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AND ADVENT WORLD SURVEY

Be Sure to Read:
**"THE DEMONSTRATION
LESSON THAT FAILED"**
O. L. SPECK, Page 2.

THE HOUSE was dark and dusty, and inside by the glimmer of a small fire we could make out forms of men, women, children, dogs, and pigs all sharing the limited accommodation on the sooty earthen floor. Forlornly they sat, never free from the fear of the spirits, and a living picture of the words spoken by Paul, "without hope in the world."

We had journeyed all night from the island of Aoba, where we had returned to their homes a number of delegates to the New Hebrides session, and we sailed right through until early the next afternoon before the *Nakalagi* dropped anchor in Big Bay, North Santo. We had gone ashore to find an isolated Adventist village, neatly set out beyond the wide beach. Most of the people were away, but we had managed to find several men who were able to guide us to a village which we heard had requested a teacher.

Aboard the mission ship again we had sailed until almost sundown, and then dropped anchor in a choppy little bay, not far from the northern-most point of Santo Island. It was after we had gone ashore that evening and walked several miles along the beach and through the dense tropical jungle that we had come upon these benighted people who were still seeking the light of the gospel.

At first we sensed rather than saw fearful figures furtively disappearing into the darkness, but after a while the more adventurous ones crept back to speak with us. They took us to an old lady who had a very nasty tropical ulcer on her leg. She had poulticed it with some wild herb from the bush, but it was badly in need of more effective treatment. A mother, her fear of us overcome by her desire to gain help for her sickly child, described symptoms of dysentery, which she said had persisted for many weeks. Another feverish child with an enlarged spleen needed anti-malarial tablets. We were overwhelmed by the dirt, degradation, and disease.



The old chief of North Santo who gave us a large piece of land on which to build a Christian village and school. He and his people want the Sabbath mission.

DARKNESS STILL REIGNS!

★ R. W. TAYLOR
President, Central Pacific Union Mission.

But the village had something they wanted us to see. It was a building just completed. Some of the young men personally escorted us to see it, all the while expounding its virtues. "Here is our church," exclaimed one of the men. "This is a mission village." We glanced momentarily at the naked bodies, the disease, the misery, and perhaps could have been forgiven for questioning somewhat incredulously, "A mission village?" "Oh, yes, don't you remember? We asked for a

teacher from the Sabbath mission and we waited a long time. Then one day another boat came, and a missionary from another church came and said that the Sabbath mission would not send a teacher, that he had brought one for us and that now this village belonged to his church." The doleful words of a famous war-time leader, "Too little, too late," flashed to mind, as I wondered if it was possible to retrieve something of our lost opportunities.

After we had given what medical help we could and shaken hands all round the village, we set out to retrace our pathway to the ship, now accompanied by some of the young people of the village. We told them that the village several miles away had called for a teacher and we had come to see what we could do to help them. "If you start a mission over there we will come and live in that village," they stated enthusiastically. "We always wanted the Sabbath mission. Why didn't you come to our village before?"

Back on board the "Nakalagi" we were rocked to sleep, and rocked awake again through the night, and as morning light threw back the shadows of night we were pleased to press on to the area where we heard they were waiting for an Adventist teacher.

Within an hour we were being greeted by two neatly dressed men surrounded by naked children. The men, we were pleased to discover, were Adventist laymen who were out doing some "missionary work." They had spent several days in the village and that very morning had held worship with the people and urged them to clean up their village.

We made our way to the village and found the people in a completely heathen condition. But they were very friendly; in fact they were happy the Sabbath mission had come to see them. They pointed out a beautiful piece of land by a quiet bay, which they were donating to the mission, and where the school was to be built. They would help erect the school house. They would clear the land. What they needed was a teacher.

Pastor Cobbin, the New Hebrides president, confided in me: "We don't have a teacher to send. I hate to disappoint them. Perhaps we could find a layman who would be prepared to come and teach these people until we can do something more for them."

Some of the clothing sent along by our good sisters of the Dorcas Welfare Society for just such emergencies as this was brought from the ship. As the dresses were held up against the naked forms to check them for size, dusky faces beamed appreciation and approval. Somehow it seemed to be more than just giving out clothes; it seemed to be a living parable of the wedding garment—the covering of the shame of sin with the spotless robe of Christ's righteousness. What a joy and hope it brought to these longing hearts!

A few hours later we sailed away, leaving with them the promise that someone from the Sabbath mission would return to help them. We hope it won't be too little and too late. It is estimated that there are at least 5,000 such men and women living in heathenism on this one island alone in the New Hebrides area. Lack of funds prevents us employing more workers, and yet we thank God for laymen who, having responded to the challenge and offering their services without pay, are helping to carry on the work in these areas. Can we do less with the opportunities that God has given us?

What a privilege is ours, dear fellow believers, to be workers together with God in driving out the darkness of sin, be it in the darkened doorways of densely populated cities, or the degraded devil-worshipping savages of the tropic isles! May God help us to faithfully do the part which He has given us to do, be it in praying or working, giving or going, until it can be said of all the areas where darkness still reigns today, "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light, and they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined."

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The Demonstration Lesson That Failed

O. L. SPECK

With a shout and with a whoop the Kukukuku warriors began racing out of their houses. Amidst the babble it was hard for our teacher, Kamou, to make himself heard. Word had just been received that the white missionary of another religious organization from Menyamyama was on his way out to visit some of the villages. He was accompanied by his teacher trainees who were all armed with notebooks and pencils.

It was just six months before that the Adventists had entered the remote areas of Kukukuku country beyond Menyamyama. In spite of efforts to prevent the entry of Adventist missionaries, the primitive people had received our worker with such enthusiasm that the more civilized villages around Menyamyama, controlled by this other church, were also becoming very interested in the Adventists. Something must be done, and quickly. So teachers were called in and a series of classes given on how to defeat the Adventists. Then as a climax to the course, the class was taken out to the nearest Adventist teacher

and given a practical demonstration on how to really floor them.

Somehow the kanakas had heard of the approach of the little company, and thus armed with bows and arrows (the only form of combat they had ever known), they were gleefully awaiting the foe. Kamou had to talk very fast to calm them down. He explained that this was just something between him and the white man, but that if they put their weapons away they could stay and watch. "Watch" was all they could do, as they could not understand pidgin, and so as they watched the facial expressions they could gain an indication of how things were going. Had they known that Kamou had never done more than preparatory grade in school they would have had reason to be doubtful of his ability to hold a doctrinal debate with a well-versed European.

However, as the missionary and his little band approached, Kamou seemed quite calm. The kanakas gathered around with much interest as the man began firing questions at Kamou, and the students prepared to take notes. The kanakas were quick to note that with each question Kamou turned rapidly to a verse in the Bible and was so quick with his answers that the missionary began to squirm. He soon looked rather uncomfortable. Without understanding a word of what was said, the onlookers could see that things weren't going so well for the missionary because, as Kamou turned to text after text, he began to scratch his head, then would sit down, only to stand up and then sit down again almost immediately. He looked in his Bible often, but he couldn't seem to find what he was looking for. Now the students of this demonstration were becoming restless. With pencils and pad all ready, there seemed to be nothing coming from their leader that was worth writing down. Finally, the kanakas could



In just one month, Aronuke (dressed in white shirt on right), had built a large church, a house for himself, and houses for Pastor Speck and the interpreter. He had 266 people eager to welcome Pastor Speck on his arrival.

contain themselves no longer, and began jumping and shouting to the houses about "Seven-day he win, seven-day he win." And amidst the great babble that followed, the missionary discreetly left.

As the excitement gradually died down, Kamou noticed that the native teacher from the nearby village had remained behind. He asked Kamou for more information, and Kamou gladly gave him a Bible study. At its conclusion the teacher said "Master i gammon mi tru—mi finish ologeta long — [named the mission]." ("Our master has deceived us and I'll have nothing more to do with them.")

And so the gospel is going in one of New Guinea's few remaining untouched areas. Having just returned from my latest patrol in there, there seems to be a development that we can't cope with. Due to the witness of these few faithful, devoted workers, calls are coming in from remote areas—areas that we haven't even seen or heard of previously, and yet word has filtered through somehow, and these people, too, in their poverty and ignorance, are wanting help.

As I patrolled through the area a few months ago, I came upon a little group of about thirty people who pleaded for a teacher soon. These people do not live in a big village but in small hamlets scattered around the mountains. I promised them a worker as soon as I could obtain a suitable man. It was just a month prior to my visit last week that Aronuke started work in this little hamlet. Imagine my surprise therefore, to find as I entered the village that he had built himself a house, a big church, a house for me and one for the interpreter. And best of all, at the entrance to the village he had 266 people lined up to shake my hand.

As I looked back over the twelve months since we arrived back from furlough and see the wonderful things that the Lord has done, I can but praise Him, for it is far more than I ever thought or hoped. As we look to the future, we wonder just how we can best handle this rapid growth and the fierce opposition that usually follows such advance. But if the Lord is for us, who can be against us? We are continually grateful for the prayers we know are supporting this work.

Darling Ranges because of his sincerity, friendliness, and cheerfulness. He made himself one with us on the campus, in the halls, in the dining-room, on our annual hike, and in the messages that he presented. We would again express to him our sincerest thanks for a week of inspiring ministry.

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Transforming Grace of Christ

C. A. TOWNEND

It is not very often that people just "turn up" at church. Yet such was the case with Detective Graham Olson who first came to the Kadina (S.A.) church on January 16, 1963. Since that day Mr. Olson has hardly missed a service, and certainly not in recent months.

The story of God's call to Mr. Olson's heart takes us back two years. It was family holiday time. Mrs. Olson planned to take the children to Tasmania. But he would first have a holiday with his Adventist parents who lived at Mildura.

However, his parents' home was merely the base from which he went with his brother and others for a round of parties. But it just didn't seem right.

"That's the end of this life," he determined as he packed his bag one morning. The holiday was cut short when he sped for home. That hurried trip was the foretelling of an earnest trek to God and peace.

While in Mildura his parents had presented him with a set of "The Bible Story," by A. S. Maxwell. This was read enthusiastically by all the family. Overhead God was directing in answering the prayers of faithful parents.

During the ensuing months the desire for peace and happiness deepened. Events in the first weeks of January, 1963, led Mr. Olson to make the decision which brought him to church.

He wanted his wife to share in the soul-satisfying truth, but he knew that overtones of questioning exercised her mind. She could see some changes in her husband's life, but somehow this was not in accordance with her upbringing in the Catholic Church. She thought she would discourage her husband, and among other things she made sure that the "Signs of the Times" were burnt.

Upon hearing of the 20th Century filmstrips owned by the church, Mr. Olson asked that he might have the projector and films to show his wife. "We'll settle it ourselves," he said. Midnight hours were kept on many nights. He read the scripts as they went over the films. With one film the wrong script was included, so they worked it out for themselves. They also played a taped sermon by Pastor E. L. Minchin, recorded by us at camp. God was calling them to surrender and to service.

The "teach ourselves" policy ended on the happy Sabbath when Mrs. Olson and the children came to church. Brother Hiscox, our faithful elder, began visiting. Since then we have been taking further studies.

AROUND THE Conferences



W.A.M.C. Week of Prayer

ENID HILL
Business Teacher

Sabbath morning, July 6, was the day the students of the West Australian Missionary College had been eagerly awaiting. It was then that Pastor K. H. Mead began a series of Spirit-filled messages for the 1963 Week of Prayer. The speaker, South Australia's dedicated Young People's leader, was accompanied by his wife on his first visit to the West.

A chapel service was held each morning at 9.50 when Pastor Mead led out with an inspiring song service before delivering his wonderful messages in a very simple and down-to-earth manner, directing the minds of the students to the decision to follow Christ. After the chapel service the whole student body, led by different members of the faculty, divided up into regular prayer band groups, and there offered up their sincere petitions to our heavenly Father.

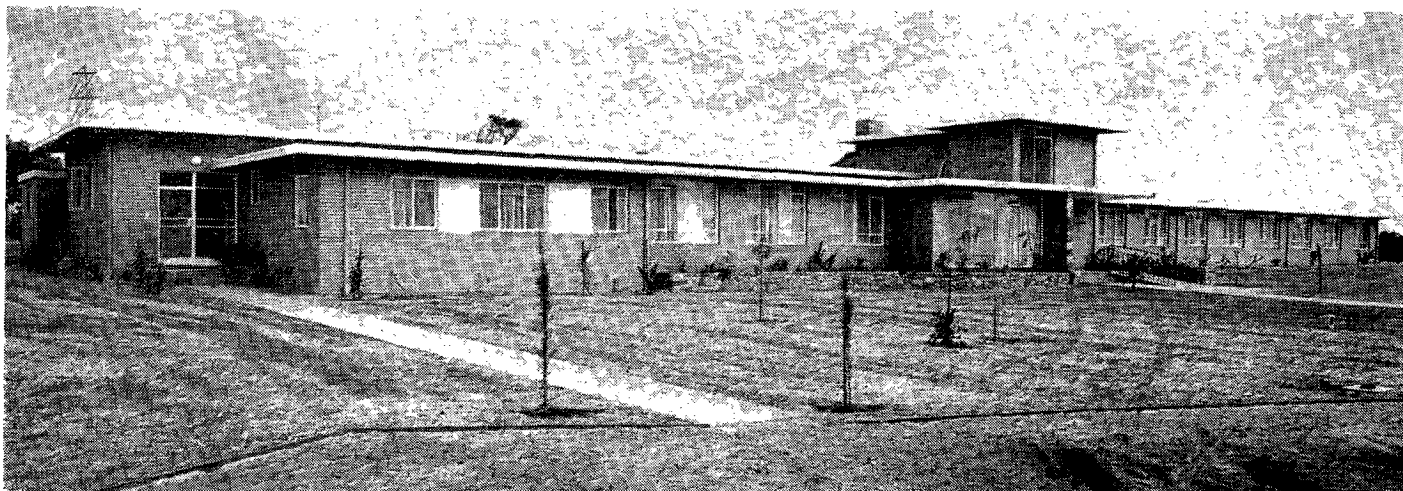
Seven o'clock each evening found the students once again assembled in the upper room where all joined in a rousing song service which prepared their hearts for the message to follow. The song services were a feature which undoubtedly proved to be an inspiration to all, with the hymn "Christ Receiveth Sinful Men" rating as the most popular. We were grateful to Pastor Mead for his capable

leadership and the messages gained through the singing of beautiful hymns. Of course, a day did not go by without his willingness to listen to the many problems of the students, and we thank him for the valued help and counsel which he offered to each one.

Many aspects of the Christian life were considered in the messages, which were prepared in a very practical way, with no urgings on the emotions. We were directed to the need of taking the first step in the right direction and guided step by step to ultimate sanctification, and were also inspired with the joy of "launching out into the deep" in service for the Master. The need for private prayer and Bible study was especially emphasized as effective weapons against Satan's warfare.

The Friday evening Vesper Service will long be remembered as the highlight of the 1963 Week of Prayer, when through another inspiring address the impact of the Holy Spirit was felt in a marvellous way by the many decisions made for Christ during the call for surrender and reconsecration. To show their new-found love for their Saviour, many testified to His goodness and leading in their lives during the week that had passed, and their desire to live victoriously.

Pastor Mead will not quickly be forgotten by the students of the school in the



"Sherwin Lodge," showing on left the kitchen and staff quarters, and on the right, the residential section. The central tower houses the stairway and the landing which will lead into the second storey to be erected over the residential section.

A personal conviction grew in Mr. Olson's heart that he should leave the Police Force. His resignation was already tendered when the way opened up for him to become the branch manager of a milk factory in the same town.

The children, too, have responded to the new way of life. On a recent Sabbath afternoon, Wendy, aged eight, and Donald, aged six, left the beach house where the family was temporarily staying, to give out "Take His Word" leaflets. When they returned it was nearly dark, and they told of how they had spoken for Jesus to a number of people. Then, as they had watched the sun dip into the sea, they scampered up into the sandhills where they knelt to close the Sabbath.

A wide circle of business men and friends are beholding four transformed lives and are asking about the change. A fellow policeman went direct to Brother Hiscox to find out for himself.

On June 29, Pastor C. D. Judd, our president, baptized the Olsons, who rejoice in the evidence in their hearts of the transforming grace of Christ.

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New Home for Aged Opens In W.A.

Between 800 and 1,000 people were assembled on Sunday, July 7, at 2 p.m. for the official opening of "Sherwin Lodge," the residential block for aged people in Perth, Western Australia. A plaque on the main entrance wall commemorates the opening in these words:

"The esteemed name of Dr. Thomas A. Sherwin represents the loyal constituency of the Seventh-day Adventist Church who sacrificed for this building. The Commonwealth and State Governments liberally assisted. Officially opened 7th July, 1963."

The opening ceremony began with a musical rendition, "Maidstone," from the Perth Advent Silver Band, under the direction of Mr. W. E. Zanotti, headmaster of our Central School. Following the National Anthem, Mr. Windeyer, recently

appointed secretary of the West Australian Conference, extended a welcome to all and introduced the platform personnel to the assembled guests. These included the Honourable Mr. C. D. Nalder, M.L.A. and Deputy Premier of Western Australia; Mr. Richard Cleaver, M.H.R., representing the Commonwealth Government; Councillor A. T. Maley; Mr. H. H. May, M.L.A.; Pastor Frank Maberly, president of the West Australian Conference; Dr. T. A. Sherwin and Pastor G. I. Wilson.

Following the review by Pastor Maberly of circumstances and historical events leading to the development of a home for elderly people, friendly and congratulatory remarks were made by Deputy Premier C. D. Nalder and Mr. Richard Cleaver. A fitting climax to the programme was Pastor G. I. Wilson's prayer of dedication and the solo "Bless This House" by Mr.

H. Wilson. As the music ended Mr. Nalder stood and gave the key of "Sherwin Lodge" to Dr. T. A. Sherwin. It was an exciting moment for all who had worked and sacrificed toward this project as the doctor, in his quiet, unassuming way opened the front door. It was a dream come true, and with the opening of that door we view men and women in their declining years crossing the threshold and finding a safe and happy refuge.

"Sherwin Lodge," built at a cost of £37,000, will accommodate fifteen elderly people and three staff members. In time a second storey will be added to cater for twice this number. Kitchen, laundry, dining, and other facilities have all been built to satisfy the demand that will eventually come when this second storey is added. In looking through this beautiful building one is impressed with every appointment. Furnishings, the size of the



Pastor Maberly, president of the West Australian Conference, giving the historical sketch of "Sherwin Lodge." From left behind him are Mr. H. Windeyer, secretary of the conference, Pastor G. I. Wilson, Dr. T. A. Sherwin, Councillor A. T. Maley; Mr. H. H. May, M.L.A.; Mr. Richard Cleaver, M.H.R.; and Mr. C. D. Nalder, M.L.A.

rooms, colour schemes, curtains, lighting, every aspect has received detailed consideration.

The erection of this home on 9½ acres of land at Rossmoyne, on the Canning River, Perth, is only the beginning of an ambitious plan to provide accommodation, care, and attention for more elderly people. Housing units already under construction will soon be furnished for fourteen more people. These are of three types: home units for elderly couples, two adjoining flats, and self-contained flats in blocks of four. Such units will be erected according to demand.

In time a C class hospital is to be erected on the land at Rossmoyne. By this you will realize that every elderly person will be adequately catered for in this very fine home being developed in the Sunny West.

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"Ciudad de Asuncion" Tragedy

Following the untimely death of Pastor Mario Rasi, Sabbath School Secretary of the South American Division, as reported in an earlier issue of the "Record," Pastor R. C. Barger of the General Conference Sabbath School Department, who was itinerating with Pastor Rasi, has written an account of the tragic accident:

25th July, 1963.

Dear Friends:

I imagine that since the General Conference received the cable that I was safe you have wondered what from. Perhaps you did get some details, since I believe one of the men from the division office talked to Brother Emmerson by phone.

My itinerary with Pastor Rasi had gone according to schedule until we had finished at Montevideo. The morning of our last meeting there we began to have very cloudy weather and fog. The next morning the fog was so bad that planes were grounded, so we finally booked passage on the "Ciudad de Asuncion," an inter-city ship that crosses the wide mouth of the Platte River from Montevideo to Buenos Aires. It left about 9.30 p.m. and was to get into Buenos Aires about 7 a.m. the next day. Everything went pretty much according to plans, and I got to sleep about 11 o'clock in my cabin. Pastor Rasi was in another cabin. I was in a room with two other men.

It was very foggy out over the river, and we later learned that the captain had been advised to stay in port until it cleared, but anyhow we went. It seemed I had not been asleep long (but it was nearly 4 a.m.) when I was awakened by a lurch of the ship and a noise. The ship's motor stopped immediately, then it seemed to manoeuvre for a few moments, and then started ahead once more. I was too much asleep to think very much about it, but there was no announcement or explanation, so I relaxed. Then suddenly the ship's motors stopped and the lights dimmed and went out. Instantly I knew the ship was sinking fairly rapidly, and



The lounge room of "Sherwin Lodge." From left: Nurse H. Green, Sisters B. Mooney, A. E. Millen, E. E. Chapman, L. G. Clarke, and Matron L. Bailey.

while shouts and screams of fear and alarm came from all directions, I found my mouth so dry I couldn't even wet my lips. I managed to find my clothes in the pitch dark, and when I got up on deck people were beginning to gather next to the lifeboats.

No one was prepared for such an emergency, least of all the ship and crew. There were no flashlights or other emergency lights. One or two passengers had small flashlights. There were over 400 on board, and lifeboats for less than half that many. There were not quite enough lifejackets to go around either, but I believe all did get at least a narrow life belt. That was what I had. Pastor Rasi got a full jacket with the extra belt. The crew apparently had had no experience in launching lifeboats, but although it took a long time they were at last swung over the side in position to launch. The captain sent word that there was no danger as the river at this point was shallow enough so that the two upper decks would remain out of water. They would wait, he said, for rescue ships to come to take off the passengers. The current of the river is quite swift, but there were no large waves so it looked peaceful enough.

I found Pastor Rasi on the top deck near the ship's funnels, and we calmly awaited developments. I was looking down an open hatch between the two smoke stacks when suddenly I saw tongues of fire crawling up a pipe in the lower deck. Immediately the fire spread

over the surface of the water which had risen in the ship. In some way fire had started, and the diesel fuel had floated on top of the water and was pretty well distributed through the ship. Pandemonium broke loose at this point. Almost everyone rushed for the lifeboats at first, as the seamen tried frantically to get them launched. Then it was immediately apparent that there were not nearly enough boats and only one regular raft. Some wooden pieces, something like freight pallets, only narrower and longer, were thrown over, and people began jumping over and trying to get hold of these pieces and other articles that might float.

It was pitiful to see the terror of the families with children and of some of the older women. Everyone retreated toward the stern, away from the fire which had started pretty well forward. Brother Rasi managed to climb down from the top deck to the second. I helped a woman get down, then followed. By now the stairways were full of flame and smoke. We stayed aboard until the smoke drove us to the rail. Brother Rasi seemed hesitant. I was afraid of an explosion (which did come later). We shook hands, said goodbye, I turned to look at the fire, and when I turned back I couldn't see him in the milling crowd of people. I knew I had no time to lose, so slipped over the rail, climbed down as far as I could, and dropped into the water.

It is winter time down here and the water and the river seemed ice cold.

When I came to the surface I could hardly get my breath, but managed to turn on my back to float in order to conserve strength. I paddled away from the boat as rapidly as possible, and had gone some distance when I bumped into someone clinging to one of these makeshift rafts described above. I am sure angels were guiding in that, for without that wooden piece to cling to I would never have survived with just a lifebelt. There were about eight persons holding to this raft; later four or five more were able to attach themselves. The current of the river carried us out of sight of the burning ship in twenty or thirty minutes, and we were enveloped in fog and darkness.

It was terribly cold, so cold, in fact, that instead of breathing normally every breath was a gasp. We were in the water nearly five hours. I forced myself to keep treading water with my feet to keep my legs from cramping and to keep up a little circulation. At times I was so exhausted that I could scarcely keep my eyes open. Water would wash up over the collar of my coat and down inside my clothing and I would go into a spasm of severe chills. At times I thought I simply could not hold on any longer. Then someone would think he saw a light, or the moon would almost shine through the fog, and courage would revive. Several did become unconscious and drop away. Their lifejackets held their heads above water, so it is possible that some survived and were rescued. Finally, after nearly five hours, an Argentine patrol boat appeared with searchlights sweeping the water and small boats picking persons out of the water. It seemed an eternity before they got us. I don't remember very clearly the next few moments. We were all too exhausted to climb into the boat. But anyway we were taken to bunks in the patrol boat, stripped of our wet clothing, covered with heavy blankets and massaged to get a little warmth started.

We were taken to the Argentine naval station, fifty miles from Buenos Aires. They checked us in, gave us hot chocolate, and finally some navy clothing to put on. It was quite a sight. Then we were brought by bus to Buenos Aires and taken aboard a bigger ship to rest and to fill out claim forms for our loss. A man from the U.S. Embassy was there and got me in touch with our folk here. So I am at the Webster's (president of the Buenos Aires Conference) being royally treated. I'm a little the worse for wear, but will soon mend, I am sure. I lost everything but the clothes on my back, but consider myself very fortunate to be here at all. Exact figures of the loss of life are not yet known, but it will run from eighty to one hundred, I am sure.

Saddest of all for us is that Pastor Rasi was found, but he did not survive the ordeal. His funeral services were held this afternoon. I am sorry I could not go. This is hard to understand, but the Lord knows best. He will be greatly missed in South America.

Sincerely,

R. CURTIS BARGER.

The Value of Trials

In the swamps of the south-eastern part of the United States there are strange growths known as "cypress knees." Botanists believe these to be the breathing apparatus of the cypress. The roots of this tree are usually under water; and these knees apparently take air down to the roots, and thence to the tree itself. In studying these growths, which are conical in shape, and rarely more than a few feet tall, naturalists have found that the vast majority are symmetrical cones, with no individuality, no striking character or significance. Occasionally, however, one comes upon a cypress knee that has been wounded; perhaps a wild boar sharpened his tusks on it; or against it a buck rubbed the velvet from his horns; or possibly a branch, or even a whole tree, fell on it, bruising it and tearing parts of the bark away.

In the process of healing, these wounds produce burls, which, covered with new bark, give to the growth a unique beauty. Invariably, the cypress knee that has withstood the greatest number of wounds is the one that has the most pronounced character, the most appealing charm. Here is a beauty born of trials and suffering. But the beauty and value become real and are revealed only when the damage inflicted by the trials and stresses has been valiantly resisted.

George Macdonald, in one of his books, wrote about a woman who had been crushed by a sudden tragedy. Her heartache was so great and her sorrow so bitter that she remarked, "I wish I'd never been made." Her friend answered wisely, "My dear, you are not made yet. You're only being made, and this is the Maker's process." Life is a schoolroom of trials and sorrows to which we all go. It is only when we emerge from it undaunted that the richer qualities of the spirit can be made manifest.

Archibald Rutledge tells of going up a mountain path one day when he met a mountaineer with an axe in his hand. As they were going the same way, he walked with the axeman, and asked him what he was going to cut.

"I need a piece of timber to fix my heavy waggon. I need the toughest kind of wood I can get. That kind always grows on top of the mountain, where all the storms hit the hardest. A tree that has never been shielded is generally the last to fall. It has stood so much in the way of storms that it has built up a strength to stand a big gale." The idea is the same one that Tennyson expressed when he wrote of a strong lance that had been made from wood "storm-strengthened on a windy height."

Close observers of human nature tell us that some women come into what is called

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R. E. CLEVELAND

Academic Dean, Atlantic Union College, U.S.A.

their second bloom. A first bloom appears to be common to all girls. Lovely as it is, it lacks significance and spiritual durability. It involves no effort, no decision, no struggle, no strength or valour on the part of its possessor. It is without character. Years later, when the girl has become a woman, if she has reacted bravely to the troubles that life brings to all of us, there will come to her a beauty that is in the manifestation of the triumph of the spirit over adversity. This kind of beauty may last for the rest of her life. That is because it is rooted in character.

Trials rend and mar, but they strengthen, they build, and they bring forth serene and changeless beauty.

We are inclined to mourn that the world is not a better place in which to live. Yet the fact that it is full of trials affords us our only chance to develop our character. It is interesting to note that it is not in times and places of ease and peace that we find our heroes and heroines; but in the places of danger, darkness, and despair. A time of prosperity is a dangerous time. "The soul loafs and grows fat." Times of stress and peril are the ones that show what we are made of. Loss and grief are always life's commands to us to be great.

Pertinent and unique in its appeal is the story of the Pool of Bethesda. All about it lay the lame, the halt, and the blind, "waiting for the moving of the waters" (John 5:2). For only when the waters were troubled would the miracle of healing be manifested. So it is in life. Rarely is nobility of character demanded until the waters are troubled.

The greatest minds have discovered virtue in trials. "The dark," says Sidney Lanier, "is full of nightingales, of dreams, and of the heavenly muse." Isaiah gives us this tremendous promise: "And I will give thee the treasures of darkness" (Isa. 45:3). The strength of the body, the quality of the spirit—these need testing in order to bring them into greater strength and beauty. But trials not only develop us into new strength and beauty; they enrich our hearts with sympathy for others. Only those who have suffered can appreciate the meaning of suffering.

Without trials our existence would suffer lassitude. It should not be forgotten that it is often the tempest of sorrow that draws people together. We clasp hands in the dark. Joy alone never gives to life its full beauty. Love's bosom is never so deep as when it is a shelter. Unless one person shares another's trials as well as another's joy, love will never attain its full stature. Perhaps life's deepest joy is to feel needed; and if there were no trials we should never be needed.—"Atlantic Union Gleaner."

WEDDINGS



OPETAIA-AUINA. At 5.30 p.m. on July 18, 1963, Benjamin Opetaia met his bride Peaario Auina in the Ponsonby church, Auckland, N.Z. He led her to the altar, where they declared their love for each other and were united as husband and wife. The bride's parents live in Samoa; the bridegroom is the son of Brother Opetaia of the Ponsonby church. The reception was held at the home of Brother P. Tuitama, the bride's uncle, and all who gathered there wished the happy pair God's blessing in their future life. J. T. Howse.

TRACE-McDOUGALL. In the Beaudesert church (Queensland), on July 21, 1963, relatives and friends gathered to witness the marriage of Richard Trace to Delphine McDougall. After studying at Avondale, the bride served for a period at the S.H.F. shop in Sydney. The bridegroom was baptized the previous week by Pastor B. Foster of Brisbane. As this was the first wedding to be solemnized in the church, the elder, Brother Gill, on behalf of the members, presented the happy couple with a Bible. We pray that God will richly bless these young people as they establish another Christian home in Beaudesert.

MORGAN-CURNUCK. Thursday evening, July 25, saw many friends from South Australia gathered with a large group from Western Australia, in the Manjimup church. The occasion was the marriage of Kenneth, only son of Brother and Sister D. Morgan, of Adelaide, to Shirley, daughter of Brother and Sister H. Curnuck, of Yumali, South Australia. In spite of the rather severe weather, the wedding was a very lovely and joyous climax to the engagement of this young couple. Brother Ken Morgan is the headmaster in our school at Manjimup, and as he and his wife serve in that centre, we pray that the Lord will make their united lives a blessing to all. H. W. Hammond.

CURNUCK-STAPLES. Ivan, son of Brother and Sister H. Curnuck of Yumali, South Australia, and Maureen, daughter of Brother and Sister R. Staples of Harvey, Western Australia, were united in marriage on the evening of Tuesday, July 30. There was a large gathering of friends from the local area as well as from many miles distant, who came to wish the young couple happiness and God's blessing, as they set up their home in South Australia. A rather unusual feature came to light when it was learned that the bride's great-grandfather built the church at Harvey back in 1917, her grandfather and grandmother (Brother and Sister R. R. Gooding, well known in Adventist circles throughout Australia) were married in the church that same year, her parents were also married in that church, and now she herself has made the third consecutive generation to be married in this church. Our sincere wishes for their happiness go with them. H. W. Hammond.



UNTIL THE DAY BREAK

ANNAN. Mrs. Violet Annan fell asleep in Jesus on June 23, 1963, at the age of fifty-nine, after a long and trying illness. She had a real and active faith and looked forward to her Saviour's return. Words of comfort and hope were spoken to those who assembled for the private service held at the crematorium, for we sorrow not as those who have no belief in the resurrection, but are confident that our dear sister will sleep only till the Life-giver calls. James M. Johanson.

MOFFITT. On July 4, 1963, Alison June, fourteen months old, and the only child of Brother and Sister E. Moffitt of the Concord church, Sydney, was snatched away by the cruel hand of death. We are ever grateful for the sustaining power of God in times of bereavement, and are assured that this has been a great comfort to the sorrowing parents. Alison now sleeps in the Rookwood cemetery, but will have the privilege of growing up in the kingdom of God following the coming of Jesus. C. H. Raphael.

CHAPMAN. After several years of illness, Mrs. Winnie Amelia Chapman fell asleep at her home in Glen Iris, Victoria, on July 28, 1963, at the age of sixty-eight years. She was the only daughter of the late Pastor and Mrs. Craddock and would be better known by her former married name, McGowan. There were two children born to this union—Estelle (Mrs. Adams), and the late Allan McGowan, who was accidentally killed nearly three years ago. Words of comfort and hope were spoken to the mourners and friends gathered at the funeral parlours and the Warringal cemetery, Heidelberg, where we laid the loved one to rest. J. S. Jackson.

CAHIR. The death of Sister N. Cahir of Broken Hill church occurred at Gawler, S.A., on July 24, 1963. She was aged eighty-eight years. Until approximately one year ago Sister Cahir had resided at Broken Hill where she was well known and much loved by the church folk. Even in the latter years of her life she took an extremely keen interest in church activities, particularly during Appeal for Missions campaigns when, year after year with faithful zeal, she gathered hundreds of pounds from business houses. She became affectionately known as the "white-haired lady" while doing this work and exchanging riddles with newsboys who relished her wit and kindly, helpful words of encouragement. This lovable, inspiring sister was laid to rest in the Millaston cemetery, Gawler, on July 25, 1963, to await the call of the Life-giver. Deepest sympathy is expressed to her relatives. L. G. Burt.

THOMSON. Of interest to those who knew Warburton in its early Adventist days is the death of Mr. George A. Thomson at Melbourne on July 7, 1963, at the age of eighty-eight years. Married in 1902 to Miss Essie Blunden, elder sister of Pastor H. M. Blunden, now retired in the U.S.A., Mr. Thomson made his home in Warburton. From him was purchased the property now known as "Signs Hill," at a cost of £1 per acre, with the riverside site of the old Signs building as a gift. Four daughters were born to the marriage: Olga (Mrs. L. Miller, deceased), Glen (Mrs. C. Wright, Cremorne, N.S.W.), Fay (Melbourne), and Vivian (Mrs. G. Taylor of Adelaide). Through many years it was the writer's pleasure to enjoy the friendship of Mr. Thomson and his family, and his privilege to minister as we reverently laid him to rest in the Springsvale lawn cemetery. Llewellyn Jones.

BRIGHTON. At the Warburton Sanitarium and Hospital on July 21, Sister Joan Brighton quietly closed her eyes in sleep. For thirty-two of her fifty-six years, our late sister had been confined to her mobile bed by rheumatoid arthritis, but her radiant Christian personality was unfettered. In 1943, while living in the South New Zealand town of Nightcaps, a colporteur brought the Advent message to the Brightons, and the following year the whole family was baptized. Sister Brighton was a familiar figure at New Zealand camp-meetings, and more recently in Australia, being most faithful in her attendance. She also was an ardent missionary worker, for despite her crippling infirmity she wrote countless missionary letters, and mailed large quantities of truth-filled literature. Of her it truthfully can be said that she rests from her labours, and her works do follow her. To her sorrowing husband who cared for her to the end, and to her sons George and Keith, the consolations of the gospel were ministered as we laid her to rest in the Wesburn cemetery, where she awaits the call of the Life-giver. The writer was assisted in this service by Pastor A. W. Martin. Ross C. Piper.

VACANCY for ladies in Machaven Rest Home, Cooranbong; also domestic wanted, good conditions. Apply Machaven, Cooranbong, New South Wales.

TO LET to 2 adults at 18 Cavendish St. Pennant Hills, Sydney, 2 large rooms in a new home, own stove, separate entrance. Phone WJ 4493.

OFFERING an attractive building block in Sydney's lovely hills district as part payment for a cottage near Avondale. Apply "Exchange," care of "Australasian Record," Wahroonga.

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GREATER SYDNEY CONFERENCE SESSION AND CAMP-MEETING

The eighth biennial session and camp-meeting of the Greater Sydney Conference will convene at the camp ground, Sunnyholt Road, Blacktown, October 3-12, 1963. This will be a regular session of the conference and delegates as appointed by the churches in harmony with the constitution will be recognized as voters at this session. Reports will be presented by the president, secretary-treasurer, and departmental secretaries, and all other regular features of the session will be conducted. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend these meetings.

W. J. C. SAWYER, Secretary-treasurer.

AUSTRALASIAN RECORD

and Advent World Survey

Official Organ of the

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Advertisements approved by the editor will be inserted at the following rates:

First 25 words 10/-
Each additional 6 words 9d.

Remittance and recommendation from local pastor or conference officer must accompany copy.

PEOPLE and EVENTS

- ✧ Having been delayed eighteen hours in Pago Pago, Brother and Sister A. Sonter, with their little daughters Betty and Wendy, landed in Sydney in winter cold at 12.45 a.m. on August 5. They have been serving on the island of Savaii in Samoa. A few days after their arrival they went to Queensland to attend the camp-meeting and visit the maternal relatives.
- ✧ The "Polynesia," berthing in Sydney from the New Hebrides on August 5, brought Pastor and Mrs. Dean Giles and their children Rosemary and Calvin home for their first furlough. A week later they left for Adelaide. Brother Giles spoke of the wonderful stimulus brought to the New Hebrideans by Sister Alma Wiles' recent visit there. He said her talks to the people, including the women and the heathen, did more for them than another missionary could have done in a year. They are still talking affectionately about Sister Wiles.
- ✧ Sister G. Burnside announces that the total amount now raised by the selling of used postage stamps is £2,150. This money has been used for many projects, including the launching of the Voice of Prophecy on the air at Longreach, Queensland; production of Fijian Bible lessons; and providing equipment for Bible schools in New Zealand, New Hebrides, Samoa, and Tonga. Saving stamps is worth while.
- ✧ Four Sundays, from September 8-29, Pastor G. Burnside will be sounding forth the Advent Message with a loud voice at Rockhampton, Queensland, assisted by local conference evangelists and all "Record" readers who wish to share in the campaign by upholding the team in prayer.
- ✧ It will be remembered that two years ago the young people of Greater Sydney and A.M.C. raised funds for the training of a guide dog for the blind. A golden Labrador was chosen and named Venda. Word has now been received that Venda has commenced her career of helping a blind person to really live. We have been promised a story and a picture for a later issue of the "Record."
- ✧ We have been advised that some little time ago Brother Glyn Parfitt was successful in obtaining his M.Sc. degree. In 1958 he completed his B.Sc. with first class honours in Physical Chemistry. The next year he obtained his Dip.Ed. For a time he was on the staff of the Sydney University demonstrating Physical Chemistry. Glyn is now at A.M.C. studying for the B.A. degree in Theology. He and his wife hope for an appointment to the mission field when he graduates.

Wangaratta Is Warm!

MARGARET TRIM

It was cold. Icy winds whipped at the good things laid out on the trestle table. Rain splashed into the gutters as they ran over the footpath. It was surely a day to stay indoors. But the Lord had His hand over the attractive stall that the Wangaratta ladies conducted, and rewarded their faithfulness and industry with no less than £60.

Many hours of labour had been spent making children's clothes, tempting things to eat, growing special indoor plants, etc., to raise funds for a much-needed church, for in this capital city of North-east Victoria, with its large population, we do not have a church.

Pastor Roy Naden and Brother Ray Trim have had good success in their evangelistic efforts, and many homes in this rich and beautiful district are now open and receiving studies every week. As new members are brought into the truth the need for a church becomes imperative. A block of land has been secured, and Brethren Naden and Trim, with the help of a few stalwarts in the church, are busy felling and saving timber for fencing posts.

Working and praying, we know that the Lord will help us to erect a fitting tabernacle to His honour and glory in this place. Please add your prayers to ours, as time is short and there is so much to be done.

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Following the Crowd

E. A. REYE

President, South New South Wales Conference

I read of a test that was made in a college some time back to demonstrate a theory of how consent can be engineered. They took a class of fifteen students. The instructor and fourteen of the students secretly planned to test the fifteenth. It was understood that a series of lines would be shown on a paper with all but one exactly conforming, and that one slightly longer. The fifteenth student would be asked if all lines conformed, and then when he said NO and pointed out the irregular one, the teacher would show surprise and call on the fourteen for their opinions. By pre-arrangement, all would differ with the one first called upon. The test was to show how many would stand by their previously formed and announced

opinions in the face of such overwhelming disagreement. Tragically, the results showed, after running the tests, many times, that a large majority of students would buckle under and change their opinions about an obvious physical fact when they learned the crowd all felt the other way.

Then they made a slight variation in the test. They permitted one person from the fourteen, after some hesitation, to support the opinion of the fifteenth. And again the results were amazing. In a large majority of the cases where the lone opinion was fortified with just one other voice, the dissenter would hold to his convictions despite the disagreement of the thirteen.

A lone voice may be quelled. But one does not know when his voice will be the second voice which will cause a wavering witness to stand firm. What a challenge this presents! The "follow the crowd" impulse is a factor we must consider seriously. May the Lord give you, dear readers, the courage to stand by your convictions.

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University Students and Staff Praise Film

For the sixth time in five years, Seventh-day Adventist students at the University of Adelaide presented in the Union Hall the anti-cancer film "One in 20,000." It was screened in conjunction with the film "Verdict at 1.32." to approximately 1,300 students and staff, who packed the theatre on the three days July 1, 15, and 16. Still other thousands of students saw the large banners which streamed in the university proclaiming boldly, "Presented by the Adventist Health and Welfare Service of South Australia."

Comments heard on the films included: "One in 20,000"—"Frightening!" "Better see this film, Bert, and throw away your cigarettes"; "Will you show this film again, please?"; "When they pulled those ribs apart—oh!" Student to friend, "When would you know if you had lung cancer?" Reply, "Don't wait to find out—quit smoking."

"Verdict at 1.32": Girl to boy friend, "I won't travel with you any more—you drink." The reply came, "All right, I won't drink if I'm going to drive," to which she retorted, "It's not safe to drink at all." Other comments, "A well-produced modern film"; "I've always been against the combination of drinking and driving"; "The conclusion is inescapable!"

Union Hall has been rated the most modern theatre in the southern hemisphere. Being a recognized university society, we are privileged to use it free of charge on all occasions. To hire the hall normally costs £20.

Special thanks are due to Pastor O. K. Anderson for his tremendous help in this health and publicity programme at the University of Adelaide.