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Prayer that Availeth Much

TAYLOR G. BUNCH

THE effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." James 5:16. God never makes an unconditional promise. Many fervent prayers are never answered because fervency alone is not enough. After the door of opportunity is closed for ever many will knock and fervently pray, "Lord, Lord, open unto us"; but the answer will be, "I know you not whence ye are: depart from Me, all ye workers of iniquity." These prayers will be very fervent. Those who thus pray will be deadly in earnest. People in deep trouble, brought on by their own folly, frequently offer the most fervent prayers, which are often mingled with bitter tears of regret, and yet they are not answered. Heathen people, who are devotees of false religions, are often very earnest and fervent in their petitions to their gods. The fervency of some religious cults which counterfeit the genuine is positively amazing.

The fervent prayers must come from "a righteous man" before they can avail much. All other prayers fall short of their mark. They fall dead at the feet of the petitioner. Their wings are clipped so that they cannot fly heavenward. Not only do they not reach God, but they are an offence to Him. "He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be abomination." Prov. 28:9.

"If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." Ps. 66:18. "Regard" means not only to see or recognize its presence, but to respect, cherish, or esteem it. It is really a pet sin to which the sinner wishes to cling. The person who loves or cherishes sin cannot know availing prayer. "One saint, if he were right, could move the arm of God; but a multitude together if they were wrong, would be weak, and could effect nothing."—*"Early Writings," page 120.*

The following texts also give the reason for unanswered prayer: "Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither His ear heavy, that it cannot hear: but your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid His face from you, that He will not hear." Isa. 59:1, 2. "Then shall they cry unto the Lord, but He will not hear them: He will even hide His face from them at that time, as they have behaved themselves ill in their doings." Micah 3:4. The most ardent and fervent prayers by the most emotional petitioners will avail nothing when there is sin in the heart and life. Nothing

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'Tis time to pray—the time our Saviour said
Would surely come, is here. The night of woe
Is settling o'er the earth, and we must watch
And pray as ne'er before, if we would go
Triumphant through the strife.

'Tis time to pray! for many hearts wax cold.
Iniquity abounding, with its blast
Like winter blasts, destroys Love's tender plant;
Faith finds no foothold, and departs at last,
Hope dies and all is lost!

'Tis time to pray, for if 'twere possible,
E'en God's elect the devil would ensnare.
With wrath increasing, and with mighty power,
He roams the earth. Oh, let us then beware!
And know 'tis time to pray.

'Tis Time to Pray

'Tis time to pray—the time of trouble such
As never was is at our very door.
Like Jacob, we must wrestle till the morn,
Nor loose our hold. God's help we must implore
Till we with Him prevail.

'Tis time to pray! Our children, lambs of Christ,
Must pass through awful scenes and tests severe
Ere morning dawns. God bids us pray for them—
His heritage—and surely He will hear
If we sincerely pray.

'Tis time to pray! The harvest fields are white,
And labourers are needed everywhere.
Look ye upon the fields, and pray that God
Will reapers send to gather and to bear
The sheaves of souls safe home.

'Tis time to pray! Probation's hour will soon
For ever close. And we must victory win
O'er every sin, o'er selfishness, and pride,
If we'd before Christ stand. "God, make me clean!"
'Tis time indeed to pray.

—Author Unknown.



but sincerity and righteousness can influence God. He cannot be persuaded by long and noisy prayers or bribed by rapacious feelings or emotional gymnastics.

The prayers "of a righteous man" that avail much, or "exert a mighty influence" (Weymouth), are referred to in the next verses in the Book of James: "Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain: and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit." James 5: 17, 18.

The prayers of Elijah are given as an example of effectual, fervent, and availing prayer. At the time these prayers were offered, ancient Israel had entered into a terrible apostasy. Baal worship had almost entirely supplanted the worship of Jehovah. Elijah's prayers saved Israel, and thus had a telling effect on the future history of the nation and the world. And yet, he "was a man subject to like passions as we are." He was neither a superman nor an angel. He had the same sinful flesh, suffered the same temptations, was cursed with the same besetting sins, and met the same discouragements that beset us. How encouraging are these facts!

Elijah was a type of those who are to proclaim the last warning message to the world "in the spirit and power of Elias." He was a reformer, and has been called "the Martin Luther of ancient Israel." His message was given in the time of a great apostasy such as is taking place in modern Christendom. Modernistic preaching is today leading the Christian world back into a paganism similar to that which cursed Israel.

Elijah was translated, and at the transfiguration was present to represent those who will enter the kingdom of glory without tasting of death, at the second advent. The fifth chapter of James is essentially a message for us at this time, when God's people should learn the meaning of effectual, fervent, and availing prayer, as we face the final crisis. We cannot preach "in the spirit and power of Elias" until we learn to pray "in the spirit and power of Elias." Then our effectual, fervent prayers will avail much in the closing work of the great gospel commission.

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A Mother's Suggestion

The "Review" prints this suggestion from an American mother:—

"Thousands of Adventist mothers have sons in the service, some of them backslidden sons. Could not all mothers unite in a world-wide prayer circle for their sons at sunset Sabbath eve (Friday night)? God has promised a special answer to united prayer. I suggest this for mothers praying desperately alone. I am one of those mothers. Although we would not know one another, this would give us mothers a feeling that we are uniting with others of like precious faith at the throne of mercy, pleading with God to save our sons. And we know this is according to His will; for He is 'not willing that any should perish.'"

All to whom we have spoken say, "Yes, pass on this mother's suggestion." This sunset hour, as Sabbath comes, would naturally find united families joining the lone mothers in this same prayer season.

May God bless and save these sons (and daughters) far from home.

From Fields Afar

Glimpses of Luz

EVERETT L. JEWELL

Situated one hundred miles slightly northeast of Vila Luzo, and twenty-six miles from the government post of Dala, is Luz Mission, in Angola, West Africa, which was started among the Chokwe tribe by W. H. Anderson in 1929. Our first acquaintance with it was made early in March, 1942, when, just following our marriage, my wife and I were appointed to take over the work in that area, which for a few months had been left with no one in charge.

Pastor P. Stevenson, our union superintendent, accompanied us, and we shall not soon forget our first introduction. Vila Luzo is our nearest connection with a railway, and from there we made the trip by car for about eighty miles along a fairly good dirt road, which connects Vila Luzo with the diamond fields some four hundred miles to the north. From this road to the mission, for nineteen miles we follow a trail through the bush. The trail is really not bad for motor travel except that during the rainy season, at which time we happened to arrive, it is so overgrown with grass and weeds that in places it is difficult to tell exactly which is road and which is not.

It is always both a touching and a joyful experience to travel far from civilization into the heart of heathenism and there hear familiar songs, though in a different tongue, from the lips of souls whose hearts throb with the same joy and hope that we find in the Master's service. These songs gave us a feeling of kinship to those for whom we had come to labour, and immediately we felt at home.

One Hundred Miles from Markets

Living a hundred miles from town is never so easy as living where there is a corner grocery store. This is especially so when only a few trips to town during the year are possible, and practically everything is carried on the heads of native boys! Butter, which was probably not very fresh when bought, is definitely disagreeable after having been carried on a boy's head three or four days in the sun, and vegetables are sadly drooped and withered. Consequently, we prefer to go without. Until recently we have had to go without milk as well, but a short time ago we purchased a few cows, and the milk they give helps my wife solve some of her cooking problems.

It would be natural to expect us to grow our own vegetables. The soil at Luz is very sandy, but if treated well with manure, produces excellent vegetables when the bugs leave them alone, and that is where the difficulty arises. There is a great variety of insects that seem to have a passion for fresh vegetables. Not long ago we read an account of a man on a certain island who constantly had his vegetables destroyed by crabs, but who, after learning that the natives of the island used the crabs for eating, gave up gardening and lived on the crabs. Although a particular

kind of cricket here, which is a destroyer simply for the fun of destroying, is considered a delicacy among the natives, we have not been able to bring ourselves to the point of using them for food.

Joys of Soul-Saving

It is true that a missionary has many difficulties and problems to face, and there are many things that our friends and relatives overseas enjoy that we cannot, and yet we would not exchange places with them. There is satisfaction in working for the Master, and an elation in seeing souls won from heathenism that makes our sacrifices seem small.

Witchcraft seems to be born into the Chokwe tribe as a part of their nature. Dancing, drinking, and smoking occupy a large part of their lives. To lead them to express belief in Christ and His saving power, and say they wish to live according to His will, does not seem so very hard, but to lead them to realize that this is an experience of the heart, and that it should be reflected in their actions, is far more difficult. This is a work that only the saving grace of God can do. Yet even among these people God is calling out His own. On our mission and in our out-schools we have a number of very faithful souls.

Open Doors

In times past it has been difficult to establish out-schools in the native villages. The chiefs were afraid that because of the influence of the teacher their authority would be undermined, but gradually this outlook is changing, and there is a growing demand for teachers. In fact, we have come to the point where we do not know how to fill all the calls. When we went to Luz two years ago, there were only four out-schools. The farthest one was about thirty miles from the mission. We now have twelve with the farthest one more than a hundred miles away. Only a few months ago we were able to open a school in an area which for years has been closed to us because of a government official who was not favourable to our work. However, recently another man has taken his place, and we have grasped the opportunity of opening our work there.

This school promises to develop into one of our most fruitful centres. Already there are over a hundred in the hearers' class, and the teacher tells me that there are openings in other villages in this area for at least twenty more schools. We who know how difficult has been the task of leading these people to a desire for truth find this awakening a great comfort. The seed sown by pioneer missionaries is beginning to bear fruit, and our constant prayer is that God will enable us to keep pace with the increasing calls.

The Spirit of the True Missionary

I greatly admire our African brethren who are willing to leave home and families to go to isolated places to uphold and proclaim the doctrine of Christ. Much is said about the sacrifices of our European

missionaries. This may well be true, but when I think of our African workers standing alone in the midst of heathenism from which they have only recently come, resisting the temptations of the evil one to return to that way of life, and fighting witchcraft and heathenism in its grossest forms, I cannot help feeling that they deserve equal praise with the missionaries who cross the seas to carry the message to foreign fields, and that their lives are proof of the miraculous converting power of the Holy Spirit.

Some time ago I paid a visit to our farthest outschool which, by way of interest, was one of David Livingstone's camp-sites. The last time I had been there was when we chose the site for the school. The teacher and his wife had certainly worked hard to make an attractive home and school where there had been only grass and trees a few months before. The campus was clean and neat, with flowers and shrubs lining the walks. They also had planted a variety of fruit trees and had a good garden. There were only twelve pupils in school, but they were well instructed in Bible and other subjects. I was really surprised at all that had been done since my previous visit.

When it came time to leave I shook hands with this teacher and his wife, and bade them good-bye, at the same time giving them a few words of encouragement, for it is not easy to be seventy miles from the nearest Adventists. Their reply was, "Pray for us," and I noticed tears in their eyes. I stepped into the car and drove away, and looked back; there was this faithful couple standing alone where I had left them, still gazing at the retreating car—the link between themselves and others of like faith. Then there were tears in my eyes, and I realized that our African brethren often bear responsibilities far heavier than we realize.

There are those who say that the African is not capable of comprehending God's love and the hope of salvation. To me there is abundant proof that God is able both to save and use all, whether black or white, who will give their hearts to Him.

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Soul-Winning Value of Our Literature Work

A. R. HAIG

The soul-winning value of the literature ministry cannot be fully estimated in this life. Among the thrills awaiting the redeemed, and especially our warrior colporteurs, will be the millions saved through their self-sacrificing and devoted ministry. We have many evidences of the soul-winning value of our literature work.

One of our colporteurs in the French West Indies launched out in the name of his God; he blazed a new trail where the need was great. Not an Adventist church was to be found within a radius of one hundred miles. There was not one known Seventh-day Adventist! The colporteur prayed with the people. He sold them Bibles and books. Cottage and open-air meetings were conducted. After three years of hard work, up and down mountains and across rushing streams, he attended college for four years. Not so long ago the student-colporteur covered the same hundred-mile circuit, and what did he find? There were hundreds of believers, and hundreds more in branch and

Sabbath schools. He visited churches and companies in eight familiar villages, and what a reception he got! Handclaps and embraces were given by many fathers and mothers in Israel. They exclaimed: "Oh, we shall never forget those days when you trekked across our hills with your donkey on which you had kerosene boxes to carry your books. Your canvass caused us to think, and we read the book and found the truth. May God bless you, my good brother, may God bless you." As the Field Missionary secretary sped away in his car, the strains, "God be with you till we meet again; Keep love's banner floating o'er you," thrilled his soul as he found himself saying with a choke in his voice, "I thank God for that day when I dedicated my life to a Task and not to a salary."

Many of our greatest missionaries were converts of the book. Pastor Stahl bought a book and closed his electroplating shop. He went to South America and won 10,000 Indians. Pastor G. F. Jones of the South Pacific Islands accepted the truth after reading a torn page of "Present Truth" picked up on the deck of a ship. Pastor Strahle was greatly used of God to scatter the truth in the East and now carries responsibilities at the General Conference office. He was a farmer when he read his first Adventist book. Pastor J. L. McElhany, President of the General Conference, tells how he began his course when a colporteur opened his books in his home. Many of our leaders will testify, "I started out when the colporteur called."

Dear reader, it may be that God is calling you "to sell" and then to enter the ministry of the printed page. "Today if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." Heb. 4:7.

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Syrian Christians

A. L. HAM

We have in India a community known as the Syrian Christians. Some of these people have accepted this message and have united with us. There is a very promising field of labour in Travancore, where many of these people live. While I visited that section recently, I saw some of their meeting-places and was informed by our workers that if we had the men and the means to hold evangelistic efforts in that section of India we could confidently expect many converts to this message. We are now earnestly endeavouring to plan for such efforts to be held as soon as possible. Where I visited, these people live in a most beautiful and fertile country. There are signs of prosperity. The people are most friendly, and one enjoys travelling with them. They were kind and helpful to me in every way.

Pastor Koilpillai has given me an account of the experience of one of these Syrian Christians who has been converted and united with our church. He says:—

"Brother Thomas was a sorcerer by profession. His wife had great regard for him, as he was making much money by his profession. About two years ago he began to attend our Sabbath school at Vadavathur. Laymen of the church visited him, giving him Bible studies. The Spirit of the Lord worked upon his heart, and he was converted. Realizing that his occupation was devilish and an abomination to God, he collected all his books on sorcery, brought them into the presence

of a group of believers of our faith, and set fire to them, as the heathen Ephesians did in the time of the Apostle Paul. From that time he has not practised sorcery. This resulted in financial loss; and consequently his wife became very angry with him. After some time, during which her hatred of her husband increased, she left him and went to her father's home. She declared she would not return to her husband unless he would agree to give up his new religion and resume his former occupation. However, this did not move her husband from his stand for the truth of God. It was my privilege to baptize this brother, and he is now a very loyal Seventh-day Adventist.

"In this village there is a company of Seventh-day Adventists, and every Sabbath he meets with them. This company is composed of people from the depressed classes. As Brother Thomas is from a high-class community, his meeting weekly with the company of believers displeased his father as well as his wife. Through his wife's instigation, the father began to persecute our brother and demand that he should not meet with those depressed class people each Sabbath day nor associate with them. Still, he remains as strong as an oak in his Christian principles.

"Brother Thomas's zeal for the truth is very great. In his part of the country a Protestant preacher attacked Seventh-day Adventists in his public lectures. He also challenged the Adventists to refute his statements against them. Like David of old, this brother could not bear to have this challenge of a Goliath pass without action. He went from place to place to find someone to answer the challenge. I was attending a union committee meeting at the time and was away. Not finding any minister, he went to the lectures, and gaining permission, he spoke in defence of the Sabbath truth. Thus he bore witness to the message before a very large crowd of people. He is not satisfied with what he did on that occasion. He requests the mission to conduct an evangelistic effort in that place soon, so that the message may be proclaimed as a witness and as the power of God to win many souls for His kingdom. May God grant that this request may soon be answered."

Many such testimonies might be given to show how God, by His Spirit, is going before His servants in old India. In another place, I have been told that nearly a hundred people are asking that we conduct a series of gospel meetings in their midst. We hope this also can be done soon. This is the day of God's power! How much we need consecrated workers to press into so many needy places to proclaim the message of salvation!

When one travels about in India today, there comes to him a great conviction that here is a land and a people who are in great need of the blessed hope. It is a great responsibility as well as a privilege to serve in such a needy land at such a time as this to which the church has now come.

Our workers in the field and in institutions have joined in a united evangelistic advance in Southern Asia. It is our prayer that there may be soon the greatest ingathering of souls for the Master of our entire history in this part of the world field.

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"The man who rides the high horse is likely to get thrown."

Missionaries Recount God's Providences

The "North Pacific Union Gleaner" publishes some experiences related by Pastor O. A. Skau, who spent twenty-two years as a missionary in the Far East.

Pastor and Mrs. Skau were in Burma at the time of the Japanese invasion. Their home in Meiktila was taken over as a hospital when the fighting reached that area, and they voluntarily worked in it, along with the army medical staff, caring for battle casualties.

The two hundred and fifty students in our Meiktila boarding school were evacuated under the direction of Principal Skau, his wife, and other teachers. While the group waited on an unprotected railway platform for an evacuation train, a Japanese air raid occurred. While other evacuees ran here and there in utter confusion seeking safety, a ninth-grader calmly reminded his fellow students of their Bible training in class and suggested that they ought to pray. Thereupon the whole group knelt in prayer for divine protection. The sight made such an impression upon bystanders that many abandoned their hysteria to join the group of praying students and teachers. God rewarded the faith of these devout Burmese youth by protecting the whole group from harm.

God has worked mightily on behalf of the third angel's message in Burma. During a series of meetings in a hostile town, local antagonists of the missionary plotted to kill one of his native assistants. They hid spies to waylay him by night as he returned home. But he slipped past, unseen, to the safety of a friend's home, and shortly thereafter one of his would-be

murderers was mistaken in the dark for the young evangelist and clubbed to death. When Pastor Skau came to the group of relatives and friends of the dead native, he found their anger turned against one another, with one group ready to avenge the dead man. When Pastor Skau read Ps. 34: 7 to them, and emphasized how God in His great power had overruled and made His servant invisible to them, they dropped their own feud and accepted the missionary as a peacemaker and servant of the true God. Today that village is cordial and friendly to our missionaries and their work.

In another instance a mission was built where nothing but bitter water had ever been found before. When the Adventists decided to dig a new well in order to have sweet water, the villagers ridiculed the idea. To their amazement the water was sweet, and to this day remains the only sweet well in the whole area, a witness to all who take its water that Jehovah is supreme.

During the Japanese invasion, Pastor Skau was called upon by General Stillwell to assist him in getting medical supplies through to certain front-line hospitals. The missionary's knowledge of the geography and language, coupled with the self-sacrifice of our missionary and his family, brought them into favour with the army officials. When the Japanese invasion came to the very gates of the city a plane finally arrived to take high army personnel back to Calcutta. The colonel in charge of the airport stepped over to the plane and announced that no one, no matter what his rank, could board the plane until the Skau family were safely aboard. So while the others looked on, the five members of the missionary family climbed aboard.

What I Like About Seventh-day Adventists

DAVID BAXTER
A Non-Adventist Observer

In writing objective articles about the fine, constructive things I like about certain Christian groups, I place Seventh-day Adventists far from the last on the list.

The first thing we observe, of course, is the confession by this denomination of the cardinal doctrines of the Christian church—"one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all," the atonement of Christ for the sins of men, His resurrection, and acceptance of the Bible as the Word of God. This is putting first things first, which we must do to arrive at a proper evaluation of the works that follow and to determine whether those works have a Christian foundation or are merely moral works.

Primarily, the most outstanding characteristic of the Seventh-day Adventist is the peculiar doctrine and Scriptural interpretation from which he derives his denominational identity—the seventh-day Sabbath and Christ's second advent.

This doctrine is what differentiates him markedly from other Christian groups; but there is another principle, too, which the Adventist particularly stresses and which should endear him to his brethren everywhere, theological differences aside.

This other prominent feature concerns civil liberties. On this point the Adventist

is positively adamant. You have not a ghost of a chance to win an argument with him on it. In a sense he is one of the most intolerant people on earth when it comes to civil liberties. He is intolerant of intolerance. Thanks be to God, the instrumentality of Adventists in propagating the truth about civil liberties has embedded this principle firmly in the minds of millions. Many a Christian of whatever group can extend the right hand of fellowship to the Adventist brethren for their work along this line. It is leading to one of the greatest revivals of thought since Wesley, and its impact upon the body politic is such as to stimulate very material gains in liberty in the relations between men and governments. Automatically, an increase in freedom of conscience results in an increase of inquiry, and increase of inquiry leads many to Christ.

Amendment 1 of the United States Constitution declares: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

Your average American agrees with that. He has a right to his own opinion and to speak or write about it, but—let some other citizen say or write something violently contrary to his opinion and he is likely to say, "There ought to be a law against it."

Constitutional guarantees of freedom of conscience are very good, but unless this

principle is a fundamental belief, embedded in the hearts of the people, it is useless to draw up written guarantees. A written guarantee is just a scrap of paper if it is not practised. It is the practice, the carrying out of this guarantee, that makes it valid. What good would the Bible (the Christian's Constitution) be, or what would be the advantage in reading it, if it were merely static, a book of words never practised, promises never fulfilled?

Other nations have had constitutional guarantees of civil liberties, but did not practise them. Intolerant elements continually infringed upon one another's freedom of conscience, first this one then that one getting power and suppressing the liberties of opposing groups until those nations were in the throes of unceasing civil turmoil, yet all the while keeping a pious "guarantee" of liberty written into their constitutions. It is noteworthy that all civil liberties and personal freedom are under attack. The United States is no exception; our Bill of Rights is merely a scribble on a piece of paper unless it is believed and practised. The educational work and vigorous crusades of the Seventh-day Adventists to inculcate this principle into the minds of all citizens ought to commend them to friend and enemy alike. There probably is not a group anywhere, religious or anti-religious, that stands more firmly on the principle summed up by Voltaire: "I wholly disapprove of every word you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

A Challenge

A few days ago an Adventist minister asked a question of a man with whom he was discussing theology, "Do you know what the purpose of the Seventh-day Adventist Church is?" Chuckling, the man replied, "More than likely to cudgel the others."

That may not be exactly true, but it sounded somewhat amusing, and I thought about it. Observing some of the groups who have permitted the teaching of the Word to almost cease, I wondered if the challenge from the Adventist brethren to a revival of Bible study might not be a good thing for all Christians . . . to heed.

All through church history we note that whenever the "established" groups began to rest on the labours of their forbears, certain brethren were raised up to promulgate newly discovered truths, revive the old ones, and bring evangelical Christianity to the fore again as the most vital force in life. Sometimes the very fact of rising competition acted as a cudgel to the churches to get out and do something to justify their existence.

Of course, it is quite natural for the more venerable brethren to resent having their rest disturbed, and sometimes they cry out against it.

This is another of the things I like about the Seventh-day Adventists. They are a challenge to all of us to re-examine the Holy Scriptures, bring forth good fruits, and revive evangelical effort. Instead of heaping invectives upon these brethren, I should be much more inclined to do some serious studying of my Bible and applaud them as a vital and constructive force in the church.—"Review and Herald," January 11, 1945.

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"If you're travelling on the gloomy line, get a transfer."

Our Island Field

Farewell to Norfolk Island

EDITH B. HOWSE

I write this March 6, on the steamer en route for Australia. Yesterday, after a sojourn of three years and over on little Norfolk, we bade farewell to our dear people and others whom we loved, who were congregated on the pier to bid us good-bye and God-speed.

Needless to say, our hearts were sore as we parted, but like God's veteran missionary of former days, we encouraged ourselves in God, feeling assured that the work we were laying down would be faithfully cared for by our successors, with the co-operation of our dear people.

It will be a month tomorrow since we had the pleasure of welcoming Pastor and Mrs. C. J. Boulting to the shores of Norfolk Island; and a busy and changeable few weeks they were. First there was a happy season of association with them in our home, and during this interval a hearty welcome was accorded the new workers by the members of our church.

The next week Pastor and Mrs. Boulting moved into the furnished cottage we had secured for them, and very pleased they are with their new home. It is centrally located on one of the main roads, extending from Burns Philp's store down to Kingston Post Office and Government buildings. The cottage, moreover, is situated on a large section of ground on which are many shade trees and also many fruit-bearing trees.

Our last Sabbath will be a long-remembered one, I am sure, to all who were present. There was a goodly representation of our own people, and as our eyes rested on the different ones, we noted among them some whose presence caused us special joy. Two of these through the years had drifted away into the world and its customs, and forgotten to hallow God's holy Sabbath; but recently, stirred by the Spirit of God, they have sought His courts and tasted again the joys of fellowship. Four of the others are becoming interested in our services and our message, and with two of them I have been studying for some time. One of these, a blind lady, I met while appealing for missions. Later, finding that she lived near us, I arranged to go and read to her once a week. These seasons we both enjoyed, and it soon grew into a regular Bible study. Her sister, with whom she lived, and who had already some interest in our truths through the efforts of one of our members, occasionally met with us and took a keen interest in the studies. Later, this busy woman arranged her work so that she could be present each week; and about the same time a third lady, who had come to make an extended visit at the home, also joined us. Providentially, it would seem, this third one was one of the two mentioned above, who had drifted, but is again being revived. Very precious have been the seasons we have spent together, and upon the arrival of Pastor Boulting I asked him to conduct the study, the subject being "The Change of the Sabbath." The Lord came near to us that morning, and hearts were im-

pressed, and I believe the work that by the grace of God has begun in these dear souls will be finished to their salvation and His glory.

Pray on, dear sisters and brethren. The seed long sown in Norfolk Island and watered by the tears of many, and by God's Holy Spirit, today is beginning to spring up. The promise is sure: "They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy."

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Late News from New Guinea

A. J. CAMPBELL

The following news items have come in from New Guinea the past few days, and will deeply interest the "Record" readers:—

Recent word from Pagalatu from New Britain brings the sad news that Deni, the brother of Pastor Rogapitu of the St. Matthias Group, is dead, and also nine others, who died during the Japanese occupation. (Actually they are still in occupation of the area.) The deaths apparently occurred at Put Put and its vicinity. Pagalatu was a student at Put Put when the Japanese occupied that area. He is a brother of Guibau, who at present has charge of Pastor D. A. Brennan's station at Omaura, Central New Guinea. This lad is now connected with a medical unit somewhere in New Britain. He lists, but does not give their names (except Deni's), five men, three women, and two children as having died or lost their lives at hands of the Japanese. We are wondering where are Helen, the wife of Deni, and her two

Alone with God

H. S. STREETER

Alone with God in morning's dewy freshness,
Ere yonder fields are clothed in robes of light;
Alone with Him when falls the solemn darkness,
And nature's happy voices sing "Good Night."

Alone with God! What hallowed contemplation!
To speak with Him who rules the worlds on high;
In Him to find my sweetest consolation,
And know that though so great He watches nigh.

Alone with God. What strength is freely given
When struggling long against the hosts of sin;
What comfort when with grief my heart is riven,
What holy joy when peace abides within!

Alone with God. The hour of prayer is fleeting,
As labour's voice calls loudly on my way.
With joy untold I hail the glorious meeting
When with my God I'll spend th' eternal day!

children. They were such a fine Christian family. Even though they may be dead, their influence lives, urging us on with the gospel commission.

Word has come from Lae that Okira, one of the teachers connected with the Omaura Mission, has received the Loyal Service Medal, and that he now wears the medal, about the size of a 5s. piece. But what counts most is the estimate that God places on character developed by the power of the gospel. One of our Ramu teachers had to take his wife to Lae for an operation. She was to have been operated upon by an army surgeon. It is good to know that though living so far inland, this teacher's wife could receive expert medical attention at the coast.

An officer in the interior has given a very good report of our mission teachers and people in those areas. He stated that they were keeping everything going, maintaining good gardens, and when others were being fed by ANGAU, they were able by their industry to feed themselves and supply the officer some of the garden produce, tomatoes, etc. "They have sure made an impression for good by their industry and helpfulness," stated another officer.

A letter to hand today from Guibau contains encouraging news. He writes that strong efforts are being made to clean up the Omaura, Ramu, and Bena Bena stations, and to plant good gardens. Guibau also mentioned that they were repairing churches and houses, and that he was conducting school daily. He also mentioned receiving three parcels safely, including about 150 slate pencils, the first to be received for nearly three years.

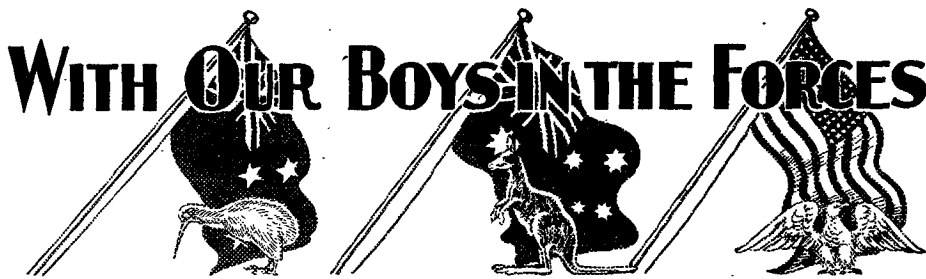
In his letter Guibau asked, "Have you heard that all the natives in the — Valley [a recent battle area] are asking for S.D.A. teachers to start the work of the gospel in that valley?" How true it is that nothing can be done against the truth but finally for it!

Surely as never before the Lord has come down for such a time as this, to cause His message to go forth into all the world, before the great and terrible day of His coming.

★ ★ ★

Well Thought of in High Places

"You will be interested to know," Pastor J. E. Cormack writes from the Cook Islands, "that we recently had a visit to Rarotonga by the Honourable Peter Fraser, P.C., Prime Minister of New Zealand. Unfortunately, as his stay was of only two days' duration, and one of these was Sabbath, he was not able to visit our school as had been arranged by the Resident Commissioner. The Commissioner was very anxious for him to see our place, as he considers it the best cared for place in the group; and he also wished Mr. Fraser to see what can be done for these native people. However, the Commissioner told Mr. Fraser quite a lot about our work, and he expressed his regrets that he was not able to see the place. I was presented, and the Prime Minister showed a keen interest in our mission work. He is a Christian himself (a lay reader in the Presbyterian Church), and expressed pleasure at what the missions are doing here. As I was included in the official party at all functions and ceremonies on Friday, I saw quite a lot of him. It is pleasing to know that our mission is well thought of in high places."



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

A.W.O.L.

CPL. KRAIDT ASHBAUGH
in the Youth's Instructor

"All right, men," snapped the company commander, "I want a definition of A.W.O.L."

This was one of the regular periods when every soldier in the outfit heard the reading of the Articles of War, the code of laws governing servicemen.

"Sir," volunteered one, "it means leaving the post without a pass."

"Your definition is not complete enough," the C.O. pointed out. "Someone else."

"Sir, I believe A.W.O.L. means not only going off the post without permission, but staying for more than twenty-four hours," hesitatingly suggested a private first-class.

The major shook his head, then noting that no one else was going to make an attempt to define A.W.O.L. (initials for the phrase Absent Without Leave), he declared: "A.W.O.L. means—and get this straight once and for all—A.W.O.L. means not being in the right place at the right time doing the right thing. If you lack any one of the three things I have mentioned, you are A.W.O.L. If you are doing the right thing in the right place but not at the right time, you are A.W.O.L. If you are doing the right thing at the right time, but not in the right place, you are A.W.O.L., and may be punished as the court-martial may direct."

Every soldier who leaves his camp or post without permission feels that he is justified in so doing. He may be able to give half a dozen reasons why he went A.W.O.L. "My mother was sick and wanted to see me, so I didn't take the time to get an emergency furlough." "This basic training is just too hard. If I hadn't taken off, I'd have gone crazy. Wasn't it better for me to leave for a few days rather than lose my mind?" "The sergeant has it in for me, and wouldn't give me a pass. I deserved a week-end off, so I took it." These and others are given as excuses for "French leave."

A soldier once yielded to the temptation to go A.W.O.L. He was positive that he would be shipped out before he had his furlough, and felt that he just must see his home folks once more. After all, they were only a little more than a hundred miles away. He spent a guilty week-end at home, and even got back to camp without any of the military police stopping him to inquire concerning a pass. But on Monday morning the company commander asked him to give an account of himself.

"Sir," the delinquent confessed in an embarrassed tone, "I was A.W.O.L." Then the attempted explanation tumbled out in

broken phrases, sounding like a makeshift excuse now that the soldier faced his officer.

"Private Blank, I can't understand why you'd do such a thing. I have given you more privileges than any other man in my company. If you had just come to me and asked for a three-day pass, and told me why you wanted it, I'd have given it to you. Soldier, I'm disappointed in you," declared the superior.

The words stung the guilty soldier, for he realized that he had betrayed a trust. The company commander had, as he said, given him more privileges than anyone else in the entire company. The first week he had issued him a permanent pass, good from sundown Friday until seven o'clock Sunday morning. Wondering how severe his punishment would be, he waited anxiously for the captain to speak further.

But the officer seemed to be through talking, and it was only as an apparent afterthought that he said: "You'll be restricted this week-end. You may go."

The soldier saluted, did a facing, and left with his heart beating wildly with relief. Was that all he was going to get for his misdemeanour? He had heard of some who got six years at hard labour for the same thing.

Sabbath morning came, and with it the call for reveille and assembly for policing the area. The restricted soldier did not fall out. He was soon called before the company commander again, who inquired, "Why didn't you fall out for reveille?"

"Well, sir, on Saturday I've never had to fall out for reveille or details."

"Yes, but today you are restricted. I expect you to fall out for every assembly, drill, and detail, no matter what it is, for the rest of the day."

"But—uh—sir—uh—you see," stammered the soldier, "I'm a Seventh-day Adventist, and I can't do this on my Sabbath." Then with a prayer for help he continued more evenly, "Sir, I'm not saying I won't fall out for detail or drill. I'm saying that I can't because of conscientious scruples."

"What right do you have to say what you can or cannot do now?" broke in the captain sharply. "When a soldier has been given privileges and he abuses those privileges and loses them, then he's expected to fall into line along with the rest of the men. Don't you see that?"

By this time the thoroughly repentant soldier was far from feeling that he had been let off lightly. As he stood before his stern-faced chief he realized that whatever punishment might come now would be thoroughly deserved. He continued to pray, and after a short pause spoke carefully and respectfully: "I realize that you are absolutely right, sir, and I have placed

myself definitely in the wrong, and by rights I have lost my privileges. However, two wrongs don't make a right. Should I attempt to square myself with the Army by today breaking the Sabbath, I would be sinning. I'm sorry, sir, but I can't go against my conscience."

The officer said nothing. "What kind of punishment will he be planning for me?" thought the frightened plerit. (A refusal to obey the direct command of an officer is a court-martial offence.) Then to his amazement the captain said, "Okay. Sit here in the office, then, and do some of the little odd jobs that need to be done. You won't have to drill."

"Thank you, sir, but I—I can't do that either."

With a shrug of resignation the captain indicated a chair. "You'll spend the day here. Get a book or something to keep yourself occupied."

That was a Sabbath day the soldier will never forget. As he told one of his friends afterward, "I surely felt like a heel. There I sat all day long in that smoke-filled orderly room, trying to read my Bible, but realizing what a foolish thing I'd done in going A.W.O.L. I had disappointed my commander, and what a poor example I had given him of what a Seventh-day Adventist soldier should be! Making me sit there all day to think over my mistake was the worst punishment he could have given me. I've learned my lesson. No more A.W.O.L. for me."

A.W.O.L. in man's army is a serious offence. What must it be in God's army? The outstanding A.W.O.L. of the Bible is Jonah. Starting to Tarshish when ordered to appear in Nineveh is certainly being in the wrong place at the wrong time doing the wrong thing. Jonah was given time to think over what he had done, but his restriction for three days and three nights was certainly in closer confinement than an orderly room. He, too, made resolutions, and was "present, accounted for" at the next roll-call.

"I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts; because the children of Israel have forsaken Thy covenant, thrown down Thine altars, and slain Thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away." So spoke another Bible A.W.O.L., Elijah, when summoned by his Commander and questioned, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" The prophet doubtless also realized how lame his excuse sounded, and was just as ashamed of himself as any other A.W.O.L. soldier. He was forgiven, and went back to duty.

John Mark's basic training was a little stiffer than he imagined it would be when he had enlisted in the army of Jesus Christ. Although Barnabas and Paul must have tried to encourage the homesick soldier of the cross, he "departed from them from Pamphylia, and went not with them to the work." Paul declared that the A.W.O.L. John Mark could not be relied on again. Barnabas risked his friendship with Paul to prove that an A.W.O.L. can learn his lesson and again do service as a good soldier. Time proved that Barnabas was right, and Paul's testimony in his last letter to Timothy was, "Take Mark, and bring him with thee: for he is profitable to me for the ministry." Yes, another ex-A.W.O.L. redeems himself!

If a soldier in God's army is not in the right place at the right time doing the

right thing, he is A.W.O.L. And, as in the Army, a prolonged period of A.W.O.L. becomes desertion. Some of God's soldiers may say, "I don't intend to desert. I'm just going to see that, taste this, or try that, just once." But like Demas, the habitual A.W.O.L., these careless soldiers will have desertion written beside their names. "For Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world," says Paul sadly, as he closes his letter to Timothy. There is only one proper report for the soldiers in God's army—"Present, accounted for."

"Anything but Peace"

ERNEST LLOYD

One evening, while listening to the distinguished news analyst, Raymond Gram Swing (U.S.A.), we heard among other remarks, these words: "Anything can happen today—anything but peace." Every Bible student knows what the Bible says about the end of peace in this generation. And many thinking men of the world are aware of the fact that peace has fled from the earth.

The famous old German general, Ludendorff, wrote a book some eighteen years ago, "A World War Menaces Us," which created a sensation throughout Europe. His predictions concerning the future were anything but reassuring. He painted word pictures of depopulated nations, the victors and vanquished alike dying in the agonies brought through the terrible agencies of war, plague, and famine. As if already in that awful condition, he wrote: "Governments have collapsed or, indeed, if they are still in existence, can exercise neither authority nor force. There is no possibility of concluding peace."

Thus wrote one of the greatest military minds, surrounded by all the boasted progress of man, yet confessing man's miserable failure in government. Governments have failed in bringing peace to the nations. Not a day has passed since Ludendorff wrote his book when there was not some military strife going on in some section of the world. And so it will be until the Lord comes.

(Concluded on page 8)

WANTED: Copy of "The Cross and Its Shadow," by S. N. Haskell. Please reply to T. W. Hammond, Lord Street, Kempsey, N.S.W., stating price.

Urgent!

While appreciating what has been sent in, we urgently require more razor blades for mission work in New Guinea. At present in certain areas money is useless, while razor blades are of much value in helping our native teachers carry on their work, and to obtain food while travelling. Thousands of blades are urgently needed; ask your neighbours. We thank all those who have posted to us Bibles and hymn-books to be sent on to the islands. We would be grateful for any further supplies on behalf of our teachers. Address: Pastor A. J. Campbell, 66 Walker Street, Bundaberg, Queensland.

WEDDING BELLS

BEATTIE-HARRISON.—In the North Sydney church in the evening of Thursday, March 1, 1945, Brother Edward Beattie, a member of the Waitara church, was united in wedlock with Sister Hazel Dorothy Harrison, eldest daughter of Brother and Sister W. A. Harrison of the North Sydney church. Many relatives and friends attended the ceremony in the beautifully decorated church, and joined heartily in wishing the young couple the Master's rich blessings in their future lives.

A. W. Knight.

LAUGHLIN-BRYANT.—The memorial church, East Prahran, Melbourne, on January 23, 1945, was the scene of the wedding of Peggy Bryant to A.C.I. Ronald Laughlin. Both these young people come from the Springvale district, and on this happy occasion many of their friends assembled to do them honour. The bridegroom has already returned to his unit, and as they look forward to the time when they can set up their own home, we pray for Heaven's protection and blessing upon them.

Llewellyn Jones.

COSTA-BRYANT.—In the Baptist church, Brighton, kindly lent for the occasion, on January 4, 1945, Peggy Bryant, well known amongst our Melbourne young people, was united in marriage to Stephen Anthony Costa, a sergeant in the U.S.M. Corps. As these two young people eventually make their home in the United States, and with the church at Jamesville, New York, their many friends wish them the richest blessing of Heaven upon their union, and God's protection as they journey through life together.

Llewellyn Jones.

SKELTON-GRAPHAM.—Auburn church, Victoria, was the scene for the wedding which linked two well-known families in the advent cause. Loloma Jean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Grapham of Perth, W.A., was united in holy matrimony to T. Rex Skelton, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Skelton of Kotara, N.S.W. A large gathering of friends and well-wishers at the church wished them God's blessing in their united lives. After the bridegroom returns to his unit the bride will make her home in Perth until the happy day when they can plan for the future.

Llewellyn Jones.

JAMES-BOWERS.—A wedding of interest to many Australian readers was recently celebrated in the Loma Linda church, California, when Mabel Iren, daughter of Pastor and Mrs. E. H. James of Chungking, China, was united in marriage to Noble Lee Bowers, son of Pastor Bowers of Kansas City. The bride was given away by Pastor Eric B. Hare of Glendale and former missionary of Burma. The Misses Glossie Case and Beth James, sister of the bride, were the bridesmaids. A reception following the ceremony was held in the Sanitarium lounge. The bride is a graduate of Loma Linda School of Nursing, and the bridegroom is a licensed minister of the Adventist Church. Australian friends of the bride's family join in wishing this young couple much of God's blessing in their united life and labours.

The Editor.

AUSTRALASIAN RECORD

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SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS

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"There the weary be at rest."

WARE.—As the sun sank to rest on Friday, March 2, Alfred Ware quietly fell asleep at the age of eighty-four. He was born in Kent, England, and came to Australia some fifty years ago. He was married to Alice Fear, and to them were born two sons and five daughters, all of whom are now living. Our brother accepted this message thirty-six years ago, and proved a faithful follower of his Lord, and a true Christian. In his young days he was possessed of a beautiful voice, and many tempting offers were made him to use it for personal gain, but he dedicated it and all that he had to God's service. Whenever a choir was called for at camp-meeting or church, Brother Ware was always there. We shall miss his cheery face. He knew he was coming to the end of the road, but his faith never faltered; he knew in whom he had believed. To his widow, his sons and daughters, we extend our deepest sympathy in this hour of sorrow—"till the day dawn."

Reuben E. Hare.

STRATFORD.—Agnes Templeton Wallace, beloved wife of Pastor S. V. Stratford, our highly respected secretary of the Australasian Union Conference, and mother of Roy, Marion (Mrs. A. Quick), and Orma, fell asleep in Jesus at Wairoonga in the morning of March 1, 1945, at the age of fifty-six years, after a long and painful illness borne with real Christian patience and fortitude. The brief life sketch published herewith and written by Pastor Anderson, who for over fifty years has been a close friend of the family, gives an interesting review of the life now ended. Following a very largely attended and impressive service at the Wairoonga church, the cortege accompanied the body of the deceased to its last resting-place in the Northern Suburbs cemetery. Pastors H. E. Piper, R. E. Hare, R. A. R. Thrift, A. W. Anderson, A. W. Knight, A. H. White, and the writer assisted in the services. The numerous floral tributes and telegrams received testified to the wealth of esteem in which the Stratford family is held. May the God of all comfort bring to those who are left to mourn much of His love and sustaining grace in this hour of their sorrow.

"We may sleep, but not for ever.
There will be a glorious dawn;
We shall meet to part, no, never,
On the resurrection morn."

A. G. Stewart.

BREVITIES

A graduate of the A. M. College, 1944, Miss Edna Ferris has now commenced as a departmental assistant in the South New South Wales Conference office.

Pastor Arthur White, who with his wife and family arrived in Sydney from New Zealand, March 3, has now commenced his work as secretary of the M.V. Department of the South New South Wales Conference.

Pastor R. N. Price and family have safely crossed the Tasman and are now residing in Victoria, where Pastor Price has taken over his work as Senior Publishing Departmental Secretary of the Victorian Conference:

☆ ☆ ☆

Results at the Malvern Mission, Victoria

Pastor L. L. Jones reports: "If I remember correctly, in my last letter I mentioned that we were still having excellent attendances in the mission at Malvern; and I am sure that you will be more than glad to know that although we are now in our nineteenth week of meetings, we still have a capacity attendance each Sunday evening as well as having seventy-odd present on Wednesday evenings. We feel that this is most encouraging, and now that Pastor Ibbott and Miss Creelman have joined our mission staff we look forward to a strong effort to establish the interest.

"At a special service in the East Prahran church this afternoon (March 10), we had the privilege of baptizing ten candidates. Others are to follow in the near future, whilst some will be received on previous baptism. Altogether, we feel that God has blessed our efforts, and as we face the challenge of the interest at present, by the blessing of God we look for a good increase of souls for the Master."

☆ ☆ ☆

"Anything but Peace"

(Concluded from page 7)

"There is no possibility of concluding peace!" It is the picture of a world given over to godless and pitiless strife. Dictators and unregenerate men at the controls of political, industrial, and government affairs in many lands are hastening the day described in Revelation 14.

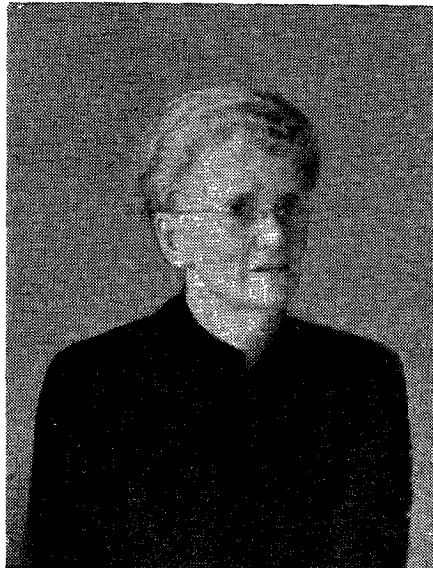
The present hour is surely the time of opportunity for our people. We are still free to teach and preach and publish. But who can tell how long we shall be at liberty to carry on our witnessing work, especially with literature? Who knows when the work of our publishing houses in the homelands will be greatly hampered by laws, which, we are informed, are even now being suggested? How busy we should be today—every church member—in the distribution of our papers and tracts and books among the homes of the people in every city and town and village in the country! And woe to us if we neglect the witnessing work that God has committed to His people in these last days. The time is short.

A Brief Life Sketch of the Late Sister Stratford

Prepared and read at the funeral service by Pastor A. W. Anderson

Our dear sister Agnes Templeton Stratford, the beloved wife of Pastor S. V. Stratford, was born in Melbourne on January 10, 1889. Just about three years before her birth her parents, John and Marian Wallace, had emigrated from Scotland. Shortly after their arrival in Australia their only son, Roy, was born, who for many years has been connected with the editorial staff at the publishing house, Warburton.

When Agnes Wallace was but a little girl of four years her parents embraced the third angel's message, and they, with their two young children, Roy and Agnes, attended the first camp-meeting in Australia at Brighton, Victoria. They occupied the tent next to mine at that camp, and there a friendship was formed between our two families which has continued till the present moment. Sad to say, Brother Roy Wallace and I are the only two survivors



of the two families who camped side by side fifty-two years ago.

Shortly after accepting the message, Brother J. Wallace began work as a colporteur, but being a highly trained engineer, his services were requisitioned by our publishing house, with which he continued to serve most efficiently until old age made it necessary for him to retire.

As a girl, Mrs. Stratford was a pupil at our first church school, conducted by Mrs. Faulkhead at North Fitzroy, Melbourne. When she was fifteen years old she connected with the staff at the publishing house. About a year later our publishing house was transferred to its new quarters at Warburton, and Mrs. Stratford was the first girl on the staff who was transferred to the new location. She continued in the service of the Signs Publishing Company till her marriage on January 8, 1912. As her husband was at that time filling the position of secretary to the president of the Union Conference, Pastor J. E. Fulton, they made their first home at Wahroonga, where they resided for the first two years of their married life. Then Brother Stratford was called to fill the position of secretary-treasurer to the Victorian Conference.

In 1915 Mrs. Stratford's mother became so seriously ill that it was deemed advisable for Mrs. Stratford to be nearer her mother; hence arrangements were made to transfer Brother Stratford to Warburton as secretary of the Signs Publishing Company. There they remained till 1919, when Pastor Stratford was invited to return to Wahroonga as Union Conference Home Missions secretary. Five years later he was appointed to the Faculty of the Australasian Missionary College, where he rendered valuable service for seven years. Since that time he has been connected with the Union Conference staff as Missionary Volunteer secretary, Home Missions secretary, and General Secretary.

From the foregoing brief sketch it will be seen that prior to her marriage Mrs. Stratford served the cause of God in the publishing house for seven years, after which, for thirty-three years, she unitedly served with her husband in Union Conference, local conference, publishing house, and college activities. In all the arduous labours of her husband Sister Stratford took the keenest and most practical interest; and, as all who knew her intimately can testify, she was also a devoted wife and mother in the home. Her three children, Roy, the secretary-treasurer of the Fiji and Indian Missions; Marion, a graduate nurse of the Sydney Sanitarium and Queen Victoria Hospital, Melbourne, now the wife of Brother Quick; and Orma, a member of the office staff of the Sydney Sanitarium, will always retain the most happy memories of their home life as children; and their characters and reputation bear witness to the careful training they received from their well-beloved mother.

About four years ago Sister Stratford showed the first symptoms of serious illness. Although everything was done for the recovery of her health, she gradually grew worse, and her sufferings increased in spite of the extraordinary care and attention given to her by her medical helpers and her beloved family. For the past fifteen months her pain was practically constant and increasing. We feel that special mention should be made of Dr. Tulloch's untiring efforts to save her life and ease her suffering. At the Sanitarium the sympathy and attentions of the staff were most marked. Everything known to medical science was done to alleviate Sister Stratford's sufferings, and the matron, the sisters, the nurses, and the members of the domestic staff unitedly strove to help her all they could.

We are therefore constrained to believe that it was the Lord's will that our dear sister should be laid to rest to await the call of the Life-giver who will, we are assured, raise her and reward her for a life of faithful service with a crown of everlasting life.

On behalf of this large congregation of mourners and sympathizers, and admirers of your virtuous wife, I extend to you, Pastor Stratford, and to each of the members of your dear family, our sincerest sympathy in your sad bereavement. We would also remember Brother Roy Wallace of Warburton, the sole survivor of the family of the late Brother and Sister Wallace, who is unable to be with us. We are glad, however, that his son Stewart is here to represent his father.

We pray that the God of all comfort will give to each and all of you "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Amen.