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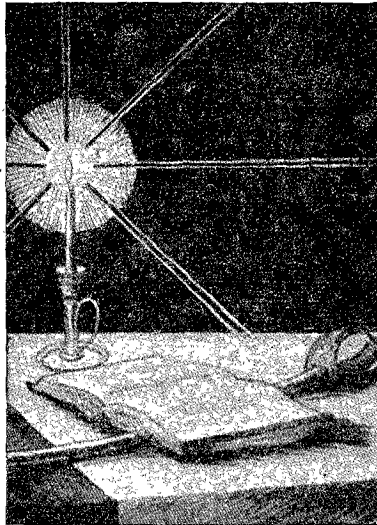
Number 15

Guard Well the Soul's Avenues

THE other day, in one of our "youth inspiration" rallies, I asked a young man who had just returned from the war zone the following question: "What would happen, soldier, if you were given the task of guarding a group of men in the war zone while they were getting a few hours' sleep, and you dropped off to sleep yourself?" Very quickly he answered, "I would be court-martialled, sir, and probably condemned to death."

Yes, fellow workers, those words are true; but do you know that it is possible that some of us are going to sleep on the job in guarding "well the avenues of the soul"? Today, in the hustle and bustle of life, it is so easy to allow the cares of life to creep in upon us, and to be so excited about the news events of the day that we spend much more time in listening to the news on the radio and in reading the newspaper than we spend in studying the Word of God and the prophecies pertaining to our day. There is a growing tendency among us all to listen to the radio and to the thrilling stories told there, and to read in the newspaper the exciting happenings of the day. But I am wondering whether we should be spending our time in this way.

Would it not be well for us to take inventory of our own selves and ask, "Am I spending more time reading the newspaper than the Bible and the Spirit of prophecy? Am I spending more time listening to the radio than I am in letting God talk to me through His Word?" The wise man tells us: "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life," and, "As he [man] thinketh in his heart, so is he." The Psalmist prayed most earnestly:



CARIS H. LAUDA

"Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." How can we have a clean heart? How can we be ready to see God? Only "the pure in heart" shall see God.

The Spirit of prophecy, in "Patriarchs and Prophets," page 460, and "Messages to Young People," page 285, says: "We have a work to do to resist temptation. Those who would not fall a prey to Satan's devices must guard well the avenues of the soul; they must avoid reading, seeing, or hearing that which will suggest impure thoughts. The mind should not be left to wander at random upon every subject that the adversary of souls may suggest."

To follow this counsel, you and I have a great work to do, and we shall need to use every ounce of will power we possibly have. Notice the words, "We have a *work* to do to resist temptation." How true this is, for we must work our will power to the place where we shall not be found reading anything that will suggest impure thoughts! Much in the newspapers should not be read. Yes, and it will require work to keep from seeing anything that suggests impure thoughts. As we travel by bus, train, car, and plane, we hear people talking and jesting and joking; but as workers of God seeking for entrance into heaven, we must, by God's grace, keep our hearts pure. To do this, we must work, putting ourselves and our minds away from hearing anything that will suggest impure thoughts.

We are living at a time when it is popular to read the comics; but should we as followers of Christ read these untrue, uncouth words and symbols? The Chicago

"Daily News" of May 8, 1940, writes editorially concerning comics as follows:—

"Badly drawn, badly written, and badly printed—a strain on young eyes and nervous systems—the effect of these pulp-paper nightmares is that of a violent stimulant. Their crude blacks and reds spoil the child's natural sense of colour; their hypodermic injections of sex and murder make the child impatient with better, though quieter stories. Unless we want a coming generation more ferocious than the present one, parents and teachers throughout America must band together to break the 'comic magazine.'

"One pupil [high school] said that she was 'collecting comic books, and at the present have 198 copies. Every time I get goes for funny books,' she said. Such mis-directed enthusiasm is a reproach to school people as well as parents."

The American News Company reports that there are seventy-six different titles in these comic books, and that upwards of ten million copies are sold monthly. Surely, with the ever-increasing popularity of these comic books, we as workers not only need to help the boys and girls and youth, as well as adults, to stay away from these evil teachings, but by example we must show them better things.

The popularity of the radio serials, not only among children but among parents as well, is increasing. Housewives, and perhaps ministers' wives and workers, are listening to these serials through the morning hours. I was called to visit a home in the interest of the son, who was then eleven years old. The parents were concerned about their boy. He was showing a dislike for school, a carelessness in Sabbath school attendance, and disinterest in religious things. On knocking at the door of this home one morning, I was greeted by the mother. She came to the door with tears in her eyes, weeping as though her heart would break. I asked her: "Sister, what is the trouble this morning? Has something gone wrong?"

She replied: "Oh, no; that dizzy serial turned out wrong this morning." Ah, had that mother been spending the time praying earnestly for her son, I feel sure that she would have been able to accomplish much more in the home from day to day in the saving of her boy. Other mothers hurry their children out to play so they can listen to the radio. Yes, and children, too, are spending much time listening to the radio. There are good programmes, it is true, but they are comparatively few.

It will be of interest to you to read the following statistics, tabulated during a study which a radio council made of school children in one county in a southern state (U.S.A.). This report includes school children in their largest city.

- 1,300 children reported that they listened to all programmes.
- 872 studied their school lessons with the radio on.
- 596 liked serials best.
- 1,120 preferred complete stories.
- 700 dreamed of the programmes.
- 1,200 had bought articles because of the radio advertising.
- 24 listened to news reports.

Think of these findings! Over half of the boys and girls who listened to these programmes dreamed of them at night. Late one afternoon I was playing football

with my son Caris and his next-door playmate, a lad twelve years old. While Caris left the playground for an errand, I visited with his playmate, Bill. I mentioned that I had been travelling almost all night and had had only about six hours' sleep.

At this he said: "Oh, I didn't sleep at all last night; I was too scared to sleep. I saw the worst show yesterday I have ever seen." I talked with the boy, and he confessed that following attendance at any theatre he dreamed almost all night concerning the picture, and that now it seemed he dreamed about something he had seen at some show almost every night. You could tell it in his play, in his speaking, and in his life. Surely, we as workers have a work to do in resisting temptation ourselves and in helping boys and girls to break away from the colourful snares the devil has set for them.

How timely are the words of Paul for us all today! Would it not be an excellent thing for us as workers to bring this text

I Find Courage

ANNA STÆEN RASMUSSEN

If anyone had told a certain girl forty years ago that the time would come when she would be at a loss to select which of all the exciting, memorable experiences of her life was truly her greatest adventure, she would probably have laughed at the very thought. She was an ordinary girl with moderate education and no prospect of a life different from that of the majority of working girls. Nevertheless, that girl, who is I, finds it impossible to choose.

There were years of poverty, happy years of plenty, too. There were days of serious illness when the heart groaned in agony for the loved one. There were travel and restful vacations. There were successes and failures. There were basement apartments, but also comfortable modern apartments, and lovely bungalows and gardens. There was the thrill of the first car. There were babies and growing children and youth, picnics, and many friends. There was the breath-taking panorama from the top of the Swiss Alps, the eternal snow and glaciers. There were visits to Rome, Florence, Milan, Berlin, Paris, and London. There were ocean trips with terrible seasickness and the sad farewell of leaving the Statue of Liberty, also the thrilling, welcome sight of seeing it again. There was life in New York, Chicago, and Washington.

But now I have come to a new sort of adventure, and I choose it from so many because it may help someone among the hundreds of mothers and wives who this year must face the loneliness and change that I know. This adventure began March 5, four years ago, when in a moment the companionship, the planning and dreams, the talks and laughter, and the supremely happy comradeship ended. By that I mean when my husband, my Christian companion for twenty-nine years, suddenly was stricken by a heart attack from which he never recovered. Our happy home, with song and music, youth and the gathering place for friends, is gone, and I am alone, and often so bewildered that it seems nothing is left but time and memories. The typewriter that once in our youth kept pace with mine, is now silent and still. The luggage that travelled the world more than once, stands

before our people, urging them to place all their reading, all their seeing, and all their hearing to the test of Phil. 4: 8: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

Yes, "We have a work to do to resist temptation." We must "guard well the avenues of the soul." We must "avoid reading, seeing, or hearing that which will suggest impure thoughts," for only "the pure in heart" shall see God.

Fellow workers, you and I have come to a time when we must have such a Christian experience, such a union with God, and such power in our lives that we, too, can say as did Paul: "Those things, which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do; and the God of peace shall be with you."—"The Ministry."

idle. There is not a moment of my day that I am not reminded of something lost and gone for ever.

There are so many other women this year who must face the same lonely future with its problems and who feel as if they are drifting on a raft on the storm-tossed sea without an anchor or rudder to keep them in a set course. My heart goes out to them in sympathy. It is for them that I write about my life's greatest adventure, hoping that it may help someone to take courage. There is the divine promise that the children of God are not left alone. "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

My adventure lies in the joy found in working for others and forgetting self. It helps to blot out the past and shut away the future. One need live only a day at a time and enjoy the simple things accessible to all—sunshine, country walks, flowers, music, and books—above all, the happy fellowship with our best friend, Jesus. Nothing can heal the wounds as the Christian's hope of a soon-coming Saviour.

Yes, there is many a woman whose heart all day long rings with the words "never again," but life does not bring us any higher test than that of facing pain and sorrow courageously and learning to bear the seemingly unbearable with the strength that God alone can and will give in the hour of greatest need.

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Dorcas

(Concluded)

REV. THOMAS E. MILLER, M.A.

In the midst of her beneficent labours something unexpected happens; the shadow of sickness falls on the home of Dorcas, and death lays its icy hand on that loving, Christian heart. The narrative suggests that her death came unexpectedly; the Christian community had difficulty in believing it; it was so startling, so calamitous; surely death had no claim on a life so valuable and serviceable to the community! Dorcas was still comparatively young, and this fact and the good work she was doing in Joppa led the Christians to cherish the hope that she might be again restored to them. That hope, and the faith that inspired it, is revealed in two

things—that they did not proceed at once to the burial of the body, but laid it in the upper chamber; and that they sent an urgent message, by a deputation, to the Apostle Peter, then at Lydda, nine miles further down the coast, intreating him in these words: "Delay not to come unto us."

Dorcas was no stranger to the Apostle Peter, and listening to the earnest entreaty of the deputation, the apostle felt the urgency of the call and came to Joppa at once. It was a very wonderful scene that presented itself when Peter came to the house of Dorcas. No more touching scene is to be found in the Bible; no higher tribute was ever paid to a follower of Jesus Christ. The death chamber was full of people; widows who helped Dorcas in her work, and widows whom Dorcas had helped. "For what intent have ye sent for me?" was the apostle's first question, and the answer he received was a very remarkable one. No wordy oration; not simply a fresh outburst of weeping, but first one widow and then another steps to the front and pays a unique tribute to the memory of their benefactress. "See, sir," said one, "she made this for my boy with her own hands." "This dress," another declares, "she brought to me in the dark days of my poverty and bereavement." "And this and this and this," others exclaimed as they pressed upon Peter. And then one of her fellow workers breaks in: "Oh, sir, if thou canst do anything, help us; she was our leader, the living embodiment of the Spirit of Jesus."

It was a very remarkable testimony meeting, and a great tribute to the worth and work of Dorcas; but a greater follows. It was borne in upon the Apostle Peter that God had heard the cry of those widows and orphans, and that He would turn their sorrow into joy by giving back to them the life of this honoured servant of Jesus Christ and of His church. And in the miracle that follows, God sets His seal to the greatness of this humble and very practical form of Christian service.

That day must have been a day of great rejoicing in Joppa, not only among the Christians and the Christian community, but also in the homes of the poor. And we are not surprised to read that many believed in the Lord. The faith of the Christians was confirmed and increased, while many outside the church were led to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

One of the marked features of the Christianity of our time is the development that is taking place in the ministry of Christian women. Not only are the women that publish the tidings a great host, but there is the multitude that no man can number engaged in every variety of Christian service. And the pioneer is Dorcas of Joppa. She illustrates one of the inalienable rights of women, the right to do good. Here then is no division of opinion, no dissentient voice.

It would have been easy for Dorcas to have gone the other way; to have found fault with the providence that had taken away her husband and left her to face the battle alone. The temptation, no doubt, came to her to think hard things about God; the temptation to lead the selfish, self-centred life, spending her days in worldly pleasure and self-enjoyment; but Dorcas chose the better part; she thought of others and of their needs, and set to work in her own way to supply those needs; and Dorcas societies all over the

world today rise up to call her memory blessed.

One of the best known of Thomas Hood's poems is "The Song of the Shirt"; but, as one writer points out, it is not so much a song as a dirge, a wail. We are still looking for the poet who shall give us "The Song of the Needle," and it ought to be a genuine song with the note of triumph in it. And if Dorcas be the inspiring influence, that note will be present. For what is the picture brought before us? Dorcas in her own home plying her needle. No "Singer" machine in those early days to speed forward the work; the only Singer is the seamstress herself, who beguiles the time with snatches of old Hebrew poetry. Stitch, stitch, stitch; "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed"; Stitch, stitch, stitch; "Shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." And every sewing party, every work party, every Dorcas society is a harvest-sheaf from the good seed sown in Joppa.

We may not be able to preach or conduct a meeting or contribute a paper, but we can help somebody: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy; the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble," and the final test is along this line, "Inasmuch as ye did it, or did it not."

There is always room and there will always be room in the world for women of the Dorcas type—women whose Christianity reveals itself in the faith that worketh by love. "Many are full of good words," says Matthew Henry, "who are empty and barren in good works; but Dorcas was a great doer, no great talker; non magna loquimur, sed vivimus—we do not talk great things, we live them." That was true of Dorcas; may it be true of us! "Full of good works and almsdeeds which she did," is an epitaph that every good Christian may well covet.

The Great Teacher

The Lord is my teacher,
I shall not lose the way of wisdom.
He leadeth me in the lowly path of learning.
He prepareth a lesson for me every day.
He findeth the clear fountains of instruction,
Little by little He showeth me the beauty of truth.
The world is a great book that He hath written;
He turneth the leaves for me slowly.
They are all inscribed with images and letters,
His face poureth light on the pictures and the words,
Then I am glad when I perceive His meaning.
He taketh me by the hand to the hilltop of vision;
In the valley also He walketh beside me,
And in the dark places He whispereth to my heart.
Yea, though my lesson be hard it is not hopeless,
For the Lord is very patient with His slow scholar;
He will wait awhile for my weakness,
He will help me to read the truth through tears.
Surely Thou wilt enlighten me daily by joy and by sorrow
And lead me at last, O Lord, to a perfect knowledge of Thee.

—Atlantic Union Gleaner.

En Route to the General Conference

E. L. MINCHIN

It is difficult to realize that we are actually on our way to the General Conference. For many weeks every avenue had been explored, and humanly speaking things looked quite hopeless, for the shipping situation had become so acute that there seemed to be no possibility of the delegates proceeding to the United States in time for the General Conference via either the Pacific or the United Kingdom. However, the Lord is on His throne, and we know that He is more interested in the coming important world conference of His workers than in anything else at that time—and if it was His will for us to go He would in His own time and manner open up the way. Surely these experiences came as a test of our faith and trust in His ability to change the apparently most hopeless situation.

On Friday, March 8, several of the brethren visited all of the shipping companies once again. During the week they had visited Canberra and contacted the Prime Minister's department, but on Friday evening the prospects seemed to be darker than ever. During the week-end the matter was made a special subject of prayer, as indeed it had been for many weeks previous.

First thing on Monday morning a ring came from a shipping company that on Friday held out no hope of help, to say that they could take the whole six of us on the "Stirling Castle," leaving Sydney for England on Wednesday the 13th, just in two days' time. Truly our God can wonderfully change the most discouraging and hopeless outlook. He had heard and answered prayer in His own time.

Needless to say there was considerable excitement throughout the Union office and in our homes as the news quickly spread—just in two days, and we must be ready. In spite of the fact that we had been expecting to leave for weeks past, it is surprising how many things remained to be done. Yes, there was work at the office to be finished, last-minute shopping to do, papers to sort and cases to pack. In our home the family routine was practically suspended, and everyone had a common objective—"getting dad off." What a thrill the children had as they pasted the labels on the cases, "Passenger to London"! "Dad, you are lucky!" "Oh, daddy, you can't go so far away!"

Wednesday the 13th came quickly, and by one o'clock several cars were speeding down from Wahroonga to Pyrmont wharves with passengers, luggage, our wives and children. It was a gala day for the children, for school was unthinkable on such a day as this.

All too soon good-byes were said, and six of us were pressed against the railing of our gallant ship, holding streamers grasped by our dear ones on the wharf. At 4.15 p.m. we began to move from the wharf, and amidst cooies, calls, and waving thousands we pulled out into the harbour. Our long and wonderful journey had commenced. Of all the people on the wharf that day surely none was more glad to see us go than our good Brother Garrard, who as our Union Conference transport agent had for months past visited shipping companies (one as many as twenty times) on our behalf. Incidentally, I think the ship-

ping companies were relieved at our departure also.

We next proceeded to our cabin and began to sort ourselves out. Our party consists of Pastors Rudge, Turner, Hare, Moulds, Brother Pascoe, and the writer. We understand that Pastor Roenfelt joined Pastor E. J. Johanson on the "Rangitiki," which left Fremantle for the United Kingdom last week. We are together in the same cabin, and although we are travelling under troopship conditions (there being 4,000 English naval personnel in addition to about 150 civilians on board), we are comfortable, and the service and food better than we expected. Fortunately, we brought some health foods on board with us.

The first day at sea we travelled down the east coast of Australia in brilliant sunshine and calm seas. A slight south

breeze made the day well-nigh perfect; but next morning we ran into a gale, blinding rain, and heavy seas. Our ship, however, is a 25,500-ton liner, and because of her size and her load rides the waves well.

We are a happy party, and although all, except Brethren Turner and Hare, were off colour for a day or two, we are ourselves again and are settling down to the "busy" and interesting life on board ship. We meet daily for fellowship and prayer. The Lord has drawn precious near to us during these daily seasons. We remember our loved ones at home, the work we have left behind, and our dear people throughout Australasia whom we shall represent in a special way during the coming months. We need to pray much for the leadership of the Holy Spirit during the coming General Conference, when far-reaching

decisions will be made affecting the Lord's work throughout the entire world. We know that our people at home will join us in prayer that we may be instruments of blessing wherever we go.

How our hearts go out to the thousands of young men on this ship! Already helpful contacts have been made, and we believe we shall be led to help some of them. Several passengers who are returning to England were interned in the same prison camp as our late Pastor Youngberg, missionary in Borneo, who died in camp before the liberation. It has been inspiring to hear the expressions of the love and esteem in which Brother Youngberg was held. One gentleman, a Methodist, said, "He was the grandest and truest Christian I ever met. He literally gave his life working for his comrades, and left a gap in the camp no one could fill."

Tomorrow morning, God willing, we arrive at Fremantle. Other members of our party will continue the story of our trip at a later date. We want to share with our people, as far as possible, the blessings of our visit to England and America. We would ask you to join us in prayer that there will be no hindrance to our proceeding across the Atlantic. It is a long journey, but no other avenue was open, or promised to be open for some months. However, this passage has been made possible with the promise from the authorities that we shall be transported over the Atlantic in time to reach America for the Conference Session.

Once again we thank you for the confidence you have manifested in making us your representatives at the coming General Conference. We trust that we shall be worthy of that confidence.

May God bless His work and keep us all faithful to our appointed task until we go on the grandest of all journeys—the journey "beyond the sunset" to our eternal homeland.

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The Home Commission

B. H. McMAHON, Secretary

The Prodigal Father

Once upon a time there was a father who had a son born to him in his 25th year, and not many years afterwards the mother died. He was proud of the boy, and expected that some day they would be great friends; but he was ambitious and hard-working and concentrated all his energies on getting on in life. The boy went to school in due course, and was conscious of his need of a father's help and companionship; but his father was too busy.

Not long afterwards the father made his excuses, and took his journey into a far country of bonds and stocks and shares and limited liability companies. He could hardly spare time to eat. He was home less and less. All this time his son was growing up to young manhood, and those who knew him best grew very anxious about him, for it seemed that there was a hard look coming into his eyes, and the lines of dissipation were being ploughed into his young face. And when the father's health began to fail, he went out from his doctor's surgery and said, "I will ease up now and have a great time with my son."

But when he found him, the boy and he were strangely uncomfortable in one another's presence. At last with a heavy heart he said, "What is the matter with you, my boy?" And the young man looked at the floor and slowly said, "I don't want your friendship now." "Why?" asked his father. "Because it is too late. I've gone off the track, and my life is rotten."

"Surely," said his father, "something can be done." "No," said his son, "when I needed you, you were too busy to give me your time. You remember that I asked you a couple of times to stay home with me, but you said you had to meet someone." "And so I had," said the father. "After that," said the son, "I got in with the wrong crowd, and what has happened to me is your fault."

In agony of soul the father said, "But can we not go back? We can be good friends from now on. Let us think our way out of this mess together." But the son replied, "I tell you, it is too late. I

do not want to talk to you. My life is ruined, and you are to blame."

In bitterness of soul the father laid his head upon the table and sobbed as though his heart would break, and there was nothing to comfort him. And then he woke up. It had all been but a dreadful dream. His boy was still only eight years of age. And he sought a quiet corner where, in deep earnestness of spirit, he prayed that God would help him. And he pledged his soul to regard his boy as his main responsibility in life.

In later days, those who knew them both remarked on the wonderful friendship between them, and how fine a man the son had become.

A FATHER'S PRAYER

Lord, make me tolerant and wise;
Incline my ears to hear him through;
Let him not stand with downcast eyes,
Fearing to trust me and be true.
Instruct me so that I may know
The way my son and I should go.

When he shall err—as once did I—
Or boyhood folly bids him stray,
Let me not into anger fly
And drive the good in him away.
Teach me to win his trust, that he
Shall keep no secret hid from me.

Lord, strengthen me that I may be
A fit example for my son;
Grant he may never hear or see
A shameful deed that I have done.
However sorely I am tried,
Let me not undermine his pride.

In spite of years and temples grey,
Still let my spirit beat with joy;
Teach me to share in all his play
And be a comrade with my boy.
Wherever we may chance to be
Let him find happiness with me.

Lord, as his father, now I pray
For manhood's strength and counsel
wise;
Let me deal justly, day by day,
In all that fatherhood implies.
To be his father, keep me fit:
Let me not play the hypocrite!

—Author Unknown.

Inside Prison Walls

ADLAI A. ESTEB

"I was in prison, and ye came unto Me."

When Jesus comes there will be many to whom He will say, "I was in prison, and ye came unto Me." Then they in surprise will ask, "When saw we Thee . . . in prison, and came unto Thee?" And then will come that wonderful explanation, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom."

How penetrating are the words of Jesus! How all-inclusive His ideas and plans! How compelling is His philosophy! His purpose is to lift the "least" of His brethren into a closer circle of love and meaningful living. He casts a searching look for the unfortunate, and seeks them within prison walls as well as in the sick-rooms in hospitals or the hovels of the poor. Where there is human need, Jesus stands with outstretched hands. He pours in the healing balm of Gilead. He is not afraid to touch the sick and needy. He comes in close contact with sinners in order to lift them out of their sin.

Every Saturday night between fifty and sixty of our earnest and faithful lay workers form into four different working bands to minister to the prisoners in the Los

Angeles City Gaol and the Los Angeles County Honour Farm. These meetings are well planned and well executed, and provide for considerable variety. There are gospel songs, sometimes thrown on the screen to help the prisoners to learn them; instrumental and vocal music; readings; moving pictures; foreign mission experiences; and Bible readings. This gives an idea of the variety of programme brought to these inmates. Over 215 Bibles were given to the prisoners at the Honour Farm during a few months. One of our brethren from San Fernando, assisted by a fine staff of loyal and efficient workers, is leading out in the work there. One hundred and seventy-five of the boys have been enrolled in the weekly Bible studies.

While visiting a certain church recently, I observed a young man on the platform standing behind the pulpit and giving a very earnest mission appeal. I was impressed by his appearance, but did not recognize him at first. During the church service he sat with his wife and fine little boy by his side. As he was leaving the church after service, he took my hand and said, "Pastor Esteb, do you remember where you saw me last?" The scene flashed before my memory. I remembered one Saturday night just about three months previous, while with the lay workers at the Honour Farm, after a mission talk I made an altar call and this young man was one of those who stood up for Christ. What a happy experience to see him again, in one of our own churches and taking an active part in the work of the church! Somehow I seemed to hear a voice behind me saying, "I was in prison, and ye came unto Me."

Brought Up in a Christless Home

A few days ago there came to my hand a very touching story—a story told by a young man of his own experience of conversion within prison walls.

As a boy he was brought up in the city of Los Angeles in what he calls a "Christless home." His father was a drunkard, and early in life the boy was turned out on the streets. He soon was sent to the reform school. After his release from the reform school he served terms in three Federal prisons, and all through those years he lived what he terms a "Christless life."

He writes that the judges who condemned him never told him of Christ's love for sinners and of a better plan for men; the wardens in the penitentiaries never told him of Christ's power to save from sin; the nearest reference to religion he ever heard were the words of the judge, "God have pity on you, my boy"—but that was all.

However, he concludes the story with the good news that through a group of Seventh-day Adventist lay workers, carrying on their ministry of love for the prisoners, he had been told of this wonderful Christ and of His power to save from sin. He is rejoicing in his new-found faith, and is experiencing his "first love" for the truth.

The thought occurs to me: How many others are still living in Christless homes, living without Christ, within prison walls, waiting for someone to open the door of opportunity—yes, the very gateway to heaven! How many there are living without God and without hope in the world! As Seventh-day Adventists, do we not have a message of hope for such as these?

Around the Conferences

Notes from Avondale

E. ROSENDAHL, Principal

Avondale! What a wealth of thought and memories that name brings to our people in Australia, and with what interest all the old students discuss and assess the College happenings that come to their ears! "That wouldn't have been allowed in our day!" "Ah, the old place isn't what it used to be!" Many solemn head shakings accompany such remarks; but right inside there is an earnest hope and prayer that Avondale will do the great work that has ever been its object.

Nearly four weeks ago as I write, Avondale was a very busy place as new and returning students were arriving, registering, classifying, and chattering. It is still a busy place, but the bustle has subsided, and classes and work pursue their even course. New students are commencing to feel quite at home, and that barometer of Avondale—the dining-room voice-pressure—is commencing to register normal again.

Our attendance this year is lower than in 1945 at its beginning. This is largely

back of the chapel rooms have been converted into one large room, provided with tables and chairs, and at last our five thousand books are where they can be seen and handled and used as they should be for research and profit and pleasure.

The first step has been taken in differentiating between high school and college grades in the class programme. The three periods before chapel exercises are of forty minutes' duration, and those after of fifty-five minutes' duration, meeting on alternative days. The students in these longer college classes proper are expected to spend much time in research work, and in learning how to study. These changes, we hope, will assist in developing workers who know how to think for themselves, and not be mere reflectors of other men's thoughts.

Those who were in attendance at the Union Conference Session last year will remember that a great desire was expressed generally that a College paper be published. Readers will be pleased to know that plans are well on to commence publication of such a paper this year. It is intended to publish three numbers this year, their issuance to coincide with the three term ends, to consist of thirty pages 8 by 10 inches, well illustrated. The price will be 2s. per copy. The name has not yet been decided. It is hoped and believed that this magazine will be welcomed by all old students. Subscriptions should be addressed to The Business Manager, College Magazine, Cooranbong, N.S.W.

Owing to our smaller attendance this year, and the greater number of students in the "A" class, the factory is very short of girls for packing and other work; so much so, that the lack is seriously interfering with production. We are anxious to contact suitable young people of both sexes who desire to come to College in 1947, and a plan has been devised to help them earn their fees for that year. The plan is as follows:—

They will be charged vacation rates and paid award rates. They will be given a study free, and partake of general student privileges. There is no entrance fee of £10. They will be allowed to draw up to 10s. per week of their earnings, and, if compelled for any reason to leave college, may withdraw all their earnings. Ordinarily, all their earnings beyond their board and withdrawals will accumulate toward their fees for the following year. They will be classed as "E" students.

Of course, young people coming under this plan will be counted as students, and will need to provide the regular references, will be expected to fall in line with College discipline as well as partake of its privileges, and to undertake to give reasonable service. We shall be happy to hear of those wishing to follow this plan just as soon as possible, as the need for workers is urgent. We believe it is a plan that will assist many of our young people to gain the advantages of a college education.

Avondale is looking forward to a good year, and we are glad to say it has opened very happily. Pray for the College family, teachers, and students, that the plan of God may be accomplished here this year.

MAN TO MAN

It is said that no one would dare to slap George Washington on the back and address him as "George." Yet he doffed his hat and bowed to an old slave who had first tipped his hat and addressed him: "Good mo'nin', Gen'l Washin'ton." General Lafayette, who accompanied Washington, asked him why he would bow to a slave. The answer was: "I would not permit him to be a better gentleman than I am."

owing to the new financial policy instituted this year whereby students are required to pay in advance a £10 emergency deposit and the first quarter's fees. As a result, a number of old students are spending this year earning the wherewithal for 1947, and the majority of 1946 students are new. While regretting the absence of many familiar faces from the chapel gatherings, we believe that the new policy will prove helpful. Last year many students attempted more than their physical frames could stand, and had to leave before the end of the year; but this year's students know where they stand financially, and as a result worry less and grow more. An exceptionally large proportion of our students this year are "A" class, or full paying.

We miss some familiar faces also from among our teaching staff; but new ones have taken their places. Pastor G. G. Stewart has left us to lead out in the church work at Warburton. Brother L. R. Harvey has left us to take up his old work on the business road. We are glad to welcome among us Misses Long, Nippress, and Totenhofer, also Brother I. Wilmoth with his bride. These are all fitting nicely into their new work at the College.

Avondale now has a library and reading-room. The two business rooms at the

Role of Nutrition in Times of Crisis

HAZEL AUSERMAN WEBER

In the grocery store, in the post office, on the street car—everywhere for the past four years—we have been reading posters declaring: "Food Will Win the War," "Food for Defence," etc. When our country found itself with a war on both hands, almost simultaneously with the gigantic defence industries a tremendous nutritional programme was launched. Not only must our men in the front lines be of the highest type of physical specimens, but the army of men and women who have to keep production behind the lines rolling to the front must have physical stamina to endure longer hours and harder work.

Germany had made her nutritional survey, and put into use the most modern food sciences five years before she marched on Poland. In any time of crisis the outcome depends upon the health resources of a person or a nation. This is nothing new. Let us consider a number of crises down through history, and the nutritional programme connected with each.

Exodus from Egypt

The first is the nutritional programme in connection with the exodus of the Israelites from the land of Egypt. Out of the Hebrew tribes, held in a pitiable state of slavery by an exploiting heathen king, the Lord raised up a nation to spread His glorious truth throughout the entire world.

"When God led the children of Israel out of Egypt, it was His purpose to establish them in the land of Canaan a pure, happy, healthy people. Let us look at the means by which He would accomplish this. He subjected them to a course of discipline, which, had it been cheerfully followed, would have resulted in good, both to themselves and to their posterity. It was His purpose to supply them with food better suited to their wants than the feverish diet to which many of them had been accustomed in Egypt. . . . Had they been willing to deny appetite in obedience to His restrictions, feebleness and disease would have been unknown among them. Their descendants would have possessed physical and mental strength. They would have had clear perceptions of truth and duty, keen discrimination, and sound judgment."—"Christian Temperance and Bible Hygiene," page 118.

He fed them with bread from heaven; "man did eat angel's food." "Through them He desired to bless and teach the world. He provided them with the food best adapted for this purpose."—"Ministry of Healing," page 311.

Before Sinai and the Ten Commandments God presented His nutritional programme. He substituted for their unbalanced, "feverish" diet, food which supplied all the elements their bodies required. "They knew it [mannal] was just the food God wished them to have, and that it was healthful for them and their children." We know the diet was nutritious, for we read that "notwithstanding their hardships in the wilderness, there was not a feeble one in all their tribes." The fact that after forty years of wandering in a barren desert and rocky mountains they should arrive at the border of Canaan in such a state of health, increased in numbers, and well able to take the land, is indeed a nutritional miracle.

Instruction to Samson's Mother

The second incident occurs in the time of the judges. Because of apostasy in Israel the Lord permitted His people to fall into the hands of the Philistines. It was about time for a "deliverer" to be raised up. Accordingly an angel appeared to Manoah's wife and announced the birth of Samson, who should "begin to deliver Israel." Then the angel instructed her as to what she and the child should eat. Later the angel appeared to Manoah and repeated the dietary instructions. The fact that an angel from heaven was sent twice with the same message, and that in regard to diet, ought to impress us with the importance which God apparently puts upon our diet.

Diet of Daniel, Man of Affairs

The third instance of a dietary preparation preceding a great work is that of Daniel and his companions. Undoubtedly they realized something of the possibilities of their position, even though captives, and their first preparation of which we have record is nutritional. If they would possess "clear perceptions of truth and duty, keen discrimination, and sound judgment," they must look well to their diet. Daniel was only a young man when we first read of him in the court of Nebuchadnezzar. In these days we often read of men of affairs dying of cerebral hæmorrhage when under protracted mental strain, but Daniel lived to participate in two world empires, rendering valiant service to his governments and to his God. If he could have done this without carelessness of diet, Inspiration would not have left the record for us. "He purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which

he drank, for he knew that such a diet would not strengthen his physical powers, or increase his mental capability. . . . He would do nothing to becloud his mind; and God gave him 'knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom.'"—"Christian Temperance and Bible Hygiene," page 22.

Examples in the New Testament

In the New Testament there are also examples of a nutritional programme accompanying world-shaking events. At the time for the first advent of Christ the whole world was in a state of political and economic unrest. A forerunner of the Messiah had been prophesied—someone to prepare the hearts of the people for this tremendous event; someone who would call the attention of the people to the times in which they were living. Luke, the doctor, tells of the angel appearing to Zacharias to give instructions regarding the child's diet—the child that should be born to Elisabeth to "prepare . . . the way of the Lord." The angel Gabriel, direct from heaven, gave a discourse on health reform to the father and mother of John.

Good nutrition includes and excludes all that "health reform" included and excluded. In Volume III of the "Testimonies" we read that this is "one of the great branches of the work of preparation for the coming of the Son of man." John the Baptist, living upon his simple, "purely vegetable" diet, was adequately nourished for his vigorous and rugged wilderness preaching campaigns. "He was a representative of those living in these last days, to whom God has entrusted sacred truths to present before the people, to prepare the way for the second appearing of Christ."—Pages 61, 62.

(Concluded next week.)

In Memoriam

Joseph Harker is well known to most of our readers as the author and composer of a number of hymns published in "Advent Hymnal." The first half of his life was spent in the Methodist church, his father being an earnest and successful Methodist evangelist. In 1905 his son, Pastor Joseph Harker, the compiler of "Advent Hymnal," brought the advent message to his father at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England. In 1912 Brother Harker and his wife and four daughters emigrated to Australia and settled first at Wollongong, N.S.W. Later on they moved to the Hurstville district, Sydney, where Sister Harker passed away eleven years ago. Brother Harker has left four sons in England, and four daughters in Australia, to mourn their loss. His daughters, Sisters Craig and Dever of Brisbane, Sister H. Mitchell of Chatswood, and Sister Jeffress of Hurstville, and his grandson, Raymond Nobbs, attended the funeral.

For the last forty years Brother Harker was widely known in the denomination through his music. He composed over one hundred hymn tunes, one of the best known being that beautiful rendering of the Lord's Prayer, in "Advent Hymnal," which has been a source of inspiration to thousands of people. Brother Harker was not only a composer of music but he was also a writer of several fine hymns. On his ninety-third birthday he wrote the following hymn, but he was too feeble to compose suitable music for this birthday poem.

I will lift up mine eyes to my Lord in the skies,

And give thanks for His kind love to me,
For His constant abide, and His walk by my side.

I will walk with Him till I die.

Our fellowship is so sweet, our union complete—

We have travelled many years side by side.

My journey is far spent, my time is only lent;

I will walk with Him till I die.

My race is nearly run, my walk almost done,

I am waiting and ready for the call.

When the trumpet shall sound, hope in Him to be found,

And carried with Him to my home.

Hallelujah, Amen—hallelujah again,

Soon I hope to be at home over there,
Where my Saviour has gone to prepare me a home

In the land bright and fair over there.

As I sat alongside his bed while he recited these words to me, and listened to his musical voice express these noble sentiments, and reiterate his determination to walk with the Lord till death, there flashed into my mind those words uttered by Balaam three thousand years ago: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

A. W. Anderson.

Not the Cross, but the One Who Died There

"He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; and with His stripes we are healed." Isa. 53: 5.

Dr. H. A. Ironside, in his book "Full Assurance," tells of a visit James Parker, of Plainfield, New Jersey, paid to a hospital. The nurse whispered to him, "That poor man is dying. The priest has been and administered the last sacrament. He cannot live long."

Mr. Parker begged to be allowed to go behind the screen, and permission was granted. As he looked down upon the dying man he observed a crucifix on his bosom. He stooped and lifted it up. The sick man lifted his eyes and looked distressed. "Put it back," he whispered, "I want to die with it on my breast."

The visitor pointed to the figure on the cross and said fervently, "He's a wonderful Saviour!"

"Yes, yes, I love the crucifix. Put it back, please. I hope it will help me to die well."

"Not the crucifix," was the reply, "but the One who died on the cross, the Lord Jesus; He died to save you."

The man looked bewildered; then his face brightened. "Oh, I see, not the crucifix, but the One who died. He died for me. I see, sir, I see. I never understood it before."

It was evident that faith had sprung up in his soul. Mr. Parker replaced the crucifix, offered a brief prayer, and left. A few minutes afterward he observed the body being wheeled out of the ward.—Sunday School Times.

WEDDING BELLS

MANSFIELD-BRANGROVE.—On January 29, 1946, in the New Plymouth church, North New Zealand, which had been prettily decorated for the ceremony, Gordon George, son of Walter J. Mansfield, and Beverley Sarah Emmaline, eldest daughter of Brother and Sister W. C. Brangrove of New Plymouth, were united in the sacred bonds of matrimony. They carry with them the sincere and loving wishes of the many friends who assembled to witness the wedding. May the good Lord they both serve greatly bless them as they share life's vicissitudes.

O. W. Knight.

FEHLBERG-KNIGHT.—Two well-known families in Tasmania were joined together on the eve of February 27, 1946, when Ivan Robertson Fehlberg of Resetta and Melba Kathleen Molly Knight of Glen Huon exchanged vows which made them husband and wife. Artistic fingers had wrought to make our Moonah church like an Eden bower for the occasion, and the building was taxed beyond capacity by the many relatives and friends who came to show their interest in the young couple's happiness. May God indeed bless them as they go into business at Hobart, and as they set up home there.

D. Sibley.

GILDERSLEEVE-TAPPER.—On the evening of February 27, 1946, the Fremantle (W.A.) church was the scene of a very pretty wedding. The bridegroom was Brother Douglas J. Gildersleeve, A.I.F.,

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eldest son of Sister Gildersleeve of 5 Yoevil Crescent, Bicton. The bride was Miss Elsie W. Tapper of Bibra Lake, the youngest of a fine family of Christian girls, and is one of the young people of the Fremantle church, where she takes a very active part. This young couple plan to make their home in the Fremantle district, and we wish them every happiness, and much of the Lord's blessing.

D. A. Speck.



HARKER.—Our beloved brother, Joseph Harker, at the advanced age of ninety-three and a half years, passed peacefully to his rest at his daughter's residence, Chatswood, Sydney, on the 24th of March. After a solemn service in the North Sydney church, conducted by Pastors L. C. Naden, C. Head, and the writer, we laid our brother to rest in the Northern Suburbs cemetery, March 26, there to await the call of the Life-giver.

A. W. Anderson.

LESTER.—A faithful member of the church, Sister S. A. Lester, died on December 6, 1945, at East Maitland, N.S.W. She and her daughter, Mrs. E. Conley, received Bible studies from Brother S. Jackson, the writer, and from Pastor A. H. White, who baptized them about twelve years ago. Sister Lester had been a keen temperance worker and a steadfast believer in Christ's second coming. She had reached the age of eighty years at the time of her death. The writer spoke words of comfort in the home.

A. M. Potter.

BEATTIE.—Mary Elizabeth Beattie passed to her rest at the Sydney Sanitarium on March 9, 1946, after a long and painful illness. She was the only daughter of Mr. Robert Beattie of Asquith, and sister of our esteemed Andrew, George, and Edward Beattie, members of the Waitara church. Before her passing Mary found her Saviour, and died in the blessed hope of the second advent and a happy reunion with her family in the near future. To the bereaved family we extend our sincere sympathy, and look forward with them to the dawning of the day.

A. W. Knight.

STRATTON.—On March 14, 1946, Alexander Gaul Stratton, aged seventy-two, was suddenly and unexpectedly called to rest. Brother Stratton and his wife were loyal members of the Dunedin church (South N.Z.), but had recently been on a caravan

tour through the North Island, and were camping in Hawera when our brother passed away. Brother Stratton now rests in the Aramoho cemetery, Wanganui, awaiting the call of his Master on the resurrection morn. To Sister Stratton and others who suffer this loss we extend our sincerest sympathy, feeling assured that their confidence is in their Saviour.

A. G. Judge.

WHILEY.—Patricia Gwendoline, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Whiley, passed away after a short illness on March 19, at the age of six years and seven months, and was laid to rest at Rookwood cemetery beside her infant sister, buried only about two months ago. In the chapel and at the graveside services, words of comfort and hope were spoken, assuring the bereaved that it is not the will of our heavenly Father "that one of these little ones should perish," and that angels will restore them to the family circle. We solicit remembrance in prayer for these stricken parents and their two surviving children, that God will grant them grace to trust Him amid the shadows of their deep affliction.

K. J. Wooller.

BROOKS.—Bessie, dearly beloved wife of Owen Brooks of Cockatoo Valley, South Australia, passed to rest at the Adelaide hospital on the 24th February, and was interred in the Dudley Park cemetery in the presence of a large company of mourners. Sister Brooks was a student at the Australasian Missionary College thirty years ago. She was a devoted wife and mother, and such devotion has been rewarded in the spiritual life and character revealed in the one daughter, the wife of Brother Lloyd Tonkin, who is on transfer to the Solomons, and the two boys, Newton and Frank, left to mourn a true mother. To the husband and the children we extend our deep sympathy, looking to the day when the faithfulness of Christ will awaken her from sleep.

GIBLETT.—On Sabbath, March 2, our dear Sister Alice L. A. Giblett, beloved wife of L. T. Giblett of Waitara, N.S.W., passed to her last rest. Our sister had not been well for a long time, but with fortitude she patiently bore her illness, for she dearly loved the Lord, and her confidence was strong to the end. Sister Giblett accepted the gospel message under the labours of the late Pastor W. G. Britten and Pastor A. H. Piper at Martin's Creek, N.S.W., in 1911. She graduated from the nurse's course at the Sydney Sanitarium 1913-1916. Sister Giblett was a loving wife, and a devoted mother to her two sons, Marcus and John. Pastor R. Hare spoke a wonderful message of comfort at the funeral parlours in Hornsby, and the writer conducted the service at the graveside. To our beloved Brother Lionel T. Giblett and his sons and relatives and friends, we extend our deepest sympathy in their great sorrow, and point them to the resurrection morning, which we are convinced is not far away, when they will meet their dear one, and never part again.

F. A. Allum.

WANTED: Youth working in city requests full board in S.D.A. home. Any suburb, Sydney. Write W. Richard, 171 Arden St., Coogee, N.S.W.

BREVITIES

To supply the need of the Amyes Memorial Hospital, Solomon Islands, Dr. Cyril Evans of Sydney has accepted a call as medical superintendent, and at present is completing a course in tropical medicine at the Sydney University. This course should be completed by the end of May.

The first-fruits of the mission being conducted at The Entrance, New South Wales, under the leadership of Pastor J. W. Kent, are already appearing. Pastor Cott has recently joined the staff, and his talks on diet are much appreciated. The North New South Wales Conference has invited Brother J. R. Kent to assist the mission, and he has found a number of homes open for Bible studies. The attendance at the Sunday night meetings is being well maintained.

Brother and Sister J. H. Newman left Auckland, N.Z., by the Government steamer "Matai" on Sabbath, March 23, for the Solomon Islands direct. On the same steamer there were a number of Roman Catholic missionaries returning, and also a number of South Sea Evangelical Mission representatives. In all there would be about twenty-two missionaries.

"Just too bad," adds Pastor R. E. G. Blair, in sending this news, "that we did not have more of ours on board. There were also some goods that we sent at the order of Pastor Barrett, for the new houses, I presume; such as fuel stoves, chip bath-heaters, and some hundredweights of nails. Unfortunately we could not supply anything of galvanized iron such as would be required for the making of tanks, guttering for houses, and downpipes, too. They are not available here yet.

"On April 2 Pastor R. B. Mitchell will be leaving for Suva to take up his work amongst the Indians of Fiji. He was ordained to the gospel ministry on Sabbath afternoon, January 26, in the chapel of the New Zealand Missionary College, Longburn. Those assisting in the ordination service were Pastors A. H. Piper, W. E. Battye, and W. J. Richards."

Sgt. Norman Rogers Accidentally Killed

Those who became acquainted with Sgt. Norman Rogers, of the U.S. Army, when he visited Queensland and New South Wales at the end of 1943, will be saddened to learn of his death, which occurred early in December, 1945, sixteen days after his arrival home from the Philippines. The Palisade, Colorado, newspaper gives this account of the accident:—

"Norman Rogers, thirty-five years of age, was instantly killed Wednesday morning, as a result of an explosion of a carbide tank.

"An acetylene torch was being used in an effort to dry out the carbide tank preparatory to a welding operation. It is believed an accumulation of gas remaining

in the tank exploded. . . . Rogers was struck in the head by parts of the tank thrown by the force of the explosion.

"Since his return from service Norman has been with his wife at Cedaredge, coming here Sunday for the employment on which he was engaged at the time of his death. His wife, who was recovering from flu, expected to join him here soon.

"Norman Rogers was born in Palisade. He graduated from the Pacific Union College at Napa, California, in 1934. He later mastered in biology at Greeley, then taught in the Union College at Lincoln, Nebraska.

"On March 8, 1942, he enlisted in the medical corps as laboratory technician, and was overseas from February 5, 1943, to November 7, 1945, receiving his discharge November 18.

"Sgt. Norman Rogers was a veteran of New Guinea, southern Philippines, and Luzon; holder of good conduct medal, victory medal, Asiatic-Pacific theatre medal; Philippine liberation medal, with one bronze star.

"Deceased is survived by the widow, his brother, Edgar, who was present at the scene of the fatal explosion; his mother, Mrs. Ada Rogers, of Palisade, and a sister, Mrs. Margaret Peebles, also of Palisade."

The American Legion had charge of the military services at the burial, and Pastor Kearbey, an old school friend of the deceased, gave the funeral sermon.

Writing on February 2, Mrs. Peebles said it was almost two months since the tragedy, and until that time she had felt unable to write of it; but she could not let her brother's friends in Australia think he had forgotten them when he reached home. The family look forward confidently to a grand reunion on the resurrection morning.

We extend to the bereaved ones our very sincere sympathy in their hour of grief.

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The Spirit of God Moves in Central New Guinea

A. J. CAMPBELL

The Apostle Paul tells us in Rom. 5: 5 that "the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." The Spirit of God is moving upon the hearts of the people in Central New Guinea, where, sad to say, there are many sheep without shepherds. The influence of the gospel in the first place, together with the strange events of the war, is having its effect, and the message of salvation is cutting its way more and more through the darkness.

Following church service and Sabbath school, which are held between eight and ten o'clock Sabbath morning, our teachers visit villages over a wide area. Whereas once they were more of a curiosity—for the heathen does not like to be too much disturbed in his ways—our teachers today are received warmly. Our open-air congregations in the aggregate will range between two and three thousand souls. Such numbers were previously unheard of in these parts.

Also we have not known before the experience of having natives come to us during the week requesting that we give them a message that they can give to their people on the Sabbath. Many of

these village people prepare their firewood and attend to their cooking on Friday. Many are the calls being received for teachers. Natives come saying that they are tired of the old way, of being like pigs and dogs. They then go on to state that they want to be children of God and His Son, pointing at the same time toward heaven. In this way backstairs sermons are preached to these people as they come to the rear of our mission cottage to receive the bread of life and to pass it on to others. Some natives have been going to other villages to spread the gospel that they have heard.

Friends, we want you to pray fervently for Central New Guinea, where there are more people than in any other part of the South Sea Islands. No one knows the actual number, but there are some hundreds of thousands of heathen people, each soul constituting a Macedonian call.

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A Hungry World

Pictures coming from Europe, and even closer, depicting hunger are heart-rending and mind-freezing, and their implications are immense for us out here who but dimly conceive the horrors into which half the human race is now plunging.

The heavy and continuous demand for our Health Food products remains unsatisfied, even in Australasia, particularly because of a shortage of female operatives in all our factories in Australia and New Zealand.

With the great need facing us, and the concern within our hearts, we would earnestly invite young ladies especially to join the ranks of our Health Food workers in the state or dominion in which they reside, thus enabling the Sanitarium Health Food Company to supply the Australasian markets and beyond with health foods.

Kindly get in touch immediately with the following managers, who will be pleased to answer any inquiries:—

- C. J. Howell, 445 Murray Street, Perth, West Australia.
- R. W. Westerman, 73 Hackney Road, Adelaide, South Australia.
- A. H. Battye, Warburton, Victoria.
- C. H. Eiszele, 118 Union Street, Prahran, Victoria.
- C. W. Tinworth, Brown Street, Lewisham, N.S.W.
- W. R. Wilson, Cooranbong, N.S.W.
- L. G. Unwin, 220 Roma Street, Brisbane, Queensland.
- V. N. Nilsson, 62 Randolph Street, Auckland, New Zealand.
- C. F. L. Ulrich, Harewood Road, Papanui, New Zealand.

☆ ☆ ☆

Friends

"If you would have friends, be friendly;
Be gracious, be noble, be true,
And the good you show to others
Will surely come back to you.

"If you would have friends, be friendly;
If you would be lovely, just love;
If you would have help, help others
On the road to the city above."

Postwar Resolution: "Let there be peace on earth—and let it begin with me."