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Be Sure to Read:

"INCA SONS ON THE
MARCH"

JOHN OAKLANDS,
Page 6.

Little Boy --- BIG PROBLEM

SOME CHURCH MEMBERS HAVE ASKED, "WHO IS THE LITTLE NATIVE BOY IN THE ARMS OF SISTER JAN FLEMING ON THE FOREIGN MISSIONS PLEDGE CARD BEING USED AT THE 1968 CAMP MEETINGS?"

His name is SUEY LANGDEFELDER, a little four-year-old boy with a big name, and born with an even bigger problem.

Suey's whole life has been surrounded by tragedy. His father is a leper; his eighteen-month-old brother is in hospital with advanced tuberculosis. The family was contacted recently by Dr. L. H. McMahon, the medical superintendent of the Seventh-day Adventist hospital on Malaita in the Solomon Islands.

Doctor McMahon discovered that Suey had a congenital heart malformation, and he could not walk for more than a few yards without resting. His life expectancy was very short unless he urgently received very specialized treatment in Sydney.

Trans-Australia Airlines were so impressed with Dr. McMahon's concern for Suey that they offered to fly him to Sydney. Hostesses along the route volunteered their days off in order to accompany Suey.

At Sydney airport, Suey was met by division assistant-secretary, Mr. Keith Irvine and his family, Mr. Irvine having first met Suey in Malaita. Television cameras whirred as little jungle boy, Suey, was given VIP treatment.

Surgery

For several weeks Keith and Vera Irvine cared for little Suey in their own home as one of their own children until he was of sufficient strength to undergo surgery for his heart condition.

The operation completed, Suey was again taken into the Irvine home until proper arrangements could be made to fly him back to Malaita.

Suey's homecoming caused quite a stir back home on Malaita. Mother, father and all his bush cousins from the village gathered around and wanted to hold him. Suey was glad to be cuddled by his mother who in preparation for baptism had "cleaned up," but when the heathen "bush cousins" wanted to hold him, Suey, who, until a few months before could speak and understand only his mother tongue, remonstrated in perfect English, "You're dirty. Go and wash!"

Millions are dying the world around from the leprosy of sin. Our continued support of the foreign mission programme of the church will bring them to the cleansing flood.

M. G. TOWNEND

Public Relations and
Radio-TV Secretary,
Australasian Division



Suey, really fit for the first time in his life, is firmly held by his Australian "daddy," Keith Irvine. (Photo by M. G. Townend.)

North New Zealand Camp Meeting

B. C. GROSSER, Public Relations Secretary, North New Zealand Conference

AT HASKELL PARK, North New Zealand, away from the roar of the city traffic, in the rural setting of quietly grazing cattle, an area of twenty acres of cow pasture was suddenly transformed into a tent town, providing accommodation for at least 1,500 campers. This number grew to within the vicinity of 3,000, as many folk, not able to attend all of camp, came in to enjoy the blessings of the Sabbaths.

Divine service was held in four meeting places. In the large six-pole tent, Dr. Ford spoke to the seniors on the first Sabbath. Pastor Hills cared for the fifteen to thirty age group, while the JMV's and primary groups also had special services in their halls.

Every day's programme catered for the needs of campers from the kindergarten age group through to the seniors. From junior level down, hands and minds were occupied as the boys and girls engaged in honour work and handcraft, and the evening meetings were also held for the four groups.

The new "Arthur Maxwell" Memorial Hall, dedicated to JMV activity, provided unique facilities for the making of handcraft and hobby work. Its main auditorium has seating capacity for four hundred, and twelve additional side rooms provide opportunity for groups to engage in a variety of handcrafts. Many of our dedicated lay members devote most of their time at camp to giving kindly direction to our juniors in this work.

It is usual that, with a late January camp, our numbers are down somewhat on that of our earlier camps which are the biennial sessions and held over the holiday period. However, this year saw a very well patronized camp and many records broken. Sabbath school offerings were up \$400 on last year. A youth hall, accommodating one hundred more than previously, was filled beyond capacity.

Special orchestral music, which resulted in brighter singing, did much to maintain a consistent attendance in the youth hall. "Uncle Harry" Stokes was once again the active leader of hundreds of juniors who proudly displayed the products of their hands as they paraded through the large pavilion on the last night of camp.

Record Offerings

The aggregate in Sabbath school offerings totalled \$1,470.74, which was quite a record. The mission offering reached a high \$6,479.03 and sales from our commodious book room netted \$7,200, which again was a record for an "off-session" camp.

We were most grateful to the division and union conferences for making available to us such a fine delegation of fervent speakers. Our local pastors and evangelists, responsible for the evening meetings throughout the week, presented the gos-



The A. S. Maxwell JMV Pavilion on the North New Zealand camp ground. (Photo: B. C. Grosser.)

pel message in its many phases and in so doing revived the old-time truths which make us a people. In addition, Dr. R. V. Knight of Brisbane came by invitation and fulfilled a very busy schedule of speaking appointments giving to us the cream of his years of medical experience.

All, I am sure, have returned to their homes with renewed inspiration, determined to labour more diligently and earnestly in fulfilling the task of taking this message to this corner of the world in this generation.

And so Camp 1968 is over. The tents are folded and packed away.

Those folk who attended camp would feel, I am sure, that these were indeed pleasant days as Dr. D. Ford, Brother Robert H. Parr, Pastors F. T. Maberly, J. W. Nixon, D. B. Hills, W. J. Richards, R. A. Vince, R. J. Burns, Dr. G. Rosenhain and Dr. R. V. Knight, and missionaries Alex Currie, Edwin Parker, Ralph Williams, George Porter, and Arnold and Isobel Paget provided messages of a different kind, which were indeed food for the soul.

Ordination in New Guinea

MILTON HOOK

OCTOBER 29, 1967, was the occasion for the ordination of Zaccheus Kiunda. Church members throughout the Tari district, New Guinea, walked thirty miles to attend the special morning service.

As a young man, Zaccheus Kiunda began denominational work as a teacher among his native Solomon Islanders, transferring later to Wabag, New Guinea. Since 1962 he has laboured in the Tari district as a missionary and sub-district leader, and at present is assistant district director.

His hospitality, fruitful labour, and wise counsel have earned him the love and respect of all his acquaintances. May God continue to bless his dedicated ministry.



Left to right: Pastors L. Barnard, Zaccheus Kiunda and E. A. Raethel on the occasion of the ordination. (Photo: Milton Hook.)

Mission Ships on New Stamps

J. CERNIK

TO KEEP PACE with the increasing popularity of philately, stamp issuing countries are doing their best these days to provide attractive designs and interesting subjects for their respective new issues.

This industry notwithstanding, it is not often that stamp designs are of specific interest to Seventh-day Adventists, although these columns have on at least two previous occasions reported instances when this was so.

Now we have a new issue from Norfolk Island that includes two stamps which must surely fire the imagination of missionary-minded folk in general, and Seventh-day Adventists in particular. The full set of stamps depicts some of the famous ships that have over the years been closely associated with the history and development of Norfolk, and it is the 15-cent and the 20-cent stamps of the series to which we would draw your attention.

The 15-cent stamp depicts the "Southern Cross," the small sailing vessel used by the Melanesian Mission between 1863 and 1873. What stirring thoughts teem through the mind as we think of those days! Thoughts of Bishops Patteson and Selwyn, two men good and bold for God, and their great spiritual wanderings in the South Pacific; thoughts of the splendid work accomplished by the Melanesian Mission, whose headquarters were on Norfolk; thoughts, too, of the many hazardous voyages made by the "Southern Cross," threading its way through hungry coral shoals, bearing the gospel from island to island; thoughts even of martyrdom, when on one voyage, Edwin Nobbs and Fisher Young, descendants of "Bounty" mutineers, fell beneath a hail of arrows as the missionary party was leaving Santa Cruz.

But it is the 20-cent stamp that comes closest home to Seventh-day Adventists. Here we have depicted none other than our own mission vessel the "Pitcairn." Between the years 1890, when she was launched and dedicated in San Francisco, and 1899, when she was finally disposed of, the "Pitcairn" made six voyages to the South Pacific.

Again memory stirs, and the names of E. H. Gates, John I. Tay, Hattie Andre, J. M. Cole, E. Hilliard, and E. S. Butz are just a few that spring to the mind as we think of the passengers this stout little vessel bore over the blue waters of the Pacific during the years of her service.

The association of the "Pitcairn" with Norfolk Island occurred in 1891. After visiting Pitcairn Island on her first voyage, the "Pitcairn" sailed to Norfolk Island carrying news and letters from the inhabitants of Pitcairn Island to their relatives on Norfolk, who had left Pitcairn to settle on Norfolk thirty-five years before.



This picture of Suey on Manly beach appeared on the front page of the "Sydney Morning Herald," Saturday, December 31, 1967. (Photo used by courtesy of "Sydney Morning Herald.")



The two "ship" stamps to be issued by Norfolk Island on March 18, showing the Melanesian Mission's "Southern Cross," and the Seventh-day Adventist "Pitcairn."

A Personal Message from Your General Conference President



ROBERT H. PIERSON

Dear Fellow Believers:

A man from the South was asked what kind of religion he liked best.

"I like barbed-wire religion," William Baker replied emphatically.

"Barbed-wire religion!" his friend replied in surprise. "What kind of religion is that?"

"Barbed-wire religion," Baker explained, "is the kind of religion you can't sit on a fence with."

This is a humorous little story; nevertheless, a great deal can be said in favour of Baker's "barbed-wire religion." We could do with a lot more of it inside our own Seventh-day Adventist Church.

Barbed-wire religion will get us off the fence, compel us to unfurl our colours. We will stand up and be counted. Men and women will have no doubt about where we stand.

God's remnant church is no place for "fence-straddlers"—compromisers. The hour is too late, the risks too great. Our God demands a positive stand. "He that is not with Me is against Me." There is no "no man's land" in this last-day battle for eternity.

"Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?"

In an era of ecumenism, when many of the Christian faiths are burying their denominational differences, God's call to His people is: "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord." 2 Cor. 6: 14-17. And He means all of the way out—not just part way.

The measure of God's "barbed-wire religion" is complete separation from the world. Our young people will not find life companions from among those not of their own faith. To follow such a course would assure a home "where the shadows are never lifted."

Business alliances with unbelievers will prove costly and dangerous. Social hours are best spent with those of like precious faith, for "what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness?"

Sometimes we feel that in order to cultivate worldly goodwill, we must let down the standards a trifle—theoretically for the sake of winning persons for the kingdom. This is fallacious reasoning. Listen! "There is constant danger that professing Christians will come to think that in order to have influence with worldlings, they must, to a certain extent, conform to the world. But though such a course may appear to afford great advantages, it always ends in spiritual loss."—"Prophets and Kings," page 570.

Yet the Lord's messenger declares: "The line of demarcation between worldlings and many professed Christians is almost indistinguishable. Many who once were earnest Adventists are conforming to the world—to its practices, its customs, its selfishness. Instead of leading the world to render obedience to God's law, the church is uniting more and more closely with the world in transgression. Daily the church is becoming converted to the world."—"Testimonies," Vol. 8, pages 118, 119.

Too many of us talk, dress, and eat like the world. We read what the world reads. We want the same pleasure worldlings enjoy.

Yet we are still Seventh-day Adventists. We have the truth. We keep (?) the Sabbath. We may pay tithe and give our offerings. We build churches, erect medical and educational institutions, and boast of our far-flung mission programme and spiritual wealth. Actually, we are delaying the return of our Lord by our compromising.

God help us to be "separatists"! The world loves good mixers—gregarious hail-fellows-well-met. God loves "separatists"—men and women, boys and girls, who dare to be different, Seventh-day Adventists who will not compromise, who will stand for the right though the heavens fall. "Don't let the world around you squeeze you into its own mould." Romans 12: 2, Phillips translation. Be a "barbed-wire" Christian.

Yours for more "barbed-wire" Adventists,

Robert H. Pierson

DID YOU SAY SOMETHING, OR WERE YOU JUST TALKING

G.E. (in the *Lake Union Herald*)

The treasurer of the Ladies' Aid Society stepped to the teller's window where a hard-of-hearing banker was working. After exchanging greetings she said, "Here is the Aid money for this week."

The teller recognized her as the wife of a prominent chicken rancher and misinterpreted her word "aid" for "egg."

With a hint of a smile in his voice, he quickly retorted, "Well, the old hens have been doing right well lately, haven't they?"

Communicating? That is rather doubtful. Yet they were conversing.

We often say that our church is misunderstood in the community. But why? And what are we doing about it?

Perhaps a lesson could be learned from people, which will help our church be better understood. We can only scratch the surface here by asking a few questions. Could a business man expect to have anything but trouble if he left his business affairs indefinite and in the hands of others who were unable to reach him for months at a time?

Misunderstandings grow best in a communications vacuum. Some feel that if they ignore a bad situation it will go away on its own. The facts of life dictate otherwise.

But talking is not necessarily communicating. Are you sure that what you say is understood? Does what you say measure up to what other people see? If the answers are no, you may only be complicating the situation.

For example, many people erroneously believe that Seventh-day Adventists are not Christians. Merely declaring that these beliefs are untrue and reaffirming that we are Christians is not necessarily communicating.

First of all, why do people develop these concepts? We can erase these erroneous notions best by eliminating the misinformation upon which they are based.

For example, because Adventists claim the seventh day as the true Sabbath, disallowing the sacredness of Sunday, many feel that we do not accept the resurrection of Christ and, along with the Jews, disclaim His divinity.

Will any amount of insistence that we are Christians help as long as this idea prevails?

Then, too, are you certain that the word "Christian" to you means the same thing as it does to him? A whole book could be written on the meaning of meaning, for our total life's experiences are bound up in the meaning we associate with words we hear or use. The dictionary will help, but it, too, is subject to interpretation.

One last statement. An article came in recently with the heading, "Some Suggestive Statements." What meaning

does the word "suggestive" have to you? What would you understand if I said, "It is a suggestive picture"?

How well we communicate depends on our understanding of the process of communication. Let us be certain that we say what we mean and mean what we say.

Did you say something, or were you just talking?

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The Pukekura Training School

Pictures and notes by PASTOR C. S. PALMER

The group is one of Pukekura Training School—the faculty and students of 1908—the first year of the school's operation. The other picture shows the school building, the barn, and the surrounding hills.

The school was located some four miles from Cambridge on one hundred and seventy acres of dairying land. The building was erected by Pastor S. M. Cobb, president of the New Zealand Conference, Pastor F. L. Chaney, principal, Mr. Higgins, carpentry instructor, and several enrolled students. It had a capacity of one hundred students.

The school opened in February, 1908, and operated for five years until 1912, when it was transferred to Longburn, the present site of Longburn College.

The names of the teachers and students are as follows:—

Front row—seated from left: M. Dixon, F. Moore, M. Hall, Pastor W. J. Smith (preceptor), Pastor F. L. Chaney (principal) and Donald, Mr. Higgins (wood-work instructor), Mr. Anderson, Miss A. Saunders (Letts).

Second row: W. Allum, C. Langley, W. Newbold, L. Smith (forward), M. Letts, A. Moore, Miss N. Sisley (Rockwell) (teacher), E. Smith, Mrs. F. L. Chaney (teacher), H. Letts, Miss P. Hare (business teacher), H. Morrison, Mrs. Higgins (forward), Miss Rout, C. Archibald (Tottenhoffer), Miss M. Piper (White) (teacher), visitor, visitor, E. Keymer, M. Smith, B. Langley.

Back row: I. Moore, W. Wilton, E. James, F. Harris, H. Smith, G. Hare, W. Smith, L. Smart, H. C. White.

Seated on ground—from left: W. Hobcroft, Vesta Smith, Sarah Smith (Chapman), Albert Chaney, A. Honnor, N. H. Faulkner, C. S. Palmer.

From these thirty-four students of the first year's enrolment, fourteen entered the work and carried responsibilities as ministers and teachers or as wives of workers in the home and foreign fields. One, Dr. Leslie Smart of U.S.A., is well known for his interest in and support of the cause. Twenty-four of the group have been laid to rest.

Later additions to the staff were Pastor and Mrs. J. Mills, Miss M. Smart, and Mrs. M. Caro.

HISTORIC PICTURE GALLERY



The school buildings and estate of the Pukekura Training School, New Zealand.



The faculty and students of the Pukekura Training School, Cambridge, New Zealand—1908.

A YOUNG FELLOW was asked by other young men about his own age to join them in robbing a house. The lad was silent a minute. Then he said, "Boys, you know my father died a short time ago. This coat I am wearing my mother made from one of his, and when I put it on the first time, this is what she said: 'Jack, this coat has always covered a heart that was manly, honourable, and true. Promise me, my boy, that you will ever strive to keep as honourable and as true as your father was before you.' Now boys I promised and, therefore, it is impossible for me to go with you." That settled the question and that courageous lad was left alone. He was faithful to his trust. And likewise you are wearing the coat of righteousness. Does this garment cover a heart that is honourable and true? Are others drawn to the Master because of your cloak of righteousness?

JOHN OAKLANDS and his wife, Australia's first missionaries to South America, send in this first report. John has been teaching in the Inca Union College, Peru, now for just over a year.

Inca Sons on the March

JOHN V. OAKLANDS

THE SONS OF THE INCAS are on the march. It is the march of dedicated Adventist soul-winners under the banner of Jesus Christ. Their motto? "*Echad la Red*" ("Cast the Net"). This mighty army has already won many precious victories, and has even more ambitious plans for the future.

During the past few weeks, "Colegio Union" (Inca Union College) has been the centre of much activity—people coming and going, congresses, meetings and sessions. First there was the district laymen's convention, followed by the inspiring graduation ceremonies which terminated the school year and opened the door to twenty-two new recruits for the soul-winning army—a rewarding climax to the year's work.

As the new year dawned, the college campus was again invaded, this time by an army of Adventist ministers and missionaries from all over the Inca Union, from the countries of Ecuador, Bolivia and Peru. It was the occasion of the annual ministerial congress, at which over two hundred ministers and workers were present, many of them with their wives and families. College housing capacity was taxed to the limit. Of the ministers present, eighty-seven were ordained. Of course our union leaders were also present and, in addition, we were privileged to have four division representatives with us. These men of God, Pastor Enoch de Oliveira, Ministerial Association secretary; Pastor Gaston Clouzet, lively and bright Sabbath School and Public Relations Departments secretary; Pastor Hector J. Peverini, associate secretary of the South American Division; and Pastor H. E. McClure (a North American of Scotch ancestry), Lay Activities and Radio and TV secretary, directed the congress.

Inspiring Days

The programme of those few brief days was a very full, but most inspiring one. Pastor Oliveira led out in pastoral and Christological discussions. Pastor Clouzet held us spellbound as he eloquently and ably outlined the unfolding story of ecumenism. One worker told the thrilling story of how, during 1967, he had brought 180 souls to Christ. Of course, all were keen to learn how he and others had achieved such tremendous results. It was not because of college education, it was not because he merely told his church members that they must win souls for Christ—he said that they knew that already—but it was because, under the direction of the Holy Spirit, he had organized schools of instruction and had trained the lay people how to work and had then outlined a programme for them taking in the whole year. As a result he had baptisms almost every month! And can you wonder that this is now the aim

set by the union session for every worker in the Inca Union?

Two events marked the close of the meetings, making a fitting climax to the congress; one, a ceremonious ordination service, and the other, a dedication. On the afternoon of the first Sabbath in the new year, six ministers, the writer included, were ordained to the gospel ministry. As is quite customary in Spanish-speaking lands, the ceremony was quite colourful and impressive, but at the same time solemn and inspiring. It lasted for over two hours. As the ceremony proceeded, the wives were offered beautiful bouquets, while the newly ordained ministers received greetings, often including a friendly "abrazos" (Spanish embrace), from one of the eighty-seven ordained workers who filed past on the platform. A most unforgettable occasion for all present, as many have expressed.

Plane Dedicated

The following day, at approximately 8 a.m., Pastor Bob Seamount, one-time member of the King's Heralds Quartet, landed a new mission plane in the maize field in front of our house. At mid-day, after being cleaned and polished, and with the division president, Pastor R. A. Wilcox, and the division secretary, Pastor M. S. Nigri, present, the plane was dedicated to mission service. Pastor Seamount has installed a mechanical device in the plane which will enable it to stop within one hundred feet after touching down. It will be a wonderful asset to the work in this field. Soon after the dedication service, the plane took off on the first stage of its flight and mission to the Amazon jungles where it will bring "el pan de vida" (the bread of life), along with with many other needed items, to thousands of worthy souls.

Thus concluded one series of inspiring meetings. But the division president and secretary were to be with us for more than the dedication of the mission plane.

That night in the "Salon de Actos," or college auditorium, the Inca Union quadrennial session, to which the writer was a delegate, was opened. That very afternoon the college summer school also commenced—no dull moments at Colegio Union! The business of the session went according to plan and many thrilling reports were given. On the second night, as part of the evangelistic report, an unusual telegram was read. It was sent by a Catholic priest and read, "We are praying for the success of your 'congreso.'" The following day the plans committee announced some high goals, while the nominating committee introduced some interesting changes. This has meant that since the closing of the session more committees have been in action and other field placements have been made. But still the "congresos" continue, the latest being that of youth leaders, another step in the great march toward the city of God.

Active Youth

What a thrill and privilege to be connected with the work of the Lord in this fascinating land of the Incas, with its vast opportunities in service for the Master! Here at Colegio Union, nestled as it is against the foothills of the high, historic Andes, ours is the joy of meeting and working with many of our dedicated teachers and young people. How can one but love these earnest, friendly, happy youth? Many come from poverty stricken homes where they have made the most of meagre educational opportunities to improve their talents and to direct them into soul-winning activities. I have never seen young people so active in working for Christ as these fine Adventist youth.

Yes, the Inca sun has risen upon a new day for the sons of the ancient sun-worshippers of the mighty Inca empire—and it has been my privilege to visit some of the tremendous ruins of that once-mighty empire. The way is opening more and more for the Sun of Righteousness to dispel the darkness of superstition and doubt.

But we do not know how long it will be thus. We are working while it is day, knowing that the night is coming when no man can work. Will you pray for us, for the work here, and for the dawning of another day, the day that will usher in the kingdom of Christ? In Ecuador, in Bolivia, in Peru the signs reveal that the day is at hand. Will we meet you in the homeland?





HALF-PAST TEN

PEARL C. B. ELLISON

*I'm sitting here a-musing,
How the world will soon be losing
All the joys that God could give the
sons of men.
For the gold that they are making,
Soon quite useless for the taking,
Should the Lord of glory come at
half-past ten.*

*You think you'll make "eleven"—
There's a different time in heaven—
And how God strives to tell the sons
of men;
You will throw your gold to batlings
As you hear the sabres rattling—
Should He come to you instead, at
half-past ten.*

*Why don't you stop and listen
As God's signs like crystal glisten?
When, in love, He seeks impressing
hearts of men?
For in glory soon descending
With angelic hosts attending,
And the hour, quite unexpected—
half-past ten.*

*Like a million worlds a-blazing
He will set this world a-dazing
As judgments come. Had I an
angel's pen,
I would tell this wondrous story
Of Him who comes in glory,
As He pulls the clouds atwain at
half-past ten.*

*It's a solemn risk you're taking
That millions more are making,
For the judgment's coming soon to
sons of men;
Too late when this terrestrial,
Will give place to the celestial,
So be ready now; don't wait till
half-past ten.*

Devotional

Songs in the Night

E. L. MINCHIN

*The temple of the heart can chime songs of faith even in
the darkest night.*

MEN had been known to curse and to swear in that dark, miserable dungeon. Never had any prisoner been known to sing there, yet "at midnight Paul and Silas . . . sang praises unto God: and the prisoners heard them." Acts 16: 25.

That loathsome dungeon was beautiful to these children of faith. It was dark, but to them it was light. They sang like two larks at heaven's gate. Guards and prisoners were astonished that these cold, hungry, tortured men could rejoice and sing in such a place.

But they had a secret. They possessed great faith, an inward strength, and a Presence that lifted them above their suffering and their surroundings. They sang songs of love and hope and patience at midnight. So may you and I, for "God . . . giveth songs in the night." Job 35: 10.

"Anybody can sing songs in the daytime, but the sweetest songs are night songs. The night sings a song of yesterday, of past blessings, and calls on memory to strengthen trust. It sings songs of tomorrow, of the coming of dawn, of home and heaven. And night sings songs of the night itself, for faith has its songs as well as sight. There are songs of pardon in the night of sin, of patience in the night of suffering, of comfort in the night of sorrow, of hope and triumph in the dark hours of death. God 'giveth songs in the night.' He has Himself a swan song for His beloved as He sings them at last to sleep with the soft lullabies of infinite love. Our day songs may be about ourselves, but our night songs should be about God, and so serve as serenades under the windows of heaven."—George Eliot.

Friend, what night-songs has God given you? In earth's last dark hour God's children will sing of the coming dawn, of home, and of heaven. Have you learned the wondrous song of pardon in the night of sin? David sang it—"Blessed [happy] is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile." Psalm 32: 1, 2.

Friend, if you and I learn this song now, we shall sing it in that glorious day of triumph so soon to be when "the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." Isaiah 35: 10.

There is a song in the night of suffering. Through the years, God's children have sung it. It is not easy to learn. I cannot tell you, friend, why you are called upon to suffer, to be laid aside when you long to be in health and to accomplish your life's plans. I cannot explain why that great sorrow has come to you, why that dear one was taken. I cannot tell you why that dark experience has come into your life. No, I cannot tell you why, but someday He will, and you will be perfectly satisfied then. In the meantime He will give you a song of patience, of faith, and of hope that will lighten the way, and minister blessing to others who journey with you.

Last week Pastor E. C. Lemke reported on the Cook Island hurricane.
Now we can engage in . . .

POST-HURRICANE REFLECTIONS

MAY PORTER

THE WIND OF THE HURRICANE has passed in its fury and we have just returned from a drive around Rarotonga to view the wreckage. We sat this morning and watched the elements literally strip into shreds the leaves of every plant in the garden. We have spent so many weary hours in cultivating the bananas that were George's pride and joy, and my coleuses and marigolds in their full glory and over six feet tall.

Everything that remains standing is burned black from the salt spray in the wind. But we were so thankful for the roof which remains over our heads that I scarcely mourned their passing.

It was this afternoon that I cried. The hurricane committee was wonderful in the way it kept the road cleared enough for emergency traffic, and as soon as possible we were on our way, the car loaded with sight-seers. The utter devastation was beyond description, so we are leaving the pictures to tell the story.

The roofless homes, the ruined crops and orchards, the completely flattened theatre where we recently held a mission, the few naked piles of what was the wharf, the great boulders of coral rock that were hurled through the bakehouse pushing all the shining new equipment before them—all were greeted at each turn of the road with exclamations of dismay.

Tears

But when we saw what had happened to the new waterfront beautification project, of which the whole population was so proud, there were tears in my eyes and I somehow lost my voice. Stone walls, re-inforced with concrete, that had been built along the stream banks right



Why we had no power and no telephones for weeks. There were twenty-three miles of this kind of work to be done. (Photos this page: M. Porter.)

out into the harbour, gardens and paths that had been so well laid out and which the Dorcas ladies had helped provide with flowers to make such a pleasant spot were now reduced to a mountain of rubble with one bedraggled coconut palm to mark the spot.

The sea had swept in, in all its fury, and only the sudden wind change had saved the township. A bombing raid could not have made a bigger mess.

We stopped to talk to an old man whose thatched roof home had been completely flattened. His reply to our query regarding his welfare typifies the "indiarubber" quality of the Polynesian people: "I'm ready for the next one," he exclaimed with a toothless grin and a wave of his hook knife.

And almost unbelievably the sun is winking cheekily through the clouds to say goodnight. It has been a wonderful boost to our faith in the power of our God whose voice is able to still such fury of wind and wave as we have witnessed today.

P.S.—Three days later the crocuses were blooming cheerily everywhere.

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In the Cathedral at Worcester, there is an ancient slab, bearing as its inscription the solitary word: MISERRIMUS—"Most Miserable." Down in the catacombs—those vast underground chambers of the dead, where the early Christians endeavoured to hide from their fierce persecutors—engraved on a stone embedded in the wall, stands this beautiful word, FELICISSIMUS—"Most Happy." If you were to be laid in your grave this week, which of those Latin inscriptions would most truly represent your condition?



This was the bakery.



et of Avarua during the hurricane.

OFFICIAL OPENING, BURWOOD CHURCH

K. S. LAUB

AN ATTRACTIVE church building, seating 120 and costing approximately \$21,500, was opened at Burwood, Victoria, on December 9, 1967.

During February, 1962, the original twenty-four members met for the first time as Ashwood church with Pastor F. Taylor, the pastor, in the Ashwood Progress Hall. These members came from the neighbouring churches at Nunawading, Mont Albert and Hughesdale. This temporary meeting place was used for over five years, and now under God's blessing and with devoted and sacrificial efforts of the members, the new church building has become a reality.

A most generous donation of a block of land situated at 4 Renown Street, Burwood, was made by the Victorian Conference, and later financial assistance of the conference proved an invaluable help.

The first meeting in the new church was on April 22, 1967, using temporary seating borrowed from the Nunawading camp ground. By the official opening day, the chapel was attractively furnished and the membership had grown to forty-seven. Pastor S. M. Uttley, president of the Trans-Commonwealth Union Conference, presented the address of dedication, and Pastor C. F. Hollingsworth, president of the Victorian Conference, performed the act of dedication before an overflow congregation.

THE NEW
CHURCH AT BURWOOD,
VICTORIA.

The Mayor of Box Hill, Councillor Broadhead, and his wife were both in attendance on this occasion. Also present at the service and taking part was a former pastor, Pastor G. V. Palmateer, and our present pastor, Brother W. Fordham.

With continued effort this church will be a light to this area of God's vineyard—"and ye shall be witnesses unto Me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."



A Time for Prayer

HELEN R. SMITH

*Spontaneous, sudden prayers inspire
and cheer,*

*Bring transient strength, and courage
briefly feed;*

But earnest daily prayer, planned, purposeful,

*Alone can satisfy the soul's deep
need.*

*So keep a time for prayer within your
day—*

*A set and sacred time for God alone;
A place of secret meeting, sweet and still,*

*Where you can make your need and
weakness known.*

*There without fear the burdened heart
is eased,*

*There the long-hid sin lies un-
concealed;*

*There without shame each failure is
laid bare,*

*Without dismay the cherished dream
revealed.*

*Then, in the hallowed "time for
prayer," reserve*

*A listening time and let God speak
to you.*

*Clouds will recede, horizons brighter
grow,*

*And life reflect a radiance rich and
new.*

Church Dedicated at Murgon in Queensland

AUDREY M. CHERRY

MURGON, a sleepy little town nestled at the foot of Boat Mountain, is known far and wide as the "Hub of the South Burnett," because it seems to be the centre with roads radiating to different towns, like spokes in a wheel. These roads go out north, south, east and west, to Goomeri, Gayndah, Wondai, Kingaroy and Nanango.

December 15 and 16, 1967, found many travellers using these roads, and a big percentage of them converging upon Murgon. This was the day that the Murgon Seventh-day Adventists had dreamed of for many years. At last, it was to be a reality—the dedication of a Seventh-day Adventist church in this town!

Ever since the old Seventh-day Adventist church at Boat Mountain, overlooking Murgon, was removed to Albion in Brisbane in the 1920s, it has been the hope of the few remaining Adventists that one day there would be another church where would be preached the three angels' messages right in the township of Murgon.

In 1965 the few Adventists, who were worshipping in the C.W.A. Hall, decided to commence a building fund. This was our first step in faith, and as we look back over the last two years, we realize how wonderfully God has blessed us, bringing our plans, ideas and labours to fruition—indeed, surpassing anything we ever dared hope for in so short a time.

Sacrifice and Work

This was not achieved without sacrifice and labour on the part of all members, but God took all that was donated in time, labour, and money, and multiplied it, as Jesus did the loaves and fishes by the Sea of Galilee.

We were so few—only twenty-six baptized members, sixteen of whom were wage-earners. How could we hope to accumulate enough money to build a church within even the next ten years? However, as we all used our talents in various ways, it was amazing how the funds grew.

Now, in a little less than two years from the time of commencing our building fund, we are worshipping in our own church! We feel we can be modestly proud of our achievement under the blessing of God, because this attractive church in Perkins Street was dedicated free of debt.

Purchased from Lutherans

The church itself was purchased from the Lutherans, and refurbished with a suitable rostrum area which gives an air of reverence not often seen in a small church. A 28 feet by 14 feet extension was added to the rear, as a result of generous gifts of timber by two church members, and a very generous donation of labour by two of our older men, Brethren Eric Cherry and E. Burley.



The new church at Murgon, Queensland, on the occasion of its dedication. (Photo: F. Cherry.)



Out of the past. A group of Murgon church members taken at a picnic at Barambah Creek in 1913. As far as can be ascertained, the group includes: The late T. J. Dowling (second from the left) then Mabel Loon (now Mrs. David Miller), Mrs. Dingle, the Alwyn Coulstons, Mrs. Brighton, Mrs. Lamplough; then, on the extreme right, the Mobbs boys. The four girls standing at the front are Lily, Rita and Jessie Lamplough and Verley Brighton (Mrs. Alf Radley). (Information and picture supplied by A. Cherry.)

These men, although well into their seventies, gave of their best through the heat of November and early December days to see the job through.

There were others who gave unselfishly of their labour, after work and on Sundays, all working with one purpose: to see the building finished to God's glory.

We feel it quite an honour to have Brother Eric Cherry worshipping with us from week to week. He and his wife only

recently moved to our district to set up home in Goomeri. To him, of course, it was really a home-coming, as he used to live in the Goomeri district in the early 1900s, and was one of the early pioneers. In the Sabbath school on the morning of December 16, he told of scrub felling in the district with Brethren Tom Dowling, Jack and Alf Radley, and others, and how they had to follow survey lines to

(Concluded on page 16)

Vacation Bible School at Southport

MRS. WIN DODDS, Director

AS THE SOUTHPORT CHURCH planned its third Vacation Bible School to take place in the first week of the school holidays in December, 1967, we discovered the hardest problem was to find suitable craft ideas. Many things—like halls and teachers—were just a repeat of last year's plans. However, after much prayer and searching, and many appeals to the church members for ideas, we finally found some suitable crafts.

As we averaged about forty at our first Vacation Bible School and about forty-five at our second, we decided we should plan for sixty instead of fifty this time, and did so.

It was as usual an apprehensive group of teachers who gathered for prayer on the opening day, and we were thrilled to then admit forty-five children, many of whom had been with us at one or both of our previous Vacation Bible Schools. All classes were nicely filled except the class of junior girls, which was considerably overfilled. We tried to get another teacher, but did not succeed, so we had to carry on as best we could.

Attendance Grows

The success of the first day was evident when the children were all back on the second day, with many friends. That day we had sixty-two children present, and had run out of books. Undeterred, they still brought their friends, and we grew to sixty-seven on the Wednesday, seventy-three on the Thursday and then down to sixty-eight on the Friday.

It was truly an inspiration to hear those children sing under the direction of Pastor Beamish. Many of them knew a number of the songs and choruses from previous years, and they all really enjoyed the singing. At the concert, one of the parents drew my attention to one small boy who was standing in the front row singing lustily—every song—without once looking at the song chart.

On the Friday of the previous Vacation Bible School programmes we have taken the children out on inspections—the fire station one year, the milk factory (which also makes ice cream) the second year. This time, as we could not find any place suitable for a visit, the Friday special was a milk ice block each, which no one refused.

Concert

During the week we tried to get some idea from the children of how many to expect for the concert on the Saturday night, and from this idea we decided that we had better bring extra seating from the church to the hall we were using. The church members handled this for us, and it was well that we were thus prepared, for we had about as many present as could comfortably be packed into the hall.

As we had no one from the church who could give us an item for the concert, we screened the film "Old Yeller" after the children's items and the display of crafts. It was a very successful programme, and it enabled us to meet most of the parents. Their expressions of gratitude and pleasure are very encouraging, and although, as yet, we have not had anyone to come to Sabbath school, we feel that prejudice is being broken down, and we will eventually see the harvest.

It is not possible for us to run a continuation programme like a branch Sabbath school, as we are so scattered that it presents considerable difficulty to get together for the week of the Vacation Bible School itself.

The co-operation from the people of the town was very encouraging this year. We had a plentiful supply of "Pop-sticks" from the ice cream factory, at very little cost, and another firm gave us glue at a reduced rate. Sufficient ply for the bases of the boys' trays was given by another firm. But

the greatest thrill came when Pastor Beamish went to buy nine pairs of handles (78 cents per pair) for the trays, and the firm donated them all. Then, when three more boys came and he tried to buy another three pairs, the firm insisted on donating them, too. This is a work which brings us to the notice of the townspeople, and produces only credit for the work of God.

A Sceptical Venture

ELEANOR BARRETT

A VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL! What for? Another bright idea! Does it really serve any purpose? "After all, this type of thing is not in my line, but I will assist you all I can." These were my sceptical thoughts and remarks when approached by Miss Lowe of the Victorian Conference to assist her in conducting a Vacation Bible School at Warrnambool, a seaside resort on the south-west coast of Victoria.

The first morning about thirty children filed into our church hall to enrol. "This looks encouraging," I remarked, but secretly thought, "Just wait until tomorrow; we'll be able to divide this figure by one quarter." Then to my amazement Miss Lowe announced: "We will have to have more seats brought over to the hall for tomorrow."

More Seats

Standing aghast the next morning, I watched the whole sixty of them file past, as teachers frantically tried to get every name and address written on the enrolment sheets. "Well, don't just stand there, get in and help; this thing has made a hit!"

There they sat, wide-eyed, open-mouthed and attentive. Bright choruses, Bible stories, crafts and games, all in good continuity kept their interest keen.

Press photographs the next day sent the prestige even higher.

Half-way through the week it was decided to stage a concert on the Saturday evening, and invite mothers and fathers to see and hear just what the children had learned.

And Still More Seats

Again Miss Lowe decided more seats had to be hired. This time I knew her expectations had overshoot the limit. But now I can vividly recall the folk who had to stand around the packed hall that evening!

All good public relations, you agree, but still—the purpose? Oh, yes, the purpose! The children were invited to continue coming to Sabbath school each Sabbath morning and then to work with their crafts on Tuesday afternoons for one hour after school. The first Sabbath morning thirty arrived on time for Sabbath school. Admittedly the usual Sabbath fashion parade was not quite the norm, they came with shorts, jeans, slacks, thongs and even bare feet predominating. Nevertheless, the Holy Spirit was there to touch young hearts, and the whole programme was enthusiastically received.

Each Sabbath morning we now have eight to ten regulars coming to Sabbath school. Tuesday afternoons bring a much bigger crowd for crafts and nature lessons.

And Parents

A visit to the parents by the local church pastor brought some interesting comments.

"I see no harm in my boy attending," said the Church of England minister.

"I am thrilled about the whole thing; it has given my daughter an interest," said one mother.

"I would like to know more about your beliefs," commented another.

"Mum said we could bring the Bible when we come to Sabbath school," said one of the five of the little Catholic family who attend regularly. The Bible mentioned turned out to be the Catholic Missal.

And now I ask you: "Was there really any purpose in conducting a Vacation Bible School?"



LETTERS to the EDITOR

Sir:

Reading through this year's Appeal magazine I notice the photo of Kata Ragoso, son of our much loved Ragoso. I thought the following might interest you. At the Preston (Vic.) camp, 1936, Kata Ragoso snr. was in attendance; one day as he walked across the ground I stood with my two small boys watching him. Suddenly my youngest (three years) began to cry. Thinking he was afraid I decided to move on, but he was crying to go to Ragoso; that was soon settled as you can see by the picture I have enclosed.

Almost every year since that time, I have collected for the "Appeal," using the snap-shot and telling the people that if it hadn't been for the missionary going to the Solomon Islands, I would not have the photo of which I was so proud.

Over the years I have collected many dollars. Once, speaking to a man, (with no prospect of a donation) I told of Ragoso's part during the war, and said I was proud to call him brother; the man suddenly excused himself and went inside; I began to leave, but he called out, "Here, take this, I guess missions must be worth helping." It was a ten-shilling note (very good for those days).

The last time I saw Ragoso was as he left the Stanmore church. (Was it in the 1950s?) I had time only to say, "Ragoso, do you remember this picture?" Back came his reply, "Yes! long time ago in 1936. So sorry I can't stay to talk."

Eight years ago at the Hughesdale church, Melbourne, Ragoso's son, Kata, was there in the afternoon. I took my snap along and, just handing it to Kata, I was surprised when he said, "My father, yes! I remember; he brought this home from Australia. I am so glad to meet you; you would be the mother of these two children, yes?" I said, "Yes, Kata, and I am so proud of that picture; and your father was much loved by us Australians."

Sincerely,

(Mrs.) Isobel Irvine.

Sir:

Among those who deplore the noise that is the accompaniment of Sabbath school, there are those who feel that the movement and class murmuring (permissible, orderly, and necessary as they are) are habit-forming. These people are genuinely concerned with reverence in the church.

Others blame the noise on the friendly and informal atmosphere of evangelistic missions; but are the new converts the guilty ones? Indeed, not a few of these are secretly horrified as they contrast conditions in this house of worship (?) with the quiet of the one they have left. Quoting one, "How I long for the silence of St. John's!"

Perhaps, being a small proportion of the population and the members of each congregation being scattered between gatherings, when they do meet, our members just bubble over. At camp meetings this is sometimes sadly apparent on a larger scale. Brethren conducting the closing exercises of the Sabbath are mostly unobserved as they kneel for silent prayer in anything but silence, and the microphone is scarcely adequate to make audible their opening words, such is the babel of voices.

You may have been spared such unhappy experiences and mine may be unusual, but at the church I attended today, I thought, "If Babylon means confusion, this is it!" My home church, lamentably, is very little better.

Sabbath school was a good one, but when the children were "let loose," there seemed no attempt to control them. They strolled, bounced, romped, jostled, and some even ran in and out, chattering happily. Why not, when grown-ups appeared to be doing the adult equivalent? Didn't they see the movement attendant on the handing out of sundry items by various officers: tithe receipts, periodicals, etc? There was the genial and enthusiastic MV leader teeing-up participants for this meeting, and they noted all the not-always-whispered, happy little conversations involved.



The picture of
Kata Ragoso, Senior, to which
Mrs. Irvine refers.

Admittedly, between services is a good chance to catch folk, but should not these chores be carried out outside? Can children be blamed if all they register is action, talking, and gaiety from the example of responsible grown-ups? Of course, they have been instructed to "keep thy foot," etc., but actions do speak louder.

One potential athlete of tender years aspired to turn somersaults over the rostrum rails, both of his parents being busily occupied on official duties. Another inquisitive primary-aged child similarly handicapped as to parents, inspected and souvenired an unusual item in the artistic floral arrangement. (Nominating committees, would it not be an idea to plan so that one parent is always free to attend to solemn family responsibilities? Father-elder, mother-deaconess; father-Lay Activities secretary, mother-organist; the parents may be models of propriety, but meanwhile how can they know that their children are sometimes running wild, even leading others astray, too?)

The atmosphere was similar to that of my home church. The organists' prelude was a favourite, but he seemed merely to provide a soft accompaniment to a chorus of "rhubarb," highlighted by a descant of giggles and laughter from those who had halted in the foyer for a light-hearted chat. This rose in a crescendo of noise each time the door opened to admit someone who had managed to weave a way through these gossipers. The said door closed with a bang, or at least a loud click.

Was the pastor aware of this din? On occasions when he is relieved by someone else in the desk, he might sit in a rear seat from Sabbath school to divine service, and see and hear this uproar which he misses, whilst ordinarily occupied in the vestry.

I have but a vague idea of what the ten-minute exercise was about. The organ had faded to silence, but the movement persisted, whilst the "off-stage" noises abated not at all. Where were the deacons? Were they too timid to carry out the unpleasant duty of quietening and moving the thoughtless ones? The ten-minute exercise has its place, no doubt, but would not the end of Sabbath school be more suitable than as a prelude to divine service? Non-Seventh-day Adventists present are introduced to the machinery of the organization—book promotion, fund-raising, etc., all worthy causes—but they do destroy the desired atmosphere of meditation and worship, and do blackboards do anything for the dignity of the hour?

We are urged to invite friends to worship with us; frankly, I cannot. My private efforts to win them would be completely undermined by such an environment. They may not have a deeply religious experience, but at least their church

manners are educated to respect, if not reverence, for the house of worship.

Further to streamline the service, might not the off-duty elders hurry from the vestry and take their places unobtrusively near the rear of the auditorium, before the pastor and his supporting elders appear on the rostrum? Otherwise visitors could mistake them for late-comers.

Also, when bulletins are provided, there is no need to "draw our attention" to several items on it. We can read. One sister's non-believer husband who attended occasionally, was so irritated by this repeated practice, that he refused to come again.

Lacking a crying-room, there is the greater need to take what measures one can to minimize noise from the wee ones who cannot reasonably be expected to remain quiet for so long.

If ventilation is not adequate, the auditorium can become stuffy, even on a cold day, and while adults may grow lethargic, children become restless.

Soft-soled shoes or slippers are recommended for little feet, and what is wrong with a strap harness and lead to allow toddler a limited range of the home pew? (The family pup can take it.) Let his kept-for-Sabbath toys be soft, quiet ones, too. If the younger babe is in a pram, and given to the playful habit of dropping his toy overboard for you to retrieve, tie it to the pram.

When parents are indifferent, day-dreaming or missing, or their efforts at control are futile, could not the nearest deacon check little children who romp in and out, or along the aisles? (Poor deacon!) Deacons might also police some older children who feel the sudden need for fresh air, especially when two of an age are simultaneously afflicted. Time them, and if necessary, investigate; it could be ample time for a gallop around the block, with a corner store or tram ride thrown in. (This is not over-imaginative conjecture.)

There is a growing practice among the lasses, and some older sisters, of discarding hats (an elaborate hairdo does complicate things). Is this irreverence? Maybe not, but it could be a question of respect for time and place. Would not every care be taken to ensure that wardrobes were correct to the smallest detail, were it a civic, vice-regal, or other formal affair? We hear, "Oh, but times have changed? Are we at liberty to lower our standards? This house and day are God's, not ours.

Jesus drove out the money-changers from the temple, and I feel that He would be saddened at the irreverence and lack of respect for His Father's house in these days.

Various pastors have more or less apologetically preached on the subject, followed

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Pupils and teachers of the Tari Seventh-day Adventist school thankfully display the shield of victory. (Photo: M. Hook.)

Victory for the "Clean Mission"

MILTON HOOK

THE YOUNG PUPILS at Tari Seventh-day Adventist school, T.P.N.G., entered the 1967 school sports with confident determination. For two weeks they had been practising hard at relay races, high and long jumps, sprinting, and obstacle races. Success had been prayed for in their morning and evening worships because they wanted to demonstrate that healthful living was a part of the Advent message.

They were not pig-eaters. They knew that this feature of our message brought scorn from opposition circles. With enthusiasm they set out to prove that the "clean mission" also had in it the healthiest and strongest pupils. They realized, too, that they were only fifty in number as against some schools which had two-hundred potential winners. Therefore they would have to run more frequently to be represented in the maximum number of events. Furthermore, their school went only to Form 3 and most local schools went to Form 6.

The long-awaited day arrived. Two government schools and eight mission schools met to decide who would be the winner. (Now all this preamble would never have been written had I not known the "Record" is partial to success stories.) Success was sweet. Throughout the day the scoreboard showed the Seventh-day Adventist school with a rapidly mounting total. Over the loudspeaker system could be heard our name as gaining first, second, or third placing in the events.

The final and spectacular event of the day was the marathon race. Three of our boys entered this endurance test and raced to the finishing tape in first, third and fourth placings to assure us the shield. Never before in Tari had so few impressed so many in so short a time. The assistant district commissioner said, "I am surprised to see you scoop the pool."

Throughout the district, among nationals and Europeans alike, there is a marked change in attitude. The scornful label of "the kau-kau eaters" now has lost its sting.

The pupils still eat their kau-kau, and still abstain from pig-eating. And they are still determined to maintain their witness that the Biblical diet fosters physical, mental, and spiritual strength.

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THEY'RE RESTLESS IN BENCUBBIN

A. SEDGMAN

The Adventist church in Bencubbin, a small wheat belt town 180 miles from Perth, is not numerically large, but their zeal for God is high. At present they are forced to meet in the Congregational church which is graciously made available to them by the members of that church, but plans are afoot and efforts are being made to secure land and build their own church in the near future.

Last year an area of 150 acres of land was planted with wheat, and under God's blessing it yielded nine hundred bags of wheat, the first payment being \$2,400, with two other payments to follow. Plans were made at the last business meeting for each farmer-member to plant a further forty acres, and donate it to the building fund.

Active plans are under way to commence another type of building—this being the Lay Evangelism project brought to us by Pastor Schoen. Brother John Fitzclarence was Bencubbin's delegate to the Lay Evangelism school, and he feels we cannot start soon enough to get the divine blue-print translated into action.

When God's people get restless, as they are in Bencubbin, something happens.



Life Sketch of Pastor A. I. Mitchell

PASTOR LLEWELLYN JONES

Albert Mitchell was born in Rutherglen, Victoria, on January 29, 1903, one of ten children, completed forty-four years of service, and after a prolonged illness was called to rest on February 9, 1968.

When he was about fifteen years old, an older sister made the startling discovery of the Sabbath in the Bible. Seeking explanation for its neglect by the church of the day, eventually she was referred to the late Pastor Harry Mitchell (no relation), then working in a nearby country town. Accompanied by her brothers Tom and Albert, both destined to be so well-known in the Sabbath-keeping church, they rode on horseback to visit Pastor Mitchell. And that was the beginning of a lifetime of service for both Tom and Albert, both in the course of time becoming ordained ministers themselves.

Attending the Avondale College 1918-1922, Albert worked hard to fit himself for the ministry to which he believed God was calling him. There he laid the firm foundation for the sound knowledge of the Bible which he possessed in the long years of his ministry.

Called to the ministry in the North New South Wales Conference early in 1924, after a period as a colporteur, he was united in marriage at Cooranbong with Miss Ruth Allen in September of the same year, later transferring to South New Zealand. It was here in New Zealand, and later in Queensland, ably assisted by his wife, a talented musician, that he demonstrated his ability as a forceful and convincing preacher. A clear thinking and practical Bible student, he developed into one of the most successful evangelists of his time. Likewise in Victoria, the scene of his later work, many rejoice in the Advent message as a result of his devoted service. To those who knew him, he was God's man, surely a "prince in Israel."

With his pen, also, he proved himself an author of no mean ability, thereby helping many into a fuller knowledge of truth by the cultivation of this talent.

The suffering of his last prolonged illness was eased by the devoted care of his wife, and Sister Mitchell's sorrow will be softened by the knowledge that in his great need she was able to care for him.

Pastor Mitchell served the cause of God long and faithfully. He kept the faith until the end, and firmly held the belief that "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me." Surely of him it can be said, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." So, after forty-four years of ministry, our brother has laid down the burden, but his works will follow him into the kingdom of glory which Christ our Lord has gone to prepare.

honour the happy couple. We wish Bob and Lorelle much of Heaven's blessing as they establish their Christian home in the Wahroonga area. M. G. Townend.

DAWSON-SCHUBERT. Relatives and friends of both parties gathered at the Swansea church on February 11, 1968, to witness the union of Andrew William Dawson and Amy Winifred Schubert in holy wedlock. Brother Andrew Dawson is well known to all for his years of service with the Australasian Conference Association and in the Sanitarium Health Food Company, while Sister Amy Schubert is known for her active connection with the church at Port Macquarie, and the family she has raised to the glory of God. May the Lord's richest blessings be with them as they continue to serve Him and each other in their united state. G. Branster.

GILES-HAYWARD. The Hamilton, New Zealand, Seventh-day Adventist church on January 29, 1968, was the scene of a very pretty wedding. Terence Michael Joseph Giles of Huntly, took Neroli Clarice, first daughter of Brother and Sister Crispin Hayward of Taupiri to be his charming bride. We wish this Christian young couple God's richest blessing as they unite their fellowship and service for the Master. I. E. Trevena.

GOWANS-IMRIE. Ronald George Gowans, son of Mrs. J. H. Gowans of Adalong, New South Wales, and Merryll Lorraine Imrie, daughter of Brother and Sister W. J. Imrie of Lilydale, Victoria, were united in marriage on

January 3, 1968. Many relatives and friends gathered in the tastefully decorated church in Ringwood, Victoria, to wish them every happiness. Surely God's blessing will be theirs as they continue walking with Him who alone is the true source of harmony, love and happiness. J. M. Johanson.

LUCAS-MAW. January 15, 1968, dawned sunny and beautiful and remained that way all day, blending at 3.30 p.m. with the beauty of a smiling and lovely bride who walked with her father down the aisle of the Warrnambool Seventh-day Adventist church. Carol Ann, only child of Mr. and Mrs. W. Maw of Warrnambool, Victoria, stood by the side of Ramon Anton, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Lucas of Preston, Victoria. Ray is a young minister who has just completed his internship, and Carol has diligently revealed her spiritual qualities in her witness and devotion to God in her home church and city. Their wedding day marked the beginning of a life-long union of service for God. We wish them every happiness and a very fruitful ministry as they begin their united work for the Master at Bairnsdale, Victoria. G. A. Metcalfe.

KUCHEL-MITCHELL. From lush farmlands near the River Murray in South Australia, Rodney Brenton Kuchel, a son of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Kuchel, of the Murray Bridge church, came to meet his bride, Margaret Sharon Mitchell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. V. Mitchell of the Brighton church, and to exchange vows of marriage. Power for Christian living in home life was sought as February, 1968, began, and sincere prayers go with these dear young members as they settle in the Strathalbyn district, finding strength in fellowship with the church of the living God. S. H. Wood.

MARSHALL-SIMPSON. The spacious South Brisbane church, tastefully adorned with flowers, was the sanctuary chosen by Kenneth Henry Marshall and Judith Mary Simpson when they came to exchange marriage vows on Sunday, January 28, 1968. Ken is the younger son of Brother and Sister Harry Marshall of Coff's Harbour, New South Wales, while Judy is the only daughter of Brother and Sister Joe Simpson of Alderley, Brisbane. May God's abundant blessing abide with this bright young couple as they establish their home in Coff's Harbour, with God's Word as a lamp unto their feet and a light unto their path. A. E. Watts.

ROBERTS-KOSSERIS. Melyvn Douglas Roberts waited expectantly in the Dubbo, New South Wales, church on January 28, 1968, for Vaselia Kossieris, who was soon to be his beautiful bride. Melyvn is the young son of Brother and Sister Norman Roberts of the Narromine church. Vaselia is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. Kossieris of Dubbo. The church was filled with relatives and well-wishers, and the kindergarten room, adjacent to the church, was also over-crowded, but the spectators were able to see through the glass partition, and hear with the aid of a loud-speaker. After many months of studies together, it was the writer's privilege to baptize Vaselia, and as this Christian home is set up in the Narromine district we know it will be a little foretaste of heaven. Almost four hundred guests were entertained by the parents of the bride at the Royal Theatre, where best wishes were extended to the happy couple. R. C. H. Smith.

TILL
HE
COMES

MARSHALL. Sister Grace Marshall, of Wahroonga, fell asleep in Jesus at the Sydney Sanitarium on Sabbath morning, January 27, 1968, aged sixty-three years. Our late sister accepted present truth at Broken Hill while working in the post office as a telephonist. Unable to keep her position because of the Sabbath obligation, she later transferred to Thornleigh and joined the staff of the Sydney Sanitarium, and worked for many years on the switchboard. Her service, whether at the sanitarium or in the local church at Waitara, was characterized by faithfulness and kindness. We extend our loving sympathy to her two sisters, Sister Naimsmith of Cooranbong and Mrs. Halse of Jannali, and her uncles Walter and Arthur Howard. As we laid her to rest at the Northern Suburbs lawn cemetery on January 30, Pastors E. R. Gane and F. L. Taylor joined the writer in pointing the sorrowing ones to the hope of the soon coming resurrection. R. B. Mitchell.



WEDDINGS

BARCIKOWSKI-SZYMANSKI. On a hot and sunny summer afternoon two Polish migrant young people of Clayton church, Melbourne, united their lives in holy matrimony. Elzbieta Szymanski united her life to Leszek Barcikowski in a service conducted in the Hughesdale church on February 25, 1968, followed by a reception in the Hughesdale church hall. As they begin their new life together we wish them God's richest blessing. J. A. Skrzypaszek.

GRANGER-ALLUM. On the evening of February 8, 1968, Robert Victor Granger and Glenda Lorelle Allum met at the altar of the Wahroonga, New South Wales, church to exchange marriage vows. Bob is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Granger of Surfers' Paradise, and Lorelle is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Allum of Wahroonga, and a granddaughter of the late Pastor F. A. Allum, pioneer Adventist missionary to China. A large number of friends and well-wishers gathered at the church and later at the wedding banquet to

MITCHELL. Pastor Albert I. Mitchell, a man of God, and in his time a most successful evangelist with many souls for his labours in Australia and New Zealand, quietly passed to rest at the Warburton Sanitarium on February 9, 1968, after a prolonged illness, aged sixty-five years. Left to mourn his passing are his wife (nee Ruth Allen) and their seven children: Bert, Joyce (Mrs. Knight), Myra (Mrs. Murray), Loretta (Mrs. Mescalchin), Tom, Gwendoline (Mrs. Mawdsley) and Len. All the children and their mother joined with his fellow ministers and many friends for a service of last tender farewell in the Nunawading church, as a tribute to the respect and affection in which he was held for the forty-four years of his ministry. Following the service in the church, with Pastor C. F. Hollingsworth, we reverently laid him to rest in the Springvale Lawn cemetery, there to await the certainty of the promise of the One who said, "I am the resurrection and the life," confident that on that day the Lord will bring our brother forth to life with Him.
L. Jones.

THOMPSON. At the grand age of ninety-seven years Arthur Thompson passed peacefully to his rest at an eventide home in Albury, New South Wales, on January 25, 1968. Brother Thompson lived for his church and longed for the coming of Jesus. He contributed freely from the proceeds of his garden during his thirty-two years of Adventist fellowship. In the service in the Albury church the writer pointed his daughters Marie (Mrs. Sprengel) and Jessie (Mrs. Bartsch), and their friends to the blessed hope which shone so brightly in their father's life.
F. M. Slade.

WARFIELD. The life of Owen Warfield, who had been under medical care for several months, suddenly closed on January 26, 1968, at the age of thirty-nine years. Owen, whose life was so full of promise, was highly esteemed and loved by all who knew him. At the time of his death he was a master of the Quirindi (New South Wales) high school. Prior to being transferred to his home town, Quirindi, he was on the teaching staff of the Singleton high school. At both places he had served the church as elder, and his services were much appreciated. How forlorn would life be in the hour of sorrow without the knowledge of God's love and His sustaining grace! This truth was impressed anew on our hearts by Pastor L. S. Rose as he spoke to us of the blessed hope made possible by the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus. God alone can and will heal the wounded hearts, and wipe away the tears of sorrow as Owen's devoted wife Janice (nee Gray of Singleton), his two little daughters, father, two sisters and other loved ones walk the remainder of life's journey without him.
R. A. R. Thrift.

WILLIAMS. A link with the early church history of Armidale was broken with the passing of Sister Edith Williams at "Kressville," Cooranbong, on February 12, 1968. Our late sister was a charter member of the Armidale church, having united with this company forty-six years ago. A patient sufferer for many years, she "cast not away her confidence," and will surely receive the reward. Words of comfort and hope were spoken to her daughters Lorna (Mrs. Guy Menzies) and Irene (Mrs. A. Scotton), and sons Ernest, Roland, Ivan, and Alfred. We laid our sister to rest beside her husband in the Armidale cemetery to await the call of the Life-giver.
J. H. D. Miller.

WILLIAMS. Tragedy struck the family of Brother and Sister J. A. Williams when their son Owen Lionel, aged twenty-four years, was killed by a falling tree on their property "Pinaroo," New South Wales, on February 6, 1968. We laid Owen to rest in the Armidale cemetery, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection. The sorrowing family and many relatives and friends received comfort from the promises of God, and look for the realization of the blessed hope.
J. H. D. Miller.

WOODS. Walter Alexander Woods was born in 1882 at Ararat, Victoria, and met his death by accident just outside his home, Glen Iris, Victoria, on January 22, 1968. He spent his early life in the Salvation Army as a bandsman. When sixteen years of age he made up his mind to become an advocate of temperance, and through all the years since never ceased to do all he could to help his fellow men in this noble work. He was married in 1913 to Miss Daisy Scott, and to them were born three children, Eric (who is a member of the Benalla church), Gordon and Thelma (Mrs. Warne of West Australia). Mr. Woods attended the missions held in the Malvern district, and while never stepping out to join the church, he encouraged his family to follow the church and its beliefs. We laid him to rest in the Springvale cemetery.
H. S. Streeter.

WARBURTON. Alfred Ernest Warburton was born in Hamilton, Victoria, on April 2, 1889, and resided there all his life, remaining at the family homestead after his marriage to Elsie Scott, in 1918. He and his wife espoused present truth under the ministry of the late Pastor Harker. The large number, mostly non-Adventists, who attended the funeral service showed with what respect he was held in the community. He quietly passed to his rest during his sleep in the early hours of December 3, 1967, just one day after his forty-ninth wedding anniversary. The writer spoke words of comfort to his wife, relatives and assembled friends. He sleeps in the Hamilton cemetery awaiting the Master's call.
G. A. Metcalfe.

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WANTED. Copy of "Captains of the Host" by A. W. Spalding. Price and particulars to M. J. Nation, Box 41, North Hobart, 7001

RETIRED WORKERS ASSOCIATION. A gathering of retired workers will be held on Tuesday, April 2, 1968, in the Social Hall, Wahroonga, at 5 p.m. A cordial invitation to be present is extended to all retired conference and institutional workers, including former college students and sanitarium nurses. Kindly bring a plate of savouries or cakes for a communal supper.

**ATTENTION ALL EX-PUPILS
of Glen Huon Church School
(Tasmania)**

On April 6, 1968, the Glen Huon Church School will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary. A special programme—afternoon and evening—with a fellowship tea is planned. Come, or send a message, if you are an ex-pupil or former teacher. The man to contact is Pastor J. C. Dever, Care Post Office, Glen Huon, Tasmania. 7109

**IMPORTANT NOTICE
"IT IS WRITTEN"**

Commencing March 10, 1968, GMV 6 at Shepparton, Victoria, will commence telecasting Pastor George Vandeman's "It Is Written" programme. The time: Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. If you have friends in northern Victoria or the southern part of New South Wales, you will want to tell them of this programme. In addition: GTV 9 in Melbourne will be changing the time-slot for its telecast of this programme to Sunday mornings at 10 o'clock. Pastor W. A. Stewart of the Victorian Conference office, 8 Yarra Street, Hawthorn, 3122, can supply log cards on application.

URGENTLY WANTED

The services of a Photo Engraver or Photo Lithographer are required by the Signs Publishing Company. This is an opportunity for a man with technical skill to devote his talents to the work of God. A company residence in Warburton is available for rental. Please contact

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AUSTRALASIAN RECORD

and Advent World Survey

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Advertisements approved by the editor will be inserted at the following rates:

First 25 words \$2
Each additional 5 words 10 cents

Remittance and recommendation from local pastor or conference officer must accompany copy.

FLASH POINT . . .

- ✧ Melbourne is on the march. Or it will be on the last day of this month, for then Pastor C. R. Stanley commences a mission in the Town Hall. He plans two sessions, one at 3 p.m., the other at 7 p.m. He starts off with the provocative title: "Are the Dead Alive?" Melbourneans are busy inviting their friends, and it looks like being a lively campaign.
- ✧ Pastor F. M. Slade of the South New South Wales Conference has accepted a call to North New Zealand and will locate in Wanganui, where he will be the church pastor as well as caring for the Taihape company.
- ✧ The 1968 Week of Prayer will be the last in this division to be held in the autumn of the year. The date scheduled is April 20-27. From 1969 onward our Week of Prayer will come into line with the rest of the world, and will be held early in November. In this way the world field will be united in its Week of Prayer, and the spirit of unity within the church should bring great blessing. As already mentioned in these columns, the Youth Week of Prayer will come back to the autumn months when young people are not so engrossed in study.
- ✧ Some little time ago we mentioned the World Youth Congress to be held in Vienna in 1969. Get out your appointment book now, while you think of it, and make this alteration. Cross out "Vienna" and in its place write "Zurich, Switzerland." The auditorium booked will seat 14,000; the date remains at July 22-26, 1969.
- ✧ Miss Jean Warrender has recently joined the treasury staff at the Australasian Division office, having recently arrived from Scotland. She has served the denomination in the British Union and in the New Gallery evangelistic centre, London.
- ✧ The MV secretary of West Australia, Pastor Ken Martin, reports that, following the recent Voice of Youth mission held in the Victoria Park church hall in Perth, there are six people now regularly attending that church. Several more are receiving Bible studies.
- ✧ "And ye shall be My witnesses" could well be the motto of the Fox Valley Adventist cricket team in Sydney. For a number of years they have played with other teams in the area and to date have seen seven souls baptized into the Adventist Church as a result of this social contact.
- ✧ We wonder who is the oldest active Appeal for Missions collector; by this we mean the oldest person who actively goes out and knocks on doors. Greater Sydney reports about \$100 from Sister Kavanaugh, who admits to being a sprightly eighty-five.
- ✧ Wouldn't it give you a thrill if you could have heard something like this: "It was just twelve years ago that a collector on the Appeal for Missions called at a home in North Ryde. The householder listened intently to the canvasser, then handed the surprised collector £2/10/0, saying that it was his tithe. The donor learned that the Seventh-day Adventists were tithe-payers. And, well, I was that man." The speaker: Brother Charles Ward, now the enthusiastic Lay Activities leader in the Ryde (Sydney) church. The collector on that far-off day was veteran colporteur Brother Reg Dyer. We wonder if he ever regrets going out that day. Of course, if you have an Appeal experience that matches this, you might let us know about it . . . in about a hundred words.
- ✧ Australia's first missionaries to South America, Brother and Sister John Oaklands, who formerly worked in West Australia, report in this issue. However, just in case you miss this important piece in his article, John was ordained with five others on the first Sabbath of the New Year.
- ✧ "Finally, brethren . . .": The trouble with being a hypochondriac these days is that antibiotics have cured all the good diseases.

CHURCH DEDICATED AT MURGON, QUEENSLAND

(Concluded from page 13)

attend the first Adventist church on Boat Mountain.

Other Pioneers

We were also privileged to have three other members of the old Boat Mountain church with us for this special occasion—Brother and Sister Alwyn Coulston, senior, of Monto, and Brother Morton Thorpe from Brisbane. These dear folk made long car trips to share this day with us. There were others from that early church who were unfortunately not able to be with us—Brother Henry Mills from Wahroonga (who visited us a few weeks earlier), Brother Matt Cozens of Too-woomba, Sister David Miller of Condong, New South Wales, and Sister C. Jensen of Warrimoo, New South Wales. These sent letters of greeting and donations to help with the church buildings.

Brother O. Twist was the speaker for the morning devotion. We did appreciate his message, as this was his last visit before his departure to his new field of labour.

The official dedication ceremony was chaired by our local minister, Pastor John Ludlow. Brother Owen Duffy presented a historical survey, and Sister O. Twist rendered a delightful vocal solo accompanied by Sister J. Pearce of Zillmere, Brisbane. Pastor Parmenter, our conference president, preached the dedicatory sermon.

Thus commences another chapter in the story of Adventism in Murgon. It is our sincere prayer that as we follow the divine blue-print, the great work of the Advent message will soon be finished in our district and we will all be home in the gloryland.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Concluded from page 10)

by a temporary improvement, but old habits soon reassert themselves. If we do not heed gentle reproofs and admonitions surely it is not only the minister's right, but his duty, to insist that we take notice.

You, Mr. Editor, probably have a better idea. I would be too ashamed to let the "Record"-reading world know this was a description of my much-loved church by identifying it with my signature, so simply sign it,

"Saddened."

(Editor's note: "Mr. Editor" has no better idea, but some of our readers may. This letter, which is extremely provocative (and it is meant to be), can be expected to bring a swarm of protests all with the same theme: It's not that way in our church. Splendid! But we would be more interested in hearing HOW your church achieves reverence and dignity. In other words, let your comments be constructive so that we can help one another.)
—Ed.)