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The Conquest of Self

E. L. MINCHIN

"Is it all worth while? I just cannot live the victorious life. Why, the man who makes no profession seems happier than I." Such are the doubtings and questionings many a young Christian has expressed. He cannot understand the strange inward conflict he is experiencing. He took the first step in the Christian life because his conscience was awakened to the sinfulness of his condition. He came to Jesus and accepted Him as his Saviour. In the realization of forgiveness and the assurance of pardon he experienced a wonderful joy and gladly bore witness for Christ.

But he soon finds himself doing the old things again. The evil habits persist and wicked practices return. Worse than all, his joy in fellowship with Jesus lessens; the heart grows cold, his testimony fails, and he becomes utterly discouraged. But his love for God has not been altogether quenched. Occasionally, when he sees some other life that reflects the peace and joy of Christ, or when he hears a Spirit-impinged message, it flames again. Something then may cry for God, while another something contests every inch of God's claims upon his life. He is thrown into great perplexity because of the duality within him. Part of him wants to please God, another part wants to satisfy every demand of self. He discovers that there is a law of gravitation which tends to pull him sinward, while at the same time a counteracting law pulls him Christward.

As a result he strives against these sins, agonizes over them, prays for release, makes new resolutions, and puts forth renewed efforts for victory. But in spite of all he does, his life is a kingdom divided against itself. His broken vows and resolutions dishearten him, and one day, on the verge of absolute despair, he cries out of the depths of his heart's desire for deliverance, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

But what appears to be his hour of utter defeat is really his hour of deliverance, for it is the time of abject self-despair to which he had to come before God could step in and show him the way of escape. Paul experienced this conflict. He had

been born again, but a conflict ensued between the old Saul and the new Paul. Two antagonists were fighting for a coveted prize. Romans, chapter 7, pictures the Christian torn to pieces by this awful conflict and baffled and discouraged by it all. Dear friend, has this been your experience? Are you worn out with the battle? Is self contesting Christ's right to the throne of your heart? Then just stop a moment and tell Him so, and ask Him to show you the way to conquest and victory.

A Co-Existence in Every Believer

The scriptural explanation of this struggle is found in the co-existence of two natures within the individual, the old sinful, Adamic nature, and the new spiritual Christ nature. The fact is that sin, as a principle, is not eradicated when we become Christians. The tendency to sin still exists, for "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." 1 John 1:8. If any Christian says he is wholly freed from his old sinful nature, he deceives himself, but such a person does not deceive his family nor his neighbours; neither does he deceive God. In the very next verse God states the provision made for dealing with the sins that arise out of the root or principle of sin still existing in this self-deceived Christian. What a gracious provision it is! "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

An Illustration

The fact is that when a man receives Christ the new nature within him opposes and counteracts the old nature. Suppose a lighted candle is taken into a dark room. Let the darkness represent sin, and the light holiness. What the lighted candle is to the dark room Christ is to the heart of the believer. When the candle is introduced into the room the tendency to darkness remains, and the room can be kept illuminated only by the continual counteraction of that tendency—the presence of light.

We have now seen that the unbeliever

has only one nature; the believer has two—the old and the new—both claiming the right to reign. What is our part in the dethroning of the usurper self, and the enthronement of Christ?

We Must Condemn Evil

This is not easy. We must see the flesh as God sees it; "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh," Rom. 8:3. It is altogether sinful. The fact is, we have a great deal of confidence in the flesh; we divide it into good and bad. Certain things we condemn, but others we rate rather high—our natural gifts, our refined tastes, our opinions and judgments, our generous natures, our high standard of morality; or, like Paul, our ancestral heritage. "But," someone says, "is it not natural to dislike certain people, to crave certain things, to stand up for our own rights?" Yes, it is natural, and that is why it is sinful. That is what the flesh is—our natural life, including all that we call highest and best, as well as all we deem worst and weakest; and God asks us to condemn it all, both in its impotence to do good and in its power to do evil.

We Must Consent to the Crucifixion of Self

Having condemned the "old man" we prepare to take the next step. God has declared him worthy of crucifixion, but this is not easily carried out. He will fight like a tiger for his life. He will bear any cross, consent to live anywhere, so long as his life is spared. God says nothing short of crucifixion will do. This was the step the Apostle Paul took, as described in Gal. 2:20: "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." Have you consented to your crucifixion with Christ? Paul said "I die daily." Do we? So often we express the desire to live His life and forget that before we can live His life we must die His death to self and sin.

We Must Make No Provision for the Flesh

"But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." "For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." "That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." Rom. 13: 14; Gal. 6: 8; Rom. 8: 4.

How can the Holy Spirit make real to us the conquest of the "old man" when we daily make ample provision for him by feeding him upon the food that makes him flourish?

Declares Ruth Paxson, in her book "Life on the Highest Plane":—

"God's law of sowing and reaping in the spiritual realm is as inexorable as it is in the material realm. If we sow to 'the flesh' we shall reap of 'the flesh.' What folly for a Christian woman to think she can sow to 'the flesh' in mannish hair-dress, indecent clothes, trashy books, and worldly pleasures, and then reap in return an unspotted husband, Christian children, and spiritual fellowship in the home! And what inconceivable absurdity for a church to sow to its young people the dance and the movie and expect to reap a prayer-meeting or a revival! To which are you sowing your time, your strength, your money—to 'the flesh' or to the Spirit?"

Let us search our hearts and homes and learn wherein we are sowing to the flesh instead of to the Spirit.

We Must Covet the Things of Christ

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." Col. 3: 1-3.

Having enthroned Christ by an act of the will, the believer must seek those things which are above, and continually and eagerly set his affections upon them. How incongruous for the one who has enthroned Christ to be hankering for the things of life and of time and of sense! If he truly covets Christ he will be willing to count all things loss and will cut loose from every besetting sin and entangling alliance; yes, and every hindering weight that tends to make his spiritual experience stagnant and sluggish. Paul expressed his attitude towards these matters thus:—

"Howbeit what things were gain to me, these have I counted loss for Christ. Yea, verily, and I count all things to be loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but refuse, that I may gain Christ." Phil. 3: 7, 8, R.V., margin.

Dear fellow Christian, Christ is calling us to "launch out into the deep." We fail of the blessing because we fear to do this. We have wandered forty years in the wilderness of defeat and discouragement, and at times despair. The hour has come when the snow-white linen of Christ's righteousness and holiness must be appropriated by His waiting children. We must co-operate by our lives, devotion, and faith, in keeping these garments clean.

Shall we not crown Jesus as Lord over our spirit, soul, and body, by placing our whole being unconditionally under His control?

Divine Predictions Fulfilled in Australia

BY THE EDITOR

One cannot seriously review the record of our work in Australia and New Zealand without feeling profoundly impressed with the good foundation laid by our earnest pioneers, upon which the present-day structure still firmly stands.

With few facilities and little financial help; with no buildings and no institutions, they evidently had such a vision of the future of the work and such confidence in its success as to lead them to step out in faith; and certainly God blessed their efforts.

The main features of the work, such as the organization of Sabbath schools, missionary societies, the distribution of papers and tracts by workers and laity, the sale of the larger books by duly appointed colporteurs, the printing of our own publications, the training of workers in our schools—all these lines were early and successfully established. As one views it all today he is led to see anew the meaning of the words of the poem which reads:—

"We thank Thee for the earnest men
Of sturdy faith and purpose true,
Who builded in the early days,
And builded better than they knew.

"We thank Thee for the fruitful years,
The work that broader, deeper grows;
And for the leading that has kept
Us still to God and duty true."

Soon after the work was well established in Victoria, Pastor S. N. Haskell sailed for New Zealand in October, 1885, for the purpose of introducing the message by means of our literature, particularly the "Bible Echo," then being printed in Melbourne. Of this enterprise we shall write more fully in a subsequent article; suffice it to say that the same providential leadings can be seen in the history of our organization in the Dominion as were seen in Australia.

It was in the evening of Sunday, September 5, 1886, that Pastor J. O. Corliss commenced a series of meetings in the Town Hall, Norwood, South Australia. Four weeks later, after a sermon preached on "The love of God," seventeen of the forty people present at that Sabbath service signified their intention of keeping the commandments of God. Soon a church was organized and the late Brother C. Davey, the members of whose family are well and widely known among us, was elected church elder. When Brother Davey made known to the Methodist minister, with whom he had formerly been an office bearer, that he was joining the Seventh-day Adventists, he was peremptorily told that he and his family would starve to death. A small remnant of the charter members of the first church in Adelaide are still with us, having been faithful through the past fifty-seven years.

We remind our readers of Sister E. G. White's vision of Australia and other countries, as given to her at Battle Creek in the year 1875, ten years before the work was commenced in this country, when she said: "I saw printing presses running in many foreign countries, printing periodicals and tracts and books containing the present truth regarding the sacredness of the Sabbath and the soon coming of

Christ." In response to a question from her husband concerning the names of some of those places she hesitated a moment and then said; "No, I do not know the names. The picture of the places is very clear, and if I should ever see them I should recognize them; but I did not hear the names, except one. I remember the angel said 'Australia.'"

We shall now let her son, W. C. White, tell the story of his mother's coming to this country and seeing in operation one of these presses:—

"In the autumn of 1891, mother sailed for Australia, where she laboured eight years. She reached Melbourne the first week of 1892, and when she entered the publishing house in North Fitzroy, she spoke of the building, its different parts, and its uses as though she had been acquainted with it for years. When she entered the press-room she said, 'I have seen this place before. I have seen these presses, and I know the conditions existing among the workers in this department. There is a lack of unity here, a lack of harmony.'

"Not long afterward she wrote words of counsel to the workers in the office, and especially to those in the press-room, which, when heeded, brought about important changes. One of these reproved was her own nephew who, in studying the reproof, decided there was not only a need of change in his spirit, but in his work. He entered the colporteur work, doing Bible work from house to house, and gained a very blessed experience in winning souls to Christ."—"Divine Predictions Fulfilled," pages 264, 265.

It is very reassuring to us today to know that we have such a sure foundation upon which the advent movement has been built. The vast volume of literature which has been published in this field during the past fifty-eight years bears testimony to this fact.

Missionaries To Australia

On Sunday last, May 10, we crossed the bay to bid good-bye, on the steamship "Australia," to the party who are on their way to Australia to establish the mission. The party consisted of Elder Haskell, Elder Corliss and family, Elder Israel and family, and Brethren William Arnold and Henry Scott; eleven in all—seven adults and four children. They were comfortably situated for the journey, and all felt cheerful and hopeful. Many prayers follow them for the safety of their passage, and the success of their work in the greatest island of the seas. Missionary work has gone before them; there are many readers of our publications there, and some are already convinced of the truth. Compared with the work of Judson and other missionaries to foreign lands, how pleasant is the prospect before our brethren going to Australia! Yet it is all a work of faith, and we have the same enemy to contend with. But, happily, we have the same heavenly Father to hear our prayers and to send prosperity. God bless the mission and the missionaries in Australia.—American "Signs of the Times," May 14, 1885.

Our Island Field

How They Do It in Fiji

F. W. GIFFORD

This past Sabbath was one of interest and inspiration to us here, and I thought it might prove of interest to others. Since coming to Fiji we have continually been impressed with the kindness and generosity of the people for whom we work, but last Sabbath was an eventful one and has endeared the people to our hearts even more.

The mornings dawn beautifully cool and clear this time of the year, and on Sabbath one is hardly awake before the lali (bell) for the early meeting is sounding, and then it is not long until we see the two lines of students marching from their dormitories to the chapel. It is a very pretty sight from our front veranda, and as we join them in the meeting their singing seems to set a note for the Sabbath day. This meeting is usually a short one, but always one of inspiration. As we look into the dark faces framed with fuzzy hair we cannot help entering into the spirit of worship which is so clearly manifested as they assemble.

Sabbath was a special day in that it was Thirteenth Sabbath. I have been superintendent for the past quarter, and have found the students very willing and appreciative of every effort made to help them. We have been building a ship for our offering device, a section being added each week the aim of £1 was reached. I promised that if we reached our aim of £2 15s. on this day, the ship would not only be completed, but would also have the portholes lighted with electricity.

The previous week had been a very busy one for all, as the half-yearly examinations were held, and so little time was left for the students to earn any extra money for their offering. When Friday afternoon arrived, the examinations being over, a general swim was the order (and I might add that I was amazed at the speed at which these Fijians can swim). However, later in the afternoon two boys came to ask if I had any work they could do whereby to earn a little for their offering, and I was glad to give them some of my garden to dig. As these were the only two whom I knew had asked for work, I had grave fears of failing to reach our aim, for £2 15s. seemed fairly high, as the students have very little money. I asked Pastor Dyason if he thought we would attain our goal, and he encouraged me by saying he thought we would.

After the early Sabbath meeting there was a knock on my front door, and on going out I found one small boy with a smiling black face; he was holding out sixpence and asking for "Change, Saka" (sir). He, however, was only one of many who came, and it appeared as though our offering would be made up of pennies, as indeed it was; but the change was wanted for a different reason from what I imagined.

Our Sabbath school was introduced by an instrumental item led by Pastor Dyason, and we had a special programme prepared,

which is not difficult here where everybody is so happy to sing and be a leader of a chorus. They put their whole heart and soul into their singing. The special feature, however, was the offering. We had previously arranged for the members to bring their gifts forward in districts, the whole of the Fiji Group being divided into four main sections—the outlying islands, the Wainibuka, Cola Noca, the Indians; and we also had a division for Australia and New Zealand. They were to bring their offerings forward and place them in a map of the world, and then we were to place the total for each district on the board for all to see. One would need to be here to fully appreciate the spirit of joyful giving that was manifest in our school.

The first district to come forward was the islands, among whom were the Samoans and Tongans present. This was by far the largest group. They were quickly followed by the Wainibuka representatives; then came Cola Noca, the smallest group of Fijians. But they were not to be beaten by numbers, and they had the spirit of the Fijian people. As they assembled round the map, they began to sing, and my Fijian assistant whispered that I should listen closely to the words they were singing. The song touched the very heart of the Fijian members, sweetly extending an invitation to them to bring their gifts to Jesus. The rest of the congregation arose in groups and came to assist them with an additional offering, and this really commenced the interesting part of this item. They sang and sang with such spirit that it seemed the Spirit of God was touching the heart of everyone present.

You will no doubt be as surprised as I was to learn that when the time came for the counting of the money it was found

that the amount of £10 3s. had been given by these dark-skinned girls and boys, their aim being exceeded by £7 8s.; and when it is remembered what percentage of their earnings this would be, I think it will be a lasting inspiration to those of us who have more of the material things of life.

This happy Sabbath school concluded with the lights of our device spelling success, and a verse of the Doxology expressing our thanks to God for His many blessings to us in this island.

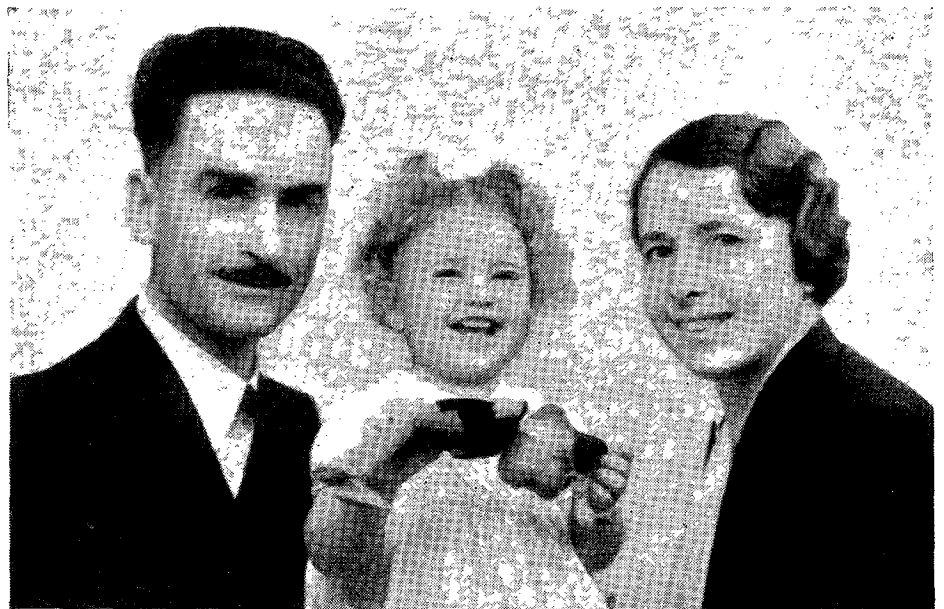
Atiu and Mauke

JAMES E. CORMACK

With a laughing breeze on our cheeks we stood on the deck and watched Rarotonga's dark mass slip into the gloom of purple night. On our port side Venus, hanging low, momentarily bathed the sea with a splash of silvery brilliance, then dived over the rim of the world. We felt the lift of the ship and knew that we were at sea again. We had not been slow to take advantage of the opportunity of visiting a portion of our vast, widely separated parish, and were off on the first stage of the journey, an all-night run to Atiu, 140 miles from Rarotonga.

Atiu lies lazily on the sea, its lack of mountains giving it a strange pancake appearance. It is much the same size as Rarotonga, but has not been blessed with the same beauty and fertility. It is a veritable Cinderella in comparison. As there is no anchorage, the ship lies offshore or steams around in circles while scores of surf boats put out from the shore and swarm the vessel's side laden with cases of luscious oranges. These are quickly swallowed by the ship's holds, and the small boats return merrily to shore filled to capacity with bundles of case timber. One boat this morning returned ashore with my assistant and me perched precariously on top of its load.

At each of the islands visited the passage to the shore is made through an opening in the expanse of reef, and usually



Brother and Sister D. H. Watson, and Patricia, who are awaiting transport to Pitcairn Island.

a patch of jagged coral bars the entrance to this passage until an obliging swell rolls in and lifts the waiting craft clear over the obstruction into the still waters of the basin. We were warned of the difficulty to be experienced in crossing the bar, but we were over with nothing worse than a sullen heave and jerk instead of the fury of rips and whirlpools and dangerous breaking seas that we had expected. Ashore we were greeted by what appeared to be the entire island population. At last we broke away and walked to the little church in the town, one and a half miles away. Here it was a pleasure to meet with the isolated believers, many of whom had been holding on to the message for twenty to thirty years. As our time at Atiu was short, we crowded a lot into a little time, including a communion service, the first these folk had attended for some three years. After spending as much time as possible with Solomona, the local worker, we hurried back to the boat, but not before we had created a precedent by being the first visitors to leave without the traditional feast of hospitality. The folk readily understood, and promised an extra big feast next visit.

By late afternoon we had covered the forty miles to Mauke, another of the low-lying islands of atoll formation. The usual surf boats were alongside by the time the engines had slowed down, and soon we were approached by a rather elderly, slight, but smartish native police sergeant in full uniform who saluted briskly and inquired if I was the new Seventh-day Adventist Orometua. I was. "If you spend the night ashore you will not have any sleep," half shouted Sergeant Sam, who, I found, was quite a personality on Mauke. Why would we not be having any sleep? I wanted to know. "Because you will be talking all night," and Sam's mind seemed to be made up on that score. Curious to learn how the dapper little policeman had arrived at such a conclusion, I was informed that the Resident Agent, with whom I had travelled from New Zealand, had told the folk to be sure to arrange a public meeting for me if I slept ashore. Sam skipped away excitedly to spread the news when I told him that I would be happy to comply in the event of my sleeping ashore. Then came the local worker, who informed me that I would be sleeping at his home. The trip to the beach and the negotiation of the reef were without incident, but one had to wonder at the skill of the boatmen.

Until eating-time we discussed the various phases of the work with the local native missionary, and then sat down to another of these Cook Islands feasts. In spite of a limited capacity, one must show some kind of appreciation, but at the end of the meal there always seemed to be as much left on the table as we started with. When I surveyed the table I wondered how I could be expected to address a public meeting after such a repast.

On reaching the large public hall, we were astounded to find the place already full and as many more outside; and by the lights darting about, the people still seemed to be pouring in from everywhere. To bring the meeting to order I suggested that the folk sing a hymn, whereupon an elderly lady with a high-pitched and badly cracked voice started up with an old London Missionary Society hymn set to a native tune. I have heard a number of native chants, but I have never heard anything so weird in all my life as this

singing, and it seemed to go on and on. At last they got through with it, how, I don't know. But I made up my mind that the remainder of the meeting would be carried through without further singing. It was an inspiration to see how those folk drank in the message that night, and we sighed for the opportunity of bringing the full light of the message to them. If only we could stay long enough to conduct an effort among them! I came away determined to throw all my energies into the training of native evangelists, men fitted to answer the call and go out reaping the ripening harvest.

Throughout the trip I was impressed with the possibilities and opportunities this field offers for evangelism. Hitherto this mission has lacked the facilities for training strong workers, but now our recently founded training school is in full swing, and I feel sure that it will soon be paying dividends in souls.

Next morning we were astir early, and shortly after breakfast we met with our believers, offering them hope and encouragement. The meeting culminated in the Lord's Supper service. The brethren expressed their joy and confidence in the Lord and their appreciation of the help received from this visit. The remainder of the day was spent in visitation, strengthening the worker, and attending to business matters connected with the mission.

As the shadows lengthened and golden ridges appeared in the evening clouds, we again crossed the bar, and just as we reached the ship's side the golden disk flattened out its lower rim and dived behind a purple horizon.



Trust On

Trust on, O doubting heart, though the mists gather—

Hope hides from eyes that are blinded with tears—

Trust on, O failing heart, knowing the Father

Tenderly scans all thy doubts and thy fears.

Trust on, O weary heart, though the mists gather,

Hiding each step of the way from thy sight;

All that thou findest will come from the Father,

All that He sends thee will surely be right.

Should'st thou find joy, then, O happy heart, take it

Gratefully, prayerfully, owning His love; Should thy joy vanish, submission can make it

Shine in the star-crown that waits thee above!

Should it be pain, 'twas thine own will that made it;

Should it be sorrow, then sorrow is sweet;

Trust on, and falter not, till thou hast laid it

Patiently, prayerfully, down at His feet.

—Helen Marion Burnside.

In the Providence of God

A. J. CAMPBELL

A few weeks ago twelve of our central New Guinea Mission teachers, in company with an officer, walked from Upper Ramu to the south coast of New Guinea, traversing the Vailala River area for some part of the way.

Arriving at Port Moresby, they all had to go to hospital, some of them being very ill. It is understood that they had been promised that they could return after this very difficult trek had been completed; but it appears they were signed on under duress after they had recovered. Under these circumstances their faith was being tried. Attempts were being made to force them to work on the Sabbath, the first instance of this kind of which we have so far learned, for on the whole our lads have been receiving splendid treatment. These boys, expecting to return after completing their mission, did not bring any books with them for fear of losing them on the trail. Bibles had become more precious than usual, for if lost, there was little hope of any new ones coming their way. Thus, in the midst of trials that were forced upon them after faithfully performing their tasks, they found themselves without Bibles, though of course they all had many wonderful verses imprinted upon their minds.

It is really remarkable what happened now. Some time previously, Sister Fowler of Melbourne had sent some Bibles and hymn-books to her son, W.O. Rod Fowler, for our native people. In the meantime Brother Fowler returned to Australia to enjoy a little leave. He expected to receive these and other parcels before he left New Guinea, but concluded that they had gone on to his previous address at Wau and been destroyed with a lot of other mail when the Japanese came close. He told some of the other lads inland, if they came across the parcels to divide the contents among themselves, and keep for him only the personal things.

Brother Fowler recently returned to New Guinea, and was greatly surprised and glad to find among some mail awaiting him, these missing parcels. There were the Bibles and hymn-books also. That afternoon he went for a walk. On the beach, to his and their astonishment, he met these twelve mission teachers, who were sick, discouraged, and in trouble. Brother Fowler was able to distribute among the boys the Bibles, hymn-books, pamphlets, etc., and while he and another soldier played their cornets for the opening of the Sabbath the boys sang. They had prayer and a chat which encouraged the teachers.

This incident is still more remarkable because of the fact that Brother Fowler was delayed six weeks in leaving Australia. If he had gone right on to New Guinea when he expected he and the Bibles would have missed the boys altogether. It is so comforting to know that in this uncertain world in which we live God watches over and cares for those who are His.

Supplies of Bibles and hymn-books have since been sent to our inland stations.

"Life is but a short day; but it is a working day. Activity may lead to evil; but inactivity cannot be led to good."

Around the Conferences

Notes From Victoria

H. E. PIPER, President

The winter is cold, but its cold constitutes a challenge to the good-spirited team of workers in Victoria who are striving diligently for success.

The regular monthly meeting of workers is proving to be a positive feature in lifting us spiritually, and consequently success in soul-winning is on the up grade. Let us take a glimpse of our missions and missioners.

We start away out west as far as Hamilton and district. Here Brother E. Glynn Foster and his wife are working hard. The radio has proved a strong contributing factor in winning friends for the cause of God. At Coleraine, twenty miles away, a mission is in progress and Sabbath-keepers are coming in.

At Horsham Sister Badcock is stationed. Faithful plodding has been done by this energetic worker, and her efforts, united with the radio station at Lubeck, which is hooked up with our city radio 3DB, have been responsible for developing an interest at Murtoa. This led to action being taken by the Executive Committee to locate Pastor A. I. Mitchell and Brother A. J. Giblett at Stawell. They quickly opened mission work at Murtoa, and while yet in the early stages a promising harvest is showing up.

Coming in from the west, we reach Camperdown, where Brother F. Breaden, Brother Leo Rose, and Miss R. Creelman are doing aggressive work. The going has not been easy, but results are developing nicely and some are taking hold of the message. Cobden, nearby, has also been worked with some success. Activities will now be carried on at Terang, fourteen miles away.

A little further south-east we reach Geelong. Here our veterans, Pastor and Mrs. E. S. Butz, are much appreciated for their pastoral services. Here also Brother A. Parker and his wife, Dr. Mills-Parker, are resident. The doctor's medical practice is well patronized.

Now let us go north to Ballarat. This is a beautiful city, and Pastor and Mrs. Errol Ibbott, and Brother and Sister Sedgman are uniting radio broadcasts with a mission effort. Their hands are very full with Bible readings, and they see prospects of new believers being added to the church.

Then comes Bendigo, famous in the world of gold. Here Pastor and Mrs. Forrest Hollingsworth are earnestly seeking the best gold of all. Here also the radio and house to house visitation are combined.

Not far away is Maryborough. Faithfully and hard Pastor and Mrs. J. S. Jackson have toiled, and have been rewarded with a few good souls. Others are hopeful.

Travelling on, we come to Mildura, noted for oranges and grapes. Brother and Sister H. J. Gathercole are caring for the church and doing considerable mission work as well. Pastoral efforts have produced some worthy souls, and a new mission is now being launched.

While in the north we must not forget Pastor G. Peacock and his family at Shepparton. Here we have a happy church, and the minister is kept very busy attending to new interests springing from the radio session. New believers coming in are rejoicing our hearts.

We now go into the great city of Melbourne. In addition to our pastoral staff consisting of Pastors J. Thompson, H. S. Streeter, and another veteran, Brother Beattie, we have a city mission band under the leadership of Pastor D. Sibley. His associates are Pastor L. Pascoe, Brother L. C. Coombes, Brother C. Winter, and Miss J. Cormack. This team is concentrating on hundreds of names that have been received through the Advent Radio Church. By this means the Lord is adding to the church such as should be saved. We hope to see a hall effort commenced in conjunction with this work in the near future. Space forbids giving excerpts from interested listeners, many of them people of excellent standing.

Recently the Executive Committee asked Pastor L. L. Jones to leave the Sabbath School Department, and with a team yet to be chosen, open another city effort. Brother Jones accepted the invitation, and is enthusiastically preparing for this task.

On the outskirts of the city there are a number of interests that were cared for by Pastor B. E. Hadfield. We are happy to state that these are now being fostered by Brother Ralph Wood. There are several very hopeful cases.

Now we leave the city for the beautiful green and undulating country of Gippsland. We go to the mining centre of Wonthaggi, where Pastor and Mrs. W. J. Hawken have toiled many months. Hard has been the way, but undaunted they have pressed on, and victory has come in the gaining of converts.

At Warragul Pastor and Mrs. C. J. Boulting are stationed. The success of the work here has come from the radio. Brother Boulting has been kept exceedingly busy visiting his many interested folks, and the prospects are bright. From the radio in this place an interest that warrants proper attention has been awakened at Leongatha; and shortly, Pastor Hawken and Brother Glen Phillips will commence a tent mission at this place. Let us pray for this new enterprise.

Brother and Sister Glen Phillips have been working at Traralgon, and God has blessed them with precious fruitage. These believers, as well as those at Wonthaggi, will be provided for by the mission at Leongatha when it comes into operation.

At Wangaratta we find Pastor and Mrs. Cyril Pascoe engaged in an aggressive mission. Their efforts have been productive, and they are now preparing for a baptism. They have also cared for the little church at Mollyullah, and their visitation has been much appreciated.

The throbbing beehive of activity at Warburton, with its three institutions, is in the charge of Pastor Rosendahl. Notwithstanding his arduous work, he is out searching for hungry souls and is able to report new Sabbath-keepers. He has the hearty support of a vigorous church membership.

Last but not least of our missions is the one in Bairnsdale district, East Gippsland. Pastor and Mrs. P. G. Foster, an indefatigable couple, travel many miles in overseeing their scattered flock and the churches, and God has blessed their ministry.

May He who regards His church as the dearest object on earth, keep all His people very loyal and true in these days of crisis and peril; and may He greatly bless the workers in Victoria.

Soul Winning in S.N.Z.

L. G. CROSBIE

Whilst often we labour from month to month and see nothing tangible for our work, in the way of souls taking their stand for the Master, yet the promise is, "We shall reap, if we faint not," and in His own good time and way this promise is fulfilled to us. I proved this true while at Nightcaps, near the completion of my southern contract. What a joy it was, to me, and I am sure there was rejoicing also in the courts of heaven! Details take up too much time and paper and tend to weary the reader, suffice it to recount the final phases.

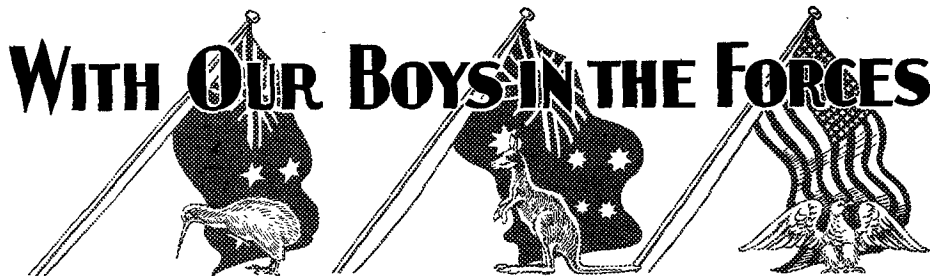
As time was limited, Mrs. B was keen to have as many Bible studies as I could possibly manage, so with the rest of the family gathered, we studied far into the night on more than one occasion. Finally, my last night at this place, the mother and two sons signified their intention of keeping God's law and standing in ready obedience to the call of Revelation 14. The hour was 1.30 a.m. I heard the prayers of the lads who had prayed for the first time in their lives. What a touching scene! Then the mother, who has been bed-ridden for twelve years, offered her prayer of gratitude for the "light" which had so graciously been sent through a humble instrument of clay. The lads retired to bed, but the husband was working a late shift and came in at two o'clock. He was reluctant to let me go to bed at three, but I managed finally to break away and get some rest. I was up at 6.45, to catch the bus. Never will I forget as long as I live, the husband standing in the doorway with tears rolling down his cheeks, too affected to speak. I accepted his handshake and the meaning behind it, and counselled him to keep the beacon light burning bright.

The husband had not stated in words that he was prepared to keep the Sabbath, so late in the afternoon I rang the family to say the final good-bye. When the dad came to the phone I said the heavenly Father would be pleased to hear him say he would stand with his family in the new-found truth. "Mr Crosbie," he said, "I am behind them one hundred per cent; I have been right through."

You can realize the joy it brought to me to see the family of four step out in confidence and in the strength of the Lord. Others are coming along. So closed a successful campaign in Southland. I am now located at sunny Nelson.

The second week found me on the doorstep of a home where there was a mother and six children. The woman said she had no faith in God or the Bible, in fact she had contemplated suicide. Now she rejoices in the little light she has had and desires further studies. "Saved to serve"—I daily pray for fact and wisdom to handle these cases, and look forward to the time when the task is complete.

Should these lines meet the eyes of one who has faithfully laboured and yet not reaped a harvest, remember, "We shall reap, if we faint not." Just around the corner lies your reward.



"Mighty in brotherhood, mighty for God and good."

The Union Conference secretary some time ago received a letter from a non-Adventist soldier in New Guinea. He said he was studying for the degree of Bachelor of Education and anticipated having to prepare a research into the educational steps that have been undertaken amongst the New Guinea natives. Being conscious, he said, that our church "conducts a great deal of overseas mission activity" he listed thirteen questions on which he requested information. Later he wrote a note of thanks for the material sent by the secretary's department, and concluded with this paragraph:—

"Being in an ambulance unit I have met and made friends with many Seventh-day Adventists, and have found them to be sincere Christians."

Pte. D. Easthope: "Some few weeks ago it was my job to take some natives through, with rations, to our next camp. The boys were new to the locality and none of them liked the bush. Halfway up the second ridge we were able to look back over the sea, and you should have heard the shouts of joy! Somehow I was inclined to join with them.

"Just up from there we came to a village. There is a deal of noise at any time around a village, but this day there seemed to be a different sound in their voices, and it was much louder. My boys quickly recognized it as the wailing for a departed loved one. Being in a hurry we were not able to stop except to inquire as to who it was. A girl had died of fever.

"The next stage of the journey was exceptionally steep and slippery. Going up I tried carrying one end of the pole with the bag of food in the centre. Now I have every sympathy for the carriers, for believe me, it wasn't at all easy on such a difficult track.

"The wailing had been shut out by the thick jungle of the mountainside, but as we came on to the ridge it came to us again. We had climbed about 500 feet above the village and now the sound was truly heart-rending—a Macedonian call indeed. I took the boys on about another hour and a half's walk and then gave them instructions and mail for the next camp. It was Friday and I wanted to be back before Sabbath.

"The wailing had ceased when I passed through the village again, so I walked slowly past the house where the mourners were gathered. A small boy about twelve years of age came out, so I asked him who had died. His reply was, 'My sister she die, heart belong me very sick,' and he sobbed as he said it. I put my arm around him and tried to comfort him with the story of Jesus.

"We cannot forget that that one probably died in heathenism, and we must also remember that we have a responsibility to

those who still live. What a work there is yet to do! No doubt the field is white already to harvest. May God send forth His reapers, is my prayer."

L.A.C. Marcus Giblett: "I had the company of Ted Fletcher on my way northward, and we had an excellent trip. In Townsville we met Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Risby and Bert Cooper.

"Well, believe it or not, I'm enjoying life. What with native villages, palm trees, variegated valleys (for all the scenery up here looks as though it has been slapped with artificial camouflage), and coral islands, life has been just one round of interest. Of course there are dozens of other things which Mr. Censor could not allow me to write about, which are very, very absorbing.

"The other day I had a very interesting trip on an old sailing lugger, manned by a crew of native boys. We went to an island

Life's Incentive

He knows not life

Who does not have an aim;
Without some guiding purpose
Life is tame.

Men only live

When burning in their souls
Are fires that urge them on
To distant goals.

For then alone

Long-latent powers revive
Till body, brain, and heart
Are all alive.

One goal attained,

Each man must seek another,
Or feel his vital fires
Begin to smother.

We're built to climb;

Of life they never tire
Who plan for each new day
To take them higher.

—Selected.

and spent a grand day watching natives spearing fish or climbing palm trees, swimming, looking for shells, or admiring the coral of different shapes and colours, and gazing at multi-coloured and rare-shaped fish. You've no idea how many different colours one fish can have on it.

"This morning I was driving down an old dusty track in an ambulance when I saw two chaps trudging along, so I stopped and picked them up. One turned out to be Lawrence Gilmore. I also saw Trev Thompson the other day. He is looking no different from when I saw him last.

"Rain is still the order of the day— heavy, steamy rain."

Pte. L. Roberts: "You have no doubt heard that we are able to gather together for Sabbath school and church service each week. We are now about ten in number and strong in faith. We have been granted a marquee in which to meet, and during the week a number of the boys gather round as the Word of God is diligently studied in the good evangelistic style, and a keen interest is shown by all who attend.

"I was interested to hear the belief of some that it is impossible to keep the Sabbath in the Army. All I can say is, 'O ye of little faith.' Is anything impossible with our God? Surely such statements are only calculated to deceive and discourage. I would invite those who hold such an opinion to visit our happy gathering each week and see if the Lord is not just as near to our boys in the Forces as He is to the members in the homeland. We have boys from all callings—N.C.O.'s, clerks, electricians, carpenters, nurses, and many other occupations of the Army, who still find their joy in obeying the Creator. Indeed, all can and do testify to the same fact, that their experience has been broadened and deepened as a result of their present circumstances."

Pte. Doug. Smith: "Tonight I am able to write of another glorious Sabbath day, spent in the presence of God here in the heart of New Caledonia. We prayed for a fine day, which was graciously granted, after having rough weather for a few days. We had to hitch-hike twenty miles to Sabbath school, taking three different vehicles to get there and four to return; and talk about dust! We looked like weather-boards which had been exposed to the elements for years, when we got back. There were nine of us in attendance, and we held our meeting on the banks of a river which was more like a shingle beach, and there we had our services, sweltering in the tropical sun. The offering received was approximately £2 2s. in New Zealand currency."

Not many weeks ago a group of Seventh-day Adventists on a Western air base were in difficulty concerning both the bearing of arms and Sabbath observance. A Sabbath ruling was requested and granted, solving that issue. Then with some other 1-A-O men they were placed in what is known as Flight XXX, a basic training unit in the medical detachment of the Air Corps. More than half the men in this flight are Seventh-day Adventists.

Recently the following memorandum was posted on the camp bulletin board and kept there for several days:—

"Conscientious Objectors, Flight XXX.

"1. My attention has been directed to this flight because of its hard work, conscientious and wholehearted co-operation during their twenty-four days of training.

"2. Although your religion does not warrant the handling of weapons, I know you men have done your other jobs well and I wish to commend each and every one for doing his share.

"3. I desire to commend you as it shows an honest and faithful performance of an important duty, and an appreciation of the importance of turning out well-instructed men from this field of basic fundamentals."—*"Review and Herald."*

WEDDING BELLS

WICKES-HOWSE.—On Sunday, 1st of August, 1943, at 3.30 p.m., in the Avondale Village church, Edward William, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wickes of Frankston, Victoria, and Moira May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Howse of Avondale, N.S.W., were joined in the bonds of holy matrimony. After the ceremony a large company of friends gathered in the Sanitarium Health Food Company's dining-room to express their good wishes to the bride and bridegroom, to which we add the prayer that in their home Jesus will always be the chief guest. T. C. Lawson.

HOOPER-PRIESTLY.—In the evening of July 1, 1943, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Durward, Wellington, New Zealand, Cpl. Albert William Hooper, of Okanogan County, Washington, U.S.A., and Leila Doreen, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Priestly of Christchurch, exchanged the sacred marriage vows. The bride is employed in the Sanitarium Cafe in Wellington. When the present world conflict is over the happy couple intend to live in the homeland of the bridegroom, where Brother Hooper plans to complete his medical studies. May Heaven's benediction ever attend them. G. Burnside.

MINCHIN - WRIGHT.—On Saturday evening, July 17, a happy group of friends gathered in the home of Brother Reginald O. Minchin at Freshwater, near Cairns, to witness his marriage to Sister Jessie Wright. For many years the bridegroom has been associated with the message here in the far north, and we are glad to welcome the bride to this district, with her years of mission and nursing experience. As they unite in the bonds of sacred matrimony, we wish them every happiness and God's richest blessing, praying that this new home may be just another light for the truth in the far north of Australia. A. G. Jacobson.



"He who stood beside the sorrowing mother at the gate of Nain, watches with every mourning one beside the bier."

BROWN.—We greatly regret to have to record the death of Ernest Frederick Brown of Wollongong, N.S.W., aged sixty. While not a member of our church, he was well known as the husband of our much-loved Sister Brown and father of Sister W. J. Allen (Beckie), and Fred, and Ernest. His was a kindly nature, and he was most sincere in his desire to educate his children in our training schools in order that they might grow up a blessing to humanity. The large attendance at the service in the mortuary chapel and at the graveside testified to the loving respect in which he was held in the community. Our hearts go out in much sympathy for Sister Brown and her children in this hour of their sad bereavement, and we commend them to the kind and constant care of Him who has promised to be a judge to the widow and a father to the fatherless.

A. H. Piper.

AUSTRALASIAN RECORD

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OF SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS

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VOGHT.—On Monday, June 21, 1943, the inspirational life of Sister Rebecca Voght came to a close. Our late sister, aged seventy-five, born in London, England, and baptized by Pastor O. Knight in New Plymouth, New Zealand, was a loyal member of that church till her decease after a lingering illness. Four children mourn their loss. Mr. Ashworth, the Methodist minister of her previous church, assisted the writer at the funeral. D. H. Watson.

ROYAL.—In Melbourne on July 17 Sister Emma Maria Royal of Taylor Road, Mooroolbark, passed peacefully away. Sister Royal accepted the message forty-nine years ago at Preston, Melbourne. Her kindly disposition, together with her cheerful smile, endeared her to those with whom she came in contact. We laid her to rest in the Boroondara cemetery, Kew, in the sure and certain hope of the resurrection. To her aged husband, her sons, and daughters, we would repeat again her farewell message, "Say not, Good-night, but in some brighter clime bid me Good morning." E. G. Whittaker.

COPLAND.—Brother Albert Victor Copland, of Mauku, North New Zealand, passed to rest in the Auckland Hospital on the 9th of August, after some months of treatment for heart trouble, at the age of thirty-nine years. Our brother's confidence in his Saviour was expressed some days before his decease. He is survived by his widow (nee Ethel Priscilla Green), their little daughter Gloria, father, three brothers, and three sisters. Words of comfort and hope were spoken by Pastor R. J. Burns at the funeral parlours and by the writer at the cemetery. May God console all who mourn, and hasten the day when He shall wipe away all tears. W. H. Stevens.

GOODHART.—"Sweet rest at last" came to Sister Mary Louisa Goodhart on July 25, 1943, when this faithful servant of the Lord fell asleep in Jesus at the advanced age of eighty-two years. Many years ago, Sister Goodhart attended the college at Avondale and later gave some of the best years of her life to the colporteur work. Recent years were filled with suffering, borne uncomplainingly, and brightened by an unwavering faith in the blessed hope, the theme on which she most loved to converse. We laid our sister to rest with her late mother, where together they await the call of Him who is the resurrection and the life. Three devoted brothers are left to mourn their loss, and to them we extend our heartfelt sympathy. S. C. Butler.

BEUHNE.—On July 31, in the Bunyip cemetery, Victoria, Maria Theresa Beuhne was laid to rest, at the age of seventy-six. An accident caused the death of our sister, who, although not baptized because of physical disabilities, was a firm believer, and died in the blessed hope of soon meeting her Saviour. We extend our sympathy to Brother Beuhne and the other members of the family. C. J. Boulting.

Notices

BOY WANTED. Opportunity for boy of about 15 to learn trade. Must be S.D.A. Apply Manager, Signs Publishing Company, Warburton, Vic.

UNFURNISHED ROOM WANTED by elderly Christian lady, vicinity North Brisbane. Write Mrs. Lewis, care Mrs. Caldwell, Botany Road, Clayfield, Qld.

WANTED.—Girls for the Packing Department of the Sanitarium Health Food Factory, Warburton. Apply in writing to the Manager.

We suggest to our readers that they renew their subscription promptly when it is due; otherwise, if it is allowed to expire they may lose it, for there are many names on the waiting list. We regret that paper restrictions preclude an extension of the "Record" circulation.

We have received from the editor of "The Ministry" notice of an increase in the subscription price of this journal from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per annum, due to the war and rising costs. In sending in renewals and new subscriptions, please bear this information in mind.

WANTED TO PURCHASE

Some of our students are in urgent need of the reference books, "Desire of Ages" and "Patriarchs and Prophets," which they are unable to obtain through the usual channels. If you have a spare copy of either of these books you are invited to communicate with The Principal, Fireside Correspondence School, 5 Hunter Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

QUEENSLAND CONFERENCE SESSION

The 39th session of the Queensland Conference of Seventh-day Adventists is planned to convene in the Albert Hall, Albert Street, Brisbane, October 4-9 inclusive, when the conference annual reports and balance sheets will be presented. All members of the churches of the conference in good and regular standing are regular delegates to the session.

F. J. Butler, Secretary.

NORTH NEW ZEALAND CONFERENCE

The 54th session of the North New Zealand Conference of Seventh-day Adventists will be held, D.V., in the Town Hall, Auckland, October 14-24, 1943. All church members in good and regular standing are duly appointed delegates to the session. While this is not a camp-meeting, yet we are taking the opportunity this year of extending the meetings over a period equal to that of a camp-meeting. We anticipate a good attendance of our members from all over the North Island.

R. E. G. Blair, Secretary.

BREVITIES

We are happy to announce the arrival in Tonga of Pastor and Mrs. B. E. Hadfield. They found Brother and Sister Cernik well.

We learn that as a result of the city mission in Wellington, New Zealand, forty souls have been baptized thus far this year, and another group is in preparation who will probably be baptized before the conference convenes in October.

Word has been received from New Zealand of the passing to her rest of one of our oldest members in the Dominion, in the person of Sister C. Greenfield of Paremata, whose death occurred on Sunday, August 22. Sister W. G. Turner of Washington, U.S.A., is one of the family of three daughters.

Appointments to the Mission Field

For family reasons, the Union Conference Committee has reluctantly released Pastor J. B. Keith from his appointment as superintendent of the Society Islands Mission. To fill this vacancy, Pastor H. B. P. Wicks, formerly superintendent of the Cook Group and Solomon Islands Mission, has been appointed.

The North New Zealand Conference is being invited to release Brother L. H. Hay to assist in the field work of the Society Islands, while the North N.S.W. Committee has acceded to the request of the Union for Pastor Evan Tucker to fill the office of superintendent of the Indian Mission in Fiji, in place of Brother A. E. Watts, who will continue his work at Wagga, South N.S.W. Brother J. Rowe, formerly under appointment to the Solomon Islands, has been invited to serve as evangelist for the Fiji-Indian Mission.

Pastor Keith will now connect with the evangelical staff in North N.S.W.

We bespeak an interest in your prayers on behalf of these appointees as we commend them to our heavenly Father's care and blessing in their new fields of service.

A Sad Accident

Widespread regret will be felt throughout the Australasian Union Conference on receipt of the sad news which was communicated to us from Murwillumbah, North N.S.W., that early in the morning of August 30, our well-known and beloved Brother Harry Stockton passed away as the result of a motor accident which occurred on Sabbath afternoon, August 28.

Details to hand at the time of going to press, indicate that Brother and Sister Stockton were having a short holiday in Murwillumbah, and in company with Pastor W. D. Smith were visiting the believers in that area. They had held meetings at Murwillumbah, Burringbar, and Mullumbimby, where Brother Stockton's very helpful messages were keenly appreciated, and were proceeding to Pastor Smith's home when the car got out of control and collided with an embankment. All the occu-

pants suffered injuries more or less serious. Evidently Brother Stockton received severe injuries to his side, causing internal hæmorrhage; and notwithstanding the medical aid received in the Murwillumbah hospital, he passed away as already stated.

Many of our people in their travelling to and fro will carry very pleasant memories of the most willing and helpful service tendered them by our late brother. We take this opportunity of conveying to Sister Stockton and other members of the family and relatives, our sincerest sympathy in the loss of a kind husband and father.

Answer to Prayer

K. BROOK

Quite recently the son of a member of the Toronto church, N.S.W., had the misfortune to contract that deadly disease, tetanus. He was taken to the Newcastle Hospital, and there doctors and nurses despaired of his life. They held no hope for the lad. But the church prayed, and others also prayed. Did God answer His children's petitions?

The writer visited the lad in hospital a few days after he was admitted. He looked anything but well, but his jaws were loosening gradually. He endeavoured to say something, but the words were inaudible; however, this was the commencement of the manifestation of the power of prayer and God. The nurses were astounded, as were the doctors. Today the boy is as well as ever, and so we can say with joy "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Gifts for Fuzzy-Wuzzies

Gifts provided by the Australian Comforts Fund were recently distributed to about 1,000 native carriers who were employed last year on the Kokoda trail. Gifts consisted of money-belts, hair-oil, sweets, beads, and tobacco.

The natives then squatted on the ground for nearly an hour, while an Australian officer spoke to them through an interpreter. He said that the Australian people would never forget the way the Fuzzy-Wuzzies had acted in the critical days of last year, and that their sacrificing work and untiring patience had made a great impression on the "great white people across the water."

He promised them that the Japanese would soon be driven out and then the Australian Government would see that appreciation was translated into concrete action.

It is understood that these natives, who worked along the Kokoda trail, have been formed into an anti-malaria unit, now that their former job has gone with the threatened Japanese invasion of Port Moresby.—"Pacific Islands Monthly," August, 1943.

"Every Man a Potential Adventist"

Some years ago we asked one of our most successful personal soul-winners the secret of his success. His answer was simple but arresting. He replied, quite modestly, "Whatever success the Lord has

given me I would attribute to two things—prayer and the conviction that God wants men—all men—to be saved." Then he added, "Every man who walks down the street is to me a potential Adventist."

Here was no special technique, but rather an evangelistic attitude. Every man a potential Adventist! That is a good slogan for evangelism. Sometimes we speak of "the honest in heart," without stopping to ponder the implications of such an expression. Because some do not immediately accept the message, should it be implied that they are dishonest? Their very hesitancy may be because of their honesty. Is not our work to make the treasures of truth so attractive that even these hesitating ones, and those who seem so far away through ignorance or opposition, will be led to sell all to obtain the pearl of great price?

The Saviour worked in this way, for He discerned in all, however fallen and afar off, those who might be restored to divine relationship: "In every human being He discerned infinite possibilities. He saw men as they might be, transfigured by His grace—in 'the beauty of the Lord our God.' Looking upon them with hope, He inspired hope. Meeting them with confidence, He inspired trust. Revealing in Himself man's true ideal, He awakened, for its attainment, both desire and faith."—"Education," page 80.—"The Ministry," July, 1943.

Baptism in the Waitara Church

T. A. MITCHELL

It was a fitting close to a beautiful Sabbath day when on July 31 a number of the Thornleigh and Waitara church members gathered together as the sun was lowering toward the west, to witness a baptismal service in the Waitara church.

Miss Were, one of the candidates, is not able to hear the word spoken or explained as the majority of us are, but has had to devote much time to personal study of the Bible. With the help of Pastor Allum she was directed to those great fundamental principles which are held by the chosen people of God for these days. It was a day of rejoicing for her relatives and friends when this dear sister followed the Saviour's footsteps, and entered the watery grave and came forth to walk in newness of life.

The other candidate was Brother Hagen, whose wife has been a loyal member of the church for a number of years. It was largely by her faithfulness to the truth of God that this stalwart brother has been led to finally join the Sabbath-keeping church. The late Pastor A. Smart explained much of the doctrine to him, and Brother W. R. Carswell continued the good work. Brother Hagen is a great reader, also a ready writer. Already he has prepared some articles which appeared in "The Signs of the Times."

For some time these two believers have been waiting and requesting baptism, and the church officers of Waitara gladly arranged for their font to be used, and had everything in readiness for the occasion.

The writer gave a short Bible study on the significance of baptism, after which Pastor Allum went down into the water, and baptized these two candidates. With the angels, we rejoice to have two more earthly children join the family preparing for the heavenly home.