

Signs

OF THE TIMES



**The Plan of Salvation as Revealed
in Aboriginal Legends**

By ADRIAN M. PETERSON :: PAGE 18

FEBRUARY 1969



“Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life,
and every setting sun be to you as its close;
then let every one of these short lives leave its record
of some kindly thing done for others,
some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves.”

—RUSKIN.

SIGNS

OF THE TIMES

A family magazine dedicated to promoting evangelical Christianity, upholding Jesus Christ as man's only Saviour and soon-returning King, and presenting the Bible as the inspired Word of God and our only rule of faith.

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HOMELY HOMILIES

On Scepticism

Scepticism is not always a bad thing. There are times when it can lead us nearer to the truth, as I discovered today.

My three-year-old had been listening to a radio broadcast directed at her age level. The speaker had asked the children's names, then declared that she heard their replies, quoting some as if in confirmation of the statement. Afterwards my young sceptic announced, "Mummy, that lady couldn't really hear what I said could she?" and then, "She tells lies." After a long pause, "Mummy, God doesn't live in that radio."

The line of her argument was clear, and her scepticism and insight had led her to the conclusion that there was a basic incompatibility between God's presence and a perversion of the truth.

I thought of the scholarly but puzzling book I had been reading. The author seemed to see no such incompatibility. To him, the Man who was filled with the presence of God—the Spirit of truth in the flesh, Christ—could also believe and propagate facts about the accuracy of the Old Testament Scriptures which were not true. Surely the Son of God who could say, "I am the truth," who is "the Light of life," to whom God gave the Spirit of truth "without measure," and in whom dwelt "all the fullness of the God-head bodily," could not be so ignorant as to deceive people about the authoritative nature of the Scriptures by using them as if they were authoritative.

We can believe that Christ was either Saviour or deceiver, but not both. If He is the Source of truth, then what He says is the text and we are the students. I rather feel that a healthy scepticism of such scholarship as above is a good thing.

—Connie J. French.

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OUR COVER PICTURE

This old Aboriginal on the Karalundi Station in West Australia holding his grandson was photographed by Miss Daisy Schlantz of Sydney.

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"Why Don't We Let Them Alone?"

HE WAS A GOOD MAN; he had honest convictions; he paid his one hundred cents in the dollar; he would give you the shirt off his back, if he thought you needed it; he was not without compassion in his soul, a good neighbour and a firm and loyal friend. He was all these things and more. Yet, when we suggested that he make a small donation for missions, his eyes flashed and his mouth set in a thin, straight line. His No was a positive and unequivocal volume of unspoken conviction.

Knowing him well enough to do so, we pressed the matter ever so tactfully, not that he should change his mind—for it was his privilege to refuse—but that he should tell us why he felt as he did.

"Why don't we let them alone?" was his defence. "Why don't we let them enjoy their lives without thrusting on them our way of life, our so-called civilization? I am against all this missionary business. It looks too much like poking our noses into other people's affairs."

It was a long speech for a relatively laconic gentleman, and so we reasoned with him, not with words, but with a few pictures.

We showed him a man with a huge tropical ulcer which threatened to eat away the entire lower part of his leg. We pointed out that a couple of injections would let that man regain the use of a limb which, if neglected, would completely incapacitate him.

We showed him a picture of a Big Nambus woman of the New Hebrides, a hopeless looking creature; she was holding a pig in her arms, having suckled the repulsive beast at her own breast after the death of her child. The look of despair in her eyes was so apparent that one wondered whether even the gospel could dispel the misery that was written there. Yet another picture, taken five years later, showed a happy, healthy woman, emancipated by the Christian gospel, married to a fine man and carrying in her arms a laughing, healthy youngster, the son of their happiness.

We showed him a picture of a leper who lived in the fastnesses of New Guinea's mountains. The hands of the poor derelict were all but gone; the feet were but pathetic caricatures of what feet should be. We showed him then, a picture of a man who had voluntarily left his thriving physiotherapist's business in one of our cities, teaching that man to walk after medicine and surgery had done their rehabilitating work. We spoke of the new hope that has come to thousands of lepers in the South Seas because someone cared enough to give—and to go.

We kept on showing him pictures until finally he said, somewhat sheepishly, "O.K. I get the message. You win. How much do you want?"

This month we are featuring in these pages some of the work being done by people who care about the bodies and souls of their fellow men. We make no apology for presenting this story; it has to be told and this has to be made plain: unless selfless men and women are prepared to sacrifice the comforts of civilization and go to reclaim these unfortunate people, millions will die in filth and misery. Surely those of us who have every comfort at our disposal should not count it a sacrifice to give a little to back up the front line soldier whom we call a missionary.

We do not, as a rule, solicit funds from our readers, though many of their free will send us moneys for charitable and missionary purposes which we disburse as required. But this month we are telling our readers that this once we are stepping out of character just long enough to say that, if you will send us funds for this work, we shall see that every cent of it is used for health and welfare work among our own Aboriginal people and those indigenous inhabitants of the South Sea Islands. And may God bless your generosity.

Robert H. Parr

Please Don't Forget the Milk

TUCKED AWAY in a back street of King's Cross, Sydney, a rambling old house has been converted into a project known as the Wayside Chapel. On the ground floor is a conventional church, together with a few other facilities, while upstairs there is a coffee shop and seminar room where young folk who live in and around the Cross can congregate. Some come to discuss in the seminar room, others to sit and strum guitars in the coffee shop, and yet others just to sit and sip coffee.

The man behind this unique idea is Ted Noffs, a Methodist minister who through this approach is seeking to reach the inhabitants of King's Cross. Behind the exteriors of the chapel, the seminar room and the coffee shop, he runs a system of counsellors who strive to interest and help as many as they come in contact with. It is not an easy task and success cannot always be estimated in terms of evangelistic statistics. But Ted Noffs and his associates are trying and this is commendable.

With this admiration pervading my opinion of the Wayside Chapel staff, it came as a serious disappointment to me to read of remarks supposedly made by Ted Noffs in regard to the Book of Revelation.



The world's largest liner, "Queen Elizabeth" (85,000 tons), made her last voyage recently, to become a museum-cum-hotel in Florida. Her successor (top right) the \$63.5 million "Queen Elizabeth II," goes on its first "voyage"—down the Clyde. (Left) At the opening of the Queen's Building, Her Majesty the Queen tries out the judge's chair in the new Royal Courts of Justice. (Right) A cross between the billy-cart and the skate board—the double Trend Tracker. (Below) Europe's largest flying bird, the bustard, is rapidly dying out, so members of the Protection of Nature Society have attempted to hatch bustards artificially. This pair of birds are the first to survive after they were freed following artificial hatching.



John, or so we are told the champion of the Wayside Chapel had declared, was probably under the influence of drugs when he wrote Revelation. This puts the message of the last book of the New Testament in the class of the "Yellow Submarine," "Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds," or other psychedelic songs.

"This fellow [John] may have been growing some weed or something on the Isle of Patmos and may have been experimenting with it on himself," Mr. Noffs reportedly suggested. "The language of the book is certainly identical with those writing psychedelic songs."—*The Age* (Melbourne), 19/11/68.

In the beginning of his book John clearly states that this book was "the Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave . . . to show unto His servants things which must shortly come to pass." The content of the book, then, according to such an introduction, is going to be prophetic. Furthermore, John goes on to say, "Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein: for the time is at hand." Revelation 1:1, 3. The reader, then, is urged to take note of the message of this prophecy, for the fulfilment is close at hand.

It thus seems hard to believe that anyone could then read Revelation through and compare it with the following:

"Picture yourself on a train in a station,
With plasticine porters with looking glass ties,
Suddenly someone is there at the turnstile,
The girl with the kaleidoscope eyes."—"Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds," John Lennon.

However, such a comparison is subjective and may not impress the uninitiated. What we must beg of our friend from the Wayside Chapel (for whose work we have the greatest respect) is to remember a few basic principles of Scriptural interpretation.

Firstly, consider the literary qualities of Revelation. There are striking similarities between the imagery of Revelation and that used by Old Testament prophets. Furthermore, there are other characteristics that set it apart from the Old Testament and make it clearly a prophecy that affects the whole world, not just one nation. Secondly, a brief look at the historical background against which John wrote this book would make evident the need for "veiling" its message in symbolism. Stated bluntly, the essential message could have aroused the Roman authorities of the time and brought increasing problems to the early Christians as the book circulated.

To ignore these facts is to endanger the unity of Scripture and to thus place the inspiration of the Bible in jeopardy. Without this you have nothing upon which to base your Christianity—only your own ideas and opinions.

We are sure that Mr. Noffs would not want to do this, for then his work at the Wayside Chapel would be in vain. By all means serve the coffee, but don't forget the milk—the milk of the Word.

David L. Stokes

Growing Despair

TAKING what he called a "cold hard look at the future" a few weeks ago, C. M. Snow, British author and statesman, admitted that he is on the brink of despair.

"I have to say that I have been nearer to despair this year than ever in my life," he told his audience at Westminster College, Fulton, Missouri. "Everything that has happened in public has pointed in the direction of anti-hope. In 1967 one could feel this in the air. This year one can see it."

The two great forces of soaring population and limited food supply are on a collision course, he said, and unless the nations co-operate they will witness disasters worse than anything ever seen on the earth before.

"Many millions of people in the poor countries are going to starve to death before our eyes. . . . We shall see them doing so on our television sets."

"There will be local famines to begin with," he said, and these "will spread into a sea of hunger."

He predicted that the "sea of famine will engulf us by century's end unless three steps are taken."

First, there must be a concerted effort by the rich countries to assist the poor. Second, the poor countries must strive to revolutionize their food production. Third, there must be a world reduction in population increase.

To accomplish such objectives, he said, will require vast expenditures, "perhaps 20 per cent of the gross national product of the rich countries for ten to fifteen years, with major curbs on military spending."

Then he asked, "Does anybody believe this will happen? We are all selfish. Political memory lasts about a week and political foresight stretches about another week ahead. To stint ourselves to avoid a disaster in twenty years—what body of people would ever do it?"

We all know the answer. And because that answer is negative, despair is spreading.

As a matter of fact there is only one source of hope left. It resides in the Christian faith. Not as the modern theologians present it, but as it appears in its original form that anyone can read in the Bible.

There we learn that Christ Himself foresaw our day, with all its desperate, insoluble problems. With uncanny foresight the Master said, "On earth nations will stand helpless, not knowing which way to turn . . . men will faint with terror at the thought of all that is coming upon the world." Luke 21:25, 26, N.E.B. Then He added, "And then they will see the Son of man coming on a cloud with great power and glory." Verse 27.

That is what lies ahead.

After the famines, after the wars, after all the tragedies and disasters, He will come again."

This is what the Apostle Paul called the "blessed hope." Titus 2:14. He believed in it. It cheered his heart and kept him from despair.

It is the hope Mr. Snow needs. And don't we all?

Arthur S. Maxwell

FIRST it was drive-in theatres, then drive-in banks; later drive-in bars and drive-in restaurants, even a drive-in funeral parlour. And now, if you can believe it, the latest in the growing list of drive-in facilities is a drive-in church!

One enterprising minister recently rented a drive-in theatre for a number of Sunday mornings. From a platform in front of the huge screen, he presented his message. As is the case with many novelties, the initial experiment proved unusually popular. As the cars parked, the public address units were hooked onto the side of the cars—hey presto, instant worship!

They say the advantages this kind of church service offers are legion. The level of the minister's voice is adjusted by the listener with a small knob marked "volume control." (And no doubt it is sometimes turned right off! And no one knows anything about it.) Also, there is no need to spend time dressing in one's Sunday best, for no one sees you; well—very few anyway. And the service assumes a kind of heartwarming informality, so the devotees say.

Yet the greatest advantages of all, it seems, comes from the fact that the speedboat can be sitting on the trailer behind the car, the surfboards lashed onto the hood, and the picnic lunch stored in the boot. It all saves so much time! A quick snatch of church, and they are on their way to the beach, or the mountains, or wherever their fancy takes them.

In the report I read, there was no mention of how they collected the offering. It could have been at the entrance perhaps; I am sure they would not have overlooked this little detail of the service.

It is a good thing there are some enterprising clergymen around who are prepared to try to make contact with professed Christians; modern ministers attempting to "lure back the faithful"—if that is the right expression—to the worship hour. But this approach surely is ridiculous. The influence of the church has certainly slipped drastically in recent years.

Dr. Mol of the Australian National University says, "There is a great deal of dead wood in the church—people who come to church only to be baptized, get married and be buried."—*Australian*, September 8, 1967.

It seems as if three direct questions are very relevant in the face of recent developments. First, *Where* do we worship? Alone at home, in the open air, or in company with others in the church building? The New Testament church began, in effect, at the time when the believers were assembled together in worship. There were just 120 faithful believers at the time. They were gathered together in the top storey of a building in Jerusalem. They had confessed their differences. Now they prayed, sang, worshipped and waited. And

A WORD TO REMEMBER

"Worship"

by ROY C. NADEN

it was upon this united, worshipping group that the power of God fell at Pentecost.

We have the example of the Master Himself in this regard, for the Scripture says of Him, "As His custom was, He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day." Luke 4:16. If the Founder of the church established the custom of regular weekly attendance at a place of worship, then what reason could we possibly offer for ignoring this practice?

And then, second, we should ask ourselves the question, *When* do we worship? The Ten Commandments and the Bible as a whole mention only the one day as a day of worship, and that is the seventh day of the week; the day we call Saturday. The Ten Commandments say, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord." Exodus 20:8-10. It is true you can worship God almost any time, and almost anywhere, but there is only *one day* which God has designated to be used exclusively for worship, and that is the seventh day of the week. No other day of worship is mentioned in the Bible.

Then finally we must ask the question, *Will* we worship God in His appointed place, on His holy Sabbath? The benefits that accrue from this decision are so vital and numerous.

Jesus said, "Let your light . . . shine before men." The church must uphold its witness. To do this we must follow the example of our Lord and the directions of Scripture, and in unity worship God at His appointed place on His appointed day. In this way we will be built up in that most holy faith which was once delivered to the saints.

Karalundi



OASIS OF OPPORTUNITY

By
DUDLEY VAUGHAN
B.E.M.

Illustrations by the writer and
H. G. Davis



Aboriginal boys and tractors just belong! . . . and even a swimming pool!



KARALUNDI! If only I could convey to you what that word means to me! And not to me only, but to hundreds of Australians whose main problem has been that they were the direct descendants of the original Australians. They had dark skins, and their world, originally, was the world of the subsistence hunter and gatherer.

Civilization came to their country and introduced to them the less favourable aspects of civilization—its bad habits, its diseases and its vices. The white intruder shamelessly exploited them and the Aboriginal people of this country were soon reduced to a state of misery and degradation. But the white man was not interested in their welfare; he saw them as second-class citizens, a source of cheap labour and a poor social risk.

Not all white people took this attitude, of course. There was some mission work done for these people at various places, but in the places where I was visiting in 1952—the native re-

serves, and dwellings on the stations and in the towns of the north-west of West Australia—there was practically nothing being done for them. A benevolent government saw the problem clearly, and was willing to help but was short of qualified manpower to help them.

I had seen the degradation and destitution of these unfortunate people in the north of the state, and then the challenge came to me from the lips of one of those rare people, an educated Aboriginal gentleman. He put it to me directly: "What are you doing for my people? There is a need here as well as there is in the South Sea Islands. What are you doing?"

"What are you doing?" The question hit me between the eyes and all I could answer was, "Nothing." My itinerant visits to the Aboriginal people in the northwest had revealed children whose parents—one or both—were dead; children so ill-clad and so poorly fed that it was a scandal; children whose sole possessions were the few rags they stood up in. The worst area seemed to be that east of Meekathara. I determined that, by God's grace and with the help of my friends, I would have an answer when next my dark-skinned friend asked me, "What are you doing for my people?"

So I talked to my friends of the Seventh-day Adventist Church in Perth. I told them my story and I described my dreams to them. I do not mean the dreams that came to me in the night, but those hopeful dreams that were in the secret parts of my mind and which I wanted to turn into reality.

The church leader in West Australia revealed to me that there was exactly \$200 in the fund marked for Aboriginal work; as I saw it, we would need about \$20,000. There was no answer to that financial deficit; we could only turn to God. So with much faith and hardly any funds, we took up the challenge.

In 1954 we found land some thirty-five miles east of Meekathara, 510 miles north of Perth. We bought it—somehow. It had everything we needed. Appropriately, the property we acquired was called Crystal Brook; but we wanted to give an Aboriginal mis-



All set to mow the lush green lawns.



Clear, cold water from an underground river. (Below) Mr. Vaughan's mission staff.





sion an Aboriginal name. So we called in my friend "Big Sid" Davis and told him my problem. He translated "Crystal Brook" into the local dialect and the nearest he could get was Karalundi ("clear water"), which had a good musical sound, and this is the name the station bears today.

There was nothing much growing when we took over; there was permanent water—the best asset; but away in all directions there stretched the barren wastes of the north-west. Without great faith in God we would have been discouraged, but my wife and I were sure that God would never let us down—and He did not.

Today the desert blossoms as a rose; lucerne is raised as a cash crop, there are fruit trees and vegetable gardens, extensive lawns and beautiful shade trees. That miserable \$200 in the hands of the Lord has been multiplied over and over—like the oil in the widow's cruse. Our eyes have seen the miracle that is Karalundi expand and prosper under the blessing of God in a way we had hardly dared hope for.

Today there are substantial buildings to accommodate the children of the mission, and the staff; there are school rooms, manual and home science departments, recreational fields and even a swimming pool! But none of these things fell into our laps; there has been hard work behind all this—not only by the staff but also by the people for whom we have established this place, for we have tried to teach them that the world does not owe them a living; we have tried to show them that "God helps those who help themselves." Our aim has been to make useful citizens of these emerging adults—just one generation out of "the bush." How well we have succeeded, you must judge for yourselves.

Of the two hundred children that have passed through Karalundi, there have been some disappointments; we have expected this. But what treasures we have uncovered as we have worked along with these splendid young people! Today as a result of long-range planning and training, young people are taking their places in the community in a way that is doing them credit. Three girls, for instance, who once lived in the spinifex, and whose parents are completely illit-

erate, are employed in our mission schools teaching the younger generation of their people; another girl is the assistant cook at Karalundi; three times a day she has the oversight of preparing the meals for sixty-nine hungry mouths. She has other girls under her direction, while she herself works under the nominal guidance of one of the staff.

Still other young people work on the sister mission which has since been established at Wiluna. Two boys who came to us from out of the spinifex and have "graduated" are now respected workers in the Department of Railways; one of them has risen to the position of length runner and relieving ganger. Another young man is capably handling large machinery on a farm some distance away; it was a proud moment for him—and for us—when this young man's employer's brother was married recently, and he was asked to drive one of the wedding cars. Thus are these young people rising to their responsibilities and accepting the duties of citizenship in a real and acceptable way.

One of the greatest challenges was in the field of morality. The Aboriginal people have their own moral codes. Nevertheless, if they want to be assimilated into the white man's society—and they certainly do—it is essential that they abide by the moral code of that society. But there were problems here; we were dealing with people who had promised their daughters, at birth, to old men; we saw girls of eight and ten sold or given to men old enough to be their grandfathers. This has been a real problem to us; we have endeavoured to give them the principles of Christian marriage, and to impress the rising generation with all that this sacred rite means.

It has been our delight, within the last few years, to have had thirty-five young couples come to us and ask for marriage. I myself married four young couples simultaneously one day. During an eight-day visit to one area recently, three more young couples asked for marriage. When one considers that, only a few years ago, anyone wishing to marry a partner of their own choosing faced trouble and even physical retribution, one can only murmur with humble joy, "What hath God wrought!"

Now we are seeing the next generation coming along. This year, for the first time, there is at the mission the young son of a couple who were educated at Karalundi.

Those who have worked here on the staff—whether men or women, married or single—have been more than merely doing a job; they have virtually adopted the people for whom they have laboured, some receiving from these "foster parents" even today, years after, letters which begin "Dear Mum and Dad," and which contain snippets of news such as their own blood-children would write.

Karalundi! The place of clear water! How significant that is! For when degraded man comes to Christ, the Living Water, he becomes a new creature; and this we have seen with our own eyes. ★★

POSSESSIONS

*I'd rather have one honest friend,
Today, tomorrow, to the end,
Than all the crowd that may attend
The concourse of a king.*

*I'd rather have one little cot
That I can come to, rich or not,
Than all the castles he has got,
Or wealth that rank could bring.*

*I'd rather have content of mind
Than all the gold that I could find,
And have the comfort of the kind
Than counsel of the sad.*

*And since I have a coin or two,
A house like that, a friend like you,
I'm rather glad that all life through,
I've had just what I've had.*

—Douglas Mallock (Mary Badcock).

HE LED ME

*The day had gone, alone and weak
I groped my way within a bleak
And sunless land.
The path that led into the light
I could not find; in that dark night
God took my hand.*

*He led me that I might not stray,
And brought me by a new safe way
I had not known.
By waters still, through pastures green
I followed Him—the path was clean
Of briar and stone.*

*The heavy darkness lost its strength,
My waiting eyes beheld at length
The golden dawn.
On, safely on, through sunrise glow,
I walked, my hand in His, and lo,
The night had gone.*

—Author unknown (Alice M. Bitcon).

lines that linger

"RESURGAM"

"I SHALL ARISE." For centuries
Upon the grey old churchyard stone
These words have stood; no more is said,
The glorious promise stands alone,
Untouched, while years and seasons roll
Around it; March winds come and go,
The summer twilights fall and fade,
And autumn sunsets burn and glow.

"I SHALL ARISE!" O wavering heart,
From this take comfort and be strong!
"I shall arise"; nor always grope
In darkness, mingling right with wrong;
From tears and pain, from shades of doubt,
And wants within that blindly call,
"I shall arise," in God's own light
Shall see the sum and truth of all.

"I SHALL ARISE"—O clarion call!
Time rolling onward to the end
Brings us to life that cannot die,
The life where faith and knowledge blend.
Each after each the cycles roll
In silence, and about us here
The shadow of the great White Throne
Falls broader, deeper, year by year.

—Author unknown (Rene Holland).

■ Each month a selection is made from readers' favourite quotations. No original matter, please. Include source, author, and your own name.



One of the last of the devil priests of Malaita Island at the entrance to his "house tambu." (Photo: L. Hawkes.)

TRANSFORMERS--and the TRANSFORMED

By LESTER N. HAWKES



SELF HELP. Malaitans at work on the cement-brick hospital which now cares for one hundred patients. (Photo: Eric Ware)

WHAT A HISTORY—black-birding; gun-running; tribal warfare; personal paybacks! Intrigues and stealthy, efficient joy-killers. The whole island and its history is full of it. Turn what page you will, it is always there. It reached one of its numerous pinnacles in the 1920s when government officers Bell and Lilly were treacherously murdered in a well-planned attack at Sinarangu Harbour. Killed also in the same attack were the majority of their police force.

Such has been—and to some extent, still is—the story of Malaita Island in the Solomon Islands. It has

been a land where only the foolish or those on evil bent went out at night. Prudent people stayed home at night and walked watchfully—in groups—by day.

It is a land today with a curious mixture of the old and the new. Devil priests, once so enormously powerful, still hold positions of power. But most of them well know there will be no replacement when they are gone. Old men they are, dreaded and feared by young and old, sitting in the last strongholds of their power. Shark worship and straight out devil worship are still very popular. Those who worship in this manner call themselves "heathen." It takes a peculiar twist of the mind to comprehend when an under-dressed, but well-

off native man comes up to you in his private diesel-powered cutter and tells you that he is "a heathen." But he is right. He spends his week trading, and his successes are ascribed to the power and protection of his private devil. Strange things go on in their devil worship.

The Seventh-day Adventist Church looked over the map of the Solomons in 1963 and observed that many thousands of people on the eastern coast of Malaita were without medical help. There was no doctor or adequate medical unit along the whole coast. But throughout 1964 the picture was changed as a large cement-brick hospital which could care for about one hundred patients took shape just around the corner from where Bell and Lilly died. Within a mile or two of the hospital site were villages where missionaries or their wives had been murdered subsequent to the Bell and Lilly massacre.

To the north, about a mile, was the village where missionary Simi was attacked. His wife and child were butchered right before his eyes. Somehow he made good his own escape. Later he remarried and returned to the same people again as their missionary.

About three miles south of the new hospital was another site with a history. A South Sea Evangelical missionary was preaching the sermon one Sunday morning in a small S.S.E.M. church. He had come from England to bring them the story of salvation. Somehow along the way he had broken a native taboo or in some way angered someone. To the village men there was only one way to make things right, so one of them loaded his gun and marched to the church. To him it was all so easy. He simply stood at the church doorway and shot the minister as he preached the sermon.

The Adventist hospital was nearing completion toward the end of 1965. Brian and Val Dunne were appointed to be the first to locate at the new hospital. Both had trained as nurses and their honeymoon was

hardly more than completed when they moved to the new buildings. Plans? Yes, Brian seemed full of them. Enthusiasm and energy? Enough for two such hospitals.

Thursday, ten days later and at 10.30 at night, Brian was called to the door to attend to a patient. He turned to go in, shuddered and fell on his hands and knees. Val heard him call, "Dear, I have a spear right through me."

It looked so ugly; about five inches of steel protruded from the front of his chest, while some four feet of the spear was visible from the back.

He crawled into the house and half rested against the sideboard while he prayed, not for himself, but for the one who attacked him. Like his Master he realized that the man did not know what he was doing. With a hack-saw the spear was cut off a couple of inches from the spine. This took time as each stroke of the saw vibrated right through him.

A small Catholic mission launch was borrowed to take him up the coast. The boat afforded just enough room for his chair between the engine and the tiller. The night was dark, but the seas were not too rough. About 9 a.m. he transferred to a twenty-eight-foot Seventh-day Adventist launch. Radios were now active so messages were sent ahead, and about 2:30 p.m. as they moved down the western coast they were met by an even larger and faster Anglican mission boat. Again he was transferred. A plane was held at the Auki airstrip, with the pilot becoming more and more anxious. The day was passing and he was not permitted to fly after a certain hour. To save time he taxied his plane right down to the beach. There were only a few minutes to spare when Brian and Val and an Anglican nurse boarded the plane.

Darkness was already settling over Henderson Field as the plane landed. But the worst was still to come as Brian was taken by "ambulance" over old army roads to the hospital at Honiara. The roughness of the road was almost too much for the wounded missionary, despite the driver's care.

The available doctors did all they could during the operation, but his condition was such that they could do only the minimum necessary, at first, hoping to give him time to gain strength before doing more.

All day Saturday he was gravely ill, but Sunday he began to improve. He quipped to Val, "We'll be back there this time next week." Then as he went to sleep Val left him.

Shortly afterwards a nurse came in and found that he had died. His bandages were heavily blood-soaked,



Brian Dunn

and it appears that his own returning strength was the cause of his death. His increasing blood pressure is believed to have forced open the aperture in the heart from which the steel had been withdrawn during the operation.

For Val it was so hard to accept, and even harder to understand. She waited for the funeral on Monday then flew home to her family at Charters Towers, Queensland. Others packed her goods. All the plans, ambitions, and zeal appeared crushed—for a time.

A few days later the Mission Board were amazed to receive an application from Val to return to the same hospital, this time as a single nurse. But because that post required the services of a man, Val willingly accepted a posting to one of the New Guinea leper hospitals operated by Seventh-day Adventists.

Malaita's Adventist hospital has broken down much of the animosity of the local people. Constantly calls come for help for the medically needy. Dr. McMahon, who forfeited a very lucrative practice in Australia to work in Malaita, is one of the busiest men alive. Almost daily he has major surgery cases, sometimes lasting all day.

But it is a thrill to watch the loving way in which he cares for the needy. Assisting him are Lens and Betty Larwood, who shortened their honeymoon to take the place of Brian and Val Dunne. Daily these good people watch transformations of health and transformations of character. Perhaps the greatest thrill was when the son of the man who killed Mr. Bell some forty years ago came to them asking that the gospel might be brought to him and his people.

Perhaps there are still problems to face in the future. But having seen the transformations that have occurred, and having known what a change of heart this has necessitated, we have confidence to believe that God has even greater things in store for His people in the future.

Lens and Betty Larwood, who are carrying on the work so nobly begun by Valmae and Brian Dunn. (Photo: Eric Wera)



PAIN-- **a Blessing?**

By Dr. J. DeWitt Fox



NOT LONG AGO I read in a medical journal of a ten-year-old boy who does not know what pain is. This lad was born without the normal nervous system, which warns us of burns, cuts, and bruises. He could fall and hurt himself but be completely unaware of injury. He had many scars to show for a pain-free life of adventure and bumps without the warning of pain.

On the face of it, one would think this lad is lucky. He may look forward to a life free from the aching joints of arthritis that many an oldster has to endure. If he were in a car accident and suffered a broken bone, he could be taken to the hospital and have the bone set without anaesthesia. If he needed his tonsils or appendix removed, these operations could be done without ether or other anaesthetic.

Scattered over your body are billions of tiny nerve filaments intended to tell you when you are too near fire, when you are cut, scratched, bumped, or bruised. These little nerves are not functioning correctly in this lad, and he lacks the protection of pain.

Yes, pain is protective. It actually is a blessing. If I had to choose between going through life without a pain-receiving system and with the protective nervous network of pain fibres, I would vote for a little pain.

The great Creator, who made your nervous system, planned it skilfully. There are three kinds of nerve fibres that carry to your brain sensations of pain, touch, pressure, heat, and cold. These nerve fibres carry impulses at different speeds.

Like telephone wires, the nerves having the most insulation carry the impulses to your brain the fastest—5 to 100 metres a second. The bare nerve fibres carry them at a slower rate—0.5 to 2.0 metres a second.

To prove this fact, pour some hot water into your bathtub tonight. Dip your big toe into the water. You will feel the touch of water almost instantly, but the burning pain of the hot water will not be noticed until a second or two later. This shows that the pain fibres which receive this impulse carry it at a slower rate. The effect of the pain will be such that you will be immediately stimulated to withdraw your foot, to protect it from being burned. Pain is a blessing against burns.

Another protective function of pain is in helping doctors diagnose diseased organs in the body. If the little lad with no pain fibres came down with appendicitis, his appendix would be likely to rupture and give him severe peritonitis, because he would have no pain to warn him of the trouble in his abdomen.

Even though pain is severe, do not give narcotics or pain potions until after the doctor has decided what the trouble is. Pain that is relieved may let the disease process go uncorrected until more serious trouble develops. A shot given for pain in the abdomen may relieve the patient temporarily, only to have an inflamed gall-bladder go on to rupture, an inflamed appendix to perforate, or an abscess to form.

The billions of little pain endings in your body were placed there at birth, yet many will never be used during your entire lifetime. For example, unless you develop a kidney stone, you will never know what renal colic is like. Yet you have all the nerves to receive the pain should a stone ever form. They are there to serve as an alarm system in case of disease.

Unless you break your arm, you will never use certain pain nerve endings in the lining of the humerus bone. Should you suffer a fracture, the pain will make you keep the arm absolutely still, thus protecting it from further injury.

Pain is a blessing in disguise to heart patients. Pain to the patient having angina pectoris is a constant reminder that he must slow up to protect his heart. The cramping pain in the chest is caused by decreased blood flow and oxygen supply to the heart muscle, which stimulates the pain-receiving nerves.

Another phenomenon of pain is that certain parts of the body are provided with nerve endings to receive special types of pain. Your intestines can be cut, pinched, and burned without pain. But just let them fill up with too much gas, and the distension of the intestinal wall will cause intense pain of a deep, aching, cramping type. This pain makes the patient nauseated, and will induce him to lie quietly.

The brain itself, headquarters for receiving and interpreting pain, has no need for pain nerve endings. The brain could be burned and pinched, and no pain would be felt, even though the person was wide awake under local anaesthetic. Only the blood vessels at the base of the skull carry pain-receiving fibres. When over-dilated, they cause pain.

Headache usually is caused by the stretching of nerve filaments surrounding the blood vessels at the base of the brain and in the scalp.

Although pain is a blessing in disguise, no one enjoys it. Probably the most important thing for persons suffering chronic pain, such as with arthritis or periodic migraine headaches, is to appreciate the relationship that worry and nervous tension have to pain.

Tension has the ability to lower the threshold of pain. When the patient relaxes, pain lessens. For this reason, soothing hydrotherapy treatments, massage, and relaxing surroundings can do much to reduce pain, without sedatives and narcotics. These relaxing treatments cause muscles to uncoil their knots of tension in shoulders, neck, scalp, back, and joints. This relieves the pull of tension on nerve endings in the muscles, and pain is relieved.

Here is an experiment to prove what tension can do in producing pain. Hold your hand clenched into a fist, bend your elbow as tightly as you can, and pull your hand toward your shoulder. Keep your arm pulled up tightly and hold it. In a matter of minutes you will note a tight pain and ache develop in your arm. This is the ischemic pain doctors speak of, which is due to tension and a decreased amount of blood going into your arm. This causes the muscles to ache.

In a similar way, nervous tension cuts off circulation. When you are under emotional tension or are worried, pain appears in parts of the body.

The nice thing about pain is that it is so wonderful when it is over. Mothers having childbirth pain will tell you that their pain is sometimes hard, severe. After it is over, it is forgotten.

The human brain with its thirteen billion cells, with an infinite number of combinations of associations and colours of pain and emotion, has one great inability. It cannot recall pain.

Soldiers shattered on the battlefields who suffer agonizing pain before narcotics can be given them, who undergo amputations and other extreme treatment of injuries, cannot recall their pain. After it is over they can remember having had pain, but just how severe they cannot recall. Once pain is over, it is forgotten. This proves God's infinite wisdom in devising the protective network of pain. It is intended for emergency use only, not for indefinite torture or consequent damage to the patient.

Should pain appear, do something to find out the cause, and relieve it promptly. Pain is a blessing. It is the symptom that sends more patients to a physician than any other. It is the doctor's friend to help him put his finger on your problem. Never relieve pain until you know the cause. Let your doctor decide when and how it should be relieved.

Keep your body in tip-top tone—eat right, get adequate sleep, exercise, and relaxation—and pain will be less of a problem. But never forget—pain is a blessing. ★★

THE MAN IN THE SLIME PIT



Toru, the "man in the slime pit," is shown here on the day of his baptism. His wife is standing beside him and the young lady, front row left, is his daughter.

Photo:
Gordon A. Lee

Challenged and **CHANGED** by God

✧ By Gordon A. Lee

IT WAS A MONDAY morning and I was working with my fellow ministers and laymen on the construction of a new church in Avarua, Rarotonga, Cook Islands. We were working up high on scaffolding when along staggered Toru (I shall use his real name) very much "under the weather." He was a habitual drinker and well known throughout Rarotonga for his drunkenness.

He was addicted to an illegal, locally manufactured brew commonly called "bush beer." This is a potent concoction that lays its clients out in a paralytic stupor. I have seen the effects of such a brew upon the tins in which it is secretly made. The tin coating is blackened and tarnished by the chemical reaction, so there is little left to the imagination as to what it must do to a consumer's stomach.

It was a rare occasion when Toru was not under the strong influence of this bush beer. His home was an unhappy one, and most times it was the scene of abuse and fighting. His meagre wages (for he was frequently too drunk to go to work) were squandered on the all-consuming urge to partake of this fire-water.

As we worked on, he lolled about the roadway making facetious remarks and bantering with my fellow labourers. He stayed around until it was time for us to have lunch and followed us to where we ate at the elder's house. He refused to accept any of the food offered him, but hung around as if he had something on his mind.

I was taking a short catnap after lunch when one of the men came to me and said Toru wanted to talk to me privately. I ushered him into a small *are* (house) and

sat down opposite him. He was a picture of dejection. His clothes bore the marks of liquor stains and of having been slept in for some time in questionable places. His face, wrinkled and aged beyond his years, was hidden behind several days' growth of whiskers. Blood-shot eyes stared uncomprehendingly at me, and yet in them I detected a searching, a longing. "Mr. Lee," he blurted out after a few moments, "I need help. I need your help."

"What can I do for you?" I asked as sympathetically as I could. There was silence again as he struggled to get his befuddled mind into gear. Somehow, somewhere behind the thick curtain of alcoholism was a mind, a human soul struggling for hope within a body that was sinking rapidly into an abyss of utter degradation and ultimate death. His slow, thick tongue mouthed out words that never became audible steps of communication. I could see the anguish within as he fought to find expression. My heart went out to that inner man. I forgot the filthy drunkard that sat there before me and saw a man in desperate need. Silently I offered a prayer for him as our eyes held each other in an embrace as one would hold a drowning person in turbulent water.

Tears welled up in his eyes and began to flow down his face. At first he was ashamed and lifted wrinkled hands to rub them away, but then, relaxing completely, he let them flow freely. It released the pent-up despair and fears and soon he was sobbing out his confession of how he had once enjoyed life as a young Christian interested in the activities of his church. Down, down, down he had gone, step by step, until he had reached his present state. Cruel and unwarranted beatings of his wife and children, irresponsibility at work, continual participation in brutal fights and bitter arguments, contentiousness with the authorities, this had become the story of his life.

"I'm a dirty no good man," he continually told me.

He wanted to be different. He had even tried desperately, but failed miserably so many times. Some of the men working with me had been companions at his school. Why could he not be like them? He made it amply clear that he longed to be free from the clutches of the accursed drink and nicotine. But how?

There is only one way when a man becomes as enslaved as Toru. It would take a miracle of divine power and grace. This I told him. But he must be willing, willing to let the Creator recreate. With all the simplicity I could muster I explained that his only hope was in God. He must do his best, then beyond that he must rest in God to perform the miracle.

I explained simple therapy such as drinking an abundance of pure water or fruit juices, of choosing never to touch the evil drink or cigarettes again. I counselled him to evade contacts with companions that would tempt him, and, above all, to call upon God in the hour of temptation.

The mind within the drunken body seemed to drink deeply of this refreshing guidance. He responded to every suggestion, determined to try anything to be rid of this accursed disease. We had talked for almost an hour when, having grasped the hopeful ray, he asked, "Will you pray for me now, Pastor?"

Together we knelt in that humble thatched dwelling and laid the case before the Almighty and claimed

the promises. As I drew my prayer to a close I remained kneeling there before him. I opened my eyes and saw Toru kneeling, but with his face buried in his hands and his body bowed low to the ground. For some moments we did not stir, but I could see him struggling. A battle only those who have ever reached such degraded depths could ever know, raged in the mind and body of this man.

Sobbing bitterly he began to pray. I shall never forget that prayer as long as I live. It went something like this:

"Oh, God, you know what a dirty, filthy man I am. I'm down the bottom of a slimy pit and I can't get out. I've tried so often, but fall deeper into the mud each time. I've been cruel to my family and hurt them many times. Only You can help me now. Won't You put Your hand down into this slimy pit and lift me out?"

I watched him reverently as he pleaded with God, and do you know what happened? God heard and answered Toru that day. He rose from prayer. We offered him food, but he refused. He was going home to tell his wife. From that day on he never touched another drink of fire-water or smoked another cigarette. There were days of bitter fighting with the old nature and with the ogres of alcohol and nicotine, but with his hand firmly gripping the hand God had plunged deep down into that "filthy pit," he was recreated by a miracle.

Thousands who knew Toru only too well can testify that he is a man changed by God. Today his influence for Christ and His saving grace is turning the hearts of many to the better way. Into the islands of the South Pacific we civilized countries are pouring the addictions of the Western World. We have lifted the indigenous people out of heathenism, cannibalism and the fears of spiritism only to plunge them into the depths of equally soul-destroying devices of our civilization. The work of the missions in these areas is perhaps more needed today than ever before.

Before I sign off let me tell you two more secrets that make my heart rejoice. The first is that I saw Toru and his family change and grow after the likeness of the Master so that before leaving the Cook Islands I had the privilege of baptizing him, his wife and their lovely daughter, Miriana. The second is that Toru's growth in Christ has continued and today he is a loved and respected deacon in the church.

And some people ask me, "Are missions worth while?" They are indeed!



Illustrations by
Eric Were
and L. H. Barnard



All my patients are sick.
Some have been waiting here for many days
At this bush clinic.
Some have walked thirty miles;
Some have dragged themselves
Over the jungle humps
On useless stumps.

MISSION TO NEW GUINEA



Thin caricatures with
Proud bones breaking out
To the bleaching sun.
Skin tanned tough in the
Swine swilling sweat.
Primordial face of aging years
Etched with burning acid tears.
The heathen heart
Pumping sluggish blood
Thick with tropic bacilli.
Parasites that have not yet
Felt the fatal stab
Of the hypodermic sting.

"O death! Where is thy sting!"
When every living urge
From whimpering naked crawl
To staggering sticked step,
Leads backward to the past.
With pagan funeral pageant
Winding down the leafy aisles

By Malcolm Ford

Into the darker, denser recesses
Of the mystic crypt
Of death.

They do not die in a moment of time;
They play on in the drama of death,
Until the golden sun
Hides itself for ever from their shame
And they grope into unconsciousness;
And the long night enfolds them.
The thatch shroud hardens,
The low murmuring fades off
And suffocating smoke
Stings the drowsy eyes,
Charges up the nostrils,
And the red betel-nut spittle
Slides down the chalk cheek;
The ancient face sets cold
In ultimate ugliness.

But I have rudely intercepted
This grotesque procession of despair,
And with an ancient vision,
Raised a suffering cross
To show them why I care.

Back in Belmont
Where I practised
I was sick; sick.
Sick of the people
Who drove thirty miles in their
Holdens and their Zodiacs,
Demanding coloured pills
For obscure ills.

My waiting room was
Jammed with obesity
And ulcerated urgency.
They undressed in my surgery
And stood white chested
In conceited concern.

The roving rubber ear
Searched the dull throbbing,
Chilling night life of the soul.
They stood trembling on the scales
And were found wanting;
They went home with tiny bottles
And opaque jars,
Synchronized with the
Gold wristlet watches
Of the broken night.

One long day,
I slammed the door!
Shattered the frosted glass,
And left my name
Lying in a jagged puzzle
On the contented carpet
Of a condemned practice.

The Plan of Salvation as Revealed in

ABORIGINAL LEGENDS

By ADRIAN M. PETERSON

LEGENDS FOUND among the Australian Aborigines illustrate every major aspect of the plan of salvation. As well as this they contain allusions to the creation, the Flood of Noah's day, and the times of Jesus, tracing events to the final judgment and the establishment of Christ's kingdom. These interesting Aboriginal legends indicate some form of contact between the forefathers of our Aboriginal race and the early believers in fundamental Biblical faith.

The Aborigines themselves are a very interesting race, and ethnologically it is considered that somehow they migrated from the cradle of the world's civilizations, probably across India, and then across to and through Malaysia, Indonesia, and into the northernmost areas of Western Australia.

Although there are some 200 to 300 Aboriginal languages, the study of comparative languages indicates that the Aborigines at one time had a common origin. One of their legends tells of fighting among the inhabitants to the north of Australia, and that the ancestors of the Australian Aboriginal fled before their victors and came over to our continent by canoe.

Interestingly enough, boomerangs as used by the Australian Aboriginal have been discovered in Egyptian pyramids as wooden artifacts. They also appear as hieroglyphic picture-writing in tomb inscriptions. The symbol in these hieroglyphic inscriptions for the inhabitants of Palestine about 1,500 B.C. was the boomerang. This was at approximately the time when the Amorites and Canaanites inhabited the area. The boomerang was also used as a hunting weapon by the Hopi Indians of North America.

Let us now give consideration to some of the Aboriginal legends dealing with creation.

CREATION

Many of these legends speak of the creation of original matter and original mankind. One, for example, from a Western Australian tribe, tells of Biamee creating light out of darkness, and then the animals and birds, and finally man. The first man was called Walleyneup, and the first woman, Doronop. Their

son, Bindiwoorie, was killed in a fight. This could be reminiscent of the death of Abel, as recorded in Genesis.

Another, from the Aranda (or incorrectly called Arunta) tribe of Central Australia states that a great Sky-being cut out the forms of the first people from the earth and gave them life. This is almost what we read in the creation story in the Bible.

INTRODUCTION OF SIN

A legend that might well refer to the origin of sin comes from the Tasmanian Aborigines, the last of whom, a Bruny Island princess, Truganini, died in 1876. According to this story, Drome Mer De Enne was the creator of all animals. He and the wicked one, Moi Nee, had a fight in the heavens, and Moi Nee was cast out onto the earth. Another story tells us that Byamee created Mudgegong who became an evil spirit, and that Mudgegong now thwarts all that Byamee does. Do we not read similar stories in the Holy Scriptures?



(Right) This painting of the Rainbow Serpent may be seen near Mount Mann, northern Kimberley district, Western Australia. (Opposite page) Although Princess Truganini was the last of her race to die in Tasmania, one of four Aboriginal women taken by sealers to Kangaroo Island, South Australia, died there in 1888, twelve years later.

Australian Encyclopaedia and Don Stephens.

THE FLOOD

The number of Flood legends throughout Australia is quite impressive, and we cannot here enumerate them all. However, here are six:

1. The Northern Territory Murinbata tribe believed that, back in the Kardoorair time, a big rain began to fall. It fell all day, all night and all day. The rain did not stop, and it filled up all the seas and covered all the land. Karan, a Curlew man who was the father of his tribe, led all his people to the top of a big mountain. There they began to build a stone parapet to keep out the waters. After a while, when the waters came no higher, two birdmen flew out to find dry land. They came back with the report that they could find none. Later on again, two other Curlew men flew out, and returned with twigs and leaves in their beaks.

2. From a Riverina tribe comes the legend that there was a tremendous flood, such as the world had never seen before, and that many tribes were drowned.

3. Another tribe from the Newcastle Waters area tells about a big flood that came up and destroyed many tribes. This flood was brought by Bolong, the rainbow serpent, as a punishment for the wickedness of his people.

4. From yet another tribe comes the story that Nagacork (which means Old Man) was creating a deep, wide billabong full of all kinds of fish. He discerned that all the people around were full of wrongdoings, so he brought a flood, and destroyed them all.

5. Somewhat whimsically, another legend states that a great frog swallowed up all the water, and there was none left for anybody. A council of Aborigines decided that the best answer to the problem would be to make the frog laugh and thus disgorge all the water. After many vain attempts a wriggling eel finally made the frog laugh, and with the disgorging of the water, there was a great flood. To save some, the pelican made a canoe, and he and several others got into it and rode out the flood in safety.

6. Our final Flood legend tells of Byamee asleep in the north. One day he awoke, and in his anger at the wickedness of the people, he made a great flood. And now here is an interesting prophecy from the same legend. One day, the legend continues, Byamee will wake again, and make another big catastrophe, which will destroy all the tribes of the earth. We are all well aware of the Biblical account of the Flood of



Princess Truganini, whose death in 1876 closed the Aboriginal story in Tasmania.



Albert Namatjira, well-known Australian Aboriginal artist, was honoured by being included in a recent issue of Australian postage stamps. On a number of occasions Namatjira related the story of Ilingka, who is always a young man and who lives up in the Skyland.

Noah's day, but perhaps we are less aware that the Bible tells us that when God's work in this world is finished, then Jesus will return in the clouds of heaven, to take His own people to be with Him. At this time, "a fire shall devour before Him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about Him." Psalm 50:3. This is the time when God will again destroy wicked men from the face of His earth.

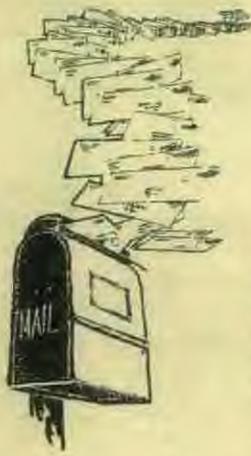
DISPERSION AT THE TOWER OF BABEL

An Arnhem Land tribe informs us that back in the dream time, all tribes on the earth spoke the same language. One day it was decided to have a corroboree of all tribes. At this corroboree there was a fight, and in anger the tribes separated and went their own ways, each tribe choosing its own language. Notice the resemblance to the story in Genesis, chapter 11, concerning the dispersion from the Tower of Babel.

TIMES OF JESUS

Four legends bearing a resemblance to aspects of the life and ministry of Christ have been discovered. They are as follows:

1. A Wellington Valley legend states that Byamee lives in the Skyland to the north-east, and that he sits



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upon a beautiful throne. His son, Grogorally, watches over all men, and leads the souls of the dead to his father, Byamee.

2. On several occasions Namatjira of the Aranda tribe told the story of Ilingka, who was always a young man. Ilingka lives up in the Skyland where it is always green. Many people live with him, and these people never die and are always young.

3. Another story concerning Curlew men mentions that several were in a cave, and that one, the firstborn, came out. He sat down near the entrance of the cave and lit a fire. The others came out and after a quarrel they pointed the bone at the firstborn man who immediately lay down and died. He was buried. Soon afterwards, the dead man began to come to life again and rise up through the earth. A watching magpie was very angry at this and, grabbing a mulga spear, thrust it into the rising man, killing him. The legend continues that if the dead man had been allowed to rise up, then all those who had ever died would rise up again after death.

4. In the Lake Victoria area, a Narrinyeri legend tells that long, long ago there was a great lawgiver

named Nurunderi. This respected leader called his whole tribe together and made a statement such as this: "Children, there is a great spirit above, whose dwelling place is heaven. It is his will that you should know him as the whole spirit of whom you are a part. He is your provider and protector. It has been my pleasure to give you the privilege to sojourn awhile in a bodily state, to fulfil my great plan. Live as children of your father. Control your appetites and desires. Cultivate everything good. Show kindness to others." After this, it is recorded, Nurunderi went up into the Skyland.

The similarities to aspects of the life of Jesus are, I am sure, apparent to those who have a knowledge of the Biblical background.

DEATH AND JUDGMENT

From the Western Aranda tribe comes the belief that after death the soul travels to the Northern Ocean, to the island of the dead. Finally, all souls on the island are destroyed by lightning during a furious thunderstorm. Malachi 4, the last chapter in the Old Testament, and Revelation 20, the third last chapter in the New Testament, state that the wicked are destroyed by fire.

An Arnhem Land legend states that the soul of the dead person travels in a bark canoe to Purelko, where everybody is always young and there is universal happiness.

HEAVEN

The most fascinating of all these legends comes to us from, once again, the Aranda tribe. They believed that out on the Nullarbor Plain was a beautiful city, the Land of Perfection. This beautiful land was surrounded by four straight white walls, each higher than the highest tree and as high as the high hills. It was a day's walk from corner to corner of this four-square city. Along the top of the walls were domes and spires, and the walls themselves were made of white quartz on the outside, and blue slate on the inside. The country inside this land was undulatingly hilly, with beautifully formed cone-shaped hills. One cone-shaped mountain had an underground reservoir beneath it, and the water welled up through the mountain and poured out from an outlet at the top. The clear cool water ran down into the valley, keeping the green grass and green trees continually verdant.

The only way into this city was along a narrow ledge of rock leading up to the top as a ramp along one wall. On one side of the ramp was the smooth white wall, and on the other, the drop to the valley below.

After death, the pilgrim who wanted to go into the Land of Perfection had to walk up the long inclined ledge. When he arrived at the top, he was accosted by Biggaroo, the snake god. If judged worthy, Biggaroo would say, "Go now, my child, enter the Land of Perfection," and the pilgrim would then enter the City of Perfection for life eternal.

This most remarkable legend was collected late last century by W. Ramsay Smith, and it bears a striking resemblance to the account of the New Jerusalem given by John the revelator in his Book of Revelation.

Strange, is it not, that the legends of our own Aboriginal people are so strongly reminiscent of the familiar Bible stories. Does it not suggest that, back through the dim centuries their ancestors could have heard the factual original stories? And though the stories have been altered by the storytellers as they were transmitted from one generation to the next, is it not remarkable that these legends contain so many elements of essential truth?

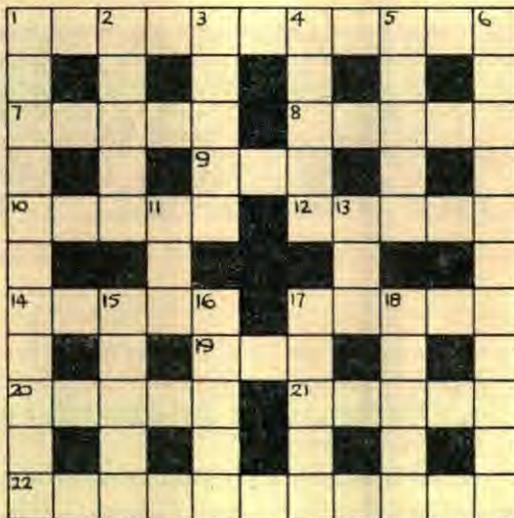
AVOIDING THE THIN ICE

ALAN HOLMAN

JOSH BILLINGS once wrote, "The thinner the ice, the more anxious everyone is to see if it will bear." Nothing seems to apply more to our unruly human na-

ture than this statement. It is as though every time we are tempted to do a certain thing or be curious about something, we cannot stop ourselves testing the situation. Take temptation. We find it difficult to stop ourselves finding out whether we have the willpower to resist the particular evil. The trouble is that when we invariably fail, we keep doing it again, time after time, and the "thin ice" of our willpower collapses. When we are curious and we crave like addicts for the facts, we so often go that little bit too far, and our increased knowledge leads us to realize that we have fallen into the trap of misjudging and we find ourselves in an embarrassing situation. This again is going through the thin ice. We come to the place where we cannot help feeling that, of ourselves, we can only be this type of humbug. It is only by assuming the same frame of mind, or nature, of Someone who did in fact overcome the problem, that we can have any chance at all. Christ once said, "I have overcome the world." That is enough for me.

Bruce Johnston's BIBLE CROSSWORD No. 6



ACROSS:

1. Brought to captives by Jesus, in fulfilment of prophecy. (Luke 4:16-21.)
2. Rahab's faith was demonstrated by her protection of these. (Hebrews 11:31.)
8. "O God . . . Thou wentest forth before Thy people . . . Thou didst ——— through the wilderness." Psalm 68:7.
9. A chief ruler to David, and named among his great officers. (2 Samuel 20:25, 26.)
10. "He that saith he abideth in Him ——— himself also so to walk, even as He walked." 1 John 2:6.
12. Son of Terah, brother of Abraham, husband of Milcah who bore him eight children. (Genesis 11:27-30.)
14. What Israel was to do to the brass vessels after their use in washing garments contaminated by blood of sacrifices. (Leviticus 6:28.)

17. Kept in a golden pot in the Ark of the Covenant as a symbol of Jesus who is the real Bread from heaven. (Exodus 16:33-36.)
19. A son of Peleg, the fourth from Shem and father of Serug. (Genesis 11:18-21.)
20. The wayward, though loved, wife of the prophet Hosea. (Hosea 1:3.)
21. A son of Nahash of Rabbah who received David when he fled from Absalom. (2 Samuel 17:27-29.)
22. This will come suddenly upon the peoples of earth when they think the future peaceful and secure. (1 Thessalonians 5:3.)

DOWN:

1. In bringing a false report after they had surveyed the land of Canaan, the spies did this to the Israelites in the wilderness. (Numbers 32:8, 9.)
2. Righteous men hate this sin, performed with the mouth. (Proverbs 13:5.)
3. Doing this to the fatherless and widows is defined as true Christianity. (James 1:27.)
4. Paul's citizenship, which saved him from a cruel scourging. (Acts 22:24-29.)
5. One of the directions in which the symbolic ram in Daniel's vision pushed. (Daniel 8:4.)
6. Paul urged the Hebrews to listen to, and take notice of, this. (Hebrews 13:22.)
11. The people Jesus will save from their sins. (Matthew 1:21.)
13. A district near Babylon whose inhabitants were transported to Samaria by the Assyrians. (2 Kings 17:24.)
15. New ones will be given to those who are overcomers for Christ. (Revelation 2:17.)
16. You cannot claim this for your words after you have made a vow to God. (Ecclesiastes 5:5, 6.)
17. What the elder brother first heard as he approached the house where his family was celebrating his wayward brother's return. (Luke 15:25.)
18. Wife of Elimelech and mother-in-law of Ruth the Moabitess. (Ruth 1:1-4.)

(FOR SOLUTION SEE PAGE 30)



A Private Translation for the Public



FOR FARMERS :: FISHERMEN :: CARPENTERS :: MERCHANTS :: MINERS :: HOUSEWIVES :: WOODCUTTERS :: AND TRUCKERS

WHEN YOU SEE "a private translation" printed on the title page of Charles B. Williams's "The New Testament in the Language of the People" you may raise your mental eyebrows as you recall Solomon's words, "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety." Proverbs 11:14. But when you read the first line on the following page your eyebrows will probably relax back to normal. "In the minds of many exacting Greek scholars this is the best translation of the New Testament existing in the English language today."

Edward A. McDowell, of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, backs that publisher's opinion with, "I think that the translation of the New Testament by Dr. C. B. Williams is one of the best English translations in existence. This translation gives the most accurate rendering of the Greek text of any translation with which I am acquainted." Then when you look to the Northern Baptist Theological Seminary for an opinion, J. R. Mantey of the Department of New Testament Interpretation declares, "While teaching a post-graduate Greek class and spending the whole year

studying translations of the New Testament, we became convinced that Williams's translation, considering all the factors, is the most accurate and illuminating translation in the English language."

Moody Bible Institute's John Mostert also has words of commendation for Dr. Williams's work: "Williams does what few others have done: he takes some of the finer shades of meaning found in the Greek constructions and fuses them into the English text. This he does, not in a cumbersome, overwrought manner, but in a natural, smooth-flowing style. More than any other translator he brings out the *aktionsart* (kind of action) of the verbs, an element little stressed in standard versions."

Williams himself imagines he hears someone asking as to why another translation, since there have been scores of them made following William Tyndale's effort, for which he paid with his life as a martyr. Answering, Dr. Williams uses the words of a distinguished Bible scholar: "Language is a fluid thing. It does not remain fixed for a day. There is therefore

constant need of retranslation." His aim, Williams states, is that of Tyndale—"To cause the plough boy to know the Scriptures." But because we have but few ploughboys in these modern tractor days, Dr. Williams lists those he translated for as farmers, fishermen, carpenters, cowboys, cab-drivers, merchants, miners, housewives, woodcutters and truckers. He believes, and pretty soundly, too, that "if these can understand it, it is certain that the scholar, the teacher, the minister, the lawyer, the doctor, and all others can."

Ideas for ideas, rather than words for words, seems to have been what scholar Williams aimed at. This is not an interlinear translation, not word for word, but idea for idea. In this setting we have the Sermon on the Mount, opening:

"Blessed are those who feel poor in spiritual things, for the kingdom of heaven belongs to them.

Blessed are the mourners, for they will be comforted. Blessed are the lowly in mind, for they will possess the land.

Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for being and doing right, for they will be completely satisfied.

Blessed are those who show mercy, for they will have mercy shown them.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they will see God. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they will be called God's sons.

Blessed are those who suffer persecution for being and doing right, for the kingdom of heaven belongs to them.

Blessed are you when people abuse you, and persecute you, and keep on falsely telling all sorts of evil against you for My sake. Keep on rejoicing and leaping for ecstasy, for your reward will be rich in heaven; for this is the way they persecuted the prophets who lived before you."

Then, getting down to the doctrinal detail in this same sermon, the Master teaches, in the words of translator Williams:

"Do not suppose that I have come to set aside the law or the prophets. I have not come to set them aside but to fill them up to the brim. For I solemnly say to you, heaven and earth would sooner pass away than the dotting of an 'i' or the crossing of a 't' from the law, until it all becomes in force. Whoever, therefore, breaks one of the least of these commands and teaches others so to do, will be ranked as least in the kingdom of heaven; but whoever practises them and teaches others so to do, will be ranked as great in the kingdom of heaven. For I tell you that unless your righteousness far surpasses that of the scribes and Pharisees, you will never get into the kingdom of heaven at all."

Like many other readers of the translations, I do enjoy going back through them and noting the things I underscored on first reading, the eye and mind catchers, as we might say. Here are some that stopped me ten years ago:

"Love is so patient and so kind;
Love never boils with jealousy;
It never boasts, is never puffed with pride;
It does not act with rudeness, or insist upon its rights;
It never gets provoked, it never harbours evil thoughts;
Is never glad when wrong is done,
But always glad when truth prevails;
It bears up under anything,
It exercises faith in everything,
It keeps up hope in everything,
It gives us power to endure in anything."

1 Corinthians 13:4-7.

"For God's favour has appeared with its offer of salvation to all mankind, training us to give up godless ways and worldly cravings and live serious, upright, and godly lives in this world, while we are waiting for the realization of our blessed hope at the glorious appearing of our great God and Saviour Christ Jesus, who gave Himself for us to ransom us from all iniquity and purify for Himself a people to be His very own, zealous of good works." Titus 2:11-14.

"So be patient, brothers, until the coming of the Lord. See how the farmer keeps on waiting and waiting for the precious crop from his land; how he keeps up his patience over it until he gets the early and the late rains. You must be patient, too; you must put iron into your hearts, because the coming of the Lord is close at hand. Stop muttering against one another, brothers, so as to keep from being judged yourselves. Look! The Judge is standing at the very door." James 5:7-9.

"For it is by His unmerited favour through faith that you have been saved; it is not by anything that you have done, it is the gift of God. It is not the result of what anyone can do, so that no one can boast of it. For He has made us what we are, because He has created us through our union with Christ Jesus for doing good deeds which He beforehand planned for us to do." Ephesians 2:8-10.

"For everybody has sinned and everybody continues to come short of God's glory, but anybody may have right standing with God as a free gift of His undeserved favour, through the ransom provided in Christ Jesus." Romans 3:23, 24.

"May God, who gives us peace, who brought back from the dead our Lord Jesus, who through the blood by which He ratified the everlasting covenant, is now the Great Shepherd of the sheep, perfectly fit you to do His will, He Himself, through Jesus Christ, accomplishing through you what is pleasing to Him." Hebrews 13:20, 21.

Finally, I ought to suggest that the first-time reader of Williams should check the initials to know *which* Williams he is reading. Charles B. Williams is the one we have just written about. Charles Kingsley Williams (no relation, as far as I know) also had a translation published—"The New Testament in Plain English"—and this was reviewed last month.

IN THE YEAR 1782 in the city of Hanover, Germany, a young princess some twenty-six years of age was laid to rest. She was an infidel, embittered in life, disbelieving the existence of God. At her request, a huge piece of marble was erected over her grave, and inscribed with these words:

"HENRIETTA VON RULINA

Born in 1756—Died 1782

This burial place,
purchased to all eternity,
must never be opened."

Today the piece of marble is overturned, the sepulchre is burst asunder. What happened? A birch seed, buried with the princess, sprouted and finally burst the massive masonry. A birch tree rests upon the remains of an infidel. What a rebuke! If a seed could reveal such mighty power, what are the possibilities and potentialities of the power behind the seed—the spoken word of God.

The question of the resurrection, challenged by Henrietta von Rulina, is no minor point in the teachings of Holy Writ. On the contrary it is vital because upon it depends the truth or falsity of the Christian faith, for "if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."¹ The position is made more vital when we realize the opposition that has been exerted against it within and without the



WHEN A MAN DIES...WHAT

church down through the years. In the time of Christ there were Sadducees² who rejected the resurrection and the doctrine of future life; in our day, many believe and teach the spiritual habitation of an ethereal eternity, whilst others claim that death is the end of man.

The Resurrection—Is It Feasible?

Paul was faced with this unbelief in his day. As he stood before Agrippa³ in defence of his right to freedom, he directed the king to the fact that he was being condemned because he believed in the hope of the promise made to the prophets, and that hope was in Christ. He claimed to preach "none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come,"⁴ that Christ should suffer and that He should be the first that should rise from the dead. Sensing that Agrippa was acquainted with these facts, he asked the question:

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?"⁵ Why are people so incredulous? God has filled all nature with continual emblems of the resurrection. The morning is the resurrection of the day; the spring is the resurrec-

■ By Stuart M. Uttley

Part 2

tion of the year. Gaze on the butterfly and the moth—both living testimonies to the resurrection power of God.

"Shall this be so? Shall plants and worms come forth to life again? And oh, shall man descend into his grave to rise no more? Shall he, the master of this world, image and offspring of the fontal life through endless ages sleep in dust?"

The laws and habits of nature speak to us of a resurrection. How much more shall the image and offspring of the fontal life experience resurrection power.

Hope of the Church

This brings us to the age-old question: "If a man die, shall he live again?"⁶ Yes, emphatically, says Job. And the grave is the waiting place. In fact Job's hope was staked on this surety. "Yet in my flesh shall I see God."⁷ The patriarch did not stand alone in this hope for David exclaimed, "As for me, I will behold Thy face . . . when I awake, with Thy likeness."⁸ Hear the gospel prophet, "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust."⁹ Listen to the challenge

of Hosea, "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death: O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction."¹⁰

Finally we hear the cry of the prophets confirmed and empowered by the testimony of Christ. "I will raise him up at the last day."¹¹ Yes, the blessed hope centres around this stupendous event. Never forget that the resurrection constitutes:

1. A fundamental doctrine of the church;
2. The pivot of the plan of salvation;
3. The centre of the hope of God's people;
4. A great distinguishing doctrine of the Christian faith. (Heathenism knows nothing of a resurrection.)

Was Christ Raised?

The Apostle Paul sensed the far-reaching effect of the resurrection truth. He was quick to realize that it was linked with Christ's resurrection and dedicated an entire chapter to this theme.¹² Without Christ's resurrection our hope is in vain; with it, victory is assured.

Was Jesus Christ raised? Can anyone dispute it? Come with me to the sepulchre. Listen to the angel's conversation to Mary: "Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for He is risen."¹³ "The resurrection of Christ is at once the most important and the best authenticated fact in the history of the world."—Dr. Charles Hodge.

1. Predicted in the Old Testament.
2. Foretold by Christ.
3. Witnessed by numerous competent and worthy people.

The twelve disciples, the entire apostolic company, above 500 brethren, not forgetting Mary Magdalene, Peter, James, the disciples on the way to Emmaus and finally Paul on the road to Damascus—all testify to having seen the resurrected Christ. What an array of witnesses! Surely in the face of this evidence we can say, "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept."¹⁴

We must not forget that when Jesus arose He brought a company from the grave¹⁵—trophy of His resurrection, living witnesses to the reality of such an event, raised never to taste of death again.

Speaking of death, let us not forget the joy that came to the widow of Nain as she returned home from the funeral service on the arm of her beloved son, returned from death by the power of the resurrection. Let us not forget the joy that came to the heart of Jairus when through the power of Christ he felt the warm embrace of his little girl. And finally, let us ponder the dramatic event in the town of Bethany when to the amazement of hundreds and to the joy of Mary and Martha, Lazarus, already dead four days, stepped from the sepulchre radiant with the bloom of youth. "Just as well," said Moody, "He called Lazarus by name, or else all the dead would have risen before

time." What a wonderful fact! What an amazing truth, witnessed by hundreds, believed by thousands, demonstrated by Christ Himself—the certainty of the resurrection.

Two Resurrections

"Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation."¹⁶ It is evident from these words that there will be two resurrections, incorporating all the dead; on the one hand the righteous and on the other hand the wicked.

However, Paul in Thessalonians states that the "dead in Christ" will be raised at Christ's second coming¹⁷ and John in Revelation indicates that they will live and reign with Christ one thousand years.¹⁸ "But the rest of the dead [the wicked] lived not again until the thousand years were finished."¹⁹ Thus the two resurrections spoken of by Christ are separated by one thousand years. You may ask, Does it matter which? "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power."²⁰ The distinction is life in the first and death in the second.

We hold within our grasp the power to decide where we shall stand.

The Resurrection—How and With What Body?

Anticipating our thoughts Paul says, "Some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?" The lesson is found in the grain. "God giveth it a body,"²¹ a spiritual body likened to the glorious body of Christ.²² In view of these statements we affirm our faith in a bodily resurrection. We may not know the precise nature of this glorified body, but we do know it will be a body. In some way it will be related to the natural body as the harvest reaped is to the grain sown. Hence we may believe that there will be sufficient resemblance so that in the future state we will be able both to recognize others and to be known by them.

Your mind may be concerned as to the possibility of a mutilated body being raised. What of those maimed and killed by war, lost at sea, or on land, even eaten by fish or animals?

In the year 1637 the Shoguns of Japan massacred 11,111 native Christians and buried them on the Island of Anakusa. The heads were severed from the bodies and buried miles apart in order to prevent a resurrection. How futile! How unavailing! Speaking of Adam, God said, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."²³ The Lord does not require the identical dust. Remember: "He spake, and it was done; He commanded, and it stood fast."²⁴ The Lord cares not where your remains are. The record of your character, your life, is the concern of Heaven. "For

(Concluded on page 27)



• THE HAYSTACK MONUMENT

A. S. Maxwell Photo

IF YOU by chance happen to visit Williams College in the state of Massachusetts at some time, be sure to look for what is surely the only monument to a prayer meeting in the whole world. It is the famous "Haystack Monument" which was dedicated on July 28, 1867, to mark one of history's momentous events.

The monument itself is an imposing obelisk, surmounted as it is by a globe, beneath which are carved the words "The field is the world." Below this again is carved the replica of a haystack which is encircled by the words, "The Birthplace of American Foreign Missions." The stone marks an event which occurred sixty years before it was erected, but the names of those who attended the famous prayer meeting are recorded on the base of the monument.

They are: Samuel J. Mills, James Richards, Francis L. Robbins, Harvey Loomis and Byron Green.

The prayer meeting which the stone commemorates was held on a steamy August day in a grove north of the college buildings. Among the five present there was talk about the unsaved millions of earth. Samuel

Mills, on whom we focus in this short piece, was stirred by the lack of effort being put forth to save the nations which were ignorant of the gospel. He felt that the light of the good news of salvation could be carried into the darkest lands and said so, climaxing his speech with the words, "We can do it if we will!"

The others—except one, Harvey Loomis—were with him. Loomis felt that the time was not ripe for such a venture, and said so. As they talked, however, a storm blew up and they, by common consent, moved under the eaves of a nearby haystack to make their plans a matter of earnest prayer. Only the pessimistic Loomis declined to pray that the Lord would bless the venture they would promote.

But prayer alone is not sufficient, even in so worthy a project as converting the heathen. Work, hard work, there must be and much organization. For this the dedicated Samuel Mills was fully prepared and two years later, in the north-west room of the lower storey of old East College a "Society of Brethren" was born. It was the first foreign missionary society in America.

It had but one aim: the sending out of missionaries to dark and wretched parts of the world where men and women were dying without a knowledge of the saving grace of the Christ. And the missionaries should

The Missionary Who Stayed at Home

By ROBERT H. PARR

be none but the members of the society themselves. Other people would not be considered; the members themselves must be first to answer the call. Indeed, Article 2 of their constitution said, "The object of this society shall be to effect in the persons of its members, a mission, or missions, to the heathen." And Article 6 declared, "Each member shall keep absolutely free from every engagement which . . . shall be deemed incompatible with the object of this society, and shall hold himself in readiness to go on a mission when and where duty shall call." For this reason, lest it should render him unfit for such a call, Samuel Mills never married.

Later, when Mills moved on to Andover Theological Seminary, he was joined by even more men who were imbued with the missionary ideal. Adoniram Judson.

who was to become the great pioneer missionary to Burma, was among the most enthusiastic and a moving spirit in the formulation of concrete plans which, by invitation, were laid before the General Association of Independent Ministers at Bradford, Mass., on June 27, 1810. The paper, written by Judson and signed by him, Mills, Samuel Nott and Samuel Newell was well received, and out of this a "Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," the purpose of which was "the spread of the gospel in heathen lands," was established. Today the American Board of Missions, the outgrowth in turn of this Board of Commissioners, is world wide in its missionary vision.

In 1812, two years after the formation of the Board of Commissioners, five young men were ordained and sent forth by the American Board. They were Nott, Judson, Hall, Newell and Rice. Do you notice a notable omission? The name of the first to volunteer was not there. Samuel J. Mills never became a missionary.

One of the leaders of the mission board was to write of him later in these words, "It was decided by the brethren that it was all-important for the interest of the cause that he should remain at home." Too valuable a man to be sent! What a wry twist this was to the implementation of his great plan! Others he was able to despatch to the fields where his own heart lay; himself, he must adjust to labour at home.

But a man of the calibre of Mills could not be inert. On horseback he explored the half-settled west and south of the United States. It was no sinecure. He knew every hardship as he went up and down the country in the interests of the gospel and the poor people who knew nothing of a Saviour. And when he came back, what a story he had to tell! Of seventy-six thousand families without a single Bible between them; of the wickedness of such cities as St. Louis and New Orleans where there was not a single Protestant church; of the crying need for evangelists and missionaries, for ministers and teachers, and most of all, for the Word of God. Mills told it all in trumpet tones and would not be silenced. He established Bible Societies and organized home missionary drives to bring succour to the indigent settlers of the relatively unexplored regions of the south and west. They called him the "Home Missionary Statesman."

His drive, his vision, his tirelessness were responsible for the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the American Bible Society, the United Foreign Missionary Society, the African School, for domestic missions within North America, for the colonization society for expatriate Africans and for general benevolent causes throughout the land.

One of the things that caused him anguish of mind was the condition of the "freed people of colour residing in our country." He wanted to establish a colony for them in Africa. Again he flung himself into the marathon task and had the satisfaction of being in the

ship which carried the group to select a site for repatriated Africans. They first sighted Africa at the Gambia River in 1818, and moved on to where the colony of Liberia was eventually established in 1822. (Liberia became a free and independent nation in 1847.)

His mission accomplished now that the site was selected, he could go home. But two weeks after he boarded the ship which would return him to America he detected the first symptoms of a fever which, combining with the tuberculosis he had been battling for some months, sapped his strength and laid him low.

Gradually but obviously Samuel J. Mills was losing his grip on life. At last, on the afternoon of June 16, 1818, he quietly folded his hands and slipped life's moorings. He was thirty-five years of age. That same evening his body was gently lowered into the inscrutable ocean, there to remain until his Master shall call him forth to life immortal.

Samuel Mills is one of God's champions, but he was never a missionary. Yet, whenever a man or a woman leaves home and loved ones, wherever a missionary locates and preaches the gospel, the mantle of Samuel J. Mills, the man commemorated on the Haystack Monument, falls silently upon him and bids him make a covenant with his God by sacrifice.



WHEN A MAN DIES—WHAT?

(Concluded from page 25)

ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."³⁵ All atoms of dust are alike, hence in the resurrection it makes no difference whether it comes from valley or from hill. It is not the dust that counts, but the arrangements and organization of the dust. In other words the power to create.

The resurrection of the dead is a reality, a living, vital truth attested by numerous witnesses, demonstrated by and in Christ and held as the hope of the church. The question is a personal one: Is it your hope? Are you prepared? Have you the assurance that should the grave be your portion before Christ comes, you will be called at the first resurrection?

Let us resolve to make our calling and election sure.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. 1 Corinthians 15:14. | 14. 1 Corinthians 15:20 |
| 2. Matthew 22:23 | 15. Matthew 27:51-53 |
| 3. Acts 26 | 16. John 5:28, 29 |
| 4. Acts 26:22 | 17. 1 Thessalonians 4:16 |
| 5. Acts 26:8 | 18. Revelation 20:4 |
| 6. Job 14:14-16. | 19. Revelation 20:5 |
| 7. Job 19:25-27 | 20. Revelation 20:6, 14 |
| 8. Psalm 17:15 | 21. 1 Corinthians 15:35, 38 |
| 9. Isaiah 26:19 | 22. Philippians 3:21 |
| 10. Hosea 13:14 | 23. Genesis 3:19 |
| 11. John 6:39, 40 | 24. Psalm 33:9 |
| 12. 1 Corinthians 15 | 25. Colossians 3:3, 4 |
| 13. Matthew 28:5, 6 | |

★★



80. Whispering Hope — Jim Roberts & Norma Zimmer. Whispering Hope, What A Friend We Have In Jesus, Aids With Me, Rock Of Ages, Precious Memories, 7 others.



81. Old Time Religion — White Sisters. Must Jesus Bear The Cross Alone? Sweet By and By, Sing With Joy and Gladness, When I See The Face Of Jesus, 8 others.



89. Songs Of The Sawdust Trail — Alan McGill. Old Fashioned Meeting, Brighten The Corner, I'm Going Higher, Old Time Religion, The Old Account Was Settled, 7 others.



85. Happy Jubilee — Revivaltime Choir. Happy Jubilee, That's What He Did, I Cannot Fail, The Lord, Heaven Came Down, His Someone Walk, Bringing In The Sheaves, plus 8.



83. Gonna Wake Up Singin' — Tin Price. Like A Lamb, How Gentle, His Love, Gonna Wake Up Singin', My Friend and I, When the Shadows Fall Away, 6 others.



84. Everybody Sing! — Cliff Barrows & The Gang. The Restless Ones, He's Everything To Me, In God's Green Pastures Feeding, I Just Keep Trusting My Lord, 18 more.



82. Billy Graham — 2 sermons: God's Delinquent — A message to Youth, The Times Of History — A prophetic message on the end of the world.



86. I Do Believe — Burl Ives. Amazing Grace, What A Friend We Have In Jesus, Joy Unspokeable, Life's Railway To Heaven, Count Your Blessings, Throw Out The Lintline, 6 more.



87. Coming On Strong — The Dixie Echoes and Hal Kennedy. Welcome Home, Zion's Hill, Day Of Rejoicing, In The Shelter Of His Arms, Lead Me To The Altar, 7 more.



88. Great Moments Of Sacred Music — Jerome Hines. How Great Thou Art, Let Us Break Bread Together, Largo, The Lord's Prayer, 'I'd Rather Have Jesus, 7 more.



50. Rhapsody In Sacred Music — Ralph Carmichael. Obedience Close To Thee, Now I Belong To Jesus, The Saviour Is Waiting, I Walk Today Where Jesus Walked, 8 others.



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84. Paul Speaks — selection from Living Letters, the paraphrased epistles by Kenneth N. Taylor. Narrated by Russ Reed. God's Word "comes alive" in this modern-language version.



54. An Old Fashioned Sunday Evening — Carmichael Singers & Quartet. He Lives, Army Of The Lord, Wonderful, I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go, Faith Is The Victory, 9 more.



91. Dwight Friend Picks Happy Goodman Hits. How To Serve The Lord, Give Up, Who Am I, I'm Too Near Home, Jesus the Me, I Wouldn't Take Nothing, 4 others.



11. Hawaiian Paradise — Bud Tutman. Far Beyond The Sun, Waikiki, Drifting and Dreaming, My Isle Of Golden Dreams, Hawaiian Paradise, Moon Of Manakoa, 6 others.



92. Marching On — New York Staff Band and Chorus. Faithful Service, Do Your Best, Homage March, Live Christ, I'll Stand For Christ, The King's Crusader, 5 more.



83. Don Louis Talks Again — The New Three "R's": Replacing the aged "readin'", "ritin'" and "rhythmic". Don Louis suggests a new litology.

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45. The Piano I Remember — Ralph Carmichael. Father, Along, Come and Dine, Honey in the Buck, Brighten The Corner, Joy Unspokeable, When I See The Blood, 9 others.

The Ministry

Does Leviticus 21:17-23 deny the priesthood to persons with physical blemishes? If so, why? Furthermore, why can such persons become ministers today, if not formerly permitted?

H.H.

Only men without evident physical deformities were permitted to serve in the ancient Jewish tabernacle. That tabernacle, and all in connection with it, constituted a parable of the plan of salvation. Everything that figured in its ritual was symbolic, and this particular prohibition was intended to ensure that the Jewish priests in every possible way might be fitting types of our great High Priest, Jesus Christ. Their physical perfection shadowed forth His completeness of virtue and efficacy. Today, when we no longer live in an age of types and shadows, such ceremonial laws are no longer operative. According to the New Testament, such regulations were "carnal ordinances, imposed on them until the time of reformation." Hebrews 9:10.

"Eye for an Eye"

How can the Old Testament law regarding "an eye for an eye" be reconciled with Christ's admonition to love one's enemies? Is God changeable?

H.H.

The first statement was a judicial one committed to civil judges as a guide where guilty parties refused to make reparation for their crimes. See verses 1 and 6 of Exodus 21 which records this law. There we read of "the judgments" and "the judges." Thus this counsel was not for ordinary individuals to practise towards their neighbours. But Christ in the sermon on the mount was not speaking on the level of civil legislation. He was setting forth the rule of Christian conduct in everyday relationships. We are not to act as though we were officially appointed judges.

"The More Excellent Way"

What is the meaning of 1 Corinthians 1:30, 31? Anon.

The text reads: "Have all the gifts of healing? do all speak with tongues? do all interpret? but covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet show I unto you a more excellent way."

The first thing to be noted about this passage is that it refers us to what follows as being much more important than itself. And what follows



Readers' Questions answered by

Desmond Ford, M.A., Ph.D.

is the immortal chapter of 1 Corinthians 13, the hymn to that love which "suffereth long, and is kind; . . . envieth not . . . vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things . . . never faileth." Verses 4-8.

Many have made spiritual gifts such as healings and tongues the subject of unloving dispute. Such have not truly understood the verses first referred to. Paul, in detailing some of the extraordinary gifts of the Holy Spirit such as characterized the early believers for purposes of evangelism and personal growth in grace, asserts that not all true Christians have such gifts, but that all may have the most important gift of Christian love. As regards the nature of the "tongues" referred to in 1 Corinthians 12, scholars have long been divided. A fair discussion of the matter is to be found in the S.D.A. Bible Commentary.

What Time Was It?

Mark says that Christ was crucified at the third hour but John says it was the sixth hour. Is not this a contradiction? T.P.

It is possible that John used Roman time, while Mark used Jewish time. Jewish time would reckon from 6 a.m. and bring us to 9 a.m., the actual time when Christ was nailed to the cross. Roman time reckoned from midnight, and the sixth hour would be 6 a.m. when Jesus stood before Pilate. The record does NOT say that it was the sixth hour when Christ was actually crucified.

Differences in Christ's Ancestry

Matthew's genealogy of Christ lists twenty-seven persons from David to Christ, whereas Luke lists forty-two. The average life-span in Matthew's group would be forty years, whereas in Luke's the average would be about twenty-five years. Can these differences be explained? C.J.

Inasmuch as the purpose of chronological lists is to indicate the line of descent rather than to trace every ancestral link, such problems as you have referred to are not difficult to understand. Matthew has omitted at least four genealogical links during that part of the period which can be compared with Old Testament lists, and apparently he omitted at least eleven from the more obscure period between the Testaments. Furthermore it is not correct to assume that the first-born son succeeded the father in each instance. Solomon succeeded David, yet David had at least six sons who were grown to manhood before Solomon was born. The twenty-five years you refer to is the average span of years between one man's birth and that of his successor. From David to the Captivity, Matthew follows the ruling line of the royal family, and this is also probably the case with those listed from the captivity onwards. But Luke follows a non-ruling branch of the royal line back to Nathan, another son of David. Inter-marriage within the limits of the royal family accounts for the fact that our Lord's ancestry can be traced back to David through two almost entirely distinct family lines.

● PLEASE NOTE! Questions to this column should be addressed to the editor who will forward them to Dr. Ford. It is regretted that Dr Ford is unable to write directly to correspondents owing to his particularly heavy programme of work.

Accent on YOUTH



DESMOND B. HILLS
Talks About Life That Is Worth Living

TEENAGERY

---A Modern Invention?

TEENAGERS are too old to be children and too young to be adults. They subsist on hot dogs, noise, potato chips, giggles, food, telephone talk, emotional outbursts, and ice cream sodas. Their normal habitats are the schoolroom, the hot rod, the drive-in theatre, and the swimming pool. They are not readily domesticated, but can be trained to do astonishing tricks if rewarded frequently with increased allowance. Their principal enemies are parents, but teachers also frequently prey upon them. Some authorities—who do not have to live intimately with them—rank them as our nation's most valuable wild life.

This rather humorous description of teenagers, from an anonymous observer of today's teenagers, has listed some of the characteristics of the average adolescent. Although many paragraphs and books have been written about them, and despite the fact that all adults have passed through the turbulent teens, there are still a lot of misunderstandings between the present generation of teens and the members of the past teen generations.

Those who are teenagers and those who live with, work with, or "put up with" teenagers, should study the basic facts about the adolescent period of life. Here are a few pointers that I presented recently to an Institute on youth leadership in Christchurch, New Zealand.

Tend to test adults' statements;
Enjoy association with peers;
Easily influenced by group;
Need to have sense of belonging;
Ask searching questions;
Growth concerns them;
Eager for activity and freedom;
Respond to relevant talks;
Some accept responsibility readily.

The urges for acceptance and activity, for freedom and love are among the greatest urges of the teenager. These have been the basic needs of the dangerous and delightful adolescent from the time of the very first teen. Now here is the exciting news that every teenager and teacher, every parent and parishioner, ought to know:

These cravings of the teenager can be satisfied. Yes, if you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ you will discover that He satisfies your every need.

You will find acceptance that far surpasses the comradeship of your present companions.

"Wherefore thou art no more a servant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ." Galatians 4:7.

You will enjoy activity in fellowship with those who have a purpose in life and who have a faith to share.

"Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. . . . And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever." 1 John 2:15, 17.

You will experience a freedom far surpassing the thrills of "living it up."

"And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." John 8:32.

You will sense a love that is stronger than all earthly ties.

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3:16.

Although these phrases and texts may seem to make rather extravagant claims, there are thousands of teenagers who can testify to the validity of these statements. Young people in every age have discovered that Christ satisfies indeed. He is the only One that can bridge the generation gap, unite the nations of earth and satisfy the basic needs of the human heart. However, He does not compel us to be Christians; He allows us to choose for ourselves. If we choose Christ, we choose life, the abundant life here and now and eternal life hereafter.

Solution to Bible Crossword

ACROSS:

1. Deliverance. 7. Spies. 8. March. 9. Ira. 10. Ought. 12. Nahor. 14. Rinse. 17. Manna. 19. Reu. 20. Gomer. 21. Shobi. 22. Destruction.

DOWN:

1. Discouraged. 2. Lying. 3. Visit. 4. Roman. 5. North. 6. Exhortation. 11. His. 13. Ava. 15. Names. 16. Error. 17. Music. 18. Naomi.

Question BOX

Young People's Questions
Answered
by GORDON BOX



I am thirteen years old and I would like to know if you think it is wrong for me to hold hands with a boy.

● If I say "Yes" you won't like it, and if I say "No" your parents won't like it, so . . .

Well, let's look at it this way. You want to hold hands (or you wouldn't have asked the question) because you like it. But if you like holding hands you may "like" kissing a boy, and if you enjoy that you may "like" doing many other things which you're not ready for, such as getting married and having a family. Perhaps you are saying: "He's crazy, I don't want to get married or anything like that." But holding hands is one of the first steps people take to show someone else that they like or love them, and you'll probably agree that girls of thirteen are not ready for that sort of thing.

There's nothing wrong with flying a plane but you must be old enough for the assignment, and it's pretty foolish to mess about with the controls until you are ready for the full course. You might just crash if you don't leave things alone. You wouldn't be the first to do it.

Why do I HAVE to be a Christian?

● You don't. Besides how can anyone force you to be a follower of Christ? The first and great commandment is "Thou shalt love the Lord Thy God" and love cannot be forced—it is a response. If you mean, "Why does God only promise eternal life to Christians?" it is because in His wisdom He has decided to give eternal life only to those who are prepared to let love, goodness, justice and the other virtues, be the dominant theme of their lives. It's like asking, "Why must I breathe air to live?"

Man was made to live on God or "breathe" Him, so to speak. If we cut ourselves off from Him we die. If we let Him get through to us He places those qualities akin to His character in us; that is, He gives us Himself—justice, honour, goodness, love—all those things which are so foreign to men as a rule. Have you ever considered the alternative to this plan, i.e., eternal wickedness?

What should a person do if he doesn't feel sorry for his sins? I often do wrong but it doesn't bother me at the time, but later I feel badly about it. However, this doesn't last long, and I do the same thing over and over. This is honestly how I feel.

● You remind me a bit of the person who says he isn't the slightest bit interested in religion, but who brings the subject up to argue about it whenever possible. This sort of person cares far more than he would like to admit. The person who really doesn't care is totally indifferent, he "couldn't care less" as we say. Now I mean no offence, but what about being really honest with yourself. It may turn out that you are more bothered about your sins than you care to admit. Perhaps the real problem is that you can't quit. If this is the case you will never be happy until you kick the problem. As Solomon put it, "Bread of deceit is sweet to a man; but afterwards his mouth shall be filled with gravel." Proverbs 20:17. If you want a diet of gravel for the rest of your life you know what to do; or should I say what not to do. P.S. Repentance is a gift from God (Romans 2:4; Acts 11:18), and if we refuse the gift, there is no telling what we may do. There are many cases of men who have surprised themselves with their own conduct. The man I should fear most is myself, and this applies to every man.

Keeping in mind Christ's warning not to judge, what is a reasonable attitude for a Christian to take toward one who does not wish to follow certain clear Bible truths, e.g. baptism by immersion, and who seems to do many things worldly folk are said to do?

● I think you have answered your own question when you refer to Jesus' statement that we ought not to judge.

In order to know for sure whether a person has rejected truth we must know his motives, his background and whether or not he can honestly see things as we see them. Quite clearly this is beyond the scope of humanity. "Let us not judge one another any more."

How can I keep a resolution or how can I reform?

● If you think these questions are the same I disagree with you. To the first, I don't know of any "break-proof" method of handling resolutions—they're slippery and easy to drop; most are as easy to break as soap bubbles. Reforming is a different matter.

- (1) You obviously recognize a need to improve, for you've taken the first step.
- (2) Concede your own inability to keep resolutions.
- (3) Resolve you're going to look to Christ in everything and forget the thing that "bugs" you—think of the solution, not the problem.
- (4) Keep busy and don't be discouraged if you make a slip—that only makes you determined to look to the source of power more consistently.
- (5) Tackle one day at a time—that's all anyone is expected to do.

What do you think of wrestling as entertainment on TV?

● Frankly, I've never seen it on TV, but I did see a professional match when I was about fifteen. They impressed me as very poor actors and I'm certain they were phoney. Assuming that there are some genuine bouts, however, I'm still unimpressed. Can't quite see what you prove by stretching a fellow's neck or twisting his ankle or throwing him into an audience, which, by the way, seems to take its chief delight in the agony of some other fool.

If it's to prove how much pain a person can endure, then I can think of much simpler ways of doing it. But I still want to know—so what?

● GORDON BOX will answer your questions in his frank and open style. Send him your questions, addressing them to Gordon Box, Signs Publishing Company, Warburton, Victoria, 3799, Australia.

A Story for
Boys and Girls
by
MYRTLE O'HARA



Modern Miracles

AUBREY had just finished reading the Bible story of the poor widow woman whose sons were to be taken from her and kept as servants by the man to whom she owed money. You remember the story, don't you. She had asked the prophet Elisha to help her, and had told him she had nothing but a pot of oil in the house. He told her to borrow as many empty jars and pots as she could and fill them with oil from her jar. She could then sell the oil and pay

her debt. I guess the woman thought that was a strange thing to do, but she followed his advice and the oil kept flowing from her jar till the others were all full.

"This story is like the one where a widow woman fed the prophet Elijah in time of drought," Aubrey said to his father. "She had only enough flour and oil to make one loaf, but when she was willing to share it with the prophet there was always enough left to make another loaf, and that went on for about a year. The Bible is full of stories of miracles but they don't happen these days, do they, Dad?"

"Yes, they do, Son. God is the same today as He was in Bible times, and He still helps people in miraculous ways. I could tell you many stories of miracles, but I'll just tell you one that I heard recently. It is about a missionary in one of the Pacific Islands and how God made his supply of petrol last when he could not get any more.

"The missionary was in despair. He came to his wife and said: 'Whatever will I do? Sarki has hurt his leg badly and needs to go to hospital and the petrol gauge in the car shows that the tank is empty.' The man sat down wearily in a chair. He had just returned from the

hospital which was fifty miles away over a rough road, and now he was faced with another 100 mile trip there and back and he had no money to buy more petrol. He would have to wait till he received his next wage cheque before he could buy anything at all. Money was needed for so many things on the mission and somehow quite a lot of his wages seemed to be swallowed up by those needs.

"Did you try to start the engine?" his wife asked. 'No,' he replied. 'Well, let's see if it will start.' So they went out to the battered car with its worn-out tyres and the man got in and put his foot on the starter and, believe it or not, the engine came to life. 'Perhaps God will keep it going,' his wife said. And He did. The missionary made the trip and got home again.

"His wife told me that the car went like that for several more trips. Each time it was needed to help someone in distress the engine started and kept going. When the wages cheque at last arrived and the tank was once more full of petrol, the missionaries thanked God for helping them in their time of need in that lonely, isolated place."

"Those missionaries must have had a lot of faith," Aubrey said. "I don't think I would set out on a journey in a car that had no petrol."

"You need faith when you are a missionary, Aubrey. And didn't Jesus say: 'According to your faith be it unto you!' This story reminds me of another one that I'll tell you.

"Two men were returning home after having spent weeks travelling from the south to the north of Central Australia. They weren't on a pleasure trip but had visited the people living outback and had received from them gifts of money for the upkeep of mission work in the Pacific Islands.

"Each morning, before continuing their journey, they had prayed and asked God to protect them from danger, harm and accident. One day as their car lurched along over a very rough part of the desert, they heard a loud crack. But the vehicle was full of noises and rattles so they just kept going till they came to the next township which was many miles farther on. When they reached the garage the car suddenly stopped. They got out to see what had gone wrong and found that the back axle was broken.

"They looked at one another in astonishment. 'That must have happened when we heard that crack,' the driver said. 'If the car had stopped then we would have been in a bad way because not many motorists use that road. I'm sure God kept the car going till we got here.' Then the men bowed their heads and thanked God for answering their prayers.

"God is continually caring for each one of us, Aubrey. Sometimes He saves us from unknown dangers. At other times we are aware of His protection. We should never start the day without asking Him to overrule circumstances and events for our good. Then before going to sleep each night let us thank Him for His care for us."

"ABOVE ALL, TAKING THE SHIELD OF FAITH," Ephesians 6:16.





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