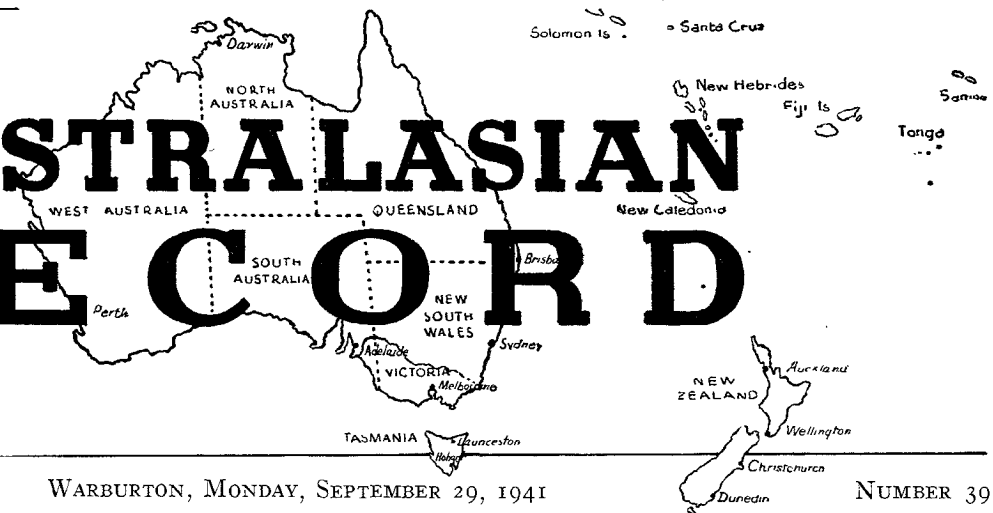


# AUSTRALASIAN RECORD



VOLUME 45

WARBURTON, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1941

NUMBER 39

## Report of the SYDNEY SANITARIUM AND HOSPITAL

*Presented at the Union Conference Session*

*G. S. FISHER, Manager*

We bring you greetings from a happy family at the Wahroonga Sanitarium. We make the same request of the Lord as David did in the 67th Psalm, when he prayed that God would be merciful and bless him in order that His truth might continue to shine, and that His way might be known upon earth for the purpose that all nations might hear of His saving health.

This is our mission and objective upon earth. "Sanitariums," we are told, "are to be established for one object only—the advancement of present truth." We have a warning message to bear to the world, and our earnestness, our devotion to God's service, is to impress those who come to this institution.

We have a staff of one hundred and fifty, endeavouring by all means possible to bring health, joy, and cheer to hundreds of patients. There is an old adage which runs like this, "To really know a person one must live with him." This is what our many patients are doing, some for weeks, others for months and longer, and it is interesting to watch how they enter into our plans and ways almost immediately. This is wonderful when we think of the big change in their manner of living and diet—no tea, coffee, meat, or condiments. During the past five years seven and a half thousand patients have been admitted to the Sanitarium. The following is one of many appreciative letters received from patients:—

"We wish to express our greatest appreciation for the kindness and attention shown us while inmates of your hospital. Right from the doctors down to the junior nurse with whom we have come in contact, nothing but kindness both in words and actions has been shown to us. Although we are over a thousand miles from home, we have not been lonely a moment. We take back with us many happy memories of our stay here. In appreciation for the kindness shown us by your hospital staff, we ask you to accept this small donation to be given to foreign missions

with the hope that it may assist in bringing back to health some sufferer in the island field."

A few days ago a titled gentleman from abroad expressed himself in most appreciative terms to the chaplain concerning the attention and Christian love extended to him and his wife. "Christianity," he said, "is lived out in this place as I have never seen it elsewhere." Many similar expressions are frequently heard, and to God we give thanks and praise for bringing together in this institution such a fine body of loyal and sincere Christian young people to carry on His work.

We have four physicians on our staff, and in addition to our own doctors, it is quite the usual thing to find the names of six or eight visiting doctors on our list who have placed their patients in our care. It is remarkable how prejudice which formerly existed has been broken down. Dr. Harrison, who has spent so many years with us in Australia, and whose name has almost become a household one, especially among our own people, is still making new friends both outside and inside the denomination.

We were glad to welcome to the Sanitarium last September Dr. Alan Tulloch, who spent some time in London obtaining additional degrees before connecting with the Sanitarium, and now specializes in surgery.

In addition to their medical cases, Drs. McLaren and Eulalia Richards have been kept very busy in our obstetrical ward, which has become very popular of late. During the past few months we have had to increase our staff in the maternity department.

The Doctors Harding returned to the United States last May after spending some time in the Sanitarium and in private practice.

Doctors Merle and Margaret Godfrey left us in May, 1940, to return to their home field after giving four and a half years of useful service. They are now engaged

in medical work in our Sanitarium at Glendale, California.

In February, 1937, we were pleased to welcome Sister Mary Burnside, a 1932 Sanitarium graduate, to the responsibility of matron of this institution. Sister Burnside spent three years in public hospital work in New Zealand prior to accepting this call, thus gaining valuable experience for leadership in our Nurses' Training School.

In the past five years twelve young men and forty-three young ladies have graduated from the training school. Fifty-one of these graduates took the four-year course, and all were successful in passing the State Nurses' Registration Board examination. Eight of the young men and ten of the young ladies are now actually engaged in the organized work. Public hospitals and the government are constantly calling for the services of our young men.

Ten medical students have been provided with work during their long summer vacations, thus giving them financial help, also an experience in our Sanitarium methods of treatment.

The demands of modern medicine called for a more efficient and better equipped laboratory than we were operating. To meet this demand the board of management selected Brother F. R. Dawson, a graduate of the 1935 class, to qualify for the position of laboratory technician. Brother Dawson spent almost two years studying and practising with leading pathologists at our College of Medical Evangelists, California, and also with Dr. Warren Crowe of the Charterhouse Rheumatism Clinic, London. Our laboratory is now well equipped, and we are able to perform all the necessary tests for patients in our own laboratory.

### Dietetics Department

"Ministry of Healing," page 146, informs us that, "There is great need of instruction in regard to dietetic reform," and

the world is open to receive it. Dr. Henry Borsook, Professor of Biochemistry in California, urges, in view of the military situation, the need of more intensive study of nutrition, and adds that, "In the light of what was learned from the World War, radical changes need to be made in diet reform."

To meet our own situation in respect to dietetics, Sister Lena Risbey, a graduate of the 1934 class, volunteered, with some financial assistance from the Sanitarium, to fit herself for more useful service in the sphere of dietetics. For this purpose Sister Risbey left Australia nearly two years ago, but on account of circumstances arising through the outbreak of war she was not able to commence study immediately, so spent twelve months on the staff of our Sanitarium in England. She is now studying in Edinburgh, and, circumstances permitting, expects to return to Sydney early in 1942.

#### X-ray Department

Our X-ray technician, Mr. R. G. Cooper, reports that the new valve rectified plant which was installed last year is working efficiently. The installation is not yet completed, owing to the exigencies of war which have interfered with production; but this difficulty is expected to be overcome in the near future. The new unit is shock proof, which enables treatment and diagnostic work to be carried out without danger. The treatments given by this department are proving most efficacious and helpful to the many suitable cases.

In brief, the new installation has been a valuable acquisition to the institution, enabling us to keep abreast with the modern hospitals and installations in the realm of X-ray.

#### Treatment Rooms

Both our Ladies' and Gentlemen's Treatment Rooms are still as popular as ever. The light given us by the Lord on the hydrotherapy method of treatment is here to stay for all time. Combined with physiotherapy treatments, great relief and satisfaction is received daily by grateful patients.

#### Why We Conduct a Dairy

The "Testimonies" inform us that the time will come when it will not be safe to use milk because disease in animals is increasing in proportion to the increase in wickedness, and that the time is near when because of iniquity of the fallen race the whole animal creation will groan under the diseases that curse our earth.

There are in the Sanitarium dairy forty-three head of cattle all constantly under government test for disease. Twenty thousand gallons of milk a year are consumed by patients and staff. Mr. C. Strange is very proud of his herd, which has won many prizes, including championships and eighteen first prizes.

#### Our Needs

Demolition of the old treatment rooms and the erection of a simple modern building which will provide for a new dining-room for patients and one for workers, also kitchen and laundry. There is also urgent need for dormitories for our young women and our young men. A new sewerage system is also a necessity. The development of the work reveals the

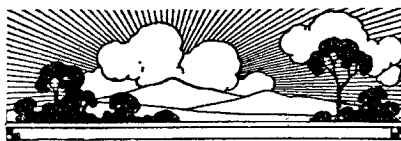
fact that we have outgrown the old septic tank system, and plans and specifications are in hand for a new system.

#### Spiritual

The spiritual atmosphere of the Sanitarium has been excellent during the year, and the staff members have entered whole-heartedly into the various activities of the organization. The Appeal for Missions effort, for instance, resulted in the gathering in of £161 4s., or £46 4s. over the aim.

In addition to the regular Bible classes for the students, classes have been conducted in Homiletics for the young men and Story-Telling for the young ladies. These have been much appreciated by all, and the practical work of the students has been most encouraging. The senior male students engage in a very active life evangelically. Each month they preach several times in various metropolitan churches on Sabbath, in addition to conducting services in the Sanitarium.

There has been a real interest among the patients during the year as they have listened Sunday after Sunday to expositions of the prophecies. Attendances have varied from about fifteen to thirty-five, according to the physical condition of those in the house. Among our listeners have been members of Parliament, medical men, notable Red Cross workers, business men and women, actors, titled personages, and numbers of others of all ranks and professions. Numerous Bible studies have been given, questions have been answered, impressions made, and prejudices broken down. The Friday evening song services in the drawing-room have been much appreciated, and are usually splendidly attended.



### Our Hour of Need

IRIS O. HARMAN

O loving Father, hear the earnest plea  
From lips of clay; unworthy, weak are we;  
And yet Thy precious promises we plead  
In this our hour of need.

Thy Spirit, Lord, oh, in Thy fullness pour  
Upon our hearts from out Thy treasure store;

Before Thy throne of grace we humbly bow—

Lord, send Thy Spirit now!

Frail things of dust, Lord, nought of good  
have we,

Save in the fullness which we draw from  
Thee.

Grant us a love for others, deep and true,  
That in Thy fullness we may dare and do!

The hour is late, earth's sun is sinking low;  
And helpless souls are drifting to and fro.  
They seek a shelter from the blasts of sin—

Oh, help us bring them in!

We bless Thee for the wondrous light and  
love

Shed on our pathway from Thy courts  
above;

But for a greater fullness, Lord, we plead,  
In this our hour of need.

### How the Message Came to Me

This is the story of a young lady who through the reading of our literature was converted from Socialism.

A few years ago Eileen's relations accepted the message, but Eileen opposed them and even ridiculed them sometimes, as she thought Socialism offered the answer to the world's need as well as to her own.

The trouble was Eileen was prejudiced against religion, so much so that she considered that church people in general were hypocrites, and Adventist teachings too hard for the average person to live up to. She had become convinced a few years before that the churches were not teaching all of the Bible, and that the majority of the people were not living up to the little that was taught. Eileen had thought she would like to be a real Christian, not just a church-goer; but from her reading of the Bible it seemed too hard; and she didn't learn how to be one from the church, though she went to Sunday school and later on to service on Sunday morning.

So she turned in disappointment from the church and decided to live as good a life as she knew how without going to church, and to have a good time, too. From time to time she heard Socialism discussed by her brothers. She thought on it, and decided it was just what everyone needed. She joined a Workers' Sports Club where she met some very enthusiastic young Communists, with some of whom she played tennis. This led to her attending some of their socials and a club for amusement, and becoming firm friends with some of the young people, although she did not hold with all their views.

But as the years slipped by and she occasionally read an article in the "Signs," if she saw it in the house, or a tract, if it was near by, her prejudice against religion was slowly broken down. One day one of her worldly friends surprised her by calling her a Seventh-day Adventist, which suddenly made Eileen realize that her thoughts on religion must be inclining that way. Then Eileen had a series of disappointments. Her eyes began to trouble her, and through that she lost her position; on top of it all two of her friends proved a failure. All this made her think that perhaps there might be some help and comfort in religion; so she decided to study and find out if the Seventh-day Adventist teachings were all true. But she was still so prejudiced toward Adventists that she declined all offers of books to read or invitations to missions. But it was rather humorous. A kind friend had lent her relations "Bible Readings," which Eileen studied with her Bible, not knowing that she was using a Seventh-day Adventist book! Just as soon as she could in the evening, Eileen would start studying, and sometimes continue for hours as she became interested. This went on for some time. Finally she became convinced of the Sabbath, and decided to step out and follow the truth.

Today she is rejoicing in it and desires to lead others to the Saviour. She has found that there is joy in serving Him, and that Jesus can take away the desire for worldly pleasures. There is much happiness to be found in Christian fellowship and in the simple things of life.

# Our Island Field

## Tongan Conference, 1941

A. W. MARTIN, Superintendent

It is conference time in Tonga—the Tongan's camp-meeting. In these scattered parts the conference is held at different places each year. This year it was held at Vavau, which is about 200 miles from our headquarters, where the Beulah College is situated. That 200 miles had to be travelled by sailing-boat.

We first chartered a boat large enough to carry forty passengers, but in the intervening time this boat was blown off her course and landed at Fiji with her sails in ribbons. That meant we had to charter two smaller boats—the "Fetu Aho" (The Morning Star) and the "Manu Kai Niu" (The Coconut Beetle), capable of carrying thirty-three and twenty-two passengers respectively.

June 6 at 1 p.m. saw us just leaving the wharf at Nukualofa on the first stage of our journey. The wind was good, and the sea calm. By 10 p.m. we had travelled sixty miles, and I felt I had been converted to the idea of sailing-boats. Early the next morning the wind dropped, and so did our speed. From that time till we reached our church at Fakakakai at 3 p.m. on June 7, our speed varied between one and one and a half miles per hour. My faith in sailing was fast vanishing.

We spent a very enjoyable Sabbath at this village with our church people, and the next day, taking all of them who could come, we set out on the last stage of our journey, seventy-one miles, which we travelled in fourteen hours, arriving at Vavau at 10 p.m. Brother L. A. Dyason was there to meet us, and after a sound sleep we were ready to make final preparations for our opening meeting on the evening of June 10.

There were a number of visitors at this opening meeting, and there was a splendid response, both from them and from our own people. Hearts were touched, and a good foundation laid for the remainder of the meetings. This same spirit was manifested at all times, and great interest was shown in every meeting.

The morning devotional meeting at 5.30 a.m. was always well attended, and the messages were followed with keen interest, the following titles, "Hiding the Light," "God's Way Is the Best Way," "Prepare to Meet Thy God," being indicative of the thought running through them all.

As soon as this early morning meeting was finished, the work of preparing food for 250 hungry mouths began. This was all placed in the native ovens, where it was to cook during the time of the next meeting, from 10 a.m. to 11.30 a.m. At 11.30 a.m. breakfast was served in the long temporary dining-room, where everyone ate with his native cutlery, the fingers, while sitting on the mats on the floor.

From 3 p.m. to 4 p.m. was occupied by the hearing of the reports of the workers. Keen interest was shown in each one, and expressions of appreciation were frequent. But the special time for the little

tots was from 4 p.m. to 5 p.m., when Miss Ferguson very ably cared for these little folks. In this way they felt that at least one part of each day was for them alone.

The next meeting was held in the dining-room, when everyone was present, and where, amongst other things, one hundred loaves of bread were consumed.

At 7 p.m. the last meeting of the day commenced. This time was particularly devoted to the needs of our visitors; consequently doctrinal subjects were much in evidence. "The Second Advent," "Daniel Two," "Where Are the Dead?" and "The Home of the Saved," ensured that our visitors heard at least some of the messages that are peculiar to us as a people.

At 9.30 p.m. the big bell rang for the last time each day, and everyone was glad to respond to its invitation to retire so as to be ready for the meetings on the morrow.

On Monday, June 16, after six days of this programme, the people reluctantly turned their faces towards home. The two sailing-boats were filled again with their passengers, and we set out at 5.30 p.m. the same day. The return journey was uneventful, and we arrived home at Nukualofa at the end of the week, the "Manu Kai Niu" arriving about twenty-two hours before the larger vessel, the "Fetu Aho."

I feel that we should all praise God for His providence during our journey, and for the very manifest presence of His Spirit who took control of the meetings and melted the hearts of the listeners. This was so apparent that one of our church elders remarked as we set out for home that "everyone is going home with a good Christian experience." May God grant that they will be able to maintain this experience until the coming of the Redeemer, when the people of God will hold their conferences in the kingdom of God.

## Sorcery in Inland New Guinea

S. H. GANDER

Here in Bena Bena it is our dry season, and also the sing-sing season. Singing is going on all night and every night, and poor little lads are shut away in the Boys' House. This is a large, dark, circular house in which all the males of the village sleep. At this period they go through their ceremonial rites and have the cartilage of the nose pierced. They receive beatings for all the various misdeeds they have done, such as stealing food, etc. They are not allowed to see the sun for a month, and are told that should they come out and see the sun they will fall down dead. This they believe, and also everything else they are told.

This period of confinement lasts for a month. After days of this, the natives work up to a terrible state of excitement and go quite crazy. It is at this time that we have all our difficulties with them. We have had six goats stolen and eaten this time. Most tribal fights take place

during this period. Glorious sights are seen—the Kunai ranges burning every night, miles wide. We look from our front veranda, and it looks lovely. No, friends, it is not so lovely. Those fires have mostly been started through tribal fights. Go out on patrol, and you will find it difficult to get the smell of burning bodies from your nostrils. Yes, many men and women roasted alive in their grass huts. Just this afternoon I had to treat a most awful burn on a native woman. It is such a sad sight to see dear little children burnt alive. Some native who has been dancing for many nights on end and has gone "long-long" (insane) believes that a certain village has worked sorcery upon him, and he decides to burn them out. The government officer is kept very busy these days.

The other night I heard a noise under our own home, and went to investigate. I found one such long-long native under there. He ran away when I went to grab him, but I went after him. He rushed up into one of the many trees we have around the house. I got him down, and found he was crazy. I sent two of the teacher lads to take him home to his village. A few days later he came back again as my wife and I were having lunch. He vaulted over the veranda railing and came in, but I soon sent him off. Brethren, this is only one example of the effects of the devilish sing-sings. That man is quite friendly to our mission in his normal state, but in his long-long condition is not accountable for his actions. Our home is just a grass and bamboo structure. One has only to see these grass houses burn to know that nothing could save it or anything in it if it were set alight. How these poor people need the light of truth! The task is to get them to realize their need.

Our lads are having a trying time at their outstations during this period. The natives have told them that Satan has talked to them. Note the name "Satan." Yes, they call him Satan. These last two weeks the natives say that Satan has told them to go down into the ground. They have tried and failed, and told our teachers that the ground is too hard yet. It certainly is hard, for the season is extremely dry. The natives, although they have been disarmed for several years—that is, those within a radius of about ten miles from the government post—have now been told by Satan to rearm (so they say); and they are once again openly walking around with their bows and arrows. Every day some village is getting up and raiding another village. All are living in fear, and many lives are lost. In one small area alone the government officer has told me that the average killing rate is two a day. One day one of our lads here on the head station was attacked, but he sprang at the attacker and seized the arrow and broke it; he got in first. Pray for our lads on their stations, and may God's truth penetrate the darkened minds of these heathen.

### Some Cruel Customs

What ghastly pain people inflict upon others following out what they believe to be right, yes, and often upon their own selves! Our last few years of education on the new order for Europe is sufficient evidence of this. Just quietly meditate upon the thought of someone's putting your

hand on a block, then placing a knife or tomahawk on a joint of the finger and hitting this with a block of wood. First the funny-bone is given a hefty blow to act as an anæsthetic. Think of the willingness of the native woman or girl who goes through such a ceremony, and then fancy a person's being willing to be the operator! That is exactly what a woman here suffers when she goes into mourning.

Native folk came to me this morning all excited, and said they had a big feast to prepare, so could not help me today. At dawn they had their ceremony down at the river at the back of our mission. The dear little boys who come to church every Sabbath had their noses treated. I will explain the treatment. The natives sharpen a sliver of bamboo to a point—and it is very sharp. The lads cry and kick and fight; but the older men beat them until they just about lose consciousness. Then they are held while these sharpened bamboos are pushed up and down each nostril till the blood just pours down. Then they are initiated into the swallowing of the cane. Many of you saw this act in the screening of my pictures. Just imagine the cries and the pain, and all of this because they believe it to be right.

May God give us power here, and let us pray that many will learn what really is right; may many believe on His name and gain eternal life.

### *The Secretary-Treasurer's Version of the Trip*

A. R. BARRETT

"We are two—Brother John Howse and I."

"Oh! Are you? Well, you're not the first two about whom I have heard."

"Quite so. But we are going somewhere."

"H'm. I've met other people who go places. But say, you're a bit queer going out in such weather as we are having, aren't you?"

"Well, we belong to a peculiar people, and we've made plans to go, so we must get on with the job."

"Where are you going, and what is the job?"

"We're going to Rennell and Bellona, and the job is a missionary visit."

"Then I wish you success and a good trip."

"Thank you. Cheerio, we're off. Good-bye! Good-bye!"

Brother Howse is well named John. He's a proper jack-in-the-box, up and down all night. Oh, no, no, no! He's a good sailor, one of the best. He is attending to the anatomy of the engine, which doesn't appreciate the oil which has been fed to it. But we arrive safely at our first port, and now we are four—Brethren Norman and David Ferris have joined us, and we plan our attack.

Granted clearance, and we are off again. One friend says, "I hope you will have a better trip than it seems possible you will have." We thank him, and I at least am honest in so doing. I appoint the officers: myself, captain, of course, later promoted to admiral; Brother N. A. Ferris is the navigator; Brother Howse the engineer; and Brother D. A. Ferris, chef.

The night is black and murky; the wind is busy, and the waves as they hit us one after the other sizzle alongside the boat in a sheet of foam, as much as to say, "Take that!" and we do, until morning, when we run into the lee of Rennell where things are easier.

Landing on the western end of Rennell, we leave two workers, Hoke and Simi, and take Ngatonga aboard to be our adviser as we cross over to Bellona to commence operations there. A couple of hours and we are there, and to our astonishment there comes from the shore the lustiest "Hip-hip-hooray" I have ever heard. Short circuiting all details, we are soon in meeting. The eyes of all are riveted on Brother N. A. Ferris, who is speaking, mouths are open, and an expression of such intense earnestness on the faces of the listeners I have never anywhere, at any time, seen before. They're simply drinking in every word, and doing their best to understand. Brother Howse plays his cornet for them. They sit entranced, and are sorry when the selection is finished.

However, it is a race against time; we are allowed only a week for the whole tour from the time we first contact the people. We leave behind at this place Rore and Viva, and return to Mungihinua, at which place we took aboard our guide, Ngatonga. Putting him ashore we set off for White Sands, and reach the anchorage after dark, having been guided to a safe place by the lights on the shore, for which we are thankful. The roughest portion of our trip negotiated, we all sleep soundly.

Dawn brings Friday, and we must make Moa's place before sundown. We land at Tapongi's anchorage, and recollections of my first visit roll over me. On that former occasion we were greeted by the big chief and his family, with all the men of importance seated around him; ushered into his presence with chiefly dignity to be welcomed as acceptable visitors to his community. Tapongi is not here today; he is not interested; someone has side-tracked him. But there are others, and we find many willing hands to carry our baggage to the places as we desire. My personal attendant is a fine little boy about eight or nine years of age; he carries my hat and coat, and sticks very close to me.

We hit the trail. It commences with a climb of three hundred feet up a cliff which is about three degrees off the perpendicular. We surely are in the land of wonders; the rock is jagged, and of fairly easy stepping distances. Had it actually been prepared for us it could not have been better; there is not one slippery spot on the whole lot of it. Somehow one feels the touch of the Almighty, and realizes that He has made provision for the people who have need of this pathway.

On top the grade is easy, and we descend toward Tapongi's village. We are spread out in a long line. In front of me is Lokete, the man of few words. He is superannuated. He is one of the best, and is doing his share. He was one of the crew who went to Australia to bring out the "Melanesia" under our dear old Pastor Jones. Yes, he is still here, and he wanted to see Rennell. Behind me is my little attendant and one or two others.

Tapongi's village is reached. It is planned that Brethren D. A. Ferris and Howse will remain here over Sabbath, while Brother N. A. Ferris and I press on to Hutuna,

which is Moa's village. We arrive just as Sabbath comes in. Our journey is made in two sections: the first in one of their dug-outs, and the second section overland by a short route. Climbing up a short rise and emerging from behind some of the big boulders through which we came, we look down, and there is Hutuna before us. Again we wonder why in such a place as this there should be found a village so well laid out. They have commenced their meeting, and we listen. Surely the Spirit of God is in this place.

When the meeting is over, we are received into their midst and shown our quarters for the night. We are at home.

Sabbath is spent feeding these people on the Word of God, and again it is surprising to see these people finding the passages of Scripture in their Bibles; yes, friends, the Bibles that have been supplied by you good people at home. These gifts have been truly appreciated.

As Sabbath draws to a close, Brethren Howse and D. A. Ferris arrive. Besides having met with the people at Tapongi's village, they have visited another, and join up with us. Music and pictures interest the people after Sabbath closes, and Brother N. A. Ferris and I prepare for an early morning start for Tigoa, which is Tagheta's place at the far end of this huge inland lake.

Three a.m. Sunday our fleet sails—two dug-outs; Brother N. A. Ferris with his crew in one, and a crew with me in the other, one boy paddling in front, another at the back. On we go with quite an enchanted feeling. We are on a fresh-water lake. How different from the sea! and the vegetation as we see it after the sun comes upon the scene! What a pleasure resort, could the whole lot of it be transplanted somewhere near one of the great metropolises of the world! Again one is forced to the opinion that God is in this place, and that these people who are just out of the stone age, as it were, have been living nearer to God in their isolation than many people in our professing Christian lands.

Fourteen hours we sit on these canoes; fourteen hours the two boys paddle to get us to our destination. These fourteen hours I will not forget, because of the way those boys stuck to their jobs. We make mention of it; they laugh. They are accustomed to it, but we are not, and appreciate what they have done.

Tigoa is right at the eastern end of the lake, and not far from the sea. Here we begin to see the first-fruits of the labour of the local people. Early next morning we are at the water's edge while Pastor N. A. Ferris baptizes seventeen people who have decided to follow the Lord, and they are doing it intelligently. They know that some people are trying to tell them they do not need to bother about the Sabbath. You can read it in the Bible, they say: Look at Hebrews 1:1, "God, who at Sunday times." There you are! What more do you want? But it hasn't worked, and so seventeen are baptized and received into membership of God's church.

Up anchor again, and we are heading for Hutuna. Sails have been made from coconut-palm leaves, and our man-power engines have a much easier time; likewise we are happier that the work is easy, and we all enjoy the sailing. But here is where the admiral has to pull down his flag. Brother N. A. Ferris gets right away and

is at Hutuna, but he hasn't everything his own way. He arrives in time to be at the preliminaries for the baptism, and finds all ready, prepared by Brethren D. A. Ferris and Howse; but the second half of the fleet arrives just as the baptism is in full swing. God is in this place. His Spirit is at the baptism, and we may well use the words of Peter when he said, "Lord, it is good for us to be here." Not all of these people had seen this ordinance. As the evening shadows began to drape themselves over the scene, fourteen of Rennell's sons and daughters come out into the light of day that will grow brighter and brighter as they continue their walk with the Lord in newness of life. We commit them all to the care of the Lord, and depart.

It is 3 a.m. A fair breeze is blowing. We are allotted our ships, Brethren D. A. Ferris and Howse in one, Brother N. A. Ferris and I in another. We get settled nicely, allowing for a certain amount of play on that word, and get out into the latitude of the trade winds. The wind is there before us, and it brings a few waves along for company. There are other craft with us, and a fair amount of talk passes from them to us. Our boat doesn't respond too bravely to the buffeting it is getting, and sounds as though it is singing a swan song; its gurgling doesn't sound over musical. Another canoe is bearing down on us, and Brother Ferris says, "Get off quickly, we're sinking!" We get off, and not having learned how to walk on the water, in we go. Fortunately we are near enough to get hold of the rescuing canoe, and so we haul ourselves aboard. There is some distance to travel to the shore, and as we begin to get cold, visitations of fever loom up. But, no; God is still with us, and we reach an island where we manage to change into other clothes which happen to be on a separate transport canoe; and are thankful to feel warm again.

Quick travelling takes us through Tapingi's village back to the seashore, and we say good-bye. My handsome little boy attendant—I must give him something. I am in a quandary, for I have just discovered he is a girl! "He no boy, he mary."

We leave them, wondering who will be the next to visit them, yet confident that they will adhere to the truth they have found. Retracing our path we reach Mungihinua again, and here Brother D. A. Ferris and Brother Howse go ashore to bind off the work of the two boys who were left here. Brother N. A. Ferris and I cross over to Bellona, to learn on arrival that the head chief of the island has just passed out of this life. This of course changes our plans, but gives us opportunity of conducting a Christian burial before a large congregation and of meeting others whom we may not have contacted had our original plans carried. There is no baptism at this place, as we deem it wiser for the people to wait a little longer. It is late and dark when we get away from here to return for the other men, but we leave knowing that Rore and Viva have done a fine work, and that there will be definite results later.

Our time is now up, and we must leave. Brother D. A. Ferris has baptized fifteen, which number brings the total up to forty-six for the trip. A little stay ashore

whilst goods and chattels are being put aboard, and we set sail for home.

These are the highlights of my second visit to Rennell. My first visit made me feel that I never wanted to see the place again; my second made the opposite impression, so much so that I want all the workers in this field to visit those two islands as opportunity comes to them. Results are being seen from the work done by the boys who have attended Batuna school; and there are just now in school here six more whom we believe will share in the proclamation of the last warning to their own people, to the salvation of many in the kingdom of God.

## *Maori Sabbath-keepers of the Ringatu Church*

H. L. TOLHURST

In January of this year we arrived in Auckland from Tonga to engage in work for the Maori race. After the conference session and an Appeal trip to Hawkes Bay, I suffered a severe attack of neuritis, which delayed the beginning of our work for over four months. We wish to express our deep appreciation for the many prayers of God's people on our behalf at that time.

Having the doctor's permission to commence work at the end of June, we left the children in charge of their older sister, in the home of Brother and Sister M. Pringle, where we had been staying all this time; and taking only the baby with us we set out to visit the Whakatane district, Bay of Plenty, in search of a house. On June 29 we travelled from Auckland to Rotorua by bus, and the next day Pastor J. D. Anderson drove us on to Taneatua, nine miles from Whakatane; for a few miles out there is a large settlement of Maoris, most of whom belong to the Ringatu church—that is the Sabbath-keeping Maori church of which we had but recently heard. A two-days' search revealed no suitable house available in that district; so we passed on to Whakatane, where we had no better success.

At last we thought of ringing up Mr. Robert Biddle, the secretary of the Ringatu church, to ask if he knew of a house near his place at Wainui. We told him who we were, and after inquiring in vain for a house, we told him how interested we were in the Ringatu church, especially since reading an article that appeared in the "Weekly News" of Auckland, in April, 1938, written by a gentleman who had interviewed him. We then requested the privilege of meeting Mr. Biddle. He promised to come over the spur to meet us at the Wainui Pa, as the road from there to his home was in a bad condition. When we arrived he was waiting for us at the pa. He had just returned from the Ringatu Conference, held away in the mountains, and he invited us to attend the next one, at Wainui in December. Their conferences are held every six months.

After a talk of about two hours, in which it was difficult to tell which party was the more interested in the other's religion, we were invited to partake of refreshments. On entering the eating-house we were most enthusiastically welcomed by the only Maori woman present, who was

delighted because we had accepted the invitation to eat. She said that God had sent us there at that time, and that we were the first Europeans to call there on a spiritual mission. After another short talk with Mr. Biddle and others who were present, we left.

On the way back to Whakatane we called at Onope Beach, about four miles from Whakatane, where we secured the option over a house, which we now occupy. While it is not situated where we want to live, it suits very well for the time, and it seems that this is where the Lord wants us to live for a while. It is about seven miles from here to Wainui. The same evening we drove back to Rotorua, and the next day returned to Auckland by bus.

To us this was a most interesting and encouraging experience. The Ringatu church was founded by Te Kooti, who is better known as a rebel. Mr. Biddle thinks Te Kooti was misunderstood, and that the leader of the militia precipitated trouble by ordering his men to fire on Te Kooti's party. His father was a soldier who fought against Te Kooti's men in those days. Mr. Biddle and his wife accepted the Ringatu faith long after their marriage, because they saw the Sabbath truth. He has all of Te Kooti's writings in his custody, and has spent seven or eight years arranging, indexing, and studying them, comparing his teachings with the Scriptures. This is a work that Te Kooti prophesied would be done, for in 1889 he said, "A new generation shall rise up, and it shall fall to their lot to revise and settle the true teachings of our church."

It will interest our people to know how many doctrines this Maori church holds in common with our own church. When we remarked that we baptize by immersion, Mr. Biddle told us that they do the same. At their recent conference they baptized eight converts in the icy waters of a mountain stream, with snow on the hills nearby. They keep the seventh-day Sabbath from sunset to sunset as we do, at least the folks we met do. When the writer of the article in the "Weekly News," previously referred to, asked Mr. Biddle why the Ringatus keep the seventh-day Sabbath he answered, "Because it is a memorial to the creation of heaven and earth. It is the Sabbath of the Lord, and was kept by Christ and His apostles, and the Ringatu people believe it is the only Bible Sabbath." They believe the law of God is binding till the end of time, that Christ's second coming is near, and that the promises God made to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob will be fulfilled at the setting up of the kingdom of Christ on earth, which will take place at the second coming.

Their beliefs regarding the nature of man and the state of the dead are the same as ours. In the newspaper article mentioned occurs the following statement made by Mr. Biddle: "Man, of course, is mortal, made of the dust of the ground, and life is a power which enables him to exist. When men die it means they are non-existent for the time being, awaiting judgment of their future destinies, and immortality, which is attainable by the righteous at the second coming of Christ."

The Biddle family do not eat pork, and I am informed on good authority that strict Ringatus observe the rules relating

to clean foods that were given to ancient Israel, also that they believe in tithing.

There are about four thousand members of this church in the North Island, most of whom live in the Bay of Plenty and Poverty Bay districts. There are thirty parishes, with as many ministers.

Now, is it not a remarkable thing that about the time this message was beginning, this Maori Bible student was receiving light on so many of the truths we teach? He organized the Ringatu Conference in 1875, the year after Pastor J. N. Andrews, our first foreign missionary, sailed for Europe, and ten years before the first party of our workers arrived in Australia. Pastor Haskell visited New Zealand in 1885, but settled work began in this country when Pastor A. G. Daniells arrived in 1886. Think of it, brethren and sisters; eleven years before Pastor Daniells came to work here this Sabbath-keeping Maori church had an organized conference which has met regularly without a break every six months since then. Whilst it is true that their teachings and ours may not agree on every point, we know of no other church that teaches so much of the message we are taking to the world.

Continue to remember us in your prayers, especially in connection with the work that we have been called to do at this time.

## Report of Field Mission Secretaries

### Presented at the Union Conference Session

To the chairman and delegates assembled in session.

It is the purpose of this report to show the extent and growth of the work during this period as it relates to facts and figures. But before doing so we would count it a lack of gratitude if some expression of thankfulness were not made for the way our heavenly Father has blessed us in so many ways. Much could be said about difficulties surmounted, hardships overcome, and deliverances of our colporteurs in danger; but if there is one thing above all others which should call for praise to God, it is the fact that He has so far privileged us to labour in a land of liberty where freedom of conscience exists.

### Colporteur Staff and Leaders

For the past five years our colporteur staff has averaged 102, against 101 for the six years previous—an increase of one.

Some changes have been made among our local secretaries. Five new leaders have been called to fill the vacancies left by those who have been appointed to other lines of service. We appreciate the services of these leaders who have joined us.

### Summaries

The summary values are a very pleasing feature of this report. For the five years our sales reach the grand total of £192,518. This is only seven thousand pounds short of the amount reached for the six-year period reported in 1935. A study of the figures shows the results of the work covered the past twenty-six years. It will be

noticed that 1940 was the best year for twenty-two years and the third highest in the history of the publishing work.

Out of the total sales of £192,518 there were over 46,000 copies of our religious books sold, and over 38,000 medical. This is 54 per cent religious to 46 per cent medical.

### Combination Plan

In addition to these many thousands of books circulated, we think of the good that is being done by our combination plan. From the date each book is delivered each home is visited weekly, fortnightly, and monthly with our periodicals, the approximate number of each being: "Signs of the Times," 22,000; "Health," 50,000; "Our Little Friend," 21,000. In this way the message is being constantly brought to the attention of the people.

### Lay-by Plan

This wonderful system, too, has played a very important part in making the work of our literature more successful, for out of the total of £192,000 of sales almost £50,000 were sold by means of the lay-by. In a number of cases our colporteurs have placed as much as £10 worth of literature in one home. Much could be said regarding the value of this system in soul winning, for in almost every case where souls have been won in our large cities the results can be traced to that weekly or fortnightly lay-by call. In one of our large cities where a colporteur has been selling our message-filled books, more than a score of people have embraced this message. One lady who recently accepted the message under the influence of the weekly call of our colporteur is still continuing to build up her library after having already obtained more than £5 worth of books. As high as £5,000 has been taken for books in one city by another colporteur in four and a half years. This is an average of over £1,000 per year.

### A New Field

Still another move toward the growth of the department can be recorded in the fact that our North Queensland mission has been organized into a department of its own. This brings our Tract Societies and Field Mission Secretary Departments up to ten for the whole Union. It is more than encouraging to note the progress of this our baby of the department. During 1940 a world record was established. The attainment of £3,919 was the highest of any mission in our world field. The Tract Society reports profits amounting to £129 for the year. This is encouraging, and should cause the Union Conference to rejoice to see its growth.

### Division of Territory

Just two years ago at our 1938 Council, special study was given to plans which would enable us to give more concentrated effort to the sale of our literature. It was therefore decided to divide our ten conferences into two sections—five in each division.

#### No. 1 Section:

South New South Wales  
Victoria  
Tasmania  
South Australia  
West Australia

#### No. 2 Section:

North New Zealand  
South New Zealand  
North Queensland  
Queensland  
North New South Wales

No. 1 Section was to be cared for by Brother T. A. Mitchell, our former associate secretary, and No. 2 Section was to be cared for by myself. As these sections were operating only a little over a year till December, 1940, I will but briefly report for the section under my care.

It will be noticed by the following figures that that plan has operated very satisfactorily, for it has not only enabled us to devote more time to each section, but a greater study of the needs of each particular field, thus strengthening the work as a whole. The total sales for 1940 were £42,088. This is the highest on record since 1922, and the third highest in history.

No. 2 Section has not only reached its portion of the total aim for the year, but has also a surplus of over £7,000. This is approximately £2,000 higher than any previous attainment for those fields which are now in that section.

As we look back over the five years under review and think of the way in which God has led us, and of the wonderful privilege we have had of scattering the precious seeds of truth, we again rededicate ourselves for a more whole-hearted and united effort for the finishing of God's work.  
J. R. Kent.

★ ★ ★

## Souls---Fruits of Literature Ministry

God ordained the literature ministry for one purpose, that of promulgating His last message to a doomed world. The inspired pen says: "The world is to receive the light of truth through an evangelizing ministry of the Word in our books and periodicals. . . . The third angel's message is to be given through this medium." That is the one and only reason for the existence of this work.

Is the literature ministry accomplishing its mission? Yes, it must be, for we read, "The same ministry of angels attends the books that contain the truth as attends the work of the minister." The compelling, convincing influence of angelic ministry makes the truth-laden literature an effective evangelizing agency. Evidence of this fact is seen on every hand, and is to be found right here in our midst today.

Brother Broadfoot, one of our faithful colporteurs, giving a resume of his work in the mining districts of the south coast, says: "I am happy to say that my work has borne fruit. Over fifty souls directly and indirectly have been brought into the message through my knock at their doors. I cared for and raised the little church at Thirroul from two interested souls until seven took their stand and were baptized. Then more and still more came along until we found we did not have room enough to accommodate them. At present I am in touch with six more families who are being wooed, and I pray, won for the Master."

In a certain district in Queensland one of our colporteurs called on a cane farmer,

# AUSTRALASIAN RECORD

Official Organ of the

AUSTRALASIAN UNION CONFERENCE  
OF SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS

EDITOR: - - - H. E. PIPER  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR: - S. V. STRATFORD

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

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

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

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

work the magnitude of which is yet unrealized."

We must lift our vision beyond any past horizon. The possibilities challenge us. The urgency is without parallel. The man-power—yes, the man-power is there, but it will require the united interest and effort of the whole ministry to awaken the slumbering spirits of our people, and help them to sense their solemn obligations to Australasia. And then, when they are awakened to a consciousness of their responsibility, there will be launched a widespread attack on the possibilities of the future. Then and then only will the literature ministry fully accomplish its God-given mission.

H. Stacey.



LOXTON.—Our aged and beloved sister Ellen Holland Loxton, one of the charter members of the North Sydney church, passed peacefully to her rest on September 7 at the age of 97. Our sister accepted the message under the labour of Pastor Fred Paap, thirty-three and a half years ago. She was born in that memorable year, 1844. In spite of much opposition, her loyalty never wavered. It can truthfully be said of her, she rests from her labours, but her works do follow her. Funeral services were conducted by the writer.

H. C. Harker.

GRAY.—After a short illness in the Newcastle Hospital, Edith, elder daughter of Brother and Sister David Gray of Avondale, N.S.W., passed away on August 28. Although not fifteen years of age, this dear J.M.V. enjoyed a real Christian experience, and many young associates testified to the influence of her life. In the home, too, there was no service too humble nor call so frequent that she did not respond. Besides the parents, Edith will be missed by the younger members of the family, David, Joyce, and Walter. The large company of relatives and friends present at the graveside spoke of the esteem in which she was held by all.

W. D. Lauder.

CHRISTIAN.—A tired mother sitting up late—such was Sister Eunice J. L. Christian, of Pitcairn Island, who fell asleep on June 19, 1941 at the ripe age of 83, after an illness of more than a year. She had always been an active worker and a regular attendant at all church services. When Francis died five years ago, Eunice was left a widow. Only nineteen days before she died she lost her brother Veider, aged 91. Her funeral took place on the anniversary of her son Edgar's death, one year previous. The other son, Parkin, was in New Zealand when his mother died. Both of these sons have given several years' service as chief magistrate of Pitcairn Island. Aunt Eunice died believing in Jesus and with the bright hope of soon rising again in the resurrection morning.

F. P. Ward.

FABLING (Sometimes known as Townshend).—William Fabling passed to his rest in the Wellington Hospital, N.Z., August 28, 1941, at the age of 89. Our late

brother heard the message under the ministry of Pastors A. G. Daniells and J. E. Fulton, being baptized by the latter some forty-five years ago. A rugged individualist and at all times possessor of a primitive, prevailing faith, Brother Fabling at one time, after having delivered a straight testimony for the truth, was attacked by an opposer having murderous intent, with a spade. Before the blow could fall, one of his assailant's arms was touched by the finger of God, and it fell paralysed and useless to his side. To the day of his death this man possessed a useless, withered arm, a mute witness to the judgment of God. The church extends loving sympathy to his two sons and four daughters. May time hasten the glad reunion day, and may our brother's works live after him in lives given over to the will and purpose of Jesus Christ our Saviour.

R. P. Brown.

## Waitara J.M.V. Investiture Service

A. SMART

On Sabbath afternoon, 30th August, two Master Comrades, one Comrade, one Companion, and eleven Friends were invested by Pastor W. T. Hooper and Miss H. K. Lewin at the Waitara church, N.S.W., with the insignia of their standing in the J.M.V. ranks of our denomination.

The church was crowded with parents and friends of the Juniors. Others, too, were present to see this special service, for it seldom happens that all four grades are ready to be invested at the same time.

The Juniors and their leaders by song, poem, and story told of their activities in the J.M.V. movement, the purpose of which is to encourage social activities of a Christian nature, to lead the youth of this denomination nearer to God, and to give a foundation to suitable hobbies, studies, and interests in which our youth can indulge in their leisure hours.

The intelligence displayed by many dumb animals approaches so closely to human intelligence that it is a mystery. The animals see and hear and love and fear and suffer. They use their organs far more faithfully than many human beings use theirs. They manifest sympathy and tenderness toward their companions in suffering. Many animals show an affection for those who have charge of them, far superior to the affection shown by some of the human race. They form attachments for man which are not broken without great suffering to them.—"Ministry of Healing," page 315, 316.

About a quarter of a century ago an infidel got up on one of the heights of the Catskill Mountains, and in the presence of some atheistic companions defied the God of heaven to show Himself in battle. He swung his sword to and fro, and challenged the Almighty to meet him in single combat. The Almighty paid no attention to him, of course, but He just commissioned a little gnat, so small that it could scarcely be seen by a microscope, to lodge in his windpipe and choke him to death.—Dr. Pierson.

and after selling him a small book, spoke of the second advent of Christ, leaving the man intensely interested. As he worked through that district placing many books, he contacted two other families who also displayed special interest. His work created a stir, and various farmers talked over these matters and exchanged literature until a great interest arose. The colporteur then arranged for some studies, and as the interest continued to develop, a minister was called to continue the work. As a result three families accepted the message, and five members of this little company joined the ranks of our colporteur force. From this group we have a brother and his wife who at present are working in Brisbane, and they in turn have been instrumental in introducing to our Bible workers several families, some of whom have already been baptized into this message. And so the work goes on.

And God's servant makes the astounding statement that "thousands will be converted in a day, most of whom will trace their first convictions to the reading of our publications."

While we know that "as long as probation continues there will be opportunity for the canvasser to work," yet we do not know if that opportunity will be afforded God's servants in every country till the close of time. The "forces of evil are gathering strength," and even now in this fair land are becoming active in their denunciation of our literature ministry, strongly urging its suppression. The door of opportunity may not long remain open. Truth-laden books should pour forth from our presses in ever-increasing numbers, in one last grand effort to warn Australasia of the fast-approaching end.

We must make haste while the green lights are shining. In the distance flashes of the orange can be seen, indicating there is but little time left. Soon with startling suddenness the red lights will flash on, and the work will come to an abrupt end. "We have been asleep as it were regarding the work that may be accomplished by the circulation of well-prepared literature." All we have done in the literature ministry in Australasia during the past fifty years is small compared with what might and should have been done, and what must still be done. "Our publishing houses are God's appointed centres, and through them is to be accomplished a

## BREVITIES

Pastor D. A. Brennan, with Mrs. Brennan and Frances, may be on their return voyage to New Guinea when this note is read. Although only a few months of their furlough have elapsed, they feel they cannot remain longer away from the new Omaura Training School.

By the time this number issues from the press, Pastor Eric Hare and family expect to be well out to sea on the way to Burma. We have much enjoyed their fellowship for a few days at the Session, and they have taken their departure assured of the love and prayers of this Union Conference.

"We are having quite good audiences for Launceston at our Sunday evening mission, and they are very appreciative, too," says Pastor H. B. P. Wicks of Tasmania. Pastor Wicks's only son, Alan, recently left Australia on a hospital ship to serve those who will be in such need of Christian ministry.

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### Session Brevities

Among other reports in the special Bulletin you will find one by the retiring Religious Liberty Secretary, Pastor A. W. Anderson. We commend this as worthy of careful reading and thought.

Brother A. E. Watts, headmaster of the Fulton Missionary School, Fiji, has arrived at The Entrance with Mrs. Watts and their young daughter. We are pleased to have them with us, and trust that their furlough will be pleasant and beneficial.

You will be interested to learn the personnel of the Editorial Committee who have been responsible for providing summaries of the early morning devotional meetings and the Bible studies. These are Pastor A. W. Anderson, Brother A. L. King, and Brother C. H. Pretzman. We are also greatly indebted to Miss M. Hay, office editor of the "Record," and all those members of the Signs staff who have worked so untiringly to send out the Session news as quickly as possible.

This issue of the "Record" is being compiled at The Entrance. While we are here revelling in the special presence of God and in happy associations, we remember you all in your homes, and you are constantly remembered in prayer by the leaders. They know you are praying for them, and that all that transpires here is of vital concern to you.

Perhaps the most delightful adornment of the services is the special singing. Such a large percentage of our workers and their wives have been endowed richly with the gift of song, with which they have enraptured and transported us from our earthly surroundings.

"Some workers could sign, 'Yours standing still,' others 'Yours going back,' but Paul could sign, 'Yours pressing forward.'"

## Mysterious Rappings

L. G. PAAP

While visiting a very fine family one Sunday morning, I was told by them of their experience on different occasions with "table rappings." They invited me to attend the next seance they were going to hold. I was assured of a wonderful time, as the spirit had given them a "hectic time" on the previous Saturday night, when for over four hours the table had been moved all through the house and all kinds of questions had been answered, presumably correctly, by the spirits.

This family had been led into this thing by friends from Sydney. And so when they told me that these particular mediums (a man and his wife) were going to operate that Sunday night, I accepted their invitation to be present. I invited one of our brethren to accompany me.

Before leaving our homes we sought special guidance and protection, and again on arriving opposite the house we bared and bowed our heads by the car and sought heavenly help in our efforts to rescue these good people from the evil power that was encircling them.

Our ring brought the mother to the door, and she gave us a most cordial welcome. The children were sent into another room, the table placed, and six chairs arranged, two for us and four for them, around this table. We decidedly declined the invitation to take part. The two chairs were removed, and then the four people placed their hands lightly on the centre of the table.

Within two minutes the table began to move and turn round under the hands. The four people then stood up and moved the chairs away. The city lady took charge, and said, "If there is a spirit in this room please turn the table towards me." This was done, as were a number of other demands by this woman on the spirits, the table going through various movements.

We were then asked if we had any objection to her asking the spirit to give Brother Hunter's initials. We agreed, and the woman asked the spirit for the two initials. I prayed very earnestly that God would here intervene and thwart the purposes of the spirits. Our prayers were answered. Three times the spirit was asked for the initials and three times gave the wrong letters. This greatly puzzled the lady. She asked me if I objected to the spirit's giving my initials. I consented to her doing so. The man then asked the spirit to give these. Again I prayed that it could not be done. Three times letters were given, but in each case they were the wrong ones.

These six consecutive failures greatly surprised and puzzled the mediums. The woman seemed distressed, and asked her husband to command the spirits. The man then took charge. He asked the spirit to take the table to the other end of the room by a sliding motion, as it had done on the previous Saturday night. Our prayers ascended to God, asking Him to work in such a way as to demonstrate the nature of the rappings and save this fine family from the evil of such.

In spite of repeated requests by both the man and his wife, in which the table

underwent all kinds of contortions, it made no progress in the desired direction. While the hands were on the table it twisted and tilted, but made not one inch of progress. When the hands were removed and the family expressed their surprise, the table moved. This caused the young lady to scream and move away. The others looked their surprise.

They turned to us and asked if we could explain why the table that had moved freely before could not be moved now. I suggested that we move into the other room. They objected, and made another attempt to move the table. The battle was on afresh, and we continued praying. The family then consented to our moving to the other room. The table then moved easily and quickly. We were called back in excitement. But on our entering and praying, the table immediately stopped, and could not get back to the chairs where it was commanded to go. This was repeated, with the same result each time.

The woman then asked the spirit if it liked us. The answer was a very decided "No!" I was then invited to ask the spirit questions. I asked, "Who was the greatest teacher this world has known?" The answer came, tapped out by the table leg, "G-o-d." On my inquiring who was the second greatest teacher, the answer came, "G-o-d C-h-r-i-s-t."

The family then asked us as to why the spirit could not perform while we were there. This gave us the opportunity to explain the real reason for our attendance there that night. I asked Brother Hunter to hand me my Bible from the case and also a copy of "Early Writings," which refers to the Fox sisters and mysterious rappings. As these two books were handed to me I undertook to place them on the table they had been using. A most peculiar battle here took place. The table moved without a hand touching it, and it seemed that a huge hand had been placed near my face. I prayed earnestly, the table stayed, the hand went from my face, and a calmness entered into the proceedings that was absent before.

We gathered round that table and enjoyed with this family one of the best Bible studies we have ever held. For more than an hour they intently listened while we made clear to them the work of the fallen angels, and compared it with the ministry of the good angels and the great plan of God for the salvation of the human family. We told them that the only reason for our attendance at their home that evening was that we might reveal to them something of the love of God for them. And as we bade them good-night they assured us that our meeting with them was not in vain, that they would have no more to do with table rappings and such like. The man especially, a very fine character, expressed his appreciation of our visit and the explanation we had given from the Word of God.

Since then we have contacted them, and they are making progress away from spiritism into a closer union with God. We ask for prayers that these two families may be led of God to accept the salvation offered them through His revealed Word.

If you would lift me up, you must be on higher ground.—Emerson.