



KEEPING THE COMMISSION

☆ CHAPLAIN WILLIAM H. BERGHERM
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PAUL, in his letter to Timothy, says: "I charge you to keep your commission free from stain." 1 Tim. 6: 14, Moffatt's translation. To Timothy there had been given a commission, a special authorization to do a definite work; and it was because of that fact that the apostle challenges his beloved son to keep that commission free from all stain.

We who are in the service of our country also realize that we, too, have a commission to perform not only in behalf of our country in the time of its peril, but also from our blessed Master, Jesus Christ. We believe that we belong to

that "royal priesthood" who should show forth the praises of Him who hath called us out of darkness into His most marvellous light. We believe we are now being tested and challenged by the Lord who sent us forth to keep both the commissions and all our records free from any spot of stain being entered upon them.

As I have associated with scores of our soldiers overseas, it is continually a comfort and an encouragement to me to see how many of those men are standing firm and true. Like Daniel of old, they have purposed in their hearts not to defile themselves with that which stains and poisons within. The same is true of our native brethren, many of whom have been left without benefit of foreign leadership for more than two years; yet without this help which they were wont to look to in former years, they are standing as miracles of grace to those who behold them.

A few days ago I was called to the officers' ward of our hospital by a lieutenant who sent word that he wanted to see me. This officer had just come down from the front lines for treatment, and I was surprised that he should want the chaplain so soon after arrival, and also a bit curious to know what he wanted of me. But I was not long in learning all about it. He told me it had been his privilege to contact quite a number of Seventh-day Adventist native believers, as well as native pastors, on various small islands where he had campaigned to the north of us. On one island he believed the entire population must have been Seventh-day Adventists. Then he added: "Chaplain, the thing that surprised me about these natives was that while we could usually buy any of them off with sticks of tobacco, these Adventists would have nothing to do with anything of that sort. When we asked them what they wanted, they said they wanted some Bibles. They told us their Bibles had all been destroyed by the invading armies, and they wept like children when our chaplain brought a box of them out and began distributing them around. Mattress covers and other things were also wanted, but never tobacco. I never saw one of them smoke.



Be Strong

Whatever may happen, whatever may come,
Whether things go right, whether things go wrong,
There is just one duty; abroad, at home,
It is told in the order: Be brave, be strong.
The fellow who falters and loses heart,
The fellow who fears in the thick of the fight,
And he who behaves with the coward's part,
Has never heard this order aright.

Be strong to suffer, be strong to dare,
Be strong to speak, let your words ring true;
Be strong the burdens of life to bear,
Be strong to wait, and be strong to do.
And whether around you be silence spread,
Or whether anear you be shout and song,
In the core of your soul let these words be said:
In the combat of living, be brave, be strong.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

"When I left these people," the officer continued, "I had a desire in my heart to know something about what they believed which made them so different from the other natives we had seen. I did not know where I would find it, but the next place I have come to I find a number of the same people. Now I would like very much to know what you people believe."

It was indeed a rare privilege for me to sit down by his bedside and talk with this gentleman, and later to leave with him some of our literature, which he is now reading. I knew that he was interested in what I believed, because he had met natives who were true to the commission they had been given, even to the extent as to cause others to desire a knowledge of the truths that made them what they were. This officer told me that as far as he could see they were all very true to their faith, and that his chaplain became so interested in them that he often visited them and spoke in their chapel. Thus another contact had been made, and who knows how far these influences may reach in after years?

Some time ago, while attending a chaplains' meeting with some thirty or more Protestant chaplains present, one arose and wanted to know what they could do for those Seventh-day Adventists. "We have some in our outfit," he said, "and every Saturday nothing can stop them; they all want to go to church." He was told that he had better let them go. But those words impressed me. "Nothing can stop them; they all want to go to church." Here are men who have received a commission, and nothing can stop them. Some of them come from long distances on whatever transportation they can find, and sometimes we see them walking in—yet they come. Some have to do double shifts of work on other days in order to have this privilege, yet "nothing can stop them." They will keep that commission.

We recognize there are some things we who have left home for service overseas cannot keep. We had to leave our loved ones at home. With many of the boys this is a great trial. They are tender in years, and mother means everything to these fellows. As one of them put it in a letter to his mother, which he showed me, "At night, long after dark, when I've completed my duty, I just sit in my tent and recall the past, thinking and dreaming of you, and wondering just how long it will be until I get back home to you. I am just too tired sometimes to keep my eyes open, so I just close my eyes and think of you. I often wonder if at that same moment you may be thinking of me. I love my mother more than anything in the world." Yes, these are blessings we are not able to keep for the moment, but there are other things we can keep, and some day those things we are not able to take along with us, God will return to us if we faithfully keep those things delivered unto us to preserve pure and unspotted from the world. This, by the grace of God, your representatives in the service of their country, in by far the larger part, are determined to do.

In behalf of our brethren and sisters who assemble with us from Sabbath to Sabbath, permit me to send greetings and the hearty thanks of all for your interest and prayers in our behalf. Through the generosity of our Australian brethren we have been supplied with hymn-books from which we are able to sing the good advent hymns of the message. We have to date sent off nearly 1,000 dollars in offerings

from our Sabbath school. As chaplain, it is also my privilege to conduct other meetings both on Sunday and other days of the week. We enjoy meeting with the patients and bringing them the comforts of the gospel. A number are reading our good books, and some are meeting with us on Sabbaths. In evangelistic services each Friday night a considerable number of young men have been led to give their hearts to the Lord.

Recently a coloured brother from the Philadelphia church learned of our being here, in a most providential manner. He had been keeping the Sabbath in his unit

alone, not knowing that there were any others following the same practice within a thousand miles of him. Since learning of our meeting he has never failed to be present, and has invited me over to his unit to conduct a series of Bible lessons there. I was surprised to find more than fifty men in attendance the first night. We are most grateful to the American and Australian brethren for the books, papers, and supplies we have received. But we need most of all your prayers that we may continue to keep unspotted that high calling that has come to us, and that we may all be faithful to the end.

From Fields Afar

Letters from Overseas

Those who are acquainted with Pastors W. G. Turner and J. E. Fulton, and those who are not, will alike be interested in portions of letters written by them to our editor, Pastor A. G. Stewart.

Pastor Turner comments:—

"The 'Record' of course comes to us a little more regularly than formerly, and from its pages we glean much of interest to us respecting the work in the Australasian field. Somehow or other, we like to keep in touch with what is going on, and while we have been over here now for almost eight years, we have not lost our interest in Australasia nor in the workers carrying on for God in that territory, which to us is still home.

"From the correspondence sometimes received and the articles appearing in the 'Record,' I gather many of our lads have done a noble work. In a lengthy letter that came to me from Pastor A. J. Campbell the other week, he passed on some information that was most thrilling. I transferred a portion of it to the columns of the 'Review,' and sent some pages of it around the office here for use in the current camp-meeting season. Our island work has of course come most prominently before the general public of late because of the war situation that developed there. I rather gather that as the result of the attitude of our lads and the standards set up by our white workers as missionaries, that should a time of peace follow the present conflict, our missionaries will be able to enter their fields with greater prestige, and find openings all about them as they continue their labours.

"We sometimes hear from the returning soldiers, who have been in the South Seas, some of their impressions, and find that a number of these men have been very deeply stirred by the knowledge that missionaries have given to the native populations an experience that has stood the white soldiers in good stead in some hour of danger. Surely it is true today as ever, that the wrath of man shall praise the Lord. When the curtains of war are lifted, not only in the islands of the sea, but also in some of the great continents of earth, I feel sure, Brother Stewart, that there will be recorded most astonishing experiences, revealing once again beyond any question that the Lord still controls in the affairs of men.

"Time is flying very rapidly, and if the way is clear, in a few months we shall have

with us the General Conference session. We all sincerely hope that it will be possible for a representative body from the Australasian Division to meet with us at this coming session. That seemed to be impossible at the 1941 gathering, very much to the regret of the brethren here. Of recent years, as you may well know, we have had quite a number of important problems to deal with, and it is very desirable that at the next General Conference session strong counsel be available as further problems are faced and must be dealt with.

"Having had something to do with our radio project over here, I have been glad indeed to note that the brethren are launching out in a larger way in the Australasian field. This work is one that calls for a good deal of faith and a certain measure of courage; but I am sure that if continued it will prove to be very fruitful not only in the matter of winning souls, but also in removing a great deal of prejudice in the minds of many concerning our work. Our Voice of Prophecy organization here is a tremendous one, and has occupied a considerable portion of my time for the past three years, in addition to other work that naturally comes my way. This week one of our brilliant young Chinese brethren has connected with our Glendale office in order to gain a knowledge essential to conduct radio work from every angle. Later he is to proceed to China to launch a project in that vast field.

"In our Glendale office today we are conducting Bible Correspondence courses in English—senior and junior—Spanish, German, Italian, French, Russian, Portuguese, Japanese, and also in Braille for the blind. We are now planning to commence work in Chinese, and will probably add other languages to our list as opportunity opens before us. More and more programme directors and station managers are telling us of their very high regard for the kind of programme that we put on, both from the angle of quality and content.

"Nearly 300,000 are enrolled in our Bible Correspondence School of the Air. A little while ago we launched a newspaper Question and Answer column. Upwards of 450 newspapers are now including this column as one of their regular features. Of course there is no charge for this so far as we are concerned. This very feature is putting us into contact with probably hundreds of thousands of readers at regular intervals, and should be of some value to us in further increasing the influence of our Voice of Prophecy message.

"Mrs. Turner has kept remarkably well during this season. Last year I had to send her away for a few weeks because of her rheumatism, but this summer has been a good one for her. While she of course still has twinges of it and has to watch out all the time, she does not have the acute attacks that she formerly had.

"Ray and his wife are in Canada with their two little children, for they have a boy and a girl, but will soon be returning to the United States. He was under appointment to one of our hospitals in Kenya, East Africa, but the Canadian Government has steadfastly refused to allow him to leave Canada for mission work. We have found it a little difficult to understand the attitude of the government. Some of the brethren went up to Ottawa in an effort to get clearance, but without avail. This means that his mission appointment, for the time being at least, has been put out of the picture. He is hopeful, as are we, that later the way will open for him to engage in mission work somewhere in what to many of us appears to be a very needy world field.

"Joy and her little girl are at present in the country, but will be back in a few days, having escaped the rather miserable weather in Washington by going to the north in the State of New Jersey. Her husband is in the army, but has not been sent overseas thus far. In fact, in a letter received from Joy yesterday it would appear that the staff in the hospital in which he is located will likely be retained here for the duration of the war.

"Brother McElhany is enjoying reasonably good health and strength. At present he is on the West Coast, but will be home in a few days.

"We have all been greatly saddened by late by the passing of Elder J. F. Wright, one of our general vice-presidents. We shall miss him from this office, and the field will miss him, as he was a valuable worker and an earnest spiritual servant of God.

"Our camp-meeting lines have been very thin this season because of the sickness of some of us and various appointments that have broken into our regular schedule of camps. They have had wonderfully fine meetings, however, all around the field. Mission offerings have recorded new highs. Our people have given most liberally, and our general income for 1944 will establish a record never approached in the years gone by. I am convinced more and more, however, Brother Stewart, that the main resources for the finishing of this work are not dollars and cents and institutions, but the things that develop spiritual life and give God an opportunity for the revelation of divine power."

Pastor Fulton writes:—

"We were made very sorry to hear of the most painful accident to Pastor Rudge. I hope he makes a quick recovery.

"We are glad that your missionaries are able to return to the island fields. What a relief this will be to the native workers and believers! But it has been wonderful the way many of your native labourers have conducted themselves in looking after the affairs of the missions. How it shows the vitality there is in this great work! Some of the men mentioned in articles I have seen and distinctly remember—Joe and Joel in the New Hebrides. Of course Kata Rago is well known and some others in the Solomons we read about.

"Do you realize it is now about forty years ago that you, your wife, H. E. Piper, S. W. Carr, Harold Blunden, and their wives, and many others were in my Bible classes in Avondale? It is a long while ago. Naturally, I am proud of many of my boys and girls. Yes, I am profoundly thankful to God for the work that many of them have accomplished. I feel I did little to help them, but I am so thankful to have been associated with them. They are in their prime, and are doing a good work for God. I am old now and can just look back, 'calling to remembrance the former days.' I turned my seventy-fifth birthday the first of this month.

"Mrs. Fulton and I have been to see a specialist today regarding her failing eyesight. He says her poorer eye is ready for an operation to remove the cataract, so it is likely she will go into the hospital soon for the operation. We trust it may be a success. It has been a great trial for Mrs. Fulton. She is a great reader, and her loss of eyesight was a severe privation from a great pleasure.

"From week to week I still enjoy the privilege of speaking in various churches. No other joy is greater than to preach the blessed Word. Now and then I give a mission lecture in connection with evangelistic efforts.

"Eric and Agnes (Pastor and Mrs. Eric Hare) are living near us, and that is very pleasant indeed. Leonard Hare, their son, is now waiting with his young wife at Washington, D.C., for passage to India, where they have an appointment.

"Greetings to our friends."

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Matabeleland, South Africa

A. T. ROBINSON

Some time prior to the year 1890, the British Government granted a charter to a South African company of capitalists to operate and control the territories of Matabeleland and Mashonaland. The chartered British South African Company (B.S.A. Company, for short) were selling this land to settlers for the nominal price of about thirty cents an acre. The Honourable Cecil J. Rhodes was head of the B.S.A. Company and also Premier of the Cape Parliament. His administrator in the country was Dr. Jamieson.

The General Conference Foreign Mission Board in session in New York City voted to make an effort to secure a portion of this land, on which to open a mission station. As I was in Cape Town at that time, the Mission Board asked me to make an effort to see Mr. Rhodes and learn all I could about the country.

Mr. Rhodes, who, in my opinion, was one of the greatest of English statesmen, was somewhat abrupt in his manner. I met Mr. Rhodes in his office and requested him to appoint a date when I could have an interview with him. He said, "Very well, now as well as any time." I said, "Mr. Rhodes, I have a matter to present that I hope will interest you, but am not prepared at this moment to do so." He replied, "Very well, then, come next week, Wednesday, at ten-thirty," and he bowed me out of his office.

I had learned that neither Mr. Rhodes nor Dr. Jamieson was favourable to missionaries' going into the country as settlers. I prepared a very carefully worded memorandum to present to Mr. Rhodes. I

said very little about our religious work, other than that we were Seventh-day Adventists. I told him our object would be to establish schools, teach the natives habits of civilization, take into the country American farm machinery, teach them how to cultivate the soil, clothe themselves, and build houses.

While I was reading this memorial to Mr. Rhodes, he sat at his desk very busily writing. Fearing that he was paying no attention to what I was reading, I paused a second or two. He looked up and said, "and——" I then proceeded until the third time I was so dead sure that he could not be listening to me, while writing just as fast as he could make his pen go, that I again stopped to get his attention. He looked up, and with a bland smile on his face, said, "and——"

I then went on to the end of my chapter and sat down. It seemed to make no difference to my auditor whether I was standing or sitting. I sat very much embarrassed for what seemed to me to be about five minutes, but I think it was not that long, while Mr. Rhodes kept on with his writing. He then hastily folded together several sheets, placed them in a large envelope, and handed it to me, saying, "Hand this to Dr. Jamieson when you get to Bulawayo." After a little conversation regarding the new country, he politely bowed me out of his office.

We outfitted a party, composed of Brethren Druillard and Peter Wessels, of Cape Town, with several helpers, sixteen mules, a large covered waggon, an abundant supply of foods, and started them off. They were six weeks on the way. They had Mr. Rhodes' letter, but were ignorant of its contents. When they arrived in Bulawayo they handed this letter of introduction to Dr. Jamieson. He read it and said, "Gentlemen, how much land do you people want?" Brother Wessels, spokesman for the party, did not know what to say to the doctor's question, as the General Conference had made provision for securing a tract of land for the mission.

Finally Brother Wessels said: "Well, doctor, the facts are we ought to have around ten or twelve thousand acres, but it will depend on the terms, whether or not we can handle that much." "Terms!" the doctor replied, "Rhodes commands me to give you all the land you can make use of. Do you want better terms than that? I will give you a guide, and you may go east, west, north, or south, and wherever you find such a tract of land not already taken, it will be yours."

They went out, as I understand it, about forty miles east of Bulawayo, and there located what has since been known as the Solusi Mission Station.

A few weeks ago I received a letter from Brother R. M. Mote, principal of the mission school, telling me that in July this year they are to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of that mission. He said they expected three thousand people to be present, and he asked me to write a letter to be read on the occasion, telling about my interview with Cecil Rhodes and of the gift of twelve thousand acres of land on which the mission is located.

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"Above the distractions of the earth He sits enthroned; all things are open to His divine survey; and from His great and calm eternity He orders that which His providence sees best."

Around the Conferences

Church Debts Lifted

Thanksgiving at Sherwood, Queensland

W. W. PETRIE

Sabbath, September 9, 1944, was a very happy occasion for the members of the Sherwood church. It was a thanksgiving service to God in connection with the lifting of the church debt.

Seven years ago last July, after much sacrifice on the part of the church members and friends, the Sherwood house of worship was dedicated to the service of God. Since then it has witnessed to the power of the message, and many souls have been led to a fuller knowledge of the truth.

A loan of £280 was granted by the Australasian Conference Association Ltd., but so great were the sacrifices made by the church members that by the time the dedicatory service took place the amount needed was reduced to £156. The quarterly payments to the A.C.A. worked out at £2 12s., and for six and a half years the obligations were faithfully met. On January 1 of this year the total debt stood at £88 8s., and if the payments were faithfully met it would mean that in eight and a half years the building would be free of debt. The time was too long for the Sherwood folk, and an effort was made to reduce the debt as quickly as possible. It was a very happy day when Sister Smith, the church treasurer, called at the conference office with the July report, and said that among other matters she had come to pay the final amount of the church loan. Considering the membership, this is a wonderful achievement.

For the thanksgiving service a very beautiful programme was prepared. It was a glorious morning, and a goodly number of believers and friends gathered at the appointed hour. The president of the conference, Pastor W. T. Hooper, gave a very appropriate address expressing the thought that the church of God on earth is His most treasured possession, and as such He wants it to be wholly His, and without encumbrance.

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Happy Memories of a Lismore Camp

P. KENNETH SIMPSON

After two months of very pleasant association with our dear brethren and sisters at the Sydney Sanitarium, I suddenly realized that we were indefinitely stranded on the friendly shores of Australia, with little hope of further bookings to India, and I began to get a bit restless, wondering what I should do to pass the time. Having seen most of the sights of beautiful Sydney and its environs, I was eager to see a little of the country further north, when unexpectedly I received an invitation from the North New South Wales Conference to visit the Lismore camp and tell some of my mission stories about India and the progress of the work there. The idea appealed to me, and a few days later I was travelling with Pastor Guilliard and Pastor Naden by the North Coast Mail train

through some of the finest coast country I have ever seen. Within twenty-two hours we reached our destination and were met by Brother Hankinson and others, who located us comfortably in "the upper room" of the Lismore Showgrounds main building, reserved for visiting ministers at such times. From the moment I set my feet upon the grounds I felt at home, for the spirit of cordial welcome and hospitality extended to us soon broke down all reserves, and I forgot entirely I was an American as I entered into the spirit of the meetings, which were already in progress.

The camp was held again this year in the Showgrounds at Lismore, from August 31 to September 9, for the benefit of the members of our churches living in the Northern and Central Rivers districts who, on account of wartime travel restrictions, find it difficult to attend the regular conference session held later in the southern part of the conference. Permanent buildings make it possible for all our good people to be housed either in tents under tin roofs or within the large pavilions or sheds on the exhibition grounds, thereby providing shelter and protection from storm and rain. In spite of a shortage of labour on the farms and the rush of spring work, a large number of our brethren and sisters and young people remained through the meetings. It was estimated on the basis of Sabbath school attendance, etc., that about 350 persons must have attended the camp. The week-end meetings were especially well attended, and in the evenings nearly every seat was filled. Our people from Mullumbimby, Murwillumbah, and near-by towns sacrificed a great deal in order to make these meetings a success; and God rewarded their efforts.

Pastor W. J. Westerman, his staff of departmental secretaries, and several local ministers had arranged a full programme from half-past six in the morning until nine o'clock at night. Reports were given each morning throughout the week by the different departmental secretaries and the conference secretary-treasurer. It was most refreshing to see the true democratic way in which our people discussed the reports dealing with the progress of our work in the local conference. No one seemed satisfied with the results that had been achieved, and yet there was in evidence so much brotherly love and unity that I was glad to be connected with such a movement.

God came very near to our people as Pastor Naden of the Advent Radio Church led out in sermons presenting the need of a deeper experience and the putting away of every known sin. On the first Sabbath morning when an appeal was made to come forward, almost every man, woman, and child responded, and many victories were gained. A spirit of earnestness and deep piety characterized all the meetings, and it was with much regret that the young people said good-bye to Pastor Naden when he left on Wednesday morning. At the close of his report on the Radio Church broadcasts on Tuesday night, more than £55 was received. The young people espe-

cially appreciated the messages of Pastor Naden, and nearly all were down at the railway station singing choruses on the platform as the train pulled out for Sydney. It was encouraging to see a large number in attendance at the meeting who were first interested in the message by means of the radio broadcasts.

The messages and studies given by Pastor Guilliard, camp pastor for the Union, were much appreciated. His report of visits to our boys in the army camps was especially interesting. Our people appreciated the opportunity to see Pastor Guilliard again, who had served at one time as president of the North New South Wales Conference.

Pastor A. G. Stewart, editor of the "Record," and Pastor B. H. McMahon from the College were in attendance for the latter half of the meetings. Brother H. Vetter of the Fireside Correspondence School in Sydney also was present for the last few meetings, and assisted, as well as canvassing among the youth for students for the correspondence courses. The moving pictures taken by Pastor McMahon of our schools and colleges throughout the division brought a large crowd on Thursday night. The young people received much help from the visit of Pastor McMahon, and he enjoyed seeing some of the fine dairy stock near Lismore. Pastor Stewart thrilled all with his messages of what God is doing for our people in the islands, having recently returned from a visit to the New Hebrides. On the last Saturday night he showed many beautiful slides of our work and people to a full house. He had charge of the last Sabbath service, and nearly all gave themselves to God anew and came forward confessing their sins and praying for deliverance from sin.

(To be concluded.)

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Thanksgiving at Avondale, New Zealand

P. DIXON

Sabbath, July 15, 1944, was an auspicious day for the members of the Avondale church, North New Zealand. Though the weather was far from encouraging, over fifty members and friends assembled with happy hearts on this thanksgiving day, for at our quarterly business meeting two weeks previously it had been reported by the church treasurer that the loan on our church building had been cleared off.

In introducing his sermon for the day, Pastor H. G. Moulds, president of the conference, gave a brief outline of the activities of the members from the time the idea of a church building was first discussed.

It was a very happy occasion when, with the structure completed, the members held their business meeting and realized that we would be able to return to the A.C.A. £100, and a little later another £25, making a virtual return of £125 of the money advanced. The money was advanced with the usual plan of repayments over a period of fifteen years; but in less than five years, under the blessing of God, it has all been repaid, and our finances show a total credit of £60, £40 of which is in our church building fund.

Since the dedication of the church on May 18, 1940, the membership has increased from eighteen to fifty-eight, due largely to the removal of brethren to the vicinity of the church and also to a mission which was held about the time of the dedication.

With our growing membership, it is only natural that the number of children is greater, and we have noticed growing-pains commencing. There is need for a larger room for our children's division of the Sabbath school, and when the suggestion was made that we enlarge the church to give them more space, the question was asked, "Why not a church school?" With this in mind, a committee was formed to investigate the possibilities. Good work has been done by this committee, with the result that the church members have entered enthusiastically into the scheme, and plans have been drawn up and the necessary cash pledged. An application has also been lodged for a teacher to commence the 1945 school year.

The keynote of the testimonies given at the close of the service was praise to God for His goodness, and a determination to show our appreciation by greater activity in His service.

OUR ISLAND FIELD

Farewell to Pitcairn Island

FREDERICK P. WARD

After more than six years on Pitcairn Island, it was not remarkable that we should regard the tiny isle almost as home.

We had for some time expected to return to the homeland. One day in August a radio message informed the Chief Magistrate: "Ship westward bound 20th." Would it be going to New Zealand or Australia? Would it have accommodation for passengers? Such queries arose in our minds; but we must be ready in case. So, planning for Sunday, the 20th, we made all possible preparation.

At the service on Sabbath I gave a little farewell talk, expecting that we might "depart on the morrow." I was home only a few minutes when to our great consternation we heard the ship's bell—one, two, three four, five; one, two, three, four, five. Though not knowing whether we could go, we had to join in the general rush. We must prepare at once to embark even if we should have to stay. We had just said good-bye to some visitors, and Mrs. Ward was making a fruit salad for a neighbour. In the midst of tears and exclamations the salad was finished. Hurriedly we placed all our last-minute articles in our suitcases and slipped the cases into mail-bags (kindly lent by the postmaster) to keep them dry should the waves splash over them.

We sent a note to the captain, asking him to give a blast on the siren if he could take us. For some time we waited. We began to think we were to remain. Then the sound of the whistle reached us. We hurried to take our baggage to the Landing. Women and children gathered at "The Old House," all offering to help, some remarking how sad it was that we had to leave. Here good-byes were said to the aged folk who could not accompany us to the Edge or to the Landing. When we suggested that some day we might come back, the folk agreed. "That's the best news we've heard yet."

We found that Captain and Mrs. Markwelder and their little boy could travel on the ship, too. They were the Swiss family whose yacht had been broken on the rocks just a month before. Towards evening we

pulled away. The sea was not so calm as the day we arrived, and the little boat lurched and swayed on the waves as they rolled into the bay. As we swung out from the Landing Place in the gathering dusk the boat bumped and scraped on the rocks, causing more than one heart to leap a little. We took a last look at the rugged coast and cliffs that we had learned to love. On Landing and Cliff Edge were the dear people and children who now fill such a large place in our hearts. Again and again we answered their waving as we passed out to sea, till dusk and distance hid them from sight. Darkness fell quickly, and the ship's lights above the "Jacob's ladder" showed where we must climb up. On the ship, when trading and business were finished, there were more good-byes, this time to the menfolk. We left Pastor and Mrs. Watson on the island, but Nurse Totenhofer and one of the island women came out to the ship. Soon all who were returning were back in the island boats. We waved farewell, and presently the ship's lights went out while the strains of a hymn floated up through the inky darkness from the little boats, telling of the hope that "in the sweet by and by we shall meet on that beautiful shore."

Our trip to New Zealand was not the most pleasant we have had; but we covered the distance in the usual time. We stayed



Oti, who has been caring for Pastor Tutty's mission in the Admiralty Islands.

less than a day in Wellington, the Markwalders and a New Zealander who travelled with us leaving the ship there. From there on Mrs. Ward was the only woman on the ship. Mainly because of our experience on Pitcairn and because we had pictures and souvenirs in which all were much interested, we made several pleasing contacts among the officers.

At Wellington we met two or three Pitcairn islanders who were much interested in news from their homeland. We were greatly disappointed in that we were unable to see any others of our friends in New Zealand, especially Brother and Sister A. G. Judge, who worked with us for some months in the early part of our stay on Pitcairn. But we were glad that we were not obliged to have a lengthy wait in

New Zealand for passage across the Tasman Sea.

Our journey was completed in sixteen days, and we arrived in Sydney almost before anyone knew we were coming. We are thankful for a safe trip home. So many of the home folk have been praying for us during our stay on the island and on our voyage, and we thank you all for this.

May God richly bless Pastor Watson and his family, and Nurse Totenhofer, who remain to care for the school and the people of dear old Pitcairn Island.

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Word of Oti

In a letter to Pastor Stratford, Cpl. J. K. L. Fletcher gives a little mission news:—

"Several weeks ago I was happy to have a visit from Oti. We had a good chat together. He told of various happenings in these parts since the missionaries were evacuated, much the same details as I mentioned in a previous letter.

"Oti was keen to hear more news of Australian happenings, and is looking forward to receiving letters from Pastor Campbell and others. I told him that the Union Conference was planning to send Bibles, hymn-books, and laplaps as soon as possible. I gave Oti some writing material and an exercise book, also a bundle of 'Records,' which he was very happy to have.

"Just a few days ago two lakatois came over here from Lou island. They carried papaws, bananas, mangoes, pineapples, and pumpkins, which our mission folk exchanged for sugar, rice, etc. It was good to meet these folk and have a chat about the mission. They told me that Oti was at that time staying on Lou.

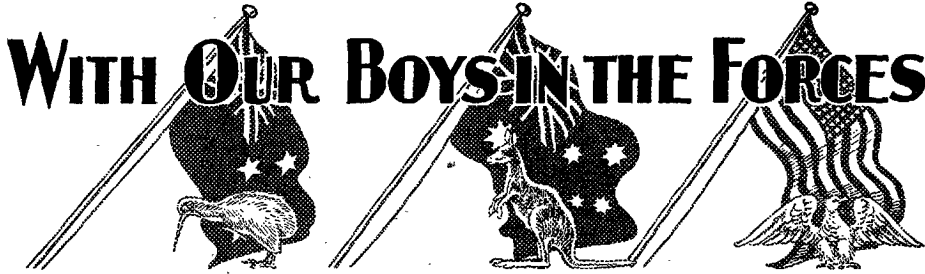
"Everything up here is going along nicely. The weather has been lots cooler lately, and I have not been as busy as usual. Nevertheless, we are all happily looking forward to the time when we can be back again with our home folks and friends. The war news has cheered us up a lot."

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Transfigured Lives

Soon after Judson reached Burma, he met one day a native woman. He could not speak a word of the language, but touching the woman's hand he looked up and pointed upward. She went home and told her friends that she had met an angel. His very face seemed transfigured. Now and then a saintly face is seen that seems to have almost a supernatural glow in it, as if a holy fire burned back of it. Every soul writes its story more or less distinctly on the face, which is the index of the inner life. Discontent soon shows its fevered spirit in fretted features. Anger soon reveals its unlovableness in the sinister lines it stamps on the brow. . . . There is no cherished sin which does not work up out of the heart, however deeply it is hidden there, and reveal itself in some way in the face. . . .

In like manner, good in the heart works its way up into the face, and prints its own beauty there. Love in the life softens the features and gives them a warmth like the gentle beauty of spring flowers. Peace in the heart soon gives a quiet calm to the countenance. . . . Thus in a sense even the physical features share in the transfiguration of the life of faith and holiness. —J. R. Miller, D.D.



"My strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure."

A Visit to Rome

1ST LIEUT. ROBERT H. DUNN

In the course of travel around here I went to visit Rome, Italy. I did not accomplish much sight-seeing, because I spent most of my time visiting. Since it was Sabbath, I was more interested in finding our church. In my notebook was an address, and after careful perusal of my map and a little searching I found the place. No one was at home, and no one knew the whereabouts of the church. After an hour or so Pastor Daniele Cupertino met me on the stairway. He was glad to see me and invited me in. He could not speak English, and I could not speak Italian. It was quite a struggle to carry on an extensive exchange of thought, but you would be surprised what we finally got across.

They kindly invited me to dinner, the first meal I had eaten outside of army chow since I left the States. It was a simple meal—one bowl of lentils, one French biscuit, and for dessert one small piece of cheese and a few nuts. They had brought out their best, and I did enjoy the meal. The food was simple, the hospitality was excellent, and it was enjoyable to share. It occurred to me that some day I might be very thankful for such a meal—plain yet satisfying. The family have been on starvation rations the last few months. Little do we appreciate the blessings that are ours. We have not had to go about our work weakened by the lack of food on our table. Too often we go around weakened by the excess of food in our stomachs.

After dinner Brother Charles Pipping came in. Brother Pipping is of German descent, but has been in Italy for twenty-five years. He could speak English quite well, and we really had a good visit. It was the first Sabbath after the occupation of Rome, and I was the first American Seventh-day Adventist with whom they had contact since the war started. It was a privilege to be the first one to make contact with our believers in Rome. They seemed to be pleased to meet someone of their faith from America. It gives a person confidence in his faith to find our believers in every city of size throughout the world. It makes one realize we have a message that is alive!

They told me the churches have suffered over here from the restrictions and from the trials of war. Members have been scattered, and the work has not been well organized because of these restrictions. They have had a certain amount of religious freedom, for which they have been thankful. However, their hope is strong, and they are praying and planning for a great work after the peace that follows this war. They also realize that as a people we must be spiritually prepared for the

great task that confronts us. The Holy Spirit must come upon His people with greater power.

It was inspiring to talk with these people. In spite of hardships their faith has not dimmed; they are eager to press forward. The time to work will not be long. We must not as a people be hindered by shackles of worldliness. We must be prepared to run the race.

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An American Soldier in North Africa

Cpl. Howard Martin, who paid the supreme sacrifice while serving in the Medical Corps in November, 1943, wrote a letter to his home church in the United States. In this abbreviated form it appeared in a recent number of the "Review":—

"As a member of your church it is about time for me to let you know what your absent member is doing. Some time ago we attended church on Sabbath in a city, the name of which you have often seen in the newspapers. 'We' means that for a short time an Adventist doctor was in my Company, Captain Tait. He has since been transferred. After quite a search we found the meeting-place—in a large apartment house. The windows had all been blown out by bomb explosions and the buildings across the street had been demolished.

"It seemed good to be there, for wherever one meets with Adventists he finds himself immediately at home. Though our knowledge of French is still pitifully meagre, we were able to join in the singing. Many of their songs are the same as in our 'Christ in Song,' and that helps. We could also follow the texts in the sermon. Imagine our joy after the service to find that the pastor spoke English. It is common here for the people to speak more than one language.

"I must tell you of this pastor. He was born in Russia. The revolution after the first World War drove his parents to Rumania. He received his education in the schools of Germany and France. After his marriage to a French college girl he entered the colporteur ministry, and later he was ordained. The invasion in this war drove him and his family out of Europe into North Africa. The bombings here had so unnerved his little boy that he had sent his wife and child into the interior.

"A few days before we met he had received word about his parents in Rumania, the first for many months. His father had died of hunger, and his mother had disappeared, none of his friends knew where.

"There, too, we met a brother who only the year before had been a radical—really an anarchist, politically. His leadership in agitations had made much trouble for the police. One evening he came to the pastor,

saying, 'What is this stuff called religion?' A brief outline study of this truth was given him. Night after night he came back. One night he said with tears, 'Why has no one told me this before?' Now he and his family are baptized, except for a son who is a prisoner of war in Germany. The change in the man is a constant source of wonderment to the townsfolk.

"One of the deacons in this church, of Italian descent, has been a soldier for four years, working as telephone operator in a central municipal plant. Accepting the faith was a test, but he has ironed out all the problems and gets his Sabbaths off.

"Perhaps you have wondered about the town of —. There were a few Adventists there, but no church. The city itself is a mass of rubble and shot-up buildings. As for —, that is a different story. I hitchhiked to church there one Sabbath and was more than repaid for the effort, though the service was closing when I found the place. A Swiss family, who had left their country at the outbreak of the war, invited me and four other Adventist soldiers who were there to go home for dinner. They made us so much a part of the family that soon we were calling grandmother Mamma, much to her delight. [Their host and several others, including Corporal Martin, could speak German; so they could converse easily.]

"And here we were given a story that was a surprise. It was so to me. During the Axis domination here, our host told us, there were three German brethren and one Italian, all soldiers, who attended church regularly. One had been with them so long and was considered so helpful that they elected him pastor, which work he did till the British occupation. Like us Adventists in the American Army, they were in the Medical Corps and did not carry arms. And, remember, that must have been no easy matter to arrange, for their medical soldiers are usually required to carry small arms. The brethren said that these soldiers kept bringing in their comrades for Bible studies, and one boy asked for baptism at the time the city fell. We were told that these brethren of ours were interesting many in Bible study, many of these men having barely heard of such a book.

"It was interesting to learn that on one Sabbath our hosts were out walking with those four brethren, and the next week four American Seventh-day Adventist soldiers went for a Sabbath walk over the same route. Truly our God is a wonderful God, working in ways and by means we cannot know or understand."

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Cpl. Keith H. Adair: "Our new location is one hundred per cent on the last place. Here we have the sea handy; consequently there is plenty of swimming, fishing, etc. We are extremely isolated, however, and visitors are few owing to transport difficulties. However, we make our fun, and the days fly by.

"Recently some of us boys got together and decided it would be a good idea to hold a church service on Sunday nights for half an hour or more. We hold the meetings in my medical section, and up to date have had four. The usual attendance has been ten, and one night we had seven different denominations represented. Three of us take turns to take the service. The service begins with the singing of some choruses, then a hymn, reading from the Bible, prayer, another hymn, a talk, then

close with a hymn and prayer. We consider that an attendance of ten is excellent, considering the size of our unit; but of course we strive to get more to come.

"Last Sunday was set aside as a day of prayer and dedication by His Majesty the King. The R.A.A.F. requested each unit if possible to observe the day as such. Even we in our isolation held a proper full-dress church parade, and I took the service by request of the commanding officer and took as my text Ps. 46: 1.

"I receive the 'Record' and 'Signs' when second class mail matter arrives, and so learn of the latest happenings throughout the field. I think that the 'Record' is an excellent publication."

PERSONAL

Sgt. Marcus Giblett, of Waitara, Sydney, is home on leave from Dutch New Guinea. He has not had malaria, and says he has had a good time

Cpl. Edward H. Reynolds, U.S. Army, worshipped with us at the Wairoonga church on Sabbath, September 16, and we were glad to meet him again.

Berlin radio brought great relief to the home of Brother and Sister Marchant lately, at Wairoonga, when it was announced that their son Geoff, reported missing some weeks ago, is a prisoner of war.

Congratulations to the Butler brothers, Cpls. Mervyn and Lance, on their successful passing of ANGAU'S examinations, coming almost at the head of the list. Mervyn has been posted to a native hospital, and Lance expects an appointment shortly.

WEDDING BELLS

WARRELL-ROSENDAHL. Sunday afternoon, the 10th of September, was the rather unique occasion of a double wedding, when Eric Warrell and Dorothy May Rosendahl, Owen Charles Rickards and Ruth Lois Rosendahl were united in matrimony. Repairs to our Warburton church, following the disastrous fire of five months ago, had been completed only the previous week, and it was therefore a cause of special rejoicing and satisfaction that the service could be held in this building, which had been tastefully and prettily decorated for the occasion. The brides were the daughters of Pastor and Mrs. E. Rosendahl, and the service was conducted by their father. Brother Warrell is on the staff of the Sydney Sanitarium and Hospital, and he and his bride will make their home at Wairoonga. Brother Rickards is an esteemed member of the Mildura church, and he and his bride will set up their home in that vicinity. The large number of friends who gathered at the church to witness the happy event were united in wishing each of these two couples Heaven's richest blessings in their united service for the Master.
E. J. Johanson.

AUSTRALASIAN RECORD

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"They shall come again from the
land of the enemy." Jer. 31: 16.

MATSON.—On August 28, 1944, at the Lidcombe Hospital, Brother August Matson fell asleep in Jesus. Our dear brother was born in Finland, and was just past four-score years. In Adelaide, over forty years ago, he joined the advent family, and was faithful to the end. His last resting-place is in the Rookwood cemetery, where he awaits the call of his Saviour and Lord.

A. H. White.

LAMONT.—After a lingering illness, our dear sister Martha Lamont of Christchurch, New Zealand, fell asleep, trusting in Jesus. Death occurred August 28, 1944, at the age of seventy-six years. Her quiet, consistent, trustful example through the later years of her life proved an inspiration to all those who knew her. We are assured that Heaven has marked her love and devotion, and that a reward will be hers in the glorious resurrection morning. Words of comfort were spoken by the writer.
George L. Sterling.

DAYMAN.—On July 30, 1944, in the Innisfail Hospital, North Queensland, Brother John Dayman, a native of England, passed quietly to his rest at the age of eighty-four years. Five years ago, through the faithful witness of an isolated family, he and his wife became interested in the message, and later fully embraced it through the labours of Pastors Greive and Ball. Brother Dayman leaves behind a loving wife, two sons, two daughters, and several grandchildren to mourn their loss. To these sorrowing ones we extend our deepest sympathy.
J. H. Newman.

WARRICK.—On August 10, at the age of sixty-six years, Sister Emily Warrick, of Victoria Park, W.A., closed her tired eyes in rest. She had been an enthusiastic worker both in the church and for any charitable cause. She was faithful in Sabbath school and church attendance, and at Victoria Park church she is missed by the members, for she was a bright, cheery Christian. She loved this message and bore with fortitude her lot, for medical science had decreed her case to be beyond help. We all felt, as we stood by her open grave, that we would meet her at the coming of Christ.
Thomas J. Bradley.

NEWSON.—On July 29, 1944, at the Rotorua Hospital, New Zealand, Sister Phyllis Isabella Newson, aged twenty-three, passed suddenly to her rest. Accepting present truth three years ago, under the labours of Pastor J. D. Anderson, our sister's faith was steadfast unto the end. When the Life-giver comes to break "the fetters of the tomb," we are confident of her rising in "immortal bloom." She leaves an infant son, a devoted husband, and other close relatives to mourn, but not as those who have no hope. To them we extend our sincere sympathy.
Alfred Parker.

DOROTHY.—It is with deep regret that we record the death of a member of the Boolaroo church, N.S.W., Mrs. Mary Dorothy, aged seventy years, on August 19, 1944, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Kerr. She joined the remnant church some years ago. Her love for the message and for God's people was strong, and though a great sufferer it was always her joy, when able, to minister to the needs of others. Many relatives, friends, and business people gathered at the house of mourning, where Pastor D. A. Ferris and the writer spoke words of comfort, exhorting all to live in readiness for the glad reunion on the resurrection morning.
E. C. Watts.

SALM.—With the passing away of Sister Louisa Salm, at the ripe age of ninety-two, Queensland lost one of its earliest Sabbath-keepers. Sister Salm's name was the first on the South Brisbane church roll when it was organized in 1898, and it was she who provided the money to purchase the ground upon which the church now stands. Despite her advanced age, our sister enjoyed good health and a good Christian experience right to the last, when she fell asleep at the home of her daughter, Sister Judge, at Yandina, on August 19, 1944. Sister Salm had nine children, eleven grandchildren, and seven great-grandchildren, and was indeed a true mother in Israel. She now awaits the summons of the Archangel.
S. W. Carr.

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Thanks

SANDY.—Mr. and Mrs. Les Sandy and family of Adelaide wish to convey their thanks and appreciation to all church members for their expressions of sympathy, and practical and spiritual help during their time of stress in the loss of their baby daughter and sister.

An Appreciation

The family of the late Mrs. Anne Cozens, of Toowoomba, desire to express through the "Record" their thanks to the many kind friends who sent them messages of sympathy following the death of their beloved mother. Will all those whose thoughts and fellow feelings prompted those messages please accept these few lines as addressed to them personally? as it would entail much correspondence to address each one individually.

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Notices

WANTED, by elderly lady, board or share room in Christian home, country preferred. Mrs. A. Simmonds, 33 Woodside Ave., Burwood, N.S.W.

WANTED: Seventh-day Adventist boy (learn tractor-driving) for harvesting. 15 to 18 years. Further particulars apply J. Harvey, Post Office Box 122, Dubbo, N.S.W.

BREVITIES

Some time ago we mentioned the call of the General Conference to Sister Muriel Howe to return to China. Miss Howe has now received her clearance from the Commonwealth to leave Australia, and is only awaiting passage to her former field of adoption.

Our readers will be pleased to know that Dr. and Mrs. A. Coyne, who have been waiting several weeks for a passage to India, have now left for their field of labour. Before sailing, the doctor and Sister Coyne expressed their deep appreciation of the warmth of welcome extended to them by those with whom they associated during their sojourn in Australia.

"We are all well, tell the world through your back page. We like New Zealand, and have met with some success in this part of the field—commenced a new effort in Carterton three weeks ago. The church attendance is on the up-grade, and we are naturally pleased. Would be happy to have some of the Aussie friends write me some time." Thus writes Pastor Brash from "The Manse," Opaki Road, Masterton, New Zealand.

Writes Pastor A. J. Campbell: "I should be much obliged to have inserted in the 'Record' another 'thank you' notice for all the razor blades that are being kindly sent along. These are quite valuable, and mean many pounds to our mission funds. They have a very practical value. We desire to thank all who have been so helpful as to send these along. There were more than five hundred blades in several lots posted. Many or few are much appreciated."

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Drs. Kress Honoured on Sixtieth Wedding Anniversary

LAURA BELLE SHEPARD

Drs. D. H. and Lauretta Kress of Orlando, Florida, have been very much at home since June 29, with their friends in and about Washington Sanitarium and Hospital, Takoma Park, with which institution they were formerly connected for a period of thirty-three years.

They were "at home" in the true sense of the word on the evening of July 9 as they celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary at a reception in their honour at the Washington Sanitarium.

The doors of the lovely and spacious Sanitarium lounge were thrown open all the evening to the many guests, among whom was Dr. Ora Mason of Kentucky, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Kress.

The guests, numbering over four hundred, registered their names upon a beautiful guest book as they left the reception room. Beautiful and personal artistic arrangement describing the time and nature of the event, embellished the flyleaves of the handsome guest book, which was afterwards presented to the Drs. Kress as a memento of the occasion. The guests were likewise presented with a memento, an attractive booklet, "I am a Multimillionaire," written by Dr. D. H. Kress, which was autographed by the two doctors cele-

brating their anniversary, the front cover of which was adorned by their picture. This story has appeared in a number of magazines and religious periodicals, and so many requests have been made for it that the Drs. Kress took this opportunity to compliment their friends with a special edition of it; all of them, they stated, they consider multimillionaires with them as they enjoy the blessings of an abundant life.

Dr. D. H. and Dr. Lauretta Kress were married on July 9, 1884. In 1890 they began the study of medicine together, attending and graduating from the University of Michigan. Just recently, on June 21 of this year, they celebrated the fiftieth alumnal year of their graduation with twenty-two remaining colleagues of their class by a unique correspondence programme event.

The thirty-three years of their career spent at the Washington Sanitarium and Hospital, as well as the other years spent elsewhere in medical ministry, have been full and rich in service, and the record of their work is attested by the profuse compliments in letters and telegrams which they have been receiving congratulating them upon their sixtieth wedding anniversary.

Dr. and Mrs. Kress left for a three weeks' vacation in the mountains, after which they returned to their duties at the Orlando Sanitarium, Orlando, Florida.

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Good News from the Publishing House

The authorities are now allowing us to use more newsprint for our periodicals, so we are in a position to accept new subscriptions for "Our Little Friend." It is quite a while since we have been able to engage in promotion work for our children's paper, so we welcome this opportunity of bringing this periodical before the attention of our people.

In these days when so much of the literature produced for young people and children is of a questionable nature, it is very important that every Seventh-day Adventist home be well stocked with reading matter of the right type. "Our Little Friend" is produced especially to meet this need.

We trust all our Sabbath schools will check up and see if their clubs are sufficient to meet their needs, and if not, place additional orders immediately. The festive season will soon be here. What better present is there for a young person than a subscription to "Our Little Friend"? All isolated members who have families should be on our subscription list, and we believe many of our other members will desire to have the paper posted direct to their homes.

We have decided to make a special offer in order to attract new subscribers. From now until the end of the year we will send, without extra charge, a copy of "Bedtime Stories" No. 19 with every yearly order for "Our Little Friend." This offer will apply to renewals as well as new subscriptions, and, of course, subscribers can renew ahead of time in order to take advantage of the special offer. "Bedtime Stories" No. 19 is just off the press, and will be welcomed eagerly by the children. Send in your order at once through your local Tract Society. The subscription price is 5s. 6d. per year.

Among Flying Bombs

H. W. LOWE

Now that Mr. Churchill has told the world about the flying bomb, it is possible to send a short report of our work in London since this terror weapon appeared.

At the outset I should say that everywhere in the London area our meetings have continued, and the wonderful spirit of our people is the vital factor in this phase of a long and dreadful war.

Our members become a little weary of frequent alarms; and the uncertainty of this random terror, together with the noise and sight of suffering is, of course, very trying. On the other hand, there is not the slightest evidence of broken spirit or weakened morale anywhere.

One morning two sisters, living together, were making ready for the day—the one dressing for business, the other preparing breakfast. The one upstairs heard a tremendous explosion and felt a blow on the head. Recovering herself, she stumbled through falling rubble and blinding dust downstairs, to find her sister laid out in the kitchen and covered with blood. Grasping a cloth and wetting it at a gushing water-pipe, she revived her sister and found her wounds had narrowly missed her eyes, but were superficial. The injured girl was not at church two days later, but the other was, and seemed very grateful to God as she told me her simple but sad story.

"And what do you do at night?" I asked of two elderly ladies at one of the London Sabbath services. "Do you sleep in a shelter?"

"We sing a hymn, have our family prayers, then go to bed in a downstairs room and leave everything to God," replied one of these octogenarians. They seemed a bit tired, but they are carrying on, and their trust is in the Lord.

I spoke to a good brother who lives with his family not many yards from the scene of considerable damage. His wife, daughter, and niece are with him. He and his daughter told me they have never slept out of their upstairs apartment. I admired the spirit of those people.

I told a good church elder that he looked tired. "Yes," he said, "I could almost sleep on my feet. Three nights ago I got to sleep at 3.45 a.m., the following night at 4.45 a.m., and last night I did my full night's fire watching."

Last Sabbath I was with two London churches and came across about seventeen families who have had their homes almost or wholly ruined. We always give some immediate cash assistance where necessary, and there is a very friendly and brotherly spirit in the whole community where these conditions obtain.

There is some evacuation of children and also of adults who have no real need to remain in London. Our meetings are a little thinner, and our public services are, of course, somewhat reduced. In one effort which gave promise of being one of the best in the union, with some seventy-five people out each Sabbath, more than half the interested people left London. But the workers remain and work on, and their loyal spirit communicates itself to our membership.

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A brave man is one who sees the danger, fears it, and yet meets it.—Noah K. Davis.