



The Youth's

1852 Centennial 1952

INSTRUCTOR



From My African Window

By PHYLLIS STANDEN

A STRONGER than usual invasion of malarial parasites had put me to bed for a few days. A missionary life is so full, it seems there is no time to be sick, yet even sickness has its blessings. As I lay back on the pillows I began to think of the goodness and the kindness of God and of the many blessings He bestows upon us right here in the center of Africa. Darkest Africa is almost perpetually bathed in brilliant sunshine, and we rarely grow tired of it unless we have had a specially long dry season.

This is Sabbath morning, and the day dawned bright and beautiful, as if to assure us that God's special blessing is upon the day and all the activities of the mission. Gitwe Mission is the headquarters of the work in Ruanda-Urundi, which lies on the eastern border of the Belgian Congo. The mission is built on a hill. A wide avenue, lined with silver oak trees, leads to its summit, where stands a large, glistening white church, a light on the hilltop that cannot be hid.

Just behind, and on the same elevation, is the central training school, where seven hundred students are enrolled. Many of these will finally go out as teachers, evangelists, and medical workers. In due time a few men of outstanding ability and Christian character will be ordained to the ministry of God.

On the far side of the hill is the neat and picturesque compound that houses a large proportion of the students, with their wives and families.

Today is a special day of prayer and fasting, and soon all the Advent believers will be meeting together in prayer and fellowship. Now what do I hear? It is the cowhide drum calling the African believers to worship. Already I see them passing up the hill to church. Mothers are dressed in their flowing native clothes, sometimes pure white and sometimes a gay floral cloth, with babies strapped onto their backs with a goatskin. On their heads

they wear a golden band made from cornstalks, that tells the world they are the mother of at least one child. Well-dressed African teachers and pastors are passing now. Some are going to minister in the central church, others in the smaller churches that lie scattered over the surrounding hills.

I hear footsteps. Who is coming? Ah, it is Pastor Uzziel stopping to say a cheery good morning in well-spoken English. He is cycling out to a distant church to conduct the morning service. He tells me that he has spent the midnight hours helping a little child into the world. Then he goes on his way. He is one of the finest Christians one could wish to meet. You will all greet him when we gather in the new earth, and he will have a cheery word and a warm handshake for all. As well as being an ordained minister he is a man of outstanding ability in the medical profession.

An African sparrow sits on my window sill and chirps good morning in his own particular way.

Now I hear singing—the same good old Adventist hymns that we all love to sing. Soon the Sabbath school will be breaking up into classes, all members sitting on the ground beneath the eucalyptus and palm trees. I take my Bible and study the Sabbath school lesson. The house that I share with Miss Ruth Wightman, a teacher of both African and white children, is situated very close to the hilltop, where I can see the people gathering for morning service. There is a burst of joyful singing. The church is not large enough to seat all the congregation, so they gather together in the shade of the trees to hear the preaching of the gospel.

It is told to them more simply than we are accustomed to hear it, but it is the same message of truth and hope in the soon coming of Jesus. Today I hear the voice of Pastor Ezekiel. After a season of prayer the congregation begin to disperse, following the mountain pathways to their villages and homes. If you had heard them singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," you

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G. W. Bozarth

Gitwe Mission is the Headquarters of the Work of Seventh-day Adventists in Ruanda-Urundi. Here on the Eastern Border of the Belgian Congo We Treat an Average of Two Hundred Sick a Day

I SAT spellbound listening to the remarkable words of the preacher—spellbound because the ideas he presented were so new. Deep in my boyish heart was the uncultivated ambition to be a preacher. Beside me sat Loren, son of the Protestant minister who was conducting this series of evangelistic meetings in the town of Florida, a suburb of Buenos Aires, Argentina. At home an angry family awaited my return.

Born the son of a Roman Catholic immigrant family, I had been educated in the Salesian Catholic schools. Many a time as I had listened to the priest I was possessed of an overwhelming desire to preach to the multitudes. Once I had won a school contest and was given a little religious book as a prize. In it I found allusions to some other book called the Bible. I had never seen such a book, and was curious about it and interested in reading it.

About that time my parents moved into the suburbs. We were poor, and I had to work to help earn the family living from the time I was a small boy. I went down the streets driving four or more cows with their calves, stopping at each house to milk them and sell the fresh milk to the housewives. Then during the day I cared for the same cows. But while they were in the fields I read stories and jokes, though my soul hungered for more satisfying spiritual food.

In this suburb of Buenos Aires are the offices of the Austral Union Conference of Seventh-day Adventists. There the Adventists also have a large church, and several ministers live nearby. I had become acquainted with some of them as I delivered milk at their doors—I was their milk boy.

That is how I had become a close friend of Loren, for we were about the same age. He told me of what he called the Sabbath school. I had never heard of such a school. But I had heard the music coming from that Adventist church, and I liked it very much.

One Saturday morning Loren had asked me, “¿No quisieras acompañarme a la escuela sabática?” (Wouldn't you like to go with me to Sabbath school?)

I looked at my dirty clothes and said, “I can't go anywhere with these dirty clothes on.” But he assured me that he too would put on his old clothes so I would not be embarrassed. I went, and liked the Sabbath school, but I could not stay for the afterservice, because I had to go and deliver milk. I continued to attend Sabbath school, and my interest grew. I studied the Bible at night with great diligence and enthusiasm, and progressed rapidly in an understanding of the gospel.

Soon I began to attend the evangelistic meetings. I was very well pleased as I learned more of God's great plan for man's redemption. My parents noticed my interest in Protestantism, and our home became filled with controversy. They determined that none of their family should abandon the religion of their church. I was made



Photo Courtesy of the Author

The Evangelistic Team for the Inca Union. The Author Is in the Center of the Back Row

A Milk Boy Becomes an Evangelist

By FRANCISCO SCARCELLA

fun of, but a voice within me urged me forward in my new-found faith in spite of my difficulties.

I was now convinced that I should begin to observe the seventh-day Sabbath as the Biblical day of rest. I spoke to my father about it, but he refused to listen to me. Gradually the Holy Spirit softened his heart, and he promised that I could be free the following Sabbath. But when the day came he wanted me to work. I was then only sixteen years of age. Four consecutive weeks my father promised me Sabbaths free, but he always refused when the Sabbath came.

This moved me to make the decision myself. The next Friday I told my father, “Tomorrow is the Sabbath. I shall not get up at four in the morning to go out and deliver milk to the doors. I must obey God before man.” Seeing my firmness, he did not awaken me that Sabbath morning. I was thus free to go to Sabbath school and enjoy the day of worship and listen to the sermon for the first time, with no thought of having to return to work. What an unforgettable day that was—the first Sab-

bath that I was really able to keep in all my life! A new world was encircling me!

But my struggles were not yet terminated—they were renewed with great intensity. My family insisted that I was lazy and that I was endeavoring to get out of doing my share of the work. I did my best to show them by intense work during six days of the week that this was not so, but my efforts were fruitless. I explained that six days belonged to us, but that the seventh belongs to our Maker. My father now called me a Jew! I passed through bitter persecution during those days at home, but I found consolation in reading the Bible, and I had learned to pray.

Until then I had just “said my prayers.” Now I lived with God, and He kept me firm in my new faith. During the week it was not so bad, but as the Sabbath neared, the tempests began to beat upon me. One Friday I asked my mother to prepare food such as the Adventists eat—without the flesh of hogs. The fire of discord was again lighted. Mother told me she would prepare nothing for me. “Go and eat with your Advent brethren.” A good Adventist

woman baked an "Adventist cake" for me each Friday, and thus I was able to spend the day in peace. But my good mother finally yielded, and began preparing foods without pork for me.

The year was drawing to its close, and I was to be baptized. Pastor Henry F. Brown buried my past in the watery grave, and I became a new creature in Christ. Life began to take on a new meaning for me. I began to have a vision of wider horizons and ampler fields of service, but new trials awaited me. The enemy was not conceding victory so easily. My uncle invited me to spend a holiday with him. He took me to a drinking spot, and I was in deep distress. I had been baptized but the week before. Now I realized that I was on the enemy's ground. Here the men endeavored to make me drink liquor. My refusals made the whole group of drinking men roar with laughter. Beautiful girls insisted I dance with them. I refused to yield to their blandishments. It was now midnight. I fled from the place and waited until my uncle was ready to return to my

home. It was two o'clock in the morning.

This new year I determined that I would develop into something useful in the world. I would not always be a milk boy, delivering material food to homes, but would learn to give the people spiritual food that they so much needed. My old dreams of being a preacher returned. I now wanted to proclaim the gospel. I was told of our Adventist college in Argentina, where other boys as humble as I had learned to become preachers of the Word. I felt that I must go there. And miracle of miracles, my father agreed to allow me to attend for one year as a trial, but of course I had to pay my own expenses. I worked eight hours a day and found time for my classes and my studies between times. This was hard for a growing boy. I rose at four in the morning to begin my work, but what joy it was! I was preparing to be a minister! I sang as I worked.

That first year was a memorable one. It passed altogether too rapidly. My father wrote me that he wanted me to return and spend the vacation working for him and

that I could return to school the following year. He told me to bring my trunk with me. I grew suspicious at that suggestion, and when I went home I left the trunk behind. I departed from my beloved school with a determination that I was to be there again, and I left this token of my return.

As summer closed, I asked my father how much he was going to allow me toward my year's schooling for my services. He replied that he could help me only to the extent of my return fare to the school! I saw myself obliged again to work as hard as I had through another school term.

There were still a few days left, and I determined to canvass. I had heard of the colporteur work, and asked whether I could try it. But I had never attended a colporteur institute and did not know what to say to the people. They did not want to buy books from me. Nearby there was a little grove of trees. I went there, and like Elijah of old I poured out my prayers to God. My plans for an education seemed to be crumbling to the earth.

But my new brethren in the church helped me return to school. I determined to do colporteur work the next summer. After another wonderful year of studies I began canvassing, and soon had my scholarship assured. What a sense of pleasure it gave me to know that the next year I would not have to spend so much time working and could study more! I spent several more summers in the colporteur work, and the Lord blessed me wonderfully. One summer I earned three scholarships.

At the school I met my future wife, and we were married. In 1939 I graduated and entered evangelistic work. My first field of labor was my own country of Argentina. It was my great pleasure to see my own mother and sister accept Christ and be baptized. (My father is now about ready to accept his Saviour.) I was learning to preach the gospel to my fellow men as I had heard the priest preach his beliefs so many years before.

Then came the moment when the leaders of the work asked me to go to the Inca Union and work among the European people. For many years our work there had been largely among the Indian people of the high plateaus. Now I was to enter those proud church-conscious nations of Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia to preach the gospel of salvation.

For four years I have been preaching, holding series of evangelistic meetings in one city after another, and God has given me success for my labors. It seems all too wonderful that I, a little milk boy of twenty years ago, am now honored by God to be His ambassador to lost men. At this writing I am in the Seventh-day Adventist Theological Seminary preparing myself to be a still better evangelist for the people of South America.

[Pastor Scarcella is now union evangelist of the Inca Union Conference of South America.]

The Piccolo Player

By MARGARET D. CLARKE

The first violins were working frantically; the bass drum was giving forth dramatic, ominous sounds; the cymbals were suggesting mortal combat; and every instrument in the orchestra was helping to swell the music to a grand crescendo.

Sitting, lost in the maze of sound, was the piccolo player.

"Surely," he thought, "I am very unimportant. No one will miss my notes if I do not play."

So the piccolo player left the work to the other instrumentalists.

Suddenly, with a movement of his baton, the conductor brought silence.

"There's something wrong," he rebuked them sternly.

One of the second-violin players felt uncomfortable. He knew he had not practiced as often as he should have, but he was relieved to notice

that the maestro was looking beyond the violins.

"I cannot hear the piccolo."

The piccolo player ran his finger around his collar.

"In order for an orchestra to play successfully," the conductor continued, "everyone must do his part. Now let us begin again at the eighty-third bar."

Sometimes I think that the giving of the gospel is like the playing of a symphony orchestra of which Christ Himself is the master conductor. The major parts are taken by ministers, evangelists, teachers, doctors, colporteurs—but somewhere there must be a piccolo player.

No matter how small a part is ours, the Master will find the harmony more perfect if each one, great and small, plays his part and plays it well.

GOD'S *Marching* Dominicanos

By PAUL W. KEMPER

Photos Courtesy of the Author

TEN months of pleasant association with the youth of the Dominican Republic have convinced me that the Advent youth of that field are committed to the job of finishing the work they have to do. They are on the march for God, and are determined to take the gospel message to all the world in this generation. They feel that they cannot rest at ease while those around them are eating and drinking in merriment, with no serious thought for their future life.

Yes, the Dominican youth, like other Seventh-day Adventist Missionary Volunteers everywhere, are very much in earnest about the nearness of the coming of the Son of God. They are doing all they can to share their faith and keep step with their fellow youth around the earth.

How well do I remember the first time that I met with the more than 250 youth of the Ciudad Trujillo church. I listened to them sing, listened to their program with intense interest. Carefully I observed their well-planned presentation. A spirit of reverence and admiration took hold of me as I realized that here was a company of God's army of youth, sharpening their swords, preparing for the final great battles against the enemy. Many of these same youth have been giving Bible studies and holding meetings in the open air. And God is blessing their consecrated efforts.

A few months ago two young people came into my office, and told me of their activities of the past week end. What had happened? Well, some of the youth who are active members of the lay preachers' band decided to go to a little village called Boca Chica, some forty miles distant, and hold open-air meetings. They left by chartered bus early on Sunday morning, arriving at their destination around nine o'clock in the morning. The day was spent in careful house-to-house visitation. At each home a piece of literature was left and a personal appeal was made for the people to enroll in the free Bible correspondence course, which our mission offered in conjunction with the Voice of Prophecy radio program. Prayer was had in many homes, and a special invitation was extended to attend an open-air meeting at which there would be music and colored pictures.

This type of visit was naturally fruitful. That evening in three different places,



Captain Fernandez, of the Medical Department of the Dominican Republic Government, is Pleased as He Watches Some Adventist Youth Carefully Apply Head and Shoulder Bandages

where three illustrated lectures were held, there were in attendance about one thousand people, all of whom were non-Adventists, for we had no believers there.

The young people did this at their own expense. Naturally it was a sacrifice for them, especially when one realizes that it costs a lot to travel in the Dominican field, even if the journey is only forty miles. How the youth want to work! Of course, they are limited in their means, and they are unable to continue systematically these

meetings so far from their home base. However, about once a week some of the lay preachers make the trip, paying their own expenses, and they have a good group of townspeople who are studying the Bible and are preparing for baptism.

As I visited around the field I found a zealous spirit and a willingness to work and do things, if only they could be shown how and had something to work with. For example: Nearly everyone would be eager to follow through with systematic



Dominican Youth Display Their Knot-tying Ability at Our Junior Camp at Colegio Adventista



The Sea

By PVT. DON FORBES

There's something strange about the sea
That one cannot explain;
Within its depths of mystery
Its secrets will remain.

One looks upon its angry waves
With awesome wondering,
At how it never comes to rest
In quiet slumbering.

And it can take the largest ship
That ever crossed its face,
And toss it like a wind-blown leaf
That skips from place to place.

It's something man cannot control,
Nor can he understand,
For God did speak, and it came forth,
Obeying His command.

If man would follow God's commands
As faithful as the sea,
Then wars would cease and men might
dwell
In peaceful harmony.

Man needs to turn again to God,
Obey Him faithfully,
Or else he'll live a life of woe
Like ships that drift at sea.

[Composed while crossing the Pacific Ocean on his way to Korea.]

always takes time to get new projects before the people. However, about sixty boys and girls made the effort to come, and now the Juniors throughout the republic are clamoring for another camp. As a result of this last camp, held during the summer of 1951, seven were baptized and twenty-six joined the baptismal class in preparation for future baptism. It was our only desire to help the Juniors and to make the camp a real spiritual blessing to them. Particular emphasis was laid on the spiritual side of the camp life, and the pastors and counselors who were present felt that indeed the Spirit of God was close to the youth during that camp.

Another first in the history of the Dominican Mission was also achieved last year. It marked the beginning of the first full-scale Medical Cadet Corps camp in the history of the mission. Pastor Valentin Schoen, from the Antillian Union, was director of the camp. He has had unusual experience in medical cadet work, both in Europe and in the United States. Nearly fifty young men and women between the ages of sixteen and thirty-five attended. The *cadetes* were complimented by high representatives of the government on the interest that they had in this training, which was had at their own expense. The secretary and treasurer of the Dominican Red Cross and representatives of the medical department of the army were present on graduation day, and they were very highly impressed by the parade of the Adventist medical *cadetes*.

The youth of the Dominican Republic are on the march for King Jesus. It is my firm conviction that soon, very soon, there will be such an awakening and stirring there in the Dominican Mission that its sound will reverberate around the world, and will be part of the great closing drama of all things. I am confident that the closing days of this message will find many of the young people of the Dominican Republic carrying high the torch of truth and witnessing to the saving power of the gospel of Christ.

Whoever you are and wherever you may be, will you not include the army of nearly twenty-five hundred Missionary Volunteers in the Dominican Mission in your prayers? How glorious it is to unite the prayers of all for a mighty infilling of the Spirit of God, so that the work may be quickly finished! Already the Holy Spirit is being manifested in open measure in this needy field, and we rejoice with you that these evidences of divine power can be seen. But this is not enough. We need more power in our lives. We need to overcome every sin. We must sprint to the finish. The Holy Spirit is ready and waiting for all of us to join in a spirit of devotion and consecration never before seen in the history of our work.

This is God's hour for God's youth, and we resolve to be just the kind of men and women that God wants for this hour. The Dominican youth are marching to victory!

literature distribution. But the literature costs money, and in many places our people are actually too poor to buy the literature.

If you could see how many of them live and eat, and then know what they pay to help maintain the local church school and see them give faithfully to Sabbath school and pay their tithe, you would understand. Yes, they are willing, and sacrifice liberally. But many of our believers have never been taught how to enter homes and tactfully lead people into the truth. It is our plan, with the help of God, to teach them how to do this. Truly the people are willing, but they want to know how, and they need equipment and funds to help them. They are now finding a way to secure equipment and literature.

One young man away off in an isolated

section, called La Isabela, has at his own expense purchased a small projector that can be operated from a car battery. Not long ago he borrowed a battery, and then had an accident with it. Someone was carrying it and dropped it. But our Missionary Volunteer was not disheartened. He went to work to pay for the borrowed battery, and then kept working until he was able to purchase a battery of his own. Our mission, of course, has helped some of our young lay preachers purchase this kind of equipment. But funds are limited. There are at least a score of unfulfilled requests for every one that is filled.

The ten months of my stay before furlough there in the Dominican Mission were truly full of activity. There was the first Junior camp ever held in that republic. It was something new, and of course it

Have *YOU* a Favorite HYMN?

By **ABBIE ROUSE**

IN SORROW or joy hymns enter into our deepest experiences. There are frequent instances in which the singing of a hymn has changed an entire life. Lasting impressions are made. Have you been helped in this way? Many times we miss some of the joy and comfort that might be ours, for the song may have lost its original meaning through misuse. We need to find the message the author intended to give.

People are frequently led to make the decision to accept Christ through hearing a hymn. A Frenchwoman, returning from a tiresome day at work, heard the music being sung at an evangelistic meeting. One hymn impressed her so strongly that she went in and listened to the service. She heard the message that was preached, but the song stayed in her memory. She continued to attend the meetings. After some time she gave her heart to God. The song had led her to the place where she could hear God's Word.

Major Allen Lindberg, with a crew of

nine men, was on his way from the United States to Australia in a Flying Fortress. This is his report in substance:

"It was shortly before dawn when we crashed; we had only enough time to shove off on two rubber rafts, without a crumb of food or a drop of water. The boys were worried, all except Sgt. Albert Hernandez, our tail gunner. Right away that lad from Dallas started praying, and pretty soon he startled us by announcing that he knew God had heard him and would help us out."

Drifting for three days in a rubber raft under the hot sun, with lips and tongues so badly swollen that it was almost impossible to make an audible sound, the men prayed silently while Sergeant Hernandez sang hymns as best he could. How grateful they were when they were rescued by some native fishermen. Three days before, those fishermen had been impressed to visit an uninhabited island in the very area where the lost men had been drifting. God answered their prayers and hymns.

Lt. Raymand Roy gives an illustration that represents Christ as our pilot. He said that when one is flying in formation properly, he can easily see the expression on the lead pilot's face. This takes extreme concentration. One cannot take his eyes off that plane for a second. If he should look away, it might prove disastrous. He said that he knew what it meant to keep his eye glued to another person for hours at a time, and be oblivious to everything else. The lead pilot would not take him anywhere that he himself would not go. He was entirely dependent upon his leader. Our trouble

in life is in looking too much to see what others besides the pilot are doing.

"Turn your eyes upon Jesus,
Look full in His wonderful face;
And the things of earth will grow
strangely dim

In the light of His glory and grace."*

We should keep our eyes on Christ our Leader, and He will pilot us through all the storms of life.

It would be well if more hymns were sung in the home, for in this way the children commit them to memory easily. It was thus in the Davidson home; the mother sang hymns as she went about her work. Mr. and Mrs. Davidson migrated to the United States from Finland, where the older children were born. But Martha was born in America. It was the Finnish songs her mother sang that made the deepest impression on her memory and her life.

When Martha was about nine years old her father died. She was afraid that if she should be away from her mother, she would be unable to write her, because the mother did not read English. So she asked her mother to teach her to read and write the Finnish language. The mother used an ingenious method to teach the child to do this. She had Martha follow the words in the hymnal, and thus accomplished a double purpose. Not only did the girl learn the language, but the hymns were impressed upon her mind. We ought to sing hymns and gospel songs more carefully, so that little children can clearly understand the words. If necessary, the meaning should be explained to them.

Oliver Severns, the son of a recently returned missionary, says that "the people of China love to sing 'Jesus Loves Me' more than any other of the songs taught them by the missionaries." This has been sung by the peoples of almost every nation, and is universally loved by children. Here is how the children of India would sing the chorus in Hindustani:

"Han pyare yisu,
Han pyare yisu,
Han pyare yisu,
Main tujah men hun shadman."

Pierre was a French Canadian trapper, who once had attended a mission where he learned to sing "Jesus Loves Me," and he could sing it in either French or Eskimo. Always the same song was heard

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Ewing Galloway

Young People Are Often
Led to Take Their Stand
for Christ Because of the
Message of Some Hymn

A PILOT Turns *P*RESSMAN

By S. SUZUKI

As told to Winston E. Adams

I WAS born a little more than twenty-five years ago on the island of Kyushu. Kyushu is the southwesternmost of the four large islands that comprise the Japanese archipelago. My parents really were quite poor. My father was an office worker in one of the large grocery stores in the largest city near my home. He worked from early morning until late in the day, and we did not see much of him. There were six children in our family, I being one of the older ones.

Our village was by the seaside. Together with my brothers and sisters I played the usual games of the neighborhood. We fished and swam in the sea, climbed the nearby mountains, and had what to our childish hearts was a very good time.

When I was about to start school a Seventh-day Adventist minister came to our town and held a series of meetings. I was too young to attend the evangelistic services, but when my mother and my two older sisters started attending Sabbath school, a crisis came in our family. Father had not attended any of the evangelistic meetings because of his work, so did not have an appreciation for Christian reli-

gious services or for the demands of the Sabbath.

My mother was greatly distressed, for she wanted to bring up her family in the Christian pathway. Being a woman of strong mind and some persistence, she finally won from my father the privilege of taking to Sabbath school and church as many of us children as were attracted to the services. In other words, we children were allowed to make our own choice. Two of my sisters attended faithfully and were baptized. But my younger brother and I, although we went to the services occasionally, were more attracted to sports and an active outdoor life.

Our younger years passed swiftly and uneventfully as we progressed from grade to grade in school. We children gave scant attention to world events, but we were made to realize that they might affect our little lives when world conflict started in earnest late in 1941. I was about to graduate from high school when the war began. As soon as my year's work was completed I was ushered into the navy and sent away to school. After a few months' basic training and indoctrination I was put into the

school for aviation. This was really something to my liking. My best friend and I were together, and we spent many hours talking and dreaming of the exploits we would do when we finally were able to fly a plane by ourselves.

In due time I was put into a cockpit, and under the guidance of an instructor really learned how to fly a plane. It gave us a great sense of accomplishment to be able to put a plane through its paces and to shoot at targets.

About the time we were supposed to go to another base for advanced training most of us were transferred instead to a school for training in specialized torpedo work. Of course we trained with dummies, but this work did not appeal to me so very much. We never completed this training. When we were nearly through we found that the reason we had been transferred to this torpedo school was that Japan was running out of gasoline for aircraft. A new supply was made available, so we went back to aviation school.

After training was completed we were sent to the Philippines for regular duty. At first we were sent out on patrol, screening the skies for enemy planes, and the water for submarines and surface craft. Soon, however, the opposing forces began to move across the Pacific, and our position in the Philippines was endangered. We had several narrow escapes. On patrol one night an enemy fighter tried to close in on my plane, but a deep dive and some friendly clouds shielded me.

Leaving the Philippines, my unit went temporarily to Singapore, where we continued the same work. Many of our planes were lost in combat, but a kind Providence followed me and my plane. We always came back. About this time I began to think seriously about God. I knew my mother was praying for my safety. I knew about the existence of God, but I had no experimental knowledge of Him.

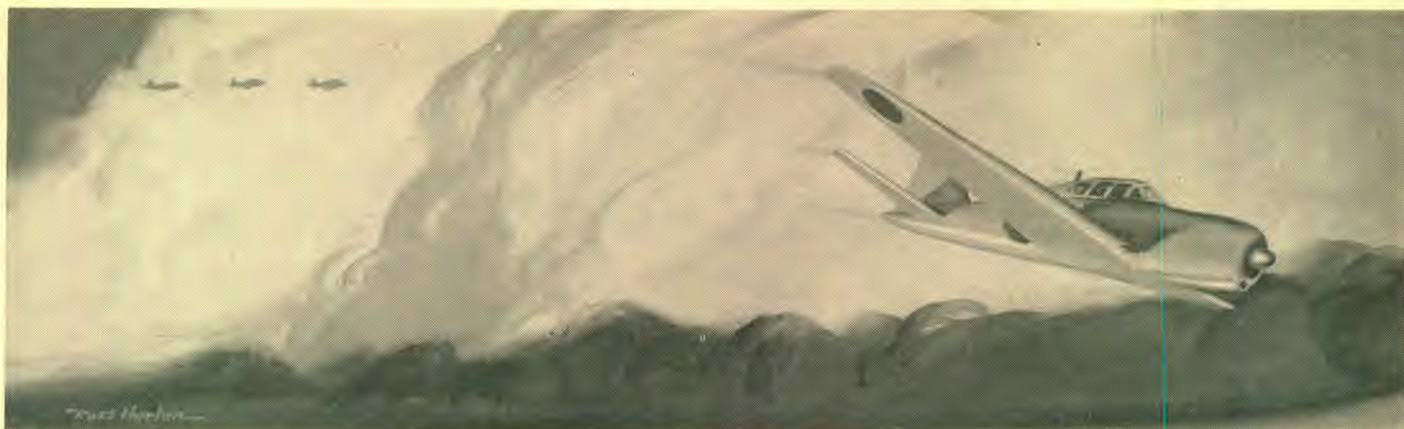
After a short stay in Singapore I was sent to some islands just off the coast of China not far from Shanghai. Here patrol duty was continued as far as Okinawa. Many were my narrow escapes from aircraft and from the antiaircraft fire of ships in the vicinity.

One day I was sent out on patrol duty



Photo by Kobayashi

After Working at Our Publishing House for Three Years, the Author (Right) Was Joined by His Younger Brother (Left) and His Close Friend. They Are All Doing Soul-saving Work



Russ Harlan, Artist

We Were About Halfway on Our Mission When Our Lone Engine Sputtered and Died. The Feeling of Falling From the Skies Is Indescribable

with two officers in one of our larger craft. All went well on the mission, and we started to return to base. However, when we were about halfway there, our lone engine sputtered and died. It is impossible to describe the feeling of falling from the skies in a disabled plane, knowing that if you survive the crash in the sea, you will be in an area alive with enemy planes and surface craft. In the two or three minutes between the time our engine failed and we crash landed in the sea we frantically radioed our plight and position, hoping that some friendly craft would hear and take notice.

We knew that in a matter of seconds after our plane landed on the water it would fill and sink. We carried inflatable rubber life rafts pending just such an emergency. As soon as we struck we threw open the door and fought with the in-rushing water in a desperate attempt to get out. I swam clear of the plane, inflated my raft, and turned to look for my companions, but both they and the plane were gone.

As I sat in my wave-tossed life raft I began to think most seriously: "Why was my life spared? What is the meaning of life anyway? Does God care for those who trust Him?" There in that little raft I prayed for the first time in my life, unless it was when I was very young at my mother's knee.

After my first sense of relief at escaping from what seemed certain death, I began to look around and to evaluate my situation. I knew that if I were to be rescued at all by planes of my own nation, it would be a matter of several hours at least. It was now well along toward four o'clock in the afternoon. Rescue would have to come soon, or night would close in. There would be no hope of rescue until morning. As I sat waiting I watched the skies above for any encouraging signs. There were a number of planes in the air, but most of them were from enemy carriers cruising near Okinawa. Some few of our planes I recognized, but not many. Once or twice I saw smoke on the horizon to the east, but whether from friendly boats or not I had no way of telling.

Night came, and with it came calmer weather. My frail craft did not ship so much water. I braced myself as best I could against the motion of the waves and tried to get some sleep. Now and then aircraft passing overhead would awaken me out of my drowsiness to full consciousness.

I awoke in full daylight with a start. Only a short distance away was an enemy destroyer. That was about the last craft I wanted to see. The crew evidently had not seen me as yet, and I noted with satisfaction that soon the course of the ship would take it away from me. I tried to make myself as small as possible in my raft, hoping that even though it were detected, there would not be too much concern about an empty life raft.

To my consternation I saw a man on the bridge turn my way with his glasses. Yes, he had seen me! I saw him point toward me, showing my position to his companion. At once the destroyer altered course, and in a few minutes was quite close. I had been well indoctrinated as to what would become of any Japanese who was so foolhardy as to let himself be taken alive, and so considered throwing myself into the shark-infested waters, thereby choosing death rather than capture and torture by the foe.

Someone who spoke Japanese called to me, but I did not answer. I saw that preparations were being made to launch a small boat to pick me up, when help came from an unexpected quarter. A flight of three of our planes was seen closing in for a bombing and strafing run. Alarm was sounded on the ship, and it immediately picked up speed and departed on a zigzag course. As the ship was leaving, someone on board threw me a package of emergency rations. Even though I was left in the middle of the sea, I began to wonder about this "barbarism."

Since it was now daylight, activity picked up considerably. Many flights of planes of both sides crisscrossed the sky. Ships of both sides were seen in larger numbers. Because I had had no breakfast or supper the night before, I ate part of the rations that had been thrown to me.

Noon came and went, and still there was no sign of rescue. More of the rations disappeared. During the afternoon I was eagerly watching fights in the sky to the east. I had given the western horizon scarcely a glance for some time.

All at once I was aware that a ship was approaching from the west. Whether it was friendly or not I could not at once discern. Great was my joy, however, when I recognized it to be Japanese. I got up on my knees and waved frantically, yelling the while, to attract attention, if possible. My satisfaction knew no bounds when I realized that I had been seen and the ship was altering its course to pick me up. Once over the side of the ship, I had no time to explain my situation to the proper officers, for a flight of enemy planes came swooping in from the south. So I was hastily put into a room with two other Japanese fliers, who, like myself, had just been rescued. We were told to stay there until called for.

Outside action thickened rapidly. We heard the scream of the dive bombers as they closed in on us. There were three of them. To me, one who was used to the fast movement of an airplane, it seemed that we were just sitting still waiting for a bomb to be dropped on us. There was only one porthole, and you may be sure that it was crowded with the three of us, all trying to see as much as possible of what was going on in the battle. Our own guns were pouring out a stream of lead to parry the attacks. Bombs dropped nearby, very near, in fact. Our ship was shaken severely and was deluged with tons of water from the explosions, but we received no direct hit from the bombs.

The fliers, evidently disappointed with their luck with bombs, returned again and again with machine guns blazing to inflict as much damage as possible on the ship they had not been able to sink with heavier weapons. We could see the planes at some angles, and I admit I thought that sometimes they were going to crash on our decks, they were so near. As we watched one of these passes I was standing nearest the porthole, with my face taking as small

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What About Jesus Christ?

By RALPH JOEL TOMPKINS



Courtesy, Metropolitan Museum of Art

L. Hermite, Artist

How Often We Futilely Attempt to Solve Our Problems With Only Human Wisdom and Learning When God's Inexhaustible Arsenal Is at Our Finger Tips

FOR the past two hours the learned British statesman Arthur James Balfour had charmed his attentive audience. The visitors' galleries were packed with an apprehensive cross section of the British public. The time was World War I, and the issue then, as now, was the peace: how to preserve it. From a human point of view the venerable ex-prime minister had offered a most feasible and rational program toward securing for all nations a lasting foundation on which to build international peace. The speech was, however, singularly outstanding in that not once did Mr. Balfour refer to the possibility or advisability of invoking divine aid in settling the problems of the world. This, in a nation that had cradled some of the world's most conspicuous religious thinkers since Christ.

In the vast audience that day was a young man, a native of the Orient, who was attending one of the great English universities. His attention had been riveted on the magnetic speaker. He noted with displeasure and disapproval the complete dependence on human invention stressed by the speaker. Unmindful of the hundreds of censorious eyes upon him, he jumped to his feet as Mr. Balfour was turning to sit down. Cupping his hands, he called out aloud to Balfour, "What about Jesus Christ?" A tangible silence fell upon every person present. The effect was electric and unanswerable, and it left a lasting impression upon every listener in the great hall that day. A single person had posed in four short words a question that Balfour either could not or was not trying to answer.

What place did Christ occupy at the peace tables of earth? The most brilliant Peacemaker of all time was not even extended a token invitation.

O friends, how many times do we futilely attempt to solve our personal as well as our national problems equipped only with the resources of human wisdom and learning when the inexhaustible arsenal of God is at our finger tips.

The world today is putting its confidence in an impressive array of titles and symbols. Never before in the history of mankind has education been so easy to obtain. Illiteracy, that hobgoblin of yesteryear, is almost antique terminology. Yet at the same time, in tragic contrast, there has never been a time more filled with lawlessness and irreverence for things aesthetic and spiritual.

During my college years I mingled with many young men and women of the world who were attending colleges and universities in preparation for their particular fields of occupation. I have watched as numbers of them sacrificed home and means to secure some coveted degree or diploma as though some magic power providing the last word in human security lay therein. I have further observed that Christ was for the most part conspicuously left out of their education. The motive of service, which is the essence of the Christian religion, was treated with indifference.

I cannot conceive of any education being in any manner complete without a thorough knowledge of God's Word. David said, "Through thy precepts I get understanding." Fortunate indeed is the Adventist young man or young woman who is preparing for his future lifework in schools where God's Word is given its rightful pre-eminence in the curriculums. Its study must never become commonplace or in any way be considered on a "course to be taken and hours to be earned" basis. The sacrifice of Christ running like a golden thread from Genesis to Revelation should become clearer and dearer to the young Advent believer.

The work of the world and the cause of God need young men and young women with trained and intelligent minds. Yet if there is in your heart the least feeling of superiority over your fellow believers because of your educational or cultural attainments (and only your own heart will tell you truly), then pause and ask, "What about Jesus Christ?" Young friends, it is He who is the panacea for the world's ills; it is not the ivy halls and engraved parchments.

Surely the feverish and almost idolatrous worship of diplomas and degrees found in the world today has no place in the truly consecrated heart of Advent youth. It is indeed a challenge, on the other hand, to take Christ. Emerson stated, "God will not have his work made manifest by cowards." Therefore, the

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I HAVE been wanting for a long time to share the joys and sorrows that come from being the wife of a missionary. At long last I have screwed up my courage in the hope that my experiences will be of help to some who may be contemplating such a move in life, or to some who may already be in the mission field and are inclined to become downhearted.

I want to take you back a few years to the arrival of my husband and me in the mission field, our place of labor, the Rwesse Mission in the Belgian Congo. The day had finally come when within just a few hours we would be at our journey's end. This was Friday, and we were happy with the prospects that we would be at our destination. We were happy too with the prospects of worshipping with fellow Adventists, even though they were not of our nationality.

It was good to know that we had at last arrived at a place that we could call home. I must admit that it was a humble one, but the words of an old song still hold true, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!" We had been without a home for so long while waiting and traveling that our little three-room house seemed very dear, although it was practically bare of furniture. I have found in the mission field—or elsewhere for that matter—that happiness is not found in the material things of life. For furniture we had one bed, a box with a few shelves in it, a drop-leaf table, and two stools to sit on. One room was vacant except for some boxes of ours that had arrived ahead of us.

I must tell you about our first Sabbath, for it was one that I shall never forget. Rwesse Mission is in a cold climate, being situated on the mountaintops at an elevation of more than seven thousand feet. Because it was raining that first Sabbath, we put on our warm clothing. We made our way over to another hill where the little pole church is, and sat down.

There on the front seats, little brick benches, sat a small group of natives already having a song service. It was thrilling to hear the good old gospel songs again. We had been hungering for the things that we heard that morning. Our hearts were touched by the sight we saw before us, for there on those first few rows of benches sat huddled together boys and girls with no clothing on at all! It was hard for me to keep the tears back, for there I was wearing a suit and a coat while they were cold. It is sometimes hard to figure out the whys of things such as this, but I am sure the Lord has the right answer. I have tried to figure out a way to help this seemingly hopeless situation, but it is impossible to clothe all the people of Africa! All we can do is to try to teach them the way of life and leave the rest with the Lord.

On Sunday we were left alone on this new mission, with the African pastor as our guide and helper. We have learned



The Newbolds and Wileys at Their Temporary Homes Near the New Libi Mission Hospital

Missionary Wives Can Keep Happy

By MRS. P. K. WILEY

to respect the counsel of the native leaders, and because we have had no one else to turn to in our needs and wants, this pastor guide has proved a great blessing to us. Our first year at Rwesse was full to the overflowing. We had to learn the language, a most important task. Then the building of schools and a dispensary and the finishing of the European home besides outschool inspection were some of the things that fell to our lot. And right here I want to say that if you want to be happy in the mission field, find something to keep you busy. This is not hard if you are really looking for something to do.

I had no children then, and so I had a great deal of time on my hands. Since I have always been interested in the medical work, I tried to help where I could. Then I decided that my husband needed a painter, and so I had the job of painting the woodwork in the new house and varnishing all the furniture that the people had made for us. It was a work that gave much satisfaction.

After I had been there for about six

months and had grasped a little of the language, I decided that a women's class should be started to help the mothers learn to clothe their children. I found much joy in working with the African women. One learns many things from the African, and while I was teaching them they did not know that they were teaching me many lessons that I could never have learned otherwise. One of these lessons had to do with their simple faith in God.

Now I want to bring you some of my outstanding experiences that have helped me to feel that my time spent in the mission field has not been in vain. God has helped me to find a place that I can fill in His work. It was another Friday morning, and my husband had gone with some of the union conference leaders and Dr. R. S. Newbold to look at the new mission site that had been chosen in the northeast Congo, where we had been asked to open a new station. I was in the kitchen feeding my new son when I saw the recently ordained pastor and his wife coming up the walk. I noticed also the worried look on their usually smiling faces, and knew

there was trouble. The pastor spoke, for the women in Africa are shy and leave their husbands to do all the talking for them, and he said, "Our new baby is sick."

I looked at the precious little thing, and immediately I knew that she had the same thing that I had treated many other babies for on that hilltop in the past two years—pneumonia. This disease takes the lives of many a small baby in that region every year. The mothers carry their babies on their backs tied on with a goatskin, and when they are taken off it is so cold that their little bodies become chilled, and pneumonia is the result.

Now back to my story. I could see that minutes counted, and so I had them come into the kitchen, found some stools for them to sit on, told the boy to put more wood into the fire and more water on the stove, and in the meantime I finished feeding our son and put him in his crib. Then I returned to the task that lay before me. With the help of God we would try to save the life of this tiny babe. Many times over I have been thankful for my training in hydrotherapy, and when I put that first fomentation over that little chest I breathed a prayer that the results would be satisfying. Every three hours we repeated the treatment, and it was not until three o'clock the next morning that we knew God had heard and answered our prayers.

It was a thrill I shall never forget when the baby took a little water from a bottle. No doubt there will be comments on the ethics of my treating babies in my kitchen, but was it not better to treat this one in the only place I had than to turn it away to die? I wonder what Jesus would have done. I was thankful that this pastor and his wife had been schooled in the ways of cleanliness.

After four days in my kitchen drawer this baby was ready to go home. At that time Dr. Newbold returned with the men, checked the little one, and found her chest clear. I want to tell you that the parents' faces did not bear the same expression they had borne four days before. They say she is *my* baby, but I am sure that if God's hand had not intervened, she could never have lived. Two-week-old babies do not have much chance. This was one of the last experiences that I was to have at Rwesse Mission. We had been there two and a half years, and when the call came for us to open another mission, it was hard to pull away from those we had learned to love. However, when duty calls, God expects us to answer.

Pioneering is not an easy life, and for months we found it rather difficult to live in a grass shed. At Rwesse we had finally finished the house and had enjoyed comforts as in the homeland for one and a half years. Now we must leave all that and begin again. We had a little more furniture than we had in the three-room house our first ten months at Rwesse, but

we had the rain and cold and mud to battle with. Our son was then beginning to walk, and the rain and mud did not make this new attempt in life an easy one. However, when it was decided to go ahead with a garage house for us and for the doctor and his family, who shared a like house, it was not long until we had a comfortable place to stay.

While we were still living in our grass houses the doctor and his family went away to attend a medical meeting in Cape Town. I think he had been away not more than two days before his services were in great demand. It was another Friday morning, and as I went from our grass shack to an outkitchen, about twenty feet from our house, I noticed a group of men carrying a man in a chair. They turned into the driveway of the mission and walked toward me, and in front of the kitchen they stopped. The sick man stood up and showed me his arm.



A TRUE MISSIONARY IS

God's Man, in

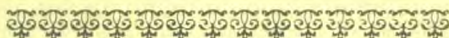
God's Place, doing

God's Work, in

God's Way, for

God's Glory.

—Messiah's Advocate.



I do not know whether I acted frightened, but I must say I was, for there before me was a very bad infection, with swelling reaching from his fingers to his shoulder. My husband walked up about that time, and I said to him, "I don't see how we can treat him here, for we have no place to keep him, and I am afraid it is too serious for me to handle." I can never forget the reply he gave. It was, "Remember that the work is going hard here, the people are skeptical, and we must do all we can to break down prejudice."

Without another word I found two buckets and told the boy to put one filled with water on the fire and to fill the other one with cold water. Our stove was made of brick, with the top improvised from a top of a gasoline barrel, but it served the purpose, and we were happy to have it. Then I called the dispensary boy, who was a real help, and we proceeded with our first hydrotherapy treatment at our new medical mission. We all prayed that the Lord would bless and heal this man, for we felt that it would help to win friends for the mission.

The first day we gave him three hydro-

therapy treatments, and continued to do so each day for a week. At the end of that time nearly all the swelling had gone from his arm, but the hand was still in a bad condition. The second week the treatment was given twice a day, and then the following weeks we treated him once each day. We were glad that the African doctor had made the cuts to let the pus out, and daily the hand drained a great deal.

When Dr. Newbold returned we showed him the picture we had taken of the hand the day the man arrived, and then he saw the hand. "That man is lucky," he said. "He is only going to lose half of one finger." The operation was performed in our little grass church. This patient was a native policeman, and he heard the message of salvation while he was here. Even though he did not give his heart to God at that time, we hope that someday he will remember the things heard and take that step. The reason for this infection no doubt will be of interest to you. The man's wife, who had become drunk on native beer, became angry with him, grabbed his hand, and bit his finger!

After the doctor had been called to serve at another hospital and until definite plans could be made for building a hospital at our mission, my husband and I had another problem to solve. We were seated comfortably one Friday evening, reading in the living room of our garage house. What comforts and luxuries compared with the old life! We were reading our own Seventh-day Adventist papers, which bring so much joy to us out here in Africa on lonely mission stations, when we heard a faint knock on the door. Africans are reluctant to knock. They usually cough a little to attract your attention, but the dog was barking, and they knew that we would not hear them coughing. My husband went to the door and found two men, and the older one spoke. "*Bwana*, we have just had a wreck with our truck two kilometers down the road, and a man has been hurt very bad. We want your wife to come down and do something for him."

Having heard the conversation, I hurried out the back door and called the dispensary boy to come and help me. Then I returned to the house and gathered together a few things that I thought we would need, and made my way toward the garage, where my husband was then backing the car out. I happened to turn just as I was about to get into the car and saw a man bent over, walking up the road into the mission. He was holding a big rag in front of his face. I went to him quickly and noticed that the rag was soaked with blood and that a stream of blood was coming from his head. He had left a trail of blood behind him. I told my husband that we could never get him to the hospital, which was twenty miles

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GOD Gave ME Two BIBLES!

By WALTER ITAGAKI

As told to Paul K. Freiwirth

WHAT do you think I am—crazy or something? Do you think I'd carry such a thing around?" The angry words of the rough soldier still linger in my memory. They mark the turning point in my life. God's hand was reaching out for me, yet He could hardly have chosen an environment more unfavorable to religion.

I was in an army camp in the Philippine Islands. World War II had suddenly ended. Many of the soldiers at this post were employed by the War Crimes Court, and quite naturally the long weeks of listening to repulsive accounts of wartime atrocities did not in any way help lift their minds to a contemplation of better things. It seemed as though these men thought of nothing else but how to have a good time.

Little wonder, therefore, that this burly soldier should think I had a lot of "nerve" asking him whether the Bible I had just found on my bunk was his. I suppose I should have realized that a man of his type would hardly own such a book, but how could I have known? I had never possessed one myself, nor had I opened its pages more than once or twice!

"Well," I thought, after this rude rebuttal, "perhaps this Bible belongs to some other soldier." However, after a very diligent but fruitless inquiry, I leafed aimlessly through its pages, deciding it would be a pity if tropical insects were permitted to devour them. I finally tossed the Bible into my foot locker.

Under ordinary circumstances, I suppose, I might have studied this strange volume. But I had something else to occupy my mind. I had just received orders to ship out for a certain island in the Pacific where enemy soldiers were still continuing to offer resistance. I was therefore quite busy saying good-by to many of my buddies, and I also wanted to send off a letter to my mother in Hawaii, who, like the rest of my family, was heathen.

And that is just about all I was, although some experiences of the previous few months had set me to thinking along strange lines. Something was coming over me, perhaps not a sense of wickedness, but surely a peculiar feeling of insufficiency and need. In my innermost soul I was longing for something beyond. One factor that directed my thoughts to the ultimate

realities of life was the terrible misery I witnessed in Japan right after the war. My emotions were aroused in a new way. Some outlet they had to find, and did. I began to dole out alms, ten yens, twenty yens, or whatever change I had with me whenever a beggar accosted me. My buddies began to think I had become mentally unbalanced, but surely this was only the first fruits of the wooing of the Holy Spirit.

As I was packing my belongings now, however, all this was as good as forgotten. I was too preoccupied considering my future, which seemed very short and gloomy indeed, especially as I thought of meeting enemy soldiers, sharpshooters at that, whom a group of us were to induce to surrender—not with weapons but with mere words!

To me this seemed outrageously foolhardy. How could we persuade these daredevil desperadoes? And what if they should refuse to believe us, and inform us thereof in no uncertain terms with their guns? But why go on contemplating these frightful odds, especially when this adventure was made even worse by our own commanding officer, who had determined

to have us remain in absolute idleness for two whole weeks while he planned his strategy!

If ever I experienced a time of nerve-racking tension, it was then. We were in the very anteroom of death, and it was enough to drive the sanest person out of his mind. Sleep, of course, was out of question. Night after night I tossed nervously to and fro, hoping that sheer physical exhaustion would finally bring restful slumber and repose. I had no such luck though. Had I been familiar with Scripture, I could have cried out, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

But it was well, after all, that no immediate relief came, for this experience was one more steppingstone on the road to eventual deliverance from something more frightful than mere sleeplessness—sin. Had mental and physical respite been granted me, I would hardly have bothered to try to find peace by delving into the book I had only recently saved from insects, the Bible!

I began to read, but my restless spirit was not yet ready to receive this healing
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As I Searched the Newspaper for Work Openings, This Advertisement Caught My Eye: "If You Are Interested in a Higher Education of a Christian Nature, Come to Hawaiian Mission Academy"

MKASI went out of his round Zulu hut and shaded his eyes worriedly. No rain, no rain, no rain. The sun beat down pitilessly on a hard-baked earth; the ground looked as parched and dry as chapped lips. Then Mkasi looked at his fields of corn, barely ankle high and already beginning to tassel. Not even a nubbin would develop on such blasted stalks. What would his babies eat? What would they eat?

Mkasi had not gone to school, nor had any of the old fathers of the village. He pondered on the tales of the golden days of long ago told by the fires at night: of fields of maize, the single stalks higher than a man's head, and ears two hands long; of steaks of buck and antelope roasting over red coals; and of plenty of rabbits and small game to be snared for food. He thought of the spotted leopard skins the old men had said were their clothing.

But these were evil days in contrast. The climate, the bush, and the soil had gone back on him. There had been only a few light rains that season. And the blessed moisture had rushed quickly down the hill, leaving gullies and erosions and the exposed roots of the corn and beans to be blasted in the searing sun. If he could keep the rain—keep it from getting away and taking that good earth with it! His face wrinkled with thought. He was known in his village and tribe as a wise man. Other men had come to him often for counsel. His keen eyes noted the corn in the valley. It was tall, waving, a vivid green, and full of promise.

Ah! the good of the soil had gone down there with the rushing rain, leaving only the stony skeleton of the hills to nourish the spindling corn! Now, to keep the rain would be to keep the *good earth*. To keep the good earth would be to have the corn on the hillsides as strong as the corn in the valley. But how? How?

The canny man set to work. With his small sons he began to lay stones like rocky shelves along his hilly fields. If the little sons would even begin a complaint, they were hushed instantly.

"Do you want to die?"

"No, *Ubaba*."

"Then get to work!"

Black soil, leaves, grass, and even pounded limestone were carried up to build the fields, shelf by shelf. Then the test came. Rains fell. The shelves were strong and well made. No gullies swept away the black soil. They held. The gnarled hands, toughened and worn by grueling toil, clasped in silent thankfulness. Then he fairly flew to the fields to cut grass to cover the moistened soil so the sun could not steal it away.

That year at harvesttime his grain bins were full, but there were many people who were hungry. They saw his labors, but in their darkened heathen minds they attributed their poor crops to witchcraft and bad luck. They began to murmur and mutter against Mkasi and to blame

him for their failures. He must have a devil's charm, else how could he have plenty and they so little? Did not the same sun and the same rain fall on them all? It was all very plain. Mkasi was a witch. The hatred started and began rolling and rumbling like clouds before a hurricane. As always, Ignorance infuriated holds the sword.

One night about a month after harvest Mkasi and his family heard terrible wails from a village near his hillside hut.

"Someone has died," he remarked quietly.

The next day at dawn an angry crowd of people surged up the hillside to Mkasi's neat, round hut. He was seized, tied, and carried before a witch doctor in the nearby village.

The wrinkled old wizard sat among his charms, rattles, and medicines, dirty and wrinkled as a withered prune. His eyes looked like pools edged with scum. Presently he glanced up malevolently. His mouth twisted with hate.

"You killed Ayenda," he shrieked. "I've found you out; you're in partnership with the evil spirits and the devil. No crops grow but yours. No children are fat but yours! You'll pay, pay, or we'll kill you. Confess! Confess! Confess!" His voice rose to a high, cracked shriek, and he trembled with the rage that possessed him.

"I couldn't have killed Ayenda. I didn't hate him; we were friends. Why, I didn't even know he was dead till now," Mkasi began quietly. "No one told me. And as for crops, I worked. I filled in my fields and made ridges on the hillsides to hold the water. I fetched manure and grass and leaves and lime. I—"

But the furious screaming of the people quite silenced the calm voice of the innocent man. They surged toward him angrily and violently, hands outstretched to scratch, pinch, wound, and tear.

"Killer, liar, poisoner," they shrieked. "Everyone will die if you live. *Die*, you thief! *Die*, you murderer!"

Then Mkasi's little boys witnessed a most dreadful sight. Mack and James ran away screaming, for the people had seized gentle, kind Mkasi and roughly tied his work-worn hands and calloused feet together with harsh, sharp-cutting cords. Then they hung him up by the feet from the limb of a tree while they went back

THE COST C

By JOSEPHINE



Little Mack Bade His Father and tune in a Harsh, Unfriendly World

and raided his kraal. He was beaten and tortured and burned with sharp irons, until, when they at last let him down, he was more dead than alive. Bloody and swollen, nearly wild with misery, he crept painfully home. When he got there his kraal wall was broken and the best of his cattle were gone. His garden was trampled and his house rifled.

Mkasi sat down in his doorway and put his trembling hands to his face and wept.

HIGH GOALS

INGTON EDWARDS



oy, and Went Out to Seek His For-
ld Have Been Any Poorer Than He

The next day little Mack tied up his small possessions in a rough cloth, bade his father and mother good-by, and went out to seek his fortune in a harsh, unfriendly world, a pitiful little boy trudging along the rough road in fluttering rags, with only his native comb and a sliver of soap as his worldly possessions. No one could have been poorer than he in worldly goods or outlook or hope. Nothing seemed ahead.

By evening his small stomach was very empty and his little legs were tired indeed. Rounding a curve in the road, he saw a neat farmhouse in the distance. The walls were a snowy white and the roof was red. "*Abalungu*," he whispered hopefully, for that is the name he knew for Europeans. Perhaps he could find food for his emptiness and work for his willing hands here. Slowly he turned down the lane. His hunger goaded him on, but his feet were blistered and sore. As he drew near, a big, tall man with sun-burned arms and face came around the house.

Poor little Mack would have been frightened out of his wits if the tall farmer had not had a kind look. For he well knew that some men are harsh to Africans and shout at them and cheat them and whip them cruelly.

Some way he conveyed the idea to the big man that he wanted work; it was fortunate that Mr. Brown could speak some Zulu, for not a single word of English did Mack know. In half an hour he found himself seated in a round cook-house, eating porridge and drinking calabash milk with the other workers. The night was cool, but the fire was big and warm and the food was good and filling. Someone gave him an old sack, and he curled up gratefully in the dark hut and was soon asleep.

In the morning he found his duties to be a little of everything. He fetched and carried for all of the workers till his little back and arms and legs ached pitifully. It was very hard, and he was often sad and lonely for home. But one night a stranger came to visit the kraal. He was a Christian, and something of a preacher, and he found in Mack a ready and eager listener. The lad had never heard of God or heaven before, and he knew nothing at all about schools and learning. Night

after night he crept close to Mlotwa's side and listened to stories of God and Jesus and the holy men of old. He gazed at the bright night sky with greater interest when he learned that a mighty God of heaven had set the sun and moon and stars in their places, and had given life to every living thing in all this earth.

One night he could but weep, for Mlotwa told him he was going away soon. Mack clung to the older man. "But where can I learn more?" he cried out, sobbing in great anguish. "These others love only their beer and tobacco and the dance; they can tell me nothing. This is better than the drums and the dances and all the beer and tobacco in the world!"

"There are missions in some places, my boy," Mlotwa told the child kindly. "If you go there, you can learn to read, and all of these things are written in books in the white man's language. I read all I told you in the Holy Book, the Bible. You can learn too."

Then Mack could think of nothing else but to learn more. He was consumed by the thought. It was a light that gladdened him by day and brightened the night. At the end of the month he took the small pittance he had earned and started out for home. He had been gone a full year. He had heard nothing from his family, for they could not write, nor could he read a word if they had written to him. If they had all died, he would not have known.

The family were in better circumstances when he got home, for rain had fallen abundantly that year. The whole valley seemed to bloom. Even so his father's crops were better than everyone else's, because he tilled the soil with more foresight and wisdom.

The very first day he approached his father about school.

"*Ubaba*, I want to go to school. I want to learn."

The man had been fashioning an ax handle from a knotty limb. He looked up quickly. "School? Why do you want school, my son?"

"To learn, *Ubaba*. To learn of God and Jesus and to learn the white man's language."

Then that father, wise in some ways, ignorant and superstitious in others, sat down patiently and tried to dissuade his son from an ambition he feared. All the older ones knew that if a boy learned in school, he was likely to run away from the peaceful valley to Cape Town, Kimberley, or Johannesburg to earn more money. Hundreds had gone, never to be heard from again. All the old ones feared progress, and tried fruitlessly to block it.

"You'll be beaten and punished often by the schoolmaster," Mkasi explained. "You will have to stand for many hours with one leg up in the air, if you miss so much as one word. You stay away from school," he advised. "It is no good for our people."

Of what use was life? You work, work, and work, only to have your possessions taken from you by jealousy and superstition. If Mkasi had known of God and of Jesus, he might have found comfort and peace in prayer during this dark hour. But he did not know, so he could only sit there and weep in the door of his hut. His wife crept close, sobbing too, her heart burdened. Both little boys wept aloud for a long time.

Mack sat a moment or two in the twilight thinking. He was not convinced. He *must* learn even if he *did* have to suffer for it. It would be worth all that it cost. Suddenly he spoke. One other thing weighed down his young mind.

"Ubaba, do you know God?"

The father did not speak for a moment. It was dark now, for heavy clouds masked the stars, and African twilight is always short.

"Once when I was very young I heard a little about God. I didn't listen very much, so I can't tell you anything. It didn't seem very necessary to me."

The days went by slowly. Mack hoed every day in his father's fields, but his heart was so full of vast desires and unuttered ambitions that it almost burst. He tried to pray a little, but he did not know how, and he was not satisfied.

One day a certain man came from a distant city, called Queenstown, to visit in the village. Mack found out that he could read and write. Though the man stayed only two weeks in that village, the small boy pleaded, plagued, and cajoled until the man made a halfhearted effort to teach him to read and write. He drank it in—every word. So determined was the child, so avid, so eager, that the visitor gave him the book he had brought. It was Mack's most precious possession. He lived with it by day and slept clutching it next to his naked body at night. It was the pride of his life, the apple of his eye, a piece of his heart.

God and the angels must have helped that poor, obscure, eager little boy, for he actually learned to read and write. He ran here and ran there, anywhere he could go for help, always clutching his precious book. He had a place behind the hut where he practiced writing with a sharp stick on baked soil. He was tireless in his energy.

One day a letter came to the village. It was an unheard-of thing. Whom was it for? Who sent it? How could the villagers find out? There was a man six miles away who, it was reported, could read these "hen tracks," which must have been made by the juice of some bush berry.

Little Mack, coming from the mealie fields, saw the crowd of wondering people handing the paper from one to another.

"Let me see it," he cried.

"You, boy? Why, what could *you* do?" they laughed at his temerity.

Mack took the white square and looked at it attentively. Why! it was *his* name. Here, very plainly, it said:

"Mack Mkasi
Ulembi Kraal."

"It's mine. Here is my name, *Ubaba*. Let *me* read it." It was from Mack's elder brother in East London to whom he had written begging for books. And here was the parcel! One of the older ones held it. Eagerly Mack tore it open. There were two books. One was in Zulu, and one was

written in English. The boy devoured the vernacular one in a week. But the other! The boy wept so bitterly over it that his father relented at last and told him that he could go to school for a short time. A school had been opened only recently in a village six miles away.

The child gladly trudged the six miles, leaving home before dawn. So eager was Mack to learn that in three years he had completed all that was offered in that small bush school—six grades. Even then he stood at the top of every class. He was the last one to leave at night and the first to arrive in the morning. It seemed that a consuming fire burned in his bosom—an unquenchable fire. His father and mother did not understand their child, but stood a bit in awe of his overwhelming ambition and grim determination.

If you cannot win,

Make the one ahead of you

Break the record.

"Now, Mack," the head teacher said on the last day of school, "you have finished this school. But you must go on. I've written to my own training college about you. See? Here is the letter I just received. The letter says that you can come, and you will be allowed to work your way."

The next term found Mack happily installed in the boys' compound of the training school, beginning his schoolwork again with great zeal. And joy of joys! his work was caring for the lawn, flowers, and garden for a good, kind woman teacher. Here was Christianity, and Mack gloried in it. He later said of himself, "Here I worked busily until I passed standards five, six, and seven [grades seven, eight, and nine]. I worked very hard for that mission. Every Sunday I went out with the teachers to teach and preach in the heathen villages. I devoted myself to the study of the Bible."

It was about eight weeks until examination time for grade ten. Everyone was studying hard. But Mack did not neglect his daily prayers and Bible studies. They seemed to help him with his other lessons.

One evening Mack and his friend Chidi were studying the Bible together under a big spreading tree on the campus. It was such a pleasure for the two of them to read aloud to each other and to comment on what they had read.

Then a certain boy came by, and gave Chidi his mail. Mack glanced at the sheaf of papers Chidi was unwrapping: "Voice

of Prophecy Correspondence School" it said on the return address.

"Why, Chidi, are you taking correspondence lessons?" Mack asked with interest. Anything that sounded even remotely like schoolwork was tremendously intriguing to Mack.

"These are lessons on Bible doctrines," answered his friend, "and they are free! Think of that! I started only two weeks ago, and here is the second set of lectures already. The directors really take an interest in the students. It's wonderful."

Then the two began to study the sheaf of material sent out from the Voice of Prophecy offices in Cape Town. Mack read the welcoming letter from the director. Then the two began to look up texts and to study. Time was of no significance to those two interested African boys. The minute hand of the clock went round and round, dragging its slower mate after it. Red-eyed, tired, but happy, the two young men awoke suddenly to the realization that it was morning.

"Why, we've studied all night," exclaimed Chidi.

"So we did," agreed Mack, "but I feel all the better for it. I'm going to send for my course today."

Mack did better in his daily lessons than he did before, even though he spent more time than ever on the study of the Bible and his correspondence lessons.

Only a few days before examination time lessons arrived for both of the boys on "The Christian Sabbath." Words cannot express their astonishment. They sat and looked at each other speechlessly for a long time.

"What are we going to do?" Chidi presently asked his friend.

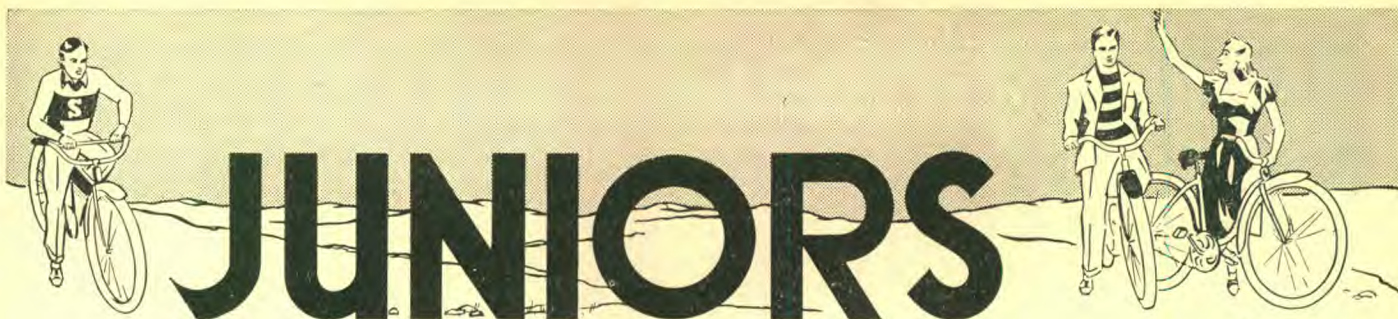
"We'll have to keep it, won't we?" countered Mack sensibly. "It's God's command and His will, and there's no doubt about it. But it will be hard. That's the day I wash Miss Bessemer's porches and sweep the garden walks and kill the fowl for Sunday. I work all day as hard as I can, so everything will be shipshape for the Sab—. But, Chidi, it's *not* the Sabbath, is it? Sunday, I mean."

"No-o-o," Chidi agreed reluctantly. "It can't be if all these texts we've studied are right. I was worried when we found out that sprinkling and pouring aren't baptism, and that people don't go to heaven when they die! But this! I don't know what to do. I work in the dairy cleaning stables and whitewashing stalls every Saturday. I'm the only one. I don't see—"

"Neither do I," replied Mack hesitantly, "but I'll have to obey God's commands. I know that. I've never turned back from anything good that I've learned yet, and I don't intend to begin now. There'll be some way."

The next hour found Mack facing a red-faced superintendent with questions that were obviously embarrassing. The

—Please turn to page 18



Charles Cook, Artist

DON'T be afraid, Madam. It is only Dorah," said the African pastor's wife who stood with another dark form by the door.

"Is one of your children ill?" asked the missionary's wife.

Dorah never came over to the mission after dark unless one of her three children was ill. They were very dear to her and her pastor husband, who often came to the mission house for help when sickness came to the family.

"No, Madam, they are all well," said Dorah. "I came to tell you not to pay the mission boy and the woodman their money tomorrow."

It was the latter part of August, and the sun was getting hotter each day. The people on the edge of the Kalahari Desert would soon be in the hottest season of the year, which would end only when the rains came in December. Camp meeting was just over for the natives in the Maun, Bechuanaland, area. The people had rolled up their bedrolls, tied up their few extra articles of clothing in a cloth, gathered up kafir pots and children, and had departed on foot for their various homes.

The missionary and African Pastor Tsotetsi, with some of the native boys, had left in the mission lorry to hold another camp meeting for believers in an area many miles away. The women and children were left behind on the mission, partly to care for the mission and partly because it was no trip for women and children to make.

The missionary's wife had just tucked her wee ones in and was settling down for a good night's rest when she was suddenly startled wide awake. What was that scratching on the veranda screen outside her bedroom door? Hastily slipping on her bathrobe, she went out on the veranda, there to make out the form of Dorah.

She seemed to be very upset, and Madam wondered what the trouble could be and why she did not want these non-Christian workers paid. Tomorrow was the first of the month and payday for those working on the mission.

"They have just stolen one of my goats," explained Dorah. "Jerusalem heard their



Photo Courtesy of the Author

The Native Police Soon Arrived to Take the Woodman (Left) and the Mission Boy (Right) Off to Be Tried at the Court

Stealing Goats Doesn't Pay

By FLORENCE MAE BURKE

voices in the kraal, and now my largest she-goat is missing."

"Is that Jerusalem with you?" asked Madam, trying to see better in the dark and wondering how Dorah Tsotetsi could possibly miss one of those eighty goats her family possessed.

"Yes, we are on our way now to report the theft to the native police. Please don't pay them. I want to get my money for the goat."

After being assured that the men would not receive their money on the morrow, Dorah and Jerusalem left for the native authority post.

Most Africans are poor financiers, and although their wages are ample for their meager necessities, it is very hard for them to make their pay stretch to the end of the month. Once the missionary's house-

boy had given half of his month's wages to a niece as a gift to her newborn babe, and another time to purchase a second-hand coat in the hottest time of the year. Both times he had had to draw ahead on his wages to have money to buy food, for he had not thought of that when he spent his money.

Things were astir a bit earlier than usual the next morning on the mission, after the theft of the goat. Dorah and Jerusalem were out hunting the missing animal. The woodman and mission boy arrived early, armed with skinning knives and an extra kafir pot. Their money and food had run out several days before, so the very thought of a goat dinner was pleasant. Their facial expressions were soon as gaunt as their stomachs. Dorah and Jerusalem, following a trail where

evidently some beast had been dragged in the dirt, found the goat strangled in the brush near the river.

The native police arrived soon after the discovery, and the woodman and mission boy were questioned, handcuffed, and taken off to the native court, where they were tried. After much protesting they finally admitted their guilt and were ushered off to the jail to spend an uncomfortable night.

They were released the next morning so they could go out and raise their court fines of two pounds each, besides three goats apiece to give to Mrs. Tsotetsi for the loss of her goat. They had only thirty days in which to pay their fines.

"These men have only a few days left now before they should return with the money and the goats," remarked Pastor Tsotetsi to *Moruti* (teacher). "I wonder if they will come."

"What will happen if they don't come?" asked *Moruti*.

"Oh, the police will go out after them and bring them back to the jail, and no African likes that," answered the pastor.

The men did appear in time and brought all that was required of them. They had lost their jobs, money, and reputations, but that is usually the way Satan pays those who would follow him.

With his glamor-laden deception Satan continually lures them on—those who have not taken their stand for Christ. He wants all he can possibly lure to follow him to eternal destruction, the only reward he has to offer.

How thankful the missionaries are when their mission boys accept Christ.

The Cost of High Goals

(Continued from page 16)

boy was astonished beyond all words. He had thought secretly that these wise men who governed the school might have some plausible answer for these puzzling ques-

tions. The principal had called in three of his pastors who eyed the determined boy learnedly.

"My boy," one answered a bit pompously and patronizingly, "you are becoming exercised over trivialities. It's really a minor matter and of little consequence but, truly, we have our authority for Sunday worship because Jesus rose from the dead on Sunday, and He Himself changed the day of worship from Saturday to Sunday. You go back to your room, and let your mind rest on the matter. It is of little consequence."

"Yes," added the superintendent eagerly, "you must trust us. We have spent many years in school, even reading the Holy Bible in the original tongues." With that Mack was dismissed, but he was far from satisfied. "Of little consequence? God's law? Then why did He say, 'Remember' in the commandment? He must have known people would forget."

Then he pondered the undeniable truth that had been presented in the lessons: that the Roman Catholic Church claims to have changed the day and boasts about it in several of its books.

"Then it couldn't have been Jesus!" he muttered as he knelt down and got his Bible and the most recent lesson out of his box under the bed. This lesson devoted a great deal of space to ironing out objections. Mack studied it absorbedly, becoming more and more convinced every passing moment that he had found the truth.

Colossians 2:16, 17 was quoted as a text often used to combat the Sabbath truth. Mack studied the refutation deeply. Now that he was convinced, nothing could move him.

The next morning he was called to the office, and one of the college teachers who was fluent in the Zulu tongue was present. He began to reason with the boy in his own language. The first objection he brought up was Colossians 2:16, 17. Mack smiled covertly. He had the explanation to that text on the tip of his tongue. He

answered eagerly—almost *too* eagerly to please the august and pompous gentlemen who were trying to swerve his young mind away from the truth.

"O sir," he said politely, "Paul *couldn't* have meant that the *Sabbath* was a shadow. It was made by God to commemorate creation. Paul said in Romans 3:31, 'Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid: yea, we establish the law.'"

"Why, Jesus kept the Sabbath, and the disciples kept the Sabbath! It was the old sacrifices and the services in the Temple that were brought to an end. Paul said it was this handwriting of ordinances our Lord blotted out and nailed to His cross."

The room was very still when Mack had finished speaking. He looked from face to face, but found no friendliness there. He saw only frowns and condemnation. The superintendent spoke.

"My boy, you must stop taking these lessons. They are misleading and erroneous. They are destroying your usefulness and your influence. You're getting all wrapped up in and exercised about matters of no consequence to true Christian living."

"Sir," Mack answered, "I cannot leave these lessons. Not a thing has been taught to me that hasn't been proved. If I had found *even one* mistake, I would have left them long ago, for I am as surprised as you are on the outcome of my study."

Again the principal spoke. "We are going to give you your choice right here. You must either stop taking these lessons or pack up your things and go. Your influence is bad, and you're getting the whole school stirred up. We can't have it."

"And I can't take my examinations?"

"Not unless you stop your foolishness."

"I cannot stop. These lessons are from the Lord."

"Then get out."

Slowly the boy turned away. Resolutely he made his way toward the boys' compound. Miss Bessemer was waiting for

Turkey Tom, No. 3 — By Harry Baerg

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1. When all the chicks were hatched and dried, mother turkey took her family for a walk. This strengthened their legs and built up their appetites. They ate nothing the first two days.



2. At night the family went back to the nest, and the chicks snuggled under their mother's wings while she crouched over them. What a busy day it had been seeing their big new world!



3. In the morning the brood wandered to the creek. The curious youngsters did not even know what water was until their mother taught them to drink. They imitated her and enjoyed it.



4. The next day the mother caught some grasshoppers and other small insects and broke them up for her brood. They soon learned there were many tasty things for little turkeys to eat!

him, tears streaming down her kind face. "O Mack, you are going. But why, why?"

"Miss, they tell me I must leave because of what I believe. I can't leave truth, Miss Bessemer. God would not bless me if I did."

When Mack left that evening the young woman gave him three pounds sterling. She knew he would have to walk every step of the way home if she did not help him. She knew he was sacrificing for what he believed to be right, and she pitied him.

The next day the standard eight students wrote their examinations. They were very sober and quiet, for Mack was gone—Mack, who had been a top student. Chidi wrote, but he did not feel right about it. He had promised to stop taking the correspondence lessons in return for remaining in school. He had sold out.

A few days later the Voice of Prophecy office received a letter from Mack asking for work. That very day the lad was sent for to go to Cape Town. He arrived glad-faced and confident. He received a kind welcome, and his heart nearly burst with joy to feel his oneness with a mighty and a peculiar people.

I was in Cape Town when Mack arrived there to go to work. When the leaders went to the young people's camp near Frankshoek, there he was, ready to help keep the dishes and kitchen utensils clean for the young campers. He swept, raked, built fires, and carried water. Then when sermons were being preached I saw him carry his chair quietly to the side lines to listen. If you saw Mack sitting, listening, you knew his work was done, for good work well done is a living part of his character. That is the reason he willingly—yes, gladly—gave up his whole year's work rather than sacrifice truth.

I saw Mack later at Bethel College. He was *doing again* the standard eight he had willingly sacrificed at the other school. He is fighting as the apostle Paul fought, and as he himself has always fought for the right and the good since earliest childhood, not running uncertainly or fighting aimlessly, as one who beats the air, but as one who presses toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. That is Mack, and he is worth knowing. I hope you will see him someday very soon on the sea of glass. I believe he will be there. Will you?

From My African Window

(Continued from page 2)

would have thought as I did, that many of them indeed are living very close to Jesus.

Tomorrow the road will throng with students, books under their arms or slung on their backs. Hundreds of them will be coming from every direction to meet to-

gether and to study. A few years ago, when the school was built, some looked at it and wondered whether it would ever be filled. Today it is not large enough to accommodate all the classes, and students have to gather outside in the shade, with the blackboard propped against a tree. When I pass to and from the dispensary I can hear them being drilled in French verbs. Occasionally, torrential rain disturbs the program, and there are whoops of delight as the children scatter to find shelter.

In a few days I shall be back at work in the dispensary, where we treat an average of two hundred patients a day. Two afternoons of the week we have baby clinic, when about three hundred babies come to be weighed and given a piece of soap or a small dress. Their mothers are taught the simple rules of health and hygiene.

There is much sickness here in Ruanda. Recently an epidemic of cerebrospinal meningitis threatened to kill hundreds of people on the surrounding hills. We gave many of the population antimeningococcic injections—twenty-six thousand of them, to be exact. In addition we treated those who had the disease with injections of penicillin into the spinal canal. The Lord rewarded our efforts and prayers, and the epidemic was controlled.

Some ask, Is mission work worth while? Young friends, if any of you are hesitating in your choice of a lifework, turn your eyes toward Africa—to any part of it. Come and join the too-small force of workers and see for yourselves that missions pay rich dividends. You will find that it is indeed a wonderful privilege to bear even a small part in the Lord's work.

What About Jesus Christ?

(Continued from page 10)

higher we can climb the educational scale of attainment, the more manifold become our opportunities and obligations for service. It is this motive that most reasonably should activate our lives.

One is made sick to see in our world the unrest, the international disharmony, and the endless succession of human woes and heartaches. Only a person unsound of mind would predict with certainty what tomorrow will bring forth. Yet God through His Word is predictable and dependable. The Bible is secure and shall stand fast forever. When the philosophies of earth not founded in the Scriptures have crumbled to oblivion, the simple principles of right living taught by the Master Teacher will continue to stand forth in their pure indisputable beauty and application.

Many of the world's leading thinkers are beginning to realize this. As these men seek to initiate an increased interest in things of a spiritual nature, so long as these efforts are in accord with the Scrip-

ture, Adventist youth should be found in the front ranks. Many of us have taken back seats for Christ too long. Remember the words of Emerson that "God will not have his work made manifest by cowards."

In our personal problems perhaps it is well to ask whether we are depending upon our limited power for their solutions. With profit we might at this time ask as did that young student from the Orient several decades ago: "What about Jesus Christ?"

In your life and mine, when our hearts have been stripped of all pretense and they are laid bare before the eyes of the Lord and we stand shoulder to shoulder to finish the work, what about Christ? Is He in our plans, or do we depend upon the resources of human wisdom and understanding? Your answer to this question will make an eternity of difference.

God Gave Me Two Bibles!

(Continued from page 13)

potion. I was bitterly disappointed. The solemn language of the King James Version, the many "thees" and "verilys" and other archaic expressions, was utterly confusing.

I was almost ready to give up when I noticed on the inside back cover a list of instructions about how to get the most out of reading this Book. It suggested passages of Scripture to be read when fear, discouragement, doubt, or other trying circumstances closed in. "Why," I thought, "such a guide to the study of the Bible is just the thing for someone as ignorant of its contents as I!" My interest in the Book quickly revived, and I turned to some of the passages indicated. To my happy surprise, the spiritual fog began to lift, and as the song goes, "Jesus made the gloomy shadows all depart."

From that moment on, I read the Bible every day for some time, carrying it with me wherever I went. I was yet a great way off from the Father's house, but the first rays of a spiritual sunrise began to flood my soul.

The one thing that brought me the greatest joy, however, was that a few days later I managed to persuade twenty-two of the enemy stragglers to lay down their arms peacefully. Could it be, I wondered, that the worst was finally behind me? This was quite possibly the case, and would have been good had Satan not tried to take advantage of my new circumstances—a recall to Tokyo, to a more comfortable life.

It was a step from perpetual peril to pretentious paradise, yet a paradise not without the presence of a tempter, one who well knew how eager we soldiers were for amusement. He certainly had made ample preparation, for sin beckoned us from many places. Like many of the men, I attended dance halls almost every



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night. The still small voice of God was soon falling on unreceptive ears—ears that were becoming spiritually more and more deaf as nightly flings were getting wilder and wilder. If ever my feet were planted on the path to perdition, it was at this time, with no relief in sight, until—

"Tomorrow we sail for Hawaii." This meant discharge from the service. Quickly the word spread around, and my only regret was that it meant the end of my nocturnal whirls. Once again I had to pack, and once again the Lord graciously offered me a copy of His Word. While I was packing, a Bible tumbled out of a box of books near me. Again I was unable to ascertain the owner. Almost mechanically I threw it into my suitcase, where the other one already was. Sad to say though, this most unusual repetition of circumstances made no deep impression on me, and I was off for forty-five days of terminal leave with the hope of doing all the things I had long dreamed about.

As the old saying goes, however, man proposes and God disposes. Instead of reveling in a delightful six weeks of bacchanalian bliss, I had to endure the awful agony of having nothing purposeful whatever to do. To go dancing, that I could not get myself to do, for an irresistible force was somehow holding me back with invisible yet binding fetters. I tried swimming, but my floundering soul purloined my peace. I sought relaxation with books, but God seemed to have planned that as long as I was rejecting the message of *His* Book, I should find nothing but vexation of spirit from the contents of any other.

In utter desperation I found work. There was nothing wrong with *it*, but much with my *heart*. Restless, weary, and heavy-laden, I quit the job. I tried to enter the University of Hawaii, but failed, and thought that now I had surely come to the end of my road. Had I but known, God was closing all my doors in order that I might find Him who had said of Himself, "I am the door."

A few days after my disappointment at the university, something unusual happened in our home. A copy of the *Advertiser* had somehow found its way into our living room, although we were regular subscribers to the *Star Bulletin*. Looking through the *Advertiser* for work openings, I caught this item: "If you are interested in a higher education of a Christian nature, come to Hawaiian Mission Academy." I planned to investigate immediately, and arrived at the address indicated at 11 A.M. the next morning in one of my flashiest T shirts! A worship service was in progress, but I was received in a friendly way and advised to return the following Monday, when I was accepted on a provisional basis.

Had those in charge been able to read my thoughts that day, they would hardly have taken me in. I had not come to this school because I was interested in "a higher education of a Christian nature,"

but because I wanted to teach physical education, and aside from the university, the academy was the only school in Hawaii that could prepare me for this type of work.

I must say that I enjoyed my studies from the very beginning, with the exception of Bible. It was not taught as merely another subject, but rather as the Word of God and in the power of the same Spirit that had inspired its writers.

From a human point of view, I suppose, it would have been possible for me to get top grades in Bible class and still come out as pagan as I entered, but the Spirit of God willed it otherwise. Slowly but surely He was leading me to think God's thoughts after Him. Like a great panorama, my life's experiences since finding my first Bible passed before me. And as I sat in my room night after night studying the Bible lessons in the stillness of the evening hours, the Spirit of the Most High began to press the claims of infinite love upon my heart, as there slowly dawned on me the consciousness that Christ alone was able to offer what I so desperately needed. This thought would not leave me. The more I tried to dismiss it from my mind, the more determinedly it sought for admission. One thing was sure: This struggle simply could not last much longer, for I would not long be able to remain at war with myself.

I did not have to. One evening, while reading my Bible, the words of Acts 22:16 took hold of me as they had once gripped the heart of Saul of Tarsus: "And now why tarriest thou? arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord." I could do nothing else but get down on my knees in full surrender of my life to Jesus. Peace entered my soul, and I received the witness of the Spirit that at that moment there was a new name written in the book of life.

Almost immediately I offered myself for baptism, but the church elder was rather dubious and urged me to study the teachings of Seventh-day Adventists some more. I could not really blame him for feeling that way, because I had given little hope of ever being ready for this solemn rite. I had not really expected to take it either, but just as the waves of the mighty ocean can wear away the hardest of rocks by constantly washing against them, so the Spirit of God had succeeded in wearing down my stubborn resistance.

It was a very happy day indeed when, after full instruction, I followed my Lord in baptism. One of the many immediate changes of my life was in my school curriculum. No, I did not lose my former interest in physical training, and I was happy to find that the Spirit of prophecy stressed its necessity. But my interest in it was superseded by a far more important subject, the spiritual training of the soul for the kingdom of God. I learned that bodily exercise does profit for a little

time; but spiritual exercise, godliness, is profitable not only for time but also for eternity. In other words, I changed to the theological course, and began to pursue it with even greater pleasure than I had known before.

Today, five years later, I can look back upon the incomparable joy of already having led others to Christ. And looking forward, I expect soon to begin to bring the message of salvation to many more who know it not. My precious Lord graciously sent me two Bibles, through which He told me of His love for me, and henceforth I want to tell others of His love for them.

Have You a Favorite Hymn?

(Continued from page 7)

as he made his rounds to look at his traps. How cheering it must have sounded as it echoed over the countryside. Perhaps many who had never known the love of Jesus heard of it in this way. Thus Pierre shared his faith.

A unique experience is told of a Bible picked up by a Japanese soldier. His curiosity was aroused when he saw a small object floating near shore. He found it to be a book, floating open, carried by its own buoyancy. He was unable to read it, because it was written in a foreign language. However, he was much impressed and eager to acquaint himself with its contents. He searched for someone who could translate this foreign writing, and learned finally that it was an English Bible. At that time a law in Japan prohibited the possession of the Scriptures or the reading of them. He kept the book hidden among his belongings until he met a missionary who gave him the long-sought-for opportunity, and taught him to read this wonderful Book. He became the first Japanese convert to Protestant Christianity. Now Japan is calling for Bibles.

"Give me the Bible, star of gladness gleaming,

To cheer the wanderer lone and tempest tossed,

No storm can hide that peaceful radiance beaming,

Since Jesus came to seek and save the lost."

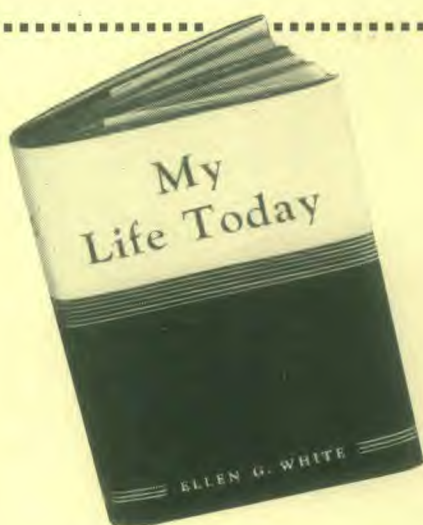
Many years ago it was the custom of the Scottish Calvinistic church to sing the psalms to rhythmic tunes instead of singing hymns. Its members thought that if man-written hymns were used, errors might be brought into the church services, and God's people would in this way be led astray. The twenty-third psalm was one of the first to be taught small children at their mother's knee. The psalms were sung every morning and evening, so they became part of the very thought of this religious sect.

The story of Ian Maclaren, who knew that he had but a short time to live, is an interesting illustration of the feelings of the Scottish people concerning gospel hymns. One day a friend came to visit Mr.

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Maclaren and asked whether he would like to have her sing a hymn for him. Here is his reply in his own words:

"Ye're verra kind, mem, and a'm muckle obleeged to ye, but a'm a Scot, and ye're English, and ye dinna understand. A' my days hev I been protestin' against the use o' human hymns in praise o' God; a've left two kirks on that account, and raised my testimony in public places, and noo wud ye send me into the grave wi' the sough o' hymns in my ears?"

"Ye'll excuse me, mem, for a'm no ungratefu', and I wud like to meet yir wishes, when ye've been so kind to me. The doctor says I canna live long, and it's possible that my strength may sune give way, but a'll tell ye a'm willin' to do."

"Sae long as a've got strength and my reason continues clear, a'm prepared to argue with you concerning the lawfulness of using anything except the psalms o' David in the praise o' God, either in public or in private."

"No, no," the visitor responded, "I know the feeling of the Scots about hymns, for I have been in the highlands and learned to love your psalms. I have some in my book."

"Di' ye think ye cud sing the 'Twenty-third Psalm': 'The Lord is my Shepherd, a'll not want'? I wud count it verra comfartin'! It never runs dry," murmured the Scot.

"Yes," she said, "I can, and I think I love that psalm more than any hymn." So she sang it reverently and with much feeling.

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by."

"My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for His own name's sake."

"Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still."

"My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows."

"Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling place shall be."

This lovely psalm was sung at the wedding of Princess Elizabeth of Great Britain. It was one of the psalms she had learned as a child at her mother's knee.

A story is told of a soldier who was anxious about his spiritual welfare. The chaplain had prayed with him and had given him a copy of *The Soldier's Hymn-book*. Later when he met the chaplain he said:

"You tried to make it plain to me, chaplain, but I didn't get any help. But as I

came away from your quarters I opened that hymnbook and read, 'Just as I am, without one plea,' and then it was all clear to me." Many have found Christ because Charlotte Elliott preserved in song the answer to her own search for light and heart's ease.

"It is well; the will of God be done," said Horatio G. Spafford when he received a cablegram from his wife that said, "Saved alone." She and their children had been on a ship that had collided with a sailing vessel in midocean. The children were lost at sea. Mr. Spafford had sent his family to Europe while he worked to recover the loss of their wealth, destroyed in the Chicago fire a few years before. His faith in God was not shaken by all these calamities, and he wrote this hymn:

"When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
'It is well, it is well with my soul.'"

We long for the courage to rise above difficulty. Perhaps a knowledge of how some hymns have come to be written will help us to say with Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

*Chorus, page seven. Copyright, 1950. Renewal by Mrs. H. H. Lemmel. Assigned to Alfred B. Smith. Used by permission.

Missionary Wives Can Keep Happy

(Continued from page 12)

away, and that we must try to do what we could for him right here. How I wished the doctor was within calling distance, but it did no good to wish. Since every second counted, we took the in-



"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

Faith

Which text would you quote if you were asked to prove that—

1. Faith makes our hopes real? (a) Jer. 44:23. (b) Heb. 11:1. (c) Matt. 14:31. (d) Luke 22:32.

2. Our faith will overcome the world? (a) 1 John 5:4. (b) Hab. 2:4. (c) 1 Sam. 15:22. (d) John 16:33.

3. We are saved by God's grace and by our faith? (a) Gal. 3:8. (b) Col. 2:8. (c) Titus 3:8. (d) Eph. 2:8.

4. Faith and works go hand in hand? (a) Job 34:25. (b) Rom. 4:2. (c) James 2:18. (d) Eph. 2:9.

jured man into our former grass shack and put him down on a woven mat. He at once began begging us to save his life. We told him that with the help of God we would do all we could for him.

I told my husband to hurry to the house and bring a spool of white thread and a needle. In the meantime we were trying to find the right pressure points. I had had first aid ten years before, but had never had to use this part of my course, and so I was not accomplishing that which was necessary. Already his head lay in a pool of blood, and in desperation I looked up to see who was beside me, and there was a teacher.

"Jonas," I said, "please pray for the Lord to help me find the right place to put my finger." It was a miracle, for no sooner was the prayer finished than the blood stopped flowing. With the help of the native boy we tied off three bleeders, filled the wound with sulfa powder, and made three stitches on the outside. We found also that he had been cut across the top of his upper lip, but that bleeding was not so bad. After we had tied off one more bleeder and filled the wound with sulfa powder, we took three more stitches and bandaged him up.

His pulse had been so rapid and so faint that we could hardly take it, but after this treatment it returned to a much lower count. When we were ready to take him to a nearby hut he complained of being cold. I gave the men an old blanket to wrap him in, and my husband and I rubbed him hard until he said he felt all right. We went to see him early the next morning, and found him out sunning himself. We talked to him about God, and told him how this true God had spared his life and had answered our prayers. He admitted that he knew God had spared his life and had answered our prayers, but he did not surrender his life to Him. We never give up hope that someday he will turn from his evil ways and remember Him who gave His all and died on the cross that we might live. After one week his wounds were healed without infection. We used not one sterile thing, and we knew again that God had been the agency to sterilize for us, doing that which was impossible for us to do. It was shortly after this experience that we went on our coastal furlough.

Now that we are back at our station, we are again busy with the many tasks that have to be done. In the next two years I hope that we will be able to have a new girls' school well under way. I also hope that we will soon have a nurse, one who is qualified to carry on the work in this needy place. How long we will have to wait we do not know. These people were first promised a hospital, and we do not have one yet. They beg, "If you are not going to build a hospital here, please send us a nurse." I am not a qualified nurse and am not allowed to dispense drugs of any kind, so you see why they are crying for

help. May God answer our prayers quickly and send someone to help us. Young missionary wives, remember, if you forget self, you will find true happiness in that which you seek to do for others.

A Pilot Turns Pressman

(Continued from page 9)

a portion of the small space as possible. My two companions were at my back, standing one behind the other. We were unconscious of personal danger as we watched the conflict.

Suddenly something hot creased my wrist. There was a cry behind me. I looked at the blood streaming from my wrist and then at my companions. The same bullet that nicked me caught the man next behind me in the chest. It passed clear through him and caught the last man in the abdomen. My first companion slumped unconscious to the floor, but the other was writhing in pain. The one next to me lived, but the other died.

When the planes left we made with all haste for port, which was not far from Shanghai. Without further incident we arrived there and took care of our dead and wounded. That was my last mission before the close of the war.

The surrender of Japan brought the victor's naval forces to take care of us. We were disarmed, examined, screened, and put onto a small island nearby to await further developments. While we were there in internment I had plenty of time for reflection. I thought often and seriously about home, my mother, and mother's God. I reflected on my many escapes from danger and death.

The war was over, and I had escaped death by weapons, but a slower though nevertheless horrible death faced many of us. We were crowded onto a small island. There were two thousand and more of us. Disease broke out. Medical supplies were scarce, as were doctors. Food had to be brought from the mainland, but the boats were irregular. The lack of food, disease, and the natural death rate reduced us from 2,000 to 380 in seventeen months. Somehow in it all I remained well, and though reduced in weight, I continued my duties until the glad day when the survivors were placed on a ship that was to take us to Japan.

You can picture the home-coming. All the family were there. The war had not separated any of us permanently, though naturally the family had considered the likelihood that I was dead. My younger brother had signed up to go on a coastal vessel engaged in interisland trade just prior to my arrival home, and he left soon after I came.

For some time I did nothing but rest and recuperate. Food was not too plentiful at the close of the war in Japan, but there was much more than I had while interned.

Gradually my strength returned. Under the influence of my mother I began attending church, Sabbath school, and other meetings. Mother and I had many long talks. Gradually I came to see that since God had preserved my life from so many dangers, I owed Him unending allegiance.

When our college in Japan opened a little more than two years after the end of the war, I enrolled as a student. I drank in the good spiritual lessons that were taught, and appreciated the benefit of associating with Christian teachers and students who were aspiring to be good Christians. After a few months I was baptized. I was very happy in my faith in God and resolved to serve Him in any way possible.

Shortly after my baptism I was offered the opportunity of working in the publishing house. I was a total stranger to printing and all its processes, but I was eager to learn. Now after three years of labor in the publishing house, I am especially happy, because my closest friend and companion from the time I entered the navy and also my younger brother have completed the Voice of Prophecy lessons and have joined me here in my work. They too have been baptized and are engaged in soulsaving. It is my highest purpose to continue to serve God until He comes to gather those who shall be saved from all countries of the earth. I would like to meet you in that day.

WRITER'S NOTE

This is the true story, told in briefest summary, of some of the experiences through which one of the workers of the Japan Publishing House passed prior to, during, and after the war that closed in 1945. This story was told reluctantly, and many interviews were necessary to get even this much of the story.

This young man is one of the most eager learners I have ever met. He is enthusiasm personified. Everything he does is with verve and in a manner calculated to please. He it is who is chiefly responsible for the conversion of his best friend and younger brother. These three are working in the publishing house and are making a fine contribution to the success of the work.

At present this young man is superintendent of the Sabbath school at the publishing house church, and his friend is assistant. In addition to this activity these two young men are engaged in holding a small evangelistic effort in a village about two miles from the publishing house. About fifteen to twenty attend meetings held weekly in a private home. Good results are already visible.

To many of us this man's experience is an explanation of why God spares the lives of some persons through war, pestilence, and famine. He is preserving their lives, even in times when they do not make a profession of Christianity, that they may, when presented with the truths for today, be influenced to join themselves to God's people in gospel service.



Senior Youth Lesson

VII—Rebellion and Apostasy

(November 15)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Numbers 16; 25; 31: 1-16.

MEMORY VERSE: 1 Corinthians 10:12.

LESSON HELP: *Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 395-405; 453-461.

Daily Study Assignment

1. Survey the entire lesson.
2. Ques. 1-3.
3. Ques. 4-6.
4. Ques. 7-9.
5. Ques. 10-13.
6. Read from *Patriarchs and Prophets*.
7. Review.

Rebellion in the Camp

1. Moved with envy, what course did Korah and his associates take toward the leadership of Israel? Num. 16:1-3.

2. What plan did Moses set before the rebellious leaders to determine whom God approved? What rebuke did he give them? Verses 4-11, 16-19.

NOTE.—"The test was to be deferred until the morrow, that all might have time for reflection. Then those who aspired to the priesthood were to come each with a censer, and offer incense at the tabernacle in the presence of the congregation. The law was very explicit that only those who had been ordained to the sacred office should minister in the sanctuary."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 398.

3. What warning was Moses told to give to the people? What test did he place before these rebellious leaders and their followers? Verses 23-30.

4. What punishment immediately followed? How were the 250 with censers destroyed? Verses 31-35.

5. What was the attitude of the congregation the next day? When the Lord would have punished, what did Moses and Aaron do? How was the congregation saved from further punishment? Verses 41-50.

The Lesson for Us

6. What warning comes to us from this experience? 1 Cor. 10:10.

7. What counsel has the Lord given against criticizing leaders in the church? 2 Peter 2:10, 11; 1 Tim. 5:19.

NOTE.—"He who has placed upon men the heavy responsibility of leaders and teachers of His people, will hold the people accountable for the manner in which they treat His servants. We are to honor those whom God has honored."—*Ibid.*, p. 386.

Apostasy on the Borders of Canaan

8. Review the story of Balaam's attempt to curse Israel. Num. 22:1-21; 23:8, 12, 21, 23.

NOTE.—"There are thousands at the present day who are pursuing a similar course. They would have no difficulty in understanding their duty if it were in harmony with their inclinations. It is plainly set before them in the Bible, or is clearly indicated by circumstances and reason. But because these evidences are contrary to their desires and inclinations, they frequently set them aside, and presume to go to God to learn their duty. . . . When one clearly sees a duty, let him not presume to go to God with the prayer that he may be excused from performing it. He should rather, with a humble, submissive spirit, ask for divine strength and wisdom to meet its claims."—*Ibid.*, pp. 440, 441.

9. Why could he not bring a curse upon the people of God? Num. 24:10-13.

NOTE.—"Balaam was once a good man and a prophet of God; but he had apostatized, and had given himself up to covetousness; yet he still professed to be a servant of the Most

High." "It is a perilous thing to allow an unchristian trait to live in the heart. One cherished sin will, little by little, debase the character, bringing all its nobler powers into subjection to the evil desire. . . . The only safe course is to let our prayers go forth daily from a sincere heart, as did David, 'Hold up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.'" —*Ibid.*, pp. 439, 452.

10. What course of evil did the Israelites pursue in their association with the Moabites? What was the result? Num. 25:1-5, 9.

11. What fundamental principle applies in the shaping of character for good or evil? 2 Cor. 3:18; Prov. 4:23; 23:7.

NOTE.—"By beholding, we become changed. . . . The mind is educated to familiarity with sin. The course pursued by the base and vile is kept before the people in the periodicals of the day, and everything that can excite passion is brought before them in exciting stories. . . . In every gathering for pleasure where pride is fostered or appetite indulged, where one is led to forget God and lose sight of eternal interests, there Satan is binding his chains about the soul."—*Ibid.*, pp. 459, 460.

12. Against what must the people of God in the last days be on guard? 2 Thess. 2:9, 10; Rev. 12:12.

13. How only may we resist the attack of the enemy? 2 Peter 1:4; Eph. 6:10-13; Phil. 4:8; Ps. 119:9, 11.

Junior Lesson

VII—What Wrong Thinking Can Do

(November 15)

LESSON TEXTS: Numbers 16:1-7, 28-33; 25:2, 3, 5; Philippians 4:8.

MEMORY VERSE: "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." Proverbs 4:23.

Guiding Thought

In our lesson this week we learn of two groups of people whose hearts were defiled by letting wrong thoughts take possession of them. Korah closed his heart to appreciation of Moses as leader and to cooperation with him. He opened the avenues of his soul to thoughts of jealousy and envy. And these thoughts were communicated to others and set in motion words and deeds that were to result in the death of hundreds.

The second group opened the avenues of sight and hearing to wrong thoughts as they watched the feasts and dances and listened to the singing of the heathen Moabites, so that their consciences became seared, and they were incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong. As we study these experiences let us ask God to help us guard the avenues of our souls in these days when Satan is working at top speed to deceive and trap us.

ASSIGNMENT 1

Read the lesson texts and the Guiding Thought.

ASSIGNMENT 2

Reaping the Harvest of Jealous Thoughts

1. Among the children of Israel was one man, Korah by name, who allowed jealous thoughts to

multiply in his mind. He began criticizing Moses in the presence of others. He influenced his friends, chief among whom were Dathan and Abiram, to believe that they should form a conspiracy to put Moses out of office. With 250 of the chief men in the camp, these men went to Moses and Aaron. What did they say to them? Num. 16:3.

NOTE.—"A temptation, slight at first, had been harbored, and had strengthened as it was encouraged, until their minds were controlled by Satan, and they ventured upon their work of disaffection. Professing great interest in the prosperity of the people, they first whispered their discontent to one another, and then to leading men of Israel. Their insinuations were so readily received that they ventured still further, and at last they really believed themselves to be actuated by zeal for God. . . . Jealousy had given rise to envy, and envy to rebellion."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, pp. 396, 397.

2. To what test of their fitness to be priests before the Lord did Moses propose they should be put? Verses 4-7.

3. Korah and his fellow conspirators agreed to the test. They did not hold the Most High in the reverence that was due Him. As they gathered together what did Moses say? How did judgment fall on those who had taken part in the rebellion? Verses 28-33.

ASSIGNMENT 3

The Evils of Complaining and Murmuring

4. Moses and Aaron were not without their faults, but they were God's appointed leaders. So those who are placed over us may not be faultless, but they have been called to their tasks by God. What is said of people who speak evil of those in authority? 2 Peter 2:10.

NOTE.—"It is hardly possible for man to offer a greater insult to God than to despise and reject the instrumentalities that He has appointed to lead them."—*Testimonies*, vol. 3, p. 355.

5. Referring to the experience of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram in the wilderness, what warning does Paul give us? 1 Cor. 10:10.

ASSIGNMENT 4

Dallying With Evil

6. The children of Israel had had the privilege of receiving the law of God at Sinai and of being instructed by Moses on every point that concerned their way of living. On their journey, however, they stayed a while at Shittim, in the country of the heathen Moabites, whose king had bribed Balaam to curse them. What invitations did the children of Israel accept? Num. 25:2, 3.

NOTE.—"Great numbers of the people joined him [Balaam] in witnessing the festivities. They ventured upon the forbidden ground, and were entangled in the snare of Satan. Beguiled with music and dancing, and allured by the beauty of heathen vestals, they cast off their fealty to Jehovah. As they united in mirth and feasting, indulgence in wine beclouded their senses, and broke down the barriers of self-control. Passion had full sway; and having defiled their consciences by lewdness, they were persuaded to bow down to idols."—*Ibid.*, p. 454.

7. Because of the terrible influence that would be exerted from mixing with the heathen in their festivities and worship, how did God punish the evildoers? Verse 5.

ASSIGNMENT 5

Satan's Methods Today

8. Who can we expect will greatly tempt us in these last days? Why is his wrath great? Rev. 12:12.

Attending the movies.
Reading drugstore thrillers.
Listening to murder stories on the radio.

Attending MV meetings.
Working on JMV progressive classes.
Joining a Sunshine Band.

Listening to criticism.
Listening to gossip.
Listening to the latest jazz hits.

Looking at comics.
Watching a crime story on TV.
Just watching a dance.

Reading missionary stories.
Reading MV reading course books.

Seeing a travel film at school.
Reading craft and hobby magazines.

NOTE.—Balaam had been unable to utter curses upon Israel when King Balak paid him to do so, but he did something more subtle. He enticed the children of Israel to live near the heathen and watch, and then join in their dances and pleasures and so lose their hold on God. In that way they came under God's displeasure, and His protection was removed from them. Satan is working in a similar way today. He tries to lure us to places where we will forget God and so remove ourselves from His protection.

9. What subtle methods will Satan use to deceive us? 2 Thess. 2:9, 10.

NOTE.—"As we approach the close of time, as the people of God stand upon the borders of the heavenly Canaan, Satan will, as of old, redouble his efforts to prevent them from entering the goodly land. He lays his snares for every soul. It is not the ignorant and uncultured merely that need to be guarded; he will prepare his temptations for those in the highest positions, in the most holy office; if he can lead them to pollute their souls, he can through them destroy many."—*Ibid.*, pp. 457, 458.

ASSIGNMENT 6

Keeping the Thoughts Pure

10. In these experiences of the children of Israel we see that they fell from grace as a result of harboring sinful thoughts. These, though fleeting at first, grew until they controlled their lives and actions and had a deadly influence on others. What did Solomon write about the effect of thinking on the life? Prov. 23:7, first part.

11. What must we be careful to do? Prov. 4:23.

12. On what should we keep our thoughts? Phil. 4:8.

NOTE.—"Those who would not fall a prey to Satan's devices must guard well the avenues of the soul; they must avoid reading, seeing, or hearing that which will suggest impure thoughts. The mind should not be left to wander at random upon every subject that the adversary of souls may suggest. . . . This will require earnest prayer and unceasing watchfulness. We must be aided by the abiding influence of the Holy Spirit, which will attract the mind upward, and habituate it to dwell on pure and holy things. And we must give diligent study to the word of God.

ASSIGNMENT 7

"You will have to become a faithful sentinel over your eyes, ears, and all your senses, if you would control your mind, and prevent vain and corrupt thoughts from staining your soul."—*Messages to Young People*, p. 76.

In this sketch of a heart put a barrier across the "avenue" of the things you know would stain your soul if allowed to enter your heart.



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THE LISTENING POST

➤ FISH have a tendency to become seasick, so they have to go unfed for 24 hours before being shipped by water.

➤ THE portrait of King Gustaf Adolf appears on the larger coins of a new series of Swedish coins. The small ones carry designs of objects from lakes and woods.

➤ CRUDE-OIL production in Egypt, near the Gulf of Suez and the Red Sea, has continued almost without interruption since 1869, reports the Egyptian Information Bureau.

➤ THE first technical college in Thailand is now under construction. It will offer courses ranging from one to five years in radio engineering, mechanics, building construction, and commerce.

➤ THE Gourmet Society of New York recently described the texture and flavor of Australian crayfish as "unsurpassed." To meet this demand of American taste, Australia is exporting crayfish tails to the amount of \$2.6 million a year.

➤ THERE are more aircraft in operation per square mile in Korea than in any other place in the world today. At one single Korean air base during a recent period, planes averaged a take-off or landing at intervals of every minute and a half to two minutes.

➤ LONDON furniture makers hire a man weighing 200 pounds or more to plump himself down into test chairs to see whether they are well made. One hundred treatments of varying degrees of severity are used in the laboratory operated by the Furniture Development Council of Britain.

➤ CONCRETE runways may be shorter on airports of the future if a new idea developed at the Royal Aircraft Establishment materializes. As a jet plane comes in for a fast landing it is snatched from the air by a hook as it flies a few feet above the ground, and it lands without bounce on a tautly suspended, flexible sheet. The take-off is by catapult.

➤ A 34-FOOT-HIGH monument surmounted by a 5-foot American eagle has been placed by the people of Australia in the beautiful Newstead Park in Brisbane. This is the way the people in the state of Queensland have of thanking the United States of America for its part in the victory of World War II. The big east coast tropic state was often affectionally called "Little America" because so many U.S. servicemen passed through or were based there. General Douglas MacArthur himself for some time had his general headquarters in Brisbane, the state capital. The monument bears the inscription "They Passed This Way."

➤ A MACHINE that warms orchards and lessens frost damage has been devised by an inventor in Adelaide, South Australia. As it moves through the crop area this device shoots a long flame from a cylindrical combustion chamber. A jet of compressed air spreads the heat along the ground. Tests are claimed to have shown that the air remains more than 5 degrees warmer for 23 minutes after the antifroster has passed. The inventor says that frosting can be prevented by raising the temperature as little as one degree in some cases.

➤ So far as we now know, cotton was first described by the Greek historian Herodotus, in 486 B.C. Alexander the Great is credited with having brought it into Europe from India, where it had been grown and spun on private looms for perhaps 2,000 years. Later it was introduced into Egypt and then into Spain in the eighth century A.D.

➤ THE Vatican Observatory is considered to be one of the best-equipped astronomical institutions in Europe.

➤ MARSHAL TITO, of Yugoslavia, has taken his third wife, a 28-year-old brunette, the former Jovanka Budisavljevic.

➤ THE Romans were the first nation, according to the *New York Times*, to perfect the art of military encampments, always building an exact square.

➤ GIFTS from all parts of the world will soon be coming to souvenir-conscious Americans who have joined the Around-the-World Shoppers Club. For \$2 or less a month (depending on the term of membership), the club sends "from France, Italy, Spain, Holland, Sweden, England, India, Japan, or some other distant shore" an unusual article peculiar to that land.

What It Means to Turn

The youth of the Seventh-day Adventist Church are very conscious of the need of turning away from the way of the world. They are equally conscious of the need of turning to the way of our Lord.

We recognize that the prophet Ezekiel in ancient times spoke of the way that leads to life everlasting when he said under inspiration of God and as recorded in Ezekiel 33:11: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?"

Yes, Seventh-day Adventist young people recognize that they must turn from the way of the world and turn to the way of their God. There are no detours to heaven, no alternate routes. There is no other way.

Our Lord said, in answer to the question of Thomas, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." But you say, What was the question Thomas asked? The question was this: "Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?"

The way to Christ, the way to eternal life, is the way of turning. We must turn from the ways of the world. We must turn from our own natural inclinations. We must turn from the way of popularity. We must turn from the way of glitter. In fact, we must turn from the way that leads to destruction and turn to the way that leads to life everlasting.

It is the good pleasure of our Lord to have His youth turn, for He has "no pleasure in the death of the wicked." Again the words of the prophet Ezekiel, recorded in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth verses, are: "Again, when I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; if he turn from his sin, and do that which is lawful and right;

if the wicked restore the pledge, give again that he had robbed, walk in the statutes of life, without committing iniquity; he shall surely live, he shall not die. None of his sins that he hath committed shall be mentioned unto him: he hath done that which is lawful and right; he shall surely live."

It is not a matter of popularity. It is a matter of principle. The way of salvation is not necessarily an easy way. It is a way that leads upward to the kingdom of our Lord and to the kingdom of our God. And how heartening it is to see thousands, yes, tens of thousands, of our Seventh-day Adventist young people turning to this upward way and with courage, strength, and fortitude pressing onward and upward for God.

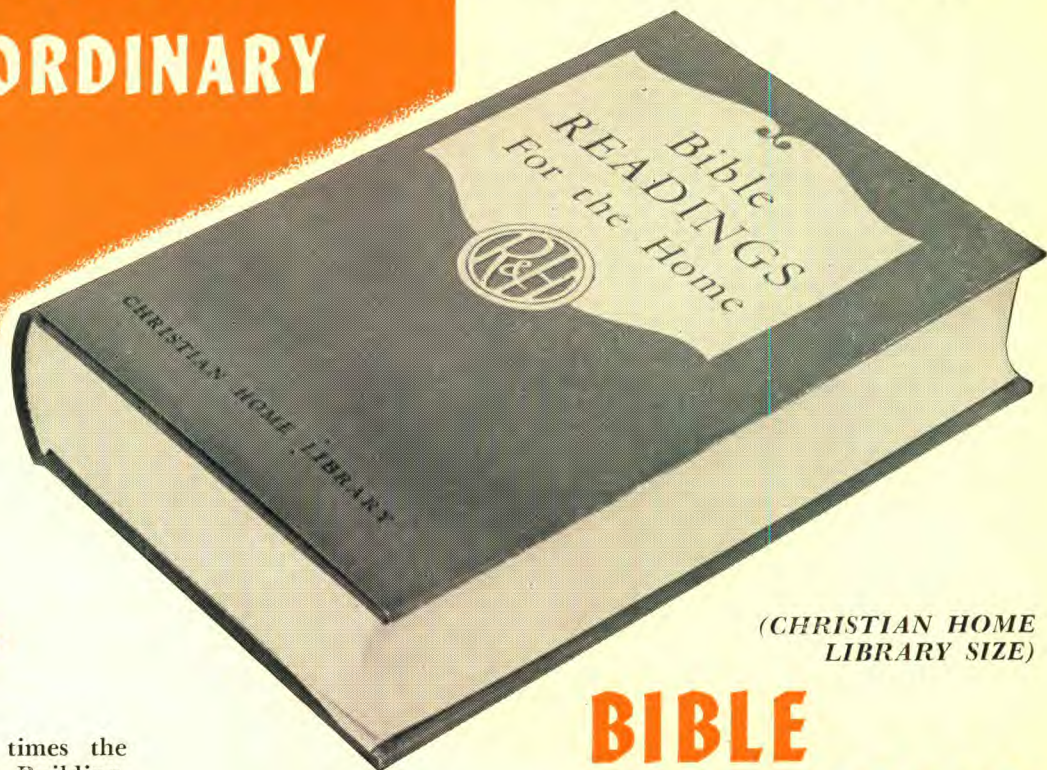
The great Share Your Faith movement born at the first North American Youth Congress is not dying out. This Share Your Faith movement is spreading on from East to West, and from North to South. This is a turn to the right. It is an attempt and a desire on the part of Advent youth to turn their fellow youth to the way of life everlasting.

The Autumn Council of our church recently closed. At this meeting thrilling reports were rendered telling of the experiences of Seventh-day Adventist young people in the far fields of earth. They are turning to God; and then, going forth to share their faith, they turn yet others to God. Yes, Seventh-day Adventist youth are one in turning to God and in turning others for God. And so, from Edinburgh to Pittsburgh, from Johannesburg to Gettysburg, and from your street to my street, Seventh-day Adventist youth, as one, first turn to their God, then go forth sharing their faith to turn yet others to their God, to their Saviour, to your Friend and to my Friend, Jesus Christ.

R. J. CHRISTIAN.

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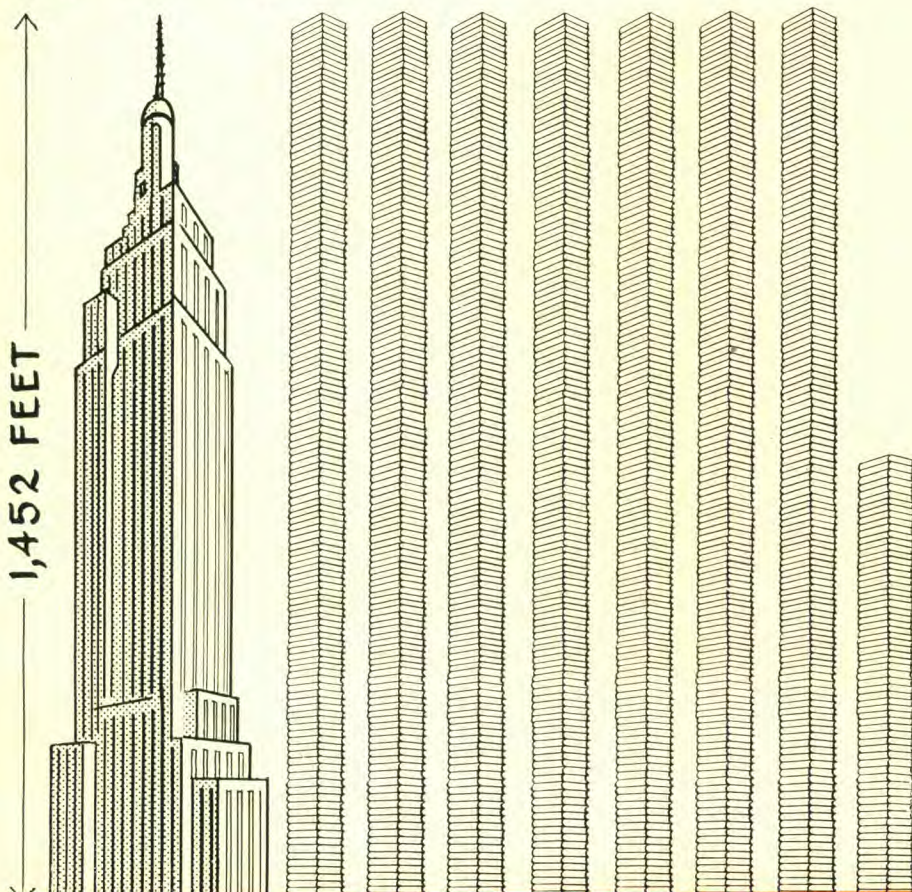
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