

Volume 50

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Number 1



We Will Remember Them

AN impressive memorial service was held in the Wairoonga church on Sabbath, November 10, in honour of four of our members in New Guinea, who lost their lives while prisoners of war. Pastor Arthur Atkins died in hospital at Kokopo in March, 1942; while Pastor E. M. Abbott and Brethren Len Thompson and Trevor Collett were victims in the sinking of the ill-fated prisoner-of-war ship *Montevideo Maru* with 1,100 souls aboard, including about 800 servicemen and 300 civilians, while on the way to Japan.

After the following address by the editor, Pastors W. G. Turner, R. E. Hare, and D. A. Brennan and Brother R. H. Adair paid fitting tributes to Pastor Abbott as a fellow worker and mission administrator.

*"They shall not grow old: as we that are left grow old,
Age shall not weary them nor the years condemn;
At the going down of the sun, and in the morning,
We will remember them."*

TWO earnest Christian women were once having a heart-to-heart talk. One had suffered much, and still had more suffering to face. Her friend endeavoured to commiserate with her, but her voice failed. She could not speak. The woman who had suffered much smiled as she said quietly, "My God makes no mistakes."

The Lord Jesus has made ample provision for all the experiences of life through which we are called to pass.

To lose one's life in the execution of his God-given work is one of the hazards that beset the path of the one who elects to respond to the call of God, accepting the commission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." He has the assurance of Christ's own words: "He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." Matt. 10: 39.

When requested to grant to the two sons of Zebedee the two favoured seats in the kingdom of heaven, Christ said to them, "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of,

and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" They said unto Him, "We are able." While not comprehending all that was involved in such a reply, the time came when they both suffered severely for the faith. James, first of the apostles to suffer, was beheaded by Herod, while John was cast into a cauldron of boiling oil. However, they had already heard the assurance, "He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it."

In a retrospective view of our work in the South Sea Islands over the last twenty-five years, we find that several young workers, not in any way associated with war, have met with an untimely death in the prosecution of their work as missionaries for God.

It was in May, 1920, that our esteemed Brother Norman Wiles was suddenly stricken down with blackwater fever on the west coast of Malekula after but four years of active service. We shall not forget the terrible grief that came to the young widow's heart as she was left alone in the jungle, among a wild and primitive people. She had to summon a native boat crew to dig a hole in the side of the hill and there stand by while his body was laid beneath the rough clods with only a sheet and a mat for a shroud. That was twenty-five years ago; but as the Apostle Paul says, "He being dead yet speaketh," and today most inspiring reports are coming from that very place, telling of a growing mission among those one-time cannibals and head-hunters.

Then in November, 1930, Brother Fred Lang, with seven stalwart Fijian young men, was blown to sea in a launch and lost in one of the worst hurricanes that ever struck that group. Brother Lang left his wife and two little children waiting for him to return to tea that evening. They waited for days and weeks, but they waited in vain. An anchor and chain were later found on a reef, the only trace of the missionary launch and party. However, we have the positive assurance regarding the faithful who sleep in the deep that at the return of our Lord and Saviour they shall rise, for John in vision wrote: "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." John 15: 13.



ARTHUR S. ATKINS

was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it." Rev. 20: 12, 13.

It was in the month of December, 1937, when a party of workers were motoring over the precipitous roads of inland Fiji that while negotiating a sharp bend, the car overran the embankment and was soon hurtling to the valley below. Brother H. W. Adrian was fatally crushed beneath the car. He, too, left a devoted wife, as well as three little children to greatly miss their much loved daddy. But there again we were all much encouraged and sustained by the promise that having lost his life in the cause of Christ, Brother Adrian will one day find it.

We cite these pre-war happenings this morning to help console those families who have so recently been bereaved by their loved ones being so cruelly wrenched from them in the more recent happenings in New Guinea. With the limited vision of our finite minds, we cannot see the reason why; but let us, with the patient suffering lady cited in my opening remarks, be assured that "God never makes a mistake," and he that loathes his life for Christ's sake shall find it.

And now we shall consider the invasion of New Guinea and its consequences. As has so often been expressed, war is cruel, and this terribly sad tragedy is surely the work of the enemy. One is at a loss on such an occasion to find words adequately to convey the feeling in his heart of sorrow and regret. One hesitates to think of the many homes that are overshadowed with gloom, and the hearts made sad by the tragedies of war. From the Royal Family down to the humblest subject in the realm the mantle of mourning rests upon us. Over two years ago we received word of the passing of our loved Pastor Arthur Atkins in an enemy hospital in New Guinea. He has left a cherished memory of fine service until his last hours. He was buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery at Kokopo. A recent interview with some returned Australian nurses confirmed these facts; and they added their personal testimony to Brother Atkins' wonderful influence and help. Our sympathies today are extended to Sister Atkins

and her two children, Geoff and Lois. Pastor Atkins' work still goes on in the lives of those hundreds of native believers among whom he ministered so faithfully. Though his health was failing and he was advised to leave earlier, he elected to remain as a faithful shepherd. As the Saviour Himself said, "The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." He has left a song in their hearts that they will continue to sing long after his life here closed.

A lady of affluence who had helped the mission work a good deal by her generosity, once took a tourist trip to New Guinea, and one evening she visited a mission station. Telling the missionary in charge that she would like to see the home of a native worker she had helped support, she was shown into a humble native hut, clean but unfurnished. The lady inquired, "Is this where he lives?" "Oh, yes," was the reply, "this is his home. He is away across the lagoon just now in his canoe, but should soon be returning." "But what does he sit on?" questioned the visitor. "On the floor," she was told. "And where is his bed?" "There it is," the missionary said, pointing to a rough mat of coconut leaves on the floor. "And can he be happy living under such conditions?" Just then the missionary heard the swish of the paddles of a lakatoi and said to his visitor, "Listen!" Over the water came a lusty voice singing heartily,

"Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine,
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long."

Someone has said, "The Christian faith is capable of producing a comradeship which is indestructible and leads us to esteem others better than ourselves, and if necessary to forfeit our lives." It was just such faith that led our late Brother Trevor Collett to offer willingly to remain behind to look after Pastor Atkins, who was not well, while the party with which he was travelling south made their escape along the coast when their vessels were wrecked by enemy action; and he fell a victim to the invading enemy and finally perished in the ill-fated prison ship. Surely "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

We would remember very sincerely our dear Sister Collett and her little girl Anthea today, in the loss of a devoted companion and father, for whose return they have also waited so long in vain. May the glad day of reunion hasten on.

Another victim of this stark tragedy is Brother Len Thompson, a medical assistant in the New Guinea Government service and former trainee and worker in the Sydney Sanitarium. We more than once saw him on his job in New Guinea, clean, alert, happy, and living up to the high standards of his professional and spiritual training. He carried on with his work even under enemy occupation. Less than a year ago we joined his wife's family board in West Australia and together prayed with her mother, sister, and only child that soon some tidings might be received of their dear one. Two weeks ago, we are told, she received the same official news of her husband as was received by Sister Abbott. Another trainee of the Sanitarium, Sister Thompson, who has loyally maintained its standards, is now left with

their only little girl, Lynette, to tread life's lonely pathway. May the One who has promised to be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless be their strength and stay in this sad hour. May the sacrifice that these faithful men have made lead us to live sacrificially and unselfishly, thinking not of ourselves but of others.

And now, to Sister Frances Abbott, the widow of our late Pastor Abbott, and to his parents, we very earnestly express our profound sorrow in their irreparable loss.

A few years ago it was my happy privilege to spend a few pleasant weeks in New Guinea and to enjoy the hospitality of the Abbott home. I am sure I am divulging no secret when I say that Brother and Sister Abbott, while making the cause of God first in their lives, lived for each other; and though they maintained their individuality, their lives most happily blended. The ruthless hand of death, after these many weary months of waiting and watching, has been disclosed as wrenching asunder those very affectionate cords of marital happiness and joy.

Brother Abbott's filial devotion to his fond parents was with equal fidelity, and of the noble life of their only son, Malcolm, they may justifiably feel proud. His sterling character, his serenity of life and singleness of purpose won for him the highest esteem of his fellow workers and numerous friends within and without the circle of his church affiliations. Just as vividly he will be remembered for his good humour and genial personality.

The last official news we received of Pastor Abbott was a few weeks after the first air raids on Rabaul, in which he spoke of giving first aid to many wounded natives and burying a number of native victims of the raid in a long trench. Then, when



EDWIN MALCOLM ABBOTT

he handed over the ship "Vellomani" for the evacuation of others, he sent word to say that as the superintendent of the mission it was his duty to remain. He felt that he could still be useful in the Rabaul hospital, where he was then serving.

When the Australian nurses serving in Rabaul were subsequently transferred to Kokopo, some thirty miles along the coast, where a temporary hospital was established, Pastor Abbott was one of the last

men to visit the matron and sisters while the Japanese were invading the district, greatly to the concern of these young women. In a personal interview with some of them a few days ago, they spoke to me of their "Daddy Abbott" in the highest terms of admiration for the very great help he gave them and the comfort of his Christian fortitude. Occupying a room with six of them in the hospital, with Japanese armed soldiers searching every

has cast a spell of dark forebodings over the spirit of humanity." This is but an echo of Christ's own words describing the last days with "men's hearts failing them for fear."

As His believing children we are to look up, awaiting our redemption; and with the return of our Lord will come the glad reunion of loved ones who have been parted by death. I venture to say that could we have caught the last wish of those so rudely snatched from us, it would be that we may meet them on that happy morning when all sad separations will be for ever ended.

As the poet has so expressively written it in one of the well-known hymns:—

"We may sleep, but not for ever,
There will be a glorious dawn;
We shall meet to part, no, never,
On the resurrection morn.
From the deepest caves of ocean,
From the desert and the plain,
From the valley and the mountain,
Countless throngs shall rise again."

Let us accept the assurance of a glad and lasting reunion on the resurrection morn.

A Brief Life Sketch

Edwin Malcolm Abbott was born at Waverly, N.S.W., January 12, 1909, and was therefore in his thirty-fourth year at the time of his death in 1942. After attending school at Gordon, he became a student of the North Sydney High School, where he was highly esteemed for his good character and his athletic prowess. When it was suggested, at the age of sixteen, that he be transferred to the Australasian Missionary College, it was with reluctance on the part of the headmaster (who had instructed Mac's mother also) that he was released. After three years at A.M.C., he was graduated from the business course and accepted a call as clerk in the Sanitarium Health Food work. He also spent some time in the Union Conference office, and was later appointed to the staff of the New Zealand Missionary School. While there he was married to Miss Una Frances Sprengel, a graduate nurse of the Sydney Sanitarium. Later he was called to assist in the treasury of the Union Conference office, and while there he was chosen as superintendent of the New Guinea Mission. Having faithfully served in this capacity for three years, his furlough fell due late in 1941, but knowing that Pastor and Mrs. Tutty were also due a furlough at the same time, Pastor Abbott said he and Sister Abbott would postpone their leave for a few months, in order not to deplete the field of workers. Had he taken his leave when due he would have been in Australia at the time of the fatal invasion of New Guinea.

Again I repeat the words of our Saviour: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

His fidelity to duty, his love for his fellow workers, his concern for the indigenous people of New Guinea, placed him within easy reach of the invasion forces, at whose hands he fell a victim with eleven hundred fellow Australians, whose loss we so deeply deplore.

Trevor David Collett

Trevor David Collett was born at his parents' home, "Eskdale," near Wee Waa, N.S.W., July 10, 1913. His childhood days were spent in the joyous and wholesome

association of birds, fruit, and flowers. Later he attended public school at Wee Waa. His education was continued at Maitland High School, where, besides doing well in his studies, he excelled in sport and helped to carry his school's athletic banner in various "all schools" events.

He attended the Australasian Missionary College during 1932 and 1933.

After completing his studies, Brother Collett took an island cruise to New Guinea, and was so pleased with the prospects of plantation life that he later took over a copra plantation on Mussau Island. Returning to Australia, he was married to Miss Olga Wiles of Brisbane, a trained nurse, and thus had a loyal helpmeet and companion. Our young friend, knowing the value of the timber on Emira Island, some twenty miles from Mussau, procured a licence for the sole use of this timber for a term of ten years. Thus he became a self-supporting missionary. A will to work and win eventually brought its reward, and just as the Japanese invasion occurred Brother Collett had overcome the many difficulties and was on the sure road to success, having the Government as buyer for the whole of his output of cedar and other valuable woods.

Whilst on Emira, Brother and Sister Collett had the pleasure and excitement of helping to feed and house some five hundred refugees left there by the German raiders toward the end of 1940. After the raiders had left, Brother Collett had the mission launch "Malalagi" brought over from Mussau. This boat was the only means of communication with the outer world. With the chief officer of the "Rangitane" (sunk by the Germans), the boatswain, and the chief wireless operator on the boat, he at once left for Kavieng, about eighty miles distant. Kavieng was reached in the early hours of the morning, and on hearing of the happenings, the district officer there at once got the Government boat away with supplies, and later all refugees from Emira were taken away safely. Some of them were New

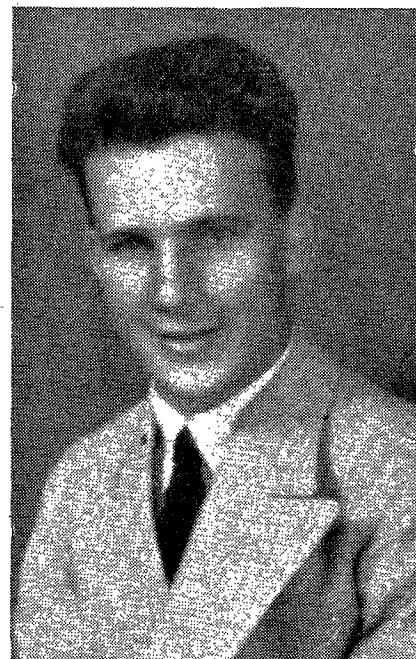


LEONARD C. THOMPSON

corner of the premises, and the nurses expecting every minute to be molested, our late brother moved around in quiet dignity, composing their fears. To reassure them further, he invited them to join him in prayer for the care and protection of their heavenly Father. "Never will we forget, Pastor Stewart," they said unanimously, "that wonderful prayer and the very great help rendered to us in our hour of distress." He was not allowed to remain more than a day or two, however; then the Japs took him off to prison, and Sister Abbott has now been informed officially of his being a victim on the ill-fated ship, by the receipt of this telegram from the Commonwealth Government: "It is with deep regret that I have to inform you that the translation of the nominal roll of the Japanese vessel 'Montevideo Maru,' which was lost with all personnel after leaving Rabaul in June 1942, shows that the Rev. E. M. Abbott was aboard the vessel, and I desire to convey to you the profoundest sympathy of the Commonwealth Government."—Signed "Minister for External Affairs."

Before concluding my brief address and calling upon some of my fellow workers to say a few words, I must appeal to this congregation today not to allow this sad experience to pass by without getting from it some important lesson. The war has ended, but peace, paradoxically, finds the world greatly perturbed, and the hearts of people everywhere filled with unhappy forebodings. Victory has not brought men freedom from fear as it was hoped. As the "Christian Century" of August 22 said:—

"The latest and probably the greatest achievement of science has not been hailed with pride and reassurance. Instead, it



TREVOR DAVID COLLETT

Zealanders, and the Prime Minister, Mr. Fraser, sent this letter of thanks to Brother and Sister Collett:—

"Dear Mr. and Mrs. Collett,

"I am writing to you in grateful acknowledgment from the Government and people of New Zealand for all that you did in looking after the survivors from the ships sunk by the German raiders.

"I have not the slightest doubt that the unannounced influx of so many visitors to Emirau Island and to your home could have been most inconvenient. The various groups of survivors who have returned to New Zealand have, however, all said the same thing, that is, they have spoken in the most appreciative terms of the wonderful kindness and hospitality of yourselves and Mr. and Mrs. Cook, and the way in which you all spared no effort to make them happy and comfortable in their new surroundings. I am quite sure they will always retain the most pleasant recollections of their stay on the island; and I can assure you that the Government and people of New Zealand will also retain the kindest memories for what you did for them all.

"I would extend to you both the very best wishes from New Zealand for every happiness and prosperity in the future.

"Yours faithfully,

"P. Fraser.
"Prime Minister."

The officers and men of the "Rangitane" set the seal of their gratitude for the help given them by later sending the Colletts a powerful lighting set for use in their home on Emirau.

Brother and Sister Collett took a very deep interest in the natives, and had worship conducted regularly for their employees. The brighter ones were advised to attend the training school to prepare for mission work.

Our brother's memory is cherished, and his heroic spirit of self-sacrifice will always be recalled with gratitude and pride. His reward awaits him, "A crown of life that fadeth not away."

Leonard C. Thompson

Leonard C. Thompson, the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Thompson, of Albury, N.S.W., was born in Victoria in 1909. He was trained at the Sydney Sanitarium, graduated from the nurse's course in 1933, and for the next two or three years served acceptably on the staff of the institution.

In December, 1935, he was married at Albury to Eileen M. Lethbridge, of Perth, West Australia.

After passing an examination in radio-graphy at the Sydney University, he accepted an appointment with the Public Health Department for the Territory of New Guinea, where he served until taken prisoner of war during the Japanese invasion.

Brother and Sister Thompson lost their first little girl at the age of three years, in Madang. Little Lynette and her mother were evacuated at the time of the invasion of Rabaul, and are now with Sister Thompson's people in West Australia.

Brother Thompson has left us a happy memory of an untiring, efficient worker and a loyal member of the church. May our heavenly Father comfort and bless those who are left to mourn for their dear one, and may the glad reunion on the resurrection morn soon be realized.

Pastor Atkins Died for His Fellow Men

Mrs. Atkins has passed on to us a letter written to her on the 3rd of November by Dr. Watch, who was the resident doctor in Rabaul before the war. She very much appreciated his thoughtfulness in writing so soon after his return from Japan. The doctor writes:—

"Dear Mrs. Atkins,

"As you already know, your husband died in hospital at Kokopo in 1942. I have not written before as I have been waiting for my gear to come from Japan. It has not yet arrived, and so I cannot tell you the exact date, which I have in a small diary.

"Your husband gave his life in succouring the sick soldiers at his station. I was told of his work by many who were brought in by the Japs at the same time. Mr. Atkins had had very little sleep for over a week, as he was up night and day administering to the wants of those soldiers suffering from dysentery. Then the final march to camp after his capture was too big a strain. He would not accept help on the way but with indomitable courage continued walking and carrying his gear. He died two days after admission, being in a state bordering on collapse when he arrived in hospital.

The Open Sea

R. L. HUBBS

In recent years there has been a grim suspicion that man was about to perfect instruments which could and would destroy him—this at a time when he has the material wealth and comforts which ought to make his life most full and complete. Thus at the precise juncture when man ought to feel most secure physically, he is least able to claim that feeling. Civilizations have often followed this pattern of decline—Greece, Rome, Egypt, Babylon, and other explicit examples are cases in point.

An ancient prophet suggested a similar situation regarding Tyre and our own time. Moffatt's translation concerning Tyre in Eze. 27: 26 is, "You have been rowed out on the high seas." What a description of the life and lot of today! Someone else took us out to sea, probably while we in the row-boat were drowsy. There is some suggestion in the text that it was a surprise. Row-boats of necessity should stay in the sheltered coves away from where the breakers roll. Certainly the open sea is no place for a row-boat.

Even before World War II, leaders of the nations felt that our civilization had been rowed out to sea. Some thought it happened because of neglect, others felt that efforts had been made to have it happen. We are not drifting idly today as we did in the twenties. We do not hear the breakers as they spend themselves on the shore, but we do feel the ground swells.

What can the church do at such a time as this? What is the part of wisdom?

We have been too concerned with the little things of life. We must now turn to colossal things. We shall have to lose this idea of being cumbered with many things and cares, and make haste to do great things; or, if it is our lot to do little things, we shall have to do them for great reasons.

"No truer words could be said than, 'He died for his fellow men.'

"Please accept my deepest sympathy.

"I hope you and the children are well.

"Yours sincerely,

"N. B. Watch."

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The Fellowship of Suffering

On learning that the Methodist Mission in New Guinea lost eleven men on the "Montevideo Maru," their entire New Guinea staff, the Union Conference Executive Committee dispatched a letter of sympathy to the Methodist Mission Board, and received this letter in reply from the general secretary:—

"My board appreciates the content and the spirit of your letter of the 8th November, relative to the great loss we sustained in the sinking of the 'Montevideo Maru.' Your society, like ours, has sustained an irreparable loss, and we are with you in a great fellowship of suffering.

"It is most heartening that nowhere is there a call to retreat, but everywhere there is a moving tide of faith that we should embark more vigorously upon this great adventure for Christ and His kingdom.

"On behalf of our Board of Missions I express to you our profound sympathy in your loss and our appreciation of your remembrance."

The world field is opening for the gospel. Our young people must be trained to go to the ends of the earth quickly. The war has broken down barriers and customs that have thwarted our efforts for decades, and now the ways are to be opened for the third angel's message to go to the world. Our children cannot be trained adequately for this task in any other place than our church schools—the public schools never have trained our children to carry on the work of the church, nor will they ever. There is urgent need that our children be trained quickly and effectively. Since the world has been rowed out on to the high seas we shall need to act quickly.

It was Lot, in Sodom, who lingered in the shadow of a civilization that was doomed. The fury of an atomic bomb was about to be unleashed on the defenceless city. He was concerned about his children, but seemed uncertain as to where they were. They, in turn, when found seemed unwilling to listen to his counsel. In that hour of crisis he was unable to do anything that would compensate for his neglect of his family.

Many parents and church members have lingered, as it were, not being able to decide on the course of action that should be taken in preparing the church for its task of saving its children. Lot was a righteous man, but he lingered long in a situation that demanded action. He waited when he should have walked. He delayed when he should have been determined. In such an hour as this, action is necessary. Children of the church should be sent to the schools of the church. There is yet time for many parents to place their children in a Christian school, in a "haven of refuge" where they can be saved, and trained to carry the light of truth to those who dwell in darkness. Make inquiries from your local conference office or church school teacher.

Around the Conferences

Joy in North New Zealand

R. E. G. BLAIR, Secretary

Sabbath, October 27, Pastor W. E. Battye, president of the conference, and the writer were in Kaitaia for the dedication of a new church building and to witness a baptismal service that was more than ordinarily unique.

A very well-designed and well-appointed church had been erected, and stands as a credit to the denomination in the town of Kaitaia. About three years ago one good brother donated some standing trees that were growing on his property. These were felled, and with his team of bullocks drawn to a convenient place where the evangelist, Pastor W. P. Claus, and this brother, with others helping at times, pit-sawed these logs into building timber. The evangelist and the brethren and sisters have worked long and well, not only in erecting their building, but also in making their own pews. As we entered this very neat place of worship on the Sabbath morning, we felt that it was already hallowed by God's presence.

The morning service, following a bright Sabbath school, was devoted to the dedication of the new building to God's honour and glory; and we were happy to have associated with us the Rev. Graham and the Rev. Gilmore from the Presbyterian and Methodist churches respectively. We have a property valued at between £1,800 and £2,000, and the only indebtedness is the loan from the Australasian Conference Association of £400. Donated labour, donated timber, and cash donations from the members make up the difference, and it has been a wonderful effort on their part.

In the afternoon we witnessed a baptismal service, the first in the new church. Two young people were among the ten candidates, and the other eight were the first-fruits from the work that Pastor Claus has been carrying on for the Maoris in the far north. It was very pleasing to notice three Maori couples receive the rite of baptism. There were eyes filled with tears among the many Maori friends who with us witnessed this ceremony, for some of them felt that they too should have joined in the ordinance.

The next day it was our happy privilege to travel fifty miles north from Kaitaia where Pastor Battye conducted a service for the Maoris and we had opportunity of visiting some in their homes. From personal testimonies related at the close of the service we learned that others were determined, God helping them, to go forward in the rite of baptism on a later occasion. As one Maori brother put it, when he witnessed the baptism the day before he felt just as if he had hurried to catch a train to a far-distant destination and had missed it. He was encouraged, however, by the thought that there would be another "train" a little later on. It was an inspiration to us to meet with these folk, and to see the progress that had been made in their Christian experience, to learn of life-long habits that they had overcome, and to hear their spoken determination to travel with the advent people right through to the kingdom.

There are great possibilities in this interest which has sprung up amongst the Maoris of the north, and we solicit an interest in your prayers that the real joys of heaven may fill their hearts and lead more of them to an acceptance of this last warning message.

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A Letter of Thanks

I wish to express my gratitude to God for my restoration to health after my recent prolonged illness. I attribute my recovery wholly to His providence in answer to the prayers of the brethren on my behalf.

To Brother and Sister Saville of Casino church who, besides administering to many of my own needs, took the responsibility of caring for my children, I feel deeply indebted. To Brother C. Irvine and Brother Crabtree, of Mullumbimby, and Brother Brown of Lismore who organized practical assistance, and to all those members of the North New South Wales churches who contributed I also offer my sincere thanks. I am also thankful to all those other kind friends whose names I have to omit.

As it is only by God's mercy that I have been restored to health, I pray that my remaining years may be more fully devoted to His service.

Leonard S. Pennell.

The New Year

Robert Hare

Time passes, and the New Year dawns.

We face it's opening page,
Praying each coming day may bring
Blessings to youth and age.
The mysteries of its unseen scroll
Are hidden from our ken;
No tongue can tell what it may bring
Unto the sons of men!

We front the unseen without fear,
Since God still rules above
And casts o'er all the changing scenes
The mantle of His love.
Through pensive visions of the past,
Fond memory looks behind;
But every passing year declares,
"Our God is wondrous kind."

Time's restless stream moves swiftly on;
It cannot, will not, stay;
And pride, ambition, and life dreams
All fade and pass away.
New Year, deal kindly with the page
Where hope would lift her hand,
And may thy passing moments bring
Peace to our troubled land!

Father of life, to Thee we lift
Faith's sweet, anointed prayer.
Let not our eager footsteps pass
Beyond Thy love and care.
Then, Lord, when all the years have fled,
And life's sum here is told,
Oh, let our restless feet find rest
On yonder streets of gold.

Tasmanian M.V's at Brunni Island

JOY COLTHEART

"A week-end to remember!" "Haven't enjoyed myself so much for ages!" These were some of the remarks distinguishable amidst the general excitement as eighty-four young people returned to different parts of Tasmania after a happy week-end on Brunni Island. Mr. Millsom had planned for the Camp as the conclusion of the Young People's week. Let me give you an idea of its activities.

We were pleased to welcome two guests among our number—Pastor McMahon and Pastor L. A. Dyason. The steamer was decorated with quite an array of brightly coloured banners from the various societies represented.

We gave three cheers for the cooks who had gone over the day before and had a very acceptable meal ready for our arrival on Friday afternoon.

Silently the sun sank into the sea and the Sabbath hours approached. Then, as the waves rolled against the rocks below, we sang, "Roll, roll your burdens away."

The company was divided into twelve prayer bands, which met each morning to commune with God. The Sabbath meetings, which included a reconsecration service, brought blessings to all, and the presence of the Holy Spirit was felt to be in our midst.

Sunday passed very quickly with swimming, tennis, rowing, and games, the result of which was noticed by the cooks. In the afternoon five of our young people were buried with Christ in baptism. Then, as the weather was not very promising, we had an impromptu concert indoors, and what a wealth of talent was discovered!

On Monday morning we gathered on the jetty to say farewell to Pastor McMahon, who left for Melbourne. As the boat sailed from sight we sang, "What, Never Part Again?" accompanied by the waves—of our hands and the sea. In the afternoon, with many regrets, we left Brunni Island for the mainland of Tasmania.

Thus it was that not far from the bay where Captains Cook and Blythe called for a supply of fresh water in 1770, we gained an added supply of the spiritual water which, if we drink freely, will cause us never to thirst again.

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Victorian Annual Session

The fifty-eighth annual session of the Victorian Conference of Seventh-day Adventists will be held January 17-27, 1946, in the Prahran Town Hall, corner of Chapel and Grenville Streets, Prahran. All enrolled members of churches in this conference are accredited delegates to this session.

W. R. Litster, Secretary.

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West Australian Conference Session

The forty-third annual session of the West Australian Conference will be held from Wednesday, the 23rd January, to Sunday, the 27th January, 1946. The week-day sessions will be held in the Assembly Hall, Pier Street, Perth; the Sabbath and Sunday meetings in the Leederville Town Hall. All members in good and regular standing will represent their churches as delegates, and we extend a cordial invitation to all to be present.

From Fields Afar

A Letter from Manila

Just before returning to Manila, Chaplain Bergherm intimated that he would be travelling by steamer, and that he was assured of space for parcels of food and clothing if any were sent by him, and a good response was made. The following letter tells of the cheer the distribution of the goods brought to the believers over there. It was written from the office of the Philippine Union Mission on November 12.

"Since leaving you good people in Australia I have often thought with most pleasant memories of those happy days in your midst. My good ship the 'San Jose,' which carried me out of the Sydney harbour, brought me in due time to Manila. It was a new ship, and it was my privilege to be the first chaplain to conduct divine services on this ship. I was asked by the purser to hold meetings on two occasions, and they were well attended by seamen who have not had that opportunity for years. Upon my arrival in Manila I learned that orders were out some time ago for me to report to a disposition centre, which I am now doing, possibly for transfer to the United States. So I may soon be leaving this country with all its pleasant memories of these past years of service behind.

"I wish to thank you people, especially Brother Hon and his welfare workers, for the very fine contribution of clothing and shoes which I brought with me. On a recent trip in the northern section of this field I was able to stop at the Artacho Academy. Some Bibles which were contributed by the brethren at the Warburton Hydro were picked up by me en route, and I want to tell you that these were most joyfully received by the students, most of whom were having to study from New Testaments given to them by some kind army chaplains. Now they have Bibles due to the thoughtfulness of our brethren at the Hydro.

"I took with me a bundle of clothes, and these I turned over to two of the workers at this academy, one of whom is the director of the Northern Luzon Mission. These brethren have not been able to secure any white trousers since before the war, and I am sure your contributions will help them a great deal. Some dresses that were in the box were turned over to the wife of the director of this mission; and just this morning I was able to give some of the children's clothes and those two beautiful dolls to the family of Brother Meliton Claveria who has been a faithful worker in our union office for the past fifteen years. He has five children. Most of our workers have good-sized families, and while some clothing has begun to come in it is for the most part on the black market and sells at an exorbitant price. I shall not have time to supervise personally the distribution of all of the clothes, but I am turning these over to Brother C. A. Blake, secretary-treasurer of the Philippine Union Mission, with instructions that they be sent out to the more distant

southern missions where clothing is much harder to obtain than here in Manila.

"A war widow has just come into the office whose husband for years was one of our press workers. She was delighted to receive two dresses and a pair of shoes from Australia.

"The fine shipment of literature and food that I brought with me was readily and gladly received. The honey and peanut butter have been given to our foreign workers yet remaining in this city, and the nut food was turned over to Brother Blake, who entertains a great many of the servicemen on Sabbath. I should appreciate a brief word being placed in the 'Record' thanking all of those who had a part in making these contributions.

"If God wills I shall soon be on my way to the States again, and hope to meet some of the brethren there at the time of the General Conference."

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"The Right Arm" in the Bahamas

ROBERT H. PIERSON

We have long known that health principles and medical missionary work are the "right arm" in working for souls. Though we do not have a mission doctor in the Bahamas Mission, West Indies, the medical work carried on in an unpretentious manner is helping to break down the wall of prejudice and to open homes and hearts to the third angel's message.

On the island of Eleuthera, Pastor and Mrs. S. G. Lindo have found their ability to help the people of the island physically a great boon to their gospel preaching. Mrs. Lindo is a nurse of unusual ability, and most of those who have taken their stand for the message among the predominantly prejudiced population of this island have first come in contact with her ministry of healing.

A certain lay worker of another denomination took every opportunity to preach against the Adventists, who had but recently opened their work on Eleuthera Island. He was one of the truth's most bitter opponents, but one day he became very ill and sent at once for Mrs. Lindo to come and help him. Our sister responded immediately, and after working the remainder of the day and all through the following night, succeeded in bringing him through the crisis. In the days that followed, his heart was tendered toward the message. Today that former foe is a friend, and his daughter-in-law is a baptized church member.

One woman in this same community spared no time or effort labouring against the Lindos when first they opened the work in Eleuthera. She influenced others to print notices of warning, and nailed them all along the public thoroughfares. She organized a real campaign to force our workers to quit the island. However, not long ago this same woman was taken critically ill. As her life hung in the balance

Mrs. Lindo was sent for. The Lord blessed her loving ministry, and the woman's life was spared. This former antagonist has now completely changed her attitude toward Seventh-day Adventists.

Recently two others with whom Mrs. Lindo has been working during critical illnesses have expressed their determination to take their stand for the truth and to keep the Sabbath.

A certain young man who had vigorously opposed his wife in her decision to become a Seventh-day Adventist came one day to Pastor Lindo's gate and called for him to come out, threatening to do him physical harm. When our brother hesitated, the young man started in after him. About half-way from the gate to the front veranda, where Pastor and Mrs. Lindo were standing, he suddenly fell to the ground unconscious. The Lindos hastened to him and, lifting him up, carried him into the house and laid him on the bed. They worked over him, doing all that they could to revive him. Then they offered an earnest prayer that God would bring him back to consciousness. God heard and answered their petitions. After they had worked over him for nearly three hours, the young man was able to get up and go home. Needless to say, since that experience he has adopted an entirely different attitude toward the message. His wife now worships unmolested, and he is friendly to our workers.

Truly, in this difficult field the medical work is proving to be the entering wedge for the message.

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Golden Jubilee Memories in India

MRS. G. G. LOWRY

The year 1907 found Pastor and Mrs. J. S. James and two sons, Wilbur and Russel (Capt. Russel James visited the eastern states of Australia last year while on leave from the U.S. Army) away down in the extreme south, busily working to spread the gospel in that part of India. Their first task was to study the language. Not being content only to study, they hired an interpreter to talk for them, and held public meetings on their front veranda. By interpreting the truth this young man accepted it, and was among the first baptismal group in South India—1911. He is now a Division departmental secretary (Pastor E. D. Thomas).

A small girls' school was started, also a dispensary. When Mr. Lowry and I joined these dear workers in December, 1909, a strong work was being carried on in this little two-roomed dispensary with a few medicines and simple equipment for hydrotherapy. Many homes were opened for visits and Bible studies. Long journeys were made in bullock carts to help the sick. God blessed the efforts and simple treatments given, heard the prayers offered, and souls were won to Christ.

Cholera was in the village. Some of our school boys and girls were taken by it. One remarkable cure was granted to strengthen our faith. A girl, Luxmi by name, was put on a bed and covered, as they supposed her to be dead. Mr. Lowry and I were asked to come quickly in order

"The best way to see divine light is to put out your own candle."

AUSTRALASIAN RECORD

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SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS

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to conduct the funeral. We saw signs of life, and by careful nursing and feeding the girl lived. She lives today as a monument of God's grace and power to heal. She has helped her husband for years in evangelistic work, her godly life helping many women to accept Christ.

A Tree

What is all that noise? And why such a gathering? These were two of the questions heard as Pastor A. H. Williams, Mr. Lowry, and I left the bullock cart which took us to the place of the first annual meeting in the Malayalam country. Oh! it is the village brass band. It had been hired by the few church members and interested ones to escort us to the pandal (leaf shed) where the meeting was to be held.

As we followed the procession, we could not help noticing one very busy man, Captain M. Abel, who seemed to be directing affairs. Upon reaching the pandal, this leader came forward and gave the usual welcome address. He told of how very glad they were for the truth that had come to them, and also said, "A tree has been planted in our midst that will spread and fill the whole Malayalam country."

The pandal was more than full every meeting of each day, and a very inspiring time was spent together for ten days. Truly the tree is growing and will continue to grow until it spreads to every corner of that part of India. Yes, to all of India, Burma, and Ceylon.

This first annual meeting was in 1918. Many of the children that were at this annual meeting are now graduates of Spicer Missionary College, and are helping this tree to grow and spread over their country.

The First Boy I noticed in India

It was in the early morning hours that a voice was heard which drew my attention toward the mob following us. After riding all night in a two-wheeled bullock cart, this voice was heard saying, "Good morning." Wondering who it could be that knew English, Mr. Lowry and I raised our heads to see two sparkling black eyes from a smiling face staring at us, as his hands were clasped in front of his nose in a "namaskaram." He had used his only available English words, and then tried to talk to us in Tamil, which meant nothing to us. However, we returned his "good morning," and his smiles.

He followed us to the mission bungalow along with many other children of the village. He was always foremost, and we could not help noticing him. When our first school for boys and girls was opened

in South India, he was one of the students. Intelligent and quick, he naturally did well in his studies.

In 1914, when the South India Training School—now grown into what is Spicer Missionary College—was opened, he and his brother were among the students, also the two girls destined to be their wives. All through school he showed ability as a leader. He was in the first graduating class of the South India Training School.

In the meantime both parents had passed away. Because he and his brother had become Seventh-day Adventists, they were persecuted severely by their relatives, undergoing beatings and loss of property. But they never gave up the truth.

This young man, V. Isaac, became a faithful ordained minister. He sleeps awaiting the call of the Life-giver. Many are rejoicing in this truth as a result of his labours. Three of his children are graduates of Spicer Missionary College, and are working to hasten Christ's coming, holding firmly to the blessed hope of meeting their father in heaven.

WEDDING BELLS

WOODS-SCOTT.—A very pretty wedding took place in the Perth church, W.A., on October 26, 1945, between Arthur R. Woods and Ethel J. Scott. The bridegroom comes from South Australia and for some time was a student at W.A.M.C. Later he joined the R.A.A.F., and at present is on leave. The bride hails from the Donnelly River, beyond Nannup, and until the time of her wedding helped capably with the duties of her parents' large dairy farm. We wish Brother and Sister Woods every success and happiness as they pursue life's journey together. D. A. Speck.

BOYD-CRONK.—In the beauty and hush of the eventide of October 18, 1945, a dignified yet happy marriage was celebrated in the Fremantle church, W.A., when Ray Stanley Boyd and Mavis Dorothy Cronk were united in holy wedlock. The bridegroom is serving in the medical section of the R.A.A.F., and is the youngest son of our esteemed Sister C. M. Boyd of the Fremantle church. The bride is well known to many of our people, being the grand-daughter of the late Pastor L. D. A. Lemke. That the Lord may bless the united lives of these young people and help them to establish their home on the foundation of His love, is the prayer of their relatives and friends. Erwin E. Roenfelt.

CURNUCK-DICKSON.—In the evening of November 26, 1945, at Biddellia, near Nannup, W.A., a wedding took place in the building which serves as a church. The bridegroom was R. Keith Curnuck, a son of Brother and Sister J. H. Curnuck of South Australia. The bride was Carola M. Dickson, who is a graduate from W.A.M.C., and until the time of her wedding worked in our conference office. She is a daughter of Brother and Sister Len Dickson. There was a large gathering present for the happy occasion. Brother and Sister Curnuck plan to make their home at Welliston, near the S.H.P. factory where Brother Curnuck is employed. We pray that the influence which shall radiate from their home will be a help to many. D. A. Speck.



"Sleep that no pain shall wake,
Night that no morn shall break,
Till joy shall overtake
Her perfect peace."

BURN.—Brother Wayman Watson Burn of Christchurch, N.Z., died suddenly on October 29, 1945, at the age of seventy-nine years. He had been on his "Signs" round in the morning, when he had a heart seizure. In the afternoon while talking to his wife he had another attack and expired immediately. He loved the message, and was faithful in his attendance at church. At the funeral parlours and the cemetery we extended the comfort of God's Word to the widow and other relatives and to the many sympathizing friends. W. J. Smith.

HOKIN.—"Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season." This scripture was fulfilled in the case of Brother James Hokin, who passed away in the Port Pirie Hospital on November 8, 1945, at the advanced age of eighty-six years. In 1904, under the labours of Pastors Rogers and Craddock, Brother Hokin first heard and embraced the truths of the third angel's message, and his life was spent in witnessing to the power of that message. For forty-seven years our brother was employed by the South Australian Railways, and for twenty years of that period he gave a living testimony to the truth by observing the Lord's Sabbath faithfully every week while engaged as a locomotive driver. Brother Hokin served as elder of our Quorn and Peterborough churches and also as a member of the executive committee of the South Australian Conference. Messages of comfort were given to those who mourn, at the home of his daughter, Sister Murdoch, and also at the graveside. Brother Hokin left his widow, our dear Sister Hokin, three sons, including Brother Alex Hokin of our Thebarton church, and two daughters to look forward to the grand reunion day, when their loved one will be restored to them in immortal life and beauty. S. C. Butler.

RETURN THANKS

Mrs. Ada Potter and Mr. and Mrs. Lance Potter wish to express to their many friends their deep appreciation for the many messages of sympathy, letters, cards, telegrams, and floral tributes that came to them following the death of their beloved husband and father, Pastor J. J. Potter.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We acknowledge with gratitude, on behalf of the Monamona Mission, the sum of £10 sent in by one who was deeply impressed by the letter telling of the faithfulness of Hazel and Carrie and sent in by Brother S. Ward.

USED STAMPS are urgently wanted to raise funds for the support of native workers in the South Pacific. Please forward them to the Home Missions Secretary, Box 27, Hamilton, N.S.W.

BREVITIES

From the New Hebrides came Sister A. D. Pietz and little Don on furlough in November. They are staying with relatives in Cooranbong. Pastor Pietz will join them later.

About the middle of November Pastor L. G. Maxwell left Sydney for inland New Guinea. He will be sure of a warm welcome from the three other "wifeless" missionaries already in that area.

The party of missionaries who sailed for the Solomons a few weeks ago, have sent word of a "happy landing." We hope to have details soon of their voyage and the re-establishment of the mission.

It is with regret that we record the passing, on November 5, of Pastor F. E. Lyndon of West Australia. For many years he has served with loyalty and devotion both in the home and mission field. We take this opportunity of expressing deepest sympathy to his faithful companion and members of the family.

From the General Conference comes word that a party of workers is being assembled for transfer to China. These will include mission superintendents, doctors, and nurses. We rejoice in this opportunity to re-occupy some of the areas that have been closed to us for a long period of the Chinese-Japanese war.

In ideal weather the A. M. College graduation services were held over the week-end of November 30 to December 2. A three-mast pavilion erected on the campus was crowded with students, village folk, and visitors from further afield. Thirty-nine graduates received their diplomas and will soon be swelling the ranks of those giving the warning cry of Jesus' coming. Inspiring addresses were given by Pastor E. L. Minchin on Friday night, Pastor W. G. Turner on Sabbath morning, and Pastor R. A. Anderson at the graduation on Sunday night. On Saturday night the College chorus class, under the baton of Mr. R. L. Harvey, rendered the oratorio, "David and Jonathan," to a delighted audience. The soloists were Mrs. Harvey, Dr. Bryan Hammond, and Mr. W. Hammond.

"The man who bows the lowest in the presence of God stands the straightest in the presence of sin."

Cape Byron is the most easterly point of land in Australia, and on it stands the powerful light that warns mariners of potential danger. The optic, or lamp, is composed of 364 prisms, weighing in all four tons, while the weight of the whole unit is 8½ tons, poised on a bed of 15cwt of mercury. The light flashes every five seconds; and should anything happen to the rotating machinery, the balance is so finely adjusted that the lamp could be turned by the hand of one of the light-house keepers. Cape Byron light can be seen thirty-seven miles out at sea, and is the most powerful in the southern hemisphere.

The Effective Ministry of Our Literature

T. A. MITCHELL
Secretary Publishing Department

In this time of the world's history we must expect to see the literature work of this denomination bearing more abundant fruitage in soul-saving than ever before. Today is the opportune hour for quickly bringing before the people of the world the message-filled books, papers, and pamphlets.

Perhaps there has never been a time when thinking people searched along the long lines of shelving in the book shops with such earnestness, in the hope of finding something that will explain the meaning of these tragic days and give hope for the future.

Recently a search was made for some of Mrs. E. G. White's publications in the book shops of the Australian capital cities. Inquiries elicited the information that

★ The editorial staff wish the "Record" readers much of the Lord's blessing during 1946. Undoubtedly there will be perplexities in the aftermath of the greatest war the world has known. Already the political conditions seem ominous of further turmoil, and it behoves the people of the Lord diligently to study His Word and to live near to Him in devotion and prayer. It is expected that we shall have a world conference in the month of May. We commend this meeting to the prayerful thought of our members, that it may be very successful in the formulating of plans for the extension of God's kingdom.

neither "Great Controversy" nor "Desire of Ages," is obtainable. Shop assistants repeatedly said such books are in great demand, especially Mrs. White's volumes, and all that could be secured in the second-hand section were quickly sold. Standing orders are left by customers for any that may come in.

Workers Raised Up

Years ago we were told that God would call men from the plough and from other walks of life and inspire them to step into the ranks of gospel service.

Not long ago an evangelist was preaching over the air in Victoria. An engineer not concerned about religious things happened to be doing a little radio sampling in his home, and providentially heard a little of the third angel's message. It created an interest in his mind. Next week he and his wife listened to the good old story again as it came over the ether waves. The evangelist eventually studied in the home, they both accepted the advent message, and being on fire with the newly found heavenly truth, they determined to spread it abroad.

The husband is now making a success of what we considered practically an impossibility. He is circulating "Bible Readings for the Home Circle" among the wealthy class, in the aristocratic flats of a city area. He took twenty-five orders the first week, thirty-four the second week; and in twelve weeks he delivered 114 "Bible Readings," many of them to Jewish people.

Another lady purchased a set of these books for the library of Mr. Winston Churchill—a set in the best binding from

the Signs Publishing Company, for the man who successfully led the British Empire through the most fearful perils of its history. As the set was sold on the combination plan, "The Signs of the Times" will also grace his reading-room for at least a year.

There is a divine hand directing the circulation of the message-filled books and papers. Our urgent need is the same today as it ever was—for more and still more consecrated men and women to enter into the Master's service, to share in the joys of labour and later in the rewards given.

Many thousands of "Bible Readings" are now being delivered to the reading public, and "Desire of Ages," that heaven-inspired book, is again being sold throughout the Australasian Union. In size, illustrations, and attractiveness, it is the best volume we have ever prepared here. It will be appreciated everywhere. It is timely, for this unsettled world needs its stabilizing influence at such an hour as this. We have printed 10,000 for our first edition, and expect these will be quickly scattered round the field.

We are glad to tell our "Record" readers about a new, undated magazine in digest form that will be coming off the press early in the new year, at a cost of one shilling to the public. In this magazine there will be a news review, current articles on world affairs in the light of Scripture, and a section for the children. It will be an up-to-the-minute publication. One article entitled, "When God Splits the Atom," will create interest everywhere. We believe all our members will wish to secure copies for themselves and others.

This year a lay brother made a friend a gift of that splendid publication, "God's Way Out." Again the printed page fulfilled its purpose, and the friend is now keeping the Sabbath. When we think of gifts for friends, what better thing could we give than Heaven's message of salvation in books, magazines, and papers?

Pray for the literature ministry—the rewards are eternal.

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The Power of Love

H. M. BLUNDEN

While attending a convention recently in Canada, I listened to the testimony of Brother McMillan, a very humble colporteur who sells books in the scattered territory of Western Canada—on the expansive plains of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. This good brother delivered \$11,400 worth of our books and magazines in 1944. I desired to learn how he did it, and here are his words:—

"I am unworthy; but first, I love my Saviour; second, I love my work; and third, I love everybody wherever I go. It is not the man; it is God who does the selling. I weave through my canvass a beautiful thread of spiritual life, and I always pray with the people. It is wonderful to see a big strong man, who, when you met him, was cursing and swearing, melt under such an influence, and, with tears and kind words, shake your hand heartily as you leave him."

I thought I discovered in his testimony the secret of his outstanding success. Brother McMillan took second place in 1944 in value of books delivered by one worker. The salesmanship for the third angel's message is so different from that for the world's merchandise.