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## The Romance of Home Life

THE first home for man was built by the Creator. It was a Paradise home, and its ideals were designed to link with life in all homes where God is loved and worshipped.

But to this great world of wideness and endeavour the vision of that home life has been all but hopelessly lost. Self has transformed the Paradise design into a land of briars.

Yet to the thoughtful mind, "home" should and must ever be the centre citadel of strength and beauty. Fanciful romance has destroyed all the ideals of that sacred place. But true romance, in it and around it still, paints its divinest pictures and whispers its sweetest stories.

Youth blossoms into manhood and womanhood; this is the law of our being. Then, if faith and love bind their hearts together, the greatest possibilities in this life lie before them. Truly has God said, "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife." Matt.

19:5. But without the confidence that love inspires there can be no true home life, whether Christian or otherwise.

Sometimes we hear it said that "love is blind." It should not be. Measured by faith and duty, it should be the most potent power in the home life of our world! There is another power, deadly in character—lust, that is worse than blind. But the intelligent young man or young woman need not be misled by the whisperings of this enemy.

Love has its romance, and God pity the heart that has not, but it need not be a romance of evil. Of love we read, "Doth not behave itself unseemly." Where the "unseemly" course is taken, the heart may well question the profession that stands as a counterfeit in the place of love.

Home cannot be built without love. Its battlements will be wanting, no matter how grand its foundation marble may appear to be. Better, yes a thousand times better, would it be for the trusting heart to surrender all its fondest anticipations than to be joined in a union where this power is wanting. Love is the power, and the only one, that can turn the dross of a human life into gold.

Often, alas too very often, the love light in the home dies out. Its romance is forgotten, and the heart quickly grows old in its forgetfulness. Flowers wither ere the twilight has fallen, and the stars are not remembered.

Addison speaks of love "warming every vein and beating in every pulse." So it must do if it is to control and sweeten home life. If it does not sweeten that life, wherewithal shall it be sweetened? Johnson calls it "the spark of heavenly fire," while Scott tells us that "love is heaven, and heaven is love." Paul writes of the three greatest things—faith, hope, and love, "but the greatest of

### Love in the Home

True love begins at home, and, reaching thence,  
Twines sympathetic arms round all our race,  
And fills our interval of time and sense  
With airs from heaven, its native dwelling place.

For home shall be a type of that above.  
Like Israel's desert temple long ago,  
Built of the same grand masonry of love  
As that bright dwelling place to which we go.  
—T. R. Williamson.

these is love."

Young men! Young women! Gold cannot build a home. Unbelief can never lay the foundations for such a noble structure. Ambition cannot gild pinnacles for its glory. Neither can human thought build windows through which eternity may be seen. Love will build on its knees a grander structure than wealth can ever rear.

This, then, is the romance of home life. It may only be a thatched cottage, only a humble dwelling with earthen floor and stars glittering through the roof, but if love abides there, it may still be the grandest of earthly habitations. Genius has its triumphs, fame its glories, success its rewards, wealth its splendours, and hope its gilded dawning; but the heart has its home!

In ancient Rome there stood a temple dedicated to Vesta, goddess of hearth and home. No monument stood to represent this pure divinity; only a flame of eternal fire burning upon her altar gave evidence of her shrine. The virgins dedicated to this goddess had to guard that flame with ceaseless vigilance, night and day, lest it should cease to burn. When her festival came in June the women walked to her temple with unshod feet.

Home builder! Guard the flame lest it should go out! And walk with unshod feet rather than have love's temple dishonoured!

R. HARE.



### The Opening of Newbold Missionary College, England

At last! After eight weeks of toil, weeks of brain-wracking and almost insurmountable difficulties, Newbold College opened on Tuesday, August 25. It seemed as if the multitude of plans was really beginning to bear fruit when 140 students commenced registration at eight o'clock that morning. Among the number were students in all stages of college experience; some were hoping to graduate this year, others were hurrying towards that goal, whilst a great proportion were just about to begin their college course. It is in these contrasts, however, that much of the charm of school life lies. The presence of so many different temperaments broadens the student's outlook and helps to make his sojourn more interesting and educational.

Amid the bustle that inevitably accompanies such an important event as registration, in each of the groups discussing the immediate future there was felt a spirit of joyous consecration such as might be expressed by the following words:

Newbold! Newbold! thy quiet woods and lakes  
and lawns  
Have gained an everlasting place  
Within my soul; that now, instead of care, there  
dawns  
Such peace, 'tis sun upon my face,  
Such hope, such strength, that God the Father  
now can use  
My latent powers to His glory:  
He now can send me wheresoe'er His will may  
choose,  
To tell redemption's wondrous story.

By eleven o'clock the next morning each student had been registered and every one was anticipating the grand opening that had been promised. Some time before dinner visitors began to arrive in their tens and twenties—some from London and its suburbs—others from the northern cities, Nottingham, Sheffield, Birmingham, and others. The building, lawns, woods, and fields charmed every one. The sight of old familiar faces brought joy to all, and visitors from Watford gave Newbold Revel a touch of Stanborough Park.

The beautiful chapel was by no means large enough to hold all these friends and students, but ways and means were found

whereby at four o'clock all were able to be present at the official opening.

Our principal had the privilege of welcoming those present to the first school opening of Newbold Missionary College, and his words assured every one that the transference from Watford to Rugby would be attended by great success.

The missionary aspect of our educational system was well explained by Pastor W. E. Read, and the non-Adventist visitors present must have been impressed by the magnitude of our work. He declared that the acquisition of this historic rural estate marked a great step forward in our work of furthering the work of the gospel in the earth. Pastor Bartlett interestingly described the growth and development of the present college. As president of the North England Conference he is now the "Uncle" of this institution and is manifesting a special interest as a result of his relationship. We were glad that Brother H. L. Rudy, Educational Secretary of the Northern European Division, was able to be with us, and all listened with interest as he told of the progress of education in other parts of Northern Europe.

Spiritual interests were followed by prompt attention to the physical needs of visitors and students. The well-trimmed lawns provided a pleasant setting in which to serve a wholesome tea, after which the multitude began gradually to disperse, and the connection with the outer world was severed. To the students it seemed as though the shore was fading from sight on another stage of life's voyage.

Inevitably, work followed these festive meetings. At ten o'clock on Thursday morning, the first chapel exercises were held, in which good advice was given to the student body by Brother Murdoch. Classes were organised immediately afterwards, and the daily routine of school life commenced.

The evening of Thursday was gladdened by a cordial reception, at which the faculty and students had the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with one another.

But all these gatherings were surpassed in the testimony meeting that was held in the college chapel on Friday evening. There it was that gratitude was poured out to God for His blessings, especially those received during the summer vacation. Some had been canvassing and acknowledged the Lord's goodness to them whilst working for Him. Many, from the depths of their hearts, were able to thank Him to whom all things are possible for bringing them to school in such wonderful ways. As testimony followed testimony the Spirit of God was felt to be very near, shedding His influence in every heart.

This was the beginning! We have taken God with us, for we know that "except the Lord build the house" we labour in vain. We believe that the Lord will surely work great and marvellous things through Newbold Missionary College.

A GRADUATE.

*In the Missionary Worker.*

"WHILE we are looking after the interests of Christ in this world, He is looking after ours in heaven."



### Busy Days in Papua

THE mail arrives from the south. It is read with interest. A few hurried letters are written, and then we board the coastal steamer on our way to visit Nurse Wiles and to do a little more work on her house.

The steamer reaches Aroma, and soon we see the mission launch coming out to meet us, as Brother Mitchell is on a visit here from Vilirupu. Greetings over, we place our goods and chattels on board the launch, and bidding farewell to the captain and passengers, we go ashore. About a mile's walk along the beach brings us to the home of Nurse Wiles. Soon the natives begin to inquire if I have brought a further supply of skin medicine, and as soon as they know I have, the report spreads and the people begin to arrive.

Next morning we prepare to leave for Vilirupu, as we want to attend to some matters there. Much timber is required for buildings, and not having much money, we begin to arrange to start a pit saw going, as plenty of good trees are growing near the Vilirupu mission. When everything is ready a start is made. We watch the boys saw the first big log. They do very well. A number of logs are marked as ready.

We then have to leave to visit the school at Wanigela, where there are 205 boys and girls in attendance. The roll is called and the natives answer, "Yes, sir." Then it is the writer's privilege to talk to them. Lessons from Daniel and his companions in their school experience form the basis of the talk. After this the studies begin. Brother Mitchell takes the top class, Harupukure the next class, and Joni the lowest, while I have the privilege of visiting each class to watch them at work.

School over, the sick ones line up for treatment. On finishing this we step aboard the launch and soon are on our way back to the Vilirupu mission. Sister Mitchell and Joan come down to the jetty to meet us. The time of my departure comes all too soon. The visit has been very pleasant, and I would so much like to stay with them for the Sabbath, but I must get back to Aroma, as there is a lot to be done there and my time is limited. Brother and Sister Mitchell run me down to the mouth of the bay in their launch, and bidding them farewell, I mount my bicycle and wend my way along the beach to Aroma, arriving there in good time.

Next morning is rather wet and windy, so we cannot get out as early as we planned, but later we start on our round. Three villages are visited, and we hold a meeting in each. Good attention is given. On our return a messenger intercepts us, as the services of Nurse Wiles are required. The patient consents to come to the mission, and about nine o'clock that evening the mother rejoices over a son. I have the honour of naming the boy, and inflict him with my own name, poor child.

Sunday morning we are up early, but

some of the village people have risen before us and are waiting at the dispensary for treatment. Nurse Wiles and her assistants begin, and they have a busy day. "How many patients have you had today?" I inquire. "One hundred and fourteen," I am told.

Another day passes—a busy day for the nurse with 131 patients. Sixty before breakfast another day. A good chance to work up an appetite, don't you think? And so the work goes on. Babies with broken arms and legs, others with burns, another with a bad back because a coconut has fallen on him, young men and young women, old men and old women, and few conveniences to care for them; but our sister goes cheerfully on with her work.

The time comes for my departure. There is no coastal boat by which to travel, so I must go by canoe. I bid farewell to the mission family, and after travelling about ten miles, the sea becomes too rough to be safe. We go ashore, walk twelve miles along the beach, and camp for the night. A kind trader learns that I am in the village six miles from him, and comes for me in his motor early next morning. He tells me that there is a boat leaving from his place the following morning. How pleased I am, for I was about to search for another canoe to take me the sixty miles to Port Moresby. The captain of the boat invites me to accompany him. I do so, and expect to pay my fare, but the gentleman refuses to accept any payment.

I reach home in time to meet the steamer from Australia. The mail has come, and how pleased we are to hear of the proceedings of the Council, and how grateful that the brethren are sending us Pastor and Mrs. James, and Dick Richardson and his wife from Monamona. These workers will be a great help to us. We shall give them a very hearty welcome.

We learn, too, that some good sister has been impressed to give £50 for a dispensary. What a blessing it will be to Nurse Wiles! How happy she will be when she learns of the gift! How timely it is! May the Lord richly bless the giver is our sincere prayer. I was wondering what we could do, for I felt worried to think that Nurse Wiles had to care for all those patients with just a native hut for a dispensary. Then the mail arrives with the glad news that we have £50 for the purpose of providing one.

And so the work goes on. A few more days and the writer will be on his way to visit Brother and Sister Lawrence Howell at Valaila. A report of this visit will be sent later.

W. N. LOCK.

### A Unique School

A FEW sharp notes as of a bell, made by striking a piece of suspended iron, and almost immediately the sweet sounding notes of "Jesus Is Tenderly Calling Today" float out on the clear morning air from a near-by native building. Twenty-one bright-faced children are seated on the mat-covered floor, with low desks before them.

This is a mission school on a small island of the Haapai group in the Friendly Islands, conducted by Lusi, wife of James Moala, our native worker there.

It is a unique school, for though there are no school gardens seven boys sleep in

the schoolhouse every night, attend morning and evening worship, and observe regular study periods, just as do the students in our larger schools. They are not allowed to leave the place at night, and expulsion is the penalty for disobedience to this rule.

They pay for their tuition, as do those who live at home, but prefer to sleep at the school for the advantage of the study periods. Of course this brings them more fully under the influence of our work. About half of the students attend our church and Sabbath school services. They also attend the Missionary Volunteer meetings, and take the Bible doctrine examinations.

This promises to be a good recruiting station for our main school. A girl was recently passed on to that institution, and others plan to follow later. They are kept back at present on account of shortage of money caused by drought conditions. The Government inspector, a European, recently gave this school an excellent report. And so the light of truth is shining in far corners of the great Pacific Island field.

H. L. TOLHURST.

*Nukualofa, Tonga.*

### A Priceless Gift

The love of God! His love, His wondrous love,

So mighty, rich, so tender, strong, and free,

His love that doth the jewelled heavens move—

My Father sends that priceless love to me!

Frail man! "Canst thou by searching find out God?"

That thou shouldst know and understand His way?

Canst follow the majestic paths He trod To bring the universe beneath His sway?

His Father love! its depth, its height, its power,

Its grief, I ne'er shall understand. His will

For me is peace, and He hath paid the dower

When Love, His Son, was pierced on Calv'ry's hill.

God's love—Thy Father's love, and mine! Sweet thought

Of tenderness divine. God's love for me

Hath in mine heart most strange emotions wrought:

Joy, praise, pain, freedom, yet captivity!

Then lead me on, Thy willing captive I. Though far I roam, my Father's love will bring

Me safely home beyond the azure sky, And through the ceaseless ages I shall sing

The love of God! His love, His wondrous love,

So mighty, rich, so tender, strong, and free,

His love that doth the jewelled heavens move—

My Father sent that priceless love to me!

A. J. DYASON.



### With Our Missionary Volunteers in Queensland

'TIS early morning! The deep, ringing tone of the bell is sending out its five-minute warning, loud and clear, into the beautiful air of the city of palms. With steps made brisk with hopeful expectation, we make our way to the M.V. pavilion. Many thoughts go surging through our minds.

How many young people will be here for the first meeting of this Queensland camp? What shall we say to them that will be helpful, instructive, inspirational, and that will constitute such a keynote as will continue to vibrate in their hearts, not only for today, but for time to come? Will heaven descend to touch earth at this spot made sacred by the gathering of the people of God? Will God grant the strong and earnest appeal which just wells up in our hearts today for His special blessing upon us and upon those splendid young men and young women? Surely He will! For did we not, less than two months ago, see their whole-hearted and enthusiastic response as, in visits to their homes, in meetings in their local churches, and in united rallies, we outlined clearly before them the great M.V. movement, and the call of God to our youth? Did not our hearts burn within us as the realisation came flooding in upon us that all heaven is ready and waiting to co-operate with those who work for the salvation and training of the boys and girls of the Advent people?

It is scarcely time to begin, and yet the tent is almost filled. How good to hear them sing the introductory hymn so lustily! Just look at them! What a fine company! Most of them must be well up in their 'teens, and many of mature age. Still others are crowding to the door of the tent. Just move along in the seats, please, and let these other young people find room. Thank you. Now we are ready to start!

First, where is the Morning Watch text found? Good, I thought you would know! Who will volunteer to repeat it? Splendid! Now the Doctrinal Text for this week! This young man at the end of the seat here in the front. Turn around so that all may hear. Thank you, that was good. That young sister over there, near the rear of the tent. Excellent; heard every word of it! Now all together! Thank you. What a wonderful privilege is ours, young people, to thus store our minds with the precious truths of God's Word, ready against the day when we must give "a reason of the hope that is within" us, and witness probably even in the very presence of kings.

Our opening hymn is No.—. Truly these young people know how to sing! We forget the recent long journey to Brisbane as we catch the inspiration of the scene.

A season of prayer is called for, and we

hear brief but earnest petitions, each one pressing forward toward the throne of grace, for that which lies nearest to the heart; all different, yet all blending together in one harmonious chord of thanksgiving and supplication.

The speaker of the hour is now addressing the meeting, urging us to make this the very best camp-meeting, in every sense of the word, that has ever been held—in happy association, in inspiration, in finding the reality of prayer, in earnest study, and in spontaneous praise.

Right loyally do the young people respond, as is evidenced throughout the entire period of the camp-meeting—practically all in prayer bands daily at 6 a.m.; full attendances at every meeting; 100 per cent response to the clear-cut call to a new and greater measure of consecration in view of the existing conditions in the world; an unprecedented response on the part of the young people on Field Day, in working amongst the homes of the neighbourhood with our literature; and finally, in the successful enlistment at the closing M.V. meeting of the camp, of every young person in one or all of the following: Morning Watch, Prayer bands, Bible Study Course, Reading Course, and Standard of Attainment Course.

Three hours later that very morning we rejoiced to see thirty-six young people baptised, thus signifying in a public way that henceforth their lives are given wholly to the Lord Jesus Christ.

We do wish you could have come with us also to the large companies of bright and happy Juniors, meeting in their own pavilion at 9 a.m. and 2 p.m. daily, and watched the splendid work of their earnest and self-sacrificing leaders and teachers.

May God continue to bless our boys and girls, little and big, not only in Queensland, but in other conferences, in every church, wherever they are, in every part of this great Australasian field.

S. V. STRATFORD,  
Missionary Volunteer Secretary.

"A STORY is told of an Indian who one day asked Bishop Whipple to give him two one-dollar bills for a two-dollar note. The bishop asked, 'Why?' He said, 'One dollar for me to give to Jesus, and one dollar for my wife to give.' The bishop asked him if it was all the money he had. He said, 'Yes.' The bishop was about to tell him, 'It is too much,' when an Indian clergyman who was standing by whispered, 'It might be too much for you to give, but not too much for an Indian who has this year heard for the first time of the love of Jesus.'"

### The Measure of Our Strength

1. Our hold upon God.
2. Our consecration to service.
3. Our spirit of willingness to sacrifice.
4. Our sense of the times in which we live.
5. The dedication of our children.
6. The value we set on Christian education.
7. How we live up to our convictions.
8. The measure of our eleventh-hour zeal.

—Selected.

# Health Food Department

## Warburton Notes

"SAY, brother, how is this general depression affecting the Health Food Factory at Warburton these days? I suppose you are no better off than the majority of factories in Victoria at present, working just a few days a week."

The foregoing represents the gist of many such questions, asked by brethren and friends. When we reply that it is only within the past few months that we have felt uneasiness at all, and then inform them that our output for the quarter just ended exceeded the output for the first quarter of this year, why, they are just simply astonished. To those who know the present forlorn condition of Victoria as a whole, and what it has been for the past twelve months, there is reason for surprise.

These lines are not penned in any boastful spirit on our part, for we know in whom our source of strength lies.

In Granose we have a wonderful life-sustaining food, and for the benefit of new converts and friends who are unfamiliar with the vital elements contained in this wonder food we would say:

(1) A wise adage declares, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating." The first thing to do is to prove the value of Granose to your own satisfaction. Try it yourself, in your own household, or with some friend who is having trouble in rearing a sickly babe. From experience we know what the result will be, especially in regard to the baby. Just follow the leaflet instructions. That's all. Results will speak for themselves.

(2) Now when you are satisfied on this first point, this knowledge may be used as you go out on your missionary excursions. You know these days it is not hard to find scores of poor, emaciated, ill-nourished children, and an army of sick, weary elders, too. They are all around us. Use Granose as a medium to lay a foundation for a better physical life, and at the same time prove the oft repeated phrase, "The health work is the right arm of the message," a medium to the greater or spiritual life. The two go hand in hand.

The Master knew why He put that special number of elements in the wheat grain, and how remarkably they correspond with the elements of human flesh and virgin soil, respectively. That is why Granose is such a marvellous food.

Listen to just a few extracts from many voluntary letters sent to us by thankful parents, some of them accompanied by photos.

Mrs. C., of Perry St., Hawthorn, Vic., writes: "I have noticed elaborate advertisements for babies' patent foods (these cost at least nine shillings per week to feed an ordinary baby). I have four boys, but my last baby I started on Granose when he was six months old. He has been on them only five months, but what a wonderful change in him! He has been the least trouble of all my children,—easy

teething, most good humoured and contented, and is now a big, bonny child. If you care to, you may have a photo of my baby as an advertisement to help other mothers who do not know the value of Granose."

From Mrs. D., North Rd., Reservoir, Vic.: "I send you a photo of my boy Stewart, who is four years old and a Granose baby. He has given us little trouble. His limbs are as firm as rocks, and he is as hardy as can be. Many people admire him as such a sturdy and alert child."

From Mr. B., Davis St., Brunswick, Vic.: "You will be glad to know that our baby Douglas has been awarded the prize as Champion Baby of Brunswick at their recent district carnival. He has been fed on your Granose biscuits, etc."

Space forbids further extracts. If these folk live within reasonable distance, the writer personally calls upon them and makes a donation of our other foods. If too far away, a courteous reply goes with a food parcel.

Brethren, should not encouragement like this spur us up to greater activity—spur us to be ever on the alert for openings to "speak a word in season," in the tram, train, everywhere, to the many mothers and other folk who are unacquainted with the life-giving elements of Granose?

We have one of the world's best foods to recommend or introduce—"the king of foods," in fact,—and, sorry to say, many of our people do not appreciate or know of it.

Should any brethren or friends be visiting Victoria and be near Warburton, let us suggest that they ear-mark a day to visit this picturesque mountain village and inspect its institutions and witness a process of evolution from the "golden grain" to the newly made Granose by modern machinery in an imposing and modern factory. They will then stand as the keen and efficient salesman who offers his wares with confidence, saying, "I know its quality—I've been and seen."

T. N. BUSH,  
Manager S. H. Food Factory,  
Warburton.

### Assurance

God makes the rose to bloom,  
The bird to sing,  
The sun to shine,  
And everything.

Each has its place,  
A duty it reveres,  
Beauty, song, and light—  
Such different spheres!

Why doubt that thou  
Art in the rightful place?  
Content thyself, and give thy  
best,

By His great grace.

ARLINE BARRY PRUETTE.

## QUEENSLAND

PRESIDENT: H. A. HILL

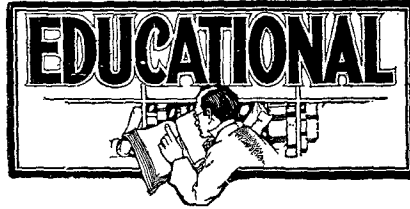
SECRETARY: E. L. PENGILLEY

### Bookmen of the Queensland Conference

The Queensland camp was a wonderful experience as far as the bookmen were concerned. Every morning punctually at six o'clock they met together for prayer, and a blessed experience it was. Each morning some one previously appointed led out with a few thoughts from the Scriptures, followed by a season of short prayers, all taking part.

At nine o'clock (worship hour) we again met together, and several times during camp we had an additional hour together in the afternoon. The afternoon hour was spent in practical instruction and demonstration work.

The day the field missionary secretary's report was rendered was a gala day



### Our Church Schools

PASTOR L. L. CAVINESS of the Southern European Division, speaking of the opening of two new schools, writes as follows:

"The second new church school in Algiers, North Africa, was started early this year under very interesting circumstances. Some parents became interested in the message, and soon felt that they must not let their children go to public school on the Lord's Sabbath. They therefore went to the public school authorities and asked that their children might be excused from school attendance

course of study has been planned so that no matter which of our denominational schools a child attends, he will be working on a course of study which will lead right on to our higher grade schools, and will prepare the successful student to fill a useful place in life, while at the same time he is devoting himself to spreading the everlasting gospel.

W. J. GILSON,  
Union Conf. Education Sec.

### By Faith We Advance

THROUGHOUT the history of God's people, great mountains of difficulty, apparently insurmountable, have loomed up before those who were trying to carry out the purposes of heaven. Such obstacles are permitted by the Lord as a test of faith. When we are hedged about on every side, this is the time above all others to trust in God and in the power of His Spirit. The exercise of a living faith means an increase of spiritual strength and the development of an unflinching trust. It is thus that the soul becomes a conquering power. Before the demand of faith, the obstacles placed by Satan across the pathway of the Christian will disappear; for the powers of heaven will come to his aid. "Nothing shall be impossible unto you."

The way of the world is to begin with pomp and boasting. God's way is to make the day of small things the beginning of the glorious triumph of truth and righteousness. Sometimes He trains His workers by bringing to them disappointment and apparent failure. It is His purpose that they shall learn to master difficulties.

Often men are tempted to falter before the perplexities and obstacles that confront them. But if they will hold the beginning of their confidence steadfast unto the end, God will make the way clear. Success will come to them as they struggle against difficulties. Before the intrepid spirit and unwavering faith of Zerubabel, great mountains of difficulty will become a plain; and he whose hands have laid the foundation, even "his hands shall also finish it." "He shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it."

Human power and human might did not establish the church of God, and neither can they destroy it. Not on the rock of human strength, but on Christ Jesus, the Rock of Ages, was the church founded, "and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." The presence of God gives stability to His cause. "Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man," is the word that comes to us. "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." God's glorious work, founded on the eternal principles of right, will never come to naught. It will go on from strength to strength, "not by might, nor by power; but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

ELLEN G. WHITE.

IF we will restrain the expression of unbelief, and by hopeful words and prompt movements strengthen our own faith and the faith of others, our vision will grow clearer. The pure atmosphere of heaven will surround our souls.—"Testimonies," Vol. 6, p. 462.



The Queensland Colporteurs

for the colporteurs. The president, Pastor Hill, allowed time for every man to report, and while it took some time for all these workers to speak, I believe our people would have sat and listened much longer to such good reports.

For the first eight months of the year these colporteurs have sold 2,287 large subscription books, besides over 3,500 small books. Among the large books we find they have sold 960 of the splendid book, "Great Controversy." Queensland has also recently made a start on the new book, "What Is Coming?" and they find it one of their best sellers, already having sold 365 copies.

The result of the work to date for the year is very gratifying. With an aim of £3,333, for the first eight months of the year, the splendid figures of £3,643 have been attained, making £310 above the aim.

Not the least important feature of the book work in this conference is the number of souls won to the truth by the efforts of the colporteurs. Several people were on the camp-ground enjoying the meetings for the first time, who were there because they were called upon in their homes by a faithful colporteur. May the Lord add His blessing to their efforts.

J. J. POTTER,  
A.U.C. Field Missionary Sec.

on the Sabbath. As a reply they were told that unless the children attended Saturdays they would not be accepted at school on any day of the week. So the parents took the children entirely out of school. But Miss Bonnet, our Bible worker in Algiers, has the certificates necessary to authorise her to teach. Feeling sorry for these parents, she gave their children some work privately. Others joined, and now she is teaching nine children. Though not able to give full time to teaching, Miss Bonnet so guides the children in their study with her and at home that they are carrying the full programme of the grades of the public school in which they were enrolled."

We are glad to see this determined endeavour on the part of our new Sabbath-keepers in North Africa to have their children instructed in harmony with the counsel of the Lord.

We are glad, too, to report that at the recent Annual Council of the Union Conference, definite plans were adopted for the co-ordinating of our primary and central school work throughout our own Union Conference.

We are planning that in 1932 all our schools will be working on a definite course of study, and under a regular examination system, that will tend to unify and give stability to our work. The



### Marmite as a Cure for Anaemia

AN article regarding the use of Marmite as a curative agent in pernicious anaemia and tropical anaemia, appears in the *British Medical Journal* of June 20, 1931, from the pen of Lucy Wills, M.A. Cantab., M.B., B.S. Lond., from the Haffkine Institute, Parel, Bombay, India. Dr. Wills was engaged in the Maternal Inquiry, for the Indian Research Fund Association, a full report of her work also appearing in the *Indian Journal of Medical Research*.

In India types of anaemia occur which give practically the same microscopic blood picture as pernicious anaemia in this country. These cases of anaemia have responded in a remarkable way to the feeding of large doses of liver extract, as much as twenty ounces daily being given; but it is also very interesting to note that they have responded equally well to Marmite given in doses ranging from two to four drachms daily, equivalent to about two to four teaspoonfuls.

Speaking of this tropical macrocytic anaemia, Dr. Wills reports: "It is generally recognised that iron and arsenic, in whatever form they are given, are valueless; there is no increase in the haemoglobin or in the red cell count. This is the common experience of all workers in India who recognise this form of anaemia; they also find that other lines of treatment, successful in secondary anaemias, are equally useless."

Under the subhead, "Cases Treated with Marmite," the doctor writes: "The results of the treatment were, however, so striking that I feel justified in reporting them. . . . Further, it is hoped that other workers will be encouraged to give the treatment a trial."

The doctor then describes case after case in which Marmite was the remedy used, and the remarkable recovery made by the patient.

Changes for the better were noticed as early as the second or third day, and in two to four weeks the number of the red blood cells had more than doubled, and the amount of haemoglobin had trebled.

The following is a part of the summary given at the end of the article:

"The results recorded above suggest that in Marmite we have a curative agent as potent as liver extract for the treatment of tropical macrocytic anaemia. The response of this disease to treatment with Marmite is in all ways comparable with that produced by suitable doses of liver extract in the same condition or in true pernicious anaemia. Both extracts are active in this condition, even when it is complicated by malaria or hookworm, and without the treatment for the associated disease. . . .

"The frequent association of extreme oedema with the severe anaemia, and the fact that both respond so readily to treatment with Marmite, are undoubtedly important. . . . At present it is only possible to state that in Marmite, and probably in

other yeast extracts, there appears to be a curative agent for this dread disease which equals liver extract in potency, and has the advantage in India of being comparatively cheap and of vegetable origin."

C. W. HARRISON, L.R.C.P. (Lond.),  
M.R.C.S. (Eng.), F.R.C.S. (Edin.).



### Itinerating in Victoria

(From a Letter)

BROTHER R. E. G. BLAIR and I had a very pleasant and profitable itinerary among our isolated people in Victoria. We were away almost a fortnight, and during this time visited twenty-three of our isolated folk, taking orders for the *Signs* and *RECORD* where possible. We gave five lantern lectures, and at Bendigo we had a Field Day.

The first week-end was spent at Bendigo, and in response to our call on the Sabbath, twelve members of the Bendigo church joined with us on the Sunday in placing the *Signs of the Times* in about 150 homes, with encouraging results. One little girl met a lady who had been an organiser in our Bendigo church many years ago, but who was now married and not keeping the Sabbath. She told the little girl to call every week and she would gladly take the *Signs of the Times* from her. We hope that this little messenger may be the means of increasing her spirituality. We have been made glad to hear since that the following two Sundays the Bendigo members continued the work begun on Field Day, with back numbers of the *Signs*, and their weekly club has increased as a result.

At Bendigo we were happy, too, to notice that a new Sabbath-keeper was present who had been led by Miss E. K. Harding, one of our lady colporteurs, to see some parts of the message, and who, after having studied from Brother Ashcroft, is now fully with us. Brother Ashcroft is studying with two others whom he hopes to see unite with the church as a result of Sister Harding's work there.

At Castlemaine we met a lady who has recently commenced to keep the Sabbath as a result of studies received from one of our lady members in that town. We were invited to give a lantern lecture in her home, and we believe that because her husband obtained a better idea of our work, there is a possibility of his taking hold of the message later.

In Daylesford we met two ladies who were won through the efforts of our lay members.

The last week-end of our trip was spent with the Ballarat church, but owing to continuous rain on the Sunday we were not able to carry out our plans for a Field Day with this church. However, at some future time I hope to go back to Ballarat and engage with them in active missionary work.

We terminated our tour in Geelong, and were able to give a lantern lecture in the church.

During our trip we met many of our isolated folk for the first time, and yet they were glad to respond to our suggestions that they minister to their neighbours and friends. We feel that something has been commenced in the way of further missionary activity that may prove a definite blessing to our isolated members, and through them, in turn, to others not yet acquainted with the message. Brother Blair's efforts were greatly appreciated by me, and also by the folk whom we met.

W. S. RENN,  
Vic. Home Missions Sec.

### Does It Pay?

"I HAVE received more truth out of your paper, so I am compelled to switch off onto the seventh-day Sabbath." This is the opening sentence of a letter that came to the *Watchman* publishing house recently from another State. It continued, "There is no such church here in this county, so I am distressed to know what to do. Can I live out of the church and be all right?"

Several weeks later came another letter from the same reader, in reply to one from the publishing house:

"You were wanting to know how I came to be acquainted with the *Watchman* magazine. My father was a Methodist, and I a Free-will Baptist. He died not long ago and in his trunk I found 'The Change of the Sabbath' and a lot of Adventist books and papers. I began to read them and subscribed for the *Watchman*. Since I accepted the seventh-day Sabbath I really feel that a new Christian experience has come to me."

Her address was given to the conference officers. They not only found her keeping the Sabbath, but also found a strong interest in the community. A series of meetings is now being held, and while it is in a country section, there have been from 200 to 250 people out each night. Do you think it pays to circulate our literature?—*Lake Union Herald*, Aug. 26, 1931.

"The world is to receive the light of truth through an evangelising ministry of the Word in our books and periodicals. Our publications are to show that the end of all things is at hand."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. 9, p. 61.

#### Our Message—

"The Faith Once Delivered unto the Saints."

#### Our Aim—

"To Preach Jesus, the Saviour of the World."

#### Our Hope—

"The Glorious Appearing and Second Advent of Jesus Christ."

#### Our Authority—

"The Bible, the Sure Word."

"EVERY one has undiscovered traits of character that must come to light through trial."

## WEST AUSTRALIA

PRESIDENT: L. D. A. LEMKE  
SECRETARY: S. C. BUTLER

### City Mission, Perth

WE are still running our effort in the Savoy Theatre at Victoria Park, and the attendance is still keeping up. In fact, it is better than ever. Several clergymen from the other churches challenged me to debate publicly with them, and submitted a number of propositions. I accepted the challenges, but stipulated that more time must be given to the consideration of each topic. On the Sabbath question, for example, they were willing to allow only ten minutes to each speaker. They would not agree to an extension of time, and refused to go on with the challenges. Thereupon they enlisted the assistance of all of the non-conformist ministers in the Victoria Park district, hired the theatre in which we are conducting our services, and held two two-hour meetings in which they launched a heavy attack upon us.

As soon as they had finished their skirmish, I announced that I would reply to their attack. The people came to hear us, and as a result our services are better attended than ever. Many have been led to step right out for the truth because of this opposition, and we praise the Lord for the wonderful triumph that He has brought to His cause and to His people through this experience.

Seventy-five adults have accepted the truth through the work of the mission staff, under the blessing of God, since we commenced this effort eleven months ago. This figure does not include young people, though many young people have taken their stand with their parents. We thank God for this manifestation of the saving power of the message that we have been called to preach.

We are still more than busy with interests that are continually springing up, and we are praying for a hundred souls by the end of the year.

It has been my privilege since coming to the West to address gatherings of the Orangemen and also of the Protestant Alliance on various phases of the truth. Recently I have been asked to speak to the Protestant Unity League in some of their meetings. Last Wednesday night I addressed an audience of well-nigh 1,000 men on the subject of "Jesuitism in Protestant Garb." It was an enthusiastic gathering, and I have heard many very encouraging reports concerning it. Really, our work is being wonderfully advertised as a result of meetings of this kind, and I have invitations from a number of other societies to come and address them. Surely the Lord is opening the way for us to proclaim His message to the people. Soon the work will be finished and we shall go home rejoicing.

E. E. ROENFELT.

### The Praying Christ

"I have prayed for thee." Luke 22 : 32.

IN the hour of sore trial or of great temptation, when the courage falters and the spirit faints, how much it helps to know that some one is praying for you!

There comes up before me as I write the memory of that time when I stood on the station platform, leaving home to take up life's responsibilities far away, and of the last words ringing in my ears: "Good-bye, my boy. Remember, I'm praying for you." If a father's prayers mean so much, what of the prayers of the One who made fathers!

I think the knowledge that some one was praying for her meant almost everything to Esther in the court of Ahasuerus, as she faced the supreme crisis of her life. There are times like that, when in our weakness we can scarcely find faith to trust the efficacy of our own prayers.

"Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: but I have prayed for thee." Simon, your eternal life is in jeopardy. A far stronger than you has marked you for his victim. I've had a little glimpse into your future. Oh, the conflict that is before your soul! You are about to be sifted as wheat is sifted. And the hour of your great temptation is at hand, when faith shall stagger and hope be crushed, and only supernatural power can keep you. But, Simon, against that hour of temptation, that bitter hour when all seems lost, I've prayed for you."

Ah, Peter would have occasion to remember that.

Not long after, the hour of the Saviour's trial had come, and His human heart in a passion of longing cried out for the comfort of Peter's prayers. "Tarry ye here, and watch with Me"! Pray with Me through My trial! And Simon slept. Simon slept, while a stone's cast farther on, Christ, in the darkness of His own death, grappled against sin for His soul, and prayed for Peter.

And for you and me. Jesus in Gethsemane prayed for us. "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word." John 17:20. He looked down through the centuries and saw us, tempted, sleeping, forsaking Him, denying Him, and He prayed for us there,—that our faith might not fail.

I think of that morning when He stood on Olivet, among the little group that included Simon, and of the words He might have spoken, as they would be in twentieth-century language: "Good-bye. I'm going away now to My Father—and your Father. I know the dangers you will have to meet,—all the discouragements and the disappointments and the heartaches,—yours and theirs also who shall believe on you through your word. I have been over the road for you. Alone in Gethsemane, as your brother, I prayed for you. And now, in heaven, as your brother still, I'll be praying for you. Remember that!"

Today we have up there a representative, able to save unto the uttermost, because "He ever liveth to make intercession" for us.

There are many people who come to me in these days of trouble, with spirits that are burdened, and often with eyes that are wet. Their hearts are strained almost to breaking, as they wring my hand and say, "Pray for me!" To those who ask the prayers of a brother, the heart of a brother goes out in deepest sympathy. I promise; but I may forget—I am human, and I may forget.

But there is One who will not forget,—no, never!—Christ, the Prince of prevailing prayer; Christ, in the merits of whose name we pray; Christ, the Victor, the eternal Conqueror, the Son of God,—He will not forget. You may come to Him in every hour of need. When faith is failing, you may come and cry, "I cannot pray. Christ, my Brother Christ, pray for me!" And will the Father deny His Son?

"Before the throne my surety stands;  
My name is written on His hands,"—

those wounded hands, pierced on Calvary for me, and bearing through all the eternal ages the scars of His sacrifice and the memorials of His relationship to me.

LEWELLYN A. WILCOX.

## OBITUARY

Clarke.—At the age of eighty-nine years, Brother James Clarke fell peacefully asleep at the home of Sister H. Larwood, his daughter, at Midland, W.A., on September 16. Brother Clarke was well known among our people in this State, having accepted the truth over thirty years ago, and having been through the years a faithful witness to it. Before ever our work began in Australia he was led to accept the truth concerning the state of the dead. From our earliest canvassers in this State, Brethren J. Hindson and F. W. Reekie, he purchased some of our truth-filled books, the reading of which led him to observe the Sabbath though he knew of no one else in Australia who was doing so. As soon as he heard of this people he got in touch with some of our workers, who established him and his wife in all points of the truth. The example and testimony of this godly pair led to others investigating the message, and as a result the Harvey and Manjimup churches were established. Brother Clarke gave all—his means and his children—to the cause of God, and died as he had lived—calmly resting upon the merits of his Saviour's blood. To mourn their loss are one son and six daughters: Brother James G. Clarke, Sister D. Nicholson, Sister Edith Clarke, Sister R. R. Gooding, Sister H. Larwood, and Sister Eric Higgins. Four of the daughters have served in the island mission field, and one in church school work in the homeland. To the immediate family, as well as to other relatives and friends, we extend our deepest sympathy. We laid our brother to rest in the Midland cemetery in the assurance that he will find a part in the first resurrection.

E. E. ROENFELT.

"THE fact that one can do a certain thing with a clear conscience, does not make it right or wrong. Conduct is to be judged by the revealed will of God."

"GOD pity the man who says in his heart, 'My Lord delayeth His coming;' and doubly sad the tragedy of utterance of such sentiments with the lips."

## Australasian Record

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OF SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS

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THIS paper is sent to press from the South New South Wales camp-ground, Concord Park. It is the biggest camp-meeting ever held in the history of the Australasian Union. The dwelling tents number about 300. There was an exceptionally large audience for an opening meeting, on Thursday night, October 22, when the Mayor of Concord cordially welcomed the delegates and visitors to the district and the president of the conference, Pastor R. E. Hare, spoke on the subject, "Why Is the World in Trouble?" The main pavilion has been enlarged by the addition of a new splice, is beautifully lighted with electric flood lights, and fitted with amplifiers to ensure that all shall hear the speakers. We are looking forward to a real good camp.

PASTOR C. H. WATSON wrote from Washington, D.C., on September 8: "We are now busy preparing for the Autumn Council and for the important pre-council meetings which will begin October 6 and continue to the 20th, when the Council proper begins. This will be a small meeting, for we are restricting the attendance—an economy measure."

### Letter from Pastor Cole

THE last of April I received word from the General Conference that the California Conference had called for me. By the first of May we were here in California and at work. I am looking after the work in Sonoma county, where there are five churches and 352 church members. We live in Santo Rosa because it is most central to these churches.

One of the churches is Healdsburg, which is of such historic interest. It now has a membership of 105; but they are all new faces to me. How disappointed I was when I went there the first Sabbath not to be able to locate the old college—one of the first in this denomination—the dear old students' home. New streets are made, many of the old homes have given place to new, up-to-date houses. On the spot where the students' home was is a fine new high school. The college is gone, and houses are built all over the block. The church was taken down and much of the material was used to build our new church on the same street, about half way between where the college and the students' home stood. The only unchanged landmark is Mrs. E. G. White's old home.

When we came to this district there was a movement on foot to have a Union ten grade school for all the five churches. The city of Healdsburg heard that we

were looking for a place, and sent its leading men to see us. They offered to give us a block of land free, worth \$5,000, if we would return to Healdsburg with a school. They said, "We should not have let you people go from here. The city has not been the same since you left."

We may be able to accept the offer later, but money is so scarce that we cannot think of building now. Then they offered the use of a large building free for one or two years till we can accept their offer and build for ourselves. The block of land they have in mind to give us contains some fourteen acres and is about three-quarters of a mile north of the town, on the road to Cloverdale.

Mrs. Cole and I are living one block east of the home of Luther Burbank. We often look at his grave as we pass. He procured seed of the old cedars of Lebanon, and one seed lived. It is now a large tree in front of his house, and under this tree the great man is at rest. His only tombstone is this tree of his own planting and care.

We drove up to our old home in Oregon in August to attend the camp-meeting, also to see Mrs. Cole's mother, who is very old and was not well. It is only two days' drive over these very fine roads. At this meeting our son Tavita was ordained to the gospel ministry. We had a good visit with Ruita during the Oakland camp. She is still nursing in the Paradise Valley Sanitarium. Mrs. Cole is a little better than she was. If she was well we would be in the British West Indies now. We send greetings to our old friends. The RECORD is a welcome visitor to our home, as through it we are able to keep in touch with your work.

J. M. COLE.

312 Brown St.,  
Santa Rosa, Calif.,  
U.S.A.

### Testimony of a Trader in the Solomon Islands

I HAVE been asked to write for your paper regarding the mental attitude of the average man toward missions and missionaries in this group, and also to tell what induced me to become a Seventh-day Adventist.

I landed in the Solomon Island Group in January, 1906, and have been here ever since, save for the duration of the war. From the outset I viewed all missionaries with a semi-contemptuous tolerance; that is to say, I viewed them, as a whole, as cranks, likely to interfere to some extent with our settled opinions as to the correct attitude of the European toward the native, but otherwise harmless. I also held a strong opinion that the mission sacrificed the practical to the spiritual.

That was before I had studied that blessed book, the Bible, which not only brushed away many wrong conceptions, but altered my whole viewpoint of life and gave me the peace that passeth all understanding.

Now this is how I came to study the Bible, and why I became a Seventh-day Adventist: I had had friendly intercourse for over two and a half years with the Seventh-day people who had mission stations adjacent to an estate I was managing. We got into the habit of obliging one

another in many ways—chiefly from their side.

From this I began to learn something of the faith of Seventh-day Adventists, and to study the people in a casual way.

Later, business changes led to my staying with them for a week, and I closely observed all I saw and, I fear, pestered them with questions, all of which they cheerfully answered. What struck me most was their reverence when praying and reading the Bible, and their simple faith in the efficacy of prayer. This caused me to think. They gave both precept and example. Here were half a dozen plain men, obviously of sound mind, men who used their hands—practical men not at all given to "swank" or in any way fanatical. What was in the Bible that they should be so absorbed in it? I decided to get one and study it for myself, because they were, as the result of such study, far better men in all ways than I was. I wanted a pocket Bible. They were out of stock, but Pastor Peacock gave me his own, and inscribed the date of his gift, March 15, 1930.

Shortly after, through force of circumstances, I had some spare time and I read the Book of books through. Its obvious truths gripped me and I read it again and again, and am still reading it at every opportunity; and every time I do so I become more absorbed, even to the extent of giving up all other reading, which somehow has lost its savour, notwithstanding that previously I had been an omnivorous reader.

Again I visited the mission at their cordial invitation for about a week. This time I studied the Sabbath question, and that study left no shadow of doubt on my mind as to which was the correct Sabbath to keep. Going so far was but a step to the rest, though for me not an easy one—giving up the pipe. I had been a heavy smoker for thirty-eight years, and had five days' struggle to break the habit. But giving it up has improved my health. I had a slight shell-shock in France, which on an average of three days a week gave me the shakes. This shaking was uncontrollable. Since giving up the smoking these shakes have almost disappeared and only slight attacks recur.

Here is your letter, and here am I—a happier and more peaceful man, for I have found peace. I bless the day that the pastor gave me that divine Book, and I pray that this letter may induce others to read their Bible, for to my shame and sorrow I confess that I previously had never read it, but merely absorbed its teachings as told to me in school, as most school boys absorb their lessons.

F. J. HICKIE.

Nusukiki, Solomon Islands.  
Aug. 18, 1931.

### Important Dates

#### Camp-Meetings

North N.S.W.: Nov. 12-22.  
Victoria: Jan. 14-24.  
North New Zealand: Jan. 7-17.  
South New Zealand: Jan. 21-31.  
Tasmania: Feb. 11-21.  
South Australia: Feb. 18-28.  
West Australia: March 3-13.

Big Week: Nov. 14-21.  
Appeal for Missions: February 27—  
Week of Prayer: May 14-21.  
Annual Home Missions Effort: June 11—  
Annual Council: Aug. 30-Sept. 8.