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## ***Our Redeemer Is Strong!***

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**T**HERE is always something fascinating about an outstanding demonstration of strength. Nothing so much attracted the boys of my community when a child as the arrival in town of "the world's strongest man." How we watched him with eyes bulging with admiration as he performed his feats! And for weeks after he left we never tired of talking about him or trying in our own feeble way to emulate the exhibitions that intrigued us most.

This admiration for strength was not restricted to the much advertised strong men who visited our town. We liked to think of our friends who were strong. We were prouder still if we had a brother who excelled. And how many times did we not as youngsters find it necessary to remind our playmates that our father was stronger than theirs! And that with our father on our side—which of course he would unfailingly be—we were not afraid, while they had every reason to be.

As older ones we still think of strength in terms of our need. A friend who is able to help—whether because of his financial, social, or political standing—is never despised. And no child ever grows so old but what an influential brother or father is gratefully, if not proudly, regarded.

With this appreciation of strength in the human heart, how reassuring is the promise: "Their Redeemer is strong; the Lord of hosts is His name." Jer. 50: 34. Incorporated in that word, "Redeemer," is the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, the One who remembers when a mother forgets, and the Father who declares: "I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." 2 Cor. 6: 17, 18.

A whole-hearted acceptance of these promises will eliminate all fear from the heart, no matter whence it arises.

### FEAR FROM WITHIN

If the fear be from self-distrust, how good it is to place by the side of our weakened selves, His mighty power! How good it is to remember the promise: "I have laid help upon One that is mighty," and to know that "travel-

ling in the greatness of His strength," He hastens to our aid. When haunted by the memory of past failures, we are assured, "He hath power to forgive sins." Should temptations seem almost irresistible, He presents Himself as "upholding all things by the word of His power." And to illustrate the special care He has for us, He declares that not a bird falls to the ground without its Creator's notice.

### FEARS FROM WITHOUT

Nor can any danger from without withstand His power. Said the Psalmist from his wealth of experience: "I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me." Ps. 23: 4. And Isaiah, speaking the word of God, said: "Who art thou, that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die, . . . and forgettest the Lord thy Maker?" Isa. 51: 12, 13.

Even over material things His power is unlimited. "He commandeth even the winds and water, and they obey Him." He preserved men in a fiery furnace; He was able to shut lions' mouths, and to command the sun to stand still, to help His people.

Little wonder that the Apostle Paul counted all things but loss that he might "know Him, and the power of His resurrection." No wonder that this same power (of His resurrection) enabled the disciples to turn "the world upside down" by their activities. Paul, writing of this power, declares to men of every generation: "If the Spirit of Him that raised up Christ from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you." Rom. 8: 11.

Yes, it is good to know that our Redeemer is strong. It is especially good in these days when power is so ardently coveted—when nations and individuals are reaching out after it as after life itself. It is good to know that with that power in our individual lives every obstacle may be overcome, every fear may be quelled. It is also good to reflect that the hour is just ahead when there will be witnessed in this world the mightiest demonstration of God's power it has ever seen, when all the earth will be filled with His glory. Yes, it is good to know that our Redeemer is strong!

# THE HOME COMMISSION

G. M. MASTERS  
Secretary

## Children's Charter

PROFESSOR E. D. LOW

It all started with this "Children's Charter," typed by a boy of nine and his sister, aged eight, and pinned up in the hall of their home:—

### RULES FOR THE GRONE-UPS

The grone-ups cannot interrupt with the children's game.

When a grone-up asks a question, children can ask why.

The grone-ups must keep the garden tidy.

The grone-ups must not quarrel with the children or amongst themselves.

I asked the headmasters of three London schools to help me find out the truth about the "ideal parents" by polling the experts—the boys and girls aged eight to twelve.

Altogether, 117 boys and 111 girls took part in this test. They were a fair cross-section of children of their age. Some came from an expensive preparatory school, others from a private "middle class" school, and the rest from a London County Council school. Their parents came from greatly different walks of life.

The children worked on their "Charter" absorbedly, and they were intensely interested in their task. The teacher usually talked to a group of ten or eleven children before they started, and explained to them what he wanted.

"Imagine that you had to draw up ten rules for your father and mother" was the gist of his advice. "What would you like them to do, or not to do? Think carefully before you write, for your various essays will help us to draw up a 'Children's Charter.'"

The result: 228 moving little documents.

You need not be a trained psychologist to picture from these rules for the grown-ups the homes of the little writers.

As in a mirror, you could see the possessive parents, the ignorant parents, the parents who pet one child more than the other, the parents who are constantly quarrelling.

Two things became apparent as soon as we began to sift the material: the older the children were, the more reluctant were they to criticize their parents, to take their teachers into their confidence, to let the "outer world" know what happened in their "inner world."

Another thing common to most children was that they took their time before dealing with their real grievance. Rules one to four were usually playful suggestions, and it was left to rule five or six to express the real grievance, the serious complaint, the carefully hidden heartache.

Now, what is the principal fault of parents, seen through the eyes of their own children?

These 228 little essays leave little doubt in my mind.

Little Evelyn, aged nine and one-half years, who wrote ten prayers instead of ten rules, put it into these words: "Dear God, please don't let mummy and daddy quarrel."

Young Herbert, aged eleven years, ruled strictly:—

"The parents are always forbidden ever to quarrel."

Grace, aged ten, put it like this: "Rule Five.—Father and mother must never quarrel at home."

Quarrelling parents underrate the impression that their disputes makes upon the mind of their child. A word spoken in anger that is forgotten almost immediately by the grown-ups, rankles in the mind of the child for months or years, and makes him unhappy.

Indeed, the desire to end the quarrelling between parents developed into the "leit motiv" of these "Ten Commandments for Good Parents." This rule expressed clearly the fear of the child that one day the quarrelling parents will cease to love each other—and that their little world will be shattered by this catastrophe.

A close runner-up in this "Don't Quarrel" rule was the complaint made by children who feel or fear that they are not treated with equal affection at home. It is bad enough if one parent shows some preference for a certain child, but it is very dangerous indeed if both parents fail to be impartial.

Some of the rules reveal a moving hunger for notice and petting, even for physical fondling.

Quiet and well-behaving, but slow and awkward John, aged 11, who shows regretful lack of confidence at school, put down this pathetic plea:—

"Father and mother should love me as much as Peter." (Peter is his younger brother, aged five.)

Could any child psychologist put the case more pungently and more convincingly before the parents than little Margaret, aged nine:—

### SHE GAVE HER BEST

An Indian woman stood on the banks of the Ganges with her two small children. One was a little girl, emaciated and suffering; the other, a strong and healthy boy. In great anguish the mother wept, and on inquiry from a passing missionary, she said that the gods were angry with her, and as a result her child was suffering. Unable to pacify her, the missionary passed on. Returning a few minutes later he found that she had thrown her healthy boy into the waters, while the dying child lay still at her side. When asked why she had done this, she answered in bitter disgust that nothing but the best could be given to the gods. The eternal Father gave His best; pouring out all heaven in the one Gift. Do we offer Him anything but our best in devotion and service?

"All children must be loved alike at home."

### Happy Children—Good Pupils

A striking feature of this experiment was that the bank account of the father did not enter into the matter at all. The complaints of the scion of one of the richest and oldest families did not differ much from those put down by the youngest son of an unskilled labourer.

It would be unjustifiable to draw any hasty conclusion, but the fact cannot be denied that almost all happy children—those who had no serious complaint to make—were good pupils.

And there is no doubt at all that it takes little money to make a child happy!

A good home provides affection, stability, consciousness of opportunity, no matter how much the father earns. What the children need most is the feeling of belonging to a small group of people who take the kindest view of their failings and failure, and the proudest view of their achievements.

There is no room in the good home for the autocrat or the disciplinarian—nor for the "charming" modern father who expects his children to call him by his Christian name, and then one day coolly presents himself and his new wife as casual friends.

Another thing: children want to be proud of their kind and hospitable parents. They all love to be proud of their parents. They should be allowed to bring their friends home as their own guests. Charles, aged eleven, stipulated for all of them: "I may bring home my friends the same as daddy does."

Here are the ten principal rules for parents. They are the co-operative work of 228 "average" children. I have listed them in the "grown-up" way—the more important coming first.

We shall have to live up to them to become ideal parents.

1. Never quarrel in the presence of your children.
2. Treat all your children with equal affection.
3. Never lie to a child.
4. There must be mutual tolerance between parents.
5. There should be comradeship between parents and children.
6. Treat your children's friends as respected guests in your home.
7. Always answer questions. Never say: "Don't bother me."
8. Don't blame or punish your child in the presence of children from "next door."
9. Concentrate on your child's good points, not on his failings.
10. Be constant in your mood and in your affection.

There is really enough scope for the education of parents.

We hear and read a lot about the problem child. We forget often that there are also "problem parents."

Fundamentally, the demands of our children are for love (with nothing possessive in it) and for comradeship between parents and children.

Parents should teach their children, not by the rod or by dogma, but by sympathy, understanding, and, above all, by example.

—"Parents," December, 1947.

## The Joys of Teaching in a Christian School

RAYMOND F. COTTRELL

Assist. Professor of Religion, Pacific Union College

If the Apostle Paul had been commissioned a teacher in Seventh-day Adventist schools rather than a missionary evangelist to the Roman world, it is quite likely that he would have composed a treatise on the supreme challenge and transcendent joys of being a Christian teacher. Perhaps the theme of his treatise might have been, "Woe is me if I teach not!"

One obvious characteristic of every successful teacher is the profound joy he finds in the practice of his chosen profession. He is convinced that supreme happiness can be found in the pursuit of no other objective in life save that of living dynamically with youth, however worthy that other objective may be or however promising its rewards. For the joy that is set before him he eagerly endures whatever may be demanded in exchange, in order that he may obtain it.

And what is joy? "I would be very happy if I could say how much!" One man finds it in growing tall corn, another discovers it in the most remote nebula out on the distant shores of space, and to still another it may come in finding that "one lost chord divine." One thing, however, is certain—only he who becomes an artist at the canvas of life ever really knows what joy means.

First of all, then, joy does not consist in things themselves or in a prefabricated set of circumstances, but rather in a person's attitude toward them. It is evident that identical circumstances might produce ecstatic joy in one person and abject misery in another. Joy is a reaction. In successful teachers, it is the reaction produced by the enthusiasm, optimism, and insatiable desire to know, which are the perennial concomitants of the earlier years of life. Teachers discovered the elixir of life, that eternal fountain with its promise of better things for a brighter tomorrow.

Some enjoy working primarily with things; others find more pleasure in dealing with people. The teacher, however, has discovered how to make life pay twice—how to eat his cake and have it too. Essentially, teaching is a co-operative adventure in which teacher and student unite in a quest for the what and how and why of life. Perhaps a teacher is one who never loses the intellectual curiosity and ardent interest in life that characterize youth!

The joy of teaching is intrinsically a vicarious joy, a sharing in the triumphs of others. And after all, what other joy can be so real and lasting? Conscious that his workmanship is designed to endure for all eternity, the Christian teacher realizes now a joy that is destined to be shared eternally. The supreme objective of Christian education is the formation of character, the only possession a person may carry with him from this life into the next.

One reward of teaching lies in the fact that results are immediate as well as permanent. The most valuable part of a teacher's pay is not of the kind which moth corrupts or thieves break through and steal; neither is it simply a matter of "pie in the sky by and by." As if by magic,

he witnesses a transformation of living and thinking, of personality and character, taking place.

The greatest gift a Christian teacher can bestow upon his students is the gift of his own companionship. The response of young people to this sincere, whole-hearted, unaffected sharing of life together is a teacher's great reward in this life. Students into whose lives such a teacher has found his way repay a hundredfold every evidence of personal interest shown in them. For both teacher and student there is a wealth of meaning in the ancient Greek definition of friendship formulated by Diogenes—one soul abiding in two bodies.

Perhaps one of the reasons a successful teacher enjoys his job so thoroughly is

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### Living Sermons

FLORENCE BELLE ANDERSON

There isn't a word that a preacher can say,  
No matter how lovely or true,  
Nor is there a prayer that his eager lips pray  
That can preach such a sermon as **you**.

You vowed to serve Christ, and men know  
that you did,  
They're watching the things that you do;  
There isn't an action of yours that is hid—  
Men are watching and studying **you**.

You say you're "no preacher"; yes, but you  
preach  
A wonderful sermon each day.  
The acts of your life are the things that  
you teach—  
It isn't the things that you say.

If Christians were Christians, as so they  
profess,  
Men would notice their glorified mien;  
And say, "What a wonderful joy they  
possess  
Who follow the meek Nazarene!"

O Christians, remember you bear His dear  
name;  
Your lives are for others to view.  
You are living examples; men praise you,  
or blame,  
And measure all Christians by **you**.

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that each day is packed with unexpected adventures. There is nothing monotonous about teaching. Life in the classroom never gets into a rut. It is, rather, a stimulating, invigorating experience. A teacher is constantly "on the spot" to do his best, to give his best, to be his best—because the young people need it and deserve it.

Of course, the teacher must have something to reach as well as someone to teach, for he is the bridge by which youth must cross from the known to the unknown, from things that are seen to those which are unseen. Through him they become adjusted to their total environment—themselves, their fellow men, the material and the eternal world.

Of recent months it has become popular with some writers to lament the life of unmitigated misery that teachers are supposed to lead. To the teacher who is blissfully unaware of having fallen heir to so unfortunate a lot in life comes the inevitable supposition that this verbal barrage must have been raised by well-

meaning individuals who are not teachers either by occupation or by predisposition. Perhaps it is intended to camouflage a process of rationalization, a sort of escape mechanism by means of which those who indulge in it are able to generate sufficient self-pity to make life enjoyably miserable for themselves.

Perhaps, also, there are some "Egyptians" in this mixed, murmuring multitude. To be sure, a teacher is a human being who falls heir to the needs and desires common to humanity; but as a Christian he has also discovered that if he makes his chosen profession first in heart and life, sufficient of these other things are sure to be added unto him.

It has been my privilege to associate with scores of Seventh-day Adventist teachers during recent months, but I have yet to hear among them the first rumblings of discontent resembling that currently exposed in the press.

Perhaps the clearest evidence of the fundamentally sound status of the teacher in Seventh-day Adventist schools is the fact that more genuinely capable young men and women are choosing teaching as their life work than ever before. The intelligence and personality factors of this group are distinctly above average, facts which should allay the fears of any who might tremble for the future of Christian education. For Seventh-day Adventist schools these young people are eloquent promise of a bright tomorrow.

One of these teachers went into her own classroom last year for the first time. From her school in a quiet valley in the shadow of Mt. Shasta she wrote back after a few weeks had passed: "I love this country—it is prettier than at college. I'm so glad I am teaching up here. This is the first church school in this district, and teaching it is almost like being a missionary. It helps to pray often when you don't know what to do next."

Her future is bright! The exuberant joy she found awaits all who were intended by the Master Teacher to be His fellow craftsmen. Another teacher, who has spent nearly a quarter of a century in the classroom, wrote last autumn:—

"One-half day before school opened, I was asked to help in our school in Paradise. . . . Despite our inconveniences and crowded conditions, I have never enjoyed a month of teaching as much as I have this one. What a wonderful privilege to be able to study the Bible and talk to our heavenly Father as we work! I became a Seventh-day Adventist in 1938, and the only thing I am sorry about is that someone didn't tell me before how wonderful it is to teach in a church school."

In the words of an article appearing recently in the "American School Board Journal," both of these teachers might have said:—

"As for me, I want to teach school. I like young people. I like to teach them. It's fun. They even pay me for it. Part of my pay is money and part of it is personal satisfaction. Part of it is friends. Part of it is memories. I'm so glad I'm a school teacher! I like it."

That is just the way every real teacher feels about it—"Woe is me if I teach not!" And one who feels that way will never find the supreme joy life has to offer, except in teaching. For a bright today and a brighter tomorrow, then be a teacher!

# Our Island Field

## "Let Me Live the Way I Pray"

I knelt to pray when day was done;  
I prayed, "O Lord, bless everyone.  
Lift from each saddened heart the pain  
And let the sick be well again."

And when I woke the following day  
And carelessly went on my way,  
The whole day long I did not try  
To wipe a tear from any eye;  
I did not share the load  
Of any brother on my road;  
I did not even go to see  
The sick man just next door to me.

Yet once again when day was done  
I prayed, "O Lord, bless everyone."  
But as I prayed, into my ear  
There came a voice that whispered clear,  
"Pause, hypocrite, before you pray:  
Whom have you tried to bless today?  
God's sweetest blessings always go  
By hands who serve Him here below."

And then I hid my face and cried,  
"Forgive me, Lord, for I have lied.  
Let me but see another day  
And I will live the way I pray."

—Anon.

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## The M.V. "Batuna" Dedication

E. E. WHITE

In the morning of Thursday, March 18, a number of representatives of the Union Conference and others gathered at Halvorsen's shipyard in Sydney to dedicate the new 65-foot motor-vessel "Batuna." This is one of the largest boats in our mission fleet, and is commissioned for work in the Solomon Islands group, helping to replace the fifteen ships lost during the recent war.

The vessel had just been loaded for its twelve-day journey across the ocean, but before it cast off, at least two score persons came on board for the dedication ceremony. As many as could crowded into the saloon and joined heartily in singing the appropriate hymn, "Father, I launch into the deep." Pastor A. G. Stewart led in a brief service and then called on Dr. H. E. McMahon, who was one of the passenger-crew, to read a poem he had written on little ships. Pastor R. E. Hare, who is making an itinerary to the Solomons and New Guinea, and also acting as a member of the crew (no pleasure-trippers on this cruise!) then told us a few details concerning the improvements the builders had incorporated in the "Batuna." It is certainly a vessel of which we can be proud, and which represents a worthy investment of our mission funds as it plies to and fro on its visits among the islands, carrying hope and health and healing to the many thousands who have yet to see the light. Pastor H. White, the superintendent of the Solomon Islands Mission, offered grateful thanks on behalf of that field for their gifts, their sacrifice, and their prayers which had made this ship possible. Finally

our Union president, Pastor W. G. Turner, in the dedicatory prayer committed the new vessel into the hands of Him who commands the mighty deep, and asked for His blessing on the present crew as they take the "Batuna" to its desired haven, and on the permanent native crew as they care for the boat during its service in the Solomons.

The visitors then disembarked, leaving the crew of seven with their neat, trim craft to make the 2,000-mile journey across hazardous waters; but confident that He who rules the winds and waves would protect these voyagers as they go to spread further the glorious message of the advent "beside all waters."

### IMPERILLED BY THE CYCLONE

This letter was written by Dr. Henry McMahon on the 24th March:—

We are anchored behind Moreton Island, Queensland, where we have been since Sunday night. We had a very rough twenty-four hours before we anchored here—the port rail was constantly washed by waves as the ship rolled amongst seas often higher than the bridge. Captain Radley brought her safely over the severe tide rip into this haven. The weather report showed the gale was increasing up north, with a cyclone raging exactly on our course three days' journey out in the Pacific. We travel about 168 knots a day, and it is approaching us at approximately the same rate, and is now at Great Sandy Island, our next day's journey north. We expect the cyclone to reach us at midnight. The gale is blowing strongly here and we have already shifted anchorage twice. Even now our anchor is dragging slightly; but the vessel is quite safe here.

We think it is by the mercy of God that we reached this place of safety just before dark, for the "Rowena," a much larger and more powerful vessel which went out at the same time has been driven back and is now about eighty miles north of us, being driven a battered wreck to-

wards the beach, and the centre of the cyclone has not yet reached her.

We held a thanksgiving service when we arrived here. Water driven by the force of the waves forced itself into every part of the ship. The cabin was awash, most of our things were wet, and we estimate that at least £100 worth of damage was done. But we are all in excellent health and of good courage waiting for the weather to abate so we can deliver the "Batuna" for its work in the Solomon Islands.

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## Dedication at Cheki, Solomon Islands

EDNA A. BAINES

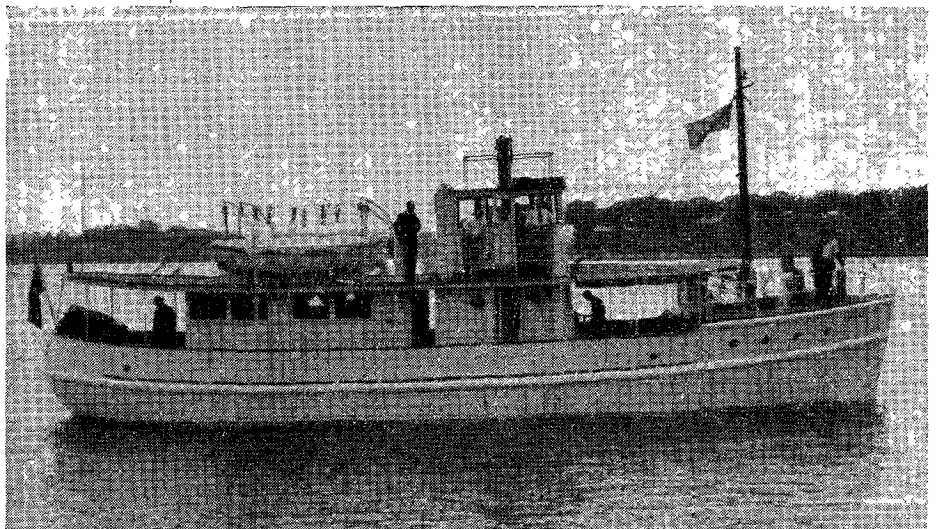
The tropical sun shone brightly as our American landing barge glided through the beautiful Marovo Lagoon bound for Cheki. The waters were calm, the scenery was enchanting, missionaries and natives chatted happily, and even our friend the crocodile showed his approval of glorious life as he swam leisurely along before hearing the engine.

"What was our mission?" you ask. "Was it a picnic?" No, better than that. We were travelling to Cheki for the long-looked-for dedication of the church. Natives from villages near and far had gathered, and it was a happy crowd who listened reverently as Pastor Rini dedicated that church to the Lord.

In structure, it appealed to us immensely, for it was built of native materials; it was cool, inexpensive, beautiful to look on, and it was erected to the glory of God.

As Pastor Rini spoke he took us back in thought to the earlier days of Cheki, for this is the second house of worship that has been built at this village, but this one is bigger and better. Pastor Rini pointed us to that temple above "whose builder and maker is God."

Addressing the congregation, Brethren Aveling and Baines admonished us to dedicate not only our church but also our hearts and lives to the Master; for in consecrating the church we must realize that it consists of genuine consecrated lives fit for the Master to use.



THE "BATUNA," THE NEW MOTOR-VESEL FOR THE SOLOMON ISLANDS

The thank offering to the Lord on this the opening day was more than £20, besides baskets of food.

It wasn't long after the meeting before savoury smells came from the direction of the cook-house. Upon investigating we found hundreds of food parcels hot off the stones, ready for distribution. Each village on being called was allotted its share, and still there was plenty.

As we sat down in the shade of the coconut palms and tried to do justice to the outsize masi-masi and native-cooked fish, and looked up to the new church dedicated to our Lord, we surely could say,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below."

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## Picture Rolls for New Guinea, Please!

GWEN HOWELL

A few minutes ago I heard a faint tinkle of iron striking iron from away across the valley. It was the call to the village folks to assemble for evening worship, and it was made by a village man who receives no pay from the mission. You would find that he has a picture roll to show his congregation; it may be a very tattered and torn one; and he may not know much about its pictures, but God blesses the smallest effort put forth for Him.

It is for such as these that we ask for your used picture rolls. In the home Sabbath schools there are many used rolls stored away in the cupboards. We need them badly here, as although we get our regular issue for our teachers to use, there are not nearly enough for us to hand out to the village people.

Often a mission boy will come to us and say, "A friend from my village far away has come to visit me. Can I have a picture roll to 'school' (teach) him so he can take it back to teach the people at home?"

Rolls given out like this are returned and exchanged from time to time. They are carried in a length of bamboo or a piece of bark to protect them; but constant handling soon wears them out, and our rolls at present are very torn and dirty.

I hope I have shown you our need, and that you will make a good response. You cannot send us too many, for there are hundreds of villages around here, and soon other new stations will be opening new areas, and they too will require them; so we can pass them on if the supply is more than we need.

Please-help us by posting your used rolls, marked "Printed Matter Only," to S.D.A. Mission, Bena Bena, via Lae, New Guinea.

## VALUE OF HONEY

"As a cosmetic honey has a nourishing, bleaching, astringent, and antiseptic effect on the skin; and its beneficial effects were widely acclaimed in past centuries. Many face creams and lotions heralded today contain honey, which undoubtedly is the most valuable and effective ingredient in them, and, used alone, would give as good or better results. It seems justifiable to suggest that this plebeian commodity should be the object of more intensive and unbiased modern research, and its dethroned virtues restored to general public knowledge."—Selected.

# Australasians Abroad

## A Word from Pastor R. A. Anderson

Pastor R. A. Anderson wrote to the editor from Washington on March 24:—

"I had a long talk with Brother McElhany a few days ago concerning the happenings in Australia. I am very glad that you brethren there have found your way through the problems and have laid foundations for a strong organization. When this is actually put into effect, I believe it will bring new life and enthusiasm to the whole field.

"Brother McElhany was loud in his praise of the fellowship and hospitality he had down there. He also mentioned a trip with you to visit Lithgow and the fond memories it brought to both of you. He is a very lovable character, and I know the whole field has been blessed by his brief stay.

"Well, father has left the shores of America and is due to arrive in Southampton, Friday, March 26. I arrive then too, although I do not leave until the day before. I am travelling by plane on my way on quite a long itinerary. I begin in London this coming week-end and will then go down to the Middle East making contact with a number of places, and then down to Southern Africa, beginning in the Congo and ending at the Cape. I must try to find opportunity to drop you a little report en route. These are not the best days to travel, especially around the unhappy lands of the Middle East, but God's work must go on in spite of the difficulties. I have, in all, about twelve union institutes and many other workers' councils as well as visits to two colleges.

"Please give my Christian love to my friends in the homeland."

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## In Search of Knowledge

E. G. McDOWELL  
(Concluded)

After a short but interesting study of Winnipeg's schools, we left for Minneapolis en route to Union College. At Minneapolis a visit to the University of Minnesota proved very valuable. It was intended to be but for a few hours to fill in time between trains, but ended by lasting for two days. At this large institution of 30,000 students I first met the man who was in charge of American Army education in Australia during the war. He arranged for me to meet many notable educational personalities, including Dr. Brameld, who made a lecture tour of Australia in 1946. He arranged for us to have lunch with Dr. Williamson, the well-known guidance expert, and with two of the other professors. The following day he arranged for us to be taken on a programme of visitation to interesting rural schools. On this trip, incidentally, we saw the waters of Minnetonka and the scenes which Longfellow has immortalized in Hiawatha. Dr. Archer has written to us in New York asking us to spend a few days at Minne-

apolis as guests of the University as we return to Australia.

Our last day at Minneapolis was a Sabbath, so on the Friday afternoon we contacted the conference office in order to find the location of the nearest church. The result was that next morning the manager of the local Book and Bible House drove us fifty miles to Maplewood, one of our large boarding academies, where we took services both in the morning and afternoon. It proved to be a delightful day. It was dark when we returned to the city, and we just had time to have a meal and catch our train for Lincoln, Nebraska, to visit Union College.

Union College is an old institution from which have gone so many of the pioneer missionaries to lands abroad. One of the most notable features of this college is an exceptionally fine science building. It is divided into three floors, one for each of physics, chemistry, and biology. Each laboratory is quite elaborately equipped and very competently staffed. At Union we spent some time with Dr. Dick and his family. He is the brother of the General Conference secretary, who visited Australia recently. Dr. Dick is one of the authorities on the history of the Middle West, and has published a number of books dealing with this field.

Chicago was an important stop for us. We visited many public schools and also firms manufacturing school equipment all the way from textbooks to visual aids. One of the most interesting of these firms was Denoyer Geppert who are the world's largest makers of maps and anatomical and biological models. Our physiology teachers would have viewed with amazement the remarkable collection of ingenious physiological models. Seeing the cartographers at work was an education in itself. Mr. Geppert took me to a Rotarian luncheon, where there was given a demonstration of the latest developments in delayed-action colour photography to depict the growth of plants.

While in Chicago it was our privilege to attend two important educational conventions organized by the General Conference, one for union educational secretaries, the other for academy principals. It gave us an opportunity to meet all the leading educational men in the secondary field in our work, as well as to hear them discuss important issues. The meetings were led by Drs. Rasmussen, Reynolds, and Weaver of the General Conference.

The last college at which we called on our eastward journey was Emmanuel Missionary College, a few miles south of Battle Creek. Here we were particularly interested in the extensive industrial programme. Our visit coincided with that of three of the workers from Denmark and Norway. We greatly enjoyed their association, and together discussed our respective views on the weaknesses and strengths of the American colleges.

A week-end visit to Battle Creek was made at this time. We were fortunate to arrange it at the time when the local academy was having its graduation exercises. Graduations for both colleges and



academies are very formal occasions. There is a great deal of ceremony, and students are led to feel the solemnity and the importance of the occasion. The Sabbath service is quite impressive. While I would not advocate quite so much formality, I do think we might give more recognition in Australia to high school graduation, with a special service on Sabbath.

There is much to interest an Adventist visitor to Battle Creek. It has so many historic associations. Perhaps the most interesting place is the cemetery in which many of our pioneers are buried. Tombstone after tombstone bears names that are very familiar to us. There is surely much hallowed ground in Battle Creek.

On our way from Chicago to New York we travelled via Detroit, the great automobile centre. We spent one day here, and greatly enjoyed a visit to the famous Greenfield Village and the Edison-Ford Museum. In this very remarkable museum are housed models of every mechanical invention of the last two hundred years. It is possible to examine every stage of development of any machine one might name, be it bicycle, radio, typewriter, plough, harvester, aeroplane, steam engine, or electric bulb. It contains several complete trains. In the village one can walk through such historic buildings as the home of Stephen Foster, of Daniel Webster, Edison's laboratory, the Wright Brothers' cycle shop, and so on.

After leaving Detroit the rail passes through Canada. We left the train at Welland and took a bus to Niagara Falls. We stayed here for Sabbath and journeyed to New York on the Sunday. This beauty spot surpassed our expectations, and its many scenic gems will live long in our memories.

The next day, June 22, marked the end of our long journey. As we sped along the banks of the historic Hudson, we were thankful that our travels were nearly over for a while. We had grown utterly weary of trains, hotels, and restaurants. We were longing to enjoy a meal cooked at "home."

However, it was a week before we were able to get settled. House-hunting in New York is a forgotten pastime. There simply are no houses on Manhattan Island. A twenty-minute subway ride takes us to the university, and another fifteen minutes puts us in Times Square, the heart of the city. The New York subways are fast and cheap, but are devoid of comfort, and in rush hours resemble cattle trucks, for eighty per cent of the passengers have to stand. The crowding is beyond belief.

Apart from occasional visits to the Westernmans, who live across the Hudson in Jersey City, about an hour's journey from us, we meet no Adventists other than on Sabbath. We usually worship at Manhattan church, but sometimes go to Washington Avenue church in Brooklyn. This is a very large and beautiful church where we have several friends, but since it is quite a distance we do not go very often.

Every city church in this country usually has its own pastor and often an assistant pastor. But until recently Manhattan church had neither for over twelve months. The Greater New York Conference was even without a president for some months. Workers are loath to come to New York. Housing is a very serious problem and cost of living is higher than elsewhere. It is almost imperative for workers' wives to find employment in order to supplement

the husbands' incomes. For those with families all the above problems are accentuated. And yet there is a vast amount of work to be done in this enormous city. Every day there is born into it many more people than we contact in a month.

During a few days' recess at the university last August we paid a visit to Washington to see our educational institutions in that city. Highlights of the visit were attendance at classes at the Seminary, a day at the J. N. Andrews School, which is one of our most efficiently conducted primary schools, a day in the Review and Herald Publishing House; a visit to the vault containing precious documents relating to the writings of Mrs. White; attendance at two of the General Conference committee meetings; and a morning with Pastor Froom, who explained his research methods in his study of prophetic interpretation.

But interesting as these occasions were, our greatest pleasure came from renewed associations with our Australian brethren. It gave us great joy to associate with the Johansons, the Roenfelts, the Adairs, and the Kranzs. How our tongues wagged!

But these few days passed very quickly, and we were soon back to study in New York. A few days later I was returning home in the subway from the University when I was amazed to notice a familiar face opposite. It was Brother Adair, and Mrs. Adair was there too. It is amazing how paths can cross in a city of eight millions. It reminded me of our meeting with Pastor Conley at a bus depot in Pendleton, Oregon.

For the next few days we had a regular succession of visitors, the Roenfelts, the Andersons, and the Burns, who were on their way home. Saying good-bye to them made us quite homesick. Pastor E. L. Minchin spent an evening with us on his way home from the Youth Congress. Then we had visits from Pastor Rudge and

Brother G. E. Adair, who were over for the Autumn Council. We also saw the Whites as they passed through on their way to Australia.

After three months of continuous study, Christmas was a welcome break. The G. H. Minchins had invited us to spend the week with them at Atlantic Union College. And what a delightful Christmas we spent! New Englanders celebrate Christmas in traditional fashion. Almost every house has its gaily decorated and brilliantly lighted fir tree. Candles burn in the windows, and floral decorations add to the festive scene. The snow on the ground completes the picturesque scene that we always associate with Christmas cards. While in New England this Christmas we saw many a scene that looked familiar, only to recall that our previous view had been but a picture postcard. South Lancaster has its sleighs. On New Year's Eve we were taken for a ride in a real cutter, which was complete with harness that carried little bells that jingled with every step of the horse. Skiing, tobogganing, and ice-skating are popular outdoor activities at the college at this time of the year. Mrs. McDowell discovered that while tobogganing can be lots of fun, it can also provide spills that are not so funny.

Snow is nice on occasions, but when one has to live with it for weeks on end, one's appreciation of it wanes considerably. At Christmas time New York was paralysed with a record fall of twenty-six inches. Two more heavy falls followed with the result that we have had snow for three months. In January the temperature seldom rose above twenty degrees and was often down to zero. One night we had forty degrees of frost. You can imagine how eagerly we are looking forward to the spring. But the autumn will be even more welcome, for by the time the leaves begin to fall we should be thinking of heading homeward.

## *"Prophetic Faith of Our Fathers," Vol. II*

Here is good news! Volume II of "Prophetic Faith of Our Fathers," which has been subjected to so many delays, is at last off the press. No doubt, some of our ministers wondered if it would ever reach them. Of course, in this post-war world, we are getting used to delays, but the delays in this publication were more than mechanical.

It was imperative that our book editors make a very thorough recheck of the thousands of vital historical references. However, there has been so much destruction in the last few years, that many of these statements have been extremely difficult to re-locate. Such work has been tedious and exacting. But when you receive this book you will recognize that it has been worth waiting for because in it you will find, not only inspirational reading, but a unique reference volume.

No period in church history is more moving than the pre-Reformation and Reformation centuries. However, wandering through these periods with LeRoy E. Froom brings a new inspiration, for we meet these mighty men of Reformation times in a different way and study their work from a different angle from that emphasized by the usual church histories.

The Reformers' understanding of doctrine was important, but that which made them protest so vigorously against the established church was really their understanding of prophecy. Prophetic interpretation made them what they were. But the gripping part of it all for the Adventist student is that their interpretations are our interpretations. Adventism not only grew out of the Reformation, but is the continuation or, more correctly, the completion of the Reformation. Our movement has its roots in God's great movements of the past. Understanding of these great facts gives not only more confidence to the preacher or the layman, but puts him in possession of a new power. No longer need Adventists be on the defensive; we can take the offensive. It is not we who have departed from the faith. We hold the very cardinal truths which made Methodists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, and Baptists. And those truths we are commissioned to take to the world in the definite setting of the judgment hour message.

When the Reformers spoke of the anti-christ, the man of sin, the blaspheming little horn, the persecuted woman, even the year-day prophecies, or the first and second resurrections, there was no confusion of terms. The meaning of the prophetic symbols was clear. In fact, such chapters as Daniel 7, Revelation 12 and 17

were interpreted so universally alike that King James, by whose authority and under whose guidance the Authorized Version was made, sent a letter to all the crowned heads of Europe urging that they break from papal allegiance, and thus fulfil the words of Rev. 17:17 as brought out in this volume.

Instead of the Protestant Reformation's being merely a political revolution, as some modern historians suggest, one discovers that it was really the outgrowth of deep spiritual convictions. And the men who led it were the greatest scholars of their day. Even King James himself was a recognized scholar in Biblical languages. And, while it is not generally known, when he was only twenty years of age, he wrote a commentary on the Book of Revelation. In the light of these facts the preface of our English Authorized Version can be read with a new interest. This book brings to light many features of unusual interest, that provide both the preacher and the lay worker with new ammunition.

To refresh one's mind on the vital facts that built Protestantism, and to have one's confidence re-established in the divine movements of those centuries is important to the preachers and teachers who, under God, are to sound the loud cry.

Volume II of the "Prophetic Faith of Our Fathers" will, we believe, inspire both the ministry and the members of the advent movement. The leaders of the great Reformation, whose names are household words will be seen in a new light, but others, whose names some of us have never heard, will also spring forth from the pages of this book to take their place among the most influential personalities of those stirring times. Every church leader, be he evangelist, pastor, teacher, Bible instructor, lay preacher, or Sabbath school teacher, should have this book in his library. It represents a prodigious amount of research, for every worthwhile library in Europe and America has yielded its treasures to make possible this thrilling history of prophetic interpretation.

Our workers have waited long for this co-ordinated recital of prophetic interpretation. Now it is ready. Those whose orders were received for last year's Reading Course will receive their copies through the mail. Others can order this timely book from their publishing houses or Book and Bible Houses. The book is impressively illustrated, beautifully printed, with charts and diagrams making its message clear.

In sending this news item, I want to also send greetings to our dear believers and workers throughout the Australasian field.

We have prayed for you constantly that the Lord will bless your service for Him and hasten the day when we shall all be gathered into the real homeland, the kingdom of God.

☆ ☆ ☆

Christ left His clothes to the soldiers; He left His mother to John; He left His pardon to the penitent thief; He left His peace to His disciples; He left His promise of the Holy Spirit to all who would seek and wait for Him, but He left His purse to Judas. It is the Judas' character that affiliates with the purse. The things are before each one to choose. Pardon, peace, the seamless robe, the mother of Jesus, i.e., association with those related to Christ, that you may give help and sympathy, the indwelling of the Spirit of God, or the purse. Which?—"The Vanguard."

## AUSTRALASIAN RECORD

Official Organ of the  
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SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS

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### WEDDING BELLS

**LESLIE-THRIFT.**—In the evening of March 10, 1948, a very pretty wedding was solemnized in the Perth church, W.A., when Allan Leslie of Bungulla was united in marriage with Elva Thrift, daughter of Pastor and Mrs. R. A. R. Thrift. Elva has spent some time in our West Australian Conference office as assistant Sabbath School secretary, where her work was very greatly appreciated. As these young people unite in this life-long partnership we pray God's richest blessing upon them.

W. J. Richards.

**SMITH-FLETCHER.**—In the evening of February 26, 1948, Brother Frederick James Smith and Miss Corinna May Fletcher were united in marriage in the Perth church, W.A. The bride is well known, having served as matron at the W.A. Missionary College for some years and lately at the Vegetarian Cafe in Perth. Brother Smith has had a broad experience as a salesman, also in the goldfields. About 120 guests gathered round the bountifully spread table afterwards to partake of the good things prepared by the bride herself, and to give them their good wishes. We pray that much of the Lord's blessing will be with them as they travel life's way together.

D. A. Speck.

**BARONIAN-McLEAN.**—On March 10, 1948, the Tauranga church, New Zealand, was decorated to receive Charles Spencer Baronian and Conrad Elizabeth McLean, who united their lives by the sacred vows of matrimony. At the breakfast which followed a large company gathered, and the kindly words spoken by those personally acquainted with the bride and bridegroom show the high esteem in which they are held. All joined in wishing them the blessing of God as together they tread the pathway that leads to the eternal city.

A. G. Judge.

**SPEERS-DYASON.**—In the Concord church, N.S.W., on March 10, 1948, Gordon Val, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Speers, and Carolynne Adele, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Dyason, pledged each other their love and loyalty "until death do us part," as they were united in holy matrimony by the bride's grandfather assisted by Pastor A. E. Watts. About eighty guests were entertained at a reception in the Ashfield Town Hall, where an excellent programme of musical and other items brought a fitting climax to a perfect day.

The happy couple were farewelled by their friends as they left to commence a new phase of life, both walking in the ways of the Lord.  
A. J. Dyason.

**HISCOX-HORT.**—On February 11, 1948, at the Perth church, W.A., Brother Gordon Hiscox of Gabbin was united in marriage with Sister Patricia Hort. Both of these young people are highly respected throughout West Australia, and as they join hands to walk life's pathway we wish them much of God's blessing.

W. J. Richards.



**BEATTIE.**—Sadness came to the home of the Beattie family of Kawiti, Bay of Islands, N.Z., on February 17, 1948, when Queenie, who had seen but six months of life, breathed her last. With the sorrowing parents and their other children we grieve. There is the sure hope of the resurrection when loved ones "long separated by death will be reunited, nevermore to part, and with songs of gladness will ascend together to the city of God."

J. A. Mitchell.

**LINDEMAN.**—After a long illness, Sister Martha Ellen Lindeman, of the Red Hill church, passed away at the Brisbane Friendly Societies Hospital, on February 12, 1948, at the age of fifty-four years, and was laid to rest in the Toowong cemetery. To her sorrowing husband and children, as well as other loved ones, we extend deepest sympathy in the loss that has come to them, and point them to the blessed day when sorrow and sighing shall have fled away. Pastor B. H. Swartzkopf assisted the writer in the funeral services.

W. T. Hooper.

**LLOYD.**—On February 23, 1948, we laid to rest Brother G. J. Lloyd of Bickley, West Australia. For some time he had not enjoyed good health; medical attention was of no avail, and he fell asleep in Jesus. Brother Lloyd was born in Wales, and came to West Australia twenty-five years ago and found his way to our college at Carmel. He later settled at Bickley on an orange orchard. Sister Lloyd stood right by her husband and did all she could to bring comfort and relief. To her and the family left behind we extend our sincere sympathy. Pastors A. W. Martin and C. S. Palmer assisted at the graveside.

D. A. Speck.

The Queensland Conference wishes to thank X7 for an amount of £30 tithe sent to the Conference Office.

**FOR SALE.**—Gladiolus bulbs (mixed) 3/6 per doz or £1 per 100. Carriage extra. Helene Phillips, 42 Maitland Road, Coorانبong, N.S.W.

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### Advent Correspondence School

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## Baptism

A. J. DYASON

There is always something pleasing and beautiful about the white-capped waves of the incoming tides as they spend themselves on sandy beaches or find their way into rivers and creeks on a bright sunny day. Yes, there is that indefinable "something" grand and majestic which calls to mind the Almighty's fiat, "Here shall thy proud waves be stayed," and brings confidence and assurance to the hearts of the believers that "the Word of our God liveth and abideth for ever" and that He doeth all things well.

On a recent Sabbath afternoon at Innes Park tidal creek, Bundaberg, amid such pleasant surroundings, Pastor F. Slade baptized ten candidates into the great family of God. Here were a father and mother with three adult members of the family—a son and two daughters; two young husbands with their wives; and a young woman, all raised to walk in newness of life, rejoicing in their newly found faith.

Several cars brought a large number of friends, who assembled on the sandy slopes of the stream, offered the dedicatory prayer and, accompanied by the music of a small organ, sang songs of praise and victory as the candidates bore witness of their determination to follow their Saviour all the way. Another candidate, unable to be present on this memorable occasion, was baptized later.

The Lord has greatly blessed Pastor and Sister Slade in their work for Him in Bundaberg. To God be the glory.

★ ★ ★

## Letters of Thanks from Great Britain

It will be remembered by our readers that last year the Papuan native crew in Sydney presented to the Lord Mayor a cheque on behalf of the Bisiatabu church for the Food for Britain Fund. His Worship expended the money on jam, and on each tin placed a kindly message as from the Australasian Union Conference. And so in many food parcels distributed by the Lord Mayor's representatives in Britain there was included a tin of jam. Many letters of gratitude have since been received at the Union Conference office from grateful recipients across the sea. Among them was this one:—

27 Stow Street,  
Glasgow, C2,  
3rd February, 1948.

Dear Friends,

I take this opportunity of thanking your society for their kind consideration of the people of Scotland who were fortunate enough to receive one of your gracious gifts. My family and I were in the lucky group of recipients. We received a tin of stew, which with vegetables and potatoes made our Xmas dinner, the tin of orange and grape-fruit juice made into a drink was specially enjoyed by the children. We had still a tin of spaghetti. This we used on New Year's day. Then finally, the tin of jam served for a day or two at tea-time.

I am the proud father of four lovely girls. . . . My wife and I are exceptionally proud of our girls, and they are well behaved.

The first time I met any of the Seventh-day Adventists was at Pitcairn Island, where I had the great pleasure of presenting a technical book on wireless telegraphy to the island operator. We then went on to Brisbane, Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, and up to Newcastle, where we had to remain for seven weeks owing to a strike. This was in 1925. So you will see by this I have visited your wonderful country. I was then employed as a wireless officer on board ship.

I am a disabled ex-serviceman, one of those who took part in the retirement from Mons in 1914. After I received the wound which put me out of the Army I was trained as a wireless operator, and went to sea.

I have given you the above particulars so that you may know the type of people your so very generous gifts helped to enjoy a happier Xmas and new year than would have been their lot if they had not been fortunate enough to receive a gift. These were mainly distributed to widows and unemployed people. In conclusion, will you please thank the members of your Union and inform them that I am sure they have the prayers and grateful thanks of all the recipients.

Thanking you once again and wishing you and your members all good health,

I am yours fraternally,  
Alexander J. McEwan.

The following letter acknowledges a parcel sent from the Wahroonga church:—

2 Donegal Avenue,  
Donegal Road,  
Belfast,  
5th February, 1948.

Dear Fellow Believers,

When I was engaged in the Bible work in the North England Conference, as Miss Reynolds, I received one of your welcome food parcels. That was just before Christmas; but during the festival period I was married. I had saved the contents of your parcel so that my husband and I could share it together. We are both very grateful for your kindness in sending such difficult-to-obtain foods. In Northern Ireland, where we live, we have the same rationing system as pertains in England, so naturally the sight of dried fruits and nuts just thrills us.

However, God is still very good to us, and He sees that we shall never starve, although our diet is often much of a sameness.

In closing I would like to express my warmest thanks on behalf of my husband

and myself, for your practical tokens of friendship. Although we may never meet on this earth, let us pray that we shall all be united in the earth made new.

Your friend in Christ,  
R. N. Weir.

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## The Wells of Salvation

L. L. MOFFITT

Associate Secretary Sabbath School Department,  
General Conference

"With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." Isa. 12:3. Whence spring these living fountains from which with joy we may draw the water of salvation, if not from the Word of God? Yes, from the Bible flows the water of life. As weary travellers along life's desert way, we may find in the Word of God a restful oasis where rise the shading palm trees of His grace, where flow the fountains of His love.

O that we might come as eagerly to the wells of salvation as the dusty caravan presses toward the desert watering-place! As they traverse those burning sands, both man and beast quicken their pace when they near the oasis. None need be goaded on to drink. All quaff the refreshing water. Thirst quenched, they lie down to rest in the palm trees' shade. Thus it should be with us and the Bible. It should require no artificial stimulus to goad us on to the study of the Word of God. We should find it not an irksome task to come to the Bible for refreshment and solace, but rather "with joy" we should "draw water out of the wells of salvation."

Then the daily study of a portion of our Sabbath school lesson will not be an arduous, disagreeable task, but a joy and a delight. We know of few, if any, means more effectual for daily, systematic feeding upon the Word of God than the study of a portion of the Sabbath school lesson at morning or evening worship or at some other stated time.

"The Sabbath school affords to parents and children a precious opportunity for the study of God's Word."—"Counsels to Teachers," pages 43, 53

With these admonitions before us, may we all resolve anew to be faithful in the daily study of our Sabbath school lessons.

I study my lesson daily because  
"None but those who have fortified  
the mind with the truths of the  
Bible will stand through the last great  
conflict."

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