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“The Guardian of the Gap”

Its Message to Believers

A thought-provoking article on this subject appeared in the Sydney “Daily Telegraph” of September 16, 1937:

“Reginald Russel of Watson’s Bay dragged a woman back from the edge of the Gap on Monday. In the following story he tells how in the last eight years he has persuaded nearly sixty people not to jump over the Gap. He says:

“I keep an eye on anybody that hangs around too long, and then I go up and ask them if they want a photograph taken. Maybe it sounds a bit silly asking that, especially as it is often too dark to take any sort of picture; but it starts a conversation, and that’s all I want. Ten to one they are “broke,” friendless, desperate, or maybe they are just unbalanced. It is amazing how some sympathy and a few shillings will change their outlook. Don’t think I am posing as a saint when I talk about giving them money. I am just trying to explain. . . .

“I have seen so many brought up to the top — dead. It is a terrible sight, I can tell you. There is nothing fancy about a Gap suicide. I often use that as an argument. I tell them they might lie in agony on the cliffs. That isn’t true, except once in April last year I saw a man live after he went over. I was taking a photograph, and I heard a scream. I looked up and saw something that looked like a bag of rubbish falling from the cliff top opposite. It was a man. By a miracle he hit the water with a terrific smash just past the rocks. He came up shrieking. For twenty minutes we watched him swimming about, and then he drowned. It is things like that that make me a crank about stopping the suicides. At times I make a fool of myself, I suppose; but I would rather do that than think I had let any one go over I could have saved. . . .

“In each of the eight years I have been here, I suppose I have saved an average of six or seven would-be suicides from going over, most of them women. Once I had to take a girl’s photo to stop her. Maybe it was her vanity. When all other appeals failed I suggested she ought to get her picture taken before she went over. In a sort of morbid way she agreed. While it was being developed I managed to get some one to slip off for the police. But

most of them are a good deal alike. One day I noticed a girl in a vague way as I went down to my house in Watson’s Bay for lunch. As I was sitting there eating, the feeling grew on me that she must have been intending to jump over. My wife told me not to be silly; but I sprang up in the middle of the meal and hurried back to the Gap. The girl was on a ledge ten feet below the top. A few more minutes and she might have been over.

“What does it matter if I do make a fool of myself occasionally? I would rather

“Thousands are under the shadow of a terrible doom, in comparison with which physical suffering fades into nothingness.”

“In the broad road that leads to eternal ruin there walks a long procession.”

“Every hour, every minute, is precious. We have no time to spend in self-gratification. All around us there are souls perishing in sin. . . . Every day we are to point souls to the Lamb of God.”

“It is a mystery that there are not hundreds at work where now there is but one. The heavenly universe is astonished at the apathy, the coldness, the listlessness of those who profess to be sons and daughters of God.” — “Testimonies for the Church,” Vol. 9, pp. 47, 48, 42.

“Intense earnestness should now take possession of us. Our slumbering energies should be aroused to untiring effort. My brother, my sister, is it nothing to you that every day souls are going down into the grave, unwarned and unsaved, ignorant of their need of eternal life and of the atonement made for them by the Saviour? . . . Why are not ALL who profess to love God seeking to enlighten their neighbours and their associates?” We are called to a serious and important work by the words, “Watch for souls as they that must give an account.”—Vol. 9, pp. 44, 45.

make a fool of myself by approaching an ordinary tourist than go about for weeks after with the thought that by being too bashful I had let some one die.”

As travellers approach Sydney for the first time by boat, there is usually quite a buzz of excitement on board, for all are eager to view “The Gap,” “The Harbour,” and the “Harbour Bridge.” Before passing through the Heads into the beautiful harbour, a rocky coast line with great, towering cliffs greets the traveller’s eye. A little to the left of the Heads can be seen the notorious “Gap.” It is from this spot at the top of these cliffs, that scores of people have jumped to certain death on the rocks hundreds of feet below.

Dear fellow believers in the Advent message, what a challenge this is to you and me! You and I have consulted the divine chart and compass, and the Master Pilot is guiding our ship over the stormy seas of life. One day soon the Lord Jesus Christ, the Captain of our salvation, will cast anchor, and when the fog of human vision has been lifted and blown away, we shall view for the first time the greatest city ever known, the New Jerusalem. What a glad day it will be when the storms are all over, the turbulent sea has finally been conquered, and we see for the first time that city with its jasper walls, and its lovely gates of pearl, open wide.

But listen, fellow travellers. Not only to the left of us, but also all around us are men and women by the thousands who are passing over the Gap to eternal ruin. Are you doing anything to save them? The Advent people have been called to witness for God in this crisis hour. We are called to rescue men and women from eternal death. There are thousands about us discouraged, sick with doubt and fear. They have no hope for the future. Oh, how glad their lives could be made by this message! As we see the chaos into which the world is fast moving, the situation demands that, as never before, the people with the message that meets the need of the hour should be up and witnessing everywhere, and at all times, for our King.

Can we sit idly by and see, as it were, thousands passing over the Gap to eternal ruin, while we hope to see soon the eternal

city? A word of loving, earnest testimony about what God can do for lost souls is the need of the hour. Yes, that is what the world needs, men who are continually on guard at the Gap, looking for souls to comfort and cheer with this message. We read in Volume 5, page 209 of the "Testimonies:"

"The crisis is fast approaching. The rapidly swelling figures show that the time of God's visitation has about come. Although loath to punish, nevertheless He will punish, and that speedily. Those who walk in the light will see signs of the approaching peril, but they are not to sit in quiet, unconcerned expectancy of the ruin, comforting themselves with the belief that God will shelter His people in the day of visitation. **FAR FROM IT, THEY SHOULD REALISE THAT IT IS THEIR DUTY TO LABOUR DILIGENTLY TO SAVE OTHERS,** looking with strong faith to God."

The man in the article quoted tells why HE is so anxious to prevent people from going over the Gap to destruction in these words: "I have seen so many brought up to the top dead. It is a terrible sight, I can tell you." Brethren and sisters, have we caught the terrible sight of men and women going over the Gap to eternal ruin? May God by His gracious Spirit give us that vision. The hour is late, but there is still time to awake from our lethargy. What does it matter if our message is not always received kindly? God wants you to witness for Him, and there are some souls with whom you have more influence than any other living being, — some souls that you can handle better than any other person can; yes, and some souls that, if you do not save them, will probably never be saved at all. We hide the love and grace of God from others at the peril of our souls.

What does it matter if we meet with rebuff! Listen again to the words of this young man, "I would rather make a fool of myself by approaching an ordinary tourist than go about for weeks after with the thought that by being too bashful I had let some one die." I repeat, Can we sit idly by and see thousands about us passing over to eternal ruin when a word from us might mean their eternal salvation? The possibility that in the day when probation has closed many of our friends and acquaintances will come to us in anguish and say, "Why didn't you tell me? I am lost forever because of your neglect," is a sobering thought indeed. May God save us from such an experience.

Reader, if it is your privilege to witness for another eight years, what a wonderful thing it would be if you were the means of saving fifty or sixty souls from going over the Gap to eternal ruin! May we be God's witnesses everywhere, and at all times, is my sincere prayer.

L. C. NADEN.

"Many have gone down to ruin who might have been saved, if their neighbours, common men and women, had put forth personal effort for them. Many are waiting to be personally addressed." — "Desire of Ages," p. 141.



Life on Pitcairn Island

AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF
MODERN-DAY SOCIALISM

Your readers may be interested to know something of modern life on Pitcairn Island, original home of the "Bounty" mutineers.

Many of the occupations of today are similar to those of former years, although in some things we have attained to more modern achievements.

House-building was, and is still, the most laborious. The timber has to be fret-sawn and boards carried from the other side of the island, over high hills, then down to the village in wheelbarrows, the only means of conveyance we have.

The original houses were small two-roomed cottages, and clap-boarded with miro (a hard and durable wood), without any linings. Beds were fixed along the sides of the inner room. The other served as sitting and dining room. The roofs were made from the leaves of the pandanus palm, the preparation of which is very unpleasant, as the thorns on either side of the leaf and on the midrib not infrequently cut into the hands.

This has given place to iron roofs on the houses of today. Even though they demand more work and expense, the present houses are far more comfortable than they were. Each home has a living room, and each member of the family has a bedroom of his or her own. Each room is ceiled. Glass windows take the place of windows made of island wood. All dwelling houses have wooden linings. Kitchens and dining rooms are separate, and are only clap-boarded.



Scene at Pitcairn Island

One has to go a long way to find better bake-ovens than ours, made of stone. We cook in an open fireplace. Owing to the luxurious growth of trees, we are never in need of wood.

Our church is a two-story building, and has a seating capacity of 200 in each room. The schoolhouse has accommodation for the four divisions, the kindergarten, primary, intermediate, and junior. Children from the age of six to sixteen must attend school. Attendance under or over these ages is optional.

PRODUCTS OF THE SOIL

Cultivating the soil and raising food has its routine in daily life. The principal products are sweet potatoes, bananas, yams, taro, corn, beans, and arrowroot. Vegetables do well if protected from the mischievous fowls.

Of fruits raised, we have pawpaws, melons, pineapples, mangoes, peaches, oranges, and guavas. Oranges are of much commercial value. Rose apples (so named because their sweet smell, as well as the taste, resembles the scent of roses) grow on tall trees. Parts of the island are thickly wooded with these trees, which are used for firewood.

Coconuts are grown and the rich, beautiful milk takes the place of cows' milk. The milk is obtained by grating the nuts, then with water and a good squeezing by hand, the delicious white milk is washed out. This, left over night in cold weather, makes lovely butter. Sugar cane is grown, and the sweet molasses takes the place of sugar.

BUILD OWN BOATS

Up to the present century the islanders have depended on kind friends to supply their boats. Queen Victoria sent two during her reign, and other friends contributed to the need.

Not willing, however, to be dependent on charity always, our men thought it time to do something in helping themselves by building their own boats. Therefore,

under the oversight of Francis Christian, a direct descendant of Fletcher Christian, of "Bounty" fame, of the fourth generation, and who had a little experience in boat building when living a few months on Mangareva, one of the Gambier Islands, they started to build a boat, which proved a success. Pitcairn is now the happy possessor of six fine, strongly built home-made boats, a wonder and admiration to all who come our way.

For fishing purposes, canoes are made from a certain kind of tree, hollowed out and fixed up for the purpose.

Women, too, have their daily duties to perform. In planting, they help the men, doing the lighter part of the work. Each family has its own allotment of land to cultivate, which has been handed down from their forefathers. Cooking, laundering, and other housework, as well as caring for the children, are done by the women in their homes.

Curio-making is done by both men and women, the men making woodwork and the women weaving hats, baskets of different shapes, and fans, etc., from the leaves of the pandanus palm tree. These, with fruits, are taken on board passing ships and sold for money, or exchanged for clothing, soap, or other necessary articles.

LITTLE USE FOR MONEY

We have to buy clothing, and all manufactured articles necessary for the sustenance of life, as well as foods not grown on the island. Among ourselves, there is very little use for money, for we help one another by exchanging work. For instance, if I want a dress made, I go to one who makes dresses and bargain with her to sew me a dress, while I weave her a basket, or vice versa. Or, if any one is in need of help in any way, service is rendered free of charge.

Three original names are left on the island — Christian, Young, and McCoy. Additional names are Warren, Coffin, Clark, and Jacobson.

Our domestic animals are dogs, cats, fowls, turkeys, and ducks; the last two have been imported of late. Goats run wild on the rocky hills of the island.

The language spoken among ourselves is a perversion of mixed English and Tahitian. However, there are few pure Tahitian words spoken, and more English.

TOLLING OF THE BELL

We have one bell, a large, bronze one, a present made to the people shortly after their return from Norfolk Island, by Captain Stevens, of one of H.M. ships.

All public activities centre in the bells. For all religious services the bell is rung twice. A notice bell of one stroke is given half an hour before meeting; and ten minutes before meeting commences, two strokes are rung, when all worshippers leave home and go to the church in time to commence service.

For both day and Sabbath school, the regular ding-a-ding is rung. For any Government work or meeting, three strokes are sounded. Five strokes show that a ship is in and time to be boarded. Four strokes is a signal that there is community stuff to be divided. The length of the ringing of the bell on all occasions is left to the prudence of the bell-ringers — except a call to funeral service, when the number of strokes is limited to the age of the person.

GOVERNED BY COUNCIL

We are governed by a chief magistrate and council of five men, elected yearly, who start work on New Year's Day.

Games the children like best are ball, cricket, rolling hoops, and flying kites. Change of work is about all the recreation older folk have. On holidays, our young men take pleasure in boat-racing.

The people in general are musical, and most of the young women play the organ well. Organs, in addition to phonographs, are in many homes.

Half-past nine or ten o'clock is the usual hour for retiring, and 6 a.m. is the rising hour. The routine for the day commences and closes with family worship.

Up to 1885, when the Seventh-day Adventist religion was introduced to the people, by an American missionary (Mr. John L. Tay) the people were strict adherents of the Church of England. — Mrs. Ada M. Christian, in "Pacific Islands Monthly," August, 1937.



Faithful under Trial

South Travancore is probably South India's stronghold of Brahmanism and other forms of Hinduism. Nowhere else is the government to so great a degree in the control of Hinduism. In spite of this, there are more Christians in Travancore than in any other State of India. Every possible obstacle is erected against the progress of Christianity, and is employed by Hindu organisations as well as by government officials. Never before has Hinduism shown any interest in the welfare of the poor and the outcast; but seeing the potency of Christian missionary methods, the Hindus are now seeking to imitate them. They have organised Young Men's Hindu Associations, provide financial aid for the purchase of land and homes, etc., for such as will remain loyal to Hinduism, and especially for suffering ones who may be induced to renounce Christianity and embrace Hinduism, hoping thereby to improve their economic condition.

In addition to this there is occasionally persecution well calculated to stamp out Christianity in certain communities. A method frequently employed is that of making false charges, involving crimes or civil misdeeds, thus bringing about the arrest and imprisonment of these helpless victims. The police are only too pleased to assist in proving the false charges true, and often deprive the accused of the houses they call home (even though they may have occupied them for generations), and prohibit them to occupy any plot of ground, because it is all proved to be the property of the Brahmans or other Hindus. When these persecuted Christians become Hindus, a place can readily be found for them.

In Travancore, Christians may not have church buildings without first securing permission from the government. Meeting houses may be constructed, but communion service, marriage, or any other church

ceremony may not be held, nor cemeteries be made without special permission. There are conditions on which licences for these may be granted, but officials raise so many objections that sometimes it seems well nigh impossible to obtain such licences.

At Poojapura, a suburb of the city of Trivandrum, we have a church of about fifty baptised members and a neat little meeting house. In violation of the State laws, our people have at times conducted the communion service in this place. However, we have had to caution them to discontinue this because the police have been spying on Sabbath days to apprehend our members in the act. There is no law against conducting the communion service in a private dwelling, provided it is not a service for the public. Thus a pastor of the church may invite whomsoever he wishes to meet at his house for this service, and so avoid infringing the law.

This church is situated in a Brahman community, and persecution is here unusually severe. A number of our people have at various times been seized by the police and carried away to gaol for imaginary offences. The laws recently having been changed, litigation has been introduced to empower Hindus to eject Christian tenants. Among our Poojapura members are about a dozen families involved in this trouble. Though they thought they owned the land on which their ancestors had lived for generations, they are now driven off, their houses destroyed, and some of them have been gaoled, for failing to depart at once when word to do so came from the police. Practically all the land is possessed by Hindus, and none will permit those exile Christians to occupy even a foot of their land.

One Sabbath day while service was in progress in the Poojapura church, a number of police officials entered and arrested Brother A. E. Thomas, our Malayalam worker, and took him away to gaol, leaving the terrified and grief-stricken members behind. Some of these quickly ran five or six miles into the city to inform Brother E. R. Osmunson, the mission superintendent, of what had taken place. As quickly as possible he made his way to the gaol, where he found our brother being ill-treated by police constables who seemed to gloat over their prize, threatening to handcuff him, to beat him, and to torture him otherwise. In explanation to Brother Osmunson's inquiries they stated that he had refused to give information regarding Christian families who should have been removed from Hindu lands. The matter being reported to higher authorities who could not but recognise such proceedings as illegal, our brother was released.

However, as our poor people are so often harassed by the police, and are so often the victims of false charges and so much troubled in many ways, we have been forced to purchase a portion of ground, of which we can lease to them small plots sufficient to build their little huts to live in.

In spite of these troubles, only two or three have given up their determination to be faithful to all of God's commandments, the rest suffering faithfully for conscience sake.

In spite of all difficulties, we do have encouraging experiences, and progress is being made. In the South India Union during the past four years we have organised twenty-four more churches, the number

having grown from thirty-seven to sixty-one, and our membership from 1,584 to 2,304. The number of baptisms annually from 1933 has been 126, 312, 239, and 350, or a total of 1027 for four years.

C. M. MELEEN.

Bangalore, India.

THE HOME

The Religious Training of the Child

IN TWO PARTS — PART ONE

How often we hear a mother say, "Yes, I want my child to have a thorough religious training. As soon as he can understand I shall begin to teach him to love the Lord." But when does he begin to understand? How is a mother to know when to begin this important training?

A father once left his wife and newborn babe and was unable to return for several years. The mother's loneliness and her great love for her husband prompted her to talk much to the little one about "Daddy" and show her his picture, long before there was a possibility of the child knowing who "Daddy" was. Mother's love for Daddy seemed to be imparted to the child, for, as she learned to speak, his name was constantly on the baby lips. As she grew old enough to talk intelligently, the fact that her daddy was coming home some day was the principal theme of her conversation, and her love for this unknown father seemed to be equal to her love for her mother.

The child's love for her earthly father grew from that of her mother. Will not a child respond as well to the mother's love for a heavenly Father and Redeemer? We can give only that which we possess. If a mother's and father's hearts are filled with the love of the Saviour, the name of Jesus will be frequently on their lips in word and song. Spoken with reverence and tender love, it will stand out from other names lightly spoken. The name of Jesus will be familiar to the baby's ears before he can talk, and will be one of the first names lisped by the baby tongue. He does not yet understand, but there is a power in that "dearest Name in earth or heaven" which thrills even the baby heart.

He may learn the sacredness of the worship hour before he is old enough to take part, and if it is conducted in an interesting manner it will be a joyful time for even the very small child. Even the babe loves the sound of a gospel hymn, and if we follow the instruction the Lord has given and make the prayers of family worship brief, he will not become too weary to enjoy kneeling reverently. What baby does not want to do as mother and father are doing? As soon as he can repeat sentences, he should be permitted to add his little prayer before the family arise from their knees. This little prayer, which may be repeated after mother, may consist of only a sentence at first, but let it be varied lest prayer become a mere form.

Can we wonder that prayer means so little to many children when it is taught them as words to be memorised, and then repeated at every worship hour? Does he learn to talk to mother and father in such a way? How then can Jesus seem real to him when he talks to Him by repeating the same words each time? Where prayer is made real, children love to pray, and if they learn to express the feelings of their heart at family worship they will soon feel free to tell Jesus all at any time. I have seen children between two and three years of age, who were accustomed to family worship, kneel down during their play time and earnestly pray aloud. Perhaps they do not grasp the true meaning of prayer, but oh, what an important and profitable habit would this be for the child to form!

As children grow old enough to have favourite hymns and passages of Scripture the worship hour may become a delightful time when each member chooses his or her favourite. I can never forget the worship hour of a certain home where seven little children, just before bedtime, donned their night clothes, and then with shining eyes took their places for worship. It was my privilege to be present at this hour many times and I often brought friends with me to share the pleasure. Visitors in this home did not mean the postponement or elimination of worship. It was necessary here to take turns in selecting the hymns. There was no hesitancy when a name was called for a favourite song, and the variety chosen was very interesting. Four-year-old Betty's brown eyes danced as she chose, "Take Time to Be Holy." Buddy's dimples all came to view as he asked for "Jesus Loves Me." Maurice preferred, "'Tis Love That Makes Us Happy." Billy, a staunch little missionary wherever he went, though but seven years of age, often called for, "Master, Hast Thou Work for Me?"

A PLEASING PICTURE

And so I might go on. There could be no doubt that they loved the worship hour from the life they put into those songs. Even chubby little Violet smiled happily and echoed the few words her baby tongue could manage. How I wish every mother who has trouble teaching her little ones to pray could have heard the prayers of those little ones, which followed a very brief reading of the Holy Scriptures. They were brief and simple, yet each child used his or her own words with a sincerity which touched the heart. I could not but feel that the interest manifested by these little ones in spiritual things was due largely to the active part they were allowed to take in family worship. I might add, too, that their conduct during church services on Sabbath would be worthy of the notice of many a family who have but two or three to discipline.

Some may question the happiness of little children subjected to such discipline. I wish I might give you the mental picture I have of those happy faces and bright eyes. One evening as they came joyously into the parlour (yes, these children were allowed in the parlour every day) where we were gathered, they were met with the calm query, "All right, shall we go on up to bed now?" The smiles vanished and in their places were seen expressions of astonishment and disappointment. Seven pairs of little feet were still. For a moment

seven little tongues were silent. Then Betty's trembling voice asked, "But aren't we doin' a have worship?" Then each of us smiled and held out our arms for a little one, and they seemed to understand that they were being permitted to choose between bed and worship. So, with all the smiles back in place we had "worship."
—"Home and School."

If We Knew

"If I knew that a word of mine,
A word not kind and true,
Might leave its trace on a loved one's face,
I'd never speak harshly, would you?"

"If I knew the light of a smile,
Might linger the whole day through,
And lighten some heart with a heavier part,
I wouldn't withhold it,
Would you?"



Reverence at Our Camp Meetings

The annual camp meeting is a very important agency in connection with our work. In addition to strengthening the spiritual life of our people, it has proved to be one of the most effective methods of arresting the attention of the people, and down through the years many have been led to accept the message for this time as a result of these gatherings.

ORDAINED OF GOD

The camp meeting has been ordained of God. The plan is a scriptural one. Anciently God instructed His people to assemble three times a year. The time at such gatherings was to be spent in seeking God, recounting His mercies, and giving praise and thanksgiving to His name. These gatherings of Israel were to be the means in God's hands of preserving them from the corrupting influence of the surrounding nations.

GOD PROMISES TO MEET WITH HIS PEOPLE

"For where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." Matt. 18.20.

"Come, brethren and sisters, to these sacred convocation meetings, to find Jesus. He will come up to the feast. He will be present." — "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. 2, p. 575. Think of it, brethren and sisters! We are going to camp to meet with Jesus.

As we enter the camp ground, God desires us to recognise that we are IN HIS PRESENCE. As we keep this thought in mind, and come before Him with "reverence and godly fear," His promises will be fulfilled to us, and our experience at the meeting will be greatly blessed.

REVERENCE IN GOD'S PRESENCE

"The Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him." Hab. 2:20. We recognise this as good instruction for our churches, but we often fail to sense the fact that these words also apply to the places of worship on the camp ground — our large pavilion and other tents especially devoted to the worship of God during the meeting. We are inclined to forget when we enter the tent set apart for the worship of God on the camp ground, that it is indeed the sanctuary of God, and that the instruction which was given to Joshua when the Captain of the Lord's host met him in the way, is for our benefit. "Joshua fell on his face to the earth, and did worship," and the Lord said to him, "Loose thy shoe from off thy foot; for the place whereon thou standest is holy." Josh. 5:14, 15. Similar instruction was given to Moses as God called to him from the midst of the burning bush. Here again the statement was made, "THE PLACE WHEREON THOU STANDEST IS HOLY GROUND." We need to apply this instruction to our worship tents at camp; for the Lord desires His people always to enter into His presence, the presence of the King of Kings, with reverence and godly fear.

The following counsel from the servant of the Lord is very timely, and its application at our camp meetings is very necessary:

"To the humble, believing soul, the house of God on earth is the gate of heaven." — "Testimonies," Vol. 5, p. 491.

"When worshippers enter the place of meeting, they should do so with decorum, passing quietly to their seats. Common talking, whispering, and laughing should not be permitted in the house of worship, either before or after the service." — Vol. 5, p. 492.

"The whispering and laughing and talking which might be without sin in a common business place, should find no sanction in the house where God is worshipped. The mind should be prepared to hear the Word of God, that it may have due weight, and suitably impress the heart.

"When the minister enters, it should be with dignified, solemn mein. . . . Solemnity rests upon all, and angels of God are brought very near. Every one of the congregation, also, who fears God, should with bowed head unite in silent prayer with him, that God may grace the meeting with His presence, and give power to His truth proclaimed from human lips." — Vol. 5, pp. 492, 493.

"When the benediction is pronounced, all should still be quiet, as if fearful of losing the peace of Christ. Let all pass out without jostling or loud talking, feeling that they are in the presence of God, that His eye is resting upon them, and that they must act as in His visible presence. Let there be no stopping in the aisles to visit or gossip, thus blocking them up so that others cannot pass out. The precincts of the church should be invested with a sacred reverence. It should not be made a place to meet old friends, and visit and introduce common thoughts and worldly business transactions. These should be left outside the church. God and angels have been dishonoured by the careless, noisy, laughing and shuffling of feet heard in some places." — Vol. 5, p. 494.

A failure to remember this good counsel

grieves the angel of God from us, but if this instruction is heeded, the presence of the heavenly messengers will be felt, bringing peace and joy to our hearts. The influence of our actions upon others must be considered, as a lack of reverence is positively harmful to many new believers and visitors to our annual gathering. I have known several of our new members who have had an intense struggle, which almost discouraged them, as they witnessed the lack of reverence in some of our churches.

I am sure that we all have an intense desire to see the twofold purpose of God for our camp meetings fulfilled; that we ourselves may experience the greatest spiritual help possible from our attendance at the camp, and that visitors to our annual gathering will be deeply impressed and in their hearts say, "We will go with you: for we have heard that God is with you." Zech. 8:23.

Shall we not all unite in earnest prayer that the 1937 camp meetings may be seasons of exceptionally rich blessings to the people of God, and that many souls may accept the message as a result.

W. J. WESTERMAN.

NORTH QUEENSLAND MISSION

Office Address: Box 266B,
Townsville, Q.

They Have Done It !

Yes, they've done it, and what a thrill it was, too! Of course, you all have your Ingathering aim, but you must forgive two-year-old Townsville's excitement; you see, it is the first time they have reached their goal without outside help, and gone so far beyond it.

The aim allotted to us was £55. The members were thrilled for the work, and strained at the leash like well-trained hounds, hot on the scent. When that spirit is present, aims are nothing.

Tell those whom you visit that the end of all things is at hand. The Lord Jesus Christ will open the door of their hearts, and will make upon their minds lasting impressions.

Strive to arouse men and women from their spiritual insensibility. Tell them how you found Jesus, and how blessed you have been since you gained an experience in His service. . . . Let your cheerful, encouraging words show that you have certainly found the higher way. This is genuine missionary work, and as it is done, many will awake as from a dream.

Even while engaged in their daily employment, God's people can lead others to Christ. . . . They need not think that they are left to depend on their own feeble efforts. Christ will give them words to speak that will refresh and encourage and strengthen poor, struggling souls who are in darkness. — "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. 9, pp. 38, 39.

One brother went to his first territory, and worked all day. Home, wash, tea, and out to the open-air meeting where he conducted the singing. The meeting over, home and bed by 10 p.m., but his day was not yet done. He must be on duty at twelve midnight, and there he stayed till 8 a.m. Home and rest? — No, for hardly had he changed before there was a knock at the door, and the invitation, "Come Ingathering today? I will help you." What would have you said? Our brother's reply was to get his magazines and card, and if you had gone over to the south side of the town you would have seen him tapping on other folks' doors, telling the story of mission trials and triumphs. All day, then home, and to work.

Then there is our Scotchman. Do you remember him, Brother Brash? Well, if there was one person determined NOT to go Ingathering, it was he! Now, don't misunderstand me; it was not that he wanted to be different; no, with him it was a matter of principle. But we remember the day when, just as the second meeting of Pastor Stratford's convention was opening, our brother rose to his feet. In a few words he explained his change of views. He had discussed them with Pastors Stratford and Bird, and now he was foursquare for Ingathering. Although just then he was working all day and half the night, and on Sundays he usually slept in, he resolved he would go on Sunday. We laugh at his disgust when, after a hard-fought canvass with another Scot, he came out the victor and threepence better off. "Fancy a Scot offering another Scot threepence!" he exclaimed. When the achieved aim was announced, this same brother was on his feet. "And are we going to sit down now, or are we going to finish the territory?" he asked. And — that is the spirit that helped Townsville to make its record.

"Good! an hour and a half to wait!" It is not very often that a traveller speaks that way, is it? But you see it is Ingathering time, and that makes a difference. Out of his case, from where they lay among his account books, came those familiar magazines to tell their story to the few inhabitants of Mirriwinni. One and a half hour's work, and eighteen shillings toward the aim. And, do you know, those people remembered him from his visit four years before? Here a little, there a little, is our brother's motto; not a mispent moment anywhere.

Thanks to three of our sisters — sisters with family ties and all the work that goes with homes — three bands reached their aims. Up early and about the housework, leaving everything that could possibly wait, quickly they set to work; no fuss, no bother, out early and late.

Then there is the church chauffeur. Any volunteers for Aitkinville? A forest of hands, mostly young folk, was the answer. How shall we go? — In the usual way; Brother B. offered himself, his truck, and the benzine. It is a habit with him. You can depend upon him always.

A visitor came forward. She had Ingathered in the south, but would like to do a bit more for the Master and for Townsville. We heard no more of her until she handed in her amount at the end of the week.

Two youngsters walked three miles to their territory, and despite blistered heels and aching feet they carried on. These are the ways Townsville got its aim.

Two weeks saw the goal reached. But on they went, setting records and shattering them, ever on to higher goals and more thrilling experiences. How that little band worked! Then with £98 behind them and one more day's work ahead — and that in the poorest section — they were out in the territory at nine sharp. And now the day and the territory are done; they have their receipts; the £100 has been obtained and passed, the total has crept up to £102, and like the heroes they are, they rest on their oars, well pleased.

That is the end as far as we know it yet; but the thrill lingers, bringing back memories of the joys of service in the way with the Master. But that is not the only reminder. There are the interests awakened which we are certain will bear fruit for the kingdom, in souls found while we went on the errands of our Master in behalf of the heathen.

MISSIONARY LEADER.

After Many Years

Last year while on my way to the Union Conference session in Melbourne, I stopped off a few days at my old home at Scott's Creek, S.A. On the Sunday evening I went to the old Methodist church on the hill where I have preached so often and where, too, much of my spiritual life was moulded. I had no sooner reached the church than I was asked to take the service. "But," I protested, "your preacher is here." "Never mind," they said, "we want you to take it. We are sure he will not mind." And so I took my stand behind the old familiar pulpit, while the preacher sat in front of me with his eyes cast down.

While back at the old place a few years ago, I was on the Methodist plan for seven Methodist churches. Then, naturally, I preached subjects more in keeping with Methodism. Here was my opportunity to preach again. On what should I preach? It would be easy to give some neutral gospel sermon to those gathered there. "But no," I thought, "here is an opportunity to testify to the truth of the message I accepted in that village years ago under the labours of Brother Alfred Sperring."

I chose the subject, "Armageddon." The message went home to the hearts of the people. There before me sat one of my brothers and his wife. There, too, was the foremost business man of the district. After the meeting this gentleman said, "I enjoyed that sermon. That is the preaching we need in this church. Methodists are starved today." He said he would endeavour to persuade the resident minister in charge of the circuit to allow me to preach there again on my return from Melbourne. I was not permitted. Evidently that lecture has finished my preaching in that Methodist church. I feel somewhat disappointed and sad over it. The preacher who sat back was very angry, and bore an indignant protest to the resident minister.

However, all things work together for good to those who love God. I asked a number whether they would like to hear a series of prophetic lectures, as I thought I could arrange for some one to come up from Adelaide to speak. They said they would like it very much. I spent my last evening at the old home before returning

here to Perth. During the afternoon of that day, my sister-in-law asked if they might have a study in the home that night. She felt sure neighbours would come. The talk at the church had interested her. Well, I spoke to a room full of interested people that night.

On the Adelaide station next day I saw Pastors S. L. Patching and T. J. Bradley, and it was agreed to do something for Scott's Creek. Pastor Bradley eventually went to Scott's Creek, took a hall and preached the message, with the result that about a dozen or more are now meeting in Sabbath school. I learned this from a letter written to me by my aged mother, who has passed her eighty-seventh year. If I had preached a simple sermon in the church that Sunday night instead of preaching on a distinctive doctrine of prophecy, the interest would not have been created.

Our mission is moving very nicely here in Perth. So far we have baptised twenty-three this year, and twenty more are awaiting baptism. Quite a number of men in good employment have taken hold.

Miss Nippress and Miss McIntosh are enjoying their work and are rejoicing in the results. God is giving the increase.

W. M. R. SCRAGG.

Influence Lives On

Brief, very brief, oftentimes, is our contact with people as we pass along in service down the ways of life. The results of our influence some of us may never know this side of the Judgment. But it pays to give cheerfully of our best, even if the contact is but momentary, and the one concerned a stranger. We cannot give what we do not possess. That is axiomatic. But what we are so often comes out unconsciously to help or hinder fellow pilgrims along life's way. "What I have, give I thee," said Peter with John to the expectant cripple at the temple gate. What he gave was a life's influence sanctified by the Master, Jesus Christ. We have need, as workers, to remember this, in whatever capacity we serve in the great commission. Of what we have, good or ill, we drop a pebble into the pond of some human thought or life, and the wave of influence rolls on.

There came to our desk the other day a simple, impressive illustration of this. Learning of the death of our beloved "Teddy" Norris, one of our colporteurs, an utter stranger to us wrote the following letter. Hopeful that it will be of help to other workers, colporteurs or otherwise, we pass it on in full.

"The N.S.W. Tract Society,
21 Gordon Avenue,
Hamilton.

"Dear Sirs,

"It was with regret that I learned recently of the death of Mr. E. Norris.

"I can well believe that, in his passing, your denomination has lost one of its valued workers, and the world in general a very gracious personality. He was here for only a few minutes twice in connection with the sale of books, which I received in good order. I had never met him before. Yet I cannot forget his quiet, unassuming way, although, on the other hand, he was enthusiastic about his Master's business.

"If I, as I go about my everyday work, should impress people with a like simplicity

and gentleness of character, I should feel that my life bears witness that the God I believe in lives.

"Mr. Norris certainly lost himself (or 'found' himself) in his job. He was a salesman, but before that he was absorbed in the Christ he represented. I could only wish that my religion was as definite a witness as that.

"Please convey my sympathy to his relatives, and congratulations that they possessed such a young man."

J. W. KENT.

From the Most Western Church in New South Wales

Much water has flowed under the bridge since any item of interest from Broken Hill has appeared in the columns of the "Record," but not because there was nothing of note to report; on the contrary, we have been enjoying rather a full programme.

Nearly two years ago, Brother J. Eggins appeared on the scene of action, and those who know him are well acquainted with his enthusiasm and zeal for work and thoroughness. He just rolled up his sleeves and battled straight in, and reconstructed the church to such an extent that many of the Ingatherers from South Australia who visited here in the old days would scarcely recognise this renovated structure.

The people here are very grateful indeed for the assistance rendered by Brother and Sister Eggins during their short stay. As the church had been several years without a conference worker, we certainly regretted the early departure of Brother and Sister Eggins.

However, the Lord never closes one door without opening another, and shortly afterward Brother and Sister G. J. Parker came to labour in our midst. Because of their coming, our love for Brother and Sister Eggins and family has not in any degree lessened, as we shall always keep a warm corner in our hearts for them.

We are also very grateful to Brethren Ibbott and Basham, who sometimes came in long distances from their canvassing territory to supply us with spiritual food, even before we were part of the South N.S.W. Conference. Since then, Brother H. White in company with his bookmen, combined with business, has in his usual brisk manner rendered considerable assistance in all the services. Pastors R. E. Hare, H. E. Piper, and E. L. Minchin have visited us on different occasions, during which times a profitable and spiritual experience has been enjoyed.

Now I want to enlarge on the work done by Brother and Sister Parker. Ladies first! Sister Parker, although her health has been very indifferent, has accomplished quite a deal. She and Brother Parker gained the confidence of the young people by organising public socials, also private ones in their own homes, all of an educational nature.

Our young people need not only our sympathy and prayers, but also our practical help. We are very proud of our young people. They are a bright, responsive band of young folk and quite talented, too. During the preaching service, the primary and intermediate children met in an anteroom every alternate Sabbath under the direction of Sister Parker. They started with "Creation," and other Bible subjects fol-

lowed, the kindergarten method being employed. I am quite confident that this system helps to keep our young people in the church.

Sister Parker also organised a Welfare Society, and though yet in its infancy, considerable help has already been supplied to the needy. We are hopeful that by careful and guarded distribution, many will be won to the faith as a result of its work.

Brother Parker has a broad vision in regard to soul-winning. His method is to get the church members right, promote unity and harmony and the spirit of prayer, and automatically souls will be added.

Brother Parker is blessed in that he possesses to a rare degree the trait of character which invites confidence and inspires hope, and by this means many wrongs have been righted without ever coming before an officers' meeting. Different members have confided to me that he has been a tower of strength to them in church problems and difficulties. I can personally testify the same for myself. This has all come about by the study of the Word. He stands foursquare for the message, and is certainly a contender for the faith that was once delivered to the saints. Brother Parker has not allowed any grass to grow under his feet in regard to the teaching of the word. Once a week a Bible class was held to instruct folk how to give Bible studies, from which much good should accrue.

The work is certainly onward in this part of the vineyard. Those reclaimed, together with the new converts, number approximately twelve.

When the church gains such a vision as Isaiah did of the holiness of God and its own undone condition, then souls will be won and the work will be finished.

Soon Jesus is coming to settle the eternal destinies of men. May we have that abiding experience which will enable us to stand with the redeemed of all ages, and march in that grand procession which will one day in the near future go through the pearly gates into eternity.

As Brother Parker leaves tonight for camp, we wish him much of God's blessing. Other members are planning to leave later.

Quite a number of friends farewelled Brother Lewis Sibley when he left last week to take part in the erection of camp. Brother Sibley, by his quiet, unassuming, yet dignified bearing, has won the respect of the church members, and he was the recipient of many little gifts in recognition of the many kind acts performed by him. As he sets his face Zionward we wish him Godspeed.
NELLIE CAHIE.

Notice

The sixteenth annual session of the North N.S.W. Conference will be held Nov. 30 to Dec. 12, 1937, at the time of the camp meeting on the Newcastle Show Ground, near Broadmeadow Railway Station.

The first meeting of the camp will be at 7.30 p.m. on November 30, and the business of the conference will commence at 11.30 a.m. on December 1, when we desire all delegates to be in attendance.

We shall be pleased to hear early from all who desire accommodation on the camp ground.
L. J. IMRIE,
Secretary.

WEDDING BELLS

DEANE - VICARY. — On the evening of September 11, the home of the celebrant was the scene of a quiet but happy wedding. On this occasion Vivian Earle Deane of Arncliffe and Sister Evelyn Vicary of Campsie were united in the sacred bonds of matrimony. With their many friends, we join in Christian felicitations, praying that the peace and benediction of heaven may bless their united lives.

W. MORRIS.

BARTON - SMITH. — The Congregational church, Wollongong, kindly lent for the occasion, was the scene of a very happy wedding on September 1. The contracting parties were Brother Leonard Barton of Coledale and Sister Mavis Smith of Thirroul. Kind hands had decorated the church with fragrant blooms and greenery, befitting such an occasion and symbolising the freshness and beauty of young manhood and womanhood. That these two hearts, knit together in affection and truth, may so walk life's pathway here that at the end of the journey they may together enter the pearly gates of the Paradise of God, is the prayer of the celebrant and writer.

W. MORRIS.

OBITUARY

Death of Colporteur Evangelist Norris

As the result of an accident, Brother Edward Norris died in the Taree hospital on August 12, 1937.

Since leaving the Australasian Missionary College at the close of 1933, Brother Norris had been engaged in colporteur work in the North N.S.W. Conference.

Arriving late in the evening at Rocks Crossing, thirty-five miles from Taree, he obtained a bed for the night from a farmer. For years Brother Norris had made it a practice to go out and pray under the stars before retiring for the night. When the family retired to rest, he went out through the back gate into the night, and ignorant of the dangerous nature of the creek bank near by, stepped over a precipice, and fell to the rocks fourteen feet below.

It is conjectured that his head struck a large stone in the creek bed. The host, becoming concerned over his prolonged absence, went out to find him unconscious at the foot of the creek bank. Everything possible was done for his recovery, but he did not regain consciousness before passing away ten days later.

"Teddy," as he was familiarly and lovingly known to a large circle of friends, died as he lived, courageous and true.

It was not his to kindle the beacons on the heights of human fame. But he did more than that. He kept the lamps burning on the altar of loyalty to his God, and faithfulness in service to his fellow men.

He was true in service. Of him our Field Missionary Secretary said, "We found him honest in all his dealings, faithful in his work, and always he gave willingly of his best in whatever was required of him.

Hearing of his death, many to whom he sold books testified of the inspiration that his brief association with them brought into their lives. Cheerful and unassuming of disposition, and brave of heart, he met the challenge of death with a smile on his pale lips. Many will have cause to remember the life of "Teddy" Norris.

And now he rests through the night till the dawning of the day. On a quiet hillside in the Dawson cemetery, Taree, we laid him to rest according to the rites of the great message to which he remained so true. People came many miles to pay their last respects to his memory.

To his widowed mother and sister afar in New Zealand, and to near friends we extend our sincere sympathy.

J. W. KENT.

STAFFORD. — On September 19, after a lingering illness, Leo Stafford, eldest son of Brother and Sister C. Stafford of Coorabong, N.S.W., passed away in the Alfred Hospital, Melbourne, at the age of 27 years. In the Box Hill cemetery he was laid to rest till the call of the Life-giver. His faith in his Saviour was always strong, and his life never failed to give testimony to that fact. To the sorrowing relatives we extend our deepest sympathy. Brother B. E. Hadfield assisted the writer at the graveside.

E. H. GUILLIARD.

PAHL. — After an illness of several weeks, Sister Gertrude Helen Pahl passed to her rest at her home in Nelson, N.Z., on September 4, at the age of 74. She was interred in the Nelson cemetery on September 6, services being conducted in the home and at the graveside, in the presence of a large circle of relatives and friends. As Sister Pahl was an invalid for the last three years, it will certainly be a happy time when "the lame man shall leap as a hart," and "the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick."

L. O. SONTER.

HOSKINS. — After a short illness, Sister Hephzibah (Effie) Ellen Hoskins, like a tired child, fell asleep in Jesus on September 5. Sister Hoskins was 80 years of age, and was one of the early believers in Australia, accepting the truth during the days of Pastors J. O. Corliss and M. C. Israel. Some twelve months ago Sister Hoskins left Warburton to reside with her only daughter, Sister L. A. Butler, the wife of our conference secretary, who tenderly cared for her during the closing months of her sojourn on earth. Sister Hoskins was laid to rest in the Toowong (Brisbane) cemetery, another saint to await the call when Jesus comes. Pastor Gane and the writer conducted, in the presence of a large circle of friends, services at the funeral parlour and the graveside.

R. J. BURNS.

CARRIER. — Visitors to forthcoming Parramatta encampment, I am still at your service, and can handle your furniture and luggage efficiently. J. A. Ball, Carrier, Moore St., Strathfield. Phone UJ 3373.

FOR SALE. — Two quarter-acre level building blocks adjoining Sanitarium ground. Water, electricity, gas in street. Together or separate. Cash or terms. For further particulars, Mrs. J. J. Todd, 153 Fox Valley Rd., Wahroonga, N.S.W.

Australasian Record

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OF SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS

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In a telegram just received from Pastor Bird, asking for more copies of the 1937 Appeal for Missions magazine and collecting cards, he reports already an overflow of £120 above the aim of £400 for North Queensland. The spirit of the effort in that northern field is well described on another page by a local missionary leader.

We are glad to report that Pastor F. A. Allum is much improved in health since his paralytic stroke nearly three months ago. During the Council he journeyed down to the Sanitarium from his home in Port Macquarie. This week he is able to leave the institution, but will stay in the village and continue the treatments each day for a time. It was good to see him walking into the Union Conference Committee meeting this week, and he hoped to attend some of the meetings of the South New South Wales camp.

From the Brisbane camp ground, the day after the meeting opened, Pastor A. G. Stewart wrote: "The camp is nicely situated on Kalinga Park, which is well studded with trees. It is a residential area, and we hope to see a number of the neighbours at the meetings. There was a good attendance last night for our opening meeting, when each of the Union Conference delegates spoke briefly. The writer preached on 'Fulfilling Prophecy and Its Meaning to Mankind.' The people are particularly pleased to see Pastor and Sister Fulton. We are glad they are here. The weather is very pleasant with cool nights and warm days."

The newspapers are giving a good deal of publicity to the Brisbane encampment. We clip a few paragraphs from the "Courier Mail." "The 200 tents range from the main pavilion for meetings to small tents for families. Neatly furnished, these temporary homes are spotlessly clean, and some have electric light... A doctor and a nurse from one of the Adventist hospitals will attend the camp to talk about food values and the prevention and cure of ailments. . . . A choir of 40 voices and an orchestra of eight players is in attendance. . . . All the world over, the Seventh-day Adventists hold their annual camps of devotion in the same way, and up to a thousand tents are often erected in some of the American States. The camp undoubtedly is an inspiration to the congregation, because it brings them together as one big unit from many parts and induces a strong spiritual atmosphere."

Accompanying a letter of appreciation to "Record" readers, which he wrote after his recovery from blackwater fever in Papua, Brother Ralph Farrar gives this vivid glimpse of mission life: "The boat is

due today, but I fear we shall be disappointed, as the wind has been severe and the rain falling in torrents for several days. Last month we were fortunate enough to receive our mail, but all our goods were carried on. When the boat returned, the weather was still adverse, so everything was taken back to Port Moresby. And the prospects are looking no brighter this time. Being in an open bay with no protection, the waves come pounding in unmercifully on the beach just in front of us. I am glad to be able to tell you that I am improving gradually, gaining more strength each week." Four days afterwards Brother Farrar wrote: "Although late, the boat arrived, and we were very happy to receive our mailbag. But our goods have gone on, still in the boat's hold."

One of the officers of our Sanitarium church in Manila, Philippine Islands, when writing to express his appreciation of the "Missionary Leader," gave the following news items: "We have a fine group of young people, most of whom are nurses at the Sanitarium. They are enthusiastic in all lines of missionary activities, in spite of the heavy duties which they are carrying as nurses. The Sanitarium is full to capacity now, due to the presence of Dr. Miller. He is famous in the Philippines, and every time he comes the people, rich and poor, flock to him. We have many of our foreign workers here now. Most of our American brethren in China are being evacuated here. . . . God has made it possible for me to get Sabbath off from the bank with which I am connected. This is a very rare privilege. There are a few of our brethren who enjoy this special concession in the Philippines. The officials of the bank are very good in regard to the religious convictions of the staff. It is my desire so to live that God may be glorified by my daily life."

News from China

Mrs. C. C. Crisler, who arrived in Sydney from China just before the war, writes: "The workers who evacuated to Manila and Hongkong from Shanghai at the beginning of hostilities, are establishing themselves for the strengthening of the missionary activities wherever this is possible. Hongkong will serve as a temporary headquarters. Offices have been rented, and the several departments reorganised for work.

"One of the refugee workers writes: 'We are safe. Indeed, I have felt no fear for personal safety, and hope to get back to Shanghai as soon as possible to salvage anything worth while that is left. I can take "joyfully," or without too much regret, the spoiling of my own goods, but could shed gallons of tears over the ruination that has come to our office building and much that it held.'

"The properties at Ningkuo Road, Shanghai, headquarters for the China Division, have been badly damaged, no building in the compound having wholly escaped. The Shanghai clinic, situated in a district that saw some of the fiercest of the fighting, has been struck several times, but is still standing. Fortunately, it was possible to remove some supplies and equipment from the clinic to a rented building in the

French concession, and here Dr. Dale is carrying on medical work.

"To see the work to which they have given their lives thus ruthlessly broken down, and to set themselves to the task of holding what is left and rebuilding what has been destroyed — this is taking courage on the part of our China missionaries, and not only courage for the present duty, but faith in the future of God's cause in China, and daily dependence on Him for wisdom and guidance. Shall we not be constant in our prayers in their behalf, remembering also with deepest solicitude our torn and scattered churches throughout so large a portion of the land?"

In Appreciation

At such a time as this, I feel that I must use my pen to glorify God for His goodness and mercy to me, a humble servant of His, who has received a special favour from the Majesty of heaven.

During my recent illness, and with the burden and worry which were thrust upon my good wife, we were at no time discouraged, for we knew that many kind folks in Australia and New Zealand were upholding us in faith before the throne of grace. What a privilege it is to have the confidence of definitely knowing that the Lord is working, as the Great Physician.

Right here I wish to thank you, one and all, for the special prayers which you have so willingly offered on my behalf, and which God in His mercy has seen fit to answer. I can surely testify that the prayers of faith HAVE healed the sick.

What a comfort it is to know that intercession is being made continually in the interest of such as ourselves, particularly when so isolated in these dark lands.

May God give you still greater faith and trust in Him as you read these lines, and realise with us that "the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither His ear heavy, that it cannot hear."

RALPH FARRAR.

Advent Radio Church

2UE SYDNEY

Subjects for Sunday Afternoon Sessions,
5.15 to 6 p.m.

- OCT. 10: "Jerusalem, the Coveted City; The Focal Point of All Ages."
- OCT. 17: "Judas, the Man Nobody Is Named After. Was He Predestined to Betray Christ?"
- OCT. 24: "Creation or Evolution?"
- OCT. 31: "The Price of Peace. What Is the Remedy for This Troubled World?"

Invite your friends to listen in!

Important Dates

CAMP MEETINGS

- Northern Rivers: Sept. 30-Oct. 10.
- South N.S.W.: Oct. 5-17.
- North N.S.W.: Nov. 30-Dec. 12.
- South New Zealand: Jan. 5-16.
- Victoria: Jan. 11-23.
- North New Zealand: Jan. 18-30.
- Tasmania: Feb. 10-20.
- West Australia: Feb. 22-March 6.
- South Australia: March 16-27.
- North Queensland: May 10-22.