When I Find It Hard to Pray

W. E. Sangster

One day a university student came to see me on the matter of prayer. He reminded me of an address which I had given recently, and asked whether he had understood me aright when he heard me say that John Henry Newman and Andrew Bonar both gave two hours a day to prayer. I said he had heard me correctly. I went on to say that there was nothing singular about that so far as the saints were concerned, and talked to him of the devotional habits of other people who hungered and thirsted after righteousness, and how, despite their exceedingly busy lives, they were prodigal with hours spent in prayer.

His bewilderment grew. "What beats me," he said, "is how they filled up the time. It is hard to imagine how men with many duties to do could give the amount of time to it; but it is still harder to know how they used it, once it was set aside. I can't pray for ten minutes. I've tried. I kneel down every night and just ask God to forgive me for anything I've done wrong. I thank Him for His blessings. I mention mother and father and my other relations. I say a word about my friends and the church, and then I'm done. Sometimes I stay a bit longer, but my mind keeps going off at a tangent, and I've nothing more to say. Five minutes covers it. How people can pray for two hours beats me."

The perplexity of that young man is a very common one. It is not to be confused with doubts about the theory and efficacy of prayer: it is a matter of method and practice. Many folk who have no difficulty about the duty and value of devotion, and who are not barring their own way by deliberate indulgence in known sin, fail in the act of prayer. Some who have been Christians for years are still in the kindergarden of this school, and seeing that prayer is the very heart of the devotional life, their spiritual progress clearly depends on learning how to pray. In the days of His flesh, His disciples said, "Lord, teach us to pray."

He is able to teach us still. The obstacles to prayer are many, though some are mere excuses, and would quickly yield to a resolute act of will. There is the difficulty about time. People complain that their busy lives give them no time for prayer, but it is usually a shallow evasion because they clearly find time for less important things—the newspaper and amusements. No one deeply in love would fail to find time for a daily word with the loved one, if the loved one lived at hand. Christ stole time from His sleep to pray. Wesley rose every morning at 4 a.m. for the same purpose. Francis Asbury was astir at five. The first thing in the morning is the best time for prayer, but if peculiar circumstances really make that impossible, the keen mind will find time before the day is old. One of the busiest women I have known, a working-class woman with a large family, keeps her tryst with God in the early afternoon when the last member of the family has returned from the midday meal. Before beginning again, she reads the Book of God and spends time in unburied prayer. "Then," she says, "I wire in again." It is not always possible for a will to find a way, but it is possible in the matter of prayer. Time can be found. One could begin with a minimum rule of fifteen minutes each day. Even so slight an investment of well-used time would bring a vast and precious gain.

Then there is the difficulty about place. If it is possible, it is glorious to have a little oratory in the home, some private spot kept for devotions and marked by a sacred picture or symbol. Such a spot gathers associations, and calls us to prayer even when inclination ebbs.

But that is not always possible. In overcrowded homes privacy is hard to find, and people complain that this prevents them from praying. It need not. Let them start earlier for work and slip into a church and pray there. And let them strive to build an oratory within their heart, a sacred silence inside them, to which they can retreat in the midst of noise and chatter. It is astonishing how a real secret chamber can be built within the heart, by imagination and consecrated thought. In an overcrowded room, in a bus or train, or tram, the mind can learn by practice how to be deaf to all distractions and climb the hidden stair to the sacred place; a quiet room, a garden, however one has pictured it, but where Jesus abides and greets you with a smile, and says, "You have come." The saints have long known the secret.

When Charles de Foucauld was living his hermit life in the deserts of North Africa, he was sometimes invited by the French officers to their mess. He went. At table he was the centre of all wholesome fun. Story followed story, and Foucauld laughed with the rest. But as the evening wore on, the company would get more than merry. Perhaps the colonel's stories passed the limit of propriety, and then Foucauld, judging a public rebuke ill-timed, left the fellowship. He still sat at the table, but he withdrew himself to the secret chamber of his soul. He dropped out. He did not hear. He thought of other things. Quite often, someone would notice and remark that the father must be scandalized, but the hermit-saint waved their excuses aside. "I was not listening," he would say. "I did not hear." And it was true. He was in his oratory, the oratory which any man can build within his soul.

No, should it be forgotten by those whose prayers are hindered by the lack of privacy, that it is always possible to go for a walk with Jesus. What conver-
sation one can have with Christ on a lonely walk!

"Where'er we seek Thee Thou art found, And every place is hallowed ground."

Some people complain that they are too weary to pray. Inquiry shows that this excuse is made by those who leave their prayer to the end of a tired day. It is both irreverent and unprofitable to treat our devotions in such a fashion. The majority of us come to our beds heavy with fatigue, and some final act of committal is the most we are capable of. If our serious prayer is all left till then it is small wonder if we find it a burden, and fall asleep as we pray.

"Rabbi" Duncan, at one time professor of Hebrew in New College, Edinburgh, and a man of vast learning in the Oriental tongues, was suspected by his students of offering his private prayers in Hebrew. It is said that two of them determined to prove the truth or falsity of this rumour by listening outside his bedroom door just as he had retired for the night. Everything went according to plan. They heard the old scholar potter about his work, but the words were too soft to be made out and they knew that "Rabbi" Duncan had gone to sleep. Reverence, as well as the simple sense of the thing, demands that we pray before we are too weary to pray well. (Concluded next week.)

The Housewife and Family Finance

H. H. COBBAN

"I know very little about our business affairs, for my husband always paid the bills and looked after all those things. I have never had to concern myself with them." Thus spoke a widow whose husband had suddenly died. The poor woman was greatly perplexed because she did not know how to go about attending to certain items of business. Everything was new and strange to her, and she anxiously feared these matters only served to add to the already upset condition of her mind. Her husband had been devoted, and would not knowingly have added to her burdens for anything in the world, and yet had he allowed her to share more fully in the business responsibilities of the family she would not now have been forced to tread on unknown and strange territory when it became necessary for her to care for such business. This woman's experience can be duplicated many times over, and it is with the hope that there may be fewer such experiences that this article is written.

A recognition that husband and wife are partners in family affairs is of paramount importance in any arrangement for the handling of family finance. This does not mean that each is not to have particular and definite responsibilities, but it should be done in such a way as to make both feel in charge of the responsibilities of the other. Then, of course, there are problems which must be solved by mutual counsel. All sharing of knowledge and responsibility makes for mutual understanding and sympathy.

It is proper that the head of the family take prime responsibility for the major items of business connected with the family life, such as providing a home, whether rented, purchased, or built; and the greater the understanding the wife has of these things the better she will be able to care for them in ease of emergency.

If the home is rented, the wife should know the amount of the monthly or quarterly rent, and how and when it should be paid. If the home is owned and there is a mortgage or a trust on it, she should know when payments are due, to whom they are to be paid, and should know how to complete the interest statement. Even if she does not have the responsibility of actually making these payments, it would be helpful to her if, while her husband is living, she would make the computations just as if she were himself handling the business. A woman of the writer's acquaintance does this for her own satisfaction and in order to be prepared to handle such business should circumstances make it necessary for her to do so. From time to time she compares her figures with those of her husband, and thus the figures of both are verified. Other instalment payments carrying interest charges could be handled in the same way.

Of course a woman should be familiar with the handling of a bank account, even though it may not be necessary for her personally to use it. She should know how to make deposits and write cheques, and should know how to keep a proper cheque stub record, so that under no circumstances will the bank account be overdrawn. Even though the husband may be the only one who plans to write cheques, the bank account should be a joint account, provision being made for either husband or wife to draw cheques. If this is done and the husband dies, the wife can without difficulty make use of any balance in the account. If the husband is in the middle of doing business, then the money is completely tied up until such time as the estate of the husband is handled through a probate court. Should the husband have died intestate (without a will), then the money is tied up until such time as the estate of the husband is handled through a probate court. If the home is owned by both husband and wife, the wife has a legal right to use the funds, no matter how her husband may have used them. This is important in ease of emergency, and is proper that the head of the family attend to it through the probate court.

In ease of emergency, some people fail than on any other is the habit or practice of buying on credit and becoming involved in instalment payments which month by month absorb a large part of the family income. It is easy to become involved in this way, for the purchase of an article seems so easy when only a small payment is required each month; but when other bills and instalments must also be handled promptly, an additional strain is put on the instalments and the family may become the straw that breaks the camel's back.

A budget covering certain household expenses can be very helpful to a woman, and a budget can be a very simple thing. To some the operation of a budget is believed to involve an elaborate system of accounting. This need not be the case at all. What is a budget? It may be said to be a programme of spending that is in harmony with the income. On the one hand it is an estimate of income for a given period. On the other hand it is an estimate of how that income is to be spent, and the successful operation of a budget depends upon keeping expenditures within the income. If in making a budget estimated expenditures exceed the expected income, there is but one thing to do, and that is to cut down on the items of expense and then refuse to spend more than is estimated.

Let us suppose a wife wishes to operate her culinary expense on a budget plan. What is the simplest way for her to go about it? First let her keep account for a month or two of the amount spent for groceries and other items of expense in connection with her kitchen. She can by this means discover about what is the average outlay of the family for its table expense. During the time she has been keeping account of the expense she may have discovered that one item such as high-priced foods or luxuries which the family could have done without and which have made the average expense for the period quite high. If such should be the case, then she may feel that for budget purposes a lower average should be set as a guide for the monthly or weekly
Bills covering purchases of clothing and other family expenditures may be handled in a similar manner, but it should always be remembered that the value of a budget rests upon its forming a pro-

ome of expenditure which will always
be within the estimated income. A budget
which allows for expenditure larger than
income is of no practical value, except as
it may reveal that the individual, family,
or organization whose budget it is is
headed for misfortune and trouble.

The wife who will do her part in
keeping family expenditures within the family
income, and who can understandably
share in the problems of family finance
for which her husband is responsible, is
a valuable and worthy partner in the
family organization. By such a sharing
of problems and responsibilities, and by
maintaining a proper element of co-opera-
tion, the financial structure of the family is likely
to weather many a gale under which it
would otherwise crash.
Seven Months’ Mail in One Day

F. P. WARD

How quickly time passes! As Session convenes once more we are reminded that we have now been on Pitcairn Island more than three years. While there have been peculiar difficulties to meet here through these years, we have enjoyed many kindnesses at the hands of the people. We must express our thankfulness to God, too, for keeping us and blessing us with many good things.

We cannot tell of large numbers added to the church since our arrival here. There have been no baptisms. Having decreased from 117, our church membership now stands at 102. Five members have been sorrowfully laid in their dusty beds to sleep till Jesus calls them. On Thursday last we laid to rest one of our schoolboys. A big, strong-looking lad, he wasted away in a few months, and we are very sorry to have had to say goodbye to him. Others have gone away from the island, and we have received no word from them.

Though we have not been as lonely as might be expected, we have appreciated our mail as it has come along from time to time. Our first mail after arriving was received about seven weeks after we left Sydney. We thought that was a good while to wait for mail, but now we can look upon a few weeks as a very reasonable time for mail days. Do you know, they saved up our mail last time for seven months! And then didn’t we have a great time with our “three bags full!” — more than 300 letters, besides papers and parcels. Since the war started ships have been very scarce, and usually those that have called have brought no food and no mail.

For a long time no stores arrived, even of those that were ordered, and we, with the islanders, had to depend largely on island produce. This, while including a variety of fruit and vegetables, needs to be supplemented with other foods to a certain extent. But we were better off than many of the islanders. Some were without bread for months. They joked about having to live on “boiled Sydney and cow peas.” “Sydney” is one kind of banana. They were short of coconuts, and had no butter or other fat. Fish helped out somewhat. When we were short of some of the things the people made biscuits of manioc without shortening or eggs. Also they made biscuits of cow peas in the same way.

Now that ships do not often call, the people have less chance to sell their curios, so it is hard for them to find money with which to buy the food they need.


Anything which weakens the conviction that our security is only in God is dangerous, and nothing weakens that conviction more than the love of money. A high sense of stewardship is the antidote.

— W. E. Sangster.
By radio we are kept informed regarding the various moves of the nations. A few times we have received news direct from Australia. Messages can be sent and trod by radio, and this makes a close connection with the homeland. Only the other day we were happy to receive a message from the Session assembled at The Entrance. Previous to the war we could talk and hear on the island amateur radio station (Andrew Young in charge). We enjoyed conversations with America and other places. We had regular "skeds" with Dr. Harold Graham of the White Memorial Hospital. It was through his courtesy I was made very happy at any time to be able to speak by radio and telephone to Pastor Fulton in his own home.

Now have all heard, I suppose, of the opening of our new post office. A year ago (October 15) was the first day of issue of our new stamps. It was all a great time for Pitcairn island, and meant work for many of us. Now in a new little building, Roy Clark carries on the work of postmaster. And many a rush he has when without previous knowledge of the arrival of a ship he hears the call of "Sail-ho!"

No Sabbath school lesson quarterlies have come in time for the new quarter, so the officers are working on lessons from pamphlets previously used, and from "Bible Readings." Just recently the arrival of twins was the talk of the island. But that event was all eclipsed only a few weeks ago when the very first triplets to be born on Pitcairn came along! Two of the ladies act as midwives, but there is no real nurse on the island. Medical supplies are hard to obtain, too. In times past ships that called gave of what they carried, but now little can be secured in this way, and it is not always the pleasantest thing to have to ask, anyway.

Our school here is running along nicely. With the forty children I have had an assistant till lately. Some of the children like to help as monitors. Some of the parents have expressed pleasure at the progress their children have made. There are a number of good readers. Some have been doing the work of grade seven in arithmetic, etc. Grammar is generally difficult because of the spoken language. Some of the children are like to help as monitors. Some of the parents have expressed pleasure at the progress their children have made. There are a number of good readers. Some have been doing the work of grade seven in arithmetic, etc. Grammar is generally difficult because of the spoken language.

PITCAIRN POST OFFICE

The men carrying the mail are (left to right) Andrew Young, Government Secretary who shares the office as a workroom; Roy Clark, postmaster; Elwyn Christian, usually the "doctor"; and Mr. A. E. Fuller, postal official from Fiji who came to direct the opening of the post office.

The men carrying the mail are (left to right) Andrew Young, Government Secretary who shares the office as a workroom; Roy Clark, postmaster; Elwyn Christian, usually the "doctor"; and Mr. A. E. Fuller, postal official from Fiji who came to direct the opening of the post office.

We realize only too well from facing facts, the dangers of such travel, as the wind and sea are not always favourable; but we do not count our venturing as presumption, for we take all possible care and trust in God's protection for the rest. Our last month's travel of two hundred and fifty miles has been difficult and tiring, but we live and work in hope of some day receiving another ship.

On a recent trip to the north we were greeted by a lengthy sea serpent looking for board and lodgings; while on the return journey we intruded evidently on the hunting-ground of some sea monster which made furious rushes at our canoes with the intent of smashing us with his powerful tail. After a few exciting moments, during which we did some quick manœuvring, he vanished with a final flurry; and with him vanished our visions of a real Jonah experience with a different termination.

Our regular trip south was with two canoes, but owing to heavy weather one was abandoned, and five of us completed the journey in the more seaworthy canoe through many tide rips, against head winds and choppy seas. We thought to sail home, but the wind changed, continual squalls drenched us while we contended with a current of three to four knots and we were thankful to reach an island to rest for the night. Fortune favoured us with a good wind and eight hours' sailing next day, but not a shrimp or a shark did we catch all the way, and we smiled when we neared one of our villages to see the teacher and a companion put out in a small canoe to greet us—towing a fish-line—after our miles of fruitless attempts. We were surprised, however, to see them hook a large swordfish which proved in large canoes, which was then swamped as the fish was hauled to the surface. We called to the teacher to hold till we came, and hold he did. He speared the fish, which then broke the line, but not before we had heard the cry "one hand, slit the gills with the other," then held apart the powerful jaws, while the canoe sank further and water rose up to his shoulders. We took him aboard, with his companion, the fish, which four of us sat on whilst the other canoe was made seaworthy again.

News of the illness of a child on the mission made us hurry home the last eight hours. As I met my wife she asked regretfully if I planned for the future, to which I replied that it was too soon to formulate them under the circumstances. At home I opened a letter from my head teacher in the north, giving news of another mission body's endeavouring to compel the allowance of some of our students. That meant taking on fresh supplies and clean clothes and pointing the prow of the canoe seaward once more.

I planned for Salau and Hoke, a new Solomon Islander who had accompanied me, but the latter was sick, and with the weather growing more boisterous, we decided not to wait. We set out with two canoes again, I in my usual one with four local boys, and Salau with four helpers in another canoe we had ketch-rigged. To guide the other canoe we went first, and upon coming to the dangerous section of the coast we chose to keep close to shore to lead the other canoe in smoother waters. If there were shipwrecks we were within a few minutes to an outlying island. However, the other canoe elected to sail from point to point, a distance of about seventeen miles; so we waited no longer, and soon were scudding along at quite an exciting pace; but nothing to be compared with the speed of the other canoe with the three sails. This factor was the only one which gave us any peace of mind in regard to their safety. If only they could hold their course their speed would be their salvation, for even we were shipping curlers, and crests were breaking inboard, chilling us to the marrow as the sun went down, leaving us watching our companions anxiously. Just as darkness fell I remarked to Garimas, my boy steering, that it appeared as though the other canoe was already past the opening through the outer reef.

Knowing full well the vagaries of wind and tide, we were concerned regarding the news of the night, as we drew up to the point at Valivie and saw the glow of a growing fire and silhouetted figures running to and from the canoe, we knew they were safe, though wet and cold.

Their first question, "You fella come all same what name?" drew from us that we came all the way in the "down" route. "But," insisted Salau, "you fella no behind me fella along big fella short lamp (torch)."

I replied in the negative, and pointed out that at a distance of four to five miles we could be of no assistance with any light we might provide. They then narrated how they had all been too cold to move except Miss, whose work it was to balance the canoe by crawling out on the outrigger; when in the darkness they...
Another Chapter in the Lopez Slaying

E. E. FRANKLIN

We were all startled by a bright light shining in a little village. While reading John 14 several men mounted on horses rode up, threw a lasso into the patio, and dragged him out. They called him a heretic, an impostor, etc. The boy said, "This is what I was doing; I was reading John 14," and he began to read the chapter to the judge. After reading a few verses, he paused to rest as he was very weary and faint from running so far. The judge said, "Read more!" He read the same chapter again, because that was all he knew how to read. Then he asked for a rest. The judge said to the boy, "You are at liberty; this is a wonderful story you have read. I have never heard anything like it before. You are free to go and read this same story everywhere you please. I only make this one request, that you return tomorrow at this same time and read more for us."

This the boy did, returning the second and third day, and so on. Many learned men criticized our colporteur work and became one of the most successful colporteurs in Venezuela. He canvassed for five years, and at the present time is in school, training for the ministry.

Thus the work of a fallen hero is still bearing fruit.

How the Message Came to Me

G. E. BIRD

Just on thirty-five years ago I was married to a Catholic lady. I was not following any religious persuasion, although I believed in a God and in a Saviour—Jesus Christ. I had no religious training apart from reading the Scriptures in the public school and hearing conversations on religious views.

About eighteen months after our marriage I received a visit from the General Conference at Caracas, Venezuela, determine to "carry on" in my spirit ever since for work that was one place we established four new stations, and a fifth village is joining one of ours; so most truly the angel of the Lord encamped round about, and they can do nothing against the truth but for the truth.

A U S T R A L I A N R E C O R D 10/11/41
Naturally those members were ready for the Big Week Effort, and when the order forms were filled in and the supplies distributed, some of the members had quite an armful of literature to take home for their use. The same applied to each company we visited. With that spirit of service we feel confident the £200 will be raised for our mission and interests abroad in the homeland.

It was gratifying to see the zeal and interest manifested by the new believers raised for our missions, and interests awakened in the homeland.

Another member who had always been timid at visiting in the interests of mission was planning definitely to take his stand on August 20. Just a few friends witnessed the uniting of these two lives. As this couple rear another home in the land, may the benediction of God be their daily portion.

Brown is well known to our church members throughout the metropolitan area of Perth. As they make their home in Boulder, we wish them the guidance and blessing of God.

Brown of Horsham, Victoria, and Ruth Mulens of Harden, N.S.W., were quietly united in holy wedlock. Brother John Brown and Sister Emma Eliza Fraser for many years has been a member of the Kalgooorlie church, whilst Sister Brown is well known to our church members.

As they make their home in Perth, we wish them the guidance and blessing of God.

WEEDING BELL

B Gemay—The marriage of James Alvin Few and Hilda Anne Payton was celebrated at South Perth, W.A., in the evening of the 11th of September. This young couple are making their home in South Perth. May the Lord bless their united lives.

B Brennan—The Victoria Park church, W.A., was filled to capacity in the evening of the 20th September, when John Edward Brennan was united in holy wedlock with Dallas Try Ray. We join with their relatives and friends in wishing them much of the blessing and guidance of God.

Pidgeon—Cookson—At the Subiaco church, W.A., on September 9, a number of friends and relatives witnessed the marriage of Allan William Pidgeon and Lilian Effie Cookson. As this couple make their home in Perth we invite the blessing of God upon their united lives.

M. Grolimund.

M. Grolimund.

Birch—Osborne—Walter Birch and Margaret Alice Osborne were quietly married in a private home in Palmyra, W.A., on August 20. Just a few friends witnessed the uniting of these two lives. As this couple rear another home in the land, may the benediction of God be their daily portion.

M. Grolimund.

Brown—Richardson—On August 3 the Warburton church was the setting for a very pretty wedding when Ivan Malcolm Brown of Horsham, Victoria, and Ruth Emily Richardson of Harden, N.S.W., were united in holy wedlock. Both these young people have served the cause of God in the S.H.F. Co. at Warburton, and as they launch out in their new life we wish them God's richest blessing.

J. J. Potter.

Leonard—Slade—In the Seventh-day Adventist church at Wagga, on August 17, Olga Margaret Slade, daughter of Brother and Sister E. C. Slade of Wagga, was united in the bonds of holy matrimony with Frederick John Leonard, son of Frederick Leonard of Sydney. Kind friends tastfully decorated the church, and in the evening many loved ones and friends gathered to wish the young couple much of God's blessing in their united home life. Our best wishes follow them.

F. G. Rampton.

Hay—Butcher—On September 28 many friends and relatives gathered in the Warburton church to witness the marriage of Hayna, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Butcher of Sydney, with William, only son of Mrs. A. Hay, formerly of New Zealand. The bride has given a number of years of efficient and much appreciated service to the interests of the Signs Publishing Co., and the bridegroom, after graduating from the A. M. College, is employed in the S.H.F. Co. May the Lord cause His face to shine upon this well-nourished baby boy five months old.

J. J. Potter.
BREVITIES

An exchange has been arranged between Brother T. Howe, at present engaged in pastoral duties with headquarters at Murwillumbah, N.S.W., and Pastor W. D. Smith of Norfolk Island.

Pastor W. H. Stevens, who for some years was the Itinerant minister for the isolated members of North New Zealand, and more recently has been giving service as an evangelist, has now been called to the post of Home Missions secretary in the same conference.

At the recent final examinations in medicine at the Sydney University, Dr. Alan Hellestrand distinguished himself by coming seventh in a graduating class of one hundred and twenty-six, and winning the Sydney B. Clippsharn prize for operative surgery and the Craig Memorial prize for operative surgery and surgical anatomy. Dr. Hellestrand has accepted the invitation of the Union Conference to spend some months in the Sydney Sanitarium and afterwards to take charge of the Amies Memorial Hospital in the Solomon Islands.

Everyday Affairs Around the Aroma Mission Station

"I have not been deaf to the appeals coming to us for articles for the 'Record.'" Missionary E. A. Boehm assures the editor. "The trouble seems to be that my work has been so routine and ordinary that I have felt I had nothing to write about. A recent bush trip, however, has given me an inspiration, and I have just finished writing my impressions of it, which I hope you will find of use for the 'Record.'" (This is something special for our next issue—Editor.) And while the writing mood is on me, I'll tell you a few of the everyday affairs around the Aroma Mission station.

"It is now over three months since I returned here, and my time has been fully occupied with medical and school work along with the usual supervision of gardening and building operations which are always present on a mission.

"One day I was called to a sick woman, the mother of a three-month-old baby. I found her unconscious with cerebral malaria, and immediately gave her injections of quinine. In a few hours she regained consciousness, but it took several days of heavy dosing with quinine to bring her back fully to health. I'm glad to say that both mother and child are now in good health.

"Not always are we so fortunate. About a month ago the mother of a six-weeks-old baby was taken ill, and it was not until she was at death's door that help was requested. She had gone too far to be helped, and died soon after I had seen her. As there was no woman in the village willing to provide nourishment for the child, I had it brought here to the station, and hunting through my library I found a Granose book on infant feeding, which gave me formula for mixing cow's milk for babies. It was not long before I had the wives of the medical assistants busy boiling up milk, and preparing modified cow's milk. The infant is still doing well, so I'm quite proud of my efforts as a baby welfare clinic 'sister.' But for all that I'll be very happy to hand over this department to Mrs. Judd. I had no one to be my helper, and Mrs. B. and Mrs. J. and Mrs. Howse, and Port Moresby, and everybody here is eagerly waiting for the arrival of the new taubidas and sinabadas. I myself will be very pleased to have their company. As a matter of fact I hadn't really been here so long there is an unusual amount of sickness about. Its nature is quite serious, and a number of people are dying despite our efforts to save them. Unfortunately the 'Diarif is away on a trip to Wau, and I'm afraid he will be a great loss to the medical workers until the end of next week at the earliest.

"News of the war interests the natives, and they frequently ask me of its progress. A native teacher of another mission never failed to ask me about the war whenever he sees me.

"The wireless intrigues the natives, and I got quite a deal of amusement when some unsophisticated bush man comes near the station and tries to get into touch with the radio. Of course I had to do all the talking, and meet with almost complete failure of amazement at seeing themselves moving about on the screen. A movie screening attracts a large audience, and it is followed with a doctrinal filmslide which never fails to hold an interest and give its message.

"Recently the mission family spent a week up the river at the village of Keagol, where they worked industriously at making a mission garden, which I hope will spread from here on. You would be interested to see the boys dig the hard soil. They work in teams of three, digging a strip of soil about three feet wide. Each boy holds a sharply pointed stick in each hand, and these sticks are driven into the ground crowbar fashion, until it is possible to lever over a great clod of earth.

"While at Keagol we got daily entertainment from watching a big crocodile sitting on a log and making a large hole in the river. Thinking of his presence in the river always spoilt my daily swim, even though the boys assured me that he was a river crocodile and didn't know how to eat people, but only dogs and pigs; and furthermore, he was too good-mannered to visit the gentleman's swimming-pool in the daytime. I think on a later visit we shall have to take a modest fish sticksh in order to keep the Sabbath.

"Owing to the high price of food and the shortage of garden products caused by the drought, we can support only a small family on the mission; but it is a happy family and a sight to see it work.

"The Lord came close to us during the Week of Prayer, and a very profitable spiritual time was enjoyed by all.

The Mission in Vancouver, Canada

E. A. BEAVON

Can it be that the mighty workings of the Spirit of God, which we read of in connection with the dark mission lands of earth, are being duplicated in Vancouver? The evidences point that way.

A few months ago, Evangelist C. A. Reeve from London, had heard the familiar Macedonian call, "Come over and help us." The call came from a modern Jericho in the Canadian West. With trumpet clearness the Advent message has gone forth; the Sabbath truth has been presented; and strong calls of prejudice are collapsing.

Among the thousands who have expressed interest and appreciation is a Baptist minister who has bitterly opposed Adventists all his life. He is attending Pastor Reeves' meetings, and there are hopes of winning him to the cause of present truth. The people seem to recognize the fact that Brother Reeves' presence proves that the holy era of the new era, in which the traditions of men will be brought fearlessly into the light of Bible truth. Many realize that the Spirit of the Reformation is being reborn in the closing years to chosen obedience to God and obedience to the pope of Rome. Brother Reeves' messages are so different from the entertaining stories to which most of them have been accustomed to listen in the popular churches.

On Sunday, March 23, when the Sabbath truth was presented, the Capitol Theatre—seating 2,200 people—was filled to capacity. As our brother deliberately and clearly unfolded the truth, a stunned silence reigned; the audience seeming to realize that Protestant history was in the making. One could not help noticing the marked reverence shown when all heads were bowed for a brief prayer with which Pastor Reeves closed his address. This was followed by the choir and congregation joining fervently in the closing hymn: "The Way of the Cross." Throughout the service the example of Jesus was stressed. As the audience passed through the aisles on their way out, it was in an atmosphere of thoughtful or determination.

A hall seating 300 has been packed to the doors for two Sabbath afternoon services, some standing up. The presentation of the Sabbath truth, while "straight from the shoulder," does not seem to have affected the attendance so far. Seven or eight hundred people have been attending the Wednesday evening meetings since the presentation of the Sabbath question. On March 19 the law of God was presented, and on March 26 the Sabbath was presented from a different angle. On March 30 rubber 2,000 people came out to hear Pastor Reeves speak on the "Truth Behind Japan's Aggression in the Far East."

The Bible workers assisting Pastor Reeves are having most interesting experiences. Many whom they visit are asking intelligent questions and promising to keep the Sabbath. Several have stated that the Sabbath truth seems to them just as important as anything else they have heard. Some seemed taken aback by the Sabbath truth, but all seemed to be interested in the popular church to hear Pastor Reeves speak on the "Truth Behind Japan's Aggression in the Far East."