



# Australasian RECORD



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## This Is the Harvest Hour

**W. H. BRANSON**

*Vice-President, General Conference*

**S**AY not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." John 4: 35.

We have recently been reminded of the solemn fact that we have passed the one hundredth milepost of this great judgment-hour message and that we are entering upon the beginning of a new century. I am also reminded of the fact that we have been told that we might have finished this work long since; that it really was not necessary that we should have stayed here so long. We have repeated the experiences of Israel when they wandered forty years in the wilderness, gradually making their way to the promised land, when their journey might have been completed in some eleven days.

I understand that the delay has not been because God has not been ready to help His people to finish the task. We were told years ago that God was only waiting; that we were already in the time of the latter rain, and we know that, through His messenger, God has repeatedly sent to us earnest entreaties to arise and finish our task.

The harvest is not four months hence. The time of the harvest is not in the next generation of men. It is now. We have been in the harvest for a long time, and God has been waiting and longing and yearning to finish His work through His church.

I like to think of the fact that God has made every necessary provision for the finishing of the work as soon as the church is ready to arise and complete her task. We read in the Book of Acts, the second chapter and the seventeenth verse, that the Lord promises to pour out His Spirit upon *all flesh* in the last days. I think that does not mean that He will pour out His Spirit simply upon the church. That, of course, will be done. The church will be baptized with power. But the promise is, He will pour out His Spirit upon *all flesh*, and I understand that God sends His Spirit even upon the heathen in these latter days in order to stir up in

their hearts a desire for something better, to prepare them to receive the truth, when once they hear it, making the seeds of truth falling into their hearts to germinate and grow and bear fruit unto eternal life.

We have also many promises in the writings of the Spirit of prophecy which came to us many years ago, confirming the fact that God not only will prepare but has already prepared the nations for the reception of this message. We read in Volume VI, page 71:—



Pastor W. H. Branson, vice-president General Conference

"All over the world men and women are looking wistfully to heaven. Prayers and tears and inquiries go up from souls longing for light, for grace, for the Holy Spirit. Many are on the very verge of the kingdom, waiting only to be gathered in."

And surely if that was true back in the days when Volume VI was penned, it must be true today in a much larger degree. Surely today the fields are "white already to harvest."

### *Longing for Light*

I think we could not imagine any condition that would be more conducive to the preaching of this advent message to the nations of the world than to be assured of the fact that all over the world men and women are longing for light and grace and for the Holy Spirit, and that they are on the very

verge of the kingdom, waiting only to be gathered in. Hear it again:—

"There are many that are pleading with God that they may understand what is truth. In secret places they are praying that they may see light in the Scriptures."

And again, "Many of the honest in heart are gasping for a breath of life from heaven."

Once again, "Among all nations, kindreds, and tongues, He sees men and women who are praying for light and knowledge. Their souls are unsatisfied; long have they fed on ashes." But "the day of deliverance is at hand."

I was reminded of some of these things when recently I received a letter from E. L. Cardey, of the Southern African Division, who a few months ago conceived the idea of publishing a series of articles on present truth in the English newspapers of South Africa and inviting the people who read these articles to enrol in a Bible correspondence course. Pastor Cardey tells us that many thousands have enrolled, and that from July 1 to September 21 they had received just about one thousand replies from people who have decided in favour of the Sabbath truth.

It seems to me that this is an illustration of the fact that all over the world men and women are waiting and longing for someone to come to them with the truth, and that when they hear it they will be ready to respond.

Out in Southern Rhodesia it took fifteen years for our pioneers to get enough people together to organize the first church. That was where we began our work among heathen people. A letter from the superintendent of the Zambezi Union says that during the past year in Southern Rhodesia alone more than one thousand have been baptized into this faith. I think these things all indicate that the harvest is not in the distant future; the harvest is now, if only we are ready to go out and reap it.

Brethren, God has not left us alone. We are not engaged in this fight in human weakness. We have with us the Lord our God to fight our battles for us. We have with us the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. We have with us the power of the Holy Ghost come down from heaven to enable the church to accomplish her task in the shortest possible time. Hear it again: "Floods of spiritual power are to be poured upon those prepared to receive it." "At this very hour God's Spirit and grace are for all who need them and will take them at His word."

Only recently I came across a statement which was so encouraging I want to pass it on to you, from Volume I, page 203, where we are told: "I saw that God has His agents, even among the rulers. And some of them will yet be converted to the truth. . . . At the loud cry of the third angel, these agents will have an opportunity to receive the truth, and some of them will be converted, and endure with the saints through the time of trouble."

That is a wonderful picture of the prospect that this people have before them. This message surely "will not go out at the back door." It surely never will diminish in power and importance, but will go forward with increasing importance, we are told, until the close of time.

### The Church Is Not Ready

God's plans are ready. The difficulty has been in the spiritual state of the church. I understand that God is calling for a

spiritual revival and reformation among His people. When it comes it will mark the turning-point in the finishing of the work. It is not the nations that are holding us back. It is not the closed doors that are hindering the progress of God's work today. The thing that hinders progress is our own spiritual state. I appeal to the leaders of God's church to join with me in a determination that we will turn our hearts fully to God, that we will repent of our sins and call upon our people everywhere to join us in this renewed consecration.

(To be concluded)

### While We Are Waiting

Give us the peace of the thought of Thy coming,

Mid raging war and the rumours of war;  
Safe in the clefts of the rock do Thou hide us,

Shelter us far from the tempest's wild roar;

Under Thy wings shall no evil betide us,  
In Thy strong arm shall our confidence be;

Who can make trouble when Thou givest quiet?

Peace of the world, we are trusting in Thee.

Give us the hope in the thought of Thy coming;

Let that sure word be our comfort and stay.

Waiting and hasting Thy day of appearing,  
Keep us untroubled by doubt or dismay.  
Though earth be rent, and the heavens be shaken,

Though the great mountains be cast into the sea,

Thou art our help in the hour of affliction;  
Hope of the world, where is hope but in Thee?

—Annie Johnson Flint.

### Do We Believe in Repentance and Confession?

No. 2

F. D. NICHOL

Last week we discussed the subject of repentance and confession, particularly confession to God. The principle was set down that confession, in order to be most effective, should be specific. We should ask God to forgive definite sins, clear-cut defeats we have experienced in the day's battles. Thus we keep our own hearts aware of our constant need of divine grace.

In the matter of confessing to others and asking for their forgiveness, the same principle applies. We have heard good church members use this phrase in a testimony service: "If I have wronged anyone I want him to forgive me." Undoubtedly the intention here is good, but we think it is not quite good enough. It tends to make the whole matter of righting wrongs too casual and too vague an affair. If we know of no wrong that we have done to any who are listening to our testimony, then let us not bring up that point.

If we have done something specific, if, for example, we have caused distress in the church by some position we have taken, some word we have said that is common knowledge to all the members, then let us be specific in confessing that wrong to the church and in asking forgiveness. This kind of confession will prove electrifying.

It does something, both for the one who confesses and for all who receive the confession.

### Don't Side-step Confession

There are people who, when they have done wrong to someone, and that wrong is glaringly evident, try to relieve the situation, not by confession, but by acting in an exceptionally kind and thoughtful way. Some husbands, for example, have been known to bring home a present, a kind of peace offering, without making any reference to the wrong committed, the unkind word, perhaps, that was spoken. Such persons really do not believe in the doctrine of repentance and confession. They believe, instead, in the doctrine of works.

But when did a present become a substitute for confession? True, the one offended may see in the present the good intentions of the giver, and read between the lines that he is sorry for his harsh words or whatever the offence may have been. But as far as the offender himself is concerned he has not met the simple but stern requirements of the doctrine of repentance and confession. It is easier to spend money for a present than to say, "I was wrong. I confess my wrong and ask forgiveness." That is why people sometimes buy presents instead of making confessions; or what is perhaps worse, even attempt to bluff their way through, hoping that those who have been injured will soon forget.

### Sin Banished Only by Confession

No Seventh-day Adventist is making headway toward the kingdom of God unless he really believes in repentance and confession. We are not ready to consider the most primary, distinctive doctrines, like the Sabbath and the second advent, until we have fully learned and are consistently applying the Christian teachings concerning repentance and confession. How can we keep God's holy day unless sin is banished from our hearts? But how can sin be banished unless there is full repentance and confession of sin?

How can we plan to meet our Lord at His glorious appearing if sins lie unconfessed in our hearts? We cannot bluff sins away nor purge them out with presents given to those we have wronged along the path of life. What a revival there would be in readiness for the central objective of Adventists, the advent, if all of us set out, resolutely and methodically, to make all things right with all men!

We can easily believe that there are some very mellow saints, nearly ripened for the garner, who could say they have no conscious knowledge of anything unconfessed before God or man. But what a great number of us there are who have something that ought to be made right! Perhaps there is something that needs to be made right within the circle of our own family. Perhaps some member is halting in the way because of our very words or deeds. Perhaps it is something that ought to be made right with a neighbour or a tradesman or business associate or perhaps with someone in the church. What refreshing would come to many churches if all of us really believed the doctrine of repentance and confession! And need we repeat that the only way we can prove the reality of our belief is by full, sincere, and unqualified confession of anything that we have done or said that is wrong? We have a feeling that there are some homes and

some churches where heartfelt confession would suddenly cause all present to begin to think they were almost in heaven.

Wrongs unrighted generate a sorry brood of misunderstandings, suspicions, heart-aches, and even hatred. All these are cast out by true repentance and confession. We who declare that we are making ready to live in heaven above, ought to make sure we are living in the atmosphere of heaven while still here below.

#### The Example of the Corinthian Church

If there is true godly sorrow for sin, it will produce true repentance and confession, with all the heartening results that flow from such confession. Paul wrote to the church at Corinth concerning certain sins that were among them and which were condoned, apparently, by many members of the church. His righteously indignant and Spirit-filled letter produced a marked result, which he describes thus:—

"Now I rejoice, not that ye were made sorry, but that ye sorrowed to repentance: for ye were made sorry after a godly manner, that ye might receive damage by us in nothing. For godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of: but the sorrow of the world worketh death. For behold this selfsame thing, that ye sorrowed after a godly sort, what carefulness it wrought in you, yea, what clearing of yourselves, yea, what indignation, yea, what fear, yea, what vehement desire, yea, what zeal, yea, what revenge! In all things ye have approved yourselves to be clear in this matter." 2 Cor. 7: 9-11.

Here was the kind of repentance not to be repented of. If we truly believe in the Bible doctrine of repentance and confession we shall proceed so sincerely and wholeheartedly to put away sin that we shall experience the same revival of spiritual life that came to the Corinthians.

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#### GOD'S CARE

We all love the story that the followers of the saintly Felix of Nola were so fond of telling. Hotly pursued by those who sought his life, Felix slipped into a wayside cave. Almost on the instant, a spider wove her web across the rocky entrance. The persecutors, seeing the web, argued that it was useless to search there; obviously, nobody had entered the cave for days. "Ah," exclaimed Felix, when he emerged, "where God is not, a thick wall is as a spider's web: but where God is, a spider's web is as a mighty wall!"

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#### THERE'S NO HURT IN IT

When Chinese editors have to refuse any MSS they do so in the following manner:—

We have read thy manuscript with infinite delight.

Many moons have passed since we revelled in so delightful a masterpiece.

Did we print it we should be forced to accept it as the criterion whereby to judge all our further publications.

As its equal could not be found in ten million years and as we have to go to press with our poor uninspired paper once a week we are compelled, though shaken with sorrow and blinded with tears, to return thy divine manuscript, and for so doing we ask a thousand pardons.

## From Fields Afar

### First Letters from Holland

L. H. CHRISTIAN

During the war we have heard but little from the Netherlands. Now, however, word begins to come through. A letter dated May 16, 1945, from J. Wintzen, the former union president, who some time ago retired because of ill-health, and another from his son-in-law, F. J. Voorthuis, editor of our papers and manager of the publishing house, have just come in. Pastor Wintzen writes:—

"Sunday, May 13, was a very good day for me, because there visited us a fine, young Canadian Red Cross corporal, a good Seventh-day Adventist, and he brought me my first 'Review and Herald' in three years.

"We have had a hard time in the war. We had freedom to work carefully, and so we did. The good Lord blessed our efforts. The canvassing went on as never before. Sales were about 40,000 dollars a year. Our whole stock was sold out, as well as many good books from other publishers. The membership is now nearly 1,700, and if the brethren could have worked as in former years, surely the results would have been still better. Tithe reached about 50,000 dollars a year. But living is terribly expensive. You cannot imagine, I am sure. One potato costs about forty cents. But even at such prices it is very hard to buy things. Of course only the very rich people buy them. So the hunger was and still is terrible.

"Although the R.A.F. and American fliers let fall thousands of tons of food, we now for weeks have not had one potato. We get 400 grams—not quite an English pound—of bread a week. Our good Swedish friends—God bless them—provide another 400 grams a week. They also send us 125 grams of margarine and, for the children, something more. But I can tell you, a good many people have died. Only yesterday I read in the paper that in Amsterdam, with nearly 800,000 inhabitants, every week about 500 people die. In the big cities here in the western part of the Netherlands, with more than four million inhabitants, the hunger was very great.

#### Searching for Food

"The Lord took care of His children. Though some of them had to eat cooked potato skins, as far as I know none of them died from hunger. The people went on foot and by bicycle one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles to the northern part of the Netherlands, even when it was forbidden, and they had to risk having all that they gathered confiscated. Hundreds died on the way. It must have been terrible to see them stumbling along and falling down to die. But at last even this was impossible, because the whole line between north and south was closed by soldiers.

"We as a family cannot be thankful enough. The gracious God cared for us. The children went long distances on the bicycle to get food, though it was very hard work. Even my daughter, Sister Voorthuis, brought about eighty pounds on her bicycle. They were bombed, and three times narrowly escaped death. Once they jumped

into a hole, and the bomb struck only about twenty feet from them.

"Brother Voorthuis, as the minister of our church here, organized cooking for the children and old people of the church. He received help from the authorities. Pastor H. Eelsing (president of the conference) found it possible to furnish potatoes. Our members in The Hague and Delft got from him three kilos (six pounds) each, and also some wheat.

"We ourselves received help from friends who were not even Seventh-day Adventists, so that though we had to be very economical, the children during the whole time could help others. We had to sell all we could do without—clothing, shoes, silver spoons, and so on—in order to buy nourishment, for about 4,000 gulden, but the Lord did not forsake us. Then at last came the heaviest loss: in the bombardment of March 3 our home burned to the ground. We had to move twice in wartime, and now are living in the remains of a big three-storey brick building. Thirty thousand inhabitants of the southern part of The Hague lost their homes, many of them all their possessions, and, as the papers told, about one thousand were killed. We know now what war means."

#### Publishing Under Difficulties

F. J. Voorthuis, manager of the publishing house, sends this account of the publishing work and other needs:—

"Our publishing house had to meet a very difficult situation. As you can imagine, the press was under special control. Then the scarcity of paper was great and consequently it was hard to print or reprint books and pamphlets. For the last two years we could not bring out even a single number of our periodicals. But we had a good stock of printed matter, which we sold out. We held a few samples of each book, etc., for our new members. But they were all burned on March 3, 1945. Besides our own books, we could buy some good matter from other publishers, and so we could give about twenty-five of our canvassers an opportunity to work. Never in the history of our work in the Netherlands have we had such large earnings as in these years of war. This was a real blessing of the Lord, because the cost of living was very high. So, by the grace of God, our publishing house met its expenses during the whole war without going into debt one cent.

"As a publishing house we had to evacuate twice, and then on March 3, 1945, in the bombardment of the southern part of The Hague, our house burned completely. The bombing came on a Sabbath when we were in meeting. All our bookkeeping fell into ashes in the little safe at the office. So we had to begin anew with what there was at hand. The money was saved because it was either in the bank or I kept it day and night on my person, as there was great danger all the time.

"Our canvassers wait anxiously to begin their work again. We shall try to begin to print some periodicals, of course only two little pages every monthly number. There is no paper."

These are our first letters out of Holland.

While attending the Security Conference of the United Nations in San Francisco in May, I had a long interview with Dr. Pelt, one of the delegates from Holland. He gave a full account of the famine and the dreadful sufferings of the people there, and urged that clothing, shoes, and food be sent to them. Never in our history have Adventists had such an opportunity to help overseas as we have today. Surely when the Lord so graciously spared their lives at the time when we could do nothing, we must not fail our dear brethren now.

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### Our People in Burma

Copies of the "Eastern Tidings" dated June 1 and 15, which have just reached us, bring word of our believers and property in ill-fated Burma. At the time of publication, regular mail service between India and Burma had not been established, but letters had been received through the kindness of a former worker who is now in the Army. He mentioned the names of many native ministers and other workers who were carrying on their work, though very poor and badly in need of clothing, other necessities, and British money. Some members have been killed during the war.

These are extracts from letters received in India from Burma:—

"It is with mingled feelings that this letter is written. Words fail to describe the joy that is ours in being able to write to the brethren and sisters of the remnant church, and God be praised for sparing the lives of a good many of our believers in Burma during the past four years when Christians of all denominations experienced indescribable hardships and trials because of their faith. War clouds have not been totally cleared away from the horizon of South-East Asia, but we thank God we are free since the arrival of the Allied troops in Burma to hold our own meetings and prayer services.

"Although our mission work suffered tremendously during the occupation period, the spirit of our believers and workers during that time was and still is as staunch and as steadfast as ever. Our courage in the Lord is as good as ever. We hope for the Lord's soon coming. When things settle down a bit we are ready to launch right into our missionary programme. We all hope to see our beloved Burma missionaries in the near future."

The writer of this letter was Brother J. Batin, formerly the manager of our Burma Union Book Depot:—

"By the grace of God we in Rangoon have gone through the darkest hours and are alive. We have had thrilling Christian experiences, which cannot be described at this juncture. A group of twenty members in Rangoon town are holding meetings on every Sabbath at Pastor Deacon David's house, and all are of good courage. God has been very kind to us during the past four years while we were entirely on a self-supporting basis."

From Pastor Deacon David: "During the occupation of Burma by the Japanese our work has been much affected and hampered. Most of our church members were separated from one another. Cottage meetings were conducted in different homes, and for the past two years I have had the privilege of giving a series of Bible studies to different people, but just when they were ready for baptism they were scattered

(Concluded on page 7)

## Our Island Field

### U.S. Naval Man Carries on Our Mission Work

Pastor R. H. Tutty has received two letters from Manus, one from the Lutheran naval man who has been caring so well for our believers there, and a note from a certain lieutenant commander whom he took to visit our people. This officer writes:—

"On a recent visit to Lou island with —, I was greatly impressed with the work of the mission there. The natives looked cleaner and healthier than on other islands we have visited, and Manovaki and his family are continuing the teachings and preserving the mission property. I would certainly like to read of your experiences here, and to congratulate you on a fine task."

This is the report of the gentleman, who writes periodically:—

"At last I was able to visit Sipi's island, with a party of chaplains and two vice admirals of the British Navy. We went over last week and had a very enjoyable time looking over the island.

"We saw one village on the hill, and your house and Manovaki's little cluster of houses above where the old house lotu was. Your home is in very good condition. The only damage I could discover was that one machine-gun bullet went through the eaves of the roof and entered the water tank on the same side of the house at the rear. The floors, walls, and ceilings are in good condition. There is no furniture except a metal bedstead, a gutted organ, and one desk. The tables in your study remain, and a few easy chairs on the porch. Fruit trees and lawn are in good condition. The boys keep the playground round the old house lotu cut, and the place looks nice indeed. I believe you could have things ready in short order without too much work.

"Manovaki and Oti were not there, because they were out fishing. We remained on the island from about noon till six o'clock, visiting the natives. I delivered forty New Testaments to them, this about gives one to each person in the village, I suppose. Some friends of ours in the States are sending about thirty 'Christ in Song,' which should be here shortly.

"We heard from the choir of young boys, and they did sing well—all in four-part harmony. Manovaki has done a good job with them indeed. He holds school four days a week.

"I have a couple of letters to be passed on to you from this island, and will give you the gist of them. Sipi writes you that he is pleased very much because I am helping your lads with Bible and sing-books. Plenty villages want to make lotu but he is sorry he cannot do better because of the ringworm, and he says he is not a good teacher because of it. He has it badly all over his body. The ANGAU at the other end of the island gives sulphur baths, but not where he is situated. When the Japs were here he did not have a good time of it. God will bless you and keep you until the end of your life.

"Douka writes you that he works for the ANGAU now, and has six more months

of his indenture time. When the time ends, back home for him. Plenty of villages want church; but there are no teachers. He wants a 'Christ in Song' (on the way from America) and some medicine for the ear of his little boy, which I will try to obtain.

"All the fellows had colds, but all are well now. I take them every Sunday to church, weather permitting. They enjoy the ride and meeting their friends in the other village.

"I hope you are in good health and that you can soon return to the islands where you and your friends are so badly needed. I may be here for two to four months, but fully expect by that time to be on my way home. In the meantime I am continuing the work daily and trusting in the Lord to aid me as He has done all along. Best of all good wishes for your work, may God continue to bless and keep you and yours."

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### A Visit with the Big Nambus

SGT. V. J. WESTOVER, U.S. Army

Probably one of the most notorious groups of savages in the South Pacific is the tribe of the Big Nambus, who inhabit the interior of Malekula in the New Hebrides. They have long been regarded as unfriendly and dangerous because of their cannibalistic and head-hunting practices. It was from this tribe in 1917 that Martin and Osa Johnson, the famous explorers, narrowly escaped with their lives.

Recently it was my good fortune to obtain a leave of absence from my organization and, in company with another serviceman, Sgt. Bowman Deal, to spend five days with our missionary in this island field. During this time we accompanied Pastor A. D. Pletz on a routine visit to the Big Nambus.

It was dusk as we entered Tanemarou Passage and anchored the mission launch off Tanemarou village, which was our destination for the day. We took the dinghy to shore, and as usual the whole village was there to greet us with a hearty handshake. This was the fourth Seventh-day Adventist village we had visited that day, but this one held more significance than the others.

The natives here are converted Big Nambus, and are striking examples of the transforming power of Jesus Christ. They are under the leadership of one of our many native teachers from a nearby island.

Malekula is also the island where Norman Wiles, against so many odds, pioneered Seventh-day Adventist mission work among the Big Nambus, and here he died from a tropical disease in 1920. All alone his wife, with the help of a few natives, buried him, and she is courageously carrying on today in a different island field.

The night passed uneventfully, and we arose early in the morning, that we might take advantage of the cooler hours. First we visited Norman Wiles's grave, which is on the side of a hill overlooking the village; then we set off for the high interior and the land of the Big Nambus.

The trail took us through damp jungle and up and up a jagged slope. When we stopped for rest the native boys immediately scurried up the nearby coconut trees and brought down several green coconuts. After chopping off the ends we refreshed ourselves with the cool, tangy liquid that these nuts contain. Coconut milk is often called the "soda" of the tropics, and was very much appreciated by us at the moment.

As we took up our journey again we continued to climb and perspire. Suddenly we stepped out of the jungle and into the glare of the sun. Just ahead of us was a slope covered with tall grass. Through this we trekked on until we abruptly came to a clearing on a plateau. Looking back we judged we had come up a thousand feet, for below we could see the strip of beach where we had landed and our launch, a mere dot on the edge of the water.

Again we took to the trail, a more level one this time, and the going was much easier. Through tall cane, that crossed above our heads, we made our way, then

cause of their stature, as the name would lead one to believe. Many of them also have small bamboo sticks through their noses, tortoiseshell earrings, and large combs fastened in their kinky hair.

We were led to the entrance of the village, and there waited for official permission from the chief to enter. This was granted, and as we walked through the village we were amazed at the way it was constructed. Fortification seemed to be the aim, and it was surprisingly attained. The village was divided into sections, and each section was surrounded by a strong bamboo fence with only small holes for passageways. At night the natives place logs in front of the main entrance with several tin cans laid on top to serve as an alarm in case an intruder tries to enter.

The reason for this fortification and precaution is simple. There are frequent uprisings among the various villages, and they fight it out with muskets and buckshot that they obtain apparently from French traders.

This warfare also influences construction of the Big Nambus houses. They are

squatted as they also received injections. When they smiled, you could see the results of a cruel tradition. When a Big Nambus woman is married, it is the custom to knock out her two front teeth.

As the sun was high in the sky, the chief invited us to dinner. In front of his house were placed two small logs, parallel to each other and four feet apart. On these we sat facing each other awaiting further developments. The rest of the village crowded around us in the background to watch the white people eat. First a small bunch of bananas wrapped in leaves was placed before us. The chief did not join us until we had eaten as many as we desired, and then he devoured the remainder, hurriedly and greedily, one bite to a banana. Next came baked yam and a tender baked sprout called navis. Water melon served as dessert, and the meal ended.

I remember vividly how curious these people were. Taking hold of our arms they would examine them closely and rub them to see whether there were brown skin under the white. Shirts and trousers also seemed to be objects of curiosity.

Like most heathen natives, these people are very superstitious and have many taboos. For example, the knife is taboo. No knives are allowed in their houses, and they will not cut yams or other food with a knife. Also, when a member of the family dies, food is placed outside the house in a special rack, so that the dead one's spirit will not hunger.

When it was time to say good-bye, we shook hands and departed.

The return trip was much quicker, and before we knew it we were back to Tanagerou village. After a refreshing bath in a nearby stream we donned clean clothes and were ready for evening worship.

With the natives we gathered in the trim thatch-roofed church. It was truly an inspiration to worship with these faithful people, to kneel with them as one of their number offered prayer in pidgin English.

What a panorama of human life we had viewed this day! Human beings in sin, filth, superstition, and cruelty, and now these Christian natives, so different, marvellously changed through the power of Jesus Christ.

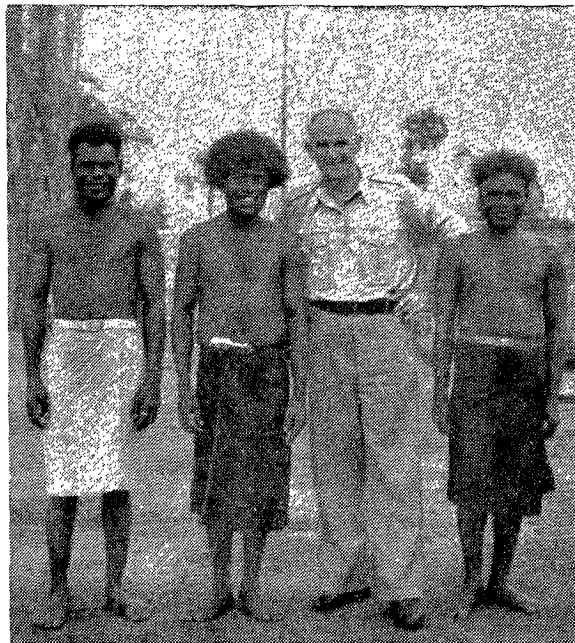
The next morning we weighed anchor, regretting that our stay could not be longer, but thankful for the opportunity that had come to us.

As the village disappeared from sight, I was impressed with the way that the Lord's command to go into all the world and preach the gospel is being heeded. And I am sure that when God gathers His faithful children at the day of His coming, the Big Nambus of Malekula will be well represented.

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#### HEROIC SACRIFICE

Pastor L. F. Passebois relates this story of sacrifice: "While in France one day, I received from a blind woman twenty-seven francs. The woman was very poor, and I wondered if she was really able to give that much. On questioning her, I found that she had figured out how much she had saved by being blind, in not having to use oil in her lamp; and she insisted that the money be accepted to train medical missionaries for the foreign lands to open the eyes of those who are spiritually blind. Several other blind persons heard of her sacrifice, and soon a number of blind people followed her example."



#### A HAPPY REUNION

Pastor N. A. Ferris photographed at Torokina, Bougainville, with Okira, Hoke, and Tati, three Solomon Islands teachers who have become well known for their loyalty to God and King during the occupation of Bougainville by the enemy. Okira has charge of the native transport in his area, and is recognized by the Army as an outstanding character and thoroughly dependable.

down a steep incline, into a gulch, across a small stream, and up the opposite side. More dark jungle came next, with many vines lying across our path, waiting for a careless step to trip the traveller. To remove your eyes from the path here meant a certain fall.

At last we came to a clearing where there were several tom-toms. These are hollow logs with one end placed in the ground on a slant. When they are pounded near the opening, a loud sound issues forth which is heard for a long distance, and is the native means of communication.

We pounded these to announce our arrival and walked on. Soon we were met by a small band of Big Nambus men. As a result of frequent contacts with our missionaries they are no longer hostile to the white man; so they showed no surprise at our visit.

The men wear a large breechcloth of dried pandanus fibre dyed red. It is from this unusual apparel that they derive their name of Big Nambus and not be-

built to be exceptionally strong. The leaves used on the roof and sides are placed very close together, making the completed wall six to ten inches thick. To test this construction they fire their muskets pointblank at a newly made house. If shot fails to pierce the walls the house is satisfactory, but if shot goes through, the dwelling must be rebuilt.

After talking with the natives in pidgin English, Pastor Pietz proceeded to treat the people who needed it most. Yaws, tropical ulcers, and all kinds of skin diseases are common, and for these the injections which the missionary gave did wonders.

One of the natives who received an injection also received special attention. On his brown body we counted six deep scars left by shot from an enemy's musket, a grim reminder of a recent conflict.

Finally a few of the women gained courage and crawled out from the house in which they had been hiding. What hideous creatures they were! Half hidden under their ponderous grass head-coverings, they





# With Our Boys in the FORCES

## In Borneo

**Pte. Fred H. Gray** of Tasmania, tells of life on Holman Island, Borneo:—

"The day prior to the landing everybody was receiving instructions and preparing for anything which might eventuate. At four the following morning everyone was up and about, wondering what to expect. It was a glorious morning, and what happened?—just nothing! Before us lay the place for attack, and the ships slowly pulled into the bay, settled down a few hundred yards off-shore, dropped anchor, and waited till eight o'clock. Then suddenly the operation began. Shells and bombs pounded the shore. From where we stood it appeared that nothing could live through them. In the meantime the infantry were assembling in their barges, and within an hour they landed. From then very little was to be seen apart from irregular shelling and bombers dropping their loads. Every now and again news came through of the progress being made, and later that same day we went ashore. Things progressed so well that we did not receive an immediate call, so we spent the following few days unloading and preparing to go into operation. Considerable damage was done to the town; but it was surprising how much of it withstood the bombardment. It was quite apparent that the enemy and the inhabitants had gone inland; but soon after, the inhabitants, mainly Chinese and Malays, were rolling back in hundreds, the majority in a pitiful condition. Under-nourished the majority were, with ulcers, disease, and wounds.

"The general appearance of this side of the island is the opposite; the villages were not deserted, and everything is intact. Once we were set up we were kept busy and handled hundreds of patients, among them Indian P.O.W. releases, Malaysians, Javanese, Chinese, and Jap P.O.W's. My experiences were varied, and apart from sadness, there were many funny happenings, particularly with the Indians. The poor chaps had suffered much, and apart from their terrible wounds, ulcers, etc., all were very debilitated, mere skin and bone, and by no means a pleasant sight. How much the world is in need of Christ! Surely through such happenings as this, people can see their weakness in relying on man alone to right the world and give an everlasting peace. Much has been heard from these Indians and others regarding Australian prisoners, but this I'm not permitted to repeat.

"I had been here about six weeks and had hardly moved from the hospital area, but periodically I made inquiries regarding Captain J. W. Kent. I was informed that he was on the mainland. Then one day I walked right in on top of him, no further than two hundred yards from where I was working, and that is not all. He had been

there since the invasion! He thought I was in a surgical team on the mainland. Well, I could have given myself a kick. Here I was spending what time I could manage on Sabbath alone or with Terry Sowden, who is attached to us; while the man we always looked forward to meeting was only a short distance away. Believe me, it was great to see him. Since then, every Sabbath evening we have met and had discussions and prayer. We have benefited much from these meetings. The other evening, Terry, four other fellows of various denominations but very sincere Christians, some men less interested, and I went along and had a good old discussion and thoroughly enjoyed it. The Bible versus Evolution was the topic.

"Unfortunately, Doug McPherson is on the mainland. He was one with whom we always enjoyed fellowship. We remember him and others in our prayers. Doug was here for some time, being in the initial landings. From many I've heard of his devotion to duty. The padre from his unit was in our hospital, where he passed away. He was a fine chap and thought the world of his men. He was seriously wounded while stretcher-bearing. He said Doug was most conscientious, and when stretcher-bearers were called he was always to the front. Being a new experience for Doug, I was very pleased to hear such news, and the same was received from others of his unit who came under my care. His unit did a splendid job, but suffered many casualties—some very fine fellows, too, believe me.

"I'm just waiting now for my release, after five years. It seems almost unbelievable. I'm looking forward very much to getting back home and taking my place again in civilian life."

From a letter written by **Pte. Harry Hopkin** of Wahroonga:—

"We are at Balikpapan, in south-east Borneo, and in the best of spirits and health. As our brigade was in reserve and we landed some days after D day, I can't tell you about the actual landing. We landed via the scrambling net and barge. This was my first experience on the net, but as in most things, anticipation was the worst part of it. We had anchored about eight miles out, and the barges took one and a half hours coming in.

"The immediate foreshores showed the usual signs of aerial and naval bombardment—splintered houses, smashed and burnt-out transport, and craters. However, various installations had not been attacked, so that our forces could use them.

"My company moved up that afternoon, to assist another medical unit in setting up. For ten days we were located there under very comfortable conditions, overlooking the sea. Our experience of the

climate here was different from what we had expected. Although the days were hot and steamy, a beautiful cool breeze came in from the sea during the evening, and the blanket was very welcome. The unit we were assisting was located in the grounds of the former residency.

"We then moved up to join the remainder of our unit, and at present are running a medical dressing station. We are living in two-man tents; and with a few scrounged chairs and tables, etc., we can make ourselves reasonably comfortable. We can be fairly certain of a downpour each evening, and if you remember the conditions at the Westmead camp you have a good picture of things here. However, we do get our fair share of sunshine and are then able to have a look around. Still, it doesn't pay to be too inquisitive. Booby traps may still be around.

"Down the hill from where we are camped is a scene one reads about—thatched native huts set in groves of pine-apples and bananas and plots of taro. These huts are not inhabited.

"The natives come from the islands all around, according to what they say, as from as far afield as Shanghai. They are always ready and eager to give a salute, and quite a few will bow. I understand that Nip insisted on this. Most of the natives show signs of malnutrition. Some of the children, especially the younger ones, have the same cute ways as the white children. The older folk are always ready to do some trading.

"The grim reality of war is brought home to us by the crosses we see here and there, indicating where some Aussie has made the supreme sacrifice. A gap has been made in some home back in Australia, some loved one will never return."

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## Soldiers Welcomed News of Peace

**L.A.C. Gerald B. Simms**, of North Sydney, reports from the "Pacific":—

"We are just awaiting word of the results of Japan's surrender offer, and of course are hoping that she will accept our peace terms. When the news came out last Friday night the chaps absolutely went mad. About 11 p.m. everybody seemed to turn out, and they started marching through the tent lines singing, playing trumpets, banging cans, and in general making as much noise as they could. However, the merry-making soon died down and we were able to resume our interrupted sleep."

## WHERE IS GOD?

"Where is God today when armies clash in deadly battle? God is where mercy binds a wound; God is where sympathy stoops to share the awful burden; God is where grief sheds a tear and a little song of hope and love is at the heart of the battle's hell. God, I'm sure, is where tired, brave, bewildered lads lie down to die with forgiveness in their hearts. Aye, wherever the cross is, God is there hanging upon it."  
—Chaplain W. M. Kettlitz.

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The secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for opportunity when it comes.  
—Disraeli.

**Our People in Burma**

(Concluded from page 4)

because of unavoidable circumstances. The Japanese have taken Christians and accused them of being spies. This especially applies to our church elders and pastors.

"I have seven children to look after, and though we are poor in this world's goods, yet we are rich in spiritual things. It is a fact that my family and I have hardly any clothing to wear and are financially stricken."

The killing of Pastor Po Shwe and Sava Po Ngwe in 1942 has been confirmed, but without any details of the untimely death of these faithful men.

Pastor E. M. Meleen, who is at present in America on furlough, has been appointed superintendent of the Burma Union. He has expressed his willingness to return to Burma.

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**Puerto Rico Penitentiary**

M. L. RICE

One of the high spots on my recent trip to the Inter American Division was a visit to the Insular Penitentiary in Puerto Rico. Here with my own eyes I saw the fulfilment of the prophecy in Isaiah: "I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thee hand, and will keep thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light to the Gentiles; to open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house." Isa. 42: 6, 7.

It all came about like this. In July, 1943, the Voice of Prophecy broadcasts began to be heard in Puerto Rico. Soon the Bible Correspondence Course was offered to the Spanish-speaking people. Almost immediately this course found its way into the penitentiary. First just a few enrolled, then it jumped to fifty, then to one hundred, and still the enrolments poured in. When I was there between three and four hundred were taking this correspondence course. Over seventy-five had finished the course and received their certificates.

For several years there had been a small struggling branch Sabbath school in the penitentiary. But with so many taking the correspondence course, this Sabbath school grew to a much larger membership. I found three hundred in the Sabbath school the day I visited there. The prisoners seem deeply interested. They have their own Sabbath school officers, their own orchestra, and everything in connection with their Sabbath school is carried on by the prisoners.

This little incident shows their interest in their Sabbath school. One Sabbath a university group gave a fiesta for the men in the penitentiary. Their programme was planned for the very time the Sabbath school was to be held. Our brethren were afraid that the Sabbath school would be very small that day, as a fiesta has a great appeal to these Spanish-speaking people. But to their great joy and surprise the interest in the Sabbath school was so great that in spite of the entertainment the fiesta offered, all were at Sabbath school. The room where the Sabbath school is held was as full as usual.

This interest in the truth is about the most spectacular demonstration of God's

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working that I have ever seen. These prisoners write home to their people about the free Bible course. From this institution this special correspondence course is being advertised all over the island.

Two of the men who completed the Bible course were recently released from prison, having completed their sentences. They were baptized, and are now two of our faithful colporteurs.

The Voice of Prophecy correspondence course in Puerto Rico is in charge of Sister Blanca Santiago. She with her husband spends some time nearly every Sabbath with those in the penitentiary who are studying the message. Following the Sabbath school, Sister Santiago conducts a baptismal class for those who are preparing for baptism. She invited me to visit this interested group of men. To my surprise I found over one hundred men in the baptismal class. It was interesting to see Sister Santiago mingle among the prisoners, helping them to find the texts, helping them to pronounce any hard words they came across as they stood to read the various scriptures. Most of these men never had a Bible in their hands before coming in contact with our work.

The interest in the penitentiary is being closely observed by the prison authorities. They are very sympathetic to what is being done. They have granted two periods for the study of the Bible each Sabbath afternoon, instead of one. One of these periods is used for the Sabbath school and the other for the baptismal class.

The chief warden of the penitentiary, seeing the change that has come in the lives of these men, said, "It is a marvellous work that you are doing."

The warden of the penitentiary and his wife are also enrolled in the correspondence course. So God's message is reaching all classes.

Those who have seen what God is doing in this place believe it is nothing short of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Surely the light is penetrating this dark spot. We see God's promise fulfilled "to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house."

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**Wanted**

Reliable lad wanted, between 16 and 18 years of age, to assist in harvest work; some knowledge of tractor driving preferable. S.D.A. hours. T. Hilton, Peak Hill Road, Dubbo, N.S.W.

**Little Things**

In truth, there are no little things, for the veriest trifle may to the inquiring mind prove to have a significance too deep for words. A little child gazes into a stranger's face and draws away from him.

Would you trust that man? A look of levity on solemn occasions, of boredom when matters of deep interest are discussed, may indicate in a moment the character of a man. Speaking of character, do people realize what may be done to strengthen character by "little things"? Scrupulous honesty about trifles — paying for a postage stamp belonging to the firm, but used for private purposes, or for any other similar supply, is an exercise that goes far to cultivate keenness of conscience and personal uprightness. Punctilious attention to minor duties begets the habit of similar attention to all duties. It is said that no man is a hero to his valet—but why shouldn't he be?

More, why not be a hero to himself? Let a man be to himself what he would prefer the world should think him. If he is alone, let him practise that same absolute cleanliness, of body and of thought, that he would do if in a king's drawing-room. The woman who asked if she should "wash for a high or a low-necked dress" made her vulgarity proverbial. The man who manicures his toenails has the respect even of them who tell of it in derision. When a certain man was a child he used to go to his father's office in the county courthouse and ask for pens, paper, etc. Noticing that his father always dropped a penny into the county drawer after giving him the supply, the boy asked why this was done, and if the county did not supply these articles for his father's use. The reply was: "Yes, but not for the use of my family." The impression made was so deep that half a century later the boy could not have made such little embezzlements without shame.

"Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle," said Michelangelo.

But, again, one should not fall into the opposite error of estimating little things too highly. One fault need not blind us to a dozen good qualities, and in judging every fellow being we must strike a balance—there are no perfect characters. The cultivation of the judicial faculty is by no means a little thing.—"Backbone."

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**Keep Still**

Keep still. When trouble is brewing, keep still. When slander is getting on his legs, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still—till you recover from your excitement, at any rate. Things look differently through an unagitated eye.

In a commotion, once, I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In my later years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept that letter in my pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Less and less it seemed necessary to send it. I was not sure it would do any hurt, but in my doubtfulness I leaned to reticence, and eventually it was destroyed.

Time works wonders. Wait till you can speak calmly, and then you will not need to speak, maybe. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable; sometimes it is strength in very grandeur.—Dr. Burton.

## BREVITIES

Pastor Eric Hare's son Leonard and his wife have arrived in India. Mrs. Hare's parents, Pastor and Mrs. Borrowdale, are also missionaries in India.

After serving for more than twenty years as the principal of the Kottawa school and superintendent of the Ceylon Mission, Pastor A. F. Jessen (one of our Australian workers) has now been appointed principal of Kottarakara High School, Malayalam, India.

Pastor P. K. Simpson reports from Muzaffarnagar, India: "We have just closed one of the best city efforts (in Urdu) I have ever seen, and God has greatly blessed us with large crowds, never less than one hundred, and as high as three to five hundred. We had twenty-five night meetings and then had to stop, as we could not get electric current any longer. Now we are visiting and following up with studies."

A cablegram from England announces the safe arrival of Miss Muriel Austin. About eight years ago Miss Austin came out to Australia on a health trip and to visit her brother Thomas in Melbourne; but her return was delayed by the outbreak of war. She believes that Providence brought her the 13,000 miles to learn God's message for today. Though Sister Austin has now returned to her parents in Yorkshire, she will not be forgotten by her many friends in Australia and Tasmania.

The first person ever to secure the degree of Master of Commerce from the University of Tasmania, Hobart, is Brother Thomas G. Brinsmead, who, in addition to his work as a school teacher, recently completed eight years of study with that university. Successive steps were the Diploma of Commerce and the Bachelor of Commerce degree. While attending the Hobart Teachers' College, Brother Brinsmead held the championship for swimming, and the achievement of this young vegetarian in swimming across the River Derwent—a distance of three and a half miles—in one hour forty-three minutes, was the subject of much comment at the time. We hear from Sister V. M. Rogers that Brother Brinsmead's transfer to the teaching staff of the Burnie High School greatly pleased the little church in that centre.

In some parts of Central Africa they have a unique custom. When a party begins a journey through the bush, a young native is always sent ahead to shake the heavy dew off the tall grass so that those coming behind can travel in dry comfort. The young man who thus blazes the trail is known as the dew-beater. He gets soaked by the dew he beats off, and is exposed to all the dangers of the trail, but he clears the way for those whom he serves.

This custom suggests the ideal of Christ-like service. And though the dew-beater job may not look like much when it comes to you by the way of opportunity, don't forget the Master's admonition: "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

## God's Guiding Hand

### "A Unique Experience"

VIOLA M. ROGERS

A sister who said, "The Appeal for Missions is my cross," was determined to do her usual part in collecting again this year, even though she was delayed by visitors staying in her home till near the end of the campaign. Then she and I went to some territory that otherwise might have been missed.

She felt strongly impressed to speak to a kindly looking man who was seated with a friend on a sunny bank, and later we met him by the gate of his home, when a conversation ensued, as well as an excellent donation. He said to us, "You people are certainly right regarding the Sabbath." He went on to say, "I had a unique experience a few years ago. There was a debate on the Sabbath question between Pastor Peacock and the local ministers, and I was asked to act as independent chairman. Pastor Peacock introduced Pastor Burnside, and said he would state your side. In my opening remarks I said we would conduct the discussion in a friendly spirit, and would allow nothing to be brought in that was irrelevant to the subject, nor would we have anything but the Bible, not even commentaries. That meeting was a great help to your cause, for it convinced many in the audience that all the evidence was on the side of Pastors Burnside and Peacock, and the other side had none at all."

We kindly inquired whether he was observing the Sabbath himself, and he seemed convicted. The invitation to visit his home was accepted later in the week, and I answered from the Bible his questions regarding the time the Sabbath day began and ended each week. He kept the very next Sabbath and worshipped with us in the church. Two weeks later he told me:—

"I have kept two Sabbaths now in their entirety, and feel a peace and joy in my heart such as I never knew before. I know that God is pleased with me." Earnestly he declared, "I will never break another Sabbath as long as I live."

This devoted Christian man is now a faithful witness for the truth wherever he goes, and a liberal supporter of God's work. Do you think our sister is glad that she carried her "cross" that day?

### God Fulfills His Promise to Tithe-payers

A mother with four fatherless children was telling me the other day how good the Lord has been to her. "When their father's money stopped I thought I would not be able to dress my children as well as others; but somehow we have always been well provided for. I have always been careful to take out the tithe first, and we tithe all our garden produce." Then she related a recent experience:—

"One day I thought how nice it would be to have a cow, so that the children might have plenty of milk and cream. I asked the Lord to give us a cow, knowing that He could, because the cattle upon a thousand hills belong to Him. That was on a Wednesday. The following Friday I went to town, and while shopping someone laid a hand on my shoulder, and there stood an old friend I had not met for ten years. She knew nothing of my loss, and I did not know that she had lost her husband, a squatter much older than herself, who had left a large estate.

"Living in the country, you have a cow and fowls, I suppose," my friend said.

"We don't have a cow yet, but will when finances permit," I replied.

"Before leaving, she said, 'Do let me give you the money for the cow,' and she insisted on giving me a cheque for twenty pounds.

"After returning home, I asked a friend who knows all about cattle if he could find me a good cow. He knew at once where there was a little beauty, and on the Monday the new cow with her first calf came to our home, giving ten quarts of milk and plenty of cream.

"Of course I tithed the £20, and besides paying for the cow, was able to settle the annual pledge we had made to missions and do a few other things as well."

And we agreed as we looked into the happy face of this sister that God does honour the promise He has made in Mal. 3:10, 11.

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## The Priest Marvelled

Writing to the M.V. Department of the South New South Wales Conference, an isolated young lady relates this story:—

"A few weeks ago I had the privilege of conversing with one of the local priests. We heard that he was going to enter every Protestant home before leaving the district, and so he visited ours; but it wasn't just an ordinary Protestant home, as he soon found out. Dad was away visiting a sick neighbour when he arrived at about three o'clock in the afternoon, and so I entertained the priest. He was in our presence a short time when I began to ask him a few biblical questions, and it was not long before we were discussing the Sabbath question and many other Bible points. Mother was listening in to our conversation, and our friend turned and said to her, 'You certainly have educated your children in the study of the Bible. I thought I knew my Bible, but I know nothing in comparison with your children.'

"The minutes slipped away into hours, and our thoughts were still centred on that divine Book when dad arrived home at half-past six. Then of course dad did most of the talking while we had tea. The priest did not hesitate in the least to stay and have tea with us; in fact I think he enjoyed staying. It was nearly nine o'clock when we finished tea and our conversation, and then our guest suddenly realized that he had made an appointment for half-past seven, but had forgotten all about it.

"Next day he wrote to us, and this is how he commenced his letter: 'Our very interesting and educative conversation yesterday evening so thrilled me that it was in my dreams all night and in my thoughts all day. I have never met people who are so enamoured with the Bible as you are, and the marvel of it is still with me.'"

## North New South Wales Conference

### Twenty-fourth Annual Session

The twenty-fourth Annual Session of the North New South Wales Conference will convene from November 8 to 18, 1945, at the Broadmeadow Showgrounds. The first meeting will be on Thursday evening, November 8. Every enrolled member of a church in the North New South Wales Conference present at the Session will be a delegate. H. J. Halliday, Secretary.