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Chaotic Conditions a Precedent to the Second Advent

YE shall hear of wars and rumours of wars. . . . Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes in divers places. All these are the beginning of sorrows.

While these prophecies received a partial fulfillment at the destruction of Jerusalem, they have a more direct application to the last days.

We are standing on the threshold of great and solemn events. Prophecy is fast fulfilling. The Lord is at the door. There is soon to open before us a period of overwhelming interest to all living. The controversies of the past are to be revived; new controversies will arise. The scenes to be enacted in our world are not yet even dreamed of. Satan is at work through human agencies.

But God's servants are not to trust to themselves in this great emergency. In the visions given to Isaiah, to Ezekiel, and to John, we see how closely Heaven is connected with the events taking place upon the earth, and how great is the care of God for those who are loyal to Him. The world is not without a ruler. The programme of coming events is in the hands of the Lord. The Majesty of heaven has the destiny of nations, as well as the concerns of His church, in His own charge.

We permit ourselves to feel altogether too much care, trouble, and perplexity in the Lord's work. Finite men are not left to carry the burden of responsibility. We need to trust in God, believe in Him, and go forward. The tireless vigilance of the heavenly messengers, and their unceasing employment in their ministry in connection with the beings of earth, show us how God's hand is guiding the wheel within a wheel. The divine Instructor is saying to every actor in His work, as He said to Cyrus of old, "I girded thee, though thou hast not known Me."

In Ezekiel's vision, God had His hand beneath the wings of the cherubim. This is to teach His servants that it is divine power that gives them success. He will work with them if they will put away iniquity, and become pure in heart and life.

The bright light going among the living creatures with the swiftness of lightning represents the speed with which this work will finally go forward to completion. He who slumbers not, who is continually at work for the accomplishment of His designs, can carry forward His

great work harmoniously. That which appears to finite minds entangled and complicated, the Lord's hand can keep in perfect order. He can devise ways and means to thwart the purposes of wicked men; and He will bring to confusion the counsels of them that plot mischief against His people.

Brethren, it is no time now for mourning and despair, no time to yield to doubt and unbelief. Christ is not a Saviour in Joseph's new tomb, closed with a great stone, and sealed with the Roman seal; we have a risen Saviour. He is the King, the Lord of hosts; He sitteth between the cherubim; and amid the strife and tumult of nations, He guards His people still. He who ruleth in the heavens is our Saviour. He measures every trial. He watches the furnace fire that must test every soul. When the strongholds of kings shall be overthrown, when the arrows of God's wrath shall strike through the hearts of His enemies, His people will be safe in His hands.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

"Move Forward—and Money Will Come"

"LIKE Jerusalem of old, 'Hill Beautiful' (the site of Loma Linda Sanitarium) was chosen of God to be a centre of light and healing. Because of the blessings flowing from it; many a battle royal will have to be waged in its behalf as it continues to go forward. From its beginning it has had to face seeming impossibilities that have staggered the faith of its most devoted adherents.

"It was wonderful the way Loma Linda was brought to the attention of our people with the assurance that it would be offered to us at a greatly reduced price. In the visions of the night of October 10, 1901, Sister White was shown a beautiful building and grounds in southern California near a city recently built up. On these beautiful grounds, covered with shade trees whose foliage came down in the shape of a tent, were patients enjoying the scenery, the gardens, orchards, and fields surrounding it. The scene was a place of great activity. The guests were delighted as they enjoyed its freedom, listened to the songs of the birds, engaged in the care of flowers

gathered the fruit, and listened to the story of Him who heals through nature.

"Sister White instructed us that if we moved forward in faith, this beautiful place, with all its advantages, would be offered to us at a greatly reduced price, and that a wonderful work would be accomplished.

The Price Came Down

"At this time Loma Linda was owned by a large company of physicians and business men who had spent nearly £32,000 in its development, and who, for lack of agreement as to its management, were offering it for sale at £22,000. Those of our people who visited the place recognised how it met the description of the place waiting for us, but felt that we were unable to pay the price. So the matter waited until the spring of 1905, when Sister White again urged that the brethren in charge of the work look out for this beautiful institution. On looking up the matter again, we found that the owners had dropped the price to £17,000, and when definite propositions of purchase were made, they made the price £9,000. They finally offered the place to us for £8,000.

"Full particulars were written to Sister White, who was attending the General Conference at Washington, D.C., and that night, after reading the description of the place and the low figure it could be purchased for, the whole scene again passed before her in vision, giving her great confidence that the Lord was now opening the way for this beautiful place to come into our possession. She immediately telegraphed those in charge to secure the property without delay, saying that if we moved forward in the providence of God, money would come from unexpected sources. Although there was no money in the treasury with which to purchase it, and heavy responsibilities were resting upon our people in southern California, incurred by the purchase of the Paradise Valley Sanitarium and the Glendale Sanitarium, yet as we moved forward, the whole £8,000 was provided for, and the property was secured to our people in less than six months.

The Lord Going Before

"The way this money was provided was fully as marvellous as the reduction of the price that made it possible for us to secure the property. The treasury was empty, no money was in sight. There was only the word of the Lord, 'Move forward, and money will come from unexpected sources.' As we prayed and searched for money, every step showed that the Lord was going before us, though but one step at a time could be taken.

"The £200 to pay down was secured from a brother who was anxious to sell out and had been praying that the Lord would send him a buyer. While the conference committee was hesitating, fearful of being unable to secure the money, a brother offered £800 to complete the first payment. Then things looked dark as we neared the time of the next payment of £1,000, and some advised that we give it up, as we came to the very day the payment was due and no money was in sight. But the Lord had a surprise for us that day that greatly increased our faith. The mail brought a cheque for £1,000 from a very unexpected source. Thus the work of securing the funds continued with surprise after surprise until the whole £8,000 was provided in less than six months, nearly always coming from places never dreamed of."

The above article was recently written by Pastor J.

A. Burden, who previously laboured several years ago in the interests of our Sanitarium work in Australia. It has now been recommended by the General Conference that he again assist us in this important branch of our work in the Australasian field. This article shows a deep spirit of confidence in God's promises as revealed to His people through the Spirit of Prophecy. It should therefore be an inspiration to us in this field to go forward, and, by faith, meet the great needs that confront us at this time. "Before the demand of faith the obstacles placed by Satan across the pathway of the Christian will disappear; for the power of heaven will come to his aid. 'Nothing shall be impossible unto you.'"

F. A. ALLUM.

A Christian's Duty

2 Timothy 2:1

BE strong! the world has many weaklings.
The world is full of those who bow beneath the tempter's power.

Be strong! speak courage, think and act it.
Shall it be said of you, "Ye could not watch for one short hour?"

Be true! for many hearts are faithless.
The world is full of broken vows and promises unkept.
Be true! true to the small commission,
True to the mighty trust when by dark tempests swept.

Be just! learn by the world's injustice
That it is better not to judge at all,
(Be just, be merciful, forgiving.)
Than in your judgment cause some soul to fall.

Be all that in the strength of Christ
You can be as a Christian.
Be not a dreamed of hero in the days to come.
Be like the Christ; let this be your ambition.
The days, you need but live them one by one.

Be satisfied to walk the path of duty,
That path where Christ and followers oft will meet,
The dust of which by footprints, ineffaceable,
Was marked long ages past by Jesus' feet.

There need not be one falt'ring step tho' hilly,
Tho' thorny, rough, and rocky be the way.
Omnipotence is there to help you heavenward;
His strength more than sufficient for the day.
QUEENIE HILL PATRICK.

"IF a man's home is all right, he is all right; if a man's home is all wrong, he is all wrong. Let the world despise a man; yet if his children honour him he is a king. But though the public should praise and applaud, if a man's children are silent, their verdict is recorded in the books of heaven."

LOVE is known by its gifts, not by its receipts.
"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son." God loved; He gave. If we love, we will give.

Christ said, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." Then if we love Him, we will demonstrate our love primarily by obeying Him. And when we obey Him, we will fully realise the meaning of giving because we will be anxious to tell others of Christ. Only by obedience and self-sacrifice can we walk in His steps.

W. E. Belleau,

News from Near and Far

Bure and the Alligator

THE beauties of the tropical islands are pictured and proclaimed far and near. One sees the perfect blue of the quiet clear waters, lying sheltered behind some protecting reef, beyond which is the fringing white sand, hiding shells of rare beauty, and beyond that again is the deep green tropical vegetation. Above, the sky is as blue as the sea—a perfect match in colour. Beneath, there lives the coral, beautiful in shape, and in colouring of blue, mauve, green, pink, brown or white, while swimming lazily in and among the coral and the rocks of the sea bottom are myriads of bright and varied coloured fishes. The whole is so inviting that one is tempted to enter the water to enjoy the coolness and perhaps to search more closely the beauty of the depths.

Beware! Within these rocks, and about these shores lie enemies of men.

Sharks are numerous, and if attracted may at times be counted in companies. Their accompanying pilot fish are ever on the lookout for satisfying flesh, and human flesh seems particularly sweet. Stingarees lie lazily on the sandy bottom, awaiting the arrival of some human trespasser, into whose foot they cast their painful sting.

Alligators bask on some log or lie among the mangroves of the shallow water, with an eye ever open for food, be it a cow wandering too near the water's edge, a curious pig or dog, or an unsuspecting child, it matters not. A flash, a snap, another victim is gripped, dragged into deep water, there to drown before being taken to the alligator's eating place.

Sharks take their toll of native and of white, stingarees emit their poison, and and alligators ever wait. Sometimes when hungry the last-named become bold, and enter native houses in search of prey.

Just as we reached Telina in May last, one of these creatures attacked an old man named Bure, of Gatakai. His escape from death was miraculous. Bure was sleeping in his house near a river. The house is low, and near the water's edge. Two other men were with him at the time. Some dogs ran into the house followed by an alligator, which was chasing them. Bure was suffering from rheumatism, and was unable to get up, but as the alligator went near him he hit

it with a piece of cloth which was in his hand. The alligator then attacked him, and snapped at his hand. The teeth went right through the left hand, just missing the bone, but leaving a big tear at least three inches long in the back of the hand. While the left hand was in the alligator's mouth, Bure with his right hand tried to force open the animal's jaws, but for this Bure's right wrist was badly holed by another tooth. The animal lifted one of his claws, and gripped



Bure having his wounds dressed

Bure on the thigh inflicting three awful wounds above, and another under the thigh. Then somehow the old man got away; but no one knows how.

His wounds were bleeding freely, and he was suffering great pain. He was put into a canoe, and taken some miles to Brother Gray, who after examining the wounds, put Bure on board the mission launch and conveyed him to Telina. Telina was reached at one o'clock a.m., that is about sixteen hours after the attack, and Brother Gray, Sister Wicks, and Brother Archer immediately gave the man attention, cleaning, sewing and binding up the wounds. Bure is now walking about, but little worse for his adventure. His wounds have all com-

pletely healed. The fingers of the left hand remain still a little stiff. He is alive because proper attention was quickly given him by our workers. In gratitude for blessings received, he handed me his betel nut outfit, telling me that he had finished for all time with the things of darkness.

The treatment of the sick covers but one part of our missionaries' profession. Let us remember our workers in their deeds of love, and healing, praying that God will give them wisdom in their services for the sick. W. G. TURNER.

Our Work among the Karens

THERE are about one and a quarter million Karens in Burma. These people have shown themselves very responsive to the gospel. They hold traditions and customs that give the missionaries a hopeful point of contact with them. It must not be supposed, however, that there are no serious obstacles to be confronted in working for them. Although they have traditions regarding the true God and His worship, the Karens have drifted into Animism (the attribution of spirit or soul to inanimate things), and are involved in gross darkness and superstition.

It was recently the privilege of the writer to again visit Kamamaung, Burma, where we have a mission station which has thus far been the chief centre of operations in our work for the Karens. Kamamaung is a village on the bank of the Salween, about one hundred and twenty miles north of where that great river empties itself into the sea. From our mission buildings, the mountains of Siam may be clearly seen, being only about twenty miles distant.

Our missionaries at Kamamaung have for some years conducted a boarding school, with the object of training young people for the evangelisation of the surrounding districts. The students are almost all drawn from heathen homes in near-by villages. The school is conducted for the sole purpose of instructing the young Karens in Christianity, and teaching them such other things as are necessary to make them useful workers in the cause. The missionaries have been encouraged by seeing conversions, and have been looking forward to the time when the work could be extended by the opening up of village schools.

It was some years since I had previously visited this school, so I was able to note progress in a number of directions. It was satisfactory to see a goodly number of students of sufficient maturity to undertake work in the villages as soon as their preparation is completed.

The brethren have this year made a commencement with the village school

work. Kamamaung is about twenty miles from Shwegun, which is the terminus for the river steamer traffic. About a mile south of the mission station the river divides into two equal streams, and flows round an island fourteen or fifteen miles long by about a mile wide, and unites again a few miles north of Shwegun. This island is very fertile, and is peopled entirely by Animistic Karens. A favourable opening led the brethren to commence the village school work here.

Saya Peter and wife, who have been in the truth for a number of years, and have done faithful work as teachers in the school at Kamamaung, were selected to open this new work. It was a pleasure to visit them in their island home, in company with Brother Harold Baird, and to see the good work they are doing. The villagers seem to be of an intelligent, substantial class, and are taking a keen interest in the school. Two Buddhist priests who had been exercising an influence over the villagers made threats as to what they would do if the children were allowed to attend the Christian school; but the villagers were not afraid, and only one or two of the children were withdrawn.

As the island lies between our mission station and Shwegun, the point of communication with the outer world, the development of the work there can be frequently observed as the workers pass to and fro in the little mission oil launch. The launch will enable the missionaries to call in frequently at villages on either side of the island, wherever our work may be started.

Brother and Sister Harold Baird are in charge of the work at Kamamaung at the present time. Brother Baird has been in Burma for about two and a half years, and Sister Baird for less than one year. These young workers are carrying a heavy load of responsibility in the mission work, and are kept busy from daylight to dark. Brother and Sister E. B. Hare, who have spent a number of years in the work for the Karens, are at present on furlough in Australia, but are expected to be back in the field again in the near future.

Our missionaries have done a lot of steady, patient, loving work for the Karen people, and we believe their labours will soon be rewarded with a harvest of precious fruit.

The Maw Ley Karens, whose remarkable prayer was published in the RECORD some time ago, are asking that we arrange for one of our foreign workers to settle down among them. We hope that it will soon be possible for this request to be granted.

W. W. FLETCHER.

Touring in Belgium

No. 2

A Visit to the Brussels Sabbath School

I MUST tell you a little more of the capital of Belgium, Brussels. Every other shop in the main streets seems to be an hotel, and the characteristic of these hotels is that they plant their tables and chairs all over the footpaths; here men and women crowd together drinking beer and wine. These Belgians are real fishes, they are drinking morning, noon and night. All the picture shows and theatres, and they are legion, seem to be doing a thriving trade. All night long there are people roaming around the streets, and every time I wake up during the night I can hear people and vehicles moving about. Tram fares here are cheap—an ordinary section on our trams being twenty-five cents (about ¾d.). French and Flemish are the languages spoken by the Belgians, and we only hear English now and then. Of course, these folk dress just as English people, although the girls go in for the fashions, neck and crop so to speak. There are many nice parks and boulevards around about Brussels, but on the whole the city is not a clean one and its cobblestone, crooked, and narrow streets do not appeal to me.

But now I must tell you of our experience on Sabbath, June 9. On Friday I visited our office in the main street of Brussels, 174 Anspach. A young girl was the sole occupant when I arrived, so I immediately opened in French. Imagine my surprise after I had made an oratorical flourish, when the young lady answered in English. She had seen my M.V. button and guessed whom I was. Obtaining the address of our church from her, I left the office. There are two churches in Brussels—one for the French-speaking Belgians and one for the Flemish-speaking. We attended the former church, as I understand French better than Flemish. Early Sabbath morning Brother Armstrong and I set out to find the church, and after some time succeeded in locating it. They were just singing the first Sabbath school hymn as we entered. The church is held in a large building in the centre of the city, and the room which they rent in that building is a very nice and comfortable one. Imagine our surprise to find eighty French-speaking Belgian members joining in Sabbath school exercises commencing 9.30 a.m., also probably ten others who are interested in the message. As you know, most of the Belgians and French are Catholics, that is if they are anything at all. We did enjoy that Sabbath school. They proceeded just as we

do in ours, but, of course, the language spoken is French.

I was impressed very much with the orderly manner in which the Sabbath school was conducted. As the reviewer asked one of the members a definite question, that member would always stand up to answer; the general spirit or "tone" of the Sabbath school was excellent. We were invited to meet with the young people's Sabbath school class, and Sister Giron was the teacher.

During the interval between Sabbath school and church, Pastor Giron (a Frenchman) of the Belgian field came and welcomed us. He also introduced us to his wife, who is a Greek, and also to Sister Kalfa, his sister-in-law. These three speak English very well, as well as Flemish, Turkish, Greek and German. Pastor Giron is quite a young man, thirty-eight years, but has a beard, and this makes him appear older. During the war he was in Smyrna preaching, but he was treated very badly by the Turks, and both he and his wife suffered considerably. After the war he was appointed to this field, and has now the charge of the work in Brussels. We were also invited to his home for dinner, an invitation which we gladly accepted. Pastor Giron would have me tell the church here a little of the work in Australia, so in the service I gladly talked to them and told them of the way we conducted our Sabbath school and young people's meetings in Australia, of our camp-meetings, etc. I spoke in English and Pastor Giron translated for me. The folk here did appreciate hearing of the work over-seas, and after the meeting they all shook our hands saying *frere* (brother). I think they are the most warm-hearted company we have met. What a wonderful message we have, it fuses all nationalities into one and binds us all together with cords of love, and although we may speak a different language and be of a different colour, yet our hearts beat in unison. It is an education for us to see the way the message takes hold of various peoples and the way it brightens up their faces.

There is another church in Brussels too, the Flemish Church, which has a membership of 120. Both these churches are active ones and doing all they can to advance the truth.

The young people of the French Church number twenty, and Sister Kalfa is their leader. Sister Kalfa, by the way, is a Greek, but speaks English as well as anyone. She is a dentist here in the city, but has been a teacher of chemistry, physics and English, so we got along well

together. She has divided the society up into bands according to their several abilities, and on Monday nights all the young people, and some of the older members, meet for an English lesson. Sister Kalfa is teaching them English so that they may have access to our rich and abundant English literature. I enjoyed my association with these young people. We met with them twice, and spoke of Australia and the Pacific Islands. Several of the young men and young women are fine staunch types. I especially enjoyed the company of a married couple M. and Mme. Fransen, both young people. They could speak just a little English, and I a little French, so we helped each other. They are not Adventists, but are just about to take their stand. They were both Catholics, but they love the truth now. Most of these young people speak a little English as a result of the lessons of Sister Kalfa.

Well, we went home to lunch with Brother Giron, and after dinner M. and Mme. Fransen treated us to some singing. Mme. Fransen has a beautiful voice. After this we all took a stroll in the park near by. Here we met other of the members, and so we had another little meeting in the afternoon. Here I became acquainted with another fine young married couple Brother and Sister Groote, both Dutch. Brother Groote is a fine young man, and because he would not do his army service he is now exiled from Holland. However he enjoys life with the Belgians. Speaking with these young people has improved my French, and they tell me I do very well. I think with five or six weeks here I shall be able to talk fluently. I hope so at any rate. Returning to Brother Giron's home we stayed for tea, after which he commenced to show us his collection of lace, tapestry, silk, etc. Being in Turkey and Greece he has collected some beautiful work. He is a dentist also, by profession, and when in Smyrna during the war he practiced his profession, but the people being very poor used to pay him in lace, silk, etc. Hence his collection. Sister Giron was very kind to us, too, and they did everything to make us feel at home. We left there about 11 p.m., and after half an hour's tram ride we arrived at our hotel which is quite central.

On the Ardennes Plateau

Last Sunday, June 13, Brother Armstrong and I set off for Namur and Dinant, both large towns south of Brussels, situated in the beautiful Ardennes plateau, and on the banks of the River Meuse. The train climbs up most of the way from Brussels to Namur to the heights of the Ardennes, probably between 1,000 and 2,000 feet. Here we saw timber for the first time. The hills

are covered with elms, oaks, copper beech, etc. Namur was reached after an hour's run, and as we had an hour to wait for our train to Dinant we had a look round the town. Namur is an exceedingly ancient town, and its old crooked streets and crumbling houses look as if they have been standing since the flood. In the town we met a young Frenchman who was also going to Dinant, and we three hired a car and had a drive around the town, and also out to the old citadel which was knocked about by the Germans. From this citadel we could see for miles over the surrounding country. Just near Namur we could see the junction of the Sambre and the Meuse, the spot where some heavy fighting took place during the war. And so we had a good spin around the country for five francs (1s. 9d.) each. Leaving old Namur at 12.30 p.m. our train ran along the banks of the Meuse for one hour till we reached Dinant, a pretty little town of some 7,000 inhabitants. On one side of the river the hills slope gently down to the water's edge, while on the other side grey limestone cliffs rise up precipitously. There was a large procession in Dinant and the town was *en fete* despite the fact it was Sunday. They were having a kind of eight-hours procession, and there was a distinctly socialistic tendency in all the banners displayed. There must have been twelve bands in the procession. The people here go in for music, bands, etc. In Belgium Sunday is no better than any other day, and no reverence is displayed at all. All the shops are open, butchers, drapers, bakers, etc., trams and trains, sports and games in the streets and parks. In fact this is the holiday of the week.

Well, to come back to Dinant. During the war, infuriated by a set back, the Germans destroyed the town and shot hundreds of its citizens. However, Dinant is now raising itself out of its ruins, and very little trace of those awful times can be discovered. There are monuments here and there where the Germans shot one hundred and sixty-six, or forty-five, or some other large number of men, women, and children.

The scenery along the river here is very beautiful, but it cannot compare with our Victorian river scenery. They have a fine old cathedral at Dinant, but the spire is missing, having been destroyed by the Germans. Perched right on the top of the cliffs, and overlooking the town, is an old fort.

Leaving Dinant about 4 p.m. Sunday afternoon, we continued our railway journey to Jemelle, and so returned to Brussels by the direct line. There is no doubt this is the way to see the country, and we are glad we bought the season's ticket. We covered 120 miles today.

Today, June 11, we left by the 9.30 a.m. train from Brussels for Liège, via Louvain. It is sixty-five miles due east of Brussels, and is situated in the heart of a coal and iron area. Belgium, besides being agricultural, is an industrial nation, and here at Liège there are steel, glass, zinc works, etc. We did not get off at Louvain. Although, you remember, the Germans burnt the city to the ground, today there are no visible signs of the sacking of the city. Reaching Liège about 11.30 a.m. we had a look around the city. It is quite a large city with its

own electric tram system, etc. But it is another Birmingham and the atmosphere is hazy with smoke. You remember Liège received the first onslaught of the Germans, and today you can still see its old forts now a mass of ruins. I visited and inspected the university in this town. It is quite a large building, but very old, and there are some two thousand students in attendance. We returned to Brussels at 6 p.m. and then went to the Y.M.C.A. Hall where Sister Kalfa holds her English class. Here fifteen young people were gathered for their English lesson, but their lesson was suspended, and we spoke to them of Australia. They were especially interested in the pictures I have of Australian scenes. We spent a most enjoyable night with them. After the meeting was over Sister Kalfa and Brother Armstrong and I took a stroll around the town and saw the Palais of Justice—one of the finest and largest buildings I have seen. It is a magnificent place. We also saw the king's palace and houses of parliament and the museum. So you see we crowd a lot into each day. It is quite light here till 10 or 10.30 p.m.

R. D. COLLMAN B.A. B.S.C.

Recessional Prayer

LET me forget that I have ever known,
Dear Lord, a pathway that was not Thine
own;
Help me to live and work for Thee each
day,
To do Thy will and walk the narrow way.

Let me forget I have inconstant been,
Dear Lord! The world is but a shifting
scene
Of passing shadows, tinsel'd o'er with
gold,
To crush my faith and lure me from Thy
fold.

Let me forget a pilot I have been,
Dear Lord, enticing others down the
stream
Of fleeting life, nor steering for that
goal—
Eternal rest to ev'ry weary soul.

Let me forget all else but Thee and Thine,
Dear Lord! This world is loss to me and
mine;
For Thee and Thine can but for me
atone—
Grant me Thine aid to live for Thee
alone. EDMOND A. WESTCOTT.

What the Church School Did

"ABOUT five years ago, I dropped into the Sabbath afternoon meeting in a large church. Imagine my surprise and pleasure to see before me, enthusiastically leading, a bright young man whom I had last known as one who had lost out and gone to the world. At the close of the meeting, he came to me with extended hand, and after the greeting, I asked, 'What changed you?' His answer I well remember. It was, 'I never could forget the things my church school teacher taught me.' Not long after this he entered the ministry." F.W.

"TO have no aim is to be one-eyed;
to have no faith is to be totally blind
—spiritually." H. G. FRANKS.

HOME and HEALTH

Life's Little Things

THE cooing of the baby,
The perfume of the flowers,
The song of happy birds that sing,
Within their shady bowers;
The tinting of the daisies,
The twilight's purple glow,—
We deem them little things indeed
In life's great onward flow!

The whispered word of courage,
The grip of friendship's hand,
The smile that casts its kindly light
Across life's desert sand,
The hope that cheers the spirit,
When sorrow spreads its wings,—
Ah, yes, how sadly often here,
We deem them little things!

But if they passed forever,
From out the school of life,
And if they left no gleam to cheer
Amid the darkened strife,
The bitter loss would stun us,
And poison joy's sweet springs,
O, careless heart remember then,
And prize life's little things!

R. HARE.

She Didn't Have to Kill Time

IT was the discontented look on your face, little woman, that first attracted my attention. You looked so out of sorts with life, that I said to myself, as I moved along to where I could get a better view of your face, "Is she sick, or in trouble, or just plain cross?"

You were looking at a coat marked fifty guineas which was displayed in the show window of a large department store.

What was the matter, little woman? Did you think you needed that coat? The coat you were wearing looked very nice to me, and honestly, now, weren't you satisfied with it until you saw the one in the window?

As you turned away, I followed you, little woman,—yes, I did,—hoping that something would happen to make you smile. You see, I had an idea that your face would be worth looking at, if you should smile. And I was rewarded for my trouble, for as you were getting change from your purse for the *matinée*, a friend greeted you, and you *did* smile.

O little woman! if that had been my first glimpse of you, I should have thought you just radiated happiness. But when I heard you say you were "trying to kill time," I felt sorry for you, sorry

that you did not have something worth while to do.

Let me tell you of another little woman who found time heavy on her hands.

She was tired of play, and she was tired of doing nothing. She wanted to work, to do real work, work that would count. And so one day while the visiting nurse was telling her of two war orphan babies who were desperately in need of a home, she saw her opportunity to help straighten out a tiny corner of the chaos the war has made, and she told the nurse to bring the babies to her.

They had been in their new home two days when I saw them,—little Janet, two weeks old, just a tiny rosebud; and little Edward, fourteen months old. But when you looked at Edward, you would not be reminded of a rose. He was the most repulsive-looking child I ever saw, and cross—but that does not half express it.

A month later I called to see the babies again. Little Janet was asleep, but oh, so dear. "Made to love," I remarked, as I turned to find Edward.

He was playing in the dining-room with some blocks, but he was a transformed Edward. It seemed incredible that that wholesome baby with his happy smile was the cross, repulsive child I had seen four weeks before, and in astonishment I asked the woman, "What on earth have you done to him?"

"Oh," she replied, as she took the little fellow into her arms and gave him a hug, "I gave him plenty to eat, and loved him up a bit." She "gave him plenty to eat, and loved him up a bit"! Ah, that was work worth while, and work, little woman, that would chase discontented looks forever from *your* face. I wish you could be persuaded to try it.

MARTHA E. WARNER.

Snapshots

THINK of it! Every person you meet, even the chance acquaintance or passing stranger, carries away your picture in snapshot form. It makes no difference whether you are pleasant or cross, smiling or frowning, neatly or carelessly dressed, your likeness is "taken."

Perhaps you recall a certain cloudy morning when you were not feeling just up to the standard, and you thought you were not liable to meet any one for whose opinion you cared particularly. You wore clothes which needed pressing, a col-

lar that needed laundering, and perhaps shoes showing plainly the need of polish, along with a grouch to match the weather.

As luck would have it, the first person you encountered on the car, or street, or in the lunchroom, was some one whose good opinion you valued very highly, some one you had not seen for a long time, or perhaps had never met before, and whom you would not have had see you in such a careless plight for anything. But in spite of the fact that you were not ready—not in the least—to have your picture taken, your likeness was photographed! And carried away! And pigeon-holed for future reference!

If it was an acquaintance you met, he probably wondered what bad luck had come to you to dishearten and discourage you so thoroughly. If it was a stranger he probably labeled you as careless, as a person who cannot be relied upon. A lifetime may not be sufficient to eradicate the influence of that one unfortunate snapshot. *Selected.*

Mottoes for Preacher's Wives

DON'T tell everything your husband tells you.

Be careful how you talk; Moses shut himself out of the Holy Land by speaking unadvisedly.

Keep in mind that God and the people expect the best from you.

Guard against loss of power through hasty words and idle conversation.

In order to lift others, you must let God lift you.

You are a living sermon, whether you preach a word or not.

Do not lose the blessing that is hidden in your trials.

When you forget the peculiarities of your people and watch for their good points, you'll become fond of them.

When your home threatens to become a hotel, remember the saints were given to hospitality.

Be willing always to take the lowest place, and you'll get the largest blessing.

The measure of your sacrifice shows the measure of your love.

Do not place your burdens on your husband, but lean on God.—*Selected.*

"THE crown of all crowns has been one of thorns."

WHAT we wish to do for our fellow creatures we must do first for ourselves. We can give them nothing, save what God has already given us. We must become good before we can make them good, and wise before we can make them wise.—*Charles Kingsley.*

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THE Secretary of the South New South Wales Conference desires to acknowledge with thanks receipt of tithe to the amount of £16 10s. 0d. from "Anonymous."

OUR people will be glad to know that word has just been received from Pastor Wicks, Superintendent of our Solomon Island Mission, informing us that he was just leaving by the "Melanesia" for Choiseul to place two new workers on that island.

FROM some kind friend in Victoria, Brother W. R. Carswell has received by post, stamps to the value of 2s. for the work among the needy of Sydney. Also a donation of £2 2s. 6d. in postal notes from another anonymous donor in Queensland. For both these gifts he desires to express sincere thanks to the givers, knowing that love for Christ, and those whom He died to redeem, has prompted both givers; and probably equal sacrifice is expressed in the two donations. The Concord Church, too, has come to our help when funds were low; and for their good help the workers are very grateful.

PASTOR A. C. Chesson, of the North Queensland Mission writes:—

"Our work up here is now taking an encouraging turn, and I would not be surprised if the total membership is increased by fifty per cent. in less than a year from now. At Bowen, Brother C. M. Lee, whom we left behind to follow up the work after our six weeks' tent mission in that place, has succeeded in bringing in some of the souls that we left under conviction, and the organisation of another church in this field is assured. One young man who was trained for speaking in another denomination, is very interested in the message and will probably, we hope, take his stand within the next few weeks. If he takes hold he will surely bring others in, as he is the leader of an isolated company of Christians.

Christchurch Mission

WE are just about to commence our city mission here in Christchurch. We have secured a very fine picture theatre, which will seat about one thousand people, right in the heart of the city. Next Sunday night will be our first meeting. We are advertising the meetings well, and our people are very enthusiastic about helping us. When we made a call to deliver hand-bills, the majority of the people responded, and in one afternoon, in about two hours, we put out about five thousand hand-bills. We expect to place the other five thousand hand-bills in the homes of the people before we commence next Sunday. We

are looking for big results, and we request you to unite your prayers with ours on behalf of this good work. I have received a few hundred pounds in donations from our people to help the evangelical work. Brother Richards from the North Conference will assist Pastor Kent. The employees at the Health Food Factory are giving two hours overtime work to this fund, in order to support a lady Bible worker to assist in the city mission.

W. J. WESTERMAN

Santo, New Hebrides

WRITING from Big Bay, Santo, New Hebrides, Brother Ross James tells of the value of the horses which have been provided for him. He says:—

"I hold meetings twice a week at the village of Vileasu, about five or six miles distant. This is made possible only with the horses. They are a real boon. The mare, the young people of Windsor (Victoria) bought, has a colt about ten months old; so we shall soon have three

**Applications for the next class
of nurses at the Sydney Sanitarium,
to begin April, 1924, must be sent
in before the end of next October.
Intending applicants should apply
for forms of application to the
Medical Superintendent.**

T. A. SHERWIN, M.B., Ch.M.

horses to use. Whenever anyone is sick and comes for help I just mount and ride away, and don't have to get anyone to carry me over the rivers; it saves time, and most important of all, it saves strength.

"One horse proved to be a buckjumper. Had it not been for that splendid station saddle which was also purchased by the young people of Windsor, I would have given her up as a bad job. Mrs. James always rides 'Winsa' since the other treated her so harshly.

"We have been very busy repairing the Atchin wreck. There was not a fitting of any kind left in her, but there was sufficient of her hull left, however, to give hope of repairing. In a week or two we hope to launch her again.

"We need your prayers more than ever. The enemy gives no rest to those who contend for the truth."

For Sale

AT Avondale. About four acres. Prime orchard, over two hundred trees, half citrus. Passion vines, cultivation. Poultry houses and runs for six hundred. Splendid water supplies. Brick dwelling, porcelain bath, etc. Particulars A. N. HARKER, Cooranbong.

DESIRABLE RESIDENCE, six rooms, containing three stoves, two open fireplaces. Corner section, facing Maitland and Alton Roads. One minute from S.D.A. church. Two quarter acre sections adjoining. For particulars apply to MISS SAGAR, Maitland Road, Cooranbong, or Sanitarium, Wahroonga.

Your Attention, Please!

Mr. Conference President, Mr. Church Elder, and Mr. and Mrs. Parent! Would you keep your lambs within the fold? Then let us speak a word to you.

In the Summer Special of *Home and School* is told the story of a young woman who was removed from church school to be placed in high school, and later in a university. In her second year of the university course she wrote a Christian friend, "Please pray that I may be able to finish my education without becoming a hopeless agnostic."

Just half way through her course she wrote, "I might as well admit that I have absolutely no faith, and find it utterly impossible to believe in anything spiritual. *A person is the product of his education.*"

Read the full article, and many more equally helpful. Single copy, 9d. Order through your conference office.

Why not subscribe and have the help that this magazine gives the year round? Every number is full of good, helpful material. It costs only 6s. 6d. per year (12 copies).

Rags Wanted

ON another page appears an illustrated article telling of an experience with an alligator, befalling a Solomon Islander belonging to one of our out-stations.

Our missionaries in all island fields have much to do in connection with binding up wounds and treating the sores of the natives. In such work they require rags in fairly large quantities.

May we, through the pages of the RECORD appeal to our people for some clean old linen or calico rags in large or small sizes suitable for binding wounds or sores. If they have any such, please parcel them up and send them as soon as possible addressed to—

Union Conference Missions,
C/o Sanitarium Health Food Depot,
319 Sussex Street,
Sydney.

(All received will be greatly appreciated by our workers.)

OBITUARY

KIMBERLEE.—Sister Beatrice Kimberlee passed peacefully away after a long illness at her sister's home in Thornleigh, on August 28, 1923, at the age of thirty-nine years. She first became interested in the message in Roma, Queensland, through reading the *Signs of the Times*, and finally accepted the truth through the labours of Pastor S. M. Cobb. We laid her to rest in the Ryde Cemetery, there to await the call of the Life-giver. Two brothers and three sisters are left to mourn their loss. We extend to these bereaved ones our sincere sympathy. May the God of all grace sustain them in their hour of trial. J. HINDSON.

SISTER Moulds, of the North Sydney Church, desires us to convey her grateful thanks to all kind friends who manifested such kindly sympathy towards her on the occasion of her recent bereavement.