



They Are Not Afraid to Die

CARLYLE B. HAYNES

Chairman Seventh-day Adventist War Service Commission, Washington, D.C.

Saving life, not taking it, is their job. And they are not afraid to put their own lives in jeopardy again and again in order to get their task done.

They are on all the battle fronts of earth. They are with the tanks as they open the way—they drop behind enemy lines with the paratroops—they are with the airmen—they go along with the infantry, armed only with the first-aid kits, and prepared to give that indispensable and skilled help which has saved the lives of so many of our service men because it has reached them so swiftly after the tearing impact of bullet and shrapnel.

Thousands of fighting men will come home whole to take up life again because of the ministry of these unarmed soldiers of mercy, for without it they would lie in graves overseas.

"Medics," they call them—corpsmen, first-aid soldiers, stretcher-bearers, or littermen. Wherever the wounded fall, on land or sea, they are there to begin immediately the blessed work of relief, rescue, and restoration—the three R's of the men without guns.

While the great guns are roaring, and shells are blasting everything all about, and the deadly hail of metal is shrilling overhead, and death fills all the air, the medics go steadily about their work. Through the mud and smoke and inferno and deadly peril of the battlefield they snatch men back from death, and find ways of getting the helpless to places of safety, back to the blessed care of surgeons and nurses, and then return for others.

Among them are 15,000 Seventh-day Adventists. They are in the Medical Department of the Army and the Hospital Corps of the Navy because of their religious faith, which forbids them, as followers of Christ, to participate in the fighting, to destroy lives, to inflict injury, to engage in violence, to shed blood, but nevertheless impels them to go willingly along with the fighting men to the fighting fronts, there to bind up wounds, rescue the helpless, and bring help to the fallen.

They do not shun to go into places of deadly peril on errands of mercy and relief. Instead of sword and steel they carry the equipment of healing and relief.

They are not conscientious objectors in the ordinary meaning of that term. They do not stand apart from war even though they do not engage in fighting. They go to the fighting fronts, but with the single purpose of carrying out their religious faith, and ministering to human suffering, human need, human welfare. They are not afraid to die.

Seventh-day Adventists call their position by the simple name of non-combatancy. This is rooted in deep religious conviction. They are disciples of the world's Redeemer. Their conception of discipleship is personal acceptance of Christ as their Saviour, devout belief in His teaching, implicit obedience to His commands, complete surrender to His will, and the patterning of their lives upon His example.

The innermost heart and central core of the Seventh-day Adventist faith is simply Jesus Christ. He is the foundation of their belief. He is the basis of their religion. All they believe, all they teach, all they hope for, they centre in Him and His glorious work of salvation.

The early disciples of Jesus brought this question of Christians and the sword to their Master. He answered them by giving a demonstration which His Seventh-day Adventist disciples accept and follow as the divinely revealed attitude and position for the Christian believer as to what he is to do in relation to the sword and human strife.

He is not to wield the sword to shed blood. Rather he is to bind up the wounds the sword makes. That is his mission in the world. Like his divine Lord, he, too, comes not to destroy, but to save.

"Lord, shall we smite with the sword?" So His early disciples asked when the mob came to capture their Master. Without waiting for the Lord's counsel and reply, one drew a sword and "smote the servant of the high priest, and cut off his right



ear." Then Jesus answered and acted, and showed the true way. "He touched his ear, and healed him."

When the sword is inflicting death, Seventh-day Adventists believe they should minister life; when it is shedding blood, they would bind up the wounds; when it destroys, they would save; when it injures, they would heal.

The non-combatant position of Seventh-day Adventists, therefore, is grounded deeply in a philosophy of life which to them is fundamental. It is not something apart from their essential religious belief. It does not concern itself with either bravery or cowardice. It is not the outgrowth of a desire to avoid danger or to play the hero. With them the moral question is one of right and wrong. Their position stems from, and is governed by, certain basic convictions regarding Christian discipleship, the meaning of life, the nature and destiny of man; the objectives, character, and purposes of God; the meaning of sin, the fall of man, reconciliation, salvation, and the kingdom of God, together with the divine methods and agencies for establishing that kingdom, for fulfilling God's purposes, and for reaching God's objectives.

The Master whom they have taken as their Lord and Leader is the Friend of all men, without regard to nationality, race, colour, speech, station, condition, or belief.

He was rich, but He became poor so that the poor might be made rich.

He was spotlessly pure and sinless, but He took on Himself the sins of all men that they might be counted righteous.

He was a King, but He became a servant that bondslaves might become kings.

He was made to suffer many injuries, but never injured any man.

He made many enemies, but He refused

to look on any man as an enemy, and was an adversary to none.

He was hated and despised, but no man did He hate and despise.

His work was that of saving, of healing, of mercy, of kindness, of forgiveness, of redemption, of service, of giving life, never that of violence, of retaliation, of vengeance, of malice, of ministering death.

He was always the Friend of the needy, the bereft, the oppressed, the helpless, the suffering, the dying, the grief-stricken, and the friendless.

He withheld His healing, lifting, redeeming, loving influence and aid from no man or woman or child of all the earth.

And as He was in the world, so are His followers to be. John 17: 18; 20: 21.

That is why His Seventh-day Adventist disciples believe and act as they do in war. That is why they request to be of service, but as non-combatants. They will not wield the sword, but they will bind up the wounds the sword has made. That is why they prepare themselves, in war as in peace, to contribute to human welfare and life, rather than to human destruction and death.

They have no unwillingness to make this contribution in the military service any more than out of it, at the fighting front

where their fellow soldiers are wounded and dying as well as behind the lines. They would as soon carry forward their saving mission in uniform as in civilian dress. They have no more objection to military service than to civilian service, provided that service in either capacity is that of helping humanity.

Men who hold the non-combatant position on grounds such as these do not seek to evade the patriotic duty and responsibility which are not alone the obligation but the high privilege of every able-bodied citizen—co-operation in, and for, the common welfare of his country.

Such a position leads to neither moral nor physical cowardice. On the contrary it engenders loyalty and courage. It is not a ruse to get out of danger. Rather it holds men true to the steady and devoted performance of duty, even to the jeopardy of life, inasmuch as that duty, both to fellow men and government, is seen to be duty to God.

On this broad platform of twofold allegiance—to God and to country—Seventh-day Adventists have gone to all the battle-fronts of earth. Many have fallen in death while in their ministry of mercy to others. They are soldiers, soldiers of mercy, soldiers of humanity, soldiers of Christ.

two can have no other result than the creation of a beautiful, enduring, and soul-stirring hymn." Whether the hymn is being composed or rendered makes no difference—this statement still applies. Therefore let your music be a channel to make the appeal of the words more powerful. When this is done with consecration and with no ideas of creating music which makes people listen to the instrument rather than the words of the hymn, God will take care of the effort made.

As I look through the pages of the Spirit of prophecy, I find much wonderful counsel right on this subject. Listen to this gem: "Music was made to serve a holy purpose, to lift the thoughts to that which is pure, noble, and elevating, and to awaken in the soul devotion and gratitude to God. . . . How many employ this gift to exalt self, instead of using it to glorify God! . . . That which is a great blessing when rightly used, becomes one of the most successful agencies by which Satan allures the mind from duty, and from the contemplation of eternal things."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," page 594.

I do not wish to weary you with endless quotations, but there are one or two which express the standard God has set much better than any faltering words of mine could ever do. From "Testimonies," Vol. I, page 506, I read: "Music has occupied the hours which should have been devoted to prayer. Music is the idol which many professed Sabbath-keeping Christians worship. . . . When abused, it leads the unconsecrated to pride, vanity, and folly. When allowed to take the place of devotion and prayer it is a terrible curse. . . . Young persons assemble to sing, and although professed Christians, frequently dishonour God and their faith by their frivolous conversation and their choice of music. Sacred music is not congenial to their taste. . . . In the judgment all these words of inspiration will condemn those who have not heeded them."

"Music can be made a power for good, yet we do not make the most of this branch of worship. [Worship?—How often is our singing but a mere formality!] The singing is generally done by a few, or to meet special cases, and at other times those who sing are left to blunder along, and the music loses its proper effect upon the minds of those present."

"In the meetings held, let a number be chosen to take part in the song service, and let the singing be accompanied with musical instruments skilfully handled. . . . This part of the service is to be carefully conducted, for it is the praise of God in song. The singing is not always to be done by a few. As often as possible, let the entire congregation join. There are few ways more effective for fixing God's words in the memory than repeating them in song."—Id., Vol. IV and Vol. IX.

Listen to the same idea expressed by Dr. Ernest MacMillan: "Of all the features that go to make up our church services, it is the hymns that most directly affect the average man in the pew. It is hardly exaggeration to say that next to the Bible, the hymn-book is the strongest external religious influence. I have no hesitation in saying that the emotional influence of hymn singing far outweighs that of the majority of sermons. . . . The most eloquent of speakers would be the first to realize that when the limits of eloquence have been reached, the emotions demand an outlet in song."

John and Charles Wesley knew the value

Music of the Ministry

some matters? This subject of suitable music is going to be yours to decide one day.

What music appeals to you? What music do you play or sing? What music would you choose for some particular occasion? All these questions you should think out before the crisis comes and you suffer public confusion. Listen to the voice of the Spirit of prophecy: "I entreat the students in our schools to be sober-minded. . . . The low, common pleasure parties, gatherings for eating and drinking, singing and playing on instruments of music, are inspired by a spirit that is from beneath. They are an oblation unto Satan. . . . Those who take the lead in these frivolities bring upon the cause a stain not easily effaced."—"Counsels to Teachers," pages 366-368.

This statement is a very weighty one, is it not? and puts the finger of condemnation upon our thoughts particularly; for if our thoughts are right, we need have no fear of our actions being wrong.

An old proverb comes to my mind which says, "Show me your company, and I will show you your character." Let me revise it, "Show me your choice of music, and I will know your consecration." Is this putting it too strongly? I think not, for in my years of association with this denomination I have proved it ten times doubly true. We have instances all about us of young people who have the valuable talent of music but who just simply will not give up the pernicious habit of jazzing everything; and their conceit makes them think it sounds good. My dear young people, students who will soon be called upon to carry responsibility in the organization, don't let the devil fool you into believing that conceit is consecration.

Regarding music, always remember that "great music alone does not make a great hymn; fine poetry alone will not do it, but an honestly inspired blending of the

Address given to the Ministerial League at the Australasian Missionary College, by

L. R. HARVEY, L.A.B.
(Musical Director,
A.M.C.)



Mr. President, League members, and fellow workers one and all, it gives me a great deal of pleasure to accept the privilege of addressing you on this most important part of our ministry. I enter upon the subject with a great degree of humility, realizing that probably no other phase of our work is so grossly misrepresented, manhandled, and abused; and yet it is one of the most valuable assets to any religious activity or revival, provided it is managed correctly and with a consecration which seeks no self-aggrandizement, but rather a desire to carry the life-giving gospel more effectively to the hearers.

First of all, let me ask a personal question: What are the standards of your music? You probably are already thinking of the person sitting next to you; do not pass this matter off so lightly. Ask yourself, What are my standards in music? Whether you play or sing, or whether you do neither, as surely as you are a worker in the cause you will have to decide one way or the other at some time; for workers are without personality and somewhat useless if they do not think and decide for themselves; and how can we inspire confidence in others if we are undecided on

of this, for it is stated that they made more converts with their hymns than with their sermons.

A Jesuit priest complained, "Luther is damning more souls with his music than with his preaching—the whole people is singing itself into Luther's doctrine." Have we any lesser message than Luther's? If Luther could use music so effectively, why do we not make more of this avenue of

spreading the message? I believe that when we have the conviction and consecration of Luther God will give us the same results. The thing for us to settle is our consecration.

"The value of a song as a means of education should never be lost sight of."—"Education," page 261.

(Concluded next week)

Our Island Field

Home in Inland New Guinea

A. J. CAMPBELL

Though nearly two thousand miles from loved ones, it was like coming back home to return to the inland of New Guinea once more.

Pastor Pascoe has covered in his story that thrilling trip we had by jeep over this road, with its hundreds of sharp turns and ups and downs to our destination—the Upper Ramu Plateau. Our jeep and trailer were heavily laden. The precious wireless set we wrapped in a blanket and nursed between us. That couldn't be damaged whatever else was, even ourselves, and several times it looked as though we might be. Many natives here and there helped us out of difficult situations. We went every way but the right way often after the rain came on. The chains were put on, which eased the slipping danger somewhat, and we pressed on through heavy rain and mud. After a long, steep, slippery climb we reached the top of the Ramu-Purari Divide, at an altitude of about 7,000 feet. Here we ran into misty rain and darkness, and our lights made eerie pictures as they shone at times straight into the ground, down the steep road below, sometimes at right angles to our narrow track, and then as they shot their beams up through the mist toward the sky.

I was surprised to note the remarkable growth in the trees that we had planted about the mission before we were evacuated in 1942. I got a real thrill as the headlights picked out the walls of our mission cottage. Our jeep was the first motor vehicle to visit our station. As we pulled up near the front veranda, an ANGAU medical man, who was living in the cottage, came out to greet us, and then prepared us a hot drink.

And what a crowd of teachers, wives, children, and other natives surged round our jeep as we came to a standstill! What a lot of little children up to three years of age, belonging to our teachers, whom we had never seen before! This was a very pleasing sight. I don't know what Brother Pascoe did next, but I forgot everything and went off with our leading Ramu teacher, with torch in hand, to satisfy my curiosity.

It was a very pleasing scene that greeted us next morning. The six hundred oaks, pines, and citrus trees that had been planted several years before had grown wonderfully. Many trees were bearing, and there was no shortage of ripe pineapples. The mission gardens were being brought back to a neat and productive condition

by the teacher in charge, and were supplying sweet potatoes, corn, peanuts, etc.

About a dozen bombs fell around our home, one as close as thirty feet, but fortunately just over the embankment on which the house is built. This was the one that did the most damage. There is not a room in the house that has not bomb fragment and bullet holes through it, and there are some eighty holes in the roof. Strange to say, our native carpenter, Kavausi, had to solder only a few. The bomb fragments had pierced the gables in an upward direction, forcing the torn edges of the iron upward. Very little water comes in even when rain is falling heavily.

Many of our teachers and their families had narrow escapes from bombs and bullets. When a Jap land party reached within about seven miles of our home, orders were given to two of our teachers to burn the mission cottage. When they saw smoke rising from the Government cottage over the way, then they were to set fire to our cottage. Petrol was actually poured over the floors, but it was not to be, and here we are safe in the home that was completed but five months before the Japanese invasion.

We have yet to tell you of the faithfulness of our mission teachers and their families during that period of great trial: also of the widespread calls that are coming in. We must work and advance with our God-appointed mission programme as never before as this new day of great opportunity dawns.

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Mussau People Wait for Their Missionary

Eriman, one of our native teachers in the St. Matthias Group, New Guinea, wrote to Brother R. R. Frame on the 27th June. He explained that he cannot write English very well and asked that his mistakes be corrected. This is his letter:—

"Just a few lines to you again this morning. True, I never knew about you before, and I didn't see your face, but because I read my 'Record' and know about you and your work, I want to tell you some of our doings in the island fields.

"The work is going well and the teachers are faithful. We are always waiting and watching for some of you white people to come over to us. We need to see the white missionary again.

"On a certain day a Methodist chaplain came and asked me where I was from and I told him I was from Rabaul. He said, 'From what village?' I answered him, 'From Matupi Island.' He asked where I

had been trained before the Seventh-day Adventist Mission came, and I told him that I had been trained in the Methodist school at Malaguna. He wanted to know why I left the Methodist Mission and went to the Seventh-day Mission. Owing to something that happened at the school I became lazy and ran away to my homeland, before the Seventh-day Mission came ashore. I stayed there till the Seventh-day Mission came. After that I arose and went to the S. D. A. Mission where I studied, and was trained in their religion till they sent me to take charge of our district school at Manus, in the Admiralty Group, where I was for six years. Then the white missionaries placed me in this district school.

"The chaplain asked me if he could take the service for the native people on Sabbath and on Sunday. I told him I would ask Salau first and then we would both come and see him. Salau said it was all right. On Sabbath morning he went to Palakau, a village near the ANGAU station, and took the service there. On Sunday all the teachers from their villages, with some native people, assembled to hear him, and he took two meetings. On Monday morning he went to Palakau again, to see our little folk in school. He said he would ask the ANGAU officer to send us some things for the school.

"I and my family stay with the sick people at the Boliu Hospital, ANGAU station. We brought our little daughter Lynett to our white medical officer. We now stay here with Doctor Burgess; we have been here five months. This doctor has done good and is kind to us teachers and native people. He knows about our Sabbath-keeping and lets us rest on Sabbath. The little hospital is always full.

"Send to me one dictionary and one 'Great Controversy.' These two books I want you to send to me.

"Yours truly."

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The Sad Story of Micah

As narrated in a letter from Mrs. C. Tucker in the New Hebrides:—

"Some few months ago, Micah fell from a high tree, breaking his leg above the knee and severing his spinal cord. After almost a week the mission launch, whilst visiting, picked Micah up at Biap and brought him to the nearby French hospital. American surgeons operated, and all that was possible was done for the lad, but he has been left paralysed from the waist down, and we have been caring for him here at Aore in our inadequate hospital (twelve feet square) ever since.

"I wish you could see Micah. It almost makes me weep every time I see and think of him. Previously one of our bright young students, now a helpless, lonely boy. If only we could get a wheel chair, and a typewriter, and a couple of air cushions for him, what a blessing! With a typewriter he could improve his moments and do valuable work for the mission. He gets so lonely and despondent lying month after month with nothing to occupy his mind.

"We have had a busy time here, just having recovered from an epidemic of dengue plus complications, and now we have chicken-pox. It's a great life without any hospital or equipment. Sickness is always amongst the natives, but we have absolutely no facilities, which makes the

work ever so much more difficult at all times. How we need a good general doctor, a nurse, and a hospital! We need doctors and hospitals in every island group. If only we had them what a wonderful blessing they would be to these poor people, and how the work of God would benefit too!

"Some of the natives are badly in need of glasses for their eyes, and we have no means of procuring them. If you know of any good folk having spectacles they do not need, please gather some up for us."

Those who wish to help restore to Micah something of the joy of living, by donating a wheel chair, a typewriter, an air cushion, any other equipment which would minister to his comfort, or by sending a gift of money, please communicate with the "Record" Department, Union Conference, Wairoanga. Spectacles may also be addressed here.

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Identification Marks

D. A. FERRIS

It was a point of prestige among our natives in the Solomons to find their mission body represented in the army, indicating world-wide rather than local interest only.

Chapel services were constantly attended in the hope of making contact, but there were so many soldiers—a city larger than our southern Australian capitals had sprung into being, and it certainly looked big in the eyes of the Malaita natives. A careful watch was kept on all men with whom the boys had anything to do. Personal habits were checked and clues were soon in evidence.

Tambai had heard that there were some Adventist soldiers in the American Army. A young officer in charge of a task on the beach attracted his attention, and as it was his day off duty, he sat down on the beach near by. At lunch time he noted that the officer did not smoke, and when he spoke to others there was no bad language. Tambai took out a small book to read; yes, it was a New Testament. He shifted a little closer to attract attention. The officer noticed him, and asked if he could read. Tambai replied that he could, but only a little. And to which mission did he belong? When he said that he was a Seventh-day Adventist, the soldier quickly announced that he, too, was an Adventist. They talked together for a while and then went over to the camp and arranged times for Sabbath services. Then the soldier had to hurry back to work, but that was the beginning of very happy times for our native believers with our American servicemen.

Later, plans were made for the natives to sing some special songs. At the meeting at which they sang, several chaplains were present, and they asked that the songs be repeated at their centres. At the times appointed, conveyances were ready to take the company along and also to bring them back. One of the chaplains was a Catholic priest, and he was warm in his appreciation of the hymns that were sung. Another chaplain said that we were all serving one Master and that we must be true to Him.

This was the story that Tambai related us in pidgin at the Malaita camp-meeting, a fortnight after our arrival. Several other boys told us in neat little speeches of the comradeship and spiritual help they had

These young people at our New Hebrides Training School are representatives of eight different languages or dialects.



received from our American soldiers. So it was voted that we ask the editor to insert a note in the soldiers' page of the "Record," thanking them for the interest and practical help they have given our Malaita folk.

Another interesting feature of the camp was the special music rendered at each meeting. Each village had an item or two, and it was a task to fit them all in. Highlights were the girls' action lullaby song, solo and chorus, "Shall We Gather at the River?" accompanied by five stringed instruments—lovely melody indeed; also from Kwailibse School, the Hallelujah Chorus. That thirty voices could produce such volume was remarkable. I still wonder how they mastered it without the help of an instrument of any kind.

The thought which comes to my mind is that with such an active interest, coupled with true consecration, the church of God will be well on the way to victory. It is high time for us to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth His Spirit for the mighty forward surge of the final message in these hungry fields.

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God Sent Food in Answer to Prayer

Pastor N. A. Ferris writes from Guadalcanal:—

"Since writing to you last I have been for a trip to Malaita and found that the visit was a very timely one, for the boys had cooked their last loaf of bread. Food is not very plentiful on Malaita, but I was able to take over a goodly issue that had been given to me here, including rice, biscuits, etc. The morning that I arrived at the hospital the mission family had gathered for a special season of prayer for someone to come with food. Within an hour or so there was a boatload for them. You should have heard the expressions of thankfulness and watched the faces of the people as the supplies went ashore.

"The mission property is in fairly good repair, but I think the least cared for of all our properties. The main home needs new gauze and some new sheets of iron, also tanks, a few new planks in the veranda floor, and a full coat of paint. The hospital needs a number of repairs; the iron work has rusted pretty badly, all spouting is gone, and some sheets of iron have rusted through, also the tanks. The boys seem to have been a little discouraged, but were doing what they could. I think

lack of food and proper facilities, also no boat nor any connection with the outside work made them feel so. They were wonderfully cheered after the direct answer to their prayers, and I think they will now get right under the load.

"The teachers were wonderfully encouraged after they heard of the leadings and protection of God in other countries. All stood in a rededication of their lives to the finishing of the work."

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What an Official Said

W. A. SPICER

This advent message was sent into the world in 1844 with assurance that it would bring forth a people of whom it would be said, "Here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus."

That would, of course, stand for an honest, upright life. And in any far land that is what men of the world have said of the fruitage of the advent message. Let us cite one example only:—

A little time ago Secretary-treasurer Arthur L. Edeburn was just ending a furlough preparatory to returning to his mission field in one of the thoroughly Catholic islands of the West Indies. He said to us as he called in at the editorial rooms:—

"We are growing rapidly in our field, notwithstanding the fact that our staff is small, led by only two ordained ministers. Our people, who come from the Catholic Church, are good Seventh-day Adventists. And people of the world recognize that these believers stand for an upright life. They know our members are true. The truth makes them true.

"Some time ago in a certain part, the local priest was stirred up by the sight of many accepting our faith. He went to one of authority and demanded that our activities be stopped in that place. By custom the local authority might have forbidden our workers to continue. But this official refused so to act.

"I will not do it," the official replied. "If all the people of this place were Adventists, let me tell you it would be a different place. If all were Adventists you and I or anybody could sleep any night in quietness in the open park, with no guard and with nothing to fear—no drunkenness, nor quarrelling, no stealing."

"The priest moved to another town."

Around the Conferences

Youth Camp at Bickley

"The Syrian Guest"

A picturesque valley with tree-studded, green-carpeted slopes, through which runs a swift-flowing brooklet, was the setting for our Young People's Camp held the week-end July 7-9.

These grounds in the Bickley Hills are the property of the National Fitness Council of Western Australia, which has here erected a number of buildings and tents for the benefit of the various youth groups throughout the state.

A neat, warm, smoke-wreathed weather-board cabin was the centre of meeting and eating activity during the week-end. As the last rays of the setting sun ushered in the sacred hours, thirty-two young people, with full hearts lifted their voices to swell the note of praise as all creation turned her heart to the great Creator. The words of Psalm 19: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handiwork," were appropriately chosen for the worship hour. Followed the vesper service led by Pastor R. H. Powrie. Radiant, lamp-illuminated faces and eloquent tongues answered the theme question of the hour, "What think ye of Christ?" Then, what peace, what rest, what contentment under God's starry dome as the tents were filled with tired yet happy, consecrated young people; and the night with its myriad voices spoke of rest!

Yawns and sighs were the only visible and audible responses to the 7 o'clock rising bell; but one half-hour later revealed a remarkable transformation as the cabin resounded with the song of morning devotion.

Came Sabbath school at 9.45 sharp, and minds and voices were quick to grasp and answer the questions arising from a briskly conducted and well-taught review and lesson.

By 11 o'clock the shadowy mists had all cleared revealing the hills once again in their eternal strength, and giving us a well-nigh perfect Sabbath day. The young people were privileged in having our president, Pastor E. E. Roenfelt, to speak on a theme which inspired the hearts of all; an encouragement to press on to the mountaintop experience by having Christ continually in us, with us, and revealing Himself through us.

"A grain of dust,
Soiling our cup, will make our sense reject
Fastidiously the draught which we did
thirst for;
A rusted nail, placed near the faithful
compass,
Will sway it from the truth and wreck the
argosy.
Even the small cause of anger and disgust
Will break the bonds of unity 'mongst
princes,
And wreck their noblest purposes."

—The Crusade.

Even so, what little things often keep us from sharing in the "glory of the riches of Christ"!

A unique Young People's meeting was given by the members of a dialogue in an exposition of the 23rd Psalm. A "Syrian Guest" was invited to come in his colourful Eastern shepherd's costume to vividly portray the full meaning of this psalm and give the Eastern colour, by which only it can be properly understood. Christ was exalted as the Good Shepherd.

The sentiments of all found full expression in the words of the closing Sabbath hymn: "Father of all, at eventide to Thee our thoughts arise, as fades the sunlight on the hill, and clouds creep o'er the skies. For blessings of another day, we praise Thy name again, for homes, for rest, for life and health, for sunshine and for rain."

Saturday night was one merry medley of songs, solos, rhythmic, and rhymes. Never has a wooden cabin seen a happier band giving fuller expression of the joy of youth in Christian fellowship.

"The morning star paled slowly, the cross hung low to the sea,
And down the shadowy reaches the tide came swirling free,
The lustrous purple blackness of the soft Australian night
Waned in the grey awakening that heralded the light."

Then with a swish, a splash, "Oh, this water's cold," Sunday had begun.

After a breakfast fit for a king there followed many enjoyable exercises, and all those things which comprise Sunday, including dinner!

After a four-mile hike to the station, the last strains of "The End of a Perfect Day" were lost in the shrill whistle of a giant express which swallowed up our joyful group and put an end to three July days which, in the hall of memory, shall never end, and which were in truth a foretaste of eternity.

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I Met the Master

"I had walked life's way with an easy tread,
Had followed where comforts and pleasure led,
Until one day in a quiet place
I met the Master face to face.

"I met Him and knew Him and blushed to see
That His eyes, full of sorrow, were fixed on me;
And I faltered and fell at His feet that day,
While my castles melted and vanished away.

"Melted and vanished, and in their place
Naught else did I see but the Master's face.
And I cried aloud, 'Oh, make me meet
To follow the steps of Thy wounded feet.'

"My thought is now for the souls of men;
I have lost my life to find it again,
E'er since one day in a quiet place
I met the Master face to face."

—Author Unknown.

The Kempsey Aborigines

DAVID H. GRAY

It is thirty-two months since we entered into the work among the aborigines of the North New South Wales Conference, in the districts of Burnt Bridge, Bellbrook, Taylor's Arm, and Port Macquarie. The work has been hard and progress slow. Many times we wondered whether it was worth while; but the thought would come to us that people of every nation, kindred, and tribe are to be in the kingdom of God, so we pressed on, trusting that the Lord would give His blessing to the seed sown.

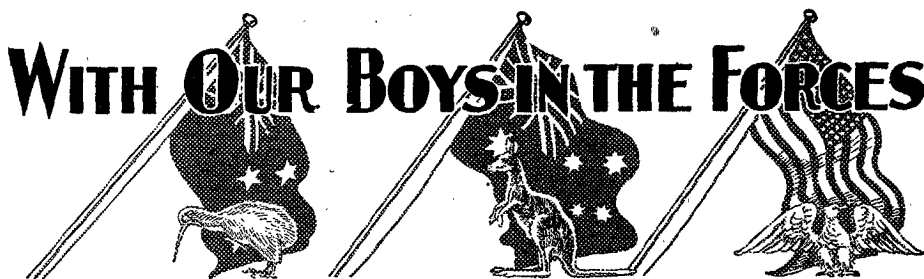
Last April during the Week of Prayer a change came, for which we thank the Lord; it gave us a great deal of courage. I might say that last year at the Lismore camp-meeting we had two souls go forward in baptism. Pastor J. R. James administered this rite to Brother Ern Davis and Brother Charles Bugg. Brother Bugg has since passed to rest, but before his death he gave a wonderful testimony of his faith in Jesus, and pleaded with all his people to give their hearts to the Lord and meet him when the resurrected ones come forth from the grave. This had some effect on the people around Burnt Bridge, also a family at Bellbrook, where one member of the family died suddenly.

The people were pointed to the Lord and told that if our lives are not right with Him we could not expect His blessing. After this came the Week of Prayer, and they were encouraged to take a firm stand for the Lord. The people were called from all parts for the week, and there was a real seeking after God. Four meetings a day were held which were well attended, many of the people not missing one. Many appeals were made to stand for Jesus, to which a number responded. At the conclusion of the meetings all felt it had been a blessed time. Nine went forward in baptism, and afterwards we celebrated the ordinances of the Lord's house, a fitting close to the Week of Prayer.

We explained to the people that they must labour for their own folk. They went to work, and in three weeks I received a letter from Bellbrook that they were planning another week of prayer up there, and would I arrange to be with them when they were ready. They were advised to go ahead and do what they could and the worker would follow, but they would need to get permission from the Aboriginal Welfare Board. Forty-two people signed a petition and sent it to Sydney, and the reply gave permission for the meetings. Brother A. H. Ferris assisted at this gathering, and a report which he prepared has already appeared in the columns of this paper.

Before this time we could not get the aborigines to meet together, but they launched out at this time and ran their own programme for the Sabbath we were there, including children's choruses, a special musical item by some adults, missionary report, review, and lesson. This was wonderful. They have a burden now to see their people saved in the kingdom of God, and they realize that they must be up and doing something to keep alive in the message. We are endeavouring to keep this responsibility upon them so that they may grow in grace.

May we all be active in service that we also may grow in spiritual stature and grace.



He Paints Inscriptions on the Little White Crosses

Cpl. W. G. E. Hays, of Auburn, N.S.W., writes to Pastor Guilliard:—

"I was posted to Milne Bay War Cemetery in October, 1943. When I returned from leave last year I was posted here. I am now stationed at the Saputa War Cemetery, in the Buna district. I am employed as a signwriter painting the memorials (crosses) and signwriting the inscriptions on them.

"The work is endless; it keeps me going all the time, but I don't mind, as I feel I am doing something really worth while. It is a job into which I want to put my best, as I think we can never do too much for those lads who gave their lives in the service of their country. But they have a beautiful resting-place. There is only one Adventist lad buried here—TX2455, Dvr. Colin Hubert Jones, 2/4 Aust. Coy. A.A.S.C. I had not heard of him before.

"W/O2 Athol Rudge is stationed near here. He is in charge of a native hospital. He and the sergeant with him are doing a wonderful work amongst the natives.

"In my travels I have met one or two of our mission boys who have been trained in medical work and are orderlies in ANGAU native hospitals. They are doing a good work, too. As far as I can make out, they are remaining true to principle.

"I only wish at times that I was stationed at a place where there are more of our lads so I could meet with them on Sabbath. I do try to live the life that will be a witness to others of the faith that is within me, even the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ. I'm longing to meet Him, and I pray it will not be too long before He comes."

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A Five-Year Veteran

A letter from Gnr. A. Eastham, of Hamilton, N.S.W.:—

"As censorship regulations on our mail have been abolished I can now say I have been camped at Kairi, on the Atherton Tablelands, Queensland. At present we are getting more than our share of rain, and it reminds me of my stay in Dutch New Guinea. We were there for eight months, and just missed the worst of the wet season. We were at Merauke, and except for one clash with the Japs while we were on a patrol near Voglikop Peninsula, our stay was very peaceful and I saw quite a few different races—Javanese, Chinese, Indonesians, Balinese, Kai Kais, Dutch, and a few Papuans. Malayan is the universal language.

"I was in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Lebanon, and each country was different, but much to be preferred to the jungles and swamps of Dutch New Guinea.

"As I am one of the five-year service veterans, I am looking forward to being a civvy before Christmas and getting to know my wife and four-year-old son all over again, and starting my regular attendance on Sabbath at the Hamilton church."

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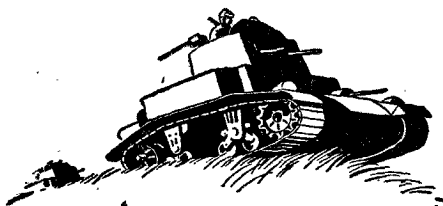
A Sabbath in Germany

A U.S. MEDICAL CORPS OFFICER

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

The truth found in this familiar hymn was pressed deep into my heart this Sabbath morning. In a small country village I met a group of German brethren in worship. Fifteen gathered for Sabbath services in the living-room of a small farmhouse, home of the local elder. It was thrilling to hear the greetings of these brethren, to see their sincere smiles, and to feel their firm, friendly handclaps. They invited me in to share the service.

With oneness of spirit we knelt and sought the Lord's blessing. When we stood and sang the familiar hymns known the



A Prayer for Brothers in the Service

EDA A. REID

Mid the horrors of war, Lord, keep them calm.

Let Thy gentle grace, like healing balm,
Flow through their hearts and keep them free

From bitterness, hatred, and enmity.

Mid the evils of war, Lord, keep them pure,
In temptation's hour hold them secure;
May they never soil with greed or lust
Their nation's honour, their own soul's trust.

Watch over them all, and haste the day
When they will come home again, we pray,
Victors not only in earthly strife,
But in the greater battle of life.

world around, it was with fervour and meaning. When the Scriptures were opened and read, we all gained strength for the day and for the new week. Even though I could not understand the German language very well, yet much was gained because of the sense of love and fellowship that was felt.

If these brethren were of the world, it would not have been thus. These are the days when the spirit of suspicion and alienation is at work among peoples. The thoughts of the war with the destruction of their cities, their churches, and sometimes their lives, might have caused the brethren to meet me with coolness.

However, the hearts of these brethren were of the kingdom of heaven. They had the love of Christ in their hearts. This love crosses all boundaries. We were brothers in Christ, members of the family of God! This service in the little brick farmhouse was a blessed one, for our hearts were bound in Christian love, and we had the fellowship of kindred minds like to that above.

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Pastor N. A. Ferris Speaks to U.S. Servicemen

Sgt. Gerald O. Greer sends this word from Guadalcanal:—

"I wish to thank you for the 'Records' that you have sent to me. I enjoy each one of them.

"Pastor N. A. Ferris has been here for over a month now, and he has talked to our group at the Memorial Chapel several times. I sure am happy that I have had the opportunity of meeting him. He and Pastor Rore were both at church yesterday. It looks like the Lord is opening the way so the gospel will soon reach the whole world."

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They Know Our Habits

From Pte. A. E. Hornsby, of West Australia, now in the islands:—

"A few days ago, during the mid-afternoon break, two native boys resorted to the mess hut for shelter from the rain. They sat down opposite me. In the course of conversation, I asked them did they 'savvy' Seven-day Mission. Yes, they 'savvied' all right. When I told them I was a Seven-day boy one of them said, 'Oh, master, you all same good man. You talk along God, go sleep, wake up, talk along God, go to work.' If those two natives have not had contact with S.D.A. natives at some time, then they have a very accurate idea of the practices of Adventists."

In his letter, Pte. Hornsby also mentions Len Jones, Fred Palmer, Owen Wallace, Stan Dawson, and Stan Taylor.

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It happened in America. A lady was giving fifty cents to a solicitor for an In-gathering gift to missions. "Her son quickly came from a room, on crutches, saying: 'Oh, mother, please make it ten dollars. It was one of those S.D.A. medics who risked his life to carry me from the battle line. Except for him, I would not be here today.'"

A Most Fruitful Life Closes

From the "Review and Herald" we learn of the passing to her rest of Sister Flora Plummer, whose name is almost a household word among Seventh-day Adventists around the world. We feel sure our readers will be profoundly interested in the following comprehensive review of her very full and fruitful life given by Pastor R. Allan Anderson:—

Lorena Florence Falt Plummer was born in Indiana, April 27, 1862; and passed to her rest in the Washington Sanitarium, April 8, 1945. Had she lived but nineteen more days she would have been eighty-three.

Early in life she heard God's call and accepted her Saviour. She was baptized, uniting with the Christian Church. She became a teacher in an Iowa school and married Frank E. Plummer, the principal of the Nevada high school.

Two years later Mr. and Mrs. Plummer accepted a call to the Des Moines high school. They had been there but a few days when Miss Delia Wallace (later known to us as Mrs. A. J. Breed) called on them to discover their interest in Bible study. Feeling this was a neighbourly interest, Mrs. Plummer consented to begin Bible studies in her home. Others were invited, among whom were Mrs. A. E. Burnett and her daughter Mamie. The meetings were usually conducted by Pastor A. G. Daniells. One year later, in 1886, after a great spiritual struggle, Mrs. Plummer made her decision to accept the advent message. Mrs. Burnett and her daughter made their decision about the same time, and the foundations were laid of an association between Miss Mamie Burnett and the Plummer household which continued fifty-nine years till Mrs. Plummer's death.

It was not long until Mrs. Plummer connected with the Sabbath school department of the Iowa Conference. This necessitated her travelling a good deal. In 1900 she left Iowa for Minneapolis, and there she was called to larger responsibilities in Sabbath school work.

The next year, 1901, a major change took place in the Sabbath school organization, and the International Sabbath School Association, as it was then known, became the Sabbath School Department of the General Conference. G. B. Thompson was secretary, and Mrs. Plummer was corresponding secretary.

The year 1905 became a very important year in the Plummer household. The interest of Mrs. Plummer's husband in his wife's important work, though he had not then accepted the faith, led him to move his business to Washington, D.C., to permit her closer contact with the General Conference. That same year two little children came to the Plummer home. On July 18, 1918, the father passed quietly to his rest at the Washington Sanitarium, but before he died he fully accepted his Saviour, and he closed his eyes in the blessed hope of the resurrection.

During these years the Sabbath school was being built into a strong department of the church life of Adventists around the world. Probably no more efficient leadership has been given to any department of our denominational work than that given by our deceased sister to the Sabbath school work during the thirty-six years of her connection with it. Plans for its

growth and development lay very close to her heart. The three outstanding features of this department—soul-winning, Bible study, and sacrificial gifts—Mrs. Plummer, by her untiring zeal and clear vision, promoted throughout all the world.

During all these years her keen mind and facile pen were also contributing Sabbath school lessons and books of instruction on Sabbath school teaching and administration.

After thirty-six years of unbroken service, twenty-three of which were devoted to the leadership of the General Conference Sabbath School Department, in 1936 Mrs. Plummer retired from active leadership. While in retirement, weak and infirm, she wrote the current camp-meeting lessons for children from eight to twelve years. During these same years she also produced the last series of Sabbath school lessons on the Book of Acts; and our last series of lessons on the life of Christ were from her pen.

Mrs. Plummer's constant and efficient labours, and her contribution to the work of God through the Sabbath school, form one of the strong features of the denomination's growth, and will leave an abiding influence upon the cause of God that will remain to the end of time.

* * *

"As I Shovel Out, He Shovels In"

L. F. PASSEBOIS

One day while at the mission in Egypt, I asked one of our brethren who was not rich in worldly goods but always seemed to give larger offerings than anyone else, how he could give so much, and this is the answer he gave me. "When I was converted, I promised the Lord He could have all there was of me and all that I had if He would really give me peace for my soul. He has done it. He has made me a happy man, saving me from heathenism. Although I was very poor, I gave the Lord all I could; the more I have shovelled out, the more He has shovelled in, and the Lord has a bigger shovel than I have. So I am much better off today than I ever was."

Friendship that flows from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity, as the water that flows from the spring cannot congeal in winter.—J. Fenimore Cooper.

WEDDING BELLS

SCHUBERT-MINER.—The Hamilton church, N.S.W., with beautiful decorations as the background, was the scene for the wedding party when Betty, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Miner of Stockton, and Ernest, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Schubert of Port Macquarie, exchanged vows of lifelong devotion. The bride had rendered faithful service in the S.H.F. Company. The bridegroom is longing for the day when he will be released from the A.I.F. to take up the ministerial course and become a worker for God. Over a hundred guests were present both at the church and the reception to join in wishing the young couple God's richest blessing as they unitedly work for Him. E. H. Parsons.

AUSTRALASIAN RECORD

Official Organ of the
AUSTRALASIAN UNION CONFERENCE OF
SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS

Editor: - - - A. G. Stewart

Single Subscription, per year, post paid - 5/-
Order through your conference office, or
send direct to the Signs Publishing Co.,
Warburton, Victoria.

All copy for the paper should be sent to The
Editor, Record, "Mizpah," Wahroonga, N.S.W.

Advertisements approved by the Editor
will be inserted at a charge of 2/6 each.

Printed weekly for the Conference by the
Signs Publishing Co., Warburton, Victoria

WOOD-ZEUNERT.—The Waitara church, N.S.W., in the evening of July 19, 1945, was the scene of a very pretty wedding. On this occasion Brother Stanley G. Wood and Miss Gertie E. Zeunert were united in marriage. The bridegroom, an evangelist of the North New South Wales Conference, is a son of Brother and Sister C. A. Wood of Parilla, S.A. The bride, who has served the cause at the Signs Publishing House and more recently in the South New South Wales Conference office, is the youngest daughter of Brother and Sister A. Zeunert of Clare, S.A. We wish Brother and Sister Wood much of God's blessing as they unite their lives in His service. H. White.



"Say not, Goodnight, but in some brighter
clime bid me, Good Morning."

PROCTOR.—Nurse Sarah J. Proctor of 2 Emma Street, South Caulfield, Victoria, passed away on July 6, 1945, as the result of a motor accident. During the last war, Nurse Proctor served in England and Egypt. She accepted the message as the result of the mission held at Glenhuntingly about thirteen years ago. She was a highly respected member and citizen, as was manifest by the large number present at the Eltham cemetery, where she now awaits her Saviour's call on the resurrection morn. We extend our sincere sympathy to the sorrowing relatives and friends. Pastor Streeter assisted in the service. E. G. Whittaker.

WICKS.—On the 26th July, 1945, at Christchurch, New Zealand, Robert Balentine Wicks passed to his rest. He had been sick for just a few days with an attack of bronchitis. Our brother had reached the advanced age of eighty-six years. Many years ago he accepted the message through the preaching of Pastor J. Pallant. He loved the truth, and was to be found in his place in church every Sabbath. He was an uncle of Pastor H. B. P. Wicks. Many mourning friends attended the funeral service. "Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him . . . for the reward of his hands shall be given him." W. J. Smith.

THANKS

Mr. E. Bird and family desire to thank all who expressed sympathy by letter, telegram, floral tribute, and the personal touch, in their recent bereavement.

BREVITIES

Following our usual custom, special bulletins will be issued free to our subscribers giving the news and actions taken at the Union Conference Session, to be held September 11-23.

Two missionary families with a record of some years of service have arrived in Sydney on furlough and will be attending the Union Conference Session. They are Brother and Sister Ralph Farrar of Lord Howe Island, and Pastor and Mrs. J. H. D. Miller and two children from Tanna, New Hebrides. We are happy to see them, and pray that their time in the homeland will be pleasant and beneficial.

Union Conference figures for the Appeal for Missions now stand at £30,197, lacking only £1,171 to equal the 1944 all-time record. With North Queensland now gathering its quota, prospects are cheering.

Queensland's Appeal goal was £1,300, but they report £3,260, and Brother Ivan White assures us: "We feel that when the final figure is written up for this year's effort, we shall have achieved £3,300."

Pastor and Mrs. W. G. Turner arrived in Sydney on August 9, via New Zealand. It is nearly nine years since they sailed from Australia for America, where Pastor Turner has borne heavy responsibilities in administrative work. The last five years he has been the vice president of the General Conference for the North American Division. Pastor and Sister Turner are both looking well, and are happy to be back in Australia.

They miss their children and four grandchildren. Two days after their arrival, Pastor Turner addressed the Wahroonga church on Sabbath morning and gave a very inspirational message, which was much appreciated by a large congregation.

Pastor John Hegeman, radio secretary of the Oklahoma Conference, U.S.A., reports this pleasant surprise: "As I opened a registered letter I stood amazed and stunned. It was from a family who are not members, nor are they listed in our Bible Course. They wrote: 'We are out of the state now and cannot always get your programme. We know, however, that thousands in Oklahoma are being blessed through the Bible Auditorium of the Air, and we enclose our offering of a thousand dollars.'"

In the Bulletin of the Federal Council of Churches, U.S.A., is this note: "From the standpoint of physical contact, the globe is today a smaller place than the United States was at its beginning. Someone has computed that if a plane, flying by way of Greenland, left New York at the same time as the 'Twentieth Century Limited,' the plane would reach Moscow at the same time that the train reached Chicago." All things are shaping for the quick spread of news to all mankind.

We have no light promised to show us our road a hundred miles away, but we have light for the next footstep, and if we take that we shall have light for the one that is to follow.—Mark Rutherford.

A V.E.-Day Letter

The Warburton publishing house received this letter, written on May 9, by Brother J. Wibbens, of Antwerp, Belgium.

Dear Brethren,

Yesterday and today are days of great festivity for Belgium and especially for Antwerp. The war in Europe is finished and finished gloriously. We feel as if we can breathe again. I listened yesterday afternoon in front of the city hall to a speech made by an American colonel and then afterward translated into the Flemish, about the great victory of the Allies and what Antwerp has endured. It may be of interest to you to see some official figures in regard to the destruction caused by the flying bombs as were published yesterday in one of the daily papers.

"From October 13th to March 30th (nearly six months) there fell on Antwerp and its suburbs (Greater Antwerp, as it is called) 849 bombs, killing 2,939 people; 53 are missing, 9,200 severely wounded who have been treated in hospitals or are still there, 80,000 families were stricken, losing property, furniture, or having received, bodily injuries. More than 8,700 houses were made totally unfit to live in, and 58,000 houses less damaged. Houses of which only the roofs and windows were damaged are not counted in this number."

But only ten per cent of the bombs fired by the Germans reached Antwerp. Ninety per cent were shot down by aircraft. Imagine what it would have been if all the bombs had reached their destination! Antwerp would have been a heap of ruins.

Our church lost one young girl, twenty years of age, a nice-looking girl, a fine singer. She was in my baptismal class, not yet baptized. She happened to be at a crossing of the boulevards when a bomb fell. Her body was terribly mangled, and she bled to death. Her half-brother, one of the church elders, with whom she lived, had sent her to see whether another relative in one of the suburbs, where also a bomb had fallen, had received any damage. On the way this terrible accident happened to her. Many people fled from the city; we stayed, notwithstanding we were day and night in danger of being hit and killed. Imagine the tension on our nerves when at night we heard those bombs coming nearer and nearer, flying over our house, all at once stopping their noise, and then the next moment an explosion that made the whole house shake. Then we could hear the fragments of the glass windows rattle on the sidewalks. Sometimes we were lying for hours awake listening to the peculiar noise of the coming bombs. Fleeing was impossible for us, for my wife is a helpless invalid, who cannot even turn herself alone in bed. But she was ever calm and trustful in the Lord. But now the war is over and the people are rejoicing.

And now we as a people are making preparation to resume our activities. During these five years of war we have not issued any papers. It was not allowed. Neither did we get any papers from the countries with which Germany was at war. No "Signs," no "Review," no "Watchman," "Present Truth," or "Ministry," hardly any from Holland or France, but a deluge of German papers and magazines. Paper to print became scarce, and is still scarce. But now we are planning to issue

in the first place our missionary paper that has the same name as your paper: "Teekenen Des Tijds" ("Signs of the Times"). The brethren have asked me whether I would take up again the editorial work of it, notwithstanding I am in my seventy-second year and on the sustentation list. But I am healthy and very active. In the past I received your paper, and I can tell you that we hardly issued a paper in which there was not an article from your paper. May I ask you to resume to us the same favour? We would be glad to send you ours, but I do not think you can read the Dutch, and so it would be of no use to you. The last number of yours I received was dated April 1, 1940. I have even sent some copies through to our publishing house in France, to have articles translated into the French. So you do not know where some of the articles written by you have been read.

It may interest you to know that our chapel at Liege has been struck by a bomb and is totally destroyed. Our chapel in this city has been spared, only some windows were smashed when bombs fell in the neighbourhood.

With best regards,
Truly your brother,

J. Wibbens.

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About Our Believers in Japan

In the "Review" of April 26, Pastor V. T. Armstrong says:—

"Many have asked us how our members in Japan get on in these times. Naturally, we are generally cut off from real information. However, we have understood that our members there have been confined, and we believe at the present time are suffering persecution. We are glad, nevertheless, to hear that during this time of emergency their faith has remained strong."

From a report in the "Religious News Service" we glean the following given by a Korean who was formerly a theological student in Tokyo. Last year he was sent to China, where he escaped from the army into free China. He reports on religious conditions in Japan as follows:—

"The Christian membership has fallen off as much as two-thirds, and church attendance is about one-fifth of the prewar average. For one thing, the New Japan Christian Association, which was inspired by the government to unite all the churches, has spent so much effort flattering the state and its wishes that it is no longer a spiritual force, and many Christians stay away from church to protest. It is no longer popular to be a Christian; and third, the people are too busy to go to church. Sunday is a work-day, and while Christians in Japan may take time off to attend services, few take it.

"Pastors also must perform their national labour service. Eighty-three leaders of the Holiness Church are in gaol, and also many Seventh-day Adventists. Both these sects remain highly critical of the government, and refuse to compromise an inch of their faith. Both refused to enter the union of all the Christian Japanese in Japan, and both have been disbanded, their leaders gaoled, their publications confiscated. Their second-advent and millenarian tenets aroused government hostility because they defied the immortal traditions of the mikado."