



Is the Young Absalom SAFE ?

ALAN FORD

of insecurity created by the atom and hydrogen bombs and swollen by the incompetence and hypocrisy of politicians."

How refreshing it would be if this were the cause, but the fact remains that bodgies are not interested in politics, and as for bombs, well, if there was one to spare some of them would use it. No, this problem is world-wide and a fresh batch of honest politicians is not the answer, and H-bomb production bans won't put things right. It goes deeper than that, and comes nearer home. Honest investigation reveals the fact that in the great majority of cases of juvenile delinquency, there has been something wrong in the relationship between parent and parent, and parent and child, lack of love, selfishness, over-indulgence, cruelty, and neglect. There is no healthy middle line; no proper sense of values. Something is wrong in the home life, something vital is missing.

The Apostle Paul, looking down the stream of time to the day in which we live, and writing under inspiration, in 2 Tim. 3: 3, warned that a lack of natural affection would be a characteristic of the times. *When parents are too busy, and love goes out of family life, things go wrong in a big way sooner or later.*

I want to tell you about an old schoolmate of mine whom I met recently for the first time in thirty years. He was my hero, my ideal. He did all the things I wanted to do but couldn't for want of courage. My father was a deacon in the big Baptist tabernacle down the way. My early training was strict, consequently I was never really happy and relaxed when knowingly doing wrong. My friend had none of these inhibitions, and he worked according to plan. His parents were nominal Christians, and that's about the best one could say for them: they attended church now and then, but were the kind of Christians who become uncomfortable and look around in alarm if the name of Christ should enter into a conversation. The boy had lost contact somehow with his family, mother, father, and two older sisters, all of whom were busy with personal affairs in which the interests of a schoolboy found no place.

In a desperate endeavour to draw attention to himself, he had, at a tender age, become a virtuoso in the art of thinking up ways and means of being wicked. His school



BANNER HEADLINES greet me as I open my paper this morning. "Teen-age crime No. 1 problem in United States." Gloomy words these which J. Edgar Hoover, head of the F.B.I., uses when discussing the unprecedented up-surge of juvenile crime. Of course modern psychological specialists can be counted on to turn up a slick explanation of this tragic national malady; no one really believes it, but here it is: "The juvenile crime wave and the breakdown in schools are due to a national sense

days were full and hectic, and early expulsion followed as a matter of course. His escapades, at the beginning of what could be recognized as a criminal career, were more novel than vicious. Nevertheless they brought him to the notice of the city police. Like Peter of old, I "followed him afar off" on more than one occasion when a representative of the law escorted him home. His activities in the semi-darkness of the afternoon matinees added grey hairs to the heads of every theatre manager in the city. He was building a small but comprehensive repertoire.

He stole empty bottles from the rear of shops and sold them again at the front door. He knew his way around. When funds were low he stole sheet lead from the plumbers and with a hammer and hollow punch, also stolen, cut out lead pennies by the dozen. With his school pants sagging beneath the weight of this unholy currency, he staggered off to work the coin-in-the-slot machines which were not so particular in their choice of metals in those far-off days. He spent hours during the summer holidays showing me how to de-rail trams on the North Beach run where the wind-blown sand was often level with the tram rails. On these occasions he posed as a casual spectator, smiling crookedly, and sadistically exulted by the efforts of the tram crew, toiling beneath the hot summer sun.

He had a rare affinity for stray dogs that came to him with eyes smiling and tails a-wagging. He dumped them on the laps of unsuspecting boaters drifting under the bridges which crossed the city's meandering river. His were the restless hands which made the startling anatomical alterations to the life-size figures in the statuary of the city's museum.

Before he was sixteen he was having few if any meals at home, living mostly on soft drinks and fish and chips. He batched in a shed at the rear of the section on which their town house stood. Here with door and window sealed, I have been an interested spectator on "live shell" practice with a stolen .22 revolver. This within a few blocks of the civic centre. By this time the family's good name was in jeopardy, and belated tears were being shed. Before he was eighteen he was consorting with low criminal types of both sexes and boasting of what he was "getting away with." His personality had changed, and he knew it. The schoolboy pranks of earlier days had given way to organized criminal activities. My hero worship had, with the passing of time, become something more in the nature of deep concern. A treasured friendship had to be broken up. He was going places where I couldn't follow. Let it be recorded to his credit that he did not ever try to persuade me to embark on a programme of lawlessness.

During the year that had passed, blind selfishness had helped to bring about some interesting achievement by the ever busy members of his family. Dad, whose god was cricket, had made a reputation for himself by hitting sixers in big cricket. Older sister had turned the home into a singing studio and had caterwauled her

selfish way into an aria contest. Younger sister who thought in terms of ballet could kick an electric light bulb out of its socket. Mother was a passive slave who washed, cooked, ironed, and watched with fear the approach of a tragedy she knew she was powerless to avert.

We will pass over the details of activities, as a result of which he was charged with having committed a serious crime. A sad picture of a young man fairly launched on a criminal career, determined to go the wrong way, heading toward prison, at the point of "no return."

The next move was a wise one and tied up with the warning given in Holy Writ to the effect that, if the rod is spared, the child will be spoiled. Belated though it may be, it will still produce the desired results.

Back in those far-off days when psychiatry was in its infancy and the phenomena of "repressions" and "frustrations" had not intruded into criminal court discussions, harsh but effective methods were at hand to deal with young criminal types in the making, who set their faces against authority, and who arrogantly flouted the law. My friend was one of these.

When he arrived at the Borstal to which he was sent, he had the idea that he was "tough." He toyed with this conviction for some time, then decided to put it to the test. The result was startling. There were people in that institution who knew just how to deal with tough types, and they dealt with him. He was given a shock treatment which brought him back to reality with a jerk and changed the whole pattern of his thinking. And this is important: changed it for the better. One application only was needed.

This unfortunate boy came from good stock in which there were no criminal tendencies, and what had been built up over the years when his father was slogging boundaries, was false and artificial and needed only to be broken down. The single flogging he received from the hands of one expert in the business did just that. Discussing this aspect with me as we talked of the past, he said he was firmly convinced that nothing else could have halted his tragic pilgrimage toward ruin. To this he owes his salvation, his citizenship, home, wife, family. Or to use his own words, as he smiled crookedly in reminiscing, "everything."

Is the young man Absalom safe?

There came a time in the life of David, king of Israel, when with the cold fingers of remorse clutching at his heart, he pushed the great affairs of state out of the way and from his mind, in concern for his boy. Everything else must take a secondary place. A time when even the final report of a great battle in which the nation was involved, failed to arouse his interest. One matter only concerned him as he fearfully inquired of the runner who had so recently left the battle scene, "Is the young man Absalom safe?"

Did the king, in this, possibly the most dramatic moment of his life, long for something which even God couldn't give,

a turning back of the years? Was there a belated, tormenting thought that some of the time spent in waging bloody profitless battles, could have been directed toward guiding his sons into spiritual paths?

My brother, have you a boy, a young man fighting a spiritual battle in these momentous times? Could you do more than you have done, to date, to help him? Have you money tied up somewhere which could be turned into college fees? Have you selfish hobbies or recreations which are robbing your boy of time which is rightly his? What kind of influences are shaping his destiny? Do you know how he fills in his spare time, and with what type of companions? Has family worship given place to radio serials? Are you losing your boy?

Is the young man Absalom safe—spiritually?

What Parkin Christian Thinks of America

MYRTLE L. WARD

By airmail yesterday we received a little news of Brother Parkin Christian, a delegate on his way to the General Conference, which may be of interest to "Record" readers.

A clipping from a newspaper has this heading: "Pitcairn Man Arrives from Civilization." On May 7 Brother Parkin (seventy-three) was in New York for the first time. Interviewed by the press, he said:

"You ask me what I think of civilization. I think just what I told a man on board ship who asked me the same question. I said to him and I say to you that when I left Pitcairn I left civilization and entered an uncivilized world. Buildings and bombs are impressive, but the only true civilization is founded on love."

That same evening, a pen-friend tells us, Brother Christian appeared on television on a programme bearing the title, "I Have a Secret." The audience is shown what the secret is, and then a panel of four have to try to guess it by questioning. The secret was, "His great-great-grandfather started the mutiny on the 'Bounty.'" It is a cigarette programme, but the M.C. did not smoke while questioning Parkin. The panel was unsuccessful, so a prize of \$80 went to Brother Christian. And besides that, instead of the usual carton of cigarettes, he was presented with an electric organ for the church on Pitcairn and a generator to provide the power! Much was said about the tiny island so far away from New York, and it was mentioned that all the inhabitants are Seventh-day Adventists.

Brother Christian has been in Australia, he has been in New Zealand, and two years ago was on Norfolk Island for the centenary celebrations of the landing of the Pitcairn islanders on Norfolk Island in June, 1856. Now this trip to America as well as meeting so many of the brethren at the General Conference will give him much to tell the home folk when he returns to "civilization."



Our ISLAND FIELDS

Happy Surprises at Tari

LOUIS T. GREIVE

There have been some interesting developments in our work up here in the highlands of Tari lately, and I thought I should share them with our "Record" readers.

Our school enrolment has risen rapidly since the beginning of this year, and we now have nearly fifty students, which is about all we can possibly take. Not only do we have a large number of students, but also they represent a wide area of this sub-district.

A few weeks ago two boys came in to enrol from Duna, which is well outside the area in which missions are allowed to operate, and which was one time publicized as Shangri-la. We are glad to have them, and they are still with us.

Then a few days later, to my surprise, one of our boys arrived with four boys from Koroba in tow. There is an interesting story concerning them. Koroba is in the "restricted" area, that is, missionaries and other non-government personnel are not allowed there without a special permit. This permit requires visitors to notify the assistant district officer before leaving Tari, and to go in pairs and travel per motor vehicle. Well, these boys had walked in from Koroba, and on arriving at the Tari airstrip, inquired the way, and our boy who is very enthusiastic about this school, brought them along. Since then three more boys have come to us from Koroba, and we hope they will stay with us.

On another occasion, a Sunday, three young men from the Lake Kutubu district—the first I had ever seen from that area—came to our mission to look around and inquire for work. They said they had completed the third standard in the government school down there and now they wanted a change. Although I was very hard put to it to accommodate all those already here, I decided to make a try for them, as they were from a new area, and could we make Seven-deis of them and persuade them to go on to the central school at Wabag, they could qualify as teachers to their own people. However, two backed out, and so far we have only one, Andigi by name, and we are very pleased with him. The other two went to stay with two of their friends who are employed on the government station. Andigi seems to be happy, and what he has heard while attending morning and evening worship and Sabbath meetings has clearly impressed him. He has been working on his mates down at the government station, with the result that they are now

attending our meetings whenever work permits.

We always pray for the Holy Spirit to go before us to open the way, to convict hearts of the whereabouts of His truth, and He certainly does it. No one can otherwise account for the rapid way our work in developing. When we leave it to God in heaven and His Holy Spirit we do see results, without frustration or worry.

We have recently had Week of Prayer here, and the effect on Andigi has been profound. It is our hope that he will go to our central school to continue his studies, and perhaps on to the training school from there. So far he has shown a favourable reaction to these suggestions.

At the Friday evening meeting of our Week of Prayer we had a testimony meeting, the first we have had here, and we dared to hope that some of our boys had been sufficiently affected by the series of meetings just held to give their hearts to the Lord. It was a happy surprise to find that a good number of Hulis and Wabags seemed glad of the opportunity to make a public testimony of their desire to follow their Lord. One of these boys was, until a few months ago, the most difficult problem we had. Great has been the change we have seen in him and in others during recent months. It was the biggest of many thrills in the work at Tari, and we thank God and take courage.

Our original lease here is less than ten acres, too small for our needs altogether, and the assistant district officer once said he would be opposed to our securing any more. Since that time, however, his goodwill has increased tremendously, and we are glad to say that he was prepared to recommend an application for a further lease of approximately ten acres some time ago. Lately we have had the good news that he now has the authority to buy this land for us. We believe this is an answer to prayer.

Our gardens have been producing abundantly as a result of soil improvement and pest control. The highland natives are gardeners, and they respect those who can produce from the land. Every day we see groups of them admiring our gardens and particularly our rapidly growing banana plantation. The Seven-day Mission is favourably known far and wide because of our gardens, so we are glad we did not neglect this aspect of our mission work. One thing the Hulis like about it is getting seedling fruit trees (e.g., papaws) and good banana suckers to plant in their gardens.

Our ten years of pioneering in the New Guinea highlands has been a thrill from

start to finish, but nowhere have we seen such thrilling events so quickly as in Tari. We are forcefully reminded of the words of the Spirit of prophecy, "The final movements will be rapid ones." The tempo of missionary work is certainly speeding up, and it is our desire to do our full part in keeping up with it. The Lord's hand is over His work.

We trust that the faithful in the homeland will continue to pray that the present encouraging developments will continue, and that the means may be given whereby the reapers may be fully equipped for their great tasks.

Transformations on New Britain

R. A. HARRISON

(One of the fields we are helping by our Thirteenth Sabbath Offering this quarter.)

"You will never change these people."

"If you can make any impression on these people I will take my hat off to you." These and many such statements were made by government officials and others as we started work in the Kombe Islands, along the north-west coast of New Britain.

And well might they have made them, for these people were probably among the most difficult of any we have worked for in this part of the world. Their name a by-word for stealing and licentiousness, and their tiny island never free from the ungodly practices of the people, we nevertheless were invited to place a number of teachers among them.

At first, our teachers and their wives were treated very badly: their food and their possessions were stolen, and six of them were beaten by priests and catechists.

But the Word of God, first as a sword, a fire, and a hammer, went to work; and then it became the water and the bread of life, and the rejoicing of the heart.

Lives began to change. The pigs began to go, and the unclean sea foods, the betel-nut, the tobacco, and the cold, unkind looks of people in darkness.

And beauty, and peace, and love, and joy, began to appear.

Many times we get tired of tossing about on our tiny mission vessel; many nights' sleep is lost as we listen to the groaning of the anchor chain and the screaming of the wind. Some nights are spent trying to forget the beating of the drums and the weird singing of the natives, but brethren and sisters, God is finding His people out here, and He is finishing His work. Churches are being dedicated, baptismal classes are growing in numbers, and tithe houses are being filled with God's portion.

We baptized seventeen of these people last month, and their clean bodies and clothes, and the expression of peace and joy on their faces are more than compensation for all the inconveniences, the heat, and the discomfort.

You cannot come, but we are here; and

when you stop giving, we stop going. Let us hurry, you and me.

Maybe you won't meet these friends, these brothers and sisters of ours, yet awhile, but you will by and by. We are here to find them all. There isn't anything else so important.

"Ours to go, to do, and dare,
Yours to send, to give, and share,
Burdens, ours and yours to bear,
Keep us going, that's our prayer."

Tidings from Tonga

D. H. POWELL

Educational Secretary, Tonga

From this part of the battle front there are few if any spectacular missionary stories. There are no cannibals, head-hunters, live burials, or devil worshippers.

Yet even though gross heathenism in its more obvious manifestations does not exist, there is religious formalism of an equally gross nature. Tonga has been the possessor of Christianity for well over one hundred years. At the same time, life is so peaceful and secure that religion has become even more formal than in Australia. There is no hunger, no floods or national disasters. The horrors of war did not touch Tonga. There are no orphanages or social outcasts. Even a long prison sentence is regarded very lightly.

When a man goes to prison he has a wonderful time. He does work, in the prison garden where are grown large quantities of vegetables during their respective seasons. Sometimes he may be sent to work at the home of some government official (Tongan). The prison, incidentally, is next door to our Beulah College. The boundary fence is about fifty yards from our house. The prisoner is locked up at night-time, but apart from that his freedom is curtailed but little. Prison sentences are frequent. Every day the courts sit and cause the incarceration of some offender or offenders. The offenders are usually guilty of petty theft, which is very rife, failure to pay taxes, and very occasionally some more serious offence.

To awaken these people from their lethargy is a big task. Only the work of the Spirit of God can arouse them. Our efforts seem pitifully small and inadequate when compared with the need. Yet we know that God's ways are not man's ways.

The Beulah College plays an important part in our work in Tonga. The people of Tonga like to send their children to school. Indeed the government requires that they be sent until they are fourteen. After that they go to the colleges to continue their education. Thus both Adventists and non-Adventists are on the roll at Beulah.

Each year upwards of twenty young people are baptized. The majority of our workers in Tonga have received the truth through being students at the college.

There are other colleges besides ours here. On our back boundary we have the Wesleyan College, which recently celebrated its ninetieth anniversary. The Wesleyans have about six colleges in

Tonga, the Catholics four, Church of England one, Mormons one, Government one.

Regrettably, Beulah is far from the head of the list in size, equipment, or academic standard. The rising cost of operation has been too great.

The beautiful Mormon College has cost about £250,000. They have everything in the way of up-to-date equipment.

Poor old Beulah with no glass in some of its windows (too costly to replace with either timber or glass) does not compare very well.

One thing Beulah does have is 150 acres of beautiful soil. And every square inch is fertile. If only we could get the capital to put into it! We have a small dairy from which we deliver milk to the capital. From this source alone the potential income is very great. At the moment Beulah operates the biggest and really the only commercial dairy and milk delivery. Most Europeans get their milk from Beulah. This enterprise could be expanded four-fold if we could get the equipment.

Our class-rooms are dreadfully inadequate. This year we hope that we may be able to increase in this direction. If the MV offering is a good one we will be very happy. It comes to Beulah this year.

Please remember us in your probably crowded prayer list. I am convinced that somebody's prayers have kept Beulah going. Many times the way seems impossible, but we are given the strength to carry on and somehow the troubles and obstacles dissolve.

In Trouble Often

L. N. LOCK

Boats are fascinating things to young fellows, but to almost all missionaries who have anything to do with little mission ships they are just a necessary evil. We use them because there is no other way to get to the scattered islands where we must take the gospel. We don't like them, but we can't do without them.

We were visiting the island of Bellona. The anchorage there is very poor, but we held on for a few days because we did want so much to spend the Sabbath with the folk there. These people had never had a missionary spend the Sabbath with them.

Just before sunset we opened the Sabbath with the people on shore, and in the dusk we rowed back to the little mission ship which was now tossing uncomfortably. While we had our tea the crew boys had a sing-song up forward. Before turning in for the night I went out to see that everything was in order. Just then the ship gave a mighty lurch, which snapped the anchor chain. I raced for the wheel-house and started the engines, for we had had to anchor close to a reef, and we just got the ship under way in time to miss the reef.

We stood off for a while to counsel what we should do. Our main anchor was gone, and I knew we couldn't hold on with the other. Our fuel supply was low. A group of boys from neighbouring Rennel Island,

who were returning home from school, were on the shore, but we had no way of letting them know what had happened.

After prayer, we decided to run for home, as the weather was growing worse. We had a very rough passage that night, and were glad to reach home next afternoon.

Some months later when we next visited Bellona, we found that our people there had found the anchor while fishing, and after much effort had succeeded in getting it ashore, and had it ready for us to pick up.

The gospel could never have been taken to Rennel and Bellona, where a wonderful work has been accomplished, without the mission ship. And that is true of many other islands.

We thank our good Sabbath school members for the wonderful help they have given and will give in providing mission boats.

AROUND THE CONFERENCES

New Zealand Official Dinner

R. W. GROOM

Sales Manager, Sanitarium Health Food Department

Apart from record sales, one of the most outstanding highlights of the activities of the Sanitarium Health Food Company in New Zealand in recent months was the sponsorship of the official dinner at the annual meeting of the New Zealand Grocers' Federation.

Opportunity was given our company to demonstrate that an attractive, appetizing meal can be prepared without meat, tea, or hot condiments.

The officials of the federation insisted that we prepare the meal the "Sanitarium way," and the fact that it was much appreciated is evidenced by the appearance of an article in a recent issue of the "New Zealand Grocers' Review," clippings from which follow. Accompanying the report was a photo of the official table, with names of the officers and hosts.

"The Conference Dinner"

"The 'Conference Dinner' has now become a seemingly essential part of conference. This year delegates and their ladies were the guests of the Sanitarium Health Food Company, and high praise must go to those responsible for the catering and to the sponsors, not only for the grand way in which they treated delegates, but also for the happy choice of venue—the Agricultural Hall in Crawford Street, [Dunedin].

"During the afternoon, delegates' ladies each received from the Sanitarium Health Food Company a corsage delivered to their hotels. On arriving at the dinner guests were received by Mr. Pat Henehan (unfortunately Mrs. Henehan had to return to Auckland because of the illness of her father) and Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Piper, rep-

representing the Sanitarium Health Food Company. Prior to the dinner fruit punch was served in the adjoining hall, and then guests occupied their allotted seats at the tables.

"Fitting Tributes

"Mr. R. W. Gray, sales manager for New Zealand for the host company, said grace, and then those present enjoyed a meal served in accordance with the principles of the Sanitarium Health Food Company which, of course, is associated with the Seventh-day Adventist Church. The strange thing was that despite the amount of eating which was indulged in, the quantity of food never seemed to grow less, nor did it lose any of its appeal. The toast list was brief but the speeches were adequate. Mr. E. H. Down, past-president of 1953, proposed the toast to the federation, to which Mr. Finch appropriately responded. The federation secretary paid a fitting tribute to the hosts of the function, and their toast was enthusiastically honoured. Mr. Piper said that his company appreciated the cordial relations which existed between it and the federation. . . .

"Thought and Efficiency

"At the conclusion of the function guests were farewelled by Mr. and Mrs. Finch, newly elected president of the federation, and Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Gray, representing the Sanitarium Health Food Company. It was an evening of good eating, good speeches, and good fellowship, but obviously behind all the preparation was a lot of thought and quiet efficiency, for which much credit must go to Mr. Piper and Mr. Gray."

At Avondale Fifty Years Ago

Brother W. E. Robbins, a former business course teacher at the A.M. College, has written from California to Brother A. N. Lawson of Avondale. Believing that the friends of Brother Robbins would be pleased to hear from him again, Brother Lawson has kindly shared the letter with us. We quote in part:

"Your letter thrilled me, and as I read it I completely forgot my present surroundings and in my mind went back to the days of 1908-1911 at Avondale. I remember you and Mrs. Lawson so very well. Up in the little room over the entrance to the chapel, where the bell ringer came to announce many of the hours of the day, we had a few typewriters, and Brother Lawson faithfully and persistently mastered the keyboard. Yes, I would enjoy visiting Avondale and would, of course, see many changes. . . .

"You will doubtless recall that after I left Avondale in 1911 I went to the Pacific Union College, which was founded by Professor Irwin. After ten years' teaching there I was called back to Avondale briefly for two years. I returned to California in 1923, and my brother, a physician, asked me to act as business manager for a small hospital in Artesia. Mrs. Robbins worked as a nurse and I as superintendent of the Artesia Hospital for almost twenty-six

years. My younger brother, Arthur, was lost while fishing in northern Mexico. I work only part time.

"Yes, it is very easy for me to remember some of the students who attended the college about fifty years ago. I often read in the 'Review' intensely interesting accounts of the work in your field. May God bless you all."

Brother Robbins' present address is Box 305, P.O., Bellflower, California.

FROM FAR HORIZONS

Public Evangelism in India

G. W. MAYWALD

When I first arrived in India, our union president, Pastor Sorenson, asked me if I would be willing to conduct an evangelistic effort in the early part of 1958. I felt it would be wiser for me first to get a good grip of conditions existing here in South India before I attempted such a programme. At the year-end budget meetings, the committee requested that I go to Ernakulan, a city on Cochin Harbour, on the West Coast, and there help our North Kerala section by leading out in a city effort. I accepted the challenge knowing that God would lead.

The local president did all he could to get a suitable site to erect a tabernacle, but was unable to do so. We then moved to Trichur, a town about fifty miles up the coast, and here the local men had erected a lovely tabernacle out of bamboo and palm leaves. We felt that God was leading and that it was evidently His purpose that we come to this place of approximately 150,000 people. It is a strong Catholic centre. That denomination has almost 300 institutions in this particular area.

Because of my departmental work, I arrived here on the day of the opening meeting. Splendid preparatory work had been done by the local president and his staff, so that everything was well prepared for me to commence the first meeting. Our tabernacle when packed holds approximately 500 people. I was very thrilled to find that for the opening address the place was absolutely packed. I spoke on "Heaven," and from the start God richly blessed us.

We are running four nights a week—Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. This enables me to return the 300 miles to our union headquarters each fortnight and attend to office work. We have been working now for three weeks, and each night the tabernacle has been filled to overflowing.

On the second Sunday night I preached on the "Greatest Love Story Ever Told." I can now rejoice with other evangelists as they see people flocking to their meetings. This particular night not only were people crowded into the meeting place, but also the ground around was covered, as well as the road being blocked. Our

tabernacle has no walls, so this is possible. Just how many people were present was hard to estimate, but a conservative estimate was approximately 1,200. The part which rejoices our hearts is that so many of those who attended the first meeting have continued to come every night.

The team I have been given to assist me consists of the local president, a great preacher himself, two other evangelists, four lady Bible instructors, and a lay member who has done such good soul-winning work that the local committee has asked him to help as a paid assistant Bible instructor.

Almost every member of the local church able to do anything is helping too, even if it is just to keep the children quiet. It is a thrill each night after the meeting to see many of the church members waiting to meet together for prayer to thank God for His leading. Our workers' meetings are proving a great blessing to all.

This week I have spent a good deal of time visiting with the workers. It does something to one's experience to meet with these good Indian people in their own homes, and see the joy that comes to their faces as we talk to them about their soul's salvation and then pray together.

Just this morning our lay member had made arrangements for the president and myself to visit one of his interests. This man lives in a little village out of the main town, over two miles away. When we called he took us into his son's house, because he felt his little house was too humble a place to take the "white preacher." I wish you could have seen the joy on this man's face when I insisted I had come to meet him in his own home. We immediately transferred to his place, and although it was small, and yes, very humble, it was spotless and clean. We sat and talked together concerning the things which we could see were already changing this man's heart. The man told us that for twelve years he had suffered from asthma, insomuch that it was impossible to walk two hundred yards without difficulty. When he received the handbill announcing our meetings, he determined he must go. God has heard the prayer of this poor soul, and for three weeks now he has been able to walk to and from the meetings, a total distance of nearly five miles. He is too poor to take the bus, but he is determined to find the truth. He has never felt so well for over twelve years. It was with tears streaming down his face that he told us through God's grace he was determined to turn from his evil ways and keep all the commandments of God. God is richly blessing our efforts, and I am very thankful that I came here to lead out.

Yes, the devil is working against us here, just the same as anywhere else. About midnight, just two nights ago, the men sleeping in the tabernacle were awakened by a great commotion. Suddenly a man who had attended the meetings rushed in among them crying to be saved. It seems that this man had difficulty with his wife and family. They live near a toddy shop.

(This is the name of their alcohol here.) His brother and other relatives would come to his house for drinking parties, and his wife joined them. He disapproved of what was going on, and decided to find a better way of life, so attended the meetings. This night, having returned home from the tabernacle, he found that his brother and others had become intoxicated and decided to kill him, so he fled to us for safety. The help of the police was sought, so they advised us to keep him with the watchmen. The devil tried his best to get this trouble mixed up with us. To avoid further disturbances we sent the man to a village some eight miles away, where he could be cared for, and at the same time continue studies with the village worker there.

A doctor who regularly attends our meetings is a great church worker. He is anxious for me to accompany him to the churches where he occasionally speaks, so that I can give a message. The first Sunday here I spoke on the second coming of Christ in one of the churches of "The United Churches of South India." The local preacher was sick, so the doctor found it easy to arrange for me to preach. The local church secretary interpreted. It was a thrill to preach to well over a hundred people here.

We rejoice to know that God's last message is already finding its way into the hearts of so many people. We continue to ask you friends back home to keep on praying for the work in India. There is so much to be done, but God is pouring out His Spirit in this country of so many millions, and I believe that very soon the work will be finished even in India.

India is calling today for young men who are willing to proclaim the message with power. To you who may read these lines, if you should receive a call to work here, may I plead with you to accept, because this country is a land of opportunity to the evangelist who is willing to be led by God's Spirit.

"Firsts" in India

BETTY MAYWALD

I am spending two weeks with my husband at Trichur, where he is holding a three months' effort. It has been an experience I would not have missed for anything. I feel I am in a different land here, as Kerala differs so much from Bangalore. Whereas Bangalore has a dry heat, it is tropical and damp here, and consequently the vegetation is different. The name Kerala means "land of coconut trees." It is a picturesque part of India, with its quaint little two-storey bungalows built closely together. Just now mangoes are plentiful and delicious.

The first night we attended the effort, Lyndrea and I were welcomed in the usual way according to their custom, by being garlanded with flowers. The rain came down in torrents as the meeting began, and as we were sitting on the outside, we were getting wet. We eventually found a dry spot on a mat on the floor

right under the rostrum, with the children, who all pressed around us and kept touching Lyndrea and smiling. The church members are friendly and made us feel so welcome. They have supported the effort loyally.

We have been invited out for the noon meal to some of the homes. They have humble homes, but they give of their best when they entertain you. The tables just abound with Indian food of many varieties. The guests sit and eat while the others serve or stand and watch. If it is very hot, the host may fan you with one of the fans made from the coconut palm. It becomes quite an effort at times to do justice to the food, provided, as a large plate is placed before each of us with enough rice in one for all our family.

One evening, after a short meeting in the church, we went out to a village effort at Pattickad (Tiger Village), where my husband had been asked to speak. This is a strong Roman Catholic and Jacobite centre. I think a European is rarely seen here, especially women and children, so we were soon surrounded. The music had already started. There was no piano, but to the accompaniment of a drum and some metal clanging instrument, plus the clapping of hands, the people were putting their best into the singing. I wish you could have been with me to hear it. They think that the louder it is the better it is. We heard next day that soon after we had left to come home, a mob of men came to make trouble.

A few days ago a friend who is the doctor in charge of a hospital here sent word for us to come and have tea with him. Imagine our surprise when we arrived there and he said that we were going to an Indian wedding. After walking across paddy fields we arrived at the place where music was coming through loud speakers. We were given a warm welcome by the host, as it is a good omen when a European attends the wedding. We sat down to some food, which consisted mostly of Indian sweets. We found that this was the day before the wedding, and our host cordially invited us to come the following day for dinner. I quickly assented, anxious to see what took place.

I was disappointed next day when upon arriving at twelve o'clock, we were told that the wedding parties (for it was a double wedding) would be arriving an hour late. Unfortunately we had to leave, as we had another appointment at a village twenty miles distant. Seeing we had not eaten, our friend kindly took us to a Brahmin hotel. Here I had my first experience in "eating out" in India. George laughed when he saw the look on my face, and reminded me that that is how he always has to eat when he travels about the field. I managed the food quite well as we ate it from the banana leaf with our fingers. And I must admit also that in spite of the surroundings, the rice palow was delicious.

Today my husband felt that he should attend the funeral of a young lad of thirteen years, who was present at our meeting on the Sunday night. He belonged to

the Marthomite church here in Trichur. George was recognized by another man who has been attending our meetings, and so was asked to speak a few words. A little later, as he was visiting in another home giving a Bible study, a message came to him to go to the home of the dead boy. When he and Pastor Joseph, who interprets for him, arrived, they with the two Marthomite priests were asked to sit down to a feast of Indian food, while all the people looked on. Later my husband was able to speak words of comfort to the bereaved mother and father in the presence of the priests. These priests had forbidden their members to come to the meetings, so we do hope that this experience will make a difference.

There are so many in darkness, one wonders how it is possible to reach them all with the gospel. We do pray that God will give us power to lead many to Him.

Deaf Mutes, but So Happy

Tomorrow we are invited to have dinner in a church member's home where four of her eight children are deaf and dumb. What a lovely family it is! The younger girls are not afflicted, and have very striking personalities. One is a tutor sister in our Nuzvid hospital. I have never seen happier faces than those of the afflicted ones. They are all smiles and really look as if they have everything in the world to be happy for. It is a pleasure to go into their home. My husband has been asked to conduct the wedding service of one of the deaf and dumb girls who is marrying a deaf and dumb boy next week. Unfortunately I have to miss it as I am returning to Bangalore for a week.

Our daughter Yvonne is very happy up at Mussoorie and loves every minute of life there. She tells us that they are having a week's holiday soon, and they are going for a twenty-five-mile hike during that time. We are looking forward to our hill leave up there in June, when we shall have the association with the other missionaries, including some of our own Australians.

And so life holds many interests each day. We think of you all at home. We miss you, but we feel privileged to be called to help in a task which is so great. Please pray that the work of God will soon be finished in this land.

School of Medicine Acceptances

A total of ninety-six students have been accepted for the 1958 freshman class of the College of Medical Evangelists School of Medicine. The group of eighty-eight men and eight women will form the fiftieth class of incoming students to the C.M.E. school.

The students will spend the first two years of the four-year course on the Loma Linda campus of the college studying basic medical sciences, and the last half of their training will be taken in Los Angeles at the Los Angeles County and White Memorial hospitals.—"Pacific Union Recorder."

The WORLD VISION



"Lovest Thou Me?"

SHERWIN A. NAGAL, JNR., M.D.
Medical Secretary, West African Union

It was an overcast, humid, tropical day. I was driving a continental Ford down the winding, narrow streets in a suburban section of Monrovia, capital of the Republic of Liberia. As we rode along, suddenly my friendly guide exclaimed, "Oh, we just passed blind Sister Johnson!" I turned my head quickly to the right and caught a fleeting glimpse of an elderly coloured woman, came in hand, being led slowly along by a small child.

Several hours later I had the privilege of meeting Sister Johnson. She was seated quietly in the upstairs parlour of our mission house in Monrovia. Wearing an attractive pair of coloured glasses that partially shaded her disfigured eyes, she had a smiling face and a freshness known only to those who love Christ and who have a living experience with Him. She was immaculate in her neat cotton dress, though I could tell that she was not familiar with luxury. Sister Johnson's English was fluent, her voice melodious, and her pearly white teeth showed through a half smile as she spoke.

I asked her, "Sister, how did this wonderful message reach you?"

"Well, Doctor," she replied, "I have often said the dear Lord had to make me physically blind so that I might have my spiritual eyes opened." For some minutes she spoke, retaining always that half smile and that radiant expression that I noticed when I first saw her. Her hands were still, resting on the arms of the chair. "I had been losing my eyesight at the time I was a girl in school some years ago," she continued. "Poor light, I guess. Kerosene lanterns are not too good to study by. But my blindness was progressive, and in recent years I have become almost totally blind.

"About four years ago an eye specialist came here to Monrovia to practise. At that time I was living in a village up country. A friend here in Monrovia wrote me a letter, informing me of the arrival of this qualified physician and urging me to come down from my village to have an appointment with this specialist. Said my friend, 'He might be able to help you regain a little of your vision.'

"To my great disappointment, I had scarcely arrived in Monrovia when I came down with a severe attack of malaria. I saw the doctor only once, and then the fever struck me. While I was convalescing from my fever the doctor went to his home country on leave. A few weeks later

I was strong enough to return to my village. My first trip to the eye specialist had been futile, for my eyes were the same as when I had come to Monrovia.

"After several months had passed the specialist returned to Monrovia. My friend once more wrote to me, informing me that the doctor had returned to town. So I came down again. The doctor gave me treatments, and I did notice some slight improvement in my sight.

"It was on this second visit to Monrovia to see the eye specialist that God brought Pastor Dunbar Henri across my pathway. He made it a point to visit me as frequently as opportunity presented itself. I recall how carefully and kindly he dropped seeds of truth into my heart, and how he always encouraged me."

The rest of the story, as narrated below, I had previously heard from Pastor Henri, former president of the Liberian Mission. It was largely because of what Pastor Henri had told me about Sister Johnson that I had hoped to meet her when I next visited Liberia.

Pastor Henri's friendly visits with Sister Johnson at the time she was under treatment by the eye specialist resulted in the



Blind Sister Johnson, whose sacrifice and devotion have inspired all within the circle of her influence.

holding of a series of Bible studies. God's Spirit worked through Pastor Henri. Gradually Sister Johnson was led step by step to the foot of the cross, to Jesus, and to all of His commandments as her code of life. Finally she was baptized. Her spiritual progress was one of joy and happiness.

After one of the studies which seemed to bring Christ unusually close to her, she cried out, "Pastor Henri, why did you wait so long before you came to tell me about this wonderful truth? Why did you wait until I was almost totally blind before you brought me these words of life? Now I can do so little to share this story of God's love with my neighbours and with strangers, for I can hardly get about without the aid of someone to lead me!" Early in her contact with the Lord Jesus, Sister Johnson learned to love God and she longed to do what she might to show her love for Him.

A Cheerful Giver

Soon after her conversion Sister Johnson attended a thirteenth Sabbath programme at Sabbath school. That morning she was brought to the church as had been her usual habit for some months. She sat reverently listening to the mission appeal.

As the ushers reached the pew where Sister Johnson was sitting, those who were near her noticed that she put five dollars (£2 10s.) into the offering plate.

Five dollars as an offering may not mean much to Sabbath school members in some parts of the world. Many can recall that they have given five dollars and even much more on repeated occasions when an appeal for missions has been made.

But I learned something more about Sister Johnson. I learned that she had only one source of income—a pension for the blind from the Liberian treasury. That pension was ten dollars a month. Yes, ten dollars a month! And though the cost of living is low in West Africa, still this ten dollars was barely enough to buy the most meagre food to sustain her for a month. However, because of her great love for the Lord, this dear woman gave much of the little she had.

When I heard this story I was reminded of the poverty-stricken widow who nearly two thousand years ago dropped her two mites into the treasury of the temple at Jerusalem. To be able to do this she had even deprived herself of food. A heavenly Watcher was seated by the coin chest in the temple that day, and He, God's Son, noticed her gift.

I am certain that heavenly watchers also observed the gifts that Sabbath morning as Sister Johnson put her offering of love into the offering plate. And I am sure that in the sight of heaven Sister Johnson's gift was counted great.

Sister Johnson's life, her talents, her meagre means—all have for some time unreservedly been given to the Lord that He might use all she is and has to bless others. Her life is a selfless life, an abundant life, a joyful life. I shall never forget the expression of peace, contentment,

and expectation revealed in her face and in her voice when she spoke to me of her desire for the day when "the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped." The coming of Christ is indeed her hope, her blessed hope. For this day she lives.

Daily, yes, many times daily, through the experiences that cross our pathway, Christ asks you and me the same question He asked the Apostle Peter nearly twenty centuries ago: "Lovest thou Me?" How much, friend, do you, do I, love our Lord? As much as does Sister Johnson? The more we love our Maker and His cause, the more we give, for giving is the law of love.

—"Review and Herald."

Overseas Notes

• The president of the South American Division, Pastor W. E. Murray, reports in the "Bulletin" that at a series of meetings for youth last year, 4,000 young people in South America took their stand for Christ.

• The seven conferences in the Southern Union Conference, U.S.A., have ordered 20,000 copies of "Seventh-day Adventists Answer Questions on Doctrine." Their churches plan to place the book in the hands of every non-Adventist minister in their district, believing that it will make many friends and win souls for the kingdom.

• "Last year 796 students graduated from the eleven Seventh-day Adventist senior colleges in North America," states one of our exchanges. "And we find our graduates greatly in demand. Some of them have several positions offered to them. We are pleased to see our Christian youth, well trained for service, going on 'into the furrow of the world's great need.'"

Seventeen Reclaimed Souls

V. E. KELSTROM

Sabbath School Secretary, Union of South-east Asia

A few years ago a faithful Adventist sister attended one of the many camp-meetings held in America. At one of the services an appeal was made to work for the missing members of the Sabbath school. The Lord spoke to this sister's heart, and she promised the Lord that when she got back home she would do all she could to reclaim such members of her Sabbath school.

When camp-meeting was over she returned home. She remembered her promise to the Lord and immediately checked over the records of her church to see how many were not attending Sabbath school as they once did. She discovered that there were thirty-two persons to reclaim.

Prayerfully, faithfully, she set out to find these thirty-two souls, and soon learned that six of them had moved to distant cities, leaving only twenty-six for whom to work. She found five of the

twenty-six were employed on the Sabbath and even contemplating a complete break with the church. The other twenty-one were discouraged. Some had lost interest, but desired to retain their church membership. Others were bitter, feeling that they had been wronged or mistreated. Some had just lost interest or found it too difficult to get the family ready in time for Sabbath school.

These were the reasons given for staying away from Sabbath school. None of these members had been visited by a pastor or another church member for over five months. There were others who had not been contacted for over a year. They felt the church had lost interest in their welfare and were surprised to learn their absence had been noticed.

This faithful sister worked for these souls with the same determined effort as that manifested by the man who went out to find the lost sheep. She prayed for them; she prayed with them; she called on them again and again, always inviting them to come back to Sabbath school.

Three months from the day that this devoted woman made her decision to work for these absent ones she reported these results: Seventeen of the twenty-six were attending both Sabbath school and church



The Inner Light

VIVIENNE SHORT

*Jesus had no lovely car;
With dusty feet He trod the way;
With patience healed the thankless
thongs,
In contemplation knelt to pray.*

*Jesus had no 'fridge to keep
His viands fresh and cool all day;
But ofttime plucked an ear of corn,
Or shared His bread along the way.*

*Jesus had no TV screen
To entertain at eventide;
Yet when He spoke the living word
A thousand others walked beside.*

*Jesus had no lighted desk,
No painted home, no watch of gold;
Yet shines He through the ages still,
A million mercies to unfold.*

services regularly. Three of the seventeen were among those who had been working on the Sabbath, and two of the three had requested rebaptism.

Are there missing members from your Sabbath school? Are we doing all we can to reclaim these souls? Missing members are not just the responsibility of the pastor or the Sabbath school superintendent. They should be the concern of every church member. The pastor, the Sabbath school superintendent, and all the Sabbath school members should unite their efforts in reclaiming them. If you think of someone who is not attending your Sabbath school as formerly, ask God, now, to use you in reclaiming that soul.

—"The Messenger."

Gratifying Research Report and Appeal

This is to report that, through the wonderful co-operation of our workers and laymen in various world divisions, priceless evidence has been secured showing that a belief in conditional immortality has been held by individuals and groups of Christians throughout the centuries. For example, by some in Ethiopia in the sixteenth century—and about the same time by Nestorian Christians on the Malabar Coast of India, and in 1574 by certain Anabaptists in Poland—the unconscious state of the dead was cherished as an article of faith.

Each century since the Reformation has had its quota. Valuable evidence has been obtained regarding current holders of conditionalism among the clergy of various denominations in Finland, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Germany, France, Switzerland, and other lands. A century ago a remarkable revival of Conditionalism took place, not only in Britain, Continental Europe, and North America, but extending into India, Ceylon, Jamaica, South Africa, Australia, and the Far East as well.

As a result of this quest an unrivaled Conditional Immortality Source Library has been brought together at General Conference headquarters, comprising some two hundred original books, pamphlets, and bound periodicals, 150 microfilm copies of other rare items, including manuscripts, and two hundred packets of photostats, many of them priceless because difficult of access.

These provide the factual basis for the manuscript now in course of preparation. But such a denominational enterprise would have been impossible without the help of hundreds of alert eyes and helping hands, not a few being non-Adventist scholars and librarians. This is therefore a most hearty "Thank you!" for fine co-operation—and an appeal to keep on the alert a little longer for other materials, old or new, still scattered in many lands in periodical, book, and pamphlet form.

Where possible the original document should be secured. Quoted extracts need the full name of author, exact title of book, place of publication, name of publisher, and date (noting the particular

edition or revision), with the quotation verified for exact wording, spelling, and punctuation. In case of a periodical, the name of journal, place of publication, title of article, full name of author, volume and number, date, and the pages. When originals are unobtainable, photostats of title page and pertinent pages—or a microfilm of the entire work or the relevant sections—are of equal service. But these should always include the title page.

Biographical data is also highly desirable—birth and death dates, education, posts held, books or articles written, significant human interest features, and how Conditionalism came to be accepted. A photograph of the individual adds human interest.

Your continuing help is earnestly solicited. If anyone finds further data, please communicate with L. E. Froom, General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists, 6840 Eastern Avenue, Takoma Park, Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

A Dream Fulfilled

EPHRAIM DASS

It was in December, 1957, that I first visited Miran-Sahib, a town ten miles from Jammu, in north-west India. Here I met the manager of a large government sports factory. He was very much interested in the Bible and its message, and we became good friends. At the close of our interview he said he wished he could serve Christianity the remaining days of his life.

The object of my next visit was to sell him some of our truth-filled books. But he requested me to see him about it after a month. And again he seemed more anxious to talk with me about Jesus Christ.

When Pastor Faqir Chand, the union Voice of Prophecy secretary, came to Jammu, planning with the resident worker, Brother Singh, to visit some of the students there, I mentioned this interested man and suggested that we go to visit him. Accordingly next day we took

a bus to that place. As the two men waited outside I went in to announce our arrival.

When the manager saw me he was greatly astonished, and said, "Only two days back I saw you in a dream." "Only me?" I replied. "No," he said, "two other people were with you."

Then I said, "These two are also waiting outside," whereupon the other two brethren stepped in. The gentleman was overjoyed at this remarkable fulfilment of his dream. Pastor Chand gave him a message that fully met his expectations, and he was enrolled in the Voice of Prophecy course. We are fully confident that he is one of those on the very verge of the kingdom waiting only to be gathered in.

Laid Down His Life for Christ

EARL J. PARCHMENT

What a thrill it was to be in Havana, Cuba, for the Youth's Congress, attended by delegates representing twenty-nine countries and geographical areas of Inter-America.

The meetings were held in the Blanquita theatre, which is the largest and perhaps the most beautiful theatre in the Americas. The decorations and furnishings formed an exquisite setting for the congress. The first thing that attracted attention on entering the building was the theme of the gathering, "Inspiration from the Past and Faith for the Future," in letters high above the platform.

The music of the congress was heavenly. There were solos, duets, trios, quartettes, choir renditions, and instrumental numbers which transported us as it were from Havana to the realms of the blessed.

The powerful heart-reaching sermons of Pastors T. E. Lucas and H. M. S. Richards, and the other youth speakers challenged us to more abundant living and a deeper consecration of hearts and lives for the finishing of God's work. We were thrilled to hear the "Share Your Faith" experiences of our fellow Missionary Volunteers from other lands, but we were moved to tears when we heard of the heroic stand

of our stalwart youth who faced death courageously for the cause of Christ. A blood-stained garment of a faithful martyr was displayed with fourteen holes through which knives had been thrust to end the life of a loyal soldier of the cross.

One of the outstanding features of the congress was the Voice of Youth Evangelism workshops, which demonstrated in a very practical way how an effort by youth for youth should be conducted. Two note books had been prepared by the MV Department, the Guide Book giving full instructions as to how the effort should be conducted, and the other book of prepared sermons for the use of the young people.

On the last evening a special programme was featured, when the MV secretaries of all the local fields of the Inter-American Division reported the number of young people won during 1957. We all anxiously awaited the announcement of the total number. At the appointed time, the curtain on the stage parted and the thrilling number "4,774" appeared in full view of all. We thanked God for these young people who were won for Christ in Inter-America in one year, and with the inspiration gained from the congress we set a goal of over 7,000 baptisms in 1958.

—"Caribbean Union Gleanings."

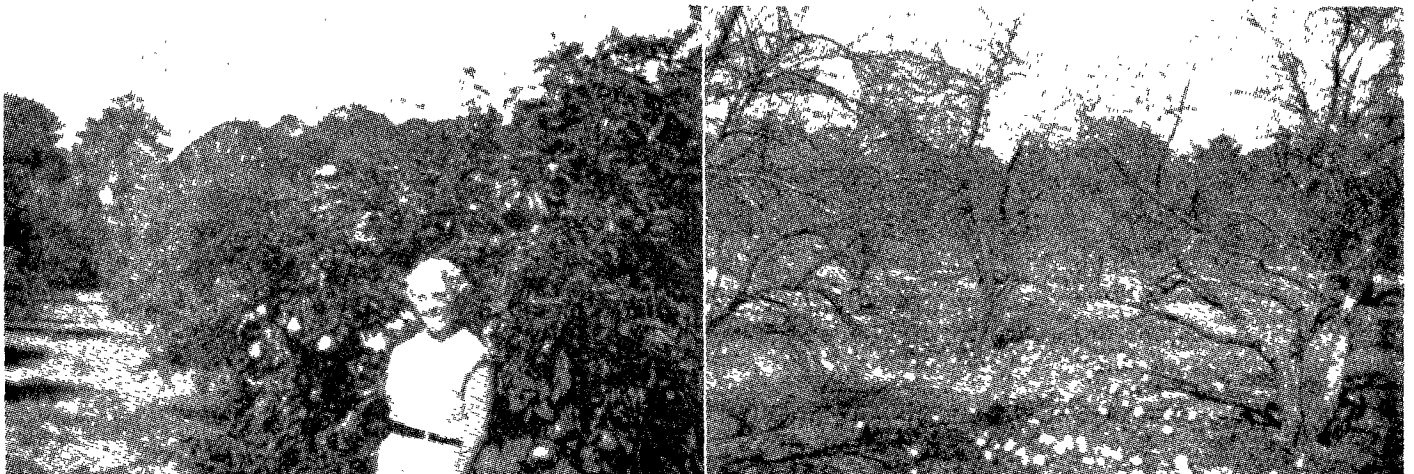
God's Promises Are Sure

E. L. CARDEY

Director, Southern Union Bible School

One of the most precious promises, and one of the most definite that God has given to us, is found in the third chapter of the Book of Malachi where the Lord declares, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, . . . and I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the Lord of hosts." Mal. 3: 10, 11.

Recently we saw a striking fulfilment of this promise. About four years ago a woman who lives some thirty miles south of Jacksonville, Florida, began studying our message. All of her life she had been a



LEFT: Margaret Pate standing in her orange grove, which God saved from freezing. RIGHT: Frozen orange trees in the same part of northern Florida.

member of the Catholic Church, but as she began to read the Bible new light dawned on her soul.

For three and a half years now she has been faithful to God in every way, including tithes and offerings. In November of last year a cold wave swept over the country. This began a series of freezes that had dire results upon the gardens, orange crop, and fruits in general in Florida. In the northern part of the state most of the orange trees were ruined.

Our sister, Margaret Pate, of whom we write, owns an orange grove. On her place the thermometer stood at 17 degrees for 12 hours one night. After this she wrote as follows:

"I want to tell you of a marvellous experience we have had here. So far as I know, our orange grove is the only grove that is green anywhere about us, from here to Jacksonville, or as far as I can learn for many miles south of us. But our trees are green and the oranges are still good and not frozen. When the papers announced that a heavy cold wave was to sweep over the country, I fell on my knees and told the Lord that I had obeyed His Word and that I now claimed the promise of Mal. 3:10, 11. It was an anxious hour that night when I saw the thermometer going down and down, but I am glad to tell you that not one of the trees was frozen. They stand here now as a monument to God's power."

We were so stirred over this report that we made a trip to her home, and it is just as she reported. Every tree that we could see from Jacksonville south was dry and dead. What a surprise it was to drive on just a few miles farther, and discover that around our sister's home the trees were as green as they ever were, just loaded with good, precious fruit. This is evidence that God honoured His servant.

But the story does not end here. She called our attention to some pecan trees and said, "We purchased this place eight years ago, but found after moving here that there were many squirrels in the oak trees nearby, and they came in droves and stole all the pecans before they were even ripe, and carried them away. For five years we did not get a single nut off these trees. Then I began to pay my tithe when I accepted this message. At last I bowed down and said, 'Dear Lord, I claim Your promise that You will rebuke the devourer for my sake. I know that these little squirrels need food, and there are two small trees at the side of the grove, which they can have, but please let us have the nuts from this one large tree.'"

We saw the evidence of what God has done in answer to this prayer. From that day on, the squirrels confined their gathering of nuts to those two small trees, passing right by the large tree where there were bushels of nuts, never touching them. This has gone on now for three years and demonstrates God's willingness to answer prayer even for our simple needs of life.

We worship a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. Let us not hesitate to take to Him all our problems, even those that may seem small and insignificant.—"Review and Herald."



A Talk to Parents About Youth

J. F. ASHLOCK

During recent years it has been my privilege to spend many pleasant hours in the homes of our believers. Nothing, absolutely nothing in this world, is so near to the hearts of fathers and mothers as the welfare of their children. At the family altars I have heard with joy the prayers of gratitude ascend to heaven from parents whose children love and fear the Lord. I have also heard with sorrow the heart-broken petitions of those whose boys and girls have wandered into the ways of sinful pleasures.

My fellow parent, if I were speaking with you just now about that fine son or that lovely daughter, I do not think I would refer to their short-comings and failures. I would not describe at length the awful conditions in the world, neither would I emphasize the power of the pernicious influences of the enemy of youth to attract, to allure, to deceive, and to destroy. These are apparent everywhere and must be condemned. But they are already too well advertised. Rather I would attempt to present in a simple and positive manner the clearly defined way that God has made known to us to help us to save from sin and guide in service the youth under our influence.

Then I would take special delight in making reference to young men and young women of my personal acquaintance who, by God's grace, have appropriated unto themselves the divine provisions for pure and noble living, and for joyful and successful Christian service. You see, dear friends, in many parts of this old world there are outstanding examples of what God can do for and with young people. These youth have dis-

covered for themselves that Jesus is an all-sufficient Saviour. They are demonstrating day by day in their homes, in their schools, and before the world, to the astonishment of this present generation, that those who love and serve the Master are truly the happiest young people in all the earth. They would not exchange the peace of heart which He gives and the joy of service which He shares, for all the wealth, the pleasure, the applause, and the rewards of the world.

The youth are not only precious to you, but I assure you they are dear to the heart of our loving heavenly Father whose only begotten Son lived upon this earth in the wicked little village of Nazareth. Just as the eternal Father understood the conditions of Nazareth and supplied all that was necessary to preserve the purity of His Son and to direct His energies into fruitful fields of endeavour, so today He understands and has provided for your son and your daughter. I am sure you are anxious to avail yourself of every spiritual provision for youth.

I would highly recommend that you secure for yourself and for each youth a copy of "Messages to Young People." Yes, more than a recommendation, as one parent to another, I would urge you to obtain one or more copies of this timely and valuable book immediately. In this divinely inspired volume you and your youth are given the instruction and guidance essential to successful Christian living and service. "Messages to Young People" gives the correct answers, and presents the proper solutions to the questions and problems of inquiring youth for whom it was especially sent from Heaven.

"Good Parents Make Good Children"

VIOLA M. ROGERS

Under this heading an educator of thirty years' experience makes some very helpful statements, and the Sydney "Daily Telegraph" of April 28, 1958, features the article in a border. The writer is Annie E. Fraser, former headmistress, Girls' Home Science School in Bourke Street, Surrey Hills, Sydney.

"Juvenile delinquency is not a sudden development—I have watched its growth for over twenty years. Nor is it the outcome of the depression, nor the aftermath of World War II. It is the outcome, either through ignorance or laziness, or both, of neglect by society. 'Who is society?' asks Victor Hugo, and he answers, 'My friend, you and I are society.' So you and I are responsible. We have not satisfactorily accorded emotional help and guidance to the last generation.

"People who are often unqualified to guide the present generation of adolescents have become parents.

"Formerly environment furnished a diversity of occupations, but close family relationships seem to be passing away, mainly because present-day parents have less talent for holding their family together. . . .

"Teachers have realized that every pupil should leave school possessed of a dominant enthusiasm. This will become the pupil's sheet anchor in social life, and secure for him an acceptance into some social group, thus providing him with a lawful recreation, a leisure interest."

A generation ago that "dominant enthusiasm" was religion in the life. But that now is lacking. Our children and youth must also have a "lawful recreation, a leisure interest," as both educators and youth's organizations now realize.

The writer continues: "For a generation the slogan was for vocational guidance. . . .

"The slogan should have been emotional guidance.

"For a generation, specially selected teachers guided the intellects of the highest I.Q. groups; medical and physical training experts cared for the body; but the emotions—the run-away horses in life—were left to look after themselves.

"Then came the realization that undisciplined emotions can cause inestimable havoc in the community, while captured and sublimated emotions spell inestimable happiness. . . .

"Young children dramatize funerals, accidents, and murders, while adolescents run away to sea, or to another town.

"Later those inarticulate, uncontrolled adolescents—those who have discovered no emotional safety-valve—steal cars and commit robbery, even murder!

"They unconsciously resent being on the outside, looking in. They must be noticed, they MUST arrest attention, and as a result are themselves often arrested.

"And the remedy? To leave school possessed of a dominant enthusiasm which will gain them admission to a desirable social group. . . .

"Young folk at this stage need lots of loving. The clumsy apprentice or inexperienced office boy, the butt of everybody, can easily develop an inferiority complex, a belief that the world is trying to keep him submerged, justifying his spitefulness and bitterness against society.

"But with a social asset, a dominating enthusiasm, he can rise above the day's setbacks, and his recreation will be kept within lawful bounds."

This educator recommends music, art, sport, and athletic clubs. These activities may be good, but the Christian parents must also take into account the environments and associations into which the youth would be brought.

We are a most fortunate denomination in that we have abundant provision not only for "dominant enthusiasm" in captivating religious study and wide fields of service that offer scope to all types of personalities, but also our MV and JMV departments offer intensive study in all lines of hobbies and crafts, and nature studies in as many lines as Solomon himself pursued. The co-operation of the parents is desired to bring their children in touch with all that is offered. At the present time, at our division headquarters office, study is being given to providing more and more lines for vocational honours, as well as emotional guidance. The leaders have been encouraged in this work by the enthusiasm with which the boys and girls of all ages throw their whole interest into the search for knowledge and skill regarding all the things they see about them.

Once more back to the treatise by this educator. In proof of the rightness of her remedy for delinquency Miss Fraser states:

"I feel qualified to voice an opinion on this subject of emotional guidance as a remedy for delinquency since, in three directions, mine is the voice of experience.

"First, as a child I came from an indigent home—poor in this world's goods, but rich in emotional stability—maintained by a widowed mother before the era of child endowment.

"With no talent for earning a living except the talent of superb courage, she not only learned a trade, but also guided our scholastic studies, and gave us emotional outlet by reading aloud to us and giving us a love for music.

"Second, in adult life as a girls' mistress, I stressed the practical value of the unpractical subjects, and my school won high awards in music and drama. These enthusiasms overflowed, and raised the school's scholastic achievements to a conspicuously high level, and even today, nearly thirty years later, ex-pupils contact me to let me know they are 'following the gleam' and running youth clubs.

"Third, as an onlooker at two boys' primary schools, both in unprivileged areas, I noted their success in athletics. Though they are from congested areas, I don't see their names appearing in the police news!

"The Education Department is doing its share, youth's organizations are doing their share, but without a follow-up by parents little can be achieved.

"So it's up to parents, if they value their own peace of mind and their children's future happiness.

"It's quite simple, and could be such a pleasure! The parental maxim could well be Christ's own injunction, 'Be content with such things as ye have.'

"As parents devote a little of their leisure time to the interests, the enthusiasms, and the emotional guidance of the young folk, they will find it most rewarding, because good parents always have good children."



Waiting? Yes, Waiting!

ALISON MURRAY

"All the words which the Lord hath said will we do." Ex. 24:3. How this united reply from the children of Israel must have thrilled the heart of their leader! What encouragement it must have been to him as he prepared himself those seven days to receive instruction from the Lord.

"While Moses was absent, it was a time of waiting and suspense to Israel. The people knew that he had ascended the mount with Joshua, and had entered the cloud of thick darkness which could be seen from the plain below, resting on the mountain peak, illuminated from time to time with the lightnings of the divine presence. They waited eagerly for his return. Accustomed as they had been in Egypt to material representations of deity, it had been hard for them to trust in an invisible being, and they had come to rely upon Moses to sustain their faith. Now he was taken from them. Day after day, week after week, passed, and still he did not return. Notwithstanding the cloud was still in view, it seemed to many in the camp that their leader had deserted them, or that he had been consumed by the devouring fire.

"During this period of waiting, there was time for them to meditate upon the law of God which they had heard, and to prepare their hearts to receive the further revelations that He might make to them. They had none too much time for this work; and had they been thus seeking a clearer understanding of God's requirements, and humbling their hearts before Him, they would have been shielded from temptation. But they did not do this, and they soon became careless, inattentive, and lawless. . . .

"Feeling their helplessness in the absence of their leader, they returned to their old superstitions. . . . With the cloud of the Presence still before them, they turned back in their hearts to the idolatry of Egypt, and represented the glory of the invisible God by the similitude of an ox!"—"Patriarchs and Prophets," pages 315, 316.

As you have read this, did there burn within you a feeling of indignation? Did you say within yourself, "With such marked evidence of God's leading in their deliverance experiences and His presence with them, how could they so boldly turn to follow their own inclination?"

This attitude of ours, however, is no evidence of what we would do under similar circumstances. Just let us sit quietly and think of our own experience.

Have we not much evidence in our own lives of God's leading? And just as certainly as we have within us a desire to be better Christians we can be sure of His presence. Yes, and have we not each one said, as did the children of Israel, "All the words which the Lord hath said will we do"?

Maybe we have longed and earnestly prayed for God's instruction in some matter, or an answer to some problem or desire that is ours. Each night and morning may find us pleading with God; but no answer seems to come, circumstances seem more difficult, or the wandering one for whom our prayers are ascending may seem more hopeless. As we pray day by day and puzzle in our mind, sometimes we feel that our prayers are not even being heard!

We then allow the "idol" of worry to take possession of us, causing us to become



Pray Without Ceasing

MRS. F. G. BURROUGHS

Unanswered yet, the prayer your lips have pleaded

*In agony of heart, these many years?
Does faith begin to fail, is hope declining,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?*

Say not the Father has not heard your prayer.

You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.

nervy and tense and fearful because we feel God is so far from us. The problem seems greater; we feel we cannot bear it alone longer, then we talk to others about it, expressing to them our feelings of doubt and fear. They, our friends, offer their advice and perhaps urge us to some decision, reminding us that God expects us to do as much as we can for ourselves, and quoting, "Faith without works is dead." How relieved we begin to feel as we follow the suggested course, and we feel that at last God is answering our prayers.

Maybe we do not share our problems with others, but struggle in our weakened spiritual and physical condition until we find illness adds to our problems. Remembering the wonderful answers to

Unanswered yet, though when you first presented

*This one petition at our Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,*

*So anxious was your heart to have it done.
If years have passed since then, do not despair,
For God will answer you sometime, somewhere.*

*Unanswered yet? But you are not unheeded.
The promises of God for ever stand.*

*To Him our days and years alike are equal.
"Have faith in God." It is your Lord's command.*

*Hold on to Jacob's angel, and your prayer
Shall bring a blessing down sometime, somewhere.*

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say unanswered.

*Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,*

*And God will finish what He has begun.
Keep incense burning at the shrine of prayer,
And glory will descend, sometime, somewhere.*

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered.

*Her feet are firmly planted on the Rock.
Amid the wildest storm, she stands undaunted,*

Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.

*She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries, "It shall be done, sometime, somewhere."*



prayer God has wrought through illness, we content ourselves that it is His plan. Yes, we will be willing to sacrifice health, money, and time if we can have that for which we are praying.

For a time we are content until our problems increase and we cry, "Why did the Lord guide me like this?" Let us now examine our error.

As in the experience of the children of Israel we were given a "time of waiting." What should we have been doing during this time?—Praying? Yes; "Ask and it shall be given." Matt. 7: 7, 8. Let us "pray without ceasing." 1 Thess. 5: 17. But make them prayers of faith and trust. (Ps. 37: 5 and Heb. 10: 22, 23.)

Let us never carry our cares upon our countenance. How ashamed we should be to have someone ask us, "Friend, what is worrying you lately? You seem to be losing weight; your face is becoming lined, and your interest in things seems to be fading." Or perhaps your employer may ask quietly just what it is that is keeping you from giving your usual whole-hearted service. Maybe your husband will inquire why you are so quiet, why you do not seem so careful with the home and your appearance. Or your wife may wonder why you do not stop to notice those things that interested you so much, the latest addition to the garden or your little boy's new toy. Why you do not stoop to pat the dog and whistle as you come from work?

If it is your own personal problem and He is your own personal God, is it not wrong to cast a shadow, by word or action of doubt or worry, on another's life? Is it not an evidence of our lack of faith? and "without faith it is impossible to please Him: for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." Heb. 11: 6.

But what about the answer? Are we expecting an angel immediately to come to us with instruction or an answer to our problem? Do we expect to hear a voice from heaven? Or the minister to call and give us the answer, or deliver to us a message from the pulpit, a message for our need? Are we waiting for the idea to flash through our mind as we lie awake pondering?

No! Like the Israelites it is our duty to be diligent during the "time of waiting"—we must study and learn. We have a far greater advantage than they, for we have the whole of God's Word. We must be starving to understand, not alone to find the answer to our problem, but also to be instructed how to improve our lives; to see the waywardness of our own heart, and learn to correct it; to have a basis for our faith; to strive humbly to do our tasks more carefully; to make others happier; to keep ourselves calm and healthy, both mentally and physically; to learn to pray more acceptably to God; and to worship Him more perfectly.

If we are doing this in our "time of waiting" we can be sure the prayer will be answered.

May we remember to wait on the Lord, to be of good courage, for He shall strengthen our hearts; wait on the Lord. (Ps. 27: 14.) We may have to wait for many days or but a night. He may choose to answer us by His Word, in a "still small voice," a letter from a friend, an ex-

perience, a message from a minister, by an angel, or a voice from heaven, we cannot foresee. But may we, when the "time of waiting" is over, be able to say with joy, "I waited patiently for the Lord; and He inclined unto me, and heard my cry." Ps. 40: 1.

Witnessing for Jesus

J. L. SHULER

Our God is depending upon you and me, and every soul who loves and serves Him, to witness for Him, "Ye are My witnesses, saith the Lord." Isa. 43: 10.

The people of the world are not going to read the Bible to find out about God. They must find out about God through us who know God.

We are to testify of His goodness, His love, His grace. We are to witness to the joy of obeying Him, the delight of knowing His truth. David had the right idea when he said, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul." Ps. 66: 16.

So the question presents itself: How much are you witnessing for Jesus every day in your home, your neighbourhood, your town? Can the Lord count on you to be a faithful witness?

To our discredit it must be said that certain religionists, who do not have this glorious last message of God for a dying world, take their task of witnessing for God far more seriously than we do.

Some years ago while attending a non-Adventist evangelistic convention at Winona Lake, Indiana, I heard Dr. "Bob" Jones, a Methodist evangelist, tell how he had founded a college based on the idea of every student being a witness for Jesus. This college has become the Bob Jones University at Greenville, South Carolina, with 4,000 students enrolled.

On a recent visit to Greenville I determined to learn about this witnessing idea at this university. I contacted Dr. Steinholm, the dean of ministerial training. I learned that every one of these 4,000 students is expected to contact at least one soul per day about Jesus during the school term.



During the summer vacation the ministerial students are required to conduct one evangelistic service each week and to mail to the head of the ministerial department a copy of the sermon outline which they used in this service. They are expected to speak to at least one soul each day about Jesus and to mail to their department head at the university a case report on these seven contacts. This report must be mailed not later than midnight each Monday during the vacation.

If the person they contacted about Jesus is already a Christian, they give his name and indicate that he said that he was a Christian. If the person was an infidel, and they could not make any headway using the Bible in his case, they report this. If the person accepted the Lord, they indicate this. If they met with some problem which they could not handle, they report this, so that the teachers can help them to meet this situation. They are allowed three hours' credit for this work during the summer vacation.

Why wouldn't something like this, rightly adapted to our work, be a good thing in our colleges? Shall the children of this world be wiser in their generation than the children of light? May God help us to wake up to our long-awaited task and responsibility.

Some approach people with the question, "Are you a Christian?" or "Are you saved?" To our way of thinking, it is better to use the question: "Are you on right terms with Jesus?"

It appears that there is scarcely a Seventh-day Adventist anywhere, who does not, or could not, come in contact with sufficient non-Adventists every week of his life to secure at least one enrolment per week for the Bible correspondence course. Think what it would mean to multiply our membership by fifty as the sum of new enrolments each year for studying these great truths. Think of the large list of potential baptisms there are in such a programme.

May God help each of us this day to be a faithful witness. Remember just a few words of witnessing from a little servant girl won a great general to God. (Read 2 Kings 5.)

God does not need lawyers to argue for Him. He does want witnesses. Jesus said, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto Me both in Jeru-

salem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." Acts 1: 8.

Some think of the baptism of the Holy Spirit only in terms of talking in tongues or in preaching powerful sermons to great crowds. But Jesus lays the emphasis in the baptism of the Holy Spirit on being

a witness for Him to every soul with whom we come in contact.

How quickly the work might be finished if, under the power of the Spirit, every Adventist would witness to every soul around him! "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power."

—"Southern Tidings."

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSON HELP

HARRY W. LOWE

Associate Secretary, General Conference Sabbath School Department

For Sabbath, July 5, 1958

(Please preserve for reference)



THE COUNSEL OF JESUS CHRIST TO HIS CHURCH THROUGH THE AGES

The last book in the Bible has always been the centre of controversy. Many sectarian movements have drawn fantastic conclusions from it, while multitudes of Christians have received more spiritual strength from this than from any other part of the Bible.

1. THOUGHTS ON THE TITLE OF THE BOOK.

The Greek title APOKALUPSIS means "uncovering." (a) In Luke 2: 32 it shows Christ withdrawing the veil that is over the lost—"for revelation to the Gentiles" (R.S.V.), compare Isa. 25: 7; (b) in Rom. 16: 25 and Eph. 3: 3 it represents the unfolding of God's "mystery" in this age; (c) in Eph. 1: 17 it is God's communication of divine knowledge to the soul; (d) in 1 Cor. 14: 6, 26 it is an expression of God's mind for the instruction of the church, as of Paul in 2 Cor. 12: 1, 7; Gal. 1: 12; compare Gal. 2: 2; (e) in 1 Cor. 1: 7 (margin), and 2 Thess. 1: 7 it is used of the coming of the Lord; compare Rom. 2: 5; (f) in Rom. 8: 19 it refers to the revelation, or "revealing" (R.S.V.), of the sons of God with their Lord.

The Greek TITLE OF THE BOOK is transliterated APOCALYPSE, and is translated "Revelation." The INTENT of the book is to reveal Jesus; the KEY-NOTE is the second advent; the PLAN is to portray the Lord Jesus as the Saviour, High Priest, Judge of all, and King of kings. Ellen G. White said it was "for the guidance of God's people all through the centuries" ("Prophets and Kings," page 548). Compare "The Acts of the Apostles," page 581.

John the apostle, author (probably later) of the fourth Gospel, was early acknowledged as the writer of Revelation. He saw the visions on Patmos and wrote the book there ("The Acts of the Apostles," page 571).

2. CHRISTUS IMPERATOR. Rev. 1: 1-10.

God . . . Jesus Christ . . . His angel . . . His servant John. In Roman times a combat victor was often made a ruler and given the title "Imperator." Jesus was John's conquering King, and he sets Him forth before the world. John's superscription reveals God as the author of these visions ("The Desire of Ages," page 234).

"Blessed." This favourite word of Jesus is used in seven beatitudes in this book: 1: 3; 14: 13; 16: 15; 19: 9; 20: 6; 22: 7; 22: 14. The last of these ("they that do His commandments") reads, in the Revised Standard Version, "those who wash their robes." On the similarity in the original see the S.D.A. Bible Commentary, which adds: "Our title to heaven is the righteousness of Christ imparted: our fitness for heaven, the righteousness of Christ imparted, represented by the washed robes. The outward evidence of the righteousness of Christ imparted is perfect compliance with the commandments of God. Hence the two ideas of washed robes and obedience to commandments are closely related."—On Rev. 22: 14.

The Source of Grace

"Grace be unto you, and peace." John implores grace to rest upon the seven churches from a threefold source. First, "from Him which is," and second, "from

the seven Spirits," or the Spirit of God. Third, "from Jesus Christ." Thus from the whole Godhead comes grace to the church through Jesus Christ. It can come from no other source.

"Every eye shall see Him." Human history has no meaning if it has no end. Christian eschatology teaches its end with the glorious coming of the Son of man, the "Alpha and Omega, the first and the last," before whom the saints shall rejoice (Isa. 25: 9), and the wicked "shall wail because of Him."

3. THE TRUMPET VOICE TO THE SEVEN CHURCHES. Rev. 1: 10, 11, 20; 2: 1 to 3: 18.

THE LOCATIONS AND SIGNIFICANCE OF THE SEVEN CHURCHES. These churches are named twice. They existed, all within a few hundred miles, in Roman proconsular Asia. Their number, seven, indicates completeness, universality. This indicates that "this revelation was given for the guidance and comfort of the church throughout the Christian dispensation" ("The Acts of the Apostles," page 583).

The names of the seven churches with relevant local geographical and historical data can be found in the S.D.A. Bible Commentary, on Rev. 1: 3 to 3: 21; R. A. Anderson, "Unfolding the Revelation"; Uriah Smith, "Daniel and the Revelation."

4. LESSONS FOR THE CHURCH TODAY.

EPHESUS worked irresistibly, but "all labour is dead unless inspired by love; and Ephesus had lost its 'first love'" (Anderson, "Unfolding the Revelation," page 17). Can a church without its first love take pride in its works and thus miss salvation? (See "The Desire of Ages," page 280.)

SMYRNA represented "the poor of this world rich in faith." She resisted heresy, blasphemy, pagan intolerance. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life" is precious to the church universal.

PERGAMOS lived "where Satan's seat is," and was tempted into sensual alliances and false doctrine.

THYATIRA passed through the dark "1260 years," when "the flame of truth . . . nearly went out" (the S.D.A. Bible Commentary, on Rev. 2: 18). To both Thyatira and Pergamos "the Son of God" (the only use of this phrase in this book) promised punishment to the unrepentant and victory to the overcomer. "Hold fast till I come" is another use of the Lord's return as a motive in penitence, hope, and godly fear. Read "Testimonies," Vol. IX, pages 104, 105.

SARDIS pretended to be reformed but lapsed into her former deadness. "Remember . . . hold fast . . . repent . . . watch" or "I will come on thee as a thief" was Christ's message to the church of Reformation times, and surely to us today.

PHILADELPHIA was the church of brotherly love awaiting Christ's second advent. Disappointed at delay, she must never forget the one great fact: "Behold,

My Neighbour's Bible

"I am my neighbour's Bible.

He reads me when we meet,
Today he reads me in the home,
Tomorrow in the street.

He may be a relative or friend,
Or slight acquaintance be,
He may not even know my name,
Yet he is reading me."

I come quickly: hold that fast which thou hast." Read "Early Writings," page 119.

LAODICEA is called lukewarm, subject to pride and self-conceit, and is the church of the end ("Testimonies," Vol. I, page 186). But Laodicea, for all her failures, is counselled to buy gold—faith and love ("Testimonies," Vol. IV, page 88), and white raiment—Christ's righteousness (Gal. 3:27), and to use eyesalve—grace and wisdom (ibid.). God loves many in this church (Rev. 3:19) and counsels His saints: "Be zealous . . . repent. Behold I stand at the door." Read "Early Writings," page 270; "Testimonies," Vol VIII, page 304.

—"Review and Herald."

WEDDINGS



WARDELL-GRIEVE. May 11 was indeed a happy day for Rex Terence Wardell and Betty Grieve when they met before the Lord, in the tastefully decorated church in Woy Woy, to exchange marriage vows. Rex is the second son of Brother and Sister M. O. Wardell of Woy Woy. As Rex and Betty plan to set up their home at Northmead, Sydney, the good wishes of many go with them. May the fragrance of their Saviour's presence ever grace their home and united Christian witness. S. T. Leeder.

ROSE-HEINZE. "Marriage is the foundation of human society, and true affection is ordained of God." These were the opening remarks of a service in the Auburn church, Victoria, on May 6, when Jack Henry Richard Rose of Auburn and Patricia Louise Heinze of Malvern agreed to be true to their marriage vows "until death do us part." The bridegroom's kinsfolk are well known in Melbourne's church circle, and the bride is highly thought of because of her loyal service in the Victorian conference office. God grant this radiant couple joy and peace in their earthly sojourn together and an eternal home hereafter. Claude D. Judd.



UNTIL THE DAY BREAK

HOFFMAN. Sister Mary Ann Hoffman passed to her rest on March 1, 1958, at Gympie (Q.) hospital. For many weeks the loyal and loving members of her family had known the inevitable end was drawing close. Tenderly they cared for her, and earnestly they prayed. At last the tired eyes closed in death; she entered her last long sleep. We assure the sorrowing relatives and friends that she will surely rise again at the last day; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead in Christ shall rise first. F. Benham.

KENNINGHAM. After a short illness in which she suffered from a stroke, Sister Blanch May Kenningham of the Hamilton (N.S.W.) church passed away on May 11, 1958, having attained the age of eighty-one years. Twenty years ago our sister accepted the Adventist message and has remained faithful. Sister Kenningham is survived by one son, Robert, and two daughters, Mrs. Nellie Tindall and Mrs. Alice Nightingale, the latter also being a member of the Hamilton church. In addition there are twelve grandchildren and sixteen great-grandchildren. To the bereaved we extend our heartfelt Christian sympathy in the loss sustained by the passing of this godly mother in Israel. K. J. Wooller.

FORD. Brother Alan Ford was suddenly called to rest in his fifty-third year, after a short hospital illness, on May 5, 1958, at Whangarei, N.Z. Brother Ford suffered many hardships during his lifetime, but bore them with Christian fortitude. His early married life was spent in Otago, N.Z., later settling in Northland, and the last twelve years of his life he lived a loyal and active Adventist and used his talents to forward the gospel. He was an accomplished musician and wrote and set to music many special pieces. He will be greatly missed in the district and church. His wife and sons mourn a good husband and father, but have the blessed hope of the resurrection, when the Life-giver will call those who rest in Him. T. R. Potts.

NICKELS. CROSS. Percival Neville Nickels (forty-four) and Norman Leslie Cross (forty-eight) passed suddenly away on the morning of May 2, and were laid to rest over the following week-end. They had joined other bookmen in a "Drama of the Ages" campaign at Yeppoon, Queensland, where more than 100 orders were taken in a few days, and many homes opened for the evangelistic effort about to start there. It was when returning to Brisbane in the early hours of the morning that they met with an accident that caused their deaths. These dear brethren were certainly men of God. Brother Nickels had been a book leader for years, and Brother Cross had worked the same territory for eleven years, making his sixth call upon the people. They were, in the language of the psalmist, "lovely in their lives, and in death they were not divided." They were most certainly slain in their "high places." But we must not question why. David declared of Saul, that he had been slain "as though he had not been anointed with oil." The psalmist was amazed that one so signally set aside of God could be so cruelly cut off, and when we think that our two brethren who served the Lord so loyally should have their service so abruptly terminated, we could give ourselves to wonderment. However, "if faith could understand it would not be faith." And are we not told, "God never leads His children otherwise than they would choose to be led if they could see the end from the beginning, and discern the glory of the purpose which they are fulfilling as co-workers with Him. Not Enoch who was translated to heaven, nor Elijah who ascended in a chariot of fire, was greater or more honoured than John the Baptist, who perished alone in the dungeon?" The wives and families have proved wonderfully brave through the terrible trial, and we know that those who read this obituary will continue to pray that they shall always be given "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Pastors Gane and Webb from Wahrenonga joined with the local ministers in the services at the churches and the gravesides. D. Sibley.

BADE. Mrs. Elenor Bade died at the Hastings Hospital, New Zealand, after a short illness. She and her husband accepted the message in 1935 at Hokitika under the ministry of Pastor Sibley, and were baptized there. They subsequently lived in Palmerston North and Hastings. Mrs. Bade remained true to her faith, and died in the blessed hope of the soon coming of Jesus and the resurrection morn. She is survived by her husband, and daughters Elva and Beryl. She was laid to rest by the writer. H. C. Murch.

PARKER. Vera Sara Parker was born in Burwood, Sydney, August 16, 1894, and quietly passed away at the Sydney Sanitarium following a heart attack on May 11. In her childhood the family moved to Wellington, N.S.W., her father being a Baptist minister, who was later transferred to the New England district, where Vera took up school teaching and dressmaking. Having been convinced of the Biblical basis for the message taught by the Seventh-day Adventists, Miss Parker entered the Australasian Missionary College in 1934 and spent two years as part-time student assisting in the dressmaking department. In 1936 she entered the organized work in South New Zealand as a Bible instructor, and later was appointed to the faculty of the New Zealand Missionary College as preceptress and teacher. Owing to failing health she left the college a few years later, and the remaining years of her quiet, godly life were spent in New Zealand, the last few years in the home of Brother and Sister V. Herbert in Auckland, giving what assistance she could in church activities. Coming to Sydney a few weeks ago to visit her brothers, Rev. A. J. Parker of the Presbyterian Church, Hornsby, and Mr. Badgery Parker of Beecroft, she accepted an invitation to stay with Sister H. K. Lewin of Wahrenonga, from whose hospitable home she was taken to the kindly care of the sanitarium, where her devoted life ended. However, her influence lives on in the lives of those she loved and for whom she laboured. Sister Parker rests in the Northern Suburbs cemetery, awaiting the call of her Lord, whom she loved and faithfully served. Pastors R. J. Burns and A. White assisted in the burial services. A. G. Stewart.

WANTED. Domestic help, no cooking, no washing, own room and bathroom. Two adults, two small children. Mrs. Symonds, 150 Mona Vale Rd., Pymble, N.S.W. Phone JJ 3486.

CAMERA FOR SALE. Exakta Vares in A1 condition, having f1.9/58 lens with yellow filter and one only Biometar f2.8/80mm tele lens. £80. Apply Esda Sales & Service, 5 Hunter St., Sydney, N.S.W.

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BREVITIES

Pastor E. P. Wolfe, who went to India from Australia at the end of 1955, is now stationed in Surat (about 160 miles north of Bombay), we learn from a recent issue of the "Southern Asia Tidings." He is not only pastor of the Surat church and chaplain of the Surat Mission Hospital, but he also serves as district leader and evangelist for the Gujerat.

Brother Harry G. Richardson, master builder and senior elder of our Cabramatta church, left Sydney on May 21 with a party of seventy-eight Rotarians on a chartered flight by Quantas to attend the annual conference of Rotary International to be held at Dallas, Texas, June 1-5. Brother Richardson has been appointed vice-chairman of the International Assembly Building Construction at this convention, to which some 15,000 Rotarians are expected to come from all parts of the world. Following the convention Brother Richardson plans to make a short but comprehensive visit to the various large cities of U.S.A., and expects to be able to attend the General Conference at Cleveland for at least one week-end, and arrive back in Sydney July 5.

In the city of Perth Pastor G. Burnside opened a three-week evangelistic campaign on May 4, with meetings seven nights a week and two each on Sabbath and Sunday. The Majestic Theatre is the meeting-place on Sundays, and the Young Australia League Hall on week nights.

"The mission really opened on Sabbath evening with a sacred programme of song by Brother William Cook," we learn from Pastor H. White, the conference president. "Then Pastor Burnside spoke at 3 p.m. Sunday, with a repeat programme at 7.30 in the same theatre. The total attendance at these two meetings was 2,200. This is more than 600 above Pastor Burnside's opening meeting in Perth two years ago. The offering for the Sunday meetings was £90, which was really excellent."

Although the results of the previous Perth campaign were indeed good, with 100 persons signing the covenant cards at the close and 120 joining the baptismal class, the gospel net catches more each time it is lowered. "In the audience yesterday," writes Pastor White, "were many who attended the meetings before, some who almost made their decision and then, because of some influence or other, became opposed to us and even bitter. But they were back again last night, and we pray that God will bring them right through this time." Please pray for the people of Perth.

Pastor A. F. Jessen, who went from Australia to India thirty-six years ago and has laboured there or in Ceylon continuously ever since, is now principal and business manager of the Lowry Memorial High School in Bangalore, South India. We read in the "Southern Asia Tidings" that the manufacture and sale of health foods has become a new industry at the school, and Pastor Jessen had been visiting army headquarters to solicit orders.

Twenty years ago Brother Coombes paid a missionary visit to a bedridden mother. This favourably impressed the daughter, Mrs. Kenningham, and she readily accepted an invitation to hear the Adventist message as preached by Pastor E. B. Ibbott in Fairfield, N.S.W. During the course of the mission, in response to a request for favourite hymns she asked for hers, namely, "Does Jesus Care?" The singing of this hymn brought her to the decision to accept the Adventist faith. From then on to the time of her death, as reported on another page of this paper, Sister Kenningham has been constant in church attendance, and has consistently attended every mission in her district. And now her lifework is ended. Twenty years of fellowship with Christ and happy service, and some members of her family earnest Adventists today, resulting from one missionary visit! We thank Pastor K. J. Wooller for relating this experience when forwarding the obituary of our late Sister Kenningham. What joy it gives to the shut-ins to be visited! Let's do more of it.

Avondale Aged People's Homes

E. J. GARRARD

Secretary, North N.S.W. Conference

Plans are well under way to commence building the first cottages or units associated with the above scheme. Up to the time of writing we have orders for five units; our architect anticipates calling building tenders early in June. Several folk have been making inquiries, and we expect to receive orders from them in the near future. The greater the number of orders in the initial approach to the scheme, the more economical it will be for building purposes.

Interested folk are urged to contact the Secretary, North N.S.W. Conference, P.O. Box 27, Hamilton, as soon as possible.

Karalundi Mission, West Australia

Pastor D. A. Ferris writes from the Karalundi mission for aborigines in West Australia: "Our school roll is steady at eighty-six. The recent good rains have meant much activity in the vegetable garden, orchard, dairy, lucerne culture centres, and poultry department, and certainly it is needed with the voracious appetites of this large family of boys and girls. The Week of Prayer brought new experience for many. Outstanding was the hay-stack prayer circle among the boys, which grew larger and larger. The Friday evening consecration service gave evidence of a thoughtful response by almost every boy and girl. Prayer circles are continuing. Karalundi's needs are legion. We are resolved by the Lord's help that a strong centre of witness will be built that will reflect honour upon the cause of truth and form good relationships with the great North-west."

Distinction Comes to the College of Medical Evangelists

"Friends of the College of Medical Evangelists are pleased when they hear how a graduate or faculty member leads out in a professional way in his or her particular field of interest. Examples of outstanding service to the institution are numerous. Last month news came of the appointment of the dean of the C.M.E. School of Nursing, Miss Maxine Atteberry, as president of the California Board of Nurse Examiners. Some of the functions of this group of representative nurses are to license thousands of nurses who annually apply for registration with the State of California, to review and approve programmes of established and proposed schools of nursing, and to attend in general to legal matters which involve the forty-eight schools of nursing and the practise of nursing in California." This news comes to us from "The Record," published by the South-western Union Conference, in U.S.A.