



THE

33 Youth's INSTRUCTOR

Don Yost writes an on-the-spot
story of the MV Golden Anniversary
Memorial Service

We Dedicate

AUGUST 13, 1957

Bible Lesson for August 24



Adventure and Challenge

Overuse and misuse have dulled the keen edge of such words as "adventure" and "challenge." But the terms are still potent to scores of youth in their twenties who have answered the call to serve on the foreign mission front of our church.

Read Robert L. Osmunson's "Adventure Unlimited." Read Donald H. Thomas' "Tazama Naja Upesi." Read these extracts from a letter from R. F. Correia, "Jungle Bob" of the Amazon:

"At present we're located at Belém, port city of the Amazon, caring for three churches on the edge of the jungle and seeing from ten to twenty patients daily.

"Soon after our arrival I took an extensive trip for a month into the inner recesses of the jungle, visiting various groups and isolated members, even contacting the unevangelized Indians. Sleeping in a jungle hammock and listening to the weird nocturnal jungle sounds is a thrill one long remembers. One of our group almost stepped on a jararaca (poisonous snake), two of which were seen on the trail. It keeps one alert.

"Instead of the forests of television aeriels, our landscape is the untamed steaming selva. We have jabbering monkeys and screeching parrots instead of screaming jets and honking cars. But we wouldn't trade places for anything!

"The vast Amazon jungle remains a challenge to us. We've barely begun to penetrate this primitive paradise. Lacking men, means, and material, we lean heavily on Heaven, and are never discouraged, because our heavenly helpers are always at hand. We have every confidence that God's special message for these times will yet be carried into this last frontier of world evangelism.

"Remember us here in the heart of the world's largest jungle, where the river is so large, where the workers are so few, where the need is so great."

Remember we must. To pray fervently for their health and success, to give generously and often for their support—these we can do.

Walter T. Crandall

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is a nonfiction weekly designed to meet the spiritual, social, physical, and mental interests of Christian youth in their teens and twenties. It adheres to the fundamental concepts of Sacred Scripture. These concepts it holds essential in man's true relationship to his heavenly Father, to his Saviour, Jesus Christ, and to his fellow men.

Beginning with volume one, number one, in August of 1852, this paragraph appeared under the name of publisher James White: "Its object is, to teach the young the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus, and thereby help them to a correct understanding of the Holy Scriptures."

Whether 1852 or 1957, our objectives continue to be the same.

UNVEILING The J. Byron Logan cover catches the moment of unveiling of the memorial shaft provided by the youth of the Columbia Union Conference to mark the spot where fifty years ago the Missionary Volunteer movement was officially organized. Participating in the unveiling are Marilyn Haase and David Bauer, front, and Merlin Wittenberg and Sue Percy, back, with Jere Patzer and Cathy Lucas in the foreground. The scene is the Mount Vernon Academy campus at Mount Vernon, Ohio, Sabbath afternoon, July 13, 1957.

GIFT Gladys Rabuka of Missouri writes: "The INSTRUCTOR has been a weekly visitor to our home for many years. When our son was married, one of our wedding gifts (and since then, anniversary) was a subscription to the paper." A particular rack receives church periodicals as they come in the mail, and are saved "for a feast of good things following sundown worship on Friday evenings and through Sabbath hours. Of course, they are left available to complete or reread through the week." We approve the gift idea!

SUBSCRIPTION Educational and MV Secretary George P. Stone of the Iowa Conference also practices the gift-subscription plan. "I find that one of the wedding gifts that has been appreciated a great deal by young people when I marry them is a year's subscription to THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I don't know whether you've ever thought of that idea before in suggesting it to ministers, but in my ministry I have found that it has been much appreciated." Yes, we've thought of it. It's a capital habit-forming idea for ministers!

REPRINTS Following publication of an Ellen G. White reprint we received this letter from Washington Missionary College student Jerry Keith: "As I read an article in THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR I was impressed with the great good expressed in it for the youth of today. I must have fallen into the temptation of believing that Mrs. White's writings were for those of yesteryear. I was definitely surprised to find that the article was written by her. I think that at this time when Adventist youth are fighting so many temptations, these articles, inspired by God, would be great encouragement to the youth if they were reprinted in the INSTRUCTOR." His letter followed publication of Ellen G. White's "I Knew I Must Be Plain" as a guest editorial in the January 29, 1957, issue. March 12 we printed her "To Be a Full Christian."

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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This story isn't about Central Standard Time, or Mountain Standard Time, or Daylight Saving. It's about a

New Time Schedule

By JANICE MC LELLAN



"IT'S about time." I heard myself adding to the clamor rising in the school bus as a jovial little man bounded through the doorway and popped himself behind the steering wheel.

"I thought time was golden, Mr.

Dale!" From near the back a boy's voice penetrated the bedlam and brought a surge of laughter, including that of the bus driver, who already had the motor running and was starting down the academy drive.

"It still is, Walt. Hope you used those five minutes on your geometry book while you waited!" The man's teasing tone and the grin reflected in the front mirror dispelled impatience and restored good spirits among the students, who in their eagerness to get home after a full schedule at the day academy had been somewhat fretful over the delay.

"Poor Mr. Dale has too crowded a schedule," Marlene, my seatmate, remarked as the bus rolled down the palm-fringed highway. "I think he's the busiest man on the faculty, but he surely stays good natured in all his rush."

"Yes," I agreed, "I don't see how he does it. Besides being Dad to two children, teaching six classes, and having the bus route twice a day, he's always busy with some kind of missionary work."

"I've never known anyone who gave so many Bible studies," my friend asserted positively. "It's a mystery how he finds time for everything."

A few miles from the campus a spasmodic cough developed in the engine.

This meaningful Share Your Faith experience was written while the author was a freshman English student at Southwestern Junior College. Always deeply interested in music, she looks forward to eventual service in music evangelism. She has earned about half her school expenses during school by work in the Harris Pine Mills, and out of school as a dental assistant for fifteen months.

Anxious mutterings rose all around the bus again.

"We'll just about make it to that garage ahead," our driver assured us cheerfully.

"Oh, no!" I groaned. "This hadn't better take very long. I have a dozen and one things to do when I get home, and I definitely have to whip in the hem of my new dress tonight."

As we pulled to a stop, the mechanic

on duty appeared and soon two heads vanished behind the lifted engine hood as the restless passengers sat back resignedly to wait.

In a very short time, however, I heard the hood snap into place; and, glancing out, I saw the two men walking toward us, satisfaction stamped on their faces. They stood and talked for a few minutes, then Mr. Dale stepped into the bus.

"Well, good!"

"That was short business."

"Now, let's go."

"We've had enough holdups."

Everyone had something to contribute.

Soberly our chauffeur leaned across the steering wheel, opened a small compartment, withdrew a Bible, stepped off the bus, and pushed the door shut behind him.

Too amazed for speech, we students just gasped and waited. We heard low conversation shift back and forth, saw trained fingers leaf deftly through the Bible. The minutes piled one on top of another. Finally the mechanic grasped Rodney Dale's hand. Then our driver stepped in and we drove on.

My formal did not get hemmed that night; but after the mechanic and his family were baptized a few months later, I decided I needed to make out an entirely new time schedule.

It was bad enough to have to wait for some of the younger students at the academy, but when the driver deliberately held up the bus just to talk with a garage mechanic—that was too much!

EVA LUOMA





J. BYRON LOGAN

Pioneer youth leader M. E. Kern steps out of symbolic world to be welcomed by T. E. Lucas at the opening of the MV Golden Anniversary ceremonies. See page 24 for more pictures of weekend program.

We Dedicate...

By DON YOST

FIFTY years is more than time. It is people and what they have done under God's blessings. Fifty years of Missionary Volunteering is more than a monument erected at Mount Vernon, Ohio. It is the Adventist youth of two generations and their exploits for God. So also the Golden Anniversary Memorial Service, July 12 and 13, was more than music, prayers, sermons, and pageants. It was dedication.

No word describes the jubilee weekend at Mount Vernon, Ohio, better than "dedication." Youth leaders of fifty years ago met in grand convocation with youth leaders of today to commemorate the organization in 1907 of the Young People's Society of Missionary Volunteers, but more than that they met to pledge themselves and their youth to follow more closely their Great Master Guide, Jesus Christ.

At every service dedication was the keynote: Friday evening with Theodore Lucas, General Conference MV secretary; early Sabbath morning with E. L. Minchin, an associate; in the Sabbath School hour with L. A. Skinner, also an associate, as superintendent; during the worship service with R. R. Figuhr, world president of the church; Sabbath afternoon with Gov. C. William O'Neill, of Ohio; and again Saturday night with Pastor Lucas, flanked by his union MV secretaries and his office staff. No wonder the spirit of reconsecration permeated every serious conversation.

Delegates and visitors who entered the 3,250-seat camp meeting pavilion Friday evening saw first a ten-foot Master Guide emblem in blue and gold glittering on the left side of the stage. In the center were four golden chairs. To the right, the pulpit. As the service began the "world"

that formed the center of the giant emblem began to revolve.

With the program participants in their places, the glittering chairs were still empty. When Pastor Lucas stepped across the stage, in front of those golden chairs, to the huge MV emblem, and commanded the "world" to open, he stood aside as out from the globe came M. E. Kern, first world MV leader, who served from 1907-1930.

Then followed H. T. Elliott (1930-1934), A. W. Peterson (1934-1946), and E. W. Dunbar (1946-1955). Each was interviewed and led to one of the golden chairs. Already on the platform were two former associate world youth leaders, Meade MacGuire and C. Lester Bond.

Hearts were shadowed by the reminder of the death, within the past year, of two beloved youth workers, Grover Fattic and Matilda Erickson Andross. Mrs. Andross was the first office secretary of the General Conference MV Department, and Pastor Fattic had taken a major part in establishing the summer camping program for junior youth.

The purpose of the memorial service was realized Sabbath afternoon at the unveiling of a granite-and-marble monument that stands between the administration building and the girls' dormitory on the Mount Vernon Academy campus. There youth leaders half a century ago laid the foundations for today's world youth movement and selected the name: Young People's Society of Missionary Volunteers. The monument was erected by the young people of the Columbia Union Conference, led by MV Secretary A. J. Patzer.

Until the unveiling ceremony, which followed a program of sacred music, the monument was protected from curious

eyes by a framework draped in gold cloth.

Precisely at four o'clock the platform near the cloaked monument filled with dignitaries. Special guests included, in addition to Pastors Kern, Elliott, Peterson, and Dunbar, those who had been present on that spot in 1907 for the Young People's and Sabbath School Convention which formed the new General Conference department for youth work.

Featured speaker for the occasion was Governor O'Neill, who asserted that all youth movements are doing good, but that none can compare with the Christian youth movements. As hundreds pressed close to the blue-draped speakers' stand and surrounded the monument, he challenged the youth of the Seventh-day Adventist Church to progress through four steps: knowledge, both secular and sacred; conviction; courage in passing informed convictions to others; and service. "We need you," he concluded. "God needs you."

Other participants in the ceremony of unveiling and dedication were R. R. Figuhr, president of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists; Donald W. Hunter, president of the Ohio Conference; C. H. Kelly, secretary-treasurer of the Columbia Union Conference; J. R. Shull, principal of Mount Vernon Academy; Warren H. Wittenberg, Ohio MV secretary; Minnie Iverson Wood, music teacher at Emmanuel Missionary College, Pastor Lucas, and Pastor Patzer.

At the appropriate time the conference MV secretaries of the Columbia Union filed around the monument. Simultaneously two young men and two young women posted themselves on the circular walk around the monument, and two children stood holding Bibles at the front. The four young people lifted the

gold-covered framework and revealed a seven-foot marble shaft topped by a torch symbolic of truth. The MV emblem was recessed above a plaque that read:

"Gathered here in 1907 the Founders of the Seventh-day Adventist youth movement cast the mantle of Christian service upon the shoulders of the sons and daughters and called them Missionary Volunteers, committing to them, and to those who in their same devotion follow after, the task: 'The Advent message to all the world in this generation.'"

"Erected by youth of the Columbia Union Conference of S.D.A. and dedicated July 13, 1957."

A Litany of Dedication was read by Pastor Patzer, while Pastor Lucas lead the assembly in a threefold response: "We dedicate this spot. . . . We dedicate this MV monument. . . . We dedicate ourselves." At the words "We dedicate this MV monument" the torch atop the monument came alight.

The ceremony, the speakers emphasized, was not to honor men, but to honor the principles of youth evangelism that God gave them and upon which MV leaders of today are building. Yet the men who have headed the Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference in past years have left their mold upon the individuals they led and upon the movement.

The theme of Pastor Lucas' keynote message Friday evening was thanksgiving. With word just arrived that the ranks of Advent youth now stand at 430,000, he could well express praise in behalf of our youth.

At the Sabbath Morning Watch, Pastor Minchin asked, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah? Where, in the midst of this wicked generation, is the God who heard His prophet's call for fire? Where is the spirit that moved him to great exploits for his Maker?" The answer: He may still be found by those who diligently seek Him.

"We need not so much to bring back our spiritual ancestors, but rather to bring ourselves to a dedication to the great God of our forefathers. Just as Elisha asked for a double portion of the spirit of his predecessor, so we today may rightfully beseech God for a double portion of the spirit of the founders of the youth movement of the Seventh-day Adventist Church."

The Sabbath school hour, superintended by Pastor Skinner, brought together the past and the present. A. W. Perrine, a boy when the 1907 meeting was held, recalled his impressions of those days. W. W. Ruble, a veteran youth leader, was also interviewed. For the Sabbath school lesson study C. E. Wittschiede of the Theological Seminary went into the congregation with a portable microphone to conduct a class as nearly as possible like one in a home church.

Pastor Figuhr noted in the worship service that God uses small things to begin great movements and causes, quoting from Zechariah 4:10: "Who hath despised the day of small things?"

God sent a babe into the world to bring salvation from sin, he said, and a mustard seed of faith brings a veritable tree of results. So God used two boys, seventeen and fourteen years of age, to launch this church's youth organization.

As chief executive of the denomination Pastor Figuhr pledged the church's support of its youth movement. He also made an appeal to the hearts of the 3,250 people present: "We are not to congratulate ourselves on what has been done, but to move toward greater endeavors for Christ."

What did all this mean to those who watched and listened?

Edward Richardson, delegate from Bermuda, expressed wonder at the thrill he was receiving: "I hope that I may be able to carry back to my home the inspiration of this gathering."

Charles Fryling, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, said: "It truly has been inspiring to be at the MV anniversary. It has given me a greater vision of our task and mission. To see and hear about our courageous and faithful forefathers makes me thankful to be an SDA youth. It's a privilege to be living in this day and age of earth's history and serve the Lord as a Missionary Volunteer. I want to share my faith to the fullest extent. The inspiration has been tremendous. Thank God for the Missionary Volunteers!"

The words of exhortation and encouragement at Mount Vernon were placed in a setting of worshipful music. Throughout the entire twenty-six-hour period the arched rafters rang. The seventy-voice Golden Memorial Choir was under the direction of Minnie Iverson Wood of Emmanuel Missionary College. In charge of the congregational singing was Charles H. Seitz, MV secretary of the Potomac Conference. At the organ was J. D. Linebarger, a youth of Chattanooga, Tennessee, and at the piano was J. L. Hamrick, a minister of the East Pennsylvania Conference.

The musical offerings were varied, including three male quartets—the Velve-tones from Pittsburgh, the Hilltoppers from Washington Missionary College, and the local Mount Vernonaires—a trumpet trio, and a father-daughter violin quartet. The Golden Anniversary theme song was introduced by its composer, John H. Hancock, MV secretary of the North Pacific Union.

Through the courtesy of the Ohio Conference the facilities of the annual Mount Vernon camp meeting were made available to the union and General Conference. The city of tents among the oaks and maples was left intact after the annual camp meeting closed July 7. Dormitory rooms, evacuated by campers,

were made ready once again for the memorial service crowd in addition to the hundreds of Adventists who live near enough to Mount Vernon to make the drive without staying overnight. Local conference MV secretaries of the Columbia Union and Ohio Conference workers cooperated in caring for details such as housing, ushering, and transportation.

Capsheaf of the two-day meeting was "50," a pageant of MV history. The stage was colorfully set with ten-foot replicas of the MV pin, the Master Guide pin, and the figure "50." A huge set had been prepared by the art department of Emmanuel Missionary College to accompany the presentation by the college speech department under the direction of Dr. Elaine Giddings.

On a high stand at the left of the platform appeared a Golden Boy, representing the eagerness and enthusiasm of youth. Below him and to the right on the stage was a Chorus of Caution warning him not to be brash, not to rush ahead of his elders.

With three authentic scenes, the Golden Boy demonstrated to the Chorus of Caution that what two boys, Luther Warren and Harry Fenner, did in 1879, in organizing a young people's society, was not brash, did not lead to embarrassment.

The concluding portion of the program saw Pastor Lucas as narrator, tracing the growth of the MV movement. With large emblems of the features of the department and with help from Pathfinders and Voice of Youth participants, he indicated that were there a 29th chapter of the book of Acts it would be filled with the exploits of Seventh-day Adventist youth and youth leaders.

Then across the platform came the union conference Missionary Volunteer secretaries of the North American Division. And joining Pastor Lucas came the General Conference staff—associate secretaries Skinner and Minchin, and assistant secretaries Don Yost and Mildred Johnson. To them Pastor Lucas passed the torch that has symbolized inspiration in the hearts of youth in almost every world division. He then called for the entire assembly to join in reconsecration with the youth leaders on the platform.

The dedication of that hour climaxed the inspiration of the other services, and as the choir sang "Are You Ready for Jesus to Come?" the Golden Anniversary Memorial Service closed.

Why did nearly four thousand Seventh-day Adventist children, youth, and adults converge on the campus of Mount Vernon Academy? Why did they sit enraptured through the six weekend services and the outdoor monument dedication?

Because wrapped up in these services was the inspiration of a movement that had its beginning in 1879 with two teenage boys, that grew to need a worldwide organization by 1907, and that now circles the globe.

New Campers at Fontainbleau

By EUGENE F. ARMOUR

WE WONDERED what we were in for. There would be no Seventh-day Adventist junior youth at this camp—not one.

"We can't start by singing religious songs with this group," said the chorister. "What can we sing?"

"How about 'America'?" a counselor asked. "Every schoolboy should be able to sing that."

But when we tried to sing it, the boys laughed, discorded with rock and roll, and booed. It was enough to make any red-blooded American cringe.

That was the introduction to our first campfire for underprivileged juniors. Fifty non-Adventist boys ten to fifteen years old had been selected by welfare agencies, civic groups, and juvenile authorities of New Orleans and Baton Rouge.

Having prayer as we did at morning devotions and giving thanks at mealtime were things most of the boys had never heard of. Yet after a couple of days at camp, every boy bowed his head for "prayer attention."

It took several three-to-four-mile hikes before some of the boys learned that they

had to be quiet after lights out. (These city boys were afraid of the woods at night. Even the thought of being in the woods was as terrifying as if it were the wild jungles of Africa.)

We found that 60 per cent of the boys were smokers. We explained the Adventist position on smoking, and after the showing of *One in 20,000* they did some serious thinking and made some decisions that we hope will be permanent.

Half a dozen horseback riders are eyed by Pastor Perry Green, chaplain at last season's SDA-sponsored welfare camp at Lake Pontchartrain in southern Louisiana, which had an attendance of fifty boys.

PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR



BRYAN CLEMMONS
SHERIFF AND TAX COLLECTOR



SHERIFF
EAST BATON ROUGE PARISH
BATON ROUGE
September 19, 1956

Mr. Eugene F. Armour
Youth Leader
1215 Marshall Street
Little Rock, Arkansas

Dear Mr. Armour:

It was nice hearing from you again. I am sorry that you were unable to contact me when you were here recently. I appreciate the use of the film, and feel that a lot of benefit was derived from it.

I have had contact with several of the boys who attended The Fontainbleau State Park, and all of them have expressed quite a bit of enthusiasm, and seemed to have enjoyed the camp immensely. I believe, personally, that it has helped them in many ways. My opinion is that it would be worthwhile continuing such a program for the welfare of our youth.

Any time that we can be of service to you, please feel free to call on us.

RWT/ad

Yours very truly,

Ray W. Thomas
Capt. Ray W. Thomas, Director
JUVENILE BUREAU
JUNIOR DEPUTY SHERIFFS LEAGUE

The camp was held at Fontainbleau State Park, among the tall pines and moss-covered oaks on the north shore of Lake Pontchartrain in southern Louisiana. The program was similar to the regular MV camping program, with flag raising ceremonies, character guidance at the camp counsel period, et cetera. Recreation included swimming, canoeing, horseback riding, ball games, and crafts.

The staff, mostly teachers and pastors of the Arkansas-Louisiana conference, was forbearing and patient. Though tired and relieved at the week's end, we were confident that our efforts were not in vain.

One of the nicest expressions of appreciation came several weeks later when four boys who had been at camp rode double on two bicycles fifteen miles across New Orleans to visit Pastor Perry Green. Another of the boys, stopped by a traffic light in the city, waved to him and called, "Hey, Mr. Elder Green, remember me? At the camp—remember?"

Letters came from civic authorities in both cities expressing appreciation for the camp and saying they had heard good reports from the boys who attended. They also expressed hope that we would make the camp an annual event.

HOW often do your thoughts go to those missionaries, their wives, and their children, who are taking the story of Jesus to the heathen?

Today I am going to tell you our story. It may help you to know what it sometimes means to follow Jesus where He leads—what it means to “give of your best to the Master.”

Mother and Father answered the call to missions in 1924, leaving the homeland to come to Africa. They are still here, faithful to the commission “Go and teach all nations.” Into their home were born four sons. Three of them are today in the service of the Master; the youngest is preparing to follow in their footsteps.

Graduation day came at last. Eight years of study at Helderberg College seemed but a few short days. A call came from the Congo Union, and Helen and I happily accepted it. There was much to do before going to our field of labor. First there was the wedding. Then there was the packing, and the waiting for visas, which seemed so slow in coming.

We said good-by to Mother and Father. It was hard to leave them so far away. The debt we owed them could never be fully paid. We hoped our lives in God's service might compensate in a small way for the sacrifices they had made. We planned to have a part in finishing the work to which they had given their lives.

The Congo border was finally reached, but not before we had experienced African mud at its worst. Plenty of it. How many times had the pickup stuck! The boxes were so heavy to unload each time.

One midnight we finally arrived at the union headquarters in Elisabethville. Soon we headed northward for Songa Mission Station. There I was to build a house for the second nurse.

The months went by one after the other; we were busy and happy. When the mission director left on his furlough, we were asked to help take his place.

On November 30, 1952, a little girl was born into our home. She grew quickly. Our lives were full of happiness as we watched her develop. When we moved to Elisabethville she was so good during that long, dusty drive. In the few months at Elisabethville, Margaret learned to crawl.

Then came the day we were asked to go to Kirundu Mission Station. The very name “Kirundu” made us shudder. It was hot, humid, and unhealthy. We accepted, knowing that God was leading.

So this was Kirundu! Whichever way we looked there was forest, and more of it. In the days to come we experienced the “shut in” feeling that never completely left us while we were there. For three years we witnessed there for Jesus. There were times of sickness and discouragement, perplexity and disappointment, but we saw the work grow.

Little Margaret found the climate try-



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Margaret (left), pictured here with her younger sisters Charlene (center) and Marilyn (right), just before tragedy struck the mission family stationed at hot, humid Kirundu in the eastern Congo.

“Tazama Naja Upesi”

By DONALD H. THOMAS

ing. It was so hot that she couldn't play outside. She had to remain in the house day after day. I put up a swing on the veranda for her, and there we would swing her while she kicked her baby legs in sheer joy—to our parental eyes a beautiful picture, with the early morning sunshine glinting on her golden head, her big blue-gray eyes alive with expression.

During those three years Marilyn and Charlene joined the family. Shrieks of laughter, the sound of little feet, and sometimes baby cries echoed again and again through the house as they played together.

Soon the time drew near to go and see Grandpa and Grandma and Grannie. We

would see our uncles, aunties, and cousins too. We would also see the “big sea.” Margaret was excited about it all. The day finally came when Daddy brought home the new pickup. We packed our suitcases and trunks. Margaret remembered that the “big bockott”—big bottle—of drinking water must also go.

Twelve hard, long days of driving took us to Gwelo, Southern Rhodesia, where we spent three happy weeks with Grandpa and Grandma. The children saw many new things—the “chuk-chuk” trains, the big cars, the ice creams, and the dollies Grandma had bought for them. Soon we headed southward for the

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MV Salute From the

North

SOMETHING in the atmosphere around Philippine Union College Monday evening, April 8, made one realize that this was to be a long-to-be-remembered evening for the young people of the North Philippines.

The hour had struck. It was seven-thirty. The organ was playing and there were color and action, with MV banners, Pathfinder flags, district pennants flying gaily as the delegates took their places. The North Philippine MV secretary, P. H. Romulo, gave the official welcome and the Golden Anniversary Youth's Congress was under way.

From the very first one could feel the earnestness and dedication of the Missionary Volunteers who had come—from the lowlands, from the tribes of the mountain provinces, from the various islands of the union—to learn better how to share the faith of their fathers.

Every morning the college campus in Manila became one great sanctuary as hundreds of young people gathered on the lawn for worship and prayer bands. The sight will not soon be forgotten by those who attended the congress.

The delegates were trained in the best methods of sharing their faith. "The workshops were excellent." "I know better now how to go back home and do missionary work." "I want to go back now and set up an outpost of my own." This is what the delegates said about the daily Outpost Evangelism workshops.

Those interested in public evangelism met with Pastor A. E. Gibb; those interested in becoming literature evangelists, with Pastors H. W. Bedwell and C. L. Finney; and those interested in personal evangelism, with Pastor P. C. Banaag. The practical instruction of these workshops combined with the inspiration of Pastor W. J. Hackett's evangelistic sermons at the congress to stir the youth to greater service.

On Thursday afternoon the governor of Rizal Province spoke to the youth and commended them for their work.

When rain began to fall there were scores of disappointed Pathfinders, whose event was scheduled next

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PHOTOS, COURTESY OF P. H. ROMULO

Youth congress activities on the Philippine Union College campus in Manila included (top to bottom) public evangelism workshop with Pastor A. E. Gibb, chairman; Pathfinder parade, with one float pulled by a water buffalo; interview with Philippine Army Sergeant De Guizman, conducted by MV secretary P. H. Romulo; and Missionary Volunteers dressed in native costume.

Philippines

By CHARLES D. MARTIN

South

TWO men stood in front of the South Philippine Union Mission office at 6:00 P.M. Monday, April 15.

One of the men, Alberto Lim, wore a white T-shirt with the inscription "Golden Anniversary Youth Congress" and held a large torch in his right hand. The other man, Blas Ferraren, an elderly pioneer worker of the East Visayan Mission, struck a match and set ablaze the torch held by the youthful runner, and he was on his way.

Out in front were two motorcycle officers with sirens wailing, clearing the highways of Cebu City for the runners who were part of the opening ceremonies of the South Philippine Youth Congress.

For six miles the runners carried the burning torch to the entrance of the East Visayan Academy, where the congress was to be held. They entered the auditorium holding high the blazing torch and handed it to Pastor J. R. Obregon, MV secretary of the South Philippine Union.

The delegates and visitors, crowded into every available space throughout the building, were excited. The Youth Congress they had talked about for so many months had actually begun.

The keynote message was by Pastor V. M. Montalban, president of the South Philippine Union Mission. The young people realized, as the theme of the congress pointed out, that they had been called to the kingdom "for such a time as this"—the Golden Anniversary year of Missionary Volunteering.

Music for the opening meeting was by the Voice of Hope male quartet, four Missionary Volunteers from Cebu City, joined by Mrs. B. R. Arit, contralto soloist.

Early the next morning—and congresses in the Philippines do begin early—youth were stirring all over the campus. The rising bell had rung at 5:15. Groups met for private devotions; first Bibles were opened for study, then heads bowed as prayers were offered.

Regular devotional services followed breakfast; then time was devoted to workshops—public, literature, medical, and junior evangelism.

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PHOTOS, COURTESY OF J. R. OBREGON

Among the high lights of the congress in Cebu City were (top to bottom) the symbolic torch lighted by pioneer Pastor Blas Ferraren; then carried by runners with police escort through the city; singing the national anthem during opening ceremonies; music by the Voice of Hope quartet, with Mrs. B. R. Arit, contralto; and more MV's dressed in their own tribal costumes.



South Philippines

From page 9

One afternoon the youth had a thrilling experience. A signal was given, the quartet began to sing, and the regular Voice of Hope broadcast sent out weekly from station DYRC in Cebu City was taped there in the auditorium. This was a new experience for some of the youth at the congress. They could see the quartet and other MV's just like themselves sharing their faith by radio. They learned how they could enroll their friends in the Bible correspondence course, and they discovered other means of doing missionary work.

During one of the workshops Pathfinders were seen in action on the platform. "Right face! Left face! Present arms! Order arms!" The Pathfinder program was described and demonstrated.

Wednesday night the auditorium was crowded early for the temperance oratorical contest. Pastor J. R. Obregon introduced the program. They were excellent orations—all twelve of them. Finally, after much deliberation, the judges presented the awards: first award, Benjamin Moralde; second, Romulo Bartolome; third, Thelma Pallasa.

As in the youth congress in the north, the weekend was the climax.

Since the congress auditorium was too small, the MV leaders had arranged for the YMCA auditorium. It was still too small, and many young people had only standing room for what was reported to be one of the largest youth gatherings ever to be held in Cebu City. Pastor L. M. Moreno, MV secretary of the West Visayan Mission, had arranged an excellent Sabbath school, which was followed by the regular worship service. As a call was made at the close, young men and women filed to the front of the auditorium, and a large number of these requested baptism. As Pastor Montalban prayed with the young people, there was a feeling of dedicated joy. Victories had been won. The Lord had answered prayers.

In the afternoon twenty-two Master Guides received their pins, and stood by as others were invested as Friends, Companions, and Guides.

Then all attention focused on the platform to see natives, tribesmen, costumes, spears, and swords, to hear Trophy Hour stories of Missionary Volunteers working among non-Christian tribes and in other areas of the South Philippine Union. No one slept here!

One young man had been sharing his faith—giving Bible studies, holding cottage meetings in a nearby barrio and doing everything else possible to win souls. A company had been raised up. He had personally led them in building a church, and at the time of the congress, the membership stood at twenty-nine.

Missionary Volunteers from the non-Christian tribes—Mungkay Idsing of the Manobo tribe; Marcelino Villenson of the Mansaka tribe; Roberto Ramos of the Maranao tribe; and others—told of their work for their own people.

Kawadi Pi-ang was the son of the powerful *datu* (chief) of the five thousand Bilaan tribesmen of Southern Mindanao. His family had learned of the Advent message from a colporteur. Kawadi believed it and began to follow it. But the colporteur was soon called away, and Kawadi, new and inexperienced, became discouraged and slipped back. Another teacher was sent, but Kawadi refused to listen. Then one night he had a dream in which a dove spoke to him in his own Cebuan dialect. "Kawadi, why are you sleeping? Wake up. There is a work for you to do." Later, in another dream a bright being said to him, "Preach the gospel to your people." This impressed him very much.

Kawadi was now a new young man, and he began to work earnestly among his own tribe. When he was rebaptized, others were baptized with him—his wife and twelve others of his tribe, including all of the sons of the *datu*. At the congress he said that his father was now requesting baptism.

On Saturday night the closing service of the South Philippine Youth Congress was a pageant of missions. We had had just a taste of it that afternoon, but now many more of the youth were attired in the native dress of the many tribes of the south Philippines. Color and action kept everyone fascinated—tribal songs in the dialect, vivid descriptions of the customs of the people, the demonstrations of the native war dance.

What a contrast! These were now Seventh-day Adventist youth, Missionary Volunteers, no longer torn with fears and superstitions of heathenism! What a victorious climax! These were delegates, soon to return to their churches and their homes with a living message of salvation in their hearts!

From Cebu City, as from Manila just a few days before, an army of dedicated youth went with a new vision of how they, too, could share the faith of our fathers.

North Philippines

From page 8

for the congress. Providentially, the rain did not last long. A bit late, the Pathfinder parade was soon under way.

The floats had been beautifully decorated and were outstanding with color and interest. One was pulled by a large carabao, or water buffalo, and sitting astride the animal was a Pathfinder wearing a big Filipino hat. Only one float gave evidence of being soaked by the rain.

More Pathfinder events followed—drilling and marching, semaphore flag signaling, tent pitching, and litter carrying. The Pathfinders in their smart uniforms performed well.

Music for all the meetings of the congress was arranged by a committee headed by Pastor E. H. Wallace.

The high light of the congress was the Sabbath. By 8:00 A.M. the main auditorium was filled, and by time for the church service, there were more than 5,500 people in attendance. Every available space was filled and many were outdoors sitting in the shade of nearby trees. When Pastor F. A. Mote, president of the Far Eastern Division, gave a public invitation to follow Christ, a large number came to the front requesting baptism. Scores and scores followed, giving their hearts in rededication.

In the afternoon there were thrilling stories at the Trophy Hour. Sergeant De Guzman stepped forward in uniform and told of his experiences of loyally serving God while serving his country. Two girls told how a few weeks before the congress they had been baptized, and were being troubled and persecuted by former friends and even by their family, but they were determined to stand together and stand true to their faith.

A young crippled MV from the South Luzon Mission had wanted to share his faith. His arms and legs were so deformed that he couldn't move from his chair without being lifted by friends, and he spoke with frequent pauses so that he could take a labored breath. He had not had one day of regular schooling, and had been baptized only two years before, but already he had read his Bible through twice and had completed *Early Writings* and *The Great Controversy*. But how could he win others? He could hardly get around. He decided to read his Bible loudly with his doors and windows open so others could hear. Thus he had been sharing his faith. He had also been conducting a Sabbath school in which he was the superintendent, teacher, and secretary, for there were few Adventists in his barrio. Already he had had a part in bringing two people to Christ.

From the inspiration of the Trophy Hour other lights began to burn more brilliantly.

As a closing feature, scores of Master Guides and other MV class members received their insignia in a colorful investiture service. It marked the end of the second youth congress of the North Philippine Union, but it symbolized the beginning of greater service, not only by the Master Guides who were invested, but also by all the delegates who had traveled many, many miles to attend the congress.

From Manila hundreds of Missionary Volunteers headed back to their homes to work as never before in sharing the faith of our fathers.

A LONG, narrow, H-shaped piece of brass—you would never guess it was a key. Much like a pocketknife, it has a handle that folds over. The lock is equally baffling. Imagination might suggest it to be a little toy toolbox.

Many a waiting-for-dinner-to-be-served half hour has been relieved of its boredom for my guest by his trying to solve the puzzle of the Chinese lock and key. Pushing and pulling, twisting and turning, accomplish nothing until the key is inserted just right. Then, without even an "open sesame," a forward thrust ejects the center of the tiny brass case, and the bridge, which forms the handle of the box, is parted.

I learned how unusual it was not long after it had become ours. It was the guardian of a carved camphor chest that held our very best wool-filled silk quilts, cloisonné, and lacquer pieces on their journey to America from the Orient.

To be sure the key would not be lost, I slipped it inside the chest and then pressed the prongs of the lock together through the hasp. Fortunately the customs officer did not ask to have the box opened. It remained firmly closed for months. Finally my husband, who had



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

The long, narrow, H-shaped brass key and the equally unusual lock combined to form an intriguing puzzle for dinner guests, and also helped discourage strangers from opening the carved camphor chest.

KEYS

By DOROTHY K. CHRISTENSEN

stayed on in China, came home after a severe bout of typhus fever. Many an unsuccessful attempt he made before he was able to release the spring with twisted wires.

Life has many complicated locks, but to each one there is a key.

A bolted door faced us when we entered the mission field. The Mongolian language had to be learned. There were no language teachers, except those who could speak only their own tongue. Even someone who could read was as rare as a tree on the high plateau that was home to the Mongolian people.

We found one old man who had taught the children of local government officials. Of course he knew no English. He had reached the drowsy age, and his head nodded often as he sat across from us. No English-Mongolian grammars or dictionaries existed. But we had a key, given to us the night before we were to begin our

study by a Russian evangelist who could speak about a hundred words of English. It served us well through the ten years we spent in foreign lands.

"*Una u baina?*" he taught us to say. ["What is this?"]

The door swung open. With this passe partout we could build a whole vocabulary.

"Prayer is the key in the hand of faith to unlock heaven's storehouse." Do we sometimes let this precious key get rusty or even lose it entirely for days? Nothing is more disconcerting than to have misplaced a much-needed key—the one to the car for instance. But it is often stark tragedy not to have one at all. I think of heathen who are trying intently to open heaven's door with the wrong key.

In college the keys to exuberant living are hung up before us. What vistas might open up through a little time spent in a class in music appreciation, art, or litera-

ture! Perhaps these are not required, and we hurry along, for we really are not much interested in such subjects. The door remains closed. Many a student goes through all four years and gets his degree but fails to acquire some of the most worth-while tools. He has left those important openers hanging on their hooks.

Especially valuable are the keys to health. Of what worth is learning if health fails? Health principles, nutrition, foods are a few of the offerings; many pass them by.

"I know how to cook," someone says. "I'll get a cookbook," another declares.

But a study of nutrition would reveal that the body requires specific materials with which to build. If we learn the principles we will be able to live well wherever we go. In almost every country and clime we can find some foods to supply all our needs. Yet, how shall we choose if we do not know what we need?

One day the teacher of nutrition was talking to some girls. "Why don't more girls take home economics?" she queried. And then, answering her own question, "Maybe it is because they feel that it won't prepare them to be anything but housewives."

"Oh, if you will guarantee us that, we'll all take home economics!" declared the girls.

We all want homes and expect to have them. But we do so little to prepare for this most important part of our lives.

May I suggest giving the keys to the abundant life a little more attention?

WHAT had wakened me? What was the time?

"Why, it's only three o'clock in the morning!" I exclaimed.

But what a weird wailing, and the throb of drums in the dark—it made me shiver. The other missionaries with me were also awake.

"Let's go and investigate," I ventured.

"I don't think we should," said another.

But finally we mustered our courage and set out with flashlights and a flash camera to investigate what sounded like a Luo funeral.

We approached the center of the chanting and clatter with caution. On receiving permission from the Africans, we came to the hut where lay the dead man—the reason for all the noise. He was on the ground covered with a dirty cloth, with huge foot-long curved hippo teeth encircling his head.

A pitiful sight. Had this man made things right with God? Had the Adventist church in whose shadow he died, done all it could to give him a chance? But there was nothing more to be done for him now. We turned to the living.

"Would you mind if we had a word of prayer here in this hut?" we asked the dead man's brother.

"We would be happy if you would, Bwana," he agreed.

And so we prayed. In our prayer we asked that those living would see the uncertainty of life and accept salvation through Jesus before it was too late.

The following morning we returned to find that they had buried the body right in front of the hut and had laid on top of the grave all of his possessions. Africans from all around came to pay their respects by driving their cattle up around the grave and then returning home. There were herds—literally thousands—of cattle. For three days they kept coming in a steady stream.

About noon of the third day the real program began. Men danced and pranced with gorgeous white- and coral-colored ostrich-plumed headdresses that spread five feet, with bells tied to their ankles, and with long, wicked-looking spears in their hands.

Drums rumbled. Voices rose and fell in an unbroken chant and wail. The dancers, urged on by the throbbing drums, charged and raced across the valley, lunging with their spears at imaginary foes. Then they wheeled and raced back across the plain—a mass of color—pounding the earth, waving their plumes, raising the dust, shouting and screaming.

Poor folks. Afraid of death. No hope. *It's a challenge.*

Youth likes adventure, thrills, explorations, challenges, the unknown. As a boy I used to hear with some regret of the noble deeds of famed men—Carey, Livingston, Moffat, Cook, Columbus, Edi-

son, the Wright brothers. And I'd think to myself, "They've done it all. Nothing is left to explore. No more frontiers to find." But in the service of the King I've found unlimited adventures, continually new horizons.

I can remember a day when I sat in

my office at Forest Lake Academy. The miracle of miles of wires had connected me with W. P. Bradley, of the General Conference.

"But this is only my second year here as principal," I found myself excusing. "I'm just learning."

Drums in the dark . . . hippo teeth for a headdress . . .

Beetle on your bonnet . . . lizard on the lectern . . .

Old men dreaming dreams . . . young men seeing visions . . .

Mission life in Africa is, among other things

ADVENTURE



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR

Life in eastern Africa is enlivened by many things, not the least of which are Luo tribal funeral

"But you're needed," Pastor Bradley convinced me.

Those same words could be spoken to you. If God speaks, even calling you to lands beyond—can you refuse? Dare you refuse?

It's a need.

Oh, it's not all easy. You might as well face it squarely. If you're interested in money, don't look to mission service. The salary won't entice you. Prices are almost as high out here as at home, in some cases higher. But you're laying up treasure in heaven. And remember—

the warlike tribe, numbering fifty thousand, that lives primarily on milk and warm blood. From its ranks only nine have stepped out to become Adventists.)

It's satisfying.

At one of our training schools recently I was sitting on the platform facing six hundred students. Something plopped on my head. I reached up and pulled off an ugly beetle. A few minutes later I was standing at the pulpit speaking when something slapped down on the lectern. To my horror, there was a lizard. It made me catch my breath, but I managed to sweep it off onto the floor.

It's the unexpected.

I can remember plainly the first wild African buffalo—considered one of the most dangerous of beasts—to start toward me in the bush, the first lion without any iron bars between us, the first elephant, rhino, and hippo right out in the wild. Such meetings make one's pulse race!

It's exciting.

Of course, the greatest thrill is to see the way God is working out His purposes.

A few weeks ago at Gendia Mission Station several teams of young people went out for a Sabbath afternoon of preaching. One group came to a village where they were met by a man who said that just the night before he had had a dream in which he appeared to be flying in the midst of heaven. He had a message to give, of warning to the people to leave their heathen ways and fear God and worship Him. Sounds like something from Revelation 14, doesn't it?

In Tanganyika a priest had a dream. He was told that he should buy a book if it had a picture of a sword on its cover. Several times the dream was repeated. One day sixteen-year-old Joseph, a literature evangelist from Ntusu Mission Station in Tanganyika, called on the priest. The Swahili translations of portions of *The Great Controversy*, bound in book form, has the picture of a flaming sword on the cover. Joseph came to the point in his sales talk where he pulled out the book to display it. The book with the sword on its cover. He made the sale.

It's the unusual.

God works out His purposes through youth who catch a vision and are not afraid to stand firm for God.

Here is Edward Mwanza, the young—and as yet unmarried—MV and educational secretary of the Central Kenya Mission field. He came from a Mohammedan home, was taught the Koran, and was forced to attend a Mohammedan school until circumstances provided an opening for attendance at a church school.

Here is Yohanna Lusingu, MV depart-
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By ROBERT L. OSMUNSON



complete with headdresses of hippo teeth.

It's worth it.

You meet new people, go to new places, discover things you never knew existed. Even in the English language you find a difference. Out here in East Africa the traffic "filters," it doesn't "merge." You take a "deviation" not a "detour" in the road. You ask for "cells" for your "torch" at the "ironmonger's," instead of "batteries" for your "flashlight" at the "hardware store." You see signs advertising "dental mechanic" rather than "dentist." And so it goes.

It is a struggle for people to learn English when it isn't their mother tongue. In one of our training schools an education officer visited a class and asked, "Do you understand?"

To which the students replied, "Yes, we do stand." Forthwith they all stood up.

It's intriguing.

How satisfying to see youth learning to read, to make things, to do things. To see youth finish their Master Guide requirements, or learn how to tie an arm sling. Or perhaps to be present at the first adventure for Christ in Operation Neighborhood that the students of one school have participated in, or to see the first Master Guide to be invested from the Kikuyu tribe (world known for their Mau Mau terrorism activities).

How wonderful to witness the first baptism of candidates won by the vernacular Voice of Prophecy Bible Correspondence Course, or to partake in the ordinances of communion with the first Masai youth ever to be baptized at our Bugema Missionary College. (Masai is



J. BYRON LOGAN

Among the rare documents entrusted to Author Mitchell's care at the SDA Theological Seminary library are (left) an original manuscript on the second coming of Christ, by Isaac Newton, and (right) a handwritten Old Testament in Mongolian, a present from pioneer missionary Otto Christensen.

We Work With People, Too!

By MARY JANE MITCHELL

FLAT heels and hair done up in a high bun are not the prerequisites for library school entrance.

Cartoons of librarians show them as old maids with black horn-rimmed glasses (not the glamour type), flat heels, and their hair done up in high buns. Maybe so. But maybe not so, too.

"But library work is so boring!" Well, maybe so. But maybe not so, too.

A typical librarian has been characterized as going around holding a finger over the lips and shushing anyone who dares to speak. Maybe so. But maybe not so, too.

Librarians probably are no more old maidish than the coeds on your campus of today—or yesterday. Graduates of

library schools are just one year beyond the average age for graduation from college, and most of them go directly into their profession.

The head librarian of a large city system—a man of standing in the profession—remarked that he could never understand the usual negative response to the mere mention of the term "librarian." He challenged a local modeling agency to produce better-looking women, of more taste and refinement, than those he had on his staff!

Not all librarians today are women. In fact, they never were. About one third of library school graduates today are men. Men hold the biggest jobs and draw the largest salaries in the profession.

As for the "boring" aspects of librarianship, all professions have routine jobs that are not always stimulating. If keeping busy answering questions, ordering

books, cataloging books, answering questions, shelving books, preparing bibliographies, answering questions—always answering questions—is boring, our profession must plead guilty.

But we would hasten to add that there are always those of the "tribe of Joseph" who are not bored, but find their quest fulfilled in preparing and preserving material for the benefit of society at large and for individuals in particular. Librarians have more to do than "going around shushing people."

"Which is the largest zoo in the United States?"

"Can you tell me the name of the editor of the *American Journal of Psychiatry*? What is the annual subscription rate?"

"What is the population of the British Empire?"

"Just how do I find *anything* in the card catalog?"

These and many other similar questions help spice the life of any librarian. Why should a person receive pleasure from helping others find answers to questions? Librarianship, like all of the great professions—nursing, teaching, medicine, law—is a service profession.

It is a profession aimed at helping a person in need, whether his need is for recreation and relaxation, or for study

Mrs. Mitchell has been librarian at the Seventh-day Adventist Theological Seminary from 1940 to 1947 and from 1953 to the present time.

and knowledge. The profession stands ready to aid a person in perfecting his skills, whether a do-it-yourself paint job or a full-time means of livelihood.

We can express satisfaction in seeing on one of the streets of our town a thriving picture-framing shop. This shop had its beginnings several years back in requests for interlibrary loans of books on picture framing from one of the largest libraries in the country. Of course the initiative and drive came from the borrower, but we can be satisfied that we helped too!

The realization of many plans and hopes has come through cooperation of borrower and librarian in many different lines—research projects, books written, lives influenced, workers sent out into the cause of God.

A person interested in librarianship will find a variety of activity within the profession. He may choose a type of work suitable to his tastes and abilities. In Adventist libraries, the two fields of librarianship now in most demand are administration and cataloging.

Not everyone who graduates from library school can be a head librarian. Most of our libraries have qualified head librarians, but not all have qualified catalogers. Last summer at least two prominent libraries of the denomination were combing the field for catalogers. Reference librarians are in somewhat less demand, but as libraries grow they will be needed also. Circulation chiefs, order librarians, serials librarians, archivists—all will be in demand before too many years and too many thousands of accessions have rolled around.

What are the prerequisites for librarianship? What are the personal and educational qualifications demanded of the person who would pursue this profession?

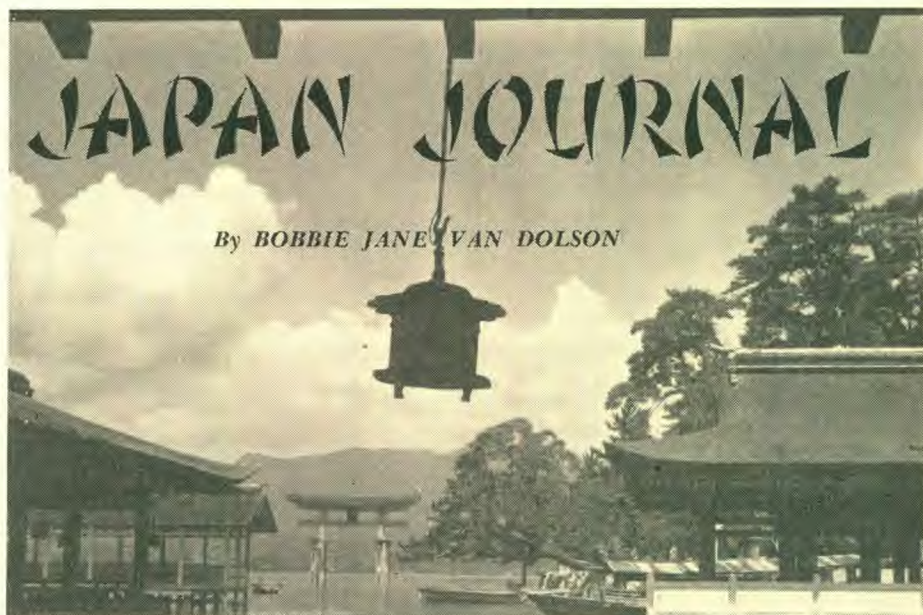
It is important that the would-be librarian have two loves—one for books and the other for people. The person who makes the best librarian is the one who from childhood has been able to make himself happy in company with books. This does not mean an introspective, asocial misfit who prefers books to people because they won't talk back! The best books are those shared with others, so that they are the avenues for a flourishing intercourse of intellect. This love of books that demands sharing with someone else is a foundation for the profession of librarianship.

The subject matter of the books one librarian enjoys and works with may be different from those chosen by another, but books—as contrasted with other types of published communication—are the backbone of any library. The other types of materials housed in any library today include periodicals, pamphlets, newspapers, microfilm, microcard, recordings (both music and speech), pictures, and manuscripts.

One librarian may be interested in business, another in law, and still another in religion. There are libraries of medicine, chemistry, real estate, industry, and almost any other branch of knowledge that has a literature of its own. Thus a multitude of tastes may find fulfillment

in this profession, the common denominator being the twin loves for books and people.

Another qualification is accuracy, a bent toward doing a job as perfectly as possible. The records a librarian makes are not made "just for today." They are



PHOTO, COURTESY OF THE EMBASSY OF JAPAN

KOBE is a seaside city, serving as port to industrial Osaka—a city of three million that lies twenty miles to the north.

When we moved to Kobe after four years in Tokyo we fell in love with the city immediately.

To Leo, my husband, the hilly streets and beautiful bay were reminiscent of his home town of San Francisco. I found, in spite of the population of a million, a certain warmth and small-town atmosphere that was most pleasant after living in the gigantic metropolis of Tokyo.

The Adventist mission homes in Kobe are on a hill, and below, past the hundreds of tile roofs, we have a wonderful view of the harbor. It is convenient at times. For instance, if we receive word that a missionary family is arriving aboard the *China Bear*, my husband can continue working serenely in his study, glancing occasionally out the window. When he sees the sleek hull of the *China Bear* coming through the breakwater there is still plenty of time to climb into the car and be down at the dock before the tugs have nudged her into the waiting berth.

Once or twice we have gone down in the evenings to watch the large passenger liners sail. The excitement that surrounds the departure of a big ship is catching, and we find ourselves shouting *Sayonara* with the rest of those left behind. All is gay until the big gangplank is slowly

lifted. The vendors who have been selling trinkets to the passengers begin to take down their flimsy shops, and the tugs begin to ease the ship away from the dock and its last tie with those standing there. Even though we don't know anyone on board, we manage to get a few of the serpentine streamers that flutter down, making a gay criss-cross pattern against the ship. I take time to notice a few of the people around me. Down at the end of the pier a group of Christian Japanese are singing "God be with you till we meet again" in farewell to a missionary couple. Beside me, an elderly man cannot turn his gaze from the slowly moving ship. His inborn composure cannot stop the trembling of his lips as he waves farewell to his son, who is standing among the crowd on the third-class deck. My heart goes out to him, and I long to tell him of that land where there will be no partings, no sad good-bys, and no tears.

The faces looking down from the ship are hope filled. Their eyes are turned with eagerness to America. We hope that it will be all they have longed for.

The whistle blows a last, sharp blast, and the liner moves majestically into the night. We are quiet as we walk to the car. The crowd disperses quickly, silently. It has been a memorable experience for the hundreds who are bound for foreign ports; to those who are left behind, time and messages from loved ones will act as balm for aching hearts.

made for as long as the library lasts. It is important to follow rules and standards accurately.

Neatness is necessary, also, in person and in work habits. Good sense, honesty, and fairness are needed in this profession as well as in all others. A well-rounded, disciplined, adjusted personality finds in librarianship a test for every skill and trait.

Those who say, "It must be lovely working with books," are not very realistic, for we work with people too. We have dealings with not only readers and students, but also boards of trustees, administrators, faculties, sales people, and staff members.

One who is interested in librarianship as a career should take into account the educational requirements when he is deciding his college course. "A librarian," someone has said, "does not necessarily know everything, but he has to know where to find everything." True. But the more he knows about more subjects, the better he will be able to find everything. A broad liberal arts education with at least a B.A. degree is prerequisite to studying library science. History and American and English literature are especially important. Today, with such great emphasis on science in the world, a good background in the physical sciences is very helpful. A librarian is expected to read one modern foreign language—French or German—with facility. Interest and ability in research are also essential.

The church needs young people—both men and women—with these qualifications.

Some people may think this work is not spectacular enough. But the librarian who gathers information to verify truth will share in the rewards of the evangelist who uses that information as he ascends into his pulpit to be a voice of God to the people. The librarian will also share in the rewards of the teacher who uses the library's tools in training young minds to think and to reflect the image of their Creator.

The expression, "The library is the heart of the school," may be now a cliché, but it must still be true, or educational institutions fail in preparing young people for modern life and for the work of God.

While various departments of a school ordinarily have access to a limited number of students, the library staff can meet all of them. A consecrated librarian has opportunity to influence many. What greater joy than to see eyes light up with knowledge, or to give someone sick at heart words to heal his soul?

One of the unique and interesting phases of library work is the care of precious things of the past. The library here at the Seventh-day Adventist Theological Seminary, for instance, has many materials and collections that are peculiar to it.

"Back to the Salt Mine"

The next time someone leaves the lunch table muttering, "Back to the salt mine," it might be well to inquire whether he intends to work, to look at paintings, to eat, or carve statues, to mail a letter, or to improve his health, for salt mines have many uses besides mining salt and symbolizing drudgery. Where vast diggings deep in the earth produce one of man's vital minerals, myriad side activities go on.

Looted Masterpieces

Constant temperature and humidity have made salt mines good places to hide art treasures in wartime. Titians, Rembrandts, and works of other masters were placed deep underground, out of reach of bombs and atmospheric changes. One mine at Merkers, Germany, held art, gold, and currency valued at \$200,000,000 when occupation troops arrived during the closing days of World War II.

At the opposite end of the spectrum from dictatorial thieves are the devout miners of Zipaquirá, Colombia. In a mine already old when Spaniards brought Christianity to Latin America, a great cathedral of solid salt has taken shape. Reputed to be as large as the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, the underground church is formed from galleries left when the salt was dynamited and removed. As a tourist attraction, the salt cathedral has rivals in the Old World. Some salt mines there have been worked—and ornamented—since the early 16th century.

Ancient Glitter

Hundreds of feet below the surface at Wieliczka, Poland, for example, salt miners carved out roads, houses, restaurants, churches, and monuments in solid salt. Large rooms glisten with salt crystals undisturbed since ancient seas deposited them. Massive pillars, illuminated galleries, brightly lighted chandeliers of salt adorn the man-made cave. At one end of a large hall stands a great throne under a sculptured eagle. Here the emperor of Austria sat on visits to the mine. Nearby, visitors can mail letters in an underground post office. Salt carvings are features of the mine, with religious scenes prominent. Throughout can be found representations of one Biblical character—Lot's wife.

The crystalline deposits favored by carvers have become popular in certain places for making ornaments, statues, vases, and the like. A family in Pakistan has made a tradition of carving artifacts from salt blocks produced at a mine that has been operating since the 1500's.

Salt mines are believed by some to be particularly healthful. Their atmosphere, with a salty tang like an ocean beach, is recommended by miners for the relief of such things as head colds and asthma.—*National Geographic Society.*

One of these, the Advent Source Collection, contains books and photostats demonstrating the growth of prophetic interpretation—material gathered by Dr. LeRoy E. Froom as he prepared his four-volume work, *The Prophetic Faith of Our Fathers*. One of the most interesting items in this collection is a manuscript by Isaac Newton on the second coming of Christ.

Another keepsake in the Seminary library is a handwritten hymnbook used by Sabbathkeepers as they hid from persecutors in the Transylvanian Alps. It is dated before 1640, and is a gift to the library from the Hungarian Seventh-day Adventist churches of the United States.

The library also has a collection of tracts by Martin Luther.

Treasures of denominational history include several Bibles that belonged to Seventh-day Adventist pioneers. There is a handwritten Mongolian Old Testament presented by Pastor Otto Christensen,

who says that when he first went to Mongolia as a missionary there were no printed Bibles available. Hostile forces had destroyed all copies and the plates that had been prepared by the British and Foreign Bible Society. He borrowed an office copy from the society, and his first woman convert worked eight hours a day for eight months to copy it on heavy bond paper, which had been folded in signatures. When the finished work was bound in Morocco leather it made a beautiful book that is admired both for its appearance and for the arduous work that produced it.

And this is just a glimpse into one of the interesting phases of librarianship—a profession that calls for consecrated, unselfish Seventh-day Adventist young people.

Pamphlets and other materials regarding education for librarianship may be obtained from The American Library Association, 50 East Huron Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

Sabbath School LESSON

Prepared for Publication by the General Conference Sabbath School Department

Paul's Journey to Jerusalem

LESSON FOR AUGUST 24

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Acts 20:15-27, 32 to 21:16.

MEMORY GEM: "And, now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified" (Acts 20:32).

OUTSIDE READING: *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 389-398.

Inspiration

"And we sailed away from Philippi after the days of unleavened bread, and came unto them to Troas in five days; where we abode seven days. And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them, ready to depart on the morrow; and continued his speech until midnight. And there were many lights in the upper chamber, where they were gathered together. And there sat in a window a certain young man named Eutychus, being fallen into a deep sleep: and as Paul was long preaching, he sunk down with sleep, and fell down from the third loft, and was taken up dead. And Paul went down, and fell on him, and embracing him said, Trouble not yourselves; for his life is in him. When he therefore was come up again, and had broken bread, and eaten, and talked a long while, even till break of day, so he departed. And they brought the young man alive, and were not a little comforted. And we went before to ship, and sailed unto Assos, there intending to take in Paul: for so had he appointed, minding himself to go afoot. And when he met with us at Assos, we took him in, and came to Mitylene." "Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood. For I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them. Therefore watch, and remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears" (Acts 20:6-14, 28-31).

Spirit of Prophecy

"Upon the last evening of his tarry with them, the brethren 'came together to break bread.' The fact that their beloved teacher was about to depart, had called together a larger company than usual. They assembled in an upper room on the third story, the coolest and pleasantest place for such a gathering on that warm spring evening. The nights were then dark, but many lights were burning in the chamber. Paul's mind was impressed with a sense of the perils that awaited him, and the uncertainty of again meeting with his brethren; he had matters of great interest and importance to present before them; and in the earnestness of his love and solicitude for them, he preached until midnight.

"On the broad sill of a window whose shutters had been thrown open, sat a youth named Eutychus. In this perilous position he sank into a deep slumber, and at last fell from his seat into the court below. The discourse was interrupted. All was

alarm and confusion. The youth was taken up dead, and many gathered about him with cries and mourning. But Paul, passing through the affrighted company, clasped him in his arms, and sent up an earnest prayer that God would restore the dead to life. The prayer was granted. Above the sound of mourning and lamentation the apostle's voice was heard, saying, 'Trouble not yourselves, for his life is in him.' With rejoicing, yet in deep humility at this signal manifestation of God's power and mercy, the believers again assembled in the upper chamber. They partook of the communion, and then Paul continued his discourse till the dawn of day. Eutychus was now fully restored, and they brought him into the congregation and were not a little comforted.

"The time had now come when the company must separate. The brethren who accompanied Paul went on board the ship, which was about to set sail. The apostle, however, chose to take the nearer route by land between Troas and Assos, and rejoin his companions on shipboard at the latter city. The difficulties and dangers connected with his proposed visit to Jerusalem, the attitude of that church toward himself and his work, as well as the condition of the churches and the interests of the gospel work in other fields, presented subjects for earnest, anxious thought, and he chose this lonely walk that he might have opportunity for reflection and communion with God."—*Sketches From the Life of Paul*, pp. 196-198.

Notes

"On the first day of the week" (Acts 20:7). This is one of seven texts used by Sundaykeeping friends to support the totally unscriptural notion that Sunday, or the first day of the week, has taken the place of the Seventh-day Sabbath of the fourth commandment and is now the "Christian Sabbath."

In only seven places in the New Testament is the term "first day of the week" used:

Matt. 28:1

Mark 16:2

Mark 16:9

Luke 24:1

John 20:1

Acts 20:7

1 Cor. 16:2

No sacred title is given to this supposed new day of worship or observance. It should be remembered here that at least three decades have now passed since Jesus ascended into heaven.

The fact is, this was a Saturday night meeting and not a Sunday meeting at all. Sunday begins at midnight. This meeting closed at midnight.

But even if it had been a Sunday meeting, even if it had been a Sunday worship service (which it was not, having been called to mark not the resurrection of Jesus, but the departure of Paul), even if it had been a worship service called for the purpose of commemorating the resurrection of Jesus, these questions would remain:

What does it take to make a sabbath?

What does it take to change the Sabbath?

Who can make or change a sabbath?

Is a sabbath instituted by the holding of a communion service?

Is a sabbath instituted by the holding of a farewell meeting on the departure of a great apostle?

Quizangles

(Write out the answers for discussion in class.)

1. What did Paul do on Sunday, after having preached at a Saturday night meeting? _____

2. Against what two dangers did he warn the church? _____

3. What did he say the Word of God would do for them? _____

4. What great principle of systematic benevolence did he set forth? _____
5. What advice was given Paul at several points on the journey? _____
6. On whose authority? _____
7. What was Paul's attitude toward the possible loss of his life? _____
8. What view did he take of the work he had done? _____

9. What did Agabus predict? _____
10. What was Paul's final decision with reference to continuing on to Jerusalem? _____

NEXT WEEK, August 31, lesson title: "Paul's Imprisonment." Scripture Reference: Acts 21:17 to 22:24; 23:1-5, 11-35. Memory Gem: Acts 22:14. Outside Reading: *The Acts of the Apostles*, pp. 399-416.

Into a Lion's Lair

By ELLA M. ROBINSON

WHENEVER I'm confronted with fear I remember a night in the African veld.

It was a little past ten when I took the last order for the book *Hope of the World*. My son Virgil cranked up the old Ford that we had recently purchased secondhand, and we started on the ninety-mile journey from the Nchanga Mine, near the southern border of the Congo, to our home in North-east Rhodesia.

For two hours we bumped along at fifteen miles an hour over narrow, rough, grassy roads, talking little but singing much to keep up our spirits. It was not long, however, before we realized we were passing through lion-infested country—in an open car that had neither doors nor windows.

Stumps of trees that had been cut down to make a roadway and were growing again, gave us many an unpleasant jolt, and suggested the rather disquieting possibility of having to stop along the road to change tires in case of a blow-out. We had discussed the likelihood of a lion's attacking a moving car, and had decided in the negative. But what if we had to stop?

Virgil was driving and I was holding a specially constructed flashlight called a *balala*, moving it from one side of the road to the other, searching for any wild creatures that might be prowling around. The *balala* shone far and intensified, by reflection, every pair of eyes within its range.

Suddenly in the road ahead appeared two large, bright red eyes.

"A leopard!" gasped Virgil.

We had not taken into consideration the possibility of meeting this bold, agile, unpredictable creature, but had antici-

pated only the more deliberate, slow-moving, and ponderous lion. My heart stood still. With trembling fingers Virgil pressed the horn. There were four loud blasts, and the terrifying beast, now evidently terrified himself, sprang out of the road and bounded away into the veld. But it left us with chattering teeth and quivering nerves.

Scarcely settled into a quieter state of mind, we were startled by a loud clattering, which seemed to us like the breaking up of the car's machinery.

"What can that be?" exclaimed Virgil. "It sounds to me as if something in the engine has broken and the parts are rolling around inside!"

We were both at a loss to account for the racket. This trip away from home was our first driving experience.

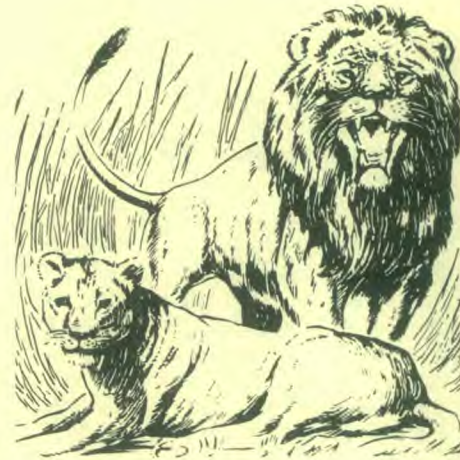
We decided to investigate. I held the light while Virgil lifted the hood and looked inside. He could see nothing unusual. All the parts seemed to be in perfect running order. He cranked up and jumped into the car. I hopped in beside him, in the meantime flashing the light nervously into the darkness around.

We proceeded to move—very slowly at first, then a little faster. The rattling started again. We slowed down. It stopped. Then a little more speed, and a little more noise.

"What shall we do?" I moaned.

"I don't know," Virgil groaned. "If we drive so slowly we could easily be overtaken by some fierce beast here in the wild. But if we try to go faster the car may break down, and that would leave us in greater danger than ever."

We were twenty miles from the nearest English settlement and we didn't know of any native villages along that part of the road.



Several hours passed. Our speed alternated between three and ten miles an hour. Then we saw ahead and close to the road about thirty pairs of large, gleaming eyes.

"Oh, Mother!" cried Virgil.

"Oh, Virgil!" I echoed in a hoarse whisper. "It's a lion's lair!"

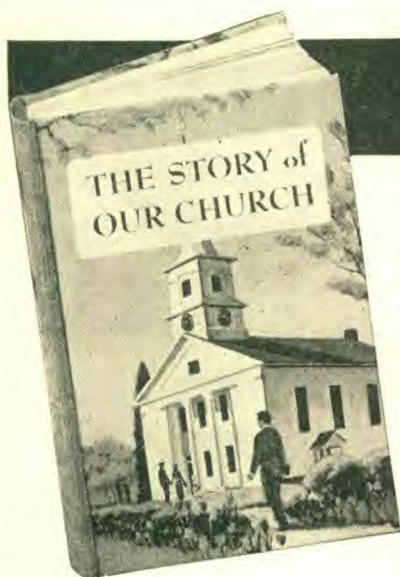
"We can't stop here, and we can't turn around. We'll have to forge ahead!"

He gave several loud blasts of the horn. In another instant we were there. We were both praying. A slight rise slowed us down. Just then I noticed a pair of glinting eyes focused full upon me. They appeared less than ten feet away. Already I seemed to feel the sharp fangs of the hungry beast buried in my flesh.

We reached the top of the ascent, where the road turned sharp to the left. At this breath-taking moment, the creature that had been surveying me so frighteningly let out a gentle "moo." We were passing a native cattle kraal, and thirty cows and oxen had been aroused from sleep by our lights and were watching us go by.

About four o'clock in the morning we reached Lusaka, drove into a rancher's yard, and slept in the car till dawn. Soon after sunrise the farmer came out of his house and invited us in to wash up and eat breakfast. We told him of the anxiety our car was causing. He looked inside.

"Only a loose fan belt," he said. "I can fix it in ten minutes." And he did.



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MY HUSBAND and I were on vacation, and the highway before us was beckoning. The first day's drive was along the beautiful McKenzie River, with mountains on each side as it goes rolling, tumbling, twisting, and singing on its way, uniting with the Willamette River, to the Pacific Ocean.

The highway followed it, with promises and fulfillment of delight at each turn. There was huge Finn Rock, covered with vines and moss. There were inviting tourist cottages built out over the clear, rapid water that promised a lullaby to anyone who would abide overnight.

"Wouldn't you like to stay here for the night?" asked my husband Dick. I hesitated. "Yes, I'd love this place, but we haven't come very far."

"I suppose we'd better drive on to Bend for Sabbath," he concluded.

A sign that hung at the entrance to a valley ranch had a message for the home-loving heart—"Dunromin Ranch." "I like that," remarked Dick, who loves his home very much and feels he no longer cares to roam for long.

As we climbed over McKenzie Pass we came out into the lava acres. From the top of a monument erected from these lava rocks we could see for miles around this wonderful country of rivers, lakes, and mountains. There were many breath-taking mountains that I like to call the personality mountains. There were the sisters—North, Middle, and

Northwest Ramblings

By BESSIE L. AHRENDSEN

South—close together as a family should be. Then there was the husband with the split personality—his top is sharply rent. Mount Washington loomed up with an immense, jagged thumb projecting from its peak, and Mount Jefferson looked treacherous with its sharp ridge leading up to the summit. Among others were Three Fingered Jack and Broken Top Mountain.

Near Bend, Oregon, was the artistry and beauty of Peterson's Rock Gardens. There were small houses and those not so small, and castles—all made with exquisite care. They were here and there on terraces beautified by flowers. Delightfully constructed bridges and moats surrounded the castles, and there were fountains and lily ponds. We beheld there the work of a lifetime, of one who has created beauty out of the material at hand.

The next day found us on the way down the Rogue River, colorful in history, names, and the tints of autumn. We

wondered about the pioneers and early settlers who gave such names as Robber's Roost on the Rogue River, and Whisky Creek.

Much has been written of the beauty of Crater Lake, but for each newcomer it must contain a marvelous thrill. There was fog blowing across the mountain peaks and lava dust fields, like snow drifting across the prairie. And yet another picture unfolded as we came from this out into the sunshine and looked down on the immense, amazing Crater Lake, unique in a vivid, breath-taking blue.

The road across from Redding to Arcata twisted and turned and climbed and gave a thrill all its own as we looked over a ledge into the deep canyon below and made the next hairpin turn, not knowing but that a logging truck would be making the same turn. Most interesting to me was the amazing variety of trees and shrubs growing in the same locality. We saw tanbark and post oaks, pepperwood trees, besides the firs, pines, and maples. Manzanita covered the hillsides with a lovely silvery, gray-green.

I have a habit of collecting small specimens for future identification, saying, "Oh, I must have a small branch from that one" or "Just a twig from this one," but I received my orders on this road: "Don't ask me to stop here!"

From the heights we came down into the valley of the redwoods. This side of heaven I do not know where to see a more beautiful sight than a redwood forest with a full moon shining, lighting the gigantic trees with silvery, mystic light and reflecting in the waters of the murmuring, peaceful river, while the wind plays gentle melodies among far-off tree-tops.

The next day found us hiking up a mountain trail, basking in the warmth of a summer day, reveling in the quietness of the forest. There were no clamoring, no demands, no tensions, no quarreling other than the excited scolding of a California gray squirrel that pounded on the tree limb with a front paw and seemed to be barking at us. He reminded us of a small, angry dog.

Some deer started up with whistles and snorts and went plunging down the hillside. On we climbed, thinking we would soon reach the summit, but always ahead was another ridge, and we were not satisfied until we had conquered that one too.

How much is God in your job?

Test yourself by writing either Yes, Sometimes, or No, after each of the following questions:

1. Do you begin your work day with some form of spiritual devotions? _____
2. Do you pray for co-workers who are unpleasant or difficult to get along with? _____
3. On the basis of spiritual conviction, would you stick to an unpopular stand even though it might jeopardize your job standing? _____
4. Are you aware of your religious training as an influence, when you make decisions on the job? _____
5. If your boss or supervisor asked you to do something you felt was dishonest, would you refuse? _____
6. Do you make your business talents available, free, to your clergyman? _____
7. Do you discuss personal religious beliefs with your fellow workers? _____
8. If a co-worker came to you for help with a problem, would you offer to pray with him, or for him? _____

Answers on page 22

Reprinted with permission from *Guideposts*, February, 1957.

"Shall we go on over just this next one?" asked Dick.

"Yes," I would reply, "just one more, anyway."

There was always the urge to go on one more, higher and still higher. "Isn't this the way God wants us to be in spiritual life?" I meditated aloud. "There is one dissatisfaction with which God is pleased. He wants us always to feel the need of going higher and still higher."

"And this is just the sort of place that inspires one to do that," Dick answered.

As we turned again northward, leaving the redwoods behind, we traveled along the Pacific coast. We saw the waves piled high, making a white and green-blue wall along the sandy beach north of Arcata. We stopped the car and stepped out to listen to the thundering roar. It seemed as if the great sea were erecting mountains of defiance against men's puny efforts on the shore line.

We spent the Sabbath at a little redwood church in Brookings, where the people were friendly, and the restless, surging ocean was nearby. We went to the beach in the afternoon and watched the pelicans and gulls, and the waves splashing high against the rocks. The breakers came in on frothy feet to creep up silently and slyly on the sand, and then to return subdued, back to the old mother bosom, to receive more power and life. In the presence of such force we felt as though we were stepping into an open chapel by the side of the road, and our hearts were filled with worship.

Still traveling along the coast line, we visited the sea lion cave, where we went down, down, down steps that led to a rock cave where the sea pounded in with a tremendous roar and sea lions by the hundreds sprawled on the rocks. They rode the waves in and then waited for more to come in and wash them off the rocks back into the sea when they were ready to leave. Interesting creatures they were, and noisy, too, as they turned up their noses and dolefully bawled! They played in the sea, by sixes and sevens, like puppies, nipping at one another and then diving joyfully into the waves.

Reluctantly leaving these large, playful, and gentle lions of the sea, we made our next stop at the Doll House Museum in Wecoma Beach, with its hundreds of dolls—old and modern, large and small, beautiful and simple, and of all nationalities. I loved the old dishes, the beautiful Wedgewood, and the antique silver and pewter tea sets. Our hostess played an old, old melody, nostalgic and moving, on an ancient organ.

"Can't you almost hear the footsteps of pioneers marching past?" I whispered.

"Yes," Dick's answer was in a tone that let me know he felt as I did. Our hostess was gracious, but home was near and seemed to bid us complete our travel loop, so we left the seashore to turn inland toward home.

After seeing so much beauty I could only pray that I might be able to do justice to the loveliness and the power that my eyes had seen, my ears had heard, and my heart had loved, so that others, too, might share in their enjoyment.

Adventure Unlimited

From page 13

mental secretary in Tanganyika, who came out of raw heathenism—now a product of Seventh-day Adventist schools.

It's thrilling.

Here is Gakui, who only had one year in a church school. But she learned enough in that one year to know she could not take the Mau Mau oath. The gangsters were determined, however, that they would force her to take it.

They caught her in the forest and dragged her to a hut where an oath-taking ceremony was scheduled. They tried to beat her into submission, but she refused as long as there was consciousness left. Her tormentors beat her until she was unconscious.

Then they went out of the dark hut to light a lamp in order to see better, preparatory to continuing their terrible intents. While they were outside Gakui regained consciousness enough to move her limbs and try to get into a more comfortable position. In so doing, she pushed her foot through a hole in the wall of the hut, a hole she positively declares was not there before. She is confident that an angel prepared a way of escape for her just as surely as for the apostles. She crawled through the hole in the hut and escaped. God does care for His own.

It's miraculous.

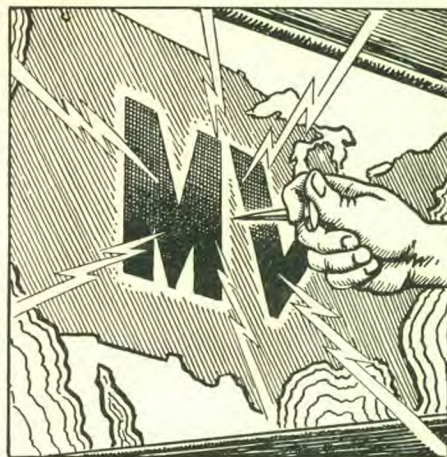
Daniel Oyugi is a school supervisor in the Kenya lake area. He was offered a chieftainship just a few weeks ago. He refused. The administration kept after him. The election was held up four days, hoping he would accept. The European district officer sent him a special message trying to persuade him.

It would be an exalted position, including a salary increase of 150 per cent, ultimately up to 300 per cent or more, plus prestige, a brick house, perhaps a car. He talked it over with his wife.

"No," she said, "we've given our lives to the Lord's work and we're staying with it." A few days later he was ordained to the gospel ministry. He had made the better choice.

Seeing youth make decisions like that is a thrill. If *you* want the time of your life, set your sights for service in the Lord's work. When He calls you'll be happy to respond, to embark on the greatest adventures life can offer.

It's adventure unlimited.



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"Tazama Naja Upesi"

From page 7

Cape. Calling in at various places on the way, we saw Grannie, and brothers and sisters and friends. A month at Helderberg College soon sped by, and we motored up the coast to Durban, where we stayed with a brother and his family.

It was in Durban that Margaret and Marilyn rode in the miniature train; here it was that they played in the sand on the beach and paddled in the "big sea." How they loved every minute of it!

Five months had passed quickly, and we headed north again. Good-bys were hard to say. It would be a long time before we could be together again.

There was work waiting for us at Kirundu. Within a week we were to hold camp meetings. Then the new school building had to be completed within six weeks. School opened on time on September 2. We settled down to the routine once more.

How God had blessed us through the years! There was the time at Songa Mission when, three days by bicycle in the wild game country, teeming with elephants, lions, and buck, I had succumbed to an attack of malaria. Blood poisoning in the left foot coursed a red line up to my thigh. But God's promised protection was always with us.

Later, on the banks of the wide, murky waters of the Congo River, I had lain racked with the same great scourge of Africa. Five days all alone by the river. Sometimes I look back in half amusement on the day I wrote out a will on a YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR cover. The long ride home was a nightmare. Twice the car had swerved off the road as a result of my dulled senses, drugged by medicines. But God was with me. He always would be.

One afternoon a few days after the opening of school, as I drove away from the house on an errand, the children stood on the veranda waving good-by. Afterward Margaret said, "Mummy, I'm good today because I didn't cry when Daddy left!"

A little later Margaret said her tummy was "full"—meaning it was sore. She lay on the floor while Helen sewed. Miss McCall, the nurse, thought that Margaret's stomach was perhaps a little upset.

I came home that night to a sick little girl. Helen said Margaret's prayers for her that night—just a few words that Jesus might make her better. Margaret said good night to Daddy and then fell asleep. We had no doubt that she would be quite well in the morning.

At midnight Margaret woke us with terrifying screams. "Something" was trying to bite her, and she felt she was falling. Hastily Helen brought her into our bed. Margaret held onto me with all her strength, and then vomited once or twice.

Helen felt uneasy and ran to the nurse's house to tell her how sick Margaret was. Before she reached Miss McCall's house, Margaret had a violent convulsion in my arms. She stopped breathing, became limp, and I thought she was dead. In terror I ran in circles in the room trying to find the door in order to shout for help.

I slithered with bare feet through the mud to the little dispensary building with our child in my arms. One convulsion after another tore her body.

Who slept that night? We prayed and hoped. The next day was a blistering one. Margaret developed a high temperature which reached 106°. All that day Helen and I kept vigil beside her. Never before had we prayed such prayers.

At noon, we heard the diagnosis—cerebral malaria. We knew what it was. Destructive and unmerciful, doing its work cruelly and swiftly. We pleaded with God to save our child. We wrestled in prayer.

At two o'clock the convulsions ceased and Margaret appeared to be sleeping. We watched her as she lay on the dispensary table, fighting for life. How long would her heart stand the strain?

That evening it was agreed that Miss McCall would stay with Margaret until midnight, and then Helen would stay until morning.

We went to bed to try to catch a few hours' sleep. Hardly had we closed our eyes when the dispensary boy called. "Bwana, Mademoiselle is calling you both. Come quickly!" Sleepily, hardly knowing what we were doing, we ran over to the dispensary. The struggle was over. Margaret was dead.

Do you know what it is like to see the most precious possession you have snatched from you in death? Do you know what it is to be alone, thousands of miles from home and loved ones, at a time like this? Did you see those thirteen injections Miss McCall gave Margaret in an endeavor to revive her?

There she lay, looking like a little angel. Her little body was at rest at last. We praised the Lord that the suffering was over. We were too stunned to understand, too shocked to cry. I bent over and kissed her good-by, until we see her in heaven someday.

That night hardly a soul slept at Kirundu. All night the carpenters worked, making a rude coffin. Dressed in a white heirloom dress that Grannie had given her, socks that Grandma had made, and a ribbon from Auntie Joan, she was laid in the coffin.

Next morning dawned bright and sunny. But to us it was dark. There was no whistling, shouting, or singing. Everyone mourned for our Margaret. At seven

o'clock we slowly walked in the sad procession from the dispensary to the church. As we walked, some of the people sang, "When my lifework is ended and I reach the other shore." Never again can I hear that hymn without tears.

Pastor Asinapori Ndekezi, himself a foreign missionary, conducted a simple funeral service. Under the thatched roof sat sons of Africa who had but a short while before been in darkness. They, who had given up vile heathen customs for the hope of the Second Advent, were the fruits of our labors. Up front lay the sacrifice we were bringing before the Lord.

The flower-bedecked coffin went down into the ground, Marigolds and palm branches had been placed there in appreciation of a sunny little life.

Behind the church she sleeps. Above her the palms sway to and fro as they always did. The sun beats down in its strength and often the rain pours. She left behind a little red dress with the white spots, her teddy, her pedal car that we had sacrificed to buy, a little envelope containing her "post," and many happy memories.

So often we had told her about Jesus and His coming that she used to sit on the veranda wall and wait for His coming. Upon the headstone of her grave is written in Kiswahili and English, *Tazama naja upesi*—"Behold I come quickly."

Today her grave lies many hundreds of miles away across the Ituri forest. Not until the resurrection morning will we hear her sweet voice again, or feel her big, moist kisses, or see her face light up with smiles. What a glorious moment it will be when Jesus comes again—to clothe her in the radiance of immortality and return her to the faithful members of her family.

Often Marilyn asks for her big sister. She doesn't understand that Margaret is dead. She thinks she has just gone away. We find her searching and calling for Margaret. "Jesus must come kiki [quickly] so that Margit can come back."

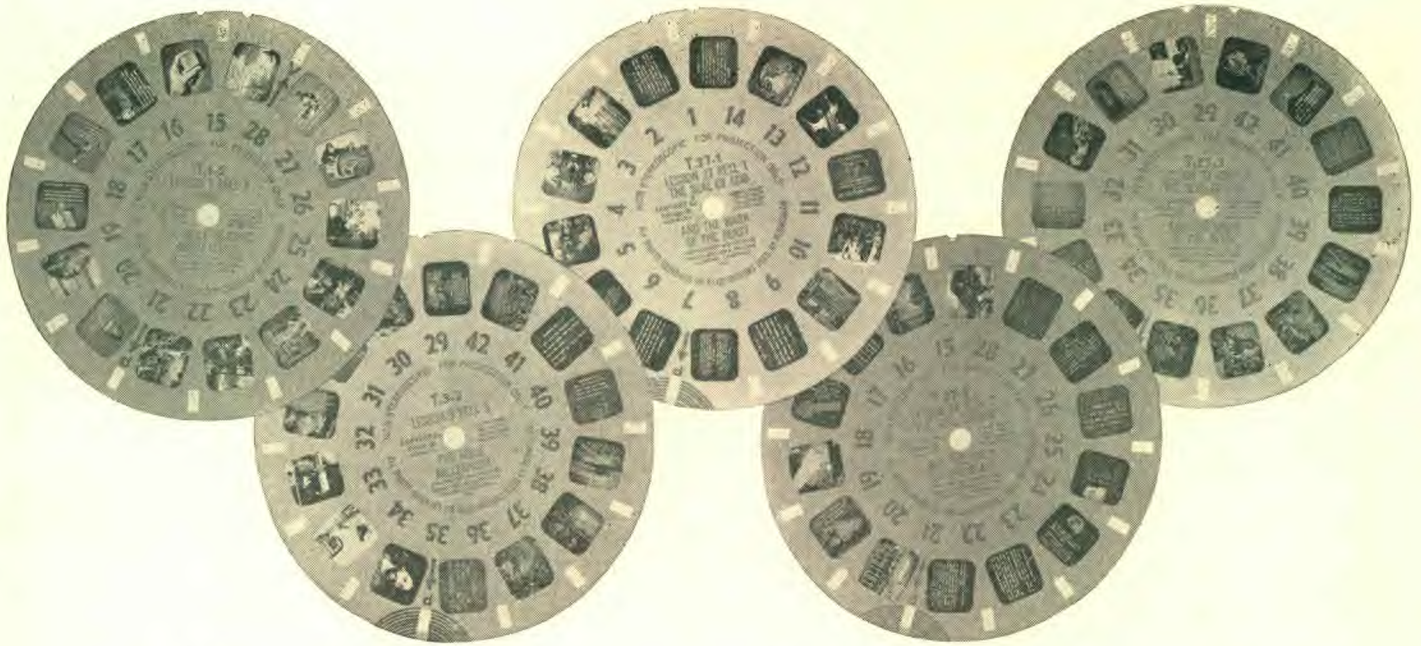
It is at times like these that we have learned to trust in Jesus Christ. For His sake we came to this dense, humid forest to search for lost jewels. For His sake we laid our loved one to rest. But our lifework has not cost us too much. We must press on until He comes.

Answers to

"How much is God in your job?"

Scoring: Yes—2; Sometimes—1; No—0.

A score of 4 or more indicates God is definitely a part of your job. Yet a score of only 1 might indicate a start toward applying religion to your job. Don't judge yourself too severely. The important factor is growth. Test yourself now, put it aside for 6 months, then test again, and compare results.



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PHOTOS BY J. BYRON LOGAN

Scenes at Mount Vernon, Ohio, July 12 and 13. Top row: The first four world MV leaders—Milton E. Kern, Henry T. Elliott, Alfred W. Peterson, and Eldine W. Dunbar—seated in front of the three current leaders—Laurence A. Skinner, Theodore E. Lucas, and E. Lennard Minchin; some of the participants in the unveiling ceremony—General Conference president R. R. Figuhr, Columbia Union MV secretary Arthur H. Patzer, Gov. C. William O'Neill, of Ohio, and T. E. Lucas; the trumpet trio from Mount Vernon Academy. Second row: The Velvetones from Pittsburgh, one of three male quartets at the ceremonies; students from Emmanuel Missionary College in one

of three scenes portraying the origin of the MV movement; MV secretaries of the ten union conferences of the North American Division. Third row: Group present at both the founding convention in 1907 and the Golden Anniversary service; President Figuhr preaching at the Sabbath morning worship hour; representatives of the Pathfinder program. Fourth row: Chorus under the direction of Minnie Iverson Wood of EMC; Theological Seminary professor C. E. Wittschiede directing the discussion of the Sabbath school lesson; "Your Story Hour," radio group from Michigan, presenting appeal for mission funds. (See story of MV Golden Anniversary services, page 4.)