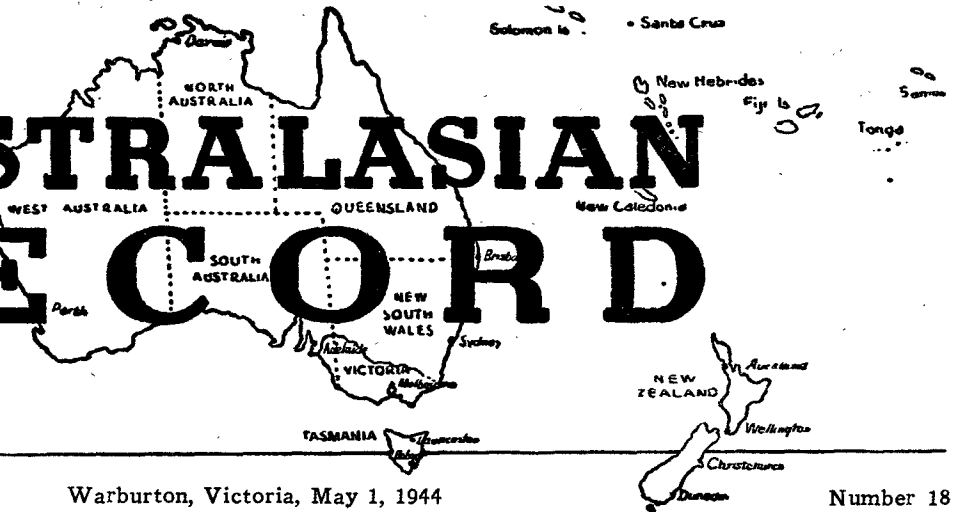


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BURDEN-BEARER

"BLESSED BE THE LORD, WHO DAILY BEARETH OUR BURDEN." Ps. 68: 19, R.V.

HERE, back in the middle of the Old Testament, whose conception of God appears sometimes stern, is such a kind of thing as is to be found in the teaching of Jesus—that God bears the burdens of men. The writer of this psalm had a fore-glimpse of God as sympathetic and compassionate, after the fashion in which He was made known in Christ.

This tender and exquisite picture of God the Burden-bearer is set on a background of divine majesty and glory. The psalm commences with a song of God as the scatterer of His enemies, who hath ascended up on high and led captivity captive, and at whose presence the earth shook and the heavens fell. It concludes with the loud-swelling psalm: "Sing . . . to Him that rideth upon the heaven of heavens, which were of old; lo, He doth send out His voice, and that a mighty voice. Ascribe ye strength unto God: His excellency is over Israel, and His strength is in the clouds. O God, Thou art terrible out of Thy holy places." It is upon that background that this lovely representation of God as the Burden-bearer is made.

Those who are most truly strong are ever most gentle. Those who have risen the highest are ever most ready to stoop down and stretch out a helping hand to those who are weak and needy. Absence of gentleness and compassion are signs of littleness. God in His strength is gentle. Though He is exalted above all others, He is the most compassionate of all.

Since it is the Lord that beareth our burdens, we need not lack assurance with regard to His ability and power. Sometimes others who desire to bear our burdens are able to help little, if at all. There are many burdens no human hand can lift for us, but He can enter into the innermost sanctuary of our being from which, by the nature of things, all others are excluded.

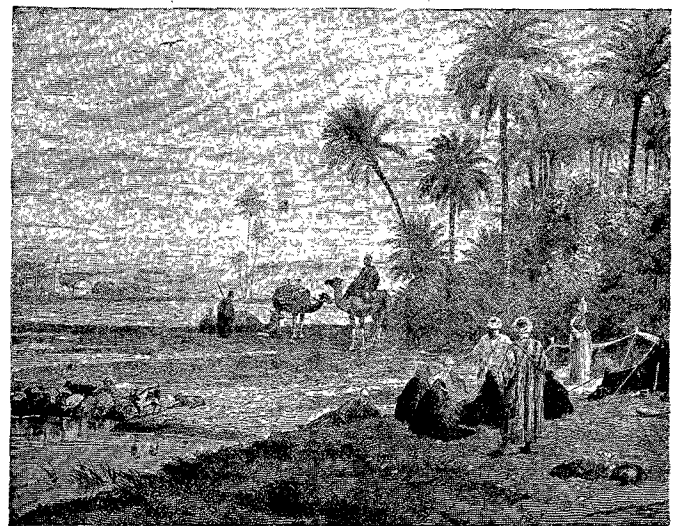
He is so gentle that when He helps He does not hurt.

Christian thought has ever been in danger of emphasizing the one of these aspects of the character of God at the expense of the other. For the most part His strength has been thought of as having about it a touch of fierceness and cruelty. Some think that because God is gentle and compassionate, He can be treated as they please, and that they can with impunity and without ever having to face a day of reckoning, do as they like; but the only God who is willing and able to bear our burdens is the God who is strong as well as gentle, and whose compassion is grounded in a love that is holy.

This is the picture that was in the Psalmist's mind. It is that of a caravan travelling along a track of beaten sand through the desert from one clump of palm trees with its well of water to another such resting-place, perhaps a day's journey away. Under the blaze of the tropical sun, upon never-ending sands, the glare and the heat are almost unbearable. The caravan struggles along with its members in their loose-flowing robes in single file or in groups of twos or threes. The hardest in front, making the best of the hardship of their journey, and, in the rear, in a long-drawn-out tail, those who can scarcely keep up and are in danger of dropping out and falling by

the wayside. Every man has his own burden to carry, a burden that those in the struggling rear feel to be taxing their wasting strength to the uttermost and all the time becoming heavier and heavier. The leader of the caravan is the biggest and strongest of the pilgrims. At times he strides on ahead to guide; as he drops back, he speaks a cheery word to one here and another there. His burden does not trouble him. When he comes to where the stragglers are, he takes the load from the shoulders of one and another that are in danger of dropping out, and carries it himself. The stragglers, released from their crushing load, take fresh courage and press on their way. That, said the Psalmist, is the ministry of God in the lives of men, the kind of thing He does from day to day.

All through the ages sin has been the most terrible part of the load God was carrying for men, and at Calvary there was set forth for the world to see what was eternal in the nature of God and what God has been doing day by day since sin first came. Calvary is a declaration that God has taken the burden of sin and carried it upon His own heart. Day by day in the carpenter's shop in Nazareth, on the dusty roads of Galilee, beside the lake, amid the Judean hills, and in the Holy City, Jesus lifted the weight under which people were struggling so that many who would otherwise have dropped out of the caravan of life were given new heart and strength to



press on. All that found its culmination on Calvary where, as Peter said, "He bore our sins in His own body on the tree."

He carries every kind of burden we know anything about, and He does it in one or other of two ways. Sometimes He does it by taking the burden away. Some great sorrow or loss comes, or we are oppressed by a sense of perplexity or anxiety. We drop back, and one after another our fellow prisoners pass on, till we find ourselves in the struggling rearguard scarcely able to carry on. Sometimes God comes and lifts the load from our shoulder or our heart so that we are able to catch up with those who have moved on ahead.

But there are other times when, instead of taking the burden away, He renews our strength to bear it. There are burdens which we feel we could never sustain, and, when they come, we find we are able to sustain them. God not only comes to our side to lift the burden, but also comes into our hearts to renew our strength. There is no better testimony that a Christian can bear to the world than that of a burden borne by the strength which God has renewed.

God sometimes bears our burden by coming in Christ and sharing it with us. A few years ago an archaeologist, who had gone off with his pick and spade to the East to unearth the treasures and secrets of civilizations long since buried, discovered an ancient vase adorned by a beautiful picture of a burden-bearer and his yoke-fellow. It was intended to illustrate a word used by Jesus and meaning working together with Him. It portrayed a heavy burden attached to a double yoke, one side of which rested on the burden-bearer's shoulders, and the other side of which rested on the shoulder of his yoke-fellow. The yoke-fellow is Jesus. If only we realized it, we should find that our burdens have a double yoke and that God in Christ is ever ready to take one side of the yoke upon His own shoulder.

He daily, or day by day, beareth our burden. That implies a limitation. It is today's burden, and today's only, that He bears. Tomorrow's burden must be left till tomorrow. Yesterday's burden is past and done with, tomorrow's has not yet come. If we remembered that, we should have more strength for the burden of today. We impoverish our strength by hanging on to yesterday's burden and by reaching out to that of tomorrow. The past has been covered by one of God's hands, and the future is held in the other. Our faith in God forbids that we should carry the burden of either of these. It is day by day, and surely that is best, that He beareth our burden.

One thing more. God's ministry of burden-bearing should evoke our praise. The Psalmist went on to say: "Bless ye God in the congregations. . . . Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth: O sing praises unto the Lord."—Adapted from the "Australian Christian World."

ACTIONS FALSE OR TRUE

No action, whether foul or fair,
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere
A record, written by fingers ghostly,
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly
In the greater weakness or greater strength
Of the acts which follow it, till at length
The wrongs of ages are redressed,
And the justice of God made manifest.

—H. W. Longfellow.

Pioneer Days of the Advent Movement

W. A. SPICER

JOSEPH BATES: PIONEER OF SABBATH PROMOTION

Of all the early believers at the Battle Creek headquarters who used to tell us of Joseph Bates (he died in 1872), it seems to me that none failed to leave, as the great personal feature, the impression that he was a godly man and a fine gentleman of the old school, dignified but kindly, and keeping to the end his first love for the advent message.

The old believers never forgot how he would sit in the prayer and testimony meetings, and clapping his hands joyfully exclaim, "Oh, how I do love this Sabbath!" It was not merely the everlasting fact that the seventh day is the right day; it was what the Sabbath stands for—the sign and seal and blessing of the living God, given to hold our thoughts and devotions true to His power as Creator and Redeemer. The Sabbath every week brought to Joseph Bates the sweetness and rest of Eden, where the Sabbath was made for man; and it was the testing truth in the great system of doctrines which make up the gospel message for the judgment hour.

With him, as it is with us today, the Sabbath in this setting of the advent message is the seal of God by which the Holy Spirit sets this advent movement apart as the special closing work of God foretold in prophecy.

Appreciated Health Principles

Joseph Bates was eighty years old when he died in Battle Creek in 1872. They tell us how straight he stood, how well preserved he was, to the last year. In 1871 there was a health reform meeting in progress one day in the old wooden church building in Battle Creek. The late J. O. Corliss was there, and has left us a picture of the scene. He said of Elder Bates's part on the programme:—

"In response to a call for his testimony [on health reform] the old gentleman, then in his seventy-ninth year, rose to tell what it had done for him. He recalled his entire past experience, and the result of dropping one bad habit after another until he reached the point of total abstinence from all things hurtful, and closed with the declaration that he was then entirely free from aches and pains."

Joseph Bates also, in closing, made an eloquent confession of faith in Christ and the message, and of his appreciation of what the gift of the health principles had been to him. Our narrator tells us:—

"Nor did his looks belie his words, for at that very moment he stood as straight as a marble shaft, and tripped about as lightly as a boy. The audience was so electrified by the aged man's eloquence that, for a moment, only deep 'Amen's' could be heard. Elder J. N. Andrews was then called for, but upon rising said, 'What can the man do that cometh after the king?' [Eccl. 2: 12]."—Review and Herald, August 16, 1923.

Early Evangelistic and Colporteur Work

His brethren delighted to show loving respect to the veteran pioneer in our cause. He was asked to preside as chairman in the meeting of 1860, when the name "Seventh-day Adventist" was first adopted, and in the conference, in 1863, when the General Conference was formed. Joseph Bates's

work was not as an administrator, however, but first, last, and all the time as an evangelist preaching the message.

It was in 1839 that Joseph Bates heard the first lectures on the coming of the Lord. He had then retired from the sea, and the former captain was owner of a little farm two miles and a half from New Bedford, Massachusetts. The lectures were in a hall in that town. He must have given the message that he heard immediate whole-souled devotion; for in 1840 his name was one of sixteen, signed with that of William Miller to an announcement which called a general conference in Boston on the second coming of Christ. He first went to work with the printed page. H. S. Gurney, one of our early members, has told us how he first came in touch with Joseph Bates:—

"In 1840, Elder Bates came into my shop with the first number of the 'Advent Herald,' published in Boston by Elder J. V. Himes. He was getting subscribers for the paper. It was just what I wanted."—Id., Jan. 3, 1888.

Thus, in the earliest testimony from any of our brethren we see Joseph Bates as a colporteur. He was a literature worker all his life. At the time of this first contact, H. S. Gurney was a blacksmith. Elder Bates arranged for him to accompany him to the South, and other fields to help in singing, and thus we have, perhaps, a record of our first singing evangelist. These two were comrade workers in the early years.

In a preceding chapter we saw how Joseph Bates was convinced of the Sabbath truth in 1845. Before advocating it publicly, it would seem, he went to Washington, New Hampshire, to confer with the first group of Adventist observers of the Sabbath. He settled the question there, and came back to his Fairhaven home, determined to publish his findings. Thus as his friend, Mr. Hall, met him on the New Bedford bridge and greeted him with, "Good morning, Captain Bates, what's the news?" the answer was quick: "The news is that the seventh day is the Sabbath!" The conviction in Joseph Bates's heart sent that first declaration of faith straight into the heart of Mr. Hall.

Memories Concerning the Hall Family

Mr. Hall's son, Joseph Bates Hall, whom I met a few years ago, has written me some memories of his father's accounts of that meeting on the bridge. Under date of 1939, our brother wrote:—

"My parents were in the 1844 movement, and experienced the bitter disappointment with others, but kept on praying and searching the Scriptures to find the cause for the disappointment. Father was looking for light when he met Elder Bates. That must have been a happy meeting on the old bridge. Father said the words spoken by Elder Bates came to him like a shock: 'The news is that the seventh day is the Sabbath!' It did not take father long to decide the Sabbath question. [We repeatedly find the quick results in the early story.]

"My parents were both very earnest and faithful Christians. . . . Father had no

trade, and worked as a common labourer. . . . He had to work hard to provide for his family. After the evening meal was over in our home, all took part in family worship. Then father liked to take one of the volumes written by Sister White and read to us aloud. Father and mother were firm believers in the Spirit of prophecy. While father read, mother would do the mending and making of the children's clothes, or knit the stockings."

In 1845 Joseph Bates found the Sabbath truth; in 1846 came the light on the sanctuary, and the association with James and

Ellen White. Joseph Bates had issued his Sabbath pamphlet in 1846, and the work of getting the Sabbath and advent truths before the people began. Their first aim was to reach the scattered believers in the coming of Christ.

In his 1846 Sabbath treatise Elder Bates, citing Isa. 56: 2, 6, 7, showed that God summons every soul to give heed to the call to Sabbath reform as Christ's coming draws near.

"Does He mean me?" cried the writer of the tract. "Yes, every Gentile in the universe!"

"The school stores all arrived safely, including those sent from Australia.

"At the service on Sabbath I had the pleasure of addressing a full church, including quite a number of visitors from the ship's crew, and wove my remarks around the prophecy of Daniel 2 and kindred prophecies, using a thirteen-foot calico image which I had had in the homeland. The visitors were impressed, and some of the islanders rather startled, when the image rose and later crashed.

"The ship sails today, so I shall conclude now, and wish you God's richest blessing."

These extracts are from letters written in January by Brother and Sister F. P. Ward to Union Conference ministers:—

"Your good letter of 14th September reached us on Friday last. It was night time when the boats returned, so we waited till Sunday morning, when the delivery took place. We were very happy to receive more than forty letters after a wait of fully two months. Unbroken, too, is the succession of 'Records' that have arrived. We are very glad to have them.

"Since our new post office has been built, a small place has been erected near the boat-sheds, where mail may be left until it is convenient to carry it up. Twenty-seven bags were stowed in the little shed till Sunday morning. I will admit it was hard to go to sleep that night as we thought of many things that might be in the mail for us. Our good postmaster must have been at work very early, for soon after six o'clock, just as we were sitting down to breakfast, along came a handful of letters for us to be reading while he sorted the rest.

"We were very sorry to read of the death of Brother Harry Stockton. We were looking forward with much pleasure to meeting him when we arrived in Sydney, and shall always remember with gratitude his many acts of kindness and his help in different ways when we were leaving.

"You will be pleased to know that at last one of our orders has come to hand. It is the first we have received since we sent some orders back in April, 1940. This order is quite modern, having been sent in April of last year. The brethren in the office of the Panama Conference have very kindly helped us by arranging the shipment of these articles for us. So now we have in our safe some flour, sugar, milk, vegetable fat and oil, besides a little rice and soap. We have been able to share with a few others who are short of some of these commodities."

Later. "Last night a message came about a ship. Having delivered it to the magistrate and discovered what it was, the young men uttered a great 'Sail-ho!' which was echoed in different directions. All was excitement as people here and there eagerly queried and more eagerly informed concerning the message. We all take it for granted that this is the ship on which the Watsons and Nurse Totenhofer are arriving. Everyone is busy now."

February 7. "There is little to record for January except the arrival of Pastor Watson. Besides his goods, there was a large cargo to bring to land. The men are still busy at it. It is the largest single shipload ever to arrive at Pitcairn Island—400 tons, I was told. A tractor helps to bring the loads up from the landing. Soon they plan to make an overhead cable to haul goods up to the Edge.

"More than a score of men are at work erecting a large wireless station up on the

(Concluded on page 7)

Our Island Field

Back in Tonga

B. E. HADFIELD

In June of last year we left Victoria for our old field of labour, the Friendly Islands. Owing to difficulties of travel it took us a number of weeks to reach our destination, but by the help of the Lord we eventually arrived at Nukualofa, the main port. Having been away from Tonga for six years, and the group having been without a European leader for some months, we were busy for a considerable time getting a grip of the field and its activities.

We were but partly unpacked when we left home for the central group of Haapai, sixty miles away, for the annual meeting. We were absent thirteen days, but it was good to see our people again, meet church members whom we had known many years before, and talk over problems which had arisen. We had a beneficial time together in our meetings; the Lord drew near to us, and in the business sessions we adopted several resolutions that will prove helpful to our work in the group.

When we returned to Tonga we had a week-end assembly of our members here, as only two of them had been able to obtain passage to the general meeting. This gathering was a real blessing to all, and the Spirit of God worked on hearts; wrongs were made right, the church members were cheered, and they requested that these week-end gatherings might be held several times a year. We held a baptismal service at each place, Haapai and Tonga, and rejoice that these souls have joined us in preparation for the Lord's coming.

War conditions have had their effect even on this little group, and there are conditions today that are actual signs of the times. There is a very positive need of sound Christian counsel and active missionary work. Returning to this field after a prolonged absence, we are pleased to see that most of our people have remained faithful. It is particularly noticeable that our small growing children are a healthy, bright, and happy addition to each of our churches.

Brother and Sister Cernik are carrying on at our Mission Training School and finding their time more than fully occupied. We have had many talks together regarding the particular needs of that branch of our work. As at home, problems arise, sometimes rather difficult of solution, but God always finds a way out for us.

In December and January we visited Haapai and Vavau groups, holding services

for our people and baptizing some. We encouraged and helped our Tongan workers who are scattered here and there, and feel that now we have a good understanding of the work in general. It has taken us about six months to gain a working knowledge of the mission's various activities, and we have really had a very busy half year.

Our friends at home have not heard very much from us. We are sorry for this, for many of them wrote to us as we left home. We appreciate their kind thoughtfulness for us, and know that God is answering prayer and giving the daily measure of help that we need. We are of good courage, and commend to you our little corner of the vineyard that you may remember us in your prayers.

Excitement on Pitcairn

Pastor D. H. Watson arrived on the 29th of January, and on February 8 penned these paragraphs concerning his voyage and welcome:—

"Greetings from our new little home in the blue Pacific! You will have heard by this that I arrived safely, and the others—Mrs. Watson, Nurse Totenhofer, and the children—are expected later. At the moment I am surrounded by kitchen-ware, personal effects, stores, etc.; but shortly order will develop out of chaos.

"The day is a typical Queensland one—bright sunshine, but with a cooling sea breeze. From my window I see growing oranges, lemons, and bananas, and coconut and graceful pandanus palms swaying gently in the breeze.

"We arrived after an uneventful trip of twelve days, and rejoiced in the sight of the cloud-covered island of Pitcairn about five o'clock Sabbath morning, the 29th of January. I travelled well, losing only one meal on the trip, and at present feel fit and well. As we rounded the end of the island, five little whaleboats were seen heading out from the shore with sails set, to meet the ship. We tried to anchor too close to the shore, so pulled out about half a mile, the boats being towed side by side by the ship. They were filled with men and boys, who later swarmed aboard.

"After a warm welcome by Parkins Christian, the newly elected magistrate and a direct descendant of Fletcher Christian, and the others, we landed in Bounty Bay.

"Seven houses were offered to me, and I eventually chose one which I considered the most convenient and suitable. It belongs to Brother Roy Clark, the postmaster.

Providence and Heroism at Warburton

HOWARD G. DAVIS

Exactly a week ago to the hour, as I begin this story, our Warburton church hall was in flames, and valiant efforts were being made to save the church building itself. With hands and faces scorched by the searing flames as they billowed through into the church, willing helpers did their utmost to win the unequal struggle, and with the arrival of the local fire brigade a few minutes later the tide turned. The hall, with its furnishings, library, and equipment, is a total loss, but the church was saved, though damaged to the possible extent of several hundreds of pounds.

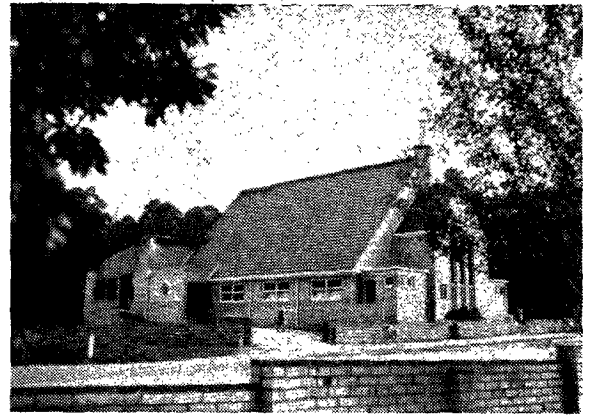
Last week we promised our readers the full story of the fire; but so many were the evidences that Providence had taken the situation in hand, and so thrilling the instances of individual heroism and devotion, that we must needs leave part unwritten.

On Saturday night, April 8, the hall adjoining the church was filled to capacity. The occasion was a benefit evening arranged by the Opportunity Club for one of our members who recently lost her husband, and who was being given a very welcome holiday. As the first of a series of travelogue and other films was about to be loaded into the projector, a film ignited, from a cause yet unexplained.

In a few moments flames were shooting up to the ceiling with a crackle and roar, and though attempts were made to control the blaze, it became apparent in less than a minute that nothing could save the building.

It all happened as suddenly and as unexpectedly as a flash of lightning, but the lack of panic and the orderly exit of the

●The Warburton church and hall after the fire. Note the sunken damaged church ridge and the burned-out windows and door of the hall. This damaged wall later collapsed in a high wind.



provided for many who otherwise would have seriously congested the main exit.

The flames and choking fumes spread so rapidly throughout the hall, and the heat became so intense in almost a matter of seconds, especially down the centre of the hall, that a number made their escape through the side windows, which are from ten to fifteen feet above the ground. It was here that a number of sprains occurred and that Sister Jarvis, a visitor from Melbourne, received an impacted fracture of the ankle. With others, she became trapped in the corner near the fire, and was severely burned before making her escape.

It was in this corner that Sister R. Paterson showed wonderful heroism and devotion, when she remained to encourage and assist Sister R. Wise, who had with her little Verona. And right here we must mention our Union Conference President, Pastor E. B. Rudge. Among the last to leave the building, he was escaping through a side window, when he noticed Sister Paterson endeavouring to help Sister Wise and the baby. Immediately he jumped back into the hall, and ran to assist them. As he

burned on the back, and also burned on the face, arms, and hands. Sister Wise suffered burns to the face, hands, back, and legs; while little Verona was burned on the face, hands, and leg.

As Pastor Rudge later described the occurrence, he said it was wonderful to see Sister Paterson, with face calm and serene, looking about, seeking a way out of their terrible predicament, while the flames roared inches behind them, and billowed down upon their heads!

Rescuing Verona from that furnace, Pastor Rudge was undecided whether to make for the windows, so high above the ground, or endeavour to find the door, now hidden from view. Before he decided, he was urged into moving toward the window, and even as he did so a further explosion took place, and a long tongue of white-hot flame and gas shot past where he had been standing. Reaching the window, he called for someone to catch the baby, whom he was holding in his uninjured hand. With the flames from his own clothing pouring out through the window, and unable to see or hear anyone below, his hand at last refused duty, and the baby dropped into outstretched hands below. He himself then fell head first from the window ten feet to the concrete path, but sustained no further injury when he landed on his back. Pastor Rudge's right hand was severely burned, and he suffered burns to the head, face, and arm.

Great credit is due Dr. T. A. Sherwin and Matron D'Ray, who with their willing helpers worked untiringly to deal with the sudden influx of casualties. Dr. Parker, who was staying at the Hydro at the time, rendered most valuable assistance.

Brother R. Robinson (brother of Pastor Gordon Robinson) was also severely burned on the hands, face, and head when he re-entered the burning hall in an endeavour to rescue someone whom he thought was trapped near the seat of the fire. He was, however, beaten back by the flames, and managed to crawl to safety. The man whom he had previously seen was probably Brother Whynam, an elderly man, who made his escape through a narrow window at the front of the hall.

Many townspeople and visitors have added their witness that it was a miracle that all were able to escape from the blazing building, and in so short a time and without panic. It was truly remarkable that not one person fainted—for indeed the sight of the spreading flames was appalling, and fumes and flame reached out like a grasping hand to overcome those who were escaping. God indeed is to be praised, for He fulfilled His promise as given in the

●The ruined hall at the rear of the church. It can be seen how the fire ate its way through the walls above the kindergarten room, and burned to the level of the ceiling but did not completely destroy the ceiling timbers. The door, wall, and windows were undamaged by the fire!



250 persons present, were remarkable to see. Most of the children were seated in the front rows, and it was they who opened the escape doors and left the hall in a matter of moments, as though drilled for the occasion, leaving the way clear for the adults to make their escape.

Although forty or fifty made their escape through the main entrance, this means of exit was soon cut off. A definite providence was now in evidence. It is the usual practice for the deacons to lock the doors between the hall and the church, at the conclusion of the Sabbath services. On this particular Sabbath the deacon responsible had failed to lock these "No Exit" doors, and thus a way of escape was unexpectedly

neared the women, facing as he did so the roaring, scorching inferno, an explosion occurred, and a great tongue of flame shot out, severely maiming his right hand and igniting his clothing. He continued on and took the baby from Sister Wise, who then managed to make her escape down the centre of the hall, helped along by unseen hands, while stumbling over her coat which she providentially still clung to, thus keeping her head below the mass of flame and fumes. As surprised eyes saw her emerge from the inferno, she suddenly fell headlong near the stage, but willing hands soon removed her to safety. Sister Paterson made her escape by jumping about twelve feet from a window. She was extensively

morning service preached by Pastor Rudge: "Thy life will I give unto thee for a prey in all places whither thou goest." Jer. 45:5. And there were many that night who lifted their voices in heartfelt praise to the God who answers prayer.

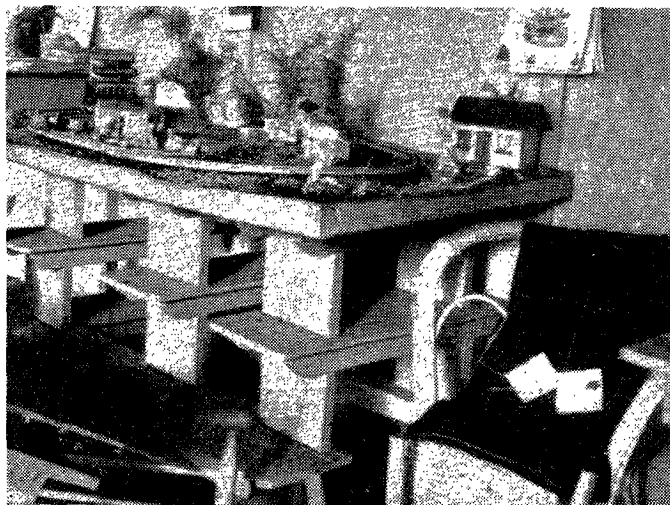
In saving the church building, from which the seats, instruments, and other furnishings were removed, a definite providence was witnessed in the extinguishing of one fire in the roof, thus confining it to the ridge, which it had already reached. While one brother held a fire extinguisher aloft as high as possible, another directed the stream on to the blaze high above, and just at the moment the gas in that last container failed, the blaze was extinguished. The brigade worked hard, with an unexpectedly low supply of water, to deal with the fire in the high ridge, and finally were able to carry a hose to the top by ripping

"Dear Jesus, please save our kindergarten!" The lessons learned in that little room beneath the hall bore fruit that night. To the Shepherd Divine is indeed the glory!

The whole occurrence is not without its lessons for us as individuals and as a community. Leaving the church grounds the following day after photographing the ruins, I picked up a scrap of a burned Bible, and this is the completed text of that charred portion: "In His days Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely: and this is His name whereby He shall be called, **THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.**" Jer. 23:6.

God grant that the "Lord our Righteousness" may burn from our hearts all dross of sin, and abide there continually. In the glad hereafter, when all is made clear, our now imperfect praise for His providence will be complete.

●Evidence of God's answer to the children's prayers! A photograph taken in the kindergarten room after the fire, showing the "birthday chair" and portion of the interesting sand-tray devices. Though coals dropped in from the burning hall and later water poured down, the little lady still swept her cottage path, and the swans still swam on the lake!



off the tiles, thus making an extra "extension" ladder.

And what were the children doing that night, while the hall was burning from which they had so wonderfully escaped? Let me tell you.

When late that night, after returning to her home a young person injured in her jump from a window, Brother Maurice Earles drove me back to the church, it was with a sad heart that I remarked to Brother Edwin Start, who was on fire duty for the rest of the night, "I feel badly about the dear little youngsters' kindergarten. It makes a person's heart ache to think of it!" "You come with me and see," he volunteered, and turning the corner of the ruined hall he flashed his torch upon the door, yes, and the wall, and windows of the little kindergarten! He opened the door, and we walked in—I, almost as one in a dream. There were the little tables, the kindergarten chairs around them, though some were piled with blackened coals—coals that had been alight when they had fallen through the fractured fibro-cement ceiling, for two of the chair seats after their removal were found to have been charred into charcoal but had not burst into flame! Yes, and there was the much loved birthday chair, with the Cradle Roll hanging on the wall above; and the table with all its devices to delight the hearts of children. The little shepherd was still caring for his sheep safe in their little fold. And the great Shepherd, the Friend of little children, had heard the cry of His little ones; for while the flames roared they prayed,

ing before death with a smile on his face. There must be a secret to this. . . . What is it? I took this opportunity to open my case and show him the Bible, saying to him: 'The secret is in this Book; the mystery is in it, and the power also.' I opened to the eleventh chapter of St. John, and read it to him, while he sat on a rock by my side. After a little talk on the reading, I knelt down and prayed earnestly for him, and when I finished my prayer, I saw tears in his eyes.

"He then began to confess the sins of his life. 'For twenty-seven years,' he said, 'I have been leading a lawless life, from the day I killed a young man in my home town as a result of a quarrel. In consequence I had to leave my country and spend my life here robbing passers-by, and hiding myself when I was followed. And, as I already told you, this dagger has pierced nine breasts. . . . Can God forgive me all these sins?' 'Yes, certainly, if you repent,' I answered. The man, after a moment of silence, continued: 'I must leave you now; I should like to buy your Bible, but I do not have the money. Will you accept this dagger in exchange for it?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'I will take the knife as a sign of your repentance.' He shook my hand, and wanted to kiss it, but I refused. And in a short time he disappeared in the forest before my eyes."

From the Egyptian Delta

"This is the Book for which I have been searching for a long time," said a man in the Egyptian delta. He read some pages, and then he gladly paid the price. "I want a very small New Testament," said a woman in one of the villages. The colporteur questioned: "You want to make a charm of it, but it is not meant for that. You must read it to obtain good from it. The Scripture story will make you gentle, and help you overcome fear, and the message will give you peace."

On his tour the colporteur came to a police station. An officer inquired: "What is in the bag? Have you any bombs?" A bystander said: "The contents of that bag are stronger than any explosives." He then laughed. "That bag contains things that send you straight to heaven." The police officer looked at a Bible, and purchased a copy.

At one of the fairs a Moslem approached the colporteur. "Why do you sell these books to Moslems?" he asked. "They are good books," replied the Bible man. "They teach men to love one another. See what is written. Then he appealed to the bystanders. "Are they bad books?" "No," replied the people, "they are good books, and we shall all buy some." In another town a man said: "I am pleased with the Bible Society, because they go from town to town and from village to village bearing the Word of God in all weathers." He gladly purchased a Bible.

Greeks and Others

Further incidents happened. "At the railway station I was visiting Greek recruits leaving for their training camps, and offered them New Testament portions to read on the way. Some of them accepted the books gladly. Someone standing by and seeing what was being done, remarked, 'The gift of the gospel is better than silver or gold.' Visiting a military hospital, I offered a Polish soldier a New Testament in his own language. When he saw it, he was delighted to find a book

The Bible Man in Many Lands

The Assassin's Blade

A startling incident in the life of a Syrian colporteur makes good reading. It could be called "The Sword of the Spirit versus the Assassin's Blade."

The colporteur reported: "On my way to a village situated among high mountains, I had to go by a solitary road through a large forest. In the middle of the way I suddenly saw a man, who stood behind a rock, holding a big knife in his hand, and shouting to me to surrender. I had to put my case of books on the ground, and when I lifted up my hands, the man approached me with the intention of robbing or killing me. Looking at him, I said: 'Why do you do this, my friend? Do you want money? Take it, here it is! . . . Do you want to kill me? . . . I do not mind if I die in these splendid surroundings, as I have a peaceful conscience, and am sure to be received into the eternal places, where the Lord will give me the crown of life. . . . But, I pity you. In what a wretched state you will be, your conscience whipping you, and also the government following you.'

"While I spoke to him smilingly, my eyes fixed upon him, he was still holding the knife with a threat in his eyes. When I finished my talk, hand and knife dropped to his side, and for more than two minutes he looked at me without saying a word. Then, showing me his knife, he said: 'This dagger has pierced nine breasts, but you are the first person that I ever saw stand-

in his own language, and accepted it with great pleasure."

"A Norwegian captain, a Danish officer, an Annamese chief steward, on different ships, were greatly impressed to find that I offered them the Scriptures in their various languages, and purchased copies most readily. 'Why do you distribute these books in time of war?' asked a man in a village to whom I offered a Bible. I replied, 'We are always fighting against the power of Satan; and if we do not provide ourselves with the Word of God, we shall be conquered. But if we read the Word of God, He will give us the victory.' After further conversation, he purchased the Bible, and promised to read it."—American Bible Society Report, 1943.

Earthquake in Argentina

W. E. NELSON

A very severe earthquake recently destroyed the city of San Juan, Argentina, South America. This city is located at the foot of the Andes Mountains. The population was about fifty thousand, and more than ten per cent of the entire population were killed and many thousands were severely injured. The city is in complete ruins, and many weeks will be required to excavate and uncover the dead.

We have a church membership of about one hundred in San Juan, and we are glad to report that not one lost his life and only two were injured. There were a number of miraculous escapes. Our church building, which had just been completed, and had a seating capacity of two hundred, was completely wrecked. A meeting had been planned for the night of the earthquake, but Providence prevented its being held; if it had been held there would have been a heavy loss of life.

Our dear brethren in San Juan lost everything they had, and the General Conference Committee has voted \$1,000 from the Emergency Relief Fund to help in meeting the present necessities of our brethren there. The Austral Union and the South American Division have also contributed to the relief of our brethren.

Plans are being laid to rebuild the church, but owing to regulations that have been adopted since the earthquake, the cost of the building will be very greatly increased.

Call of the North

LOUIS HALSWICK

The Eskimos inhabit the arctic coasts of America, some of the arctic islands, and Greenland. Their number amounts to about 40,000, scattered as the sole native occupants of coastal regions stretching nearly three thousand miles. The Eskimos used to be classed among nations of the Mongolian stock, but now they are considered as akin to the American Indians. The Eskimo inhabitants of Danish West Greenland, numbering about 10,000, are Christianized. As for the rest, their religion is what is generally designated as Shamanism.

A few times we have heard of fishermen taking our literature to the Eskimos in Labrador and Greenland, but on the whole very little has been done to give the advent message to this race.

That the Eskimos are seeking after God is very plainly indicated in the following letter from S. H. Emery, who for the present is working among the Indians in Alaska.

"God is also preparing the Eskimos for

the reception of this message, as the following letter will indicate. On July 29, 1941, while canvassing at Wiseman, better known as the 'Arctic Village,' one hundred miles above the Arctic circle, I befriended James Tobuk, a very intelligent Eskimo, and as a result received the following letter:—

"I was baptized and confirmed long ago. So also was my wife. We wish to be members of a Christian church. We live among white people and Indians who do not talk about Jesus. Sometimes we remind each other of the fact that we know little about Jesus. We have read in the Bible a few times, but we do not understand. We cannot find the truth. We are sick and longing and hungering for the truth. I wish some day very soon God will send us a teacher in person, that he may help us to find the truth.

"The Eskimos are hungry for the truth. We need a teacher to lead us to Jesus. I know that some of the Eskimos feel as I do in longing for the truth. Many of the Eskimos would like to be Christians, for it is the only way to the truth."

"Thousands of Eskimos and Indians," writes Brother Emery, "are in great danger of being eternally lost unless a similar realization of their value to the kingdom of God sweeps the laymen and women as well as the workers, so that the necessary sacrifice and effort will be put forth now to save them."

Mothercraft

Avoid Arousing Resentment

JANET RICHARDS

We do not always realize how sensitive little children may be. They have their own particular reactions to what goes on around them, and if they misunderstand as is often the case, resentment may be experienced to a greater degree than older people are able to appreciate.

Little Hilda May was a first child. She had been much petted and humoured by her parents and grandparents. She expected much attention because she had always received it. But with the prospect of another baby in the family, her mother was having to favour herself with regard to physical exertion.

On this particular day she felt in special need of rest and quiet, so she lay down upon the davenport in the pleasant living-room, where she could watch Hilda May play with her toys.

The little girl soon tired of what she was doing, so she went over to her mother, climbed up beside her and lisped in her own sweet baby way, "Let's play horsey, mummie. I'll ride horseback and go up and down like Cousin Sally does when she rides old Prince. You'll be the horsie."

Her mother spoke up quickly. "Mummie's tired, dear. Why don't you go for a ride in your little rocking-horse chair? That would be nice."

However, Hilda May wasn't to be put aside that way. "No, no!" she said firmly, "Hilda May ride horseback."

Her mother was equally emphatic. "No," she insisted, "you'll have to wait and play with daddy when he comes, or take your dolly for a ride in the rocking-horse. Mummie doesn't want to play horse, and you must run away."

Hilda May looked at her parent in surprise, then her eyes darkened and her cheeks reddened.

She slipped down from beside her mother and walked slowly away, looking back with displeased frowns several times. She went out on the porch and finding her kitten, Frisky, in the hammock, climbed up beside her pet.

For at least two hours, Hilda May totally ignored her mother. Hadn't she, Hilda May, been told to run away? Her mother didn't want her. Perhaps she would never want her any more.

Even when bedtime came, the child was not entirely forgetful of what had happened. She permitted her mother to kiss her goodnight, but she didn't return the caress.

Perhaps it would have been better if mother had said to Hilda May, "My dear, mummie is tired. Do you remember the other evening when you were asleep at Uncle Bob's? You didn't want to wake up to come home, did you? Well, mummie didn't go to bed as early as you did last night, and she doesn't want to wake up and play. It would help mummie a lot if you'd play on the porch while she rests or if you draw some pictures with your pretty coloured pencils. You could do that on your own little table, and we could show them to daddy—and to grandma, too, when she comes over. I know they'd both like to see them."

If the case had been explained that way, very likely it would have pleased Hilda May to help her mother by keeping quiet and letting her rest. And her mother would have provided occupation with a purpose—to show daddy and grandma what she had done.

But to be brushed aside so abruptly, to be told to "run away," hurt a bit, for Hilda May, like many another child, is singularly sensitive. A hurt caused by resentment may last a long, long time. It is always wise to avoid saying anything to a child that can possibly be misconstrued as unloving or unfair.

WHAT ABOUT SMOKING?

A. W. Teel, M.D., writing in the "Saint's Herald," asks this question: "What becomes of the young cigarette smoker?" and proceeds to give this answer:—

"According to a bulletin of the Bureau of Education, based on observations made a few years ago, out of one thousand boys who enter the fifth grade in school only 832 return to school the next year. The seventh grade receives but 710 of the original thousand, and the eighth grade but 634. Only 342 of the thousand enter high school, and only 193 graduate from it. Thirty-two go to college, and but twenty-three receive their diplomas on commencement day, with a training for professional or business life. In other words, out of the original thousand boys who entered the fifth grade, 977 dropped out of school before the completion of a college course. Various reasons may be given why so few were able to finish the course of study they began; but every educator who is at all observing knows that the failure is frequently due to the use of cigarettes by students. Prominent authorities, including the eminent Dr. Pitkin, have estimated that it lowers mental efficiency fifteen per cent; because it slows the reflexes, it interferes with the performance of work requiring skill and precision, both of the mind and of the muscles."

Excitement on Pitcairn

(Concluded from page 3)

plateau. When the building is completed, five men will remain to look after the station while the rest leave on the schooner that brings Mrs. Watson and Nurse Totenhofer.

"So you see that the day Pastor Watson arrived was a very auspicious occasion. Mr. Maude (a representative of the High Commissioner for the Western Pacific), who was among the arrivals, said, 'This is the greatest day for Pitcairn Island since the "Bounty" came!'

"Next week Brother Watson and I plan to start school. It is good to see his supply of school books and other necessities. So long have the children been without new goods that it will be quite a change for them.

"Thank you for the suggestion that we stay a while with Brother Watson. Now that some supplies have come it will suit us to do this. We want to see nurse, who may help Mrs. Ward and tone her up for the trip."

Island News

From Guadalcanal, Solomon Islands, Pastor Rore wrote on March 6, that in his section they had been quarantined for six weeks because of sickness. He also appreciated the message from the Union Conference Executive Committee expressing praise for their faithful witness. Again he mentions the offerings amounting to £26 18s. given by the New Zealand and American soldiers, adding: "May God bless these young men whom the war brought here. They helped the work in Guadalcanal. I never forget their kindness to us." With the money donated one teacher had already been placed and another was soon to join him.

Superintendent J. C. H. Perry, on the 25th of February, chronicled some items from the New Hebrides. He says:—

"Since coming to the group I have travelled over six hundred miles in the twenty-six-foot launch 'Rani.' In company with Brother Pietz, I visited most of his district and found the teachers of good courage and the work progressing favourably. We were very sorry on reaching Baiap to find that Pastor Masengnalo had passed to his rest. This native, as you know, rendered many years of very faithful service. It is a blow to lose one of the ordained ministers. If only there were several others preparing to bear similar responsibility we would be very much encouraged. Unfortunately, such men are slow in the making.

"Besides going twice to Ambrym to gather in students for the training school, a trip was taken to Aoba. It was a pleasure to meet the Gallagher family and also to renew acquaintance with the native believers, and to meet many others who are new to the faith since I left.

"The training school has now been in operation for more than a month, with an attendance of about thirty students. Brother Barrett speaks very encouragingly of the progress being made by a few of the boys who were at school prior to the evacuation. The gardens suffered severe reverses in the absence of the missionaries and native labour. At present we are endeavouring to prepare land for planting. We are also testing the coconuts by making copra, by which we hope to secure rice for the students."

AUSTRALASIAN RECORD

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In the Sydney "Sun" of April 10, appeared a write-up by a correspondent who had visited Rennell Island. Speaking of Moa, who is in charge of our mission there, he observes:—

"Chief Moa displayed a good deal of pride as he escorted his visitors about, pointing out the mission school, which all children must attend, and the church equipped with what appeared to be mahogany benches. In addition to being chief, Moa himself teaches school and preaches."



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

STEWART.—Amelia Lily Stewart (nee Craineau) of Burringbar, N.S.W., passed to her rest on April 7, 1944, at the age of twenty-two, after a long illness. Sister Stewart came from Rumania about six years ago, and on September 5, 1941, was married to Brother Leonard J. Stewart of Burringbar. To the sorrowing husband, parents, and other relatives we extend our deepest sympathy in this hour of their grief and bereavement. We laid the deceased to rest on Sabbath afternoon, April 8, to await the call of the last trump.

Reuben E. Hare.

COMINS.—At the end of a long day's toil on his farm, Brother Charles Theodore Comins accidentally capsized the tractor on which he was working, and was pinned to the ground. His plight was not known until members of his family became anxious, and on investigation found him seriously injured. With all haste sympathetic hands ministered to his suffering body, and conveyed him to the Waikato Hospital. Every attention was given to him there, but at the dawning of the next day, January 4, he passed away, in his fifty-seventh year. The death of our late brother came as a severe blow to the members of the Huntly church, where he had held his membership for many years and taken a prominent part. He was associated with this message from his earliest years, and served the Lord with an earnest heart. He will be remembered for his generous nature; our brethren visiting Huntly were always assured of the hospitality of his home. Our sincere sympathy goes out to Sister Comins and her

children, Roy, Ruth (Mrs. T. Grime), and Noel, who grieve for an affectionate husband and father. At the service at the funeral parlour words of consolation and assurance were ministered to the sorrowing ones, who were strengthened by the blessed hope. H. G. Moulds.

GILBERT.—Our membership in Auckland, and throughout New Zealand where she was known, was shocked to learn of the death of Sister Winifred Gilbert on February 1, in her fifty-first year. Almost without warning, our sister was stricken with an illness that proved fatal in a few hours. In the district to which she had gone just a few months prior to her death, she brought honour to the cause of God by her thoughtful ministry among her neighbours. She was not particularly robust, but notwithstanding her physical limitations, she did what she could through the years to lead others to a knowledge of the Redeemer. Our sister leaves to mourn their loss a very devoted husband; a son, Gordon, of the office staff of the Sanitarium Health Food Company; a daughter, Lorna; and several brothers and sisters, one brother being Pastor L. R. Harvey of the Tasmanian Conference. With comforting expressions, Pastor S. M. Uttley pointed the mourners to the coming of a better day, and we laid the departed one to rest, confident of her coming forth in the first resurrection. To the bereaved we extend our heartfelt sympathy, and pray that God will sustain them in this time of deep sorrow. H. G. Moulds.

Death of Pastor G. B. Starr

Many of the old members in Australia who were personally acquainted with Pastor G. B. Starr will be sorry indeed to learn of his death. He passed away on February 24 with a heart attack. In a letter just to hand from America, we are told that on the morning of his last day he awoke, felt a little weary, and after having breakfast in bed began to repeat some of his experiences with Mrs. E. G. White. Then he began some exhortation as though he were talking to visitors, and burst out singing, "O that will be glory for me." While singing, his voice choked, and Mrs. Starr rushed to his side to find him in a heart seizure. She called the doctor, but before he could arrive the old veteran had laid down his task. There were more than six hundred in attendance at the church for his funeral. He was greatly loved by the children, and one little girl only fifteen years of age wrote the following lines:—

"Stormy winds, blow a little softer here;
Summer sun, shine a little warmer here;
Winter winds, don't be so cold—
For one lies here we loved so dear,
The one with the heart of gold."

Notices

WANTED URGENTLY, family for mountain dairy farm, Queensland. Scrub and forest land, 12 acres cultivation, 50 milkers; 12 miles from town, 2 miles from school. R. Cross, Logan Road, Holland Park, Brisbane.

WANTED by elderly lady in comfortable flat with every convenience, Adventist help; vegetarian cooking, no laundry, pleasant surroundings. Mrs. L. L. Heymansson, 1a Williams Road, Windsor, S.I., Victoria.

BREVITIES

We were sorry to lose from the Union office staff Brother R. Parkinson, one of the assistant treasurers. However, he is now filling the position of secretary-treasurer for the North New South Wales Conference, and we believe his service will be as much appreciated there as it was here.

Miss M. Barras, formerly of the Melbourne Wholesale Branch, has come to help speed the work in the Health Food Company at Wahroonga, while Miss Ruby Rampton, who has been employed in the Victorian Conference office, has joined the secretary's department.

Pastor J. T. Howse wrote from Apia, Samoa, on March 20, to convey information of advance that will bring joy to all our people. Following interviews with the proper officials, permission has been given for our mission to be established in American Samoa. A Sabbath school and M.V. society have already been organized, and Tini has been chosen to pioneer this new territory. Surely we have cause to praise the Lord that not only are our missionaries re-occupying their old stations, but that a new field has been entered.

Four hundred people were present on the opening night of Pastor T. J. Bradley's mission in North Perth, and five hundred at his second address, while one hundred and fifty names were handed in for literature. At Fremantle, Pastor G. J. Parker spoke to two hundred attentive listeners when he commenced evangelical lectures. Pastor J. W. Kent also reports that approximately £22 worth of books are being sold daily at the city branch of the Tract Society. The manager of a large book store in Perth said our display was equal to anything in the city.

With the goal of £12,855 far behind, the Union Conference appealers have gathered in £23,500—and the end is not yet. The Queensland Conference and the North Queensland Mission have not commenced the campaign at the time of writing, while the A. M. College is just beginning. The New Zealand conferences, as usual, have taken the honours, with a present total of £8,899; the North Island alone reporting £6,629, more than half the Union aim, and the New Zealand Missionary College, with about one hundred students, bringing in the splendid sum of £800! Pastor T. A. Mitchell, the Union Home Missions secretary, is confident that when all moneys are in the £30,000 mark will be reached.

Echoes from the Perth Session

By ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL

God directed that ancient Israel should assemble three times a year to celebrate the solemn feasts. Relying on the promises of God as found in Ex. 34: 24, "For I will cast out the nations before thee, and enlarge thy borders: neither shall any man desire thy land, when thou shalt go up to appear before the Lord thy God thrice in the year," preparations were made, and with joy and singing they journeyed to the appointed place.

If attendance at the yearly feasts was necessary for God's people anciently, how eagerly should the children of God today grasp every opportunity of thus associating, to encourage and strengthen one another in the service of God!

Under the influence of such thoughts as these, home problems and perplexities assumed lesser proportions, and preparations were made to attend the conference session recently held in Perth.

On arrival we eagerly sought out the meeting-place, where unknown joys awaited us. Among those assembled were many who were fellow students at good old Avondale many years ago, and we recalled appreciatively the "underlying principles" instilled into immature and thoughtless minds by godly teachers, some of whom are now resting, while others, although in the eventide of life, are still devotedly toiling on in the service of their Lord. We met and greeted one another with hearts overflowing with joy and happiness. What conversations! What memories!

Sorrow, trial, and perplexity had mellowed the life and moulded the expression. Faith and courage in the blessed hope had strengthened amid life's joys and sorrows which none escape. All had experienced God's keeping power as we journeyed under the banner of His love. We rejoiced to see the associates of youthful days, then faithful in the little things, now bearing greater and more sacred responsibilities.

Reports told that the work was onward. Plans for advancement were discussed. Bible study and admonition encouraged us to careful and prayerful preparation for the conflict before us and for the coming of our Lord.

Mission fields claimed our attention and brought vividly to mind the map above the rostrum in the old school bearing the inscription, "Upon the Australasian Union Conference rests the burden of carrying the third angel's message to the islands of the Pacific." Among us were brethren who had ministered in that great field. We listened to their reports, and were happy that the privilege of sharing the burden is still ours.

Days flew by; the parting came. We had partaken of the heavenly manna, and returned home refreshed and strengthened, gripped by a heaven-born determination to work with increased diligence and steadfastness in our own little corner of the harvest field.

The Heavy Burden

Is the burden heavy, friend? But the day has just begun! Your strength will last you to the end, to the setting of the sun. Never mind tomorrow, friend. Do not look beyond today. Strength is given you to spend for each portion of the way.

Be the burden great or small, be the journey short or long, you can bear it till nightfall—this is Truth's own song. Always have we strength enough to carry on till sun has set. True, the journey was quite rough, but now we can forget.

Was the burden heavy, friend? With the shadows let it fall. Look! We've reached the journey's end. Hark! Sweet Peace doth call. Safe against Sleep's gentle breast, freed from toil and sorrow, there will come to us, at rest—strength to face the morrow.—Wilhelmina Stitch.

A Personal Tribute to the Late George Burt Starr

A. W. ANDERSON

My first meeting with Pastor Starr took place one morning at my place of business, Melbourne, about fifty-two years ago, when a bright-faced, genial gentleman walked in and bade me good morning. In an instant his friendliness attracted me, and I felt drawn to him, so much so, indeed, that after a few minutes' conversation I invited him to come to my home one evening and have tea with us. He very readily accepted my invitation, and I then suggested that he might like to bring his wife with him. That invitation and his subsequent visit to my home turned the course of my life from the profession of music to the ministry. Little did Brother Starr dream of what wide-spread consequences would follow that brief visit to me. It would be interesting to know just how many lives have been changed as the direct and indirect result of that brief conversation. Many times I have thought of that short visit, and all that has followed from it. In my business I was occupied in a service which doubtless ministered more or less to the pleasure and culture of a few people in my immediate vicinity. As a minister and writer my energies have been exerted along another line altogether, and my efforts have been directed in spiritual uplift in a world-wide field.

Since that brief conversation with our departed brother that morning, the Lord has blessed me with three sons, each of whom is an ordained minister whom the Lord has used in successful soul-winning.

In his last letter to me, dated September 24, 1943, he said: "I passed my eighty-ninth birthday, August 19th, safely. No serious bump, just sailed quietly into my ninetieth year. We will soon all be young again; the coming of Jesus is certainly drawing near. . . . My personal love and regard remains intact. I love Australia. It is dear to me. Sincerely your father in the truth, G. B. Starr."

Pastor Starr and his wife accompanied Sister E. G. White on her trip to Australia in 1891. At that time we had no Avondale School. Our sole training school was in rented premises on St. Kilda Road, Melbourne, and Pastor Starr was appointed as Bible teacher. Later on he was made chaplain of the Sydney Sanitarium, and subsequently occupied the presidential chair of the New South Wales and Victorian Conferences respectively. Eventually he returned to America, and for several years lived at Glendale, California, near our large sanitarium, about four miles from the centre of Los Angeles.

Among his many converts to the message in Australia, in addition to myself and family, I might mention the late Dr. W. Howard James, who for many years was our medical editor of "Life and Health" and medical superintendent of the Warburton Sanitarium, the late Mrs. Lewes of Wahroonga, her son Walter Lewes of Warburton, and his sister Mrs. W. W. Fletcher of Wahroonga.

Dr. Eulalia Richards of the Sydney Sanitarium and Mrs. L. Paap of Parramatta are nieces of Pastor Starr's. As far as I know these are his only relatives in Australia.

Pastor Starr's long life was devoted to the uplift of his fellow men. Though he now sleeps, the influence of his life's work lives on, and soon the Lord will reward him according to his work.