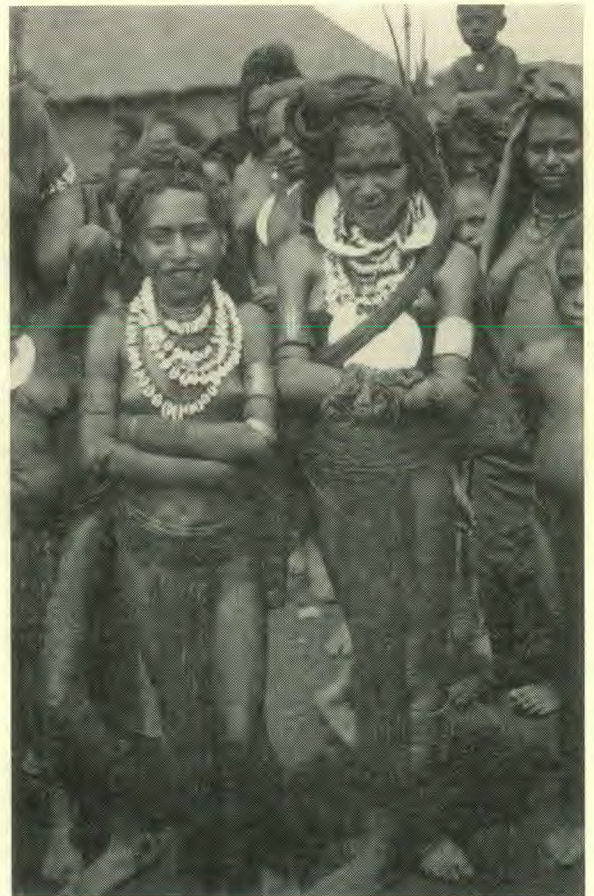
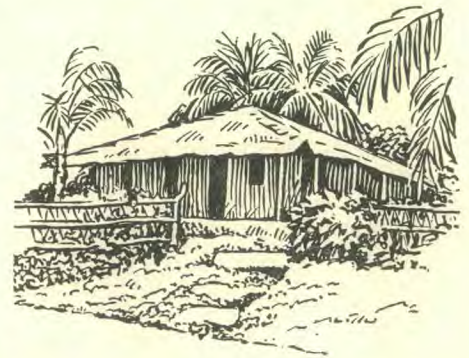
After some months the people of Saidor, under the influence of this satanic delusion, requested the assistant district officer to inform the Grossers that they did not desire them to remain. However, at that time no seagoing transport was available, and in the interval of waiting this young couple demonstrated the spirit of Christ in that they "went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed," to such good effect that the people changed their minds, and the outlook for the work of God is much more encouraging today.

Throughout the postwar years financial problems have been such as to require great faith on the part of our leaders. Nevertheless, each committee meeting has brought forth its quota of thrilling plans for progress. I believe that the secret of

this inspired vision was divulged by Pastor Eric A. Boehm, our devoted and efficient secretary, when he wrote recently, "Thank God, His work does not depend on finance." Faith combined with works receives the support of the Banker who never fails—"The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts." And Pastor Boehm's smiles have never been wider than they are today as he sees faith justified in the way God has seen us through.

The Coral Sea Union plan for building the Coral Sea Union Missionary College in the Markham Valley near Lae has sent a wave of enthusiasm through the highlands, and our national workers have given sacrificially in support of an institution that will be pre-eminent in education throughout this island union field.

Everywhere in New Guinea there is a mighty stirring today—the desire for something better, a desire which only the Bread of Life can satisfy. It is this craving that the Northeast New Guinea Mission, by the grace of God, is trying to satisfy with a typical program of medical service, evangelism, and education. By prayer and the blessed hope we link hands with God's remnant people wherever they may be—in Oceania, at the home bases, and beyond the seven seas—unitedly bending our energies to the common task of preaching God's last, great warning message to the people of New Guinea, who wait in darkness for the light of the gospel—to "every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people."



A Group of Local Belles From the Hinterlands of New Guinea Pose Shyly for Their First Picture

Juniors

FESTA felt she had been running for days instead of hours. Her legs ached so much that they were ready to fold up underneath her, but on she ran. Away in the distance the mission appeared. As she ran toward it she relived all that had happened nearly two weeks before.

At just about the same time of night she had arrived at the mission and made her presence known. (In this part of Africa the people do not knock at the door. They stand outside, calling "Hodi!" meaning, "May I come in?")

"Bwana, bwana," she had panted when the missionary appeared.

"Tafadhali, bwana, unisaidia [Please, sir, you help me]," she had begged.

As his eyes widened and his eyebrows lifted, it had suddenly dawned on her weary and, indeed, exhausted mind that he had a perfect right to look bewildered. Of course he had not known why her eyes were wild, why her chest was heaving, why her words were interrupted as she panted for breath. Who was she? Where did she come from? What did she want?

"Bwana, I have run away," she had explained. "At the village school I have learned about Jesus. When you came to look at the school you told us of His love. Teacher said you were from the mission where children go to school and learn about the Bible. I do not want to live with my old husband any more. He has three other wives. That is enough. He drinks much beer and is not a good man. I want to stay here at the mission. I do not have any money, but I will work as much as you want me to. Only please do not send me away."

Bwana had looked as though he was turning the matter over and over in his mind. He had asked her a few questions. From the answers he had learned her name, those of her husband and her father, the whereabouts of her village, and that she was about eleven years old.

According to tribal custom, as a baby she had been sold to an old man for several head of cattle. Eight years later he had taken her as one of his wives, who were all little more than servants.

Bwana had called his wife and spoken to her in English; then he had turned to Festa.

Out of the House of Bondage

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By MARGARET TRUDGRON PEARSON

"Very well, Festa. You follow *mem-sahib*. She will show you where you can sleep. Tomorrow you can go to school with the other girls. When they go to work you can come to my office, and we shall talk some more. Good night now. Sleep well, and God bless you."

At the office the next day she had been given more things than she had ever had in her life—a reed mat to sleep on, a blanket, three dresses, one to wear to church on Sabbath, one for school and everyday wear, and an old khaki one for work. She had taken each one with both hands to show her appreciation.

*Mem-sahib* had been at the dormitory to show her which place on the shelf was hers. Each girl had neatly rolled up her mat and put it in its place.

Five days had passed very quickly for the little girl. Life had been so different she could have been in another world. Everyone had seemed kind. No one beat her when she made a mistake.

Then had come that dreadful night.

Everyone was sound asleep. The night was dark, for the moon had not yet risen. *Crash!*

Festa and the other girls awakened in fright as the window was shattered by spears. Angry voices told them that there were several persons outside. Presently men climbed inside, found Festa, and roughly picking her up, pushed her through the window. It was impossible for any of the girls to run for help while the intruders were there, for they blocked the window, and the door was always locked at night.

The journey home was one long to be remembered by Festa. Besides the abuse received at the hands of the search party, there was still the unpleasant prospect of being handed over to her husband again. She did not know which was worse. Those men were tired after several days of searching, and not having eaten since morning,



"Bwana, Teacher Said You Were From the Mission Where Children Go to School and Learn About the Bible"



they were even more ill-tempered. Her husband was seldom in a good humor and would certainly not pass this off lightly. If he had been to a beer drink tonight, she could expect a beating.

As the party finally neared the village, children gathered from every direction. For a while goats and cattle were allowed to care for themselves as the little herd-boys, Festa's stepchildren, joined the on-lookers. The two wives in the field put down their hoes and watched. They dared not leave work altogether. Another wife poked her head out of the kitchen doorway. The old man remained half-sitting, half-lying in the sun, smoking his pipe.

Each man in the search party began to talk, trying to claim the glory for himself. All talked at once, and no one could be heard or understood. A sign from the old man silenced them. He looked at Festa and spat on the ground to show his contempt. A volley of words were thrown at the girl. But she did not even look their way. She stood straight and stubborn, staring off to the side at nothing in particular.

After the tirade was somewhat abated Festa was taken to her hut and beaten. How long she lay there she knew not. When she recovered her senses her body was so stiff and sore that she could hardly move. In no uncertain tones the old man, her husband, warned her that if she ever ran away again, he would kill her.

One night a week later Festa slipped out of her mud hut. The animals would have been sure to sound the alarm, but she managed not to disturb them. A few minutes later saw her safely through the hedge surrounding the village. As she ran from one bush to another, the torn, somewhat tight cotton dress irritated the wounds on her back. She put her hand up to feel them. Without them progress might be faster.

Br-r-r! A shiver ran down her back as a civet cat (there are many of them in this part of Africa) jumped out of the bush ahead. She was thankful it was only a civet cat and not a lion or an

## OUR COVER

H. A. Roberts Photo

Around the glistening wonder bent  
The blue walls of the firmament,  
No cloud above, no earth below,—  
A universe of sky and snow!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

elephant. It well might happen that she would meet such an animal in this country.

The moon began playing tricks on her. Each shadow seemed to take the form of a man with a spear, ready to drag her back to her village. Festa's heart pounded.

Some of the village children, when they missed Festa, thought she was foolish. Others would have liked to be fleeing with her. Their fears, however, were greater than their desires. Some of them too were wives of men old enough to be their fathers. How they would enjoy the carefree life of little girls in civilized countries!

Festa carefully avoided each village. Everyone would know where she was going, but it would be time enough when people found out for themselves that she was gone.

As day began to dawn Festa kept a lookout for a place to rest and hide. She found some bushes that were near a stream. Exhausted, she slept until afternoon. When she awakened the sun was beating down upon her, but it felt good. It was the first time for several years that she had slept all day. There had always been the hoeing, cooking, milking, and numerous other tasks to be done. There had been no time to sleep while the sun was shining.

She pricked up her ears, looked to the left, looked to the right, and looked ahead and behind. No one was in sight. Nothing stirred. Quietly she got up on her hands

and knees, crept to the shady side of the bushes, curled up, and went back to sleep.

It was pitch dark when she awakened again. The moon was hiding behind some clouds, just as though it wanted to hide Festa. Two or three hours of running should bring her to the mission, so she ran and ran and ran. When tired of running, she walked for a while and then ran again.

Now she was nearing the mission for the second time. There were no lights on the compound, but one was still burning in *bwana's* house at the other end. As she raced toward the light all weariness vanished.

In answer to the call, "*Hodi!*" the missionary opened the door. He stared in amazement as he recognized the caller.

"Good evening," he said.

"Good evening, *bwana*," she curtsied.

"How did you get here?"

"I ran. When they took me home I knew it would not be for long. I will run away every time."

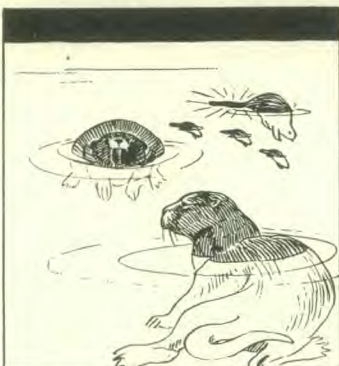
"Come inside," invited the missionary.

He disappeared for a while and could be heard talking to his wife. Soon both of them came into the room where Festa was. The little girl was led into the kitchen, where she was given food and a blanket. A bed on the kitchen floor would be just as comfortable as one in the dormitory, and probably much safer. It was encouraging to know that she could not be found and stolen without the knowledge of these kind people. She turned out the little lantern beside her and was soon sleeping soundly.

The next day she was learning how to wash floors when a great commotion grew louder and louder as it neared the house. Festa ran to the window. Her breath became short, and her eyes grew big and round. Her heart went thud, thud, thud! Those men making all the noise were the same ones who had recovered her the last time. They were really angry now. She was glad she was out of their sight.

## Benny the Busy Beaver, No. 12 — By Harry Baerg

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1. One night while Benny and his little family were all out swimming in their pond they saw an otter raise its head near by. How he wanted a young beaver!



2. Sally dived at once and headed for the lodge with her young ones, while Benny fought off the otter until his little family could reach the safety of their home.



3. Benny and Sally were so glad that they had such a sturdy little lodge where they and their young ones could be happy and safe from the most of their enemies.



4. Beaver dams prevent floods and provide shelters for fish and game. However, man is the beaver's worst enemy, because he traps him for his valuable fur.



Festa stood well back so that they could not see her, but she could still hear the conversation. Finally she made out what *bwana* was saying.

"You say that the husband paid six cattle for the girl? and will not lose them?"

"Yes. That is so," agreed the spokesman.

"Very well. Tell him to come at the next new moon and I shall give him six cows for the girl. In the meantime she will live here in my house."

The men did not want to go off empty-handed. They stood and argued and grumbled for an hour, and would have continued had the *bwana* not bade them *Kwaheri*. Without anyone to talk to they could not help leaving.

Festa stayed on at the mission, went to school, and learned more about the love of Jesus. She had seen concrete evidence of it, which she would never forget. When she married an evangelist some years later and went to work for her Lord, she kept these things in her heart.

## A New Face

(Continued from page 10)

Having given your life to God, you should start now perseveringly to choose the thoughts that you would have remain in your mind and then appear on the pages of that open book of yours—your face. In other words, read the right kind of literature, choose the best kind of friends, look for the attractive and commendable qualities in those with whom you associate, and make sure that you spend some time in prayer, Bible study, and Christian service every day; and whenever possible spend some time in corporate worship each week.

Yes, overcome evil with good. That is God's plan for your life. While following this plan you will also be helping in the task of giving yourself a *new* face. Then one day soon God will give you a *brand-new* face; for in His Word we read, "We shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. . . . For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

A new face? Yes, it is assured to us each one. "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

## How I Became a Seventh-day Adventist

(Continued from page 13)

monious arguments; however, I still maintained and expressed my love for the superstitious religion I had embraced in my homeland.

As time passed, the thought of investigating the tenets of belief in the Bible held by Seventh-day Adventists never occurred to me. I regarded Sabbath as an ordinary



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.

## Three-Letter Bible Place Names

By G. G. BROWN

1. Cain dwelt in the land of — — —. (Gen. 4:16.)
2. Abram built an altar between Bethel and — — —. (Gen. 12:8.)
3. The ancient name of Bethel was — — —. (Gen. 28:19.)
4. Hadar, king of Edom, reigned at — — — or — — —. (Gen. 36:39; 1 Chron. 1:50.)
5. Between Elim and Sinai lies the wilderness of — — —. (Ex. 16:1.)
6. Aaron died on the top of Mount — — —. (Num. 20:27, 28.)
7. On the border of Moab, Israel camped at — — —. (Num. 33:45.)
8. Israel's Palestine border lay near — — —. (Num. 34:11.)

day, and to be candid, I usually studied my class assignments when my roommates were away at church.

One Sabbath while I was engrossed in my lessons, strange thoughts came to my mind. They were something like this: "If Jesus the Son of God should return and take those to heaven who obey His Word, would I be regarded as one? What account would I give? These thoughts came to me now and again. Although I tried to forget them, still I was troubled.

I began to realize that I should delve into this Adventist faith more minutely without anyone's being cognizant of my investigation. As the light was brought to me I felt it my duty to renounce my superstitious faith and cling to this Advent truth, which offered me hope for eternal salvation through faith in Jesus Christ. As the next Week of Prayer came I could not do better than stand for this truth.

Several months afterward I was baptized, and I have dedicated my life to finish the work that God has brought me to Jamaica to accomplish. I realize that I came here not on my own accord, and though I endeavored to leave this institution, the Almighty had a hand in my decision to stay.

Many were surprised at my sudden conversion, but all things are possible with God, for He convicts the infidel and converts the barbarian from his dark and superstitious ways to a higher plane of

9. Some kings who opposed Joshua lived in — — —. (Joshua 11:2.)
10. Naphtali had a fenced city called — — —. (Joshua 19:35.)
11. David ate shewbread at — — —. (1 Sam. 21:1, 6.)
12. David's men fought at least two battles against the Philistines at — — —. (2 Sam. 21:18, 19.)
13. Jehu wounded King Ahaziah of Judah near — — —. (2 Kings 9:27.)
14. The king of Assyria carried Syrian captives to — — —. (2 Kings 16:9.)
15. The sons of Elpaal built the cities of — — — and — — —. (1 Chron. 8:12.)
16. Jehoiada's guards watched at the gate of — — —. (2 Kings 11:6.)

## C—a Geography

By ROSS THOMPSON

1. C — — — a Old Latin name for Scotland and a county in Vermont.
2. C — — — a Seaport city in Spain, also a seacoast city on the north coast of South America.
3. C — — — a City in Illinois and in Washington.
4. C — — — a City in Texas.
5. C — — — a This name is a lake, village, and county in New York, the location of a famous summer educational center.
6. C — — — a Four a's in this one, a seaport city in North Africa, which became prominent during the World War II.

—Keys on page 25

spiritual thinking. His hand reaches out to the benighted Hindu, such as I was, and He has rescued me from the thralldom of sin.

My sincere prayer and hope is that many who are still groping their way in the abyss of Hinduism will allow the true God to free them from the bonds and shackles which bind them and open their eyes to His last warning message before probation is closed.

## Victoria Falls

(Continued from page 8)

inseparably bound to that one great rock, Christ Jesus.

From the eastern side of the falls we drove down the motor road to the juncture of the third and fourth gorges. Here is the Silent Pool, which is formed in the sharp angle where the two gorges meet, and where the river switches back upon itself in an approximately twenty-five-degree hairpin turn. Also at this point is the little power station that supplies electricity to the falls area and the township of Livingstone nearby.

Water for the operation of the power station is conveyed by a canal, which leaves the river at a point just above the falls on the northern Rhodesia side, and terminates at the brink of the cliff dominating the Silent Pool. From this point the water



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funnels into a single pipe about two feet in diameter, which runs almost perpendicularly down the wall of the gorge, gathering the force required to turn the generators in the powerhouse below. Upon inquiry I was told that this small building, nestled at the foot of the four-hundred-foot precipice, housed two one-thousand-kilowatt generators.

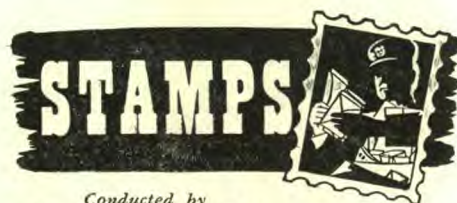
In this rather sparsely settled part of the globe there is little need for much electrical current; and the cities of Bulawayo and Salisbury, where there is some industrial activity, are hundreds of miles distant, too far for economical transmission of power in the amounts required. However, I was impressed with the fact that of the tremendous potential energy available, there was an infinitesimal proportion being appropriated to the use of mankind. If some of the eternal waters of the Zambezi could be diverted to irrigation of the surrounding country, what agricultural production could be realized! And if the tremendous

quantities of energy created by the falling stream could be harnessed and utilized, what vast amounts of work could be performed therewith. I am neither farmer nor industrialist and would not presume to suggest any plans for such development. Possibly the idea would be utterly impractical. Nevertheless, it is impressive that such a great river—one of the world's greatest—should grow, flow, and travel so far to the sea, and still be of such little real use to man.

Herein I perceive another spiritual parallel. There is flowing from the heart of God a great stream of saving love that often finds no use, because there is no device ready to transmit it to the help of man. In the case of the river the machinery required is dynamos, canals, power lines, and transformers; but a different kind of contrivance is needed to transform the power of salvation from the Divine to the human. There are some such pieces of equipment in operation today, but not

nearly enough. I have seen some older models doing excellent service, with a long record of usefulness behind them, but what we need most now is more new installations. And what are these? Strong young men and women so completely surrendered to God that He can use them to bring the reality of His redeeming love to a world that needs it—yes, is perishing for want of it.

Angels cannot speak it, nor the rocks cry out, but the lips of consecrated young people can bear God's message. If they fail, then the cleansing, saving tide will not flow to the parched fields, nor will heaven's power reach lives now waiting to be filled with spiritual strength. Let us consider carefully lest we be guilty of closing the floodgates of heaven to that part of this dying world for which we are responsible. And, conversely, what a great privilege it is to be a chosen tool of heaven—a "power line" to carry the grace and mercy of Christ to others.



Conducted by  
ROLAND A. FRANKLIN

Address all correspondence to the Stamp Corner, YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C. And be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope or International Reply Coupon, which can be secured at any post office in any country, for reply. Please use commemorative stamps on all your Stamp Corner correspondence whenever possible.

### Ways to Get Stamps

**E**VIDENTLY there are many readers of the INSTRUCTOR who are junior beginners and many others who are senior beginners. From the letters received by the Stamp Corner we take one of the most often-asked questions and answer as best we can for all. "How can I get stamps for my collection?" is what so many want to know. Just remember this, stamp collectors, there are so many possibilities that we have not enough space to tell everything we might. We will touch briefly on a few, for there are as many ways to collect stamps as there are stamp collectors, and these are countless.

Perhaps the easiest way to get stamps is just to ask for them. If you find this difficult, remember that every letter is carried by at least one stamp; and if you do not ask for it, someone else will, or eventually it will end up in the wastepaper basket. A stamp never does anyone any good there unless it is salvaged. So, ask your friends whether they would be willing to let you have the stamps that bring their letters. Everyone has friends who receive mail. With a little diligent effort you will soon be getting nice commemoratives and lovely pictorials, and will have

duplicates with which to trade for other stamps from various countries as you may desire them.

One thing leads to another, you see; the next way of getting stamps is to trade your duplicates for duplicates of other stamp collectors. If you live where it is impossible to trade directly with another collector, you can always exchange with other collectors like yourself through the mails. In this connection we might mention the Stamp Exchange, which is printed in the Stamp Corner. It is wise to find out a little about the one with whom you are trading before you send too many, or it is possible that you will lose the stamps. It is best to make contact first to be sure the address you have is correct, that what you have to trade is what the other collector wants, and that the other collector has just what you want. After the first two or three letters to each other it is easier to know what to send. As you continue your contacts you may find that international correspondence is a literary sport.

In addition to the actual trading, stamps always come on the letters. It is nice always to use commemoratives or pictorials on the letters you send. It makes other people happy to receive them. Of course, if you merely like to write letters, you will get stamps on the return mail from friends who do not collect, provided they enjoy writing letters too. Perhaps if you wrote and told them you were interested, they could find some special stamp for you anyway. If your father or some relative or close friend is employed in an office building, you might prevail upon them to be on the watch for additions to your collection. Many fine stamps have come from envelopes thrown into wastebaskets that later were spied and saved.

We hesitate to mention again that you can always buy stamps, envelopes, and

post cards at the post office. This is the finest place to get stamps. While in Minneapolis, Minnesota, one day I went to the post office near the famous flour mills and mailed some small parcels to friends. As I passed the general delivery window I noticed that a man was being given some mail on which were stamps not then common. I gathered up courage, approached him, and asked for the stamps if he did not want them. He promptly took the letters out of the envelopes and gave me several covers bearing stamps from Sweden, which I still have.

Stamps always can be bought from stamp stores or from approval selections through the mail. But I leave with you this caution: know from whom you buy, and know that the stamps are not misrepresented. It may be very wise to buy little and cautiously at first until you are well acquainted with the market prices. It is ever so much more fun actually to find and trade the stamps for yourself rather than just to buy them. The ones we find are most enjoyed. However, it is true that you will never get certain stamps unless you buy them. Be sure you want them before you buy them, and take care, *take care!*

All this really sums up to the fact that if you want a thing badly enough to keep your eyes and ears open, you will surely find it. If you desire stamps enough to write for them, trade them, ask for them, and look for them, you certainly will get them. You need not be told that the keenest tools for obtaining stamps are a cheery, friendly smile, a pleasant, friendly way, and a tactful manner. Oh, yes, the lesson each little stamp gives—stick to the job until it is done! Be sure to learn that. Now, here is wishing you the best of hunting as you search for more and better stamps for your collection.





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## Polillo Sequel

(Continued from page 6)

people from the "mainland" of Luzon are making the rough journey over the choppy channel to Polillo to attend that Christian school.

And as we gathered for our services in the humble, unpainted church on Sabbath morning, my heart swelled with pride as I saw the group of young people who belong to that Polillo church—clean, quiet, reverent, with the glow of health on their cheeks and the spirit of Christ shining in their eyes. Why, it almost made me wish for a moment that I was a teacher, keeping young with these young people! My, how they could sing! and speak! and pray! No wonder their parents are willing to sacrifice, to work, to plan, that they might have the privilege of a real Christian education in that out-of-the-way spot. Pray for them, dear reader, and for others like them scattered here and there around the world.

After the Sabbath we spent several hours in conferences, laying plans for another fruitful year for the Polillo Vocational Institute. Our meeting adjourned at midnight; at one o'clock I stepped aboard another launch on my way back to Manila and home. But not empty-handed! Of course I had my personal baggage, but in addition I carried a mammoth pineapple, a bag of seashells for my daughter's collection, and a live parrot! The parrot perches on a wire in the corner of our living room now, as I write. We call him Polly—short for Polillo, of course!

## Wanted—Young Pioneers for God

(Continued from page 4)

about these perils coming upon the world? Tell us about your great organization. How is it that you get people to give a larger amount per capita to support the church and foreign missions than any other organization in the world? Give us word about your young people's organizations—those great congresses you are holding attended by thousands of youth."

They say we had more publicity about our recent General Conference than any other convention has received in the city of San Francisco. Even yet we are getting clippings from great religious journals. Recently I noted a column and a half in one of the most prominent of these telling about the wonderful conference the Adventists had, and mentioning the unusual attendance, saying nothing like it had ever been known in San Francisco before. Oh, yes, we have come to a different time, a time of plenty, when it is easy and popular to be an Adventist. It is possible to earn money almost anywhere and still keep the Sabbath.

Not only does the devil try to soften us up by present-day ease, prosperity, and

popularity, but he also has gathered around us a thousand snares and ambitions which our pioneers never faced but which they foresaw. We are told that never before in all the history of the world, since the days of Rome, has there been so much cheap, foolish entertainment for the youth as is available today. There are movies with their depiction of crime, vice, and lawlessness; cheap, tawdry literature with which the world is flooded; the sentimental, trashy music of the day; and the dance. There is the ambition to make religion and God secondary to other objectives, such as getting on in the world, making a good living, and having an easy time. Now that we are popular, now that people are no longer afraid of us, we can easily associate with the young people of the world. And, of course, if we are not careful, there will be such close connection that intermarriage takes place.

So if Moses were here tonight, he would utter the same cry as he did that day as he faced the younger generation of ancient Israel. He would repeat: "I am speaking to a group of comparatively young people. It is going to be your responsibility to lead Israel across Jordan. But beware lest you forget God! It is a peril to you to have things easy and to be popular as you are at present." These things may become either a blessing or a curse, depending on how we relate ourselves to them. The radio, television, and all the modern methods of travel we have today were created, I believe, for the special purpose of helping to carry this message of the soon-coming Saviour to the ends of the earth. But they can also become a snare and a delusion to us.

A little advertisement that I once noted in a radio store impressed me very much. It said, "The radio makes a theater of every home." I thought to myself, "That is just the antithesis of what God intended. He meant the radio to make a chapel of every home so that through the radio His ministers might reach the millions of the

world." We must learn, young people, in these days of peril to choose between the good and the evil in books, recreation, radio, and television.

It is because we face the same comparative peril that Israel did in entering the Promised Land that I have brought this message to you tonight. God expects that we should complete our task at once instead of settling down to enjoy a life of ease and luxury. There remains yet much to be done. Neither our evangelists nor our colporteurs have completed their important work. There are vast territories unentered, and many people living around us everywhere are yet unwarned.

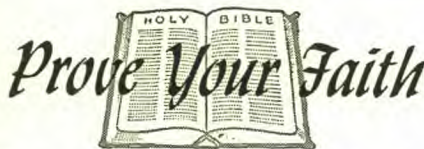
God is not calling today for soft Christians who have been enervated by the luxuries and pleasures of life. He wants a reversion to the spirit of the old pioneers with their indomitable courage and ingenuity to get along with very little. There should be a willingness to spend the evenings, not in pleasure, but in giving Bible studies, telling somebody else that Christ is coming, that they must get ready, or else it will be too late. Men whose faith is weak and wavering are not the ones to carry forward the work in these important times. The Master needs those now who are willing to be pioneers, and who will go forth and put all that they have of strength, effort, zeal, and energy into this blessed work of finishing our task of world evangelism. May God grant that you may have a great harvest of men and women to take with you to the kingdom of God when Jesus comes.

## Jamaica Sets the Pace

(Continued from page 9)

singing was inspirational. The Voice of Prophecy program was presented Sunday morning, released over the local radio station.

The final meeting of the congress was announced as a huge mass meeting of Christian youth at the Kingston Race Course, Sunday evening at seven o'clock. Spot announcements on the radio, loudspeakers mounted on cars plying the streets, and handbills extended a cordial welcome to the citizens of Kingston. By six o'clock people were streaming into the race course. The Jamaica Military Band gave a sacred concert. A massed choir of two hundred Missionary Volunteers sang gospel songs, one of which, the "Hallelujah Chorus," was accompanied by the band. In a brief message of welcome the mayor, Mr. William Seivright, expressed his appreciation of the influence of the Seventh-day Adventist Church in the city of Kingston. It was made clear that Seventh-day Adventists sponsored the gathering, and the Bible correspondence school was presented by Pastor H. S. Walters, youth leader for British West Indies Union and chairman for the program. I



"Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you."

By F. DONALD YOST

## The Inspiration of the Bible

What text proves that—

1. God is willing to reveal His purposes to man?
2. The entire Bible "is given by inspiration of God"?
3. The Word of God is everlasting?
4. The Bible is true and has sanctifying power?

—Proof texts on page 25.



called for a response at the close of my message, and it was inspiring to look over that standing crowd of more than fifteen thousand, and see so many hands raised to indicate the desire to follow Christ. As the male quartet sang to close the program and the delegates prepared to leave for their homes, it was with a sense that they had participated in the largest religious gathering ever conducted on the island of Jamaica.

With this inspiration hundreds of Jamaican Missionary Volunteers have begun at Kingston to visit five hundred thousand people with the message of hope from the God of heaven.

## Titicaca Adventure

(Continued from page 12)

but ahead lay an experience not so enchanting.

The little boat bobbed and skipped along as happily as in the morning, but the sailors did not look so carefree. Behind us, coming up over the mountains, were dark, nasty-looking storm clouds. And they were moving fast. Desperately the sailors tacked back and forth trying their best to gain the headlands ahead of us. Once for fifteen minutes we hit a dead calm. Then suddenly, about six o'clock in the afternoon, the storm struck. It swept down over us with a blinding, driving force. The sailors, veterans of such lake storms, worked smoothly and efficiently, but they looked worried, and the passengers were quite frankly frightened. The sails were down, but the smashing storm drove us like a chip of wood straight toward the forbidding Peruvian shores. We huddled down in the bow, but in the open boat the pelting rain soaked us to the skin in a few minutes. The sailors battled with the rudder and two oars, in an effort to get us back under the protecting headland on the home side of the lake. Finally in desperation they tried to put up the sail. A powerful rush of wind more smashing

than the rest broke the ropes loose, and the big, soaked canvas came crashing down on top of us. Once again they went to work with the oars, but it was useless. We were cutting out straight across the lake and were being driven hard by the lashing gale. Thunder roared over us and lightning cracked alongside of us, pointing the way to the rocky, dangerous shore of Peru. Waves were hitting us like sledge hammers, and the crew began watching for leaks. The oldest of the three sailors ordered another try at the sails, to see whether we could veer out of the center of the storm.

Tying ropes and improvising as best they could, they heaved and hauled desperately at the canvas. They managed to pull it up about six or eight feet before the ropes broke again under the strain and down came the canvas, half in the water and half in the boat. It was back-breaking, useless work, and yet they struggled on and on. Hours rolled by. We had lost all sight of the home shore, and the storm settled down to a steady, unrelenting gale.

The sailors now became thoroughly frightened. They screamed at each other through the howling wind. Once more they tried to hoist a half sail—anything to veer us out of the main part of the storm. Once again they failed. This time they lost their hold on the heavy boom, which holds the bottom part of the sail, and it began swinging crazily back and forth completely out of control. After many minutes one of the men managed to throw a rope around it as it whistled by, and they gradually brought it under control. The wind whined overhead, and the waves battered us as hour after hour we were driven pell-mell through the blinding spray.

We huddled down as best we could to get out of the way of the sailors, the wind, and the rain. Thoroughly soaked, cold, and frightened, we did just what some other frightened passengers did in a lake storm over Galilee some nineteen hundred years ago. We asked for divine help. Although we had lost track of time we knew that we had been in the storm a long while and were far from our home port. If we crashed against the treacherous rocky shore of Peru, some would certainly drown, for only four of us could swim. Something had to happen.

Once more the sailors tried desperately to hoist sail. This time the sail went up about ten feet. Then a furious gust tore it loose, and the wet, heavy canvas came spilling down on top of us. This time I was squarely underneath it. And as the heavy, dripping folds settled around me I heard one of the sailors groan, and then everything went quiet. They had given up hope. In spite of the howling gale a deathly silence settled over the boat. It was no use. I was too tired and disheartened even to crawl out from underneath the canvas. "Lord help us" went up in three languages during those moments,

and as certainly as Jesus performed a miracle in a storm on Lake Galilee, another miracle happened on Lake Titicaca. The boat had been driving along hard and fast, pushed from the back by huge waves and by the wind.

Suddenly from underneath the canvas I felt the boat rock crazily, and then I heard a piercing, exultant, wild cry from one of the sailors. Crawling quickly out from underneath the heavy sail, I saw everyone standing up talking, laughing, and gesturing excitedly. For a moment I could not understand what had happened. Then looking toward Peru I felt the wind, hard as ever, in my face, and I realized what had happened. The wind had turned *completely around*. Instead of blowing us toward Peru, it was now blowing straight as an arrow away from those shores toward Parajachi, our home port. The sailors were laughing and jumping about recklessly in their joy, while tears of relief and thankfulness streamed down a few cheeks. The storm was still bad, but we were going where we wanted to go.

The wind quite literally howled us along, and a little after midnight we scraped bottom at exactly the same spot we had left early in the morning. Cold, wet, stiff, and happy, we stumbled ashore, and though the rain was pouring down in torrents, we slogged up the half mile to the little adobe hut, and with thankfulness in my heart I crawled into the old sleeping bag.

Lake Titicaca had shown us her might and power, but she had also revealed some of her treasure—souls to be won and prepared to meet the Man who calmed the waves on Galilee.



## Senior Youth Lesson

### II—Last-Day Signs

(January 13)

MEMORY VERSE: Luke 21:34.

LESSON HELP: *The Great Controversy*, pp. 299-316, 333, 334 (new ed., pp. 343-361, 382, 383).

#### Daily Study Assignment

1. Survey the entire lesson.
2. Study questions 1-3 and notes.
3. Study questions 4-6 and notes; memorize Luke 21:34.
4. Study questions 7-10 and notes.
5. Study questions 11 and 12; read Lesson Help, first half.
6. Study questions 13 and 14; read Lesson Help, second half.
7. Review the entire lesson.

#### Signs in the Heavens

1. What Biblical expressions designate the close of earth's history? Dan. 12:4; Matt. 13:39; 2 Tim. 3:1.

"You are the fellow who must decide  
Whether you'll do it or toss it aside.  
You are the fellow who makes up your mind  
Whether you will lead or linger behind;  
Whether you will try for the goal that's afar  
Or be contented to stay where you are.  
Take it or leave it; there is much to do,  
Just think it over—it's all up to you."



2. What questions did the disciples ask Jesus on the Mount of Olives? Matt. 24:3.

NOTE.—"Christ presented before them [the disciples] an outline of the prominent events to take place before the close of time. His words were not then fully understood; but their meaning was to be unfolded as His people should need the instruction therein given."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 25.

3. How did Jesus reply? Luke 21:11, 25.

NOTE.—Jesus "has warned the world of the day of final destruction, and has given them tokens of its approach, that all who will may flee from the wrath to come. . . . Those who behold these harbingers of His coming are to 'know that it is near, even at the doors.' 'Watch ye therefore,' are His words of admonition. They that heed the warning shall not be left in darkness, that that day should overtake them unawares."—*Ibid.*, pp. 37, 38.

4. What is said concerning the first great sign in the heavens? When did it occur? Matt. 24:29; Rev. 6:12; Mark 13:24.

NOTE.—"The Saviour gives signs of His coming, and more than this, He fixes the time when the first of these signs shall appear: 'Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened.'"—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 631.

5. What sign was to follow the darkening of the sun and moon? When was it given? Matt. 24:29; Rev. 6:13.

NOTE.—"This prophecy received a striking and impressive fulfillment in the great meteoric shower of November 13, 1833. That was the most extensive and wonderful display of falling stars which has ever been recorded; 'the whole firmament, over all the United States, being then, for hours, in fiery commotion! No celestial phenomenon has ever occurred in this country, since its first settlement, which was viewed with such intense admiration by one class in the community, or with so much dread and alarm by another.'"—*The Great Controversy*, p. 333.

#### Signs in the Earth

6. To what other periods of time are the last days likened? Luke 17:26-30.

7. How are conditions in the time of the antediluvians described? Gen. 6:5, 11-13.

NOTE.—"The thoughts of men's hearts were only evil continually. Every emotion, every impulse and imagination, was at war with the divine principles of purity and peace and love. It was an example of the awful depravity resulting from Satan's policy to remove from God's creatures the restraint of his holy law."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 79.

8. What conditions existed in Sodom and Gomorrah when they were destroyed? Gen. 18:20, 32; Eze. 16:49, 50; Jude 7.

9. What did Paul say of religious conditions in these last days? 2 Tim. 3:1-5.

10. How do many people relate themselves to the teachings of God's Word? 2 Tim. 4:3, 4.

NOTE.—"Marvelous beyond expression is the blindness of the people of this generation. Thousands reject the word of God as unworthy of belief, and with eager confidence receive the deceptions of Satan. Skeptics and scoffers denounce the bigotry of those who contend for the faith of prophets and apostles, and they divert themselves by holding up to ridicule the solemn declarations of the Scriptures concerning Christ and the plan of salvation."—*The Great Controversy*, p. 561.

#### The Hope of the World

11. What striking contrasts in social conditions are to be seen in the last days? James 5:1-5.

NOTE.—"Hoarded wealth is not merely useless, it is a curse. In this life it is a snare to the soul, drawing the affections away from the heavenly treasure. In the great day of God its witness to unused talents and neglected opportunities will condemn its possessor."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 352.

12. What is the only hope of deliverance from evil conditions existing in the last days? Luke 21:27, 28; James 5:7, 8; Titus 2:11-13.

13. When trees put forth their leaves, what do we know? When we see certain signs, what may we also know? Luke 21:29-33.

NOTE.—"It is the privilege of every Christian, not only to look for, but to hasten the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Were all who profess His name bearing fruit to His glory, how quickly the whole world would be sown with the seed of the gospel. Quickly the last great harvest would be ripened, and Christ would come to gather the precious grain."—*Ibid.*, p. 69.

14. How are we warned that we may not be surprised by Christ's coming? Luke 21:34-36.

## Junior Lesson

### II—Last-Day Signs

(January 13)

LESSON TEXTS: Matthew 24:3, 6, 7, 29; 2 Timothy 3:1-5; Luke 21:29-36.

MEMORY VERSE: "Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares." Luke 21:34.

#### Guiding Thought

The motorist must be on the alert continually for the signs by the roadside—signs that warn of danger, signs that help him drive safely for himself and for others, signs that cheer him as he goes forward on his journey. On the highway of this life God has put signs for us—signs to guide, signs to cheer. If we want to come to the end of our life's journey in safety, we must be alert to heed the signs He has placed for us.

#### Assignment 1

Read the lesson texts and the Guiding Thought.

#### Assignment 2

##### The Earth Gives Warning

1. What question did the disciples ask of Jesus shortly before His crucifixion? Matt. 24:3.

2. In replying to them, what signs did Christ tell us to look for in the earth? Verses 6, 7.

#### Assignment 3

##### Sun, Moon, and Stars Give Warning

3. In what way did Christ say the sun and moon would give warning of the approaching end of the world? Mark 13:24.

4. What else in the heavens bore witness of the nearness of Christ's Advent? Verse 25.

NOTE.—"This prophecy received a striking and impressive fulfillment in the great meteoric shower of November 13, 1833. That was the most extensive and wonderful display of falling stars which has ever been recorded."—*Ibid.*, p. 333.

5. How did John on Patmos also describe this scene? Rev. 6:13.

#### Assignment 4

##### Signs Among Men and Nations

6. What will be the conditions among nations in the days just before our Lord's Second Advent? Matt. 24:7, first part.

7. What conditions will exist between employers and the employed? James 5:1-6.

8. What sins among men will serve as a sign in the last days of the nearness of Christ's Advent? 2 Tim. 3:1-5.

NOTE.—"The freedom and comfort enjoyed by all classes of society, the ambitious desire for wealth and luxury, begetting an absorbing devotion to money-making, the eager rush for popularity and power, which seemed to be within the reach of all, led men to center their interests and hopes on the things of this life, and to put far in the future that solemn day when the present order of things should pass away."—*Ibid.*, p. 309.

#### Assignment 5

##### As in the Days of Noah

9. To what period in Old Testament history does Jesus compare the last days? Luke 17:26-28.

10. What do the Scriptures tell us about conditions in these days? Gen. 6:5, 11-13.

NOTE.—"When the Saviour pointed out to

His followers the signs of His return, He foretold the state of backsliding that would exist just prior to His second advent. There would be, as in the days of Noah, the activity and stir of worldly business and pleasure-seeking . . . with forgetfulness of God and the future life."—*Ibid.*

#### Assignment 6

##### Heeding the Waymarks

11. As we see these signs of increasing trouble and wickedness in the world, what are we told to do? James 5:7, 8.

12. How does Christ tell us to live in the days of waiting for His coming? Luke 21:31, 34-36.

13. How does another New Testament writer echo the advice given by Christ? Titus 2:11-13.

#### Assignment 7

##### Map Study

Get a map of Portugal and find Lisbon, where the great earthquake was experienced at its worst.

Can you find other places mentioned in the note to question 2?

##### The Two Classes

Notice in Luke 21 two classes of people who live in the last days.

In verse 26, how are we told that men will react to the conditions in the world during the last days?

In verse 28, what will those who have learned the lessons of faith and obedience do in that day?

Are you afraid when you see the signs fulfilling—or do you look up hopefully?

#### KEY TO "THREE-LETTER BIBLE PLACE NAMES"

(1) Nod. (2) Hai. (3) Luz. (4) Pau, or Pai. (5) Sin. (6) Hor. (7) Iim. (8) Ain. (9) Dor. (10) Zer. (11) Nob. (12) Gob. (13) Gur. (14) Kir. (15) Ono and Lod. (16) Sur.

#### KEY TO "C—a GEOGRAPHY"

(1) Caledonia. (2) Cartagena. (3) Centralia. (4) Corsicana. (5) Chautauqua. (6) Casablanca.

#### PROOF TEXTS FOR "THE INSPIRATION OF THE BIBLE"

(1) Amos 3:7. (2) 2 Tim. 3:16. (3) Matt. 24:35. (4) John 17:17.

## The Youth's INSTRUCTOR

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# THE LISTENING POST ★

★ BELIEVE it or not, there are more rats than people in the United States.

★ THE orchid family has more than 16,000 species. It takes five years to grow orchids from seed.

★ WE understand that headline writers on newspapers in Singapore and Malaya do not have any trouble making the name of Gen. Douglas MacArthur fit their columns. They simply call him "MACA."

★ THE Voice of America is a mere whisper compared with the propaganda that Russia is sending out. The Voice broadcasts 209 program hours a week—about 30 hours a day. Against that the Russian-controlled global radio broadcasts a total of 885 program hours a week—about 120 broadcasts each day.

★ FROM Madras, India, comes news that the failure of the monsoon for the third successive year has left this south Indian state with a critical food shortage. Lakes are dry, crops have withered, and cattle are starving. Some farmers are migrating. The price of rice has tripled in the black market, and rice rations are down to less than seven ounces a day. Official estimates are that 8,000,000 people have been affected by the scarcity of food.

★ THE death of former Prime Minister Jan Christiaan Smuts, of the Union of South Africa, last September left a little-publicized vacancy in British educational circles—the chancellorship of Cambridge University. Actually the office is largely an honorary one, since the vice-chancellor—now S. C. Roberts, master of Pembroke College—performs most of the duties. However, the chancellor of Cambridge University is still a coveted title. Recently a new incumbent was chosen, Air Chief Marshal Baron Tedder, honorary LL.D. of Magdalene.

★ THE astronomer Galileo and an assistant working under his direction made the first attempt to measure the speed at which light travels. Galileo stood on one hilltop, his assistant on another within seeing distance. Each held a shrouded lamp. Galileo blinked a signal; his helper replied. In theory elapsed time for the light to flit from hill to hill would indicate its speed of travel. But when the famous astronomer died in 1642 he still had not solved that problem, for it seemed to him that the light made the round trip in nothing flat. Later scientists using mirrors, telescopes, and eventually electronics did better. Since 1940 the generally accepted speed of light, averaged from many findings, has been 186,272 miles a second. But now that figure has been challenged by Stanford University researchers. After five years of painstaking work they report that light travels 186,280 miles a second, eight miles faster than the old figure.

★ IN the wilds of South Africa there flies a civilized little bird called the weaverbird. Not only does he build apartment houses, but he builds them as much as 25 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 10 feet high. Actually the "apartment house," which sometimes holds as many as 95 nests, is built by the flock. It is believed that each family builds its own "apartment," and that the whole flock co-operates in putting a roof over the project.

★ WHAT is a *jiffy*? Colloquially it is taken to mean a moment or an instant. To physicists, however, the word has a more precise meaning—the time it takes for light to travel one centimeter. The latest length of a jiffy, based on the new figure for the speed of light (186,280 miles a second), is 0.000,000,000,033,357 second.

★ HOUSEWIVES whose families are not vegetarians will shudder to learn that the most expensive meat costs \$40 a pound. It is the tiny pituitary gland buried at the base of the hog's brain. From it scientists extract ACTH, the potent drug which can be used like cortisone to treat arthritis and other ailments.

★ DR. RALPH BUNCHE, director of the United Nations Department of Trusteeship, has accepted the post of professor of government at Harvard University, thus becoming the second Negro the school ever has hired to teach.

★ THE Census Bureau has officially set the population of the United States at 150,697,361.

★ THE dingo of Australia is a fierce wild dog of obscure origin. It is about the size of a wolf and howls at night, but does not bark. The dingo is a killer of sheep, and it has been estimated that a single one can destroy £1,000 worth of sheep in a single night. In 1948 the estimated losses resulting from depredations by this animal were 500,000 sheep.

★ THEY stood on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial, one of the most beautiful monuments in monument-blessed Washington, D.C. They were 60 young men dressed in gray broadcloth suits, blue ties, and tan shoes. Their leader said, "We order our clothes wholesale, we stay at the Y.M.C.A., we travel by bus, we eat at the cafeterias. Every cent over our expenses [they are touring the United States and Canada] must go back to Tech Town," the new university which these young men are building in their homeland—Finland. As they stood on the memorial steps their conductor held up one finger, then dropped it, and 60 smoothly modulated voices broke into Sibelius' hymn to their fatherland, "Finlandia." Most of these young men have fought in the wars and are taking up their task of rebuilding their university with zest.

## STANDING AS ONE FOR GOD

Seventh-day Adventist youth around the world have heard the call passed on through the lips of the apostle Paul as he stood before King Agrippa and related his experience on the Damascus road: "But rise, and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; . . . to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me." Acts 26:16-18.

Yes, we as Seventh-day Adventist youth feel the divine urge to respond, and with Paul to bear our testimony in harmony with this call. We recognize that this is our purpose, and we recognize that we are to be ministers and witnesses of the things which we have seen and the things which we have heard.

It is a matter of great personal encouragement and satisfaction to know that the gospel of Jesus Christ does, upon its reception, open the eyes of those who have heretofore not known the Christ,

and verily turns them from darkness to light. We have seen, and we do testify, that the power of Jesus Christ lifts men and women from the power of Satan to God. As we share our faith we are blessed individually, and we see others turning from their sins and receiving an inheritance among them that are sanctified.

The great revival year of 1950 is past. What of 1951? Let us, the Advent youth, rise and accept the challenge of the soon-coming Lord, and around the world let us bear a positive witness for God. Let us by the divine grace given unto us, and through the holy boldness of an indwelling Christ, so labor and so share our faith that we may with the apostle Paul be able to say, "Whereupon . . . I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

Yes, let the Advent youth from Damascus to Denver, from Joppa to Joplin, and from Karachi to Calgary arise stand on their feet, and present the gospel of Jesus Christ to open the blind eyes, to turn from the power of Satan to God, and to lead to the forsaking of sins and to the reception of the inheritance with the saved, keeping before them the heavenly vision and the soon coming of their Lord.

R. J. CHRISTIAN.





# 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.



## Atlantic Union College

"New England for the Student"

South Lancaster, Massachusetts

## Pacific Union College

"Where Nature and Revelation Unite in Education"

Angwin, California



## Canadian Union College

"The School of Character"

College Heights, Alberta, Canada

## Emmanuel Missionary College

"First Things First"

Berrien Springs, Michigan



## Oakwood College

"A Guiding Light to a Life of Service"

Huntsville, Alabama

## La Sierra College

"Where God Is Reverenced and Men Are Trained"

Arlington, California



## College of Medical Evangelists

"To Preach the Kingdom of God and to Heal the Sick"

Loma Linda, California

## Washington Missionary College

"The Gateway to Service"

Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.



## S.D.A. Theological Seminary

"We Serve Our Workers in All the World"

Takoma Park, Washington 12, D.C.

## Union College

"Union—the College of the Golden Cords"

Lincoln, Nebraska



## Southern Missionary College

"The School of Standards"

Collegedale, Tennessee

## Walla Walla College

"The School That Educates for Life"

College Place, Washington




"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, B.W.I.  
Chile College, Chillan, Chile, South America  
China Training Institute, Chiaotoutseng, Kiangsu, China  
French Adventist Seminary, Collonges-sous-Saleve, France  
Helderberg College, Somerset West, C.P., South Africa  
Inca Union College, Lima, Peru, South America

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





A philosophy of education that is God-centered will lead men and women to live and sacrifice for the advancement of the kingdom of God. They may even feel called upon to give up mortal life for a principle dearer than life. A philosophy that is man-centered will lead to self-advancement and self-gratification. Followed to their logical ends, the one philosophy exhibits itself in brute force; the other, in spiritual power. The one relies on enfranchised voters and majorities, and military might. The other relies all the way on a living, personal connection with God. The greatest contribution of the Christian college is God-fearing righteous men and women.