

AUSTRALASIAN RECORD

AND ADVENT WORLD SURVEY

EDITOR: R. H. PARR

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The Hungarians Are Coming

... TO A KNOWLEDGE OF THE TRUTH

W. A. STEWART, Radio-TV Secretary, Victorian Conference

A BIBLE CORRESPONDENCE follow-up interest report from our Voice of Prophecy office in California posed a problem for the Victorian Radio Department. The student had completed the Hungarian Bible Course and wished to receive further instruction in preparation for baptism and church membership. But this Bible course graduate was unable to speak English.

Where could we find someone who would interpret for us? "The call of the Lord," says the Lord's servant, "is answered by the coming of the man." That man was Brother Joe Martin, a faithful deacon in our Melbourne City church.

Soon Sister Vargo was ready for baptism, and within a few weeks of her acceptance into church membership, other interests sprang up. Twelve months ago a small group of seven persons gathered together for the first meeting held in Australia especially for Hungarians.

The accompanying photo taken on the anniversary of the first meeting reveals that this missionary minded group has grown five-fold in their first year.

Gift Bible in Hungarian

These brethren are zealous in the cause of Christ and are ardently seeking to win their fellow countrymen to this message. Freely they are distributing truth-filled literature in their own language. Shortly the Gift Bible Plan will be launched in the weekly Hungarian newspaper, which is printed in Melbourne.

Hungarian migrants residing in Melbourne will also be able to dial in twenty-



Pastor W. A. Stewart (centre, front) with the group of Hungarian believers in Melbourne.

(Photo: W. A. Stewart.)

four hours a day for a two-minute message in their own language.

This growing work for Hungarian migrants here in Melbourne had its beginning with a faithful layman who enrolled an elderly Hungarian lady in the Bible course in her own language. What are you doing for these strangers in your neighbourhood? Why not seek to enrol them in the language so dear to their

hearts. This is missionary work that is most rewarding.

Mrs. Stewart has assisted me in fostering this new and very challenging work, by caring for the children while the adults are meeting for Bible study on Sabbath afternoon in Auburn church.

Right now is the time to work for these newcomers to our shores. Encouraging results are sure to follow.

DECEMBER IS YOUTH CONGRESS MONTH

T.T.U.C., December 25 - 29—Avondale

APPLICATIONS CLOSE NOVEMBER 10

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T.C.U.C., December 30 - January 4—Canberra

APPLICATIONS CLOSE OCTOBER 31

Nostalgic Moment

Last Report from Rugen Harbour

MRS. J. R. MASTERS

AS WE WILL BE LEAVING the mission field at the end of this year I feel I would like to write one more letter to *Record* readers before we go. We have been here, at Rugen Harbour, for sixteen years now and, as you can imagine, we have seen many come and go and many changes take place.

I would like to give you some idea of just what has been done over the years in our small part of the field. I can only touch on the more important points, of course, as time or space would not permit me to tell you everything. I shall always regret that I have not kept a diary, as I think back over all that has happened and realize that there is much I must have forgotten.

We have had a very full and busy life with both rewards and set-backs, but the Lord has blessed us over the years with good health. And in a place like this, good health is one of the main things.

When we arrived here the Marine Department had not long been in operation. My husband took over from the late Brother J. C. Radley, and we had two happy years with him and his wife before they went south.

Nationals to the Fore

At this time my husband had to go to the various fields and bring in every ship when it was due for survey. This meant a great deal of his time was spent away from home and it left the work here without supervision. In an attempt to overcome this, it was decided that we would hold a course for captains and engineers to see if we could get some qualified national men. The first attempt was so successful that it was decided to hold several more courses through the years.

Today our national men run the ships and service the engines and bring them from as far as the Solomon Islands to the harbour for repairs. As a result of these courses we now have approximately five nationals holding both captain's and engineer's certificates, ten nationals with captain's certificates, and twenty-six with engineer's certificates. In the last course that was held two lads were sent over from the New Hebrides. These lads sat for an exam on their return home; I know one passed but I have not heard the results of the other yet.

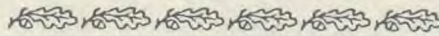
We have two fully qualified tradesmen. One of these lads, Dix Tutuo, completed his apprenticeship last year and was runner-up for Apprentice of the Year in the Territory.

Courses in Demand

As a result of this we have endless enquiries from lads wanting to work here or do courses. Some we have been able to help with correspondence courses, but it is an impossibility to meet the demands of all.

The qualified lads we have, meet the needs of the field at the moment but with equipment increasing this will not always be so. We hope that young lads looking towards their future will not overlook the need for captains, engineers and maintenance men. It is becoming increasingly hard to get lads with the qualifications necessary because, as with everything else, the standards are rising all the time. For a national to sit for a captain's exam he must have, first, at least five years at sea with local experience and he must be able to handle maths to Form III level to sit the written papers. For an apprenticeship, Form III is the prerequisite for First Class Trade.

It would be wonderful if the mission could have one lad apprenticed each year, but this is not possible. We must comply with the government as to wages and conditions set by them, and on mission budgets so many apprenticeships would be impossible. In the not-too-distant



THE CHRIST

QUEENIE H. PATRICK

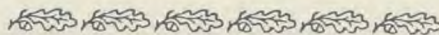
"After three days they found Him."
Luke 2: 46.

*It took three days to find Him;
How long is it taking thee?
Three days, three years, a lifetime,
The love of thy Lord to see?*

*It took three days to find Him,
Threading the noisy throng,
With trembling lips they questioned,
"Ere we find our son, how long?"*

*Heedless of food and shelter,
Faded the day's warm beams;
They sought until they found Him—
Expounding heavenly themes.*

*It took three days to find Him;
How long is it taking thee?
Seek until you find the Christ
For all eternity.*



future these lads will need to take over the work here and we pray that the Lord will open the way for more to be trained to carry on this part of His work.

All Have 6LX Engines

Now a little on our ships and plant. All the forty-five-foot vessels have now had their old 5LW engines replaced by more powerful 6LX engines. This has certainly increased the efficiency of our fleet, but it has been a long and heavy task. All the ships have been overhauled and two of the smaller twenty-eight-footers have also had larger engines installed. The engines removed from the ships have been set up in five different parts of the field to be used as lighting plants. This meant they had to be adapted from marine work to stationary work. The last ship to be checked before we go is on its way from the Solomon Islands today and we expect it at the harbour tomorrow morning.

As you can imagine, all this has cost a great deal of money, but we do feel we are leaving the ships in fair condition, and without them the work could not go on in these parts.

We have a very nice new cement brick workshop. We were going to re-build the old workshop but the money was not available. Unfortunately the money ran out before we could even complete renovations to it. But it has had a partial face-lift, and we feel it looks far more representative of the mission than before.

And a Cement Wharf

A very good new cement wharf has been completed and, last but not least, a store for the safe keeping of tools, parts, etc. This last item has been badly needed but there has never been the time or money for the job. I am very glad to say this store is now completed and we are in the process of sorting and listing the thousands of parts, materials, etc. We hope, before we go, to have a boy trained to run this store efficiently. We know that this is going to be a great saving in both time and money.

I know we will have some regrets as we leave what has been our home for so long. We will miss the faithful lads who have stood by over the years, but we will always thank the Lord for the opportunity we have had to work for Him here through the years. We know He has been guiding and watching over us and we are confident that He will continue to do so as we go to work where He sees best to send us.

May the Lord bless you and help us all to work together to finish the task. The world certainly "waxeth old" and many are longing to see Jesus return. Let us, through our united efforts, hasten this wonderful day.

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The collective pleasures of everyday life fade quickly unless there is at the heart of them the gladness of having done something that has made someone happier.—"Community Tidings."

HISTORIC PICTURE GALLERY



COORANBONG FACTORY MANAGER AND SUPERINTENDENTS—ABOUT 1930

FRONT ROW: Albert Were, J. Lowe, D. Easthope, G. S. Fisher (manager), H. C. Tempest, T. Escreet and A. A. Sprengel.

BACK ROW: R. King, M. Stelter, H. Osmond, C. Harris, G. Thrift, W. Fairfoul, H. Smith and T. M. G. Lister.

(Only G. Thrift and A. A. Sprengel are still living.)

(Photo, courtesy W. R. Wilson.)

Ryde Has a Church-In

GLADYS HARRISON

Public Relations Secretary, Ryde Church

In mid-September the members of the Ryde, Greater Sydney Conference, church, worshipped at the youth camp at Cross-lands, many spending the Friday night and the entire Sabbath at the camp. It was a highly successful time.

Pastor Ken Mead's devotional service on Sabbath morning was sufficient to whet the appetites of all, and set a splendid tone for the entire week-end.

Dr. E. E. White took the Sabbath school lesson, and this was followed by Pastor Burnside's church service which dealt with the problems between Arab and Jew as they exist today. From this, the importance of forgiveness was emphasized and we took the lesson to heart.

The afternoon's meeting was in the hands of Pastor Nelson Palmer, who spoke on Christ the True Rock. We shall not soon forget, either, the ministry of Brother Ed Bird as he led the singing and used his trumpet so tellingly and with such effect.

After Sabbath had gone, many remained for a social gathering which was greatly enjoyed.

Mention must be made of the cooks whose culinary expertise could not be faulted, and who contributed so notably to a thoroughly enjoyable day.

All in all, it was such a successful time that we feel that this is something which must be repeated.



COLPORTEURS, NEW SOUTH WALES, 1914

BACK ROW (left to right): A. W. Kent, Clarence Davis, C. H. Lock, J. Davis, — Jones, D. Silva.
MIDDLE ROW: T. R. Kent, W. N. Lock, Mrs. Wilson, Pastor A. G. Daniells, L. D. A. Lemke, Mrs. Morgan, — Rowlands, C. Harlow. **FRONT ROW:** D. Abel, G. Masters, N. C. Burns, L. Rowlands, J. Eggin.

(Photo, courtesy Pastor W. N. Lock who was Publishing Department secretary at the time.)



Editorial

BEAUTY AND THE BEACH

IT ALWAYS HAPPENS about this time of the year. There is a flurry of activity for sweet charity and we have a new Miss Australia, a Miss New Zealand, and a Miss Outer Mongolia and all the rest. There are quests of all types to discover who is to be the country's representative when Miss World or Miss International or Miss Universe is chosen. And young women oozing feminine pulchritude and charm—natural or ersatz—parade and posture before panels of judges while the world ogles and goggles.

This spectacle, it appears, is a side-product of civilization which we must endure. To lift up a voice of protest is, of course, to brand one as a square, an old fogey, a back number, a has-been, a kill-joy or a wet blanket. Think of all the good the girls do—raising all that beautiful money for all those needy charities as they scramble their way to the top of their particular quest!

And for those less gifted—or endowed—there are the interminable "Beach Girl" quests which are about to proliferate along our foreshores as the summer season gathers strength. Soon, on our beaches, young women in brief bathing suits will be submitting themselves to the scrutiny of "judges" as if they were so many exhibits from the cattle stalls at the local agricultural show lining up to see which gets this year's blue ribbon.

Now, at the risk of being called square and all those other things listed above, we want to utter a deprecating word about these quests and parades which require young women and girls to parade themselves publicly for inspection before (predominantly male) panels of judges. We want it known that we do not see any virtue at all in these spectacles, and especially do we advise our young women against such exhibitions. From time to time we hear of some young lass of our acquaintance who has won third prize (or second, or first, or who merely entered such a contest) at this beach resort or that.

We are unable to avoid asking ourselves what kind of value such a girl puts on her own self-respect. We feel that there can be but little store set upon such virtues as modesty and Christian ethics when a young woman will permit herself to be the gazingstock of all and sundry—in the hope of gaining some paltry award.

There is something else that those who so expose themselves may not, in their innocence, realize. Your parading yourself in this manner cannot fail to engender thoughts in the minds of some young men which are not as wholesome as they should be. We could go into further detail but we shall not; we only say that, if you want further information, you should consult your father; you obviously need to. We would suggest that no Christian young woman would want to have it on her conscience that she was the agent of temptation to some young man because she indulged her whim to appear on such a platform in such a public place.

We have occasionally heard that some girl "from a good Adventist home" appeared in one of these quests. We do not hold that in question; parents cannot always be blamed for what their offspring do when they reach the age of decision and semi-maturity. But we seriously doubt the religious experience of a young person who will parade herself in a state of considerable undress for such a purpose. We would hope that every young woman of any principle at all, and any church affiliation at all, would recognize that her own sense of decorum and modesty would preclude her from entering any contest whose purpose was to evaluate her physical attributes.

As we see it, the beach, at the very best these days, is fast becoming a place which Christian people (mature as well as young) will soon be thinking twice about frequenting. Indeed, that time may already have come. We would say that your own conscience—and the thoughts that the garb and behaviour

of some on our beaches engender within you—must be your guide.

We believe that the present fashions of beachwear (both male and female) are such as to be revealing and suggestive to the point that the simple standards of decency are no longer observed. And it is as difficult for the bland spectator to be unimpressed by what he or she sees as it is for the wearer to be inconspicuously clad and respectable at the same time. For when one is decently clothed, it would appear one is also a hilarious spectacle; when one observes a few of the principles of decorum, one is as conspicuous as a giant among a crowd of midgets.

We are not saying that our young people have no business on the beaches if they would still call themselves Christians; far from it. We are merely asking them to think the matter through. We are asking them to recognize that principles of decency and decorum in dress do not evaporate simply because the sand and the surf are at their feet. We still believe that, wherever we are, the body which is the temple of the Holy Ghost must be decently and reasonably clad, having in mind, of course, that one can hardly be expected to go swimming in a dinner suit.

We have used this column before to call attention to our standards as a church. Doubtless we shall do it again. But we are now saying that, during this summer, when our young people feel the call of the sand and the sea, the baths and the beaches, we hope that they may be counted on to uphold those standards which we as a church reckon to be ours in entertainment, in everyday dress, in reading, in sport and in day-to-day living.

If, by some miracle, our younger generation readers have not already branded us as completely "un-with-it," let us pronounce that which will, in the minds of some at least, put us squarely (a word purposely used) in that category. May we say that when you go to the beach it is not in very good taste to walk around the beachfront streets and boulevards clad only in your swimming costume. Good taste would suggest that, as soon as you leave the beach, even if it is for the briefest excursion of the shortest distance—even to crossing the road—you should be clad in something more than a bathing suit or (if you are a male) swimming trunks—in spite of what the vast majority may be doing.

Old fashioned? Perhaps, but then, not everything old fashioned is bad. Narrow minded? Perhaps, but then "narrow is the way" as the Master said, "and few there be that find it."

We know that young people do not make a habit of reading editorials; they are not ready for such heady (or such dry) stuff. But, if, perchance, some do, we ask them to give serious thought to upholding not so much "church standards" but personal standards in these things in these places this summer. We ask you to remember that "the eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good." We ask you to remember that He who directed that His people should not "go up by steps unto Mine altar, that thy nakedness be not discovered" (Ex. 20:26) did not give that instruction just to be difficult; He gave it so that morality should be guarded as a precious and sacred thing, and so that thoughts should not be prompted which would cause someone to fall into temptation.

We believe that the same high principles obtain today. We know that times have changed, and are not suggesting neck-to-knee bathing costumes straight out of the Victorian era. We are appealing to young people to hold high their personal standards. And please excuse those of us who are older for wanting to be proud of you.

Robert H. Parr

Broken Hill Report

M. HANBURY
Public Relations Secretary

FOR THE THIRD year the Broken Hill church erected the conference show tent at the Silver City Show, and this year screened the film "LSD—Insight or Insanity?" from 5 p.m. Friday to 5 p.m. Sunday. Because of rain and cold winds on Sunday, the overall show attendance was down on last year's, but for us it was an all-time record, with sixty-four showings. Some 2,209 people viewed the film and gave \$55 in donations.

Expressions of appreciation were received from all age groups. Some teenagers expressed their determination not to try "that stuff."

The two local newspapers gave good publicity, mainly because of our prison work which has captured their favourable attention. In mid-July we started showing weekly films at the gaol, and the "LSD" film really caught the fancy of the prisoners. Fourteen of the nineteen prisoners attended the screening.

The prisoners are responding as they are getting to know us, and already nine free Bibles have been requested.

It is just twelve months since we placed the literature rack at the railway station, and in that time 652 pieces of literature have been taken. We expect the literature turnover to increase substantially when the Sydney-to-Perth standard gauge rail link is completed.

The hospital has a large box in the casualty department where people place their unrequired medicines. These are given to Pastor Murchison for Seventh-day Adventist missions. These, and gifts of samples from local doctors, keep a steady stream of valuable medical supplies flowing to help our mission hospitals.

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ARE YOU DISTINGUISHED BY YOUR COURTESY?

Courtesy and culture should mark Christian behaviour at all times. The wise man said in Proverbs 20: 11, "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."

We were entering a crowded restaurant on one of our recent trips, and my wife noted a small family leaving a table. We watched a moment, fascinated by their behaviour. The man held a coat for his wife, and she politely said, "Thank you." A lad about fourteen held a coat for his little sister about twelve, and she responded with a gracious "Thank you." Other little courtesies followed in their family relationship and behaviour toward one another that revealed volumes. I was reminded of a description once given of a man, "He was distinguished a little from the rest by a refined and patient expression." It was once said of Winston Churchill, "But in or out of office he is like a peacock among the fowls."—G. E. Hutchens, "Lake Union Herald."



The caption to this picture as it appeared in the "Northern News" of North New Zealand read: "Pastor Nash, the building priest, with his new church."
(Photo: "Northern News.")

Priest of a Different Order

E. J. GARRARD, Public Relations Secretary, New Zealand Adventist Hospital Project

UNTIL RECENTLY, the writer had never met an Adventist minister who had been called a "priest." However, during a visit to Kaikohe, New Zealand, he renewed acquaintance with Pastor M. F. Nash who had been so designated by the local newspaper, *Northern News*.

This article is most informative, so the text is given herewith:

"For a priest in New Zealand to have 200 parishioners scattered over an area of roughly 500 square miles, visit them regularly, and build his own church in one of the towns in this area, is, to say the least, not typical.

"The priest in this case is Pastor M. F. Nash of Dargaville who clocks over 2,000 miles a month conducting services in Dargaville, Opononi and Kaikohe.

"His parishioners congregate on these centres from four counties: Hobson, Hokianga, Bay of Islands and Whangaroa. His parish starts at Ruawai in the south and takes in all the towns north to Kaeo, with the exception of the Whangarei area.

"At present, Pastor Nash is in Kaikohe helping to construct the new \$12,000 Seventh-day Adventist church in Mangakahia Road on the section adjoining the R.S.A. Hall.

"A former schoolteacher, he has had sufficient experience in building for him to take an integral part in the construction of the church.

"His range of subjects as a teacher included building instruction. He taught in Seventh-day Adventist colleges in Aus-

tralia for thirteen years and later returned to teach for five years at Longburn College."

Voluntary Labour

"The 1,500-square-foot church is being built by Pastor Nash and local volunteers with the help of some qualified tradesmen. The equipment used for the construction has been lent by parishioners.

"The main auditorium will seat about 100, and a smaller room in the front of the building will be used for Welfare and Sunday school purposes. Other features include toilet facilities and a small meeting room.

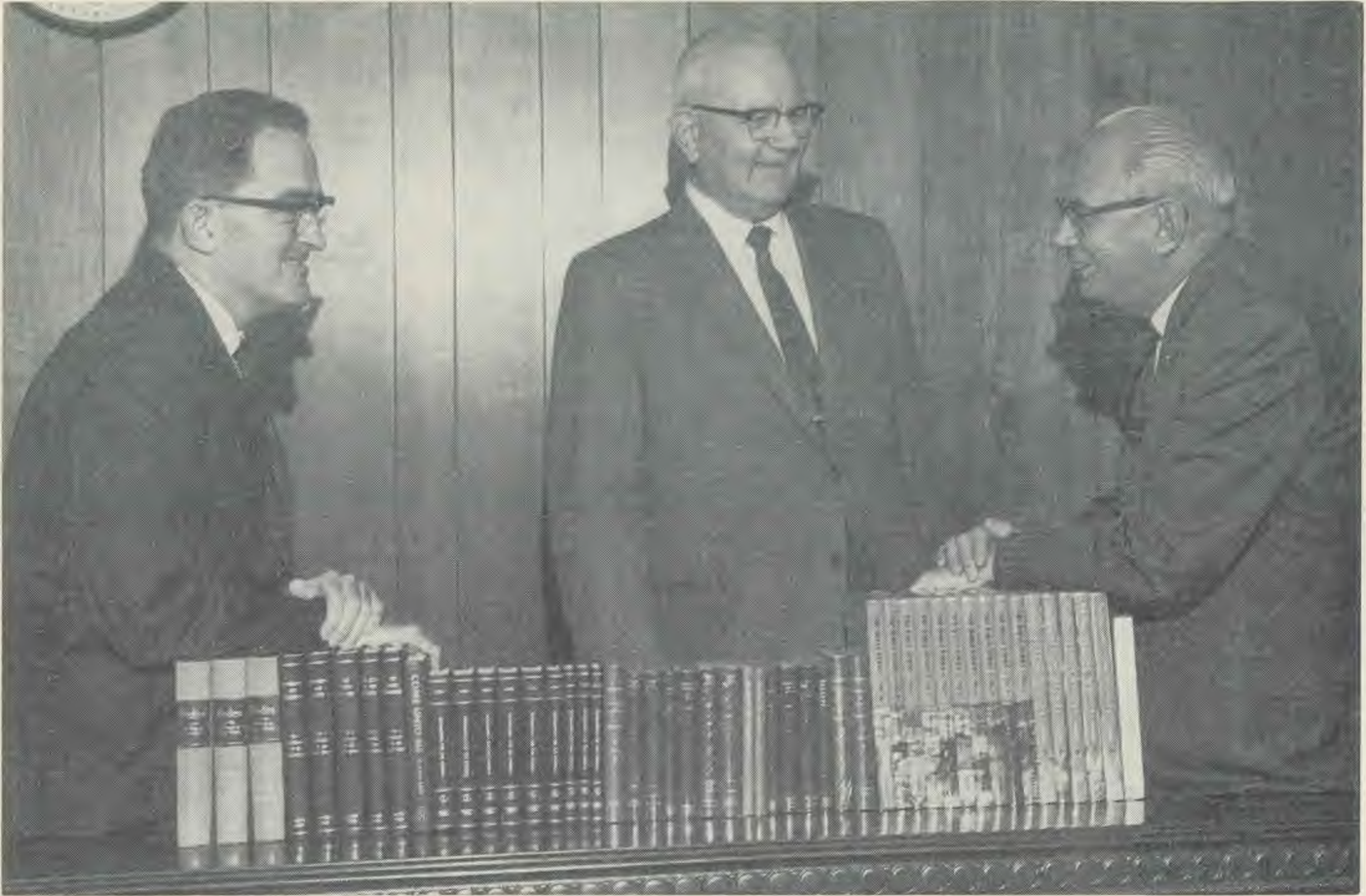
"In the main auditorium there are two small conference booths and the large baptismal [font] used in this religion.

"Work began on the new church in March and it is hoped to have it completed by October.

"Until then services will be in the Seventh-day Adventist hall in Heke Street, where they have been held for some years.

"A very capable man, Pastor Nash describes his job in the North as 'pretty strenuous.' Asked what sort of temperament was needed by a man in his position he replied simply, 'Patient.'"

Pacific Press Donates Books to Beulah College



The Pacific Press Publishing Association of Mountain View, California, recently presented forty-nine books to the library of Beulah Missionary College. Shown with a display of the books included in this gift are representatives of the publishing house (left to right): Ross Wallard, Book Department manager; Arthur S. Maxwell, editor of the "Signs of the Times" and author of several of the books presented; and Leonard F. Bohner, general manager.

Gleanings from the "Record"

FIFTY YEARS AGO

This extract is taken from the "Australasian Record," dated October 27, 1919:

"A troopship with eleven or twelve hundred soldiers on board returning from the front, called at Pitcairn Island recently. Remaining a safe distance from the island, they were met by a number of natives who came out in their rowing boats. The son of one of our brethren at Petone, New Zealand, in relating the incident says that he had never seen the soldiers more impressed by anything than they were by the visit of these islanders. Some of the men came on board the troopship to distribute the 'Signs of the Times' and the 'Review and Herald'; others of the company remained in the boats and entertained the soldiers by singing beautiful hymns. This seemed to melt even the hardest heart, and it was difficult to find anyone whose countenance did not express the deep impression

that was made as they listened to the strains of 'Sweet By and By,' 'Let the Lower Lights Be Burning,' 'God Be with You,' and other hymns. The soldiers said that it was splendid to think that out on such a lonely island the religious element seemed to predominate. Good use was made of all the literature received."

* * *

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

The "Australasian Record" of October 23, 1944, tells of an Indian peasant, who worshipped heathen gods, and one day lost his yoke of oxen.

"This made him wonder whether the idols he was worshipping were true gods or not, so he decided to find out. He knew some of our members in the same village paid tithe, and the Lord blessed them, so he decided he would pay his tithe, too. One day he brought to Brother C. John two bushels of grain as his tithe. When his family abused him for doing this, he told them that after his oxen died he promised to pay his tithe. His plot of

ground that usually yielded twenty-four bushels of grain a year, produced three times as much. After some time this man was baptized, and he is still very faithful."

* * *

In the same "Record" (23/10/44) the Advent Centenary Celebrations at Avondale were reported by Pastor O. K. Anderson:

"August 3 to 5, 1944, will most certainly live evergreen in the minds of all who had the privilege of attending the Festival of the Blessed Hope here at Avondale. . . . Pastor A. H. Piper pictured the rise of the Advent movement under the guidance of God's Word and the messenger of God. . . . Our beloved veteran, Pastor Robert Hare, testified that he accepted the Advent faith in 1885, and journeyed across from New Zealand to North America to attend the Healdsburg College. . . . Our publishing enterprise was reviewed by Pastor A. W. Anderson . . . [and] our educational system was featured by Pastor A. H. Piper."

North Queensland

“-- AND STILL THEY COME”

M. M. STEWART, Lay Activities Secretary, North Queensland Conference

“THUS MULTITUDES WILL RECEIVE the faith and join the army of the Lord.” How? Through the consecrated zeal of trained laymen hurrying to their doors to speak the words of life and deliver our truth-filled literature.

It is almost two years since the first “Schoen Methods” training class was held for laymen in North Queensland who desired to learn how to “visit.” Since then more than 500 have been trained, and still they come for training in numbers of centres Sabbath by Sabbath; and still they go out to the homes of the people bearing precious truth-filled “Bible Speaks” lessons and other literature. Then back to the churches they come on certain occasions, “bringing their sheaves with them.”

Such occasions—“Bringing in the Sheaves”—are times of great rejoicing and inspiration. It was our privilege to be guest speaker at one such programme at the Ayr church recently when seventeen “Bible Speaks” graduates were scheduled to receive their certificates.

They came to the altar to receive them, and by the side of each non-Adventist graduate was the Adventist “visitor” who, faithfully, week-by-week, had delivered the lessons.

There was no doubting the rejoicing; their faces revealed it; and those countenances bore indisputable proof of this fact: there is no greater joy than soul-winning.

They will come again and again through those open doors, those “Bible Speaks” graduates, and “thus multitudes shall receive the faith and join the army of the Lord.”

“How can the great work of the third angel’s message be accomplished? It must be largely accomplished by persevering, individual effort, by visiting the people in their homes.”—“Welfare Ministry,” page 97. (Emphasis ours.)

THE MAN NEXT DOOR

Jesus died to bring salvation
For the rich and for the poor;
Men of every tribe and nation—
He includes the man next door.

Millions are in heathen darkness
And with pleading hearts implore
For the gospel of salvation—
What about the man next door?

“Go into all the world,” said Jesus,
“Tell them of My mighty power;
Bring your sheaves from every nation—
Bring with you the man next door.”

When we stand before the Saviour
On that glad eternal shore,
Heaven’s glory will be brighter
If we bring the man next door.
—Anon.

☆ ☆ ☆

RICE HEATHEN

LINDA M. DRISCOLL

IT’S HARD, out where life depends on the rice. It’s hard, first, to imagine that this, too, is Fiji, for here the rugged jungled hills have given way to flat rice fields. Here, too, the typical uniformity of the Fijian bure is replaced by irregular timber-and-tin dwellings of Indian farmer families.

It’s hard to bring our minds back to the late twentieth century as we watch the dreamy bullocks plough the fields and tramp out the rice in eternal circles, after the crop has been laboriously harvested by hand sickle. The wife spreads the golden grain with a swinging hand motion after her husband has winnowed it by shaking dishful after dishful out in the soft Pacific breeze.

It’s hard for the Indian man to keep and school his family; in fact it is almost impossible if the small rice crop fails. These few square yards of the ancient world must supply school books and uniforms for six, eight, or even ten children growing into a new era.

But hardest of all is the fear, the nameless dread which has governed for centuries the Indian mind, and still grips the hearts of these simple and poor peas-

ant people. There is the fear of death, one’s own death; who knows if one might become a fly or mosquito or a dog—it pays to live a good life. That’s hard, too; one cannot even pray without first taking a bath.

Then there is the fear of the death of close relatives. Such deaths must be followed by a period of fasting; no fire must be lit for three days; only boiled food is permissible for another ten—no sweet savour of hot curry must tell the ever-watching dead that the living do not sorrow sufficiently. The pain of the head shaving ceremony in the river adds physical to heart pain.

Death and reincarnation bring the fear of the cemetery, a dread place where the dear departed loiters. Who can tell if that bee on the orange blossom is not grandfather watching over his own grave? The cemetery is a fearful place by day; by night its dreadfulness is beyond words; none dare venture there.

It’s Hard to Be a Christian

It’s hard to be a Hindu, and by our standards it’s hard to be a Christian. The garden produce cannot be taken to market on Saturday, the popular market day. The neighbours scoff, gaze, gossip and threaten. In spite of this, it is not hard for Ram.

No, it is easy to be a Christian, much easier. When you are a Christian, no one can put magic on you; no fear of curses mars one’s rest. Food is easy, too. Eggs, milk, cheese—the forbidden foods, can become part of one’s everyday diet. Caste is gone; the Christian bows to no man. And you can even put a bulldozer through the old graveyard on the hill and plant beans and, maybe—maybe—even build a church in its place. You no longer have to fly the red flag in prayer to the monkey god, and you can pray any time, anywhere. And you have a Book, a Book which gives you simple rules for life, ones you can understand and follow.

In Ram’s home the first flickering flame of Adventism has been lighted in the land of the rice heathen. Will it splutter and die, or will it lighten the district around? Ram is young and needs an education. How will he get it, and who will support his widowed mother and two young sisters while he does? Will Ram’s dream of a church built over the old graveyard ever materialize? Ram does not know the answers to these questions, but he does know of a surety that fear has given place to hope in his heart, and darkness to light. “For God has not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and of love, and of a sound mind.” Fellow Christians, how much is it worth to us?

☆ ☆ ☆

“Through this toilsome world, alas!
Once and only once I pass;
If a kindness I may show,
If a good deed I may do
To a suffering fellow man,
Let me do it while I can.
No delay, for it is plain
I shall not pass this way again.”



Congratulations were in order at the recent “Graduation Evening” at Ayr, Queensland, when “Bible Speaks” students and those who had trained as “visitors” to deliver the lessons, received their certificates. Above: senior elder Norman Todd (left) and Lay Activities leader R. Summersell (right) congratulate two of the “graduates.”

(Photo: M. M. Stewart.)

WORLD YOUTH CONGRESS REPORT

(Part Two)

C. V. CHRISTIAN, MV Secretary, Australasian Division

IN A PREVIOUS COMMUNICATION I told our *Record* readers the story of our world tour up to and including our visit to Battle Creek in Michigan and mentioned that our next stop-over was Washington. We dropped into Washington just before lunch and booked into our hotel. Immediately after lunch we boarded a bus which took us to within a stone's throw of our General Conference headquarters, where we met Pastor Herb White, Pastor W. Pascoe and Mrs. E. Howse.

The highlight of our visit was the inspection of the White vaults with its hundreds of documents, many of them in Sister White's own handwriting. There, too, was her personal library and the eighteen-pound Bible which she held on her outstretched hand for something like a half hour when in vision.

Our visit would not have been complete without a guided tour over the Review and Herald Publishing Association. There was the huge Miehle press which runs the thousands of copies of the "Review and Herald" and other denominational magazines, and there we saw "Youth's Instructors" and "Guides" being wrapped ready for shipment to far away places like Australia!

Columbia Union College was next on the list, with a conducted tour over the Sligo church by none other than our beloved Pastor E. L. Minchin, who was quite bewildered to see so many Australians at once in Washington, D.C.

Next day, a tour bus showed us the sights of Washington. Our tour coincided with a visit to Washington of the illustrious Haile Selassie of Ethiopia. I wish you could have seen the pageantry which was put on for the little man. The red carpet was there, literally, along with military bands and soldiers decked out in their very best for the occasion. Forming a background to the whole scene was the impressive Washington Monument with its fifty flags fluttering freely at its base.

After Haile Selassie had been whisked away by helicopter, we rejoined our bus and made our way out to Arlington Cemetery for the changing of the guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. It's not as colourful as the British counterpart at Buckingham Palace, but those soldiers can really click their heels!

John F. Kennedy's grave was nearby, with Robert Kennedy's tomb, surmounted by a simple white cross and bordered with low shrubbery, just a stone's throw away. From where we stood our eyes swept over acres and acres of white crosses, grim reminders of the wars which took such tremendous toll of America's youth.

We topped off our visit to Washington with a brief excursion into the fabulous Smithsonian Institute with its hundreds of fascinating displays of weapons, machinery and rocketry new and old. It goes without saying that we didn't need



Onward, Christian's soldiers! Pastor Clem Christian's party board the Pan-Am Boeing 707 at Honolulu en route for the United States.

(Photo: C. Christian. All other photos from the official congress photographer.)

any rocking in order to induce sleep that night.

Then New York

Friday morning saw us aboard a plane to New York and the Manhattan Towers Hotel. On Friday afternoon we boarded a tour bus which took us to some of the interesting spots on Manhattan Island. Among these was Skid Row, a street which has to be seen to be believed. On Sabbath morning, we attended the Ephesus church, a Negro congregation which meets in Harlem, the Negro section of Manhattan.

We discovered that they had been burned out of their church and were meeting in a Presbyterian church just a few blocks away. There must have been something like 1,500 in attendance. Ordinances were conducted and the service began at 11 a.m. and finished at 3 p.m. We will never complain again if the speaker over-preaches a quarter of an hour! On Saturday night, we paid a visit to the Empire State building, and

followed this with a stroll down Times Square. On Sunday morning, we did a Circle-line cruise of Manhattan Island. The weather was somewhat indifferent for photography, and our impressions, by and large, were not very favourable of New York.

Sunday night, we boarded a Super DC8 and flew with KLM into Amsterdam and a different world. Our visit to Holland was one of the highlights of our tour.

We dropped in on a little old-world town called Vollandam where many of the inhabitants still dress in the typical Dutch costume. On the way to Vollandam, our guide took us through a typical dairy where Dutch cheeses are made. We were too late for tulip-time, but the countryside of Holland is beautiful even without the tulips. There are scores of canals in Amsterdam itself and we took a trip along some of these in a very nice modern motor launch.

London and Paris

From Amsterdam, we hopped across the Channel to London with its centuries of



The Hallenstadion, usually a motor-cycle stadium, was the main venue. It seats 13,000 people.



This international group shows some of the interesting national costumes which were worn at the congress.

history, and the pageantry of Buckingham Palace. Among the places visited by our group during the two and a half days in London were Buckingham Palace (where we saw the changing of the guard), Windsor Castle, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower of London (with a view of the glittering display of the Crown Jewels), Madam Tussaud's waxworks and the Planetarium.

Paris was our next port of call, and although we were only an hour's flight from London and the English language, it seemed well-nigh impossible to find any who spoke our language. Paris included a visit to the Eiffel Tower, a trip to Versailles and the fabulous palace with its beautiful gardens and fountains, a brief trip to the Louvre and a trip up the Seine under the bridges of Paris.

It was with a feeling of tremendous anticipation that we touched down at Zurich airport in our French Caravelle after a pleasant flight from Paris. Imagine our delight to see the familiar face of Pastor John Hancock, who had come to the airport to meet some other representatives from another division!

We were quickly transported from the airport to our hotel almost opposite the railway, put our bags into our rooms and then began the search for the materials for our congress booth, which had been shipped six weeks beforehand via Genoa in Italy to Zurich.

Pastor Miller and I had a feeling of concern as to whether the goods would be there on our arrival and had asked our group to make it a matter of prayer. On enquiry, we were told that we would have to go to a railway goods shed a mile or two from the main station, so we hired a taxi and drove to the goods yards. The goods sheds were about a quarter of a mile long and when we entered and saw the hundreds upon hundreds of boxes of all shapes and sizes, we almost despaired of finding our stuff.

Found!

After speaking to three or four men who couldn't understand us, we finally came across one who suggested we should

go to Number 4. We had noticed that the racks on which the boxes, etc., were stacked were numbered, so we began the long trek down the length of that building. Imagine our surprise, when we finally found Number 4, at seeing our goods in the process of being opened by Customs.

There were the eight feet by six feet pictures which Pastor Mead had so beautifully coloured for us and so carefully packed before putting them on board ship in Sydney. Pastor Miller looked at me and I at him and we both grinned. Our God, whom we serve, had answered our prayers. But the best was yet to come. I spoke to our agent asking him as to how long the goods had been there and expecting him to inform me that they had been there a week or maybe ten days. Imagine our surprise when he said, "No, sir, they arrived from Italy this morning."

By 3 o'clock that afternoon the goods were at the Hallenstadion and we turned our group loose on the erection of our booth. Zuspä, the hall just across from

the Hallenstadion where the booths were displayed, was a hive of activity.

Every so often the sound of hammering and sawing was punctured by an exclamation from some member of our group as they recognized the arrival of some fellow Australian who had just drifted in. The weather was hot but we had no time to notice the heat. Everything must be in readiness for Tuesday and the opening of congress.

Congress Opens

The crowd began filing in for the first meeting on opening night long before the scheduled hour. Backstage there was feverish activity as MV secretaries from the eleven world divisions were aligned with two youth representatives in costumes. Finally, with a fanfare of trumpets, the official party marched on stage. Pastor Theodore Lucas stepped up to the microphone alongside his translator and announced the opening of the first World Congress of Seventh-day Adventist Youth. It was a wonderful moment. Almost two years of planning were now coming to fruition.

We were treated to some musical renditions which were but a whisper of what was to come by way of musical entertainment during the congress. That night, Pastor Theodore Carcich, a vice-president of the General Conference, preached the keynote address to the most cosmopolitan audience I imagine he has ever addressed. There were youth from almost every country under heaven. How did they understand? The message spoken in English was translated into German. In tiny soundproof rooms sat representatives from the various language areas. As quickly as they received the message, they re-broadcast it from their little room in their particular language.

Each booth was like a small broadcasting station. The young people from the language areas hired a small transistor set for the duration of the congress and with ear-plugs firmly placed where they belonged, they tuned their transistor to the appropriate channel and every man heard in his own language.

(Concluded Next Week)



On the opening night the flags of all the nations represented at the Congress were paraded.

If I Had Only One More Sermon to Preach—No. 16

This Week's Sin

ERIC MAGNUSSON, Avondale College

LIKE ICE-BOXES to Eskimos, or medicine to people who aren't sick, it is very hard to sell religion to people who feel no need of it. My seat mate on the aeroplane was very disposed to talk, but as soon as the conversation moved round to religion he responded: "I've got no use for it." Noticing the cigarette, I suggested that the time does come, sooner or later, when people feel that they need some help outside themselves. . . . For example, when trying to get rid of the smoking habit, which can be pretty clinging at times.

"No problem!" he said, "I can stop when I want to!"

Our conversation made little further progress.

Most of us would be wise to admit having this kind of problem, too. Since this sermon will be read in the home rather than endured in the church, we are probably in the very best place for a diagnosis. Put on a sober frame of mind and read Hymns No. 238-240 in the "Church Hymnal." We have a habit of singing all sorts of things we don't mean, but how do they read?

Is this a fair description of ourselves? Does it tally with our own evaluation, or do decent, respectable people like us wince a little at being called degraded and wicked? After all, we're not criminals! Maybe this is nothing else than another example of Biblical exaggeration—permissible as a figure of speech, but not to be taken too literally! Take Paul for instance, calling himself "the chief of sinners." He, of all men, couldn't really have meant that!

If this is our reaction, we are children of our age. But we stand indicted by the whole of the New Testament, and especially by that prophecy which characterizes our age as the age of "sick-and-don't-know-it." It is one of the saddest texts in the Bible that says of us that we are prosperous in our own eyes, but "wretched, miserable, poor, blind and naked" in God's.

Not a Great Need?

This is not to suggest that we never feel any need at all. Only that the need we feel is not very great. We are willing to accept a little help over the rough spots, but most of the time we're O.K., thank you. Mostly, sin is no problem. We can "stop when we want to." Not to worry.

There is an intruder. Reading and musing turn to mild terror with the sudden awareness of that presence. The heart pounds. Unmasked, Christ has come.

Calm and peace surround Him, but for you, with all your thoughts exposed, there is violent emotion. The unlovely record of your life is in full view! And what will He do . . . denounce you? . . . cross-examine you? . . . condemn you?

Worse than that! He offers to forgive you—by dying for you. As if there were no other sinner in the world, He offers to die for you. You. He even names the hour. . . .

He does so, remember, to everyone who first hears the gospel. Is there a chance that we have forgotten what the gospel is? Do we need to hear it again?

It would be worse still if His offer to die were specifically made for the sins we committed this week. This week. Just those, no others. And what if, in passing, He were quietly to add that accepting His offer is our only hope. How would we feel about that!

"Well, thanks very much, but surely it's not that bad. For a common criminal it would be different—if he doesn't die, a substitute must. But I'm not a murderer! Surely God does not demand death for the little insignificant oversights and petty errors of this last week."

What is it that makes it so hard for us to see ourselves in our true condition? Is God setting up impossibly high standards? Is His penalty too harsh? Why the ultimate punishment for such minor sins? Ask yourself again: Does it seem just of God to demand the death of Jesus for what you have done this week?

Finding Him

Neither logic nor persuasive pulpit can ever bring the answer to this question. However degraded and sinful and worm-

like the preacher may make us feel, give us time and we will talk ourselves out of it. Self-deception is our keenest art. Nor will the answer come from finding out new facts about our personalities. It comes from an entirely new way of thinking, not from thinking about new things. It is a little like those trick pictures in children's books where we are urged to "find the giant in the garden." Try as we might, we can't find him. But suddenly, without the slightest conscious effort on our part, our eyes click into a new focus and we see him. He was there all the time, but he wasn't in the garden. In fact, it is impossible to see the giant and the garden at the same time—it has to be one or the other.

In much the same way, the true picture of ourselves will never come merely by conscious effort. It must be a new revelation of ourselves. Not something we grasp, but something that grasps us. Not something we prove with a proof text or verify with a history book (like the prophecies of Daniel), but something that we suddenly see to be the real message of the whole of the Bible. Something gospel true!

It is the particular task of the Holy Spirit to help us find the focus, to see ourselves as we are. He helps us fling aside the flimsy protection of imagining that because we are not criminals, therefore we are not sinners. Our true condition comes to us by revelation. He is the one who brings it.

This is why the Bible texts and hymns and preacher's appeals so often leave us unmoved. Since, in so many of our moods we are totally unreceptive to the Spirit of God, it is wholly within our



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power to receive the texts and the hymns and the appeal as a mere collection of words to be judged on their literary value or by the pathos or ethos they invoke. Nothing can pass that barrier.

But He Loves the Sinner

It would be very helpful to know what Jesus would say to us about our sin. Fortunately, it's not too hard to find out. The pronouncements He made about it were made to people just like ourselves.

No one ever spoke so devastatingly about sin as did Jesus. To those who needed a clear, unmistakable revelation about themselves, He could say, "You generation of vipers!" and "How do you expect to escape the damnation of hell?" No one ever dealt so strictly with sin. No one ever demanded so much: "If your eye offend you, pluck it out!"

But at the same time, no one ever released men so completely from their guilt. For the first time, people found out what sin really was and, as they did so, came to know the first freedom from sin that they had ever experienced. It is only a spurious conception of sin that leads to the monk's cellar, to morbid Christianity, to the guilt complex.

Christ had to sweep away the confused, misleading conceptions of sin that were so common in Palestine. Sin had nothing to do with being born somewhere else, like Samaria or Egypt. It was not something that happened to you simply because you were reared in the lower social strata. Emphatically, that was what it was not. Just as emphatically, Jesus said what it was. "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light." John 3: 19.

It is not just the criminals and thieves and neurotics who need Christ. He is needed every bit as much by decent, law-abiding people; even me as I write, you as you read. No wonder Jesus angered the Pharisees. He associated with the scum of the earth, He tolerated the company of publicans and immoral women, and then told **them** (the Pharisees) to repent. It is not just the keeping of the law Christ asks for. To those whose lives seemed impeccable, Christ still had to say, "You have left the weightier matters undone."

It is absolutely vital to understand this. It is the devil's chief delight to keep us from drinking the Water of Life, even when the glass is within our reach. Parched, debilitated, half-crazed from thirst, and he tells us we are not thirsty. It does us little credit, but it is only true to say that we often believe him! As C. S. Lewis explains in the little book "Mere Christianity," our sound nerves and intelligence and health and popularity and good upbringing are likely to make us quite satisfied with our characters as they are. People who are "rich" in this sense may find it very hard to enter the kingdom.

At the other end of the scale, the devil may keep us from the Water of Life by frightening us into thinking that we are

past help. "You're too far gone for water to help!"

What It Means

However valuable His words may be, Christ has His greatest influence on our lives by what He did for sin. By persuading ourselves that works and law-keeping can save us we can easily come to believe that Christ's death was merely the act of somebody setting a good example. Some have called Him a martyr. But His death means so much more than a martyr's death could mean that the very word approaches sacrilege. Christ died as a sacrifice.

For this reason John called Him the Lamb—God's Lamb. (John 1: 29.) For this reason Isaiah wrote those poignant verses of the fifty-third chapter which, for sheer intensity, are unsurpassed in all of literature. He is the Man of Sorrows because He carried our sorrows. It is our punishment that chastises Him. Finally, says Isaiah, it is that fact that His soul has made the guilt offering that ultimately makes Him satisfied with the travail of His soul. No martyr's death this. Christ suffered for us. For our sins this week, if you will.

O Church, Awake!

*Ye who are called by Jesus' name
Bestir yourselves, go forth to fight!
With shining faces, hearts aflame;
Go forth, go forth, in Jesus' might!*

*The Spirit calls, the hour is late!
'Tis harvest time, the fields are white,
Still many souls in darkness wait;
O let us work, soon comes the night!*

*All "press together" we are one!
Our Saviour will His people lead.
Walk in the steps of God's own Son!
Go forth, to meet the world's great
need!*

*The Lord needs consecrated men,
O let us not our duty shirk!
If we be found asleep, what then?
The Master comes! O let us work!*

*O Church, awake! O list the call!
Let not God's Spirit plead in vain.
Prepare your hearts, then, one and
all—
Soon comes the promised latter rain!*

*The Spirit leads, in Jesus' name,
Then follow on, defend the right!
With shining faces, hearts aflame—
Go forth, go forth, in Jesus' might!*

—FLO J. BEVERIDGE.

Here is the best answer to the problem that plagues us. Let us contemplate Christ's death in an attitude of mind that allows the Holy Spirit free access. This will cure that man's malady who never knew he was sick. It quenches the thirst of the man who doesn't know he is parched and, at the same time, lets him see how dry he was.

The cure, and the knowledge of our need for it, come together; it is by "beholding that we become changed." It is impossible to become convinced first and then accept Christ. Without beginning to accept Him we could never have become convinced in the first place. How important it is for us to be willing to make that first step. How dangerous to demand objective proof of our sickness before we begin to take the medicine. People sick with the sickness that we are sick with are too sick to think objectively about it. That is why we need the medicine.

Why He Had to Die

Why did Christ have to die? We will never know, at least not in this life. It is truth beyond knowledge, as daylight is beyond the flicker of a candle. Bible writers assert it but never explain it. They cannot make us know it, so they labour to let us see it. And seeing it, we see everything else in its light, for the whole of history finds its meaning in that God-like act that divides time in two. He died for the sins of the world. Without that death the world's history is nothing but a long-drawn-out agony of meaninglessness. With it, we begin to see, even now, how God has turned His marred creation inside out and is bringing undreamed-of wonder from its ruins.

Why did Christ have to die? Why still if I were the only sinner and this week's sins the only ugly page in all the record? If that is a complaint, then make it. Nothing could so convince us as the sound of our own hollow voice in all that company. For remember, we are compassed about by that great cloud of witnesses, themselves brought out of that very unbelief that so enslaves us. We are one with Peter, "Lord, You will never wash my feet!" . . . "Whatever they do, I will never forsake You." . . . With Paul, "As far as righteousness goes, I was blameless." . . . With Israelites who ask, "What lack I yet?"

But we may also be one with the new Paul and the new Peter, for whom belief in Christ and gratitude for His death overshadowed every other value in life. And whether or not that revelation comes as the blinding, shattering experience that they received, it must be maintained as they maintained it. Daily.

What a difference it would make in our lives if we could gain that revelation fresh and clear each morning! It is for this reason that Ellen G. White counsels us to treasure the hour each day when the mind can best appreciate that part of the story of salvation that is most likely to reveal to us our unrealized sickness. And offer us the one thing that can cure it.

At Ulverstone

VISION
ITAL
ICTORY'S

BRINGS
BENEFITS
LESSINGS

SOULS
SECURED
HARED

PETER A. MILLER, Church Pastor

Motivated by Christian love for the children neighbouring their church, the Sabbath school officers at Ulverstone, Tasmania, have masterfully completed their first Vacation Bible School. Convened in the church hall each morning from Monday to Friday during August-September school vacation, this ten-day mission for six-to-twelve-year-olds netted an average attendance of fifty-four.

After considerable preparatory efforts the teachers were a little disappointed at the first day's roll call of only twenty. Next day forty enthusiastic children turned up, then fifty, sixty, and by the fifth day over seventy youngsters had enrolled. This peak was maintained through the second week.

Highlight of the Vacation Bible School was Saturday evening, September 6, parents' night. After a children's tea the hall was well filled with a lively audience which included many parents. All were obviously overjoyed by the display of crafts, the singing of the children, and the outline of Vacation Bible School objectives given by the director, Brother David Owen, and the instructors.

Probably the happiest man present was church elder, L. J. Revell, who had recently completed the erection of an additional Sabbath school room to accommodate the growing kindergarten division. His benevolent gesture is greatly appreciated. The presence of eighteen new faces in the children's divisions of Sabbath school led some to suppose that as well as Vacation Bible School, those letters also mean, "Vision Brings Souls," "Vital Benefits Secured," and "Victory's Blessings Shared."



Sharon Purton, one of the youngest children attending the Ulverstone Vacation Bible School, holds up a Bible during one of the action songs. Her class met in the new Sabbath school room donated to the Ulverstone church by Brother L. J. Revell.
(Photo: P. A. Miller.)

Robinvale Does It Again

BETH HUGHES

"WILL WE, OR WILL WE NOT?" was the question before us. After a very successful Children's Holiday Programme last year, our Robinvale church members had planned another one for the September school vacation. But, problems kept rising.

We were fortunate to be able to change our hall booking almost at the last minute to enable more of our members to help. Last year the attendance was more than could be successfully cared for. So this year, because of restricted staff members, we limited our advertising to a hand-bill given out at the school gate, and one announcement over the Mildura TV station.

Organizing was going ahead nicely when illness struck our co-director, Sister Marion Trickey, and she was taken from the scene for the entire period. This left us with our minister, Brother W. Hughes, and seven ladies from our church, and four young folk borrowed from the Mildura church for the occasion. Deslee and Louise Hancock, Geoff Potter and Joan Hendricks did a grand work in helping us with classes and crafts.

Monday morning arrived, and so did forty-two children. By the last day, the number had risen to seventy children between the ages of five and twelve years, from a township of 1,500 people.

No Games in the Rain

It was a real thrill to listen to the singing and to see the children participating

in the class activities. The out-door games period was a great attraction. But, alas, trouble followed us here, too. On Wednesday morning rain was tumbling down on the small groups as they arrived under umbrellas and rain coats. No games today! So out came the trusty projector and screen, and a nature slide programme was enjoyed instead.

For craft activity the children were divided into Junior, Primary and Kindergarten sections under the able leadership of Sisters Joan, Norma and Jeanette Hancock.

Boomerangs, ply-wood "dog" doorstops, coconut-shell string-holders, foam plastic framed mirrors, coat-hanger and foam plastic clothes brushes, and seed pictures were some of the interesting articles made.

Then came Saturday night and the concert! All the crafts were on display, ready for eager owners to take home at the close of the programme. Many parents came to observe and listen to their children singing.

Many times since I have been asked the question, "Will there be another Children's Holiday Programme next year?"

A Life Sketch of Dorothy McMahon

J. W. KENT

Dorothy Lance McMahon, nee Horley, was born in Coalville, Gippsland, Victoria, and fell asleep on her beloved Saviour's breast at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. W. Kent, West Pennant Hills, New South Wales, on August 11, 1969.

In early life, while just a young girl, Dorothy gave her heart to God and served Him faithfully down all the years of her pilgrimage till death came. With her parents, she embraced the truths of the great message of God, and was baptized by the late Pastor J. H. Woods.

Dorothy's flair for organizing and leadership was a rare gift in a woman. This brought her to the notice of the Victorian-Tasmanian Conference, then united under one administration. As a consequence, she was entrusted for years with the conference secretaryship of the Missionary Volunteer Department. Here she served with distinction, and gave to our young men and women, to our boys and girls, an outstanding leadership. The name of Miss Horley was much set by in the estimation of the young people of her generation. Her sincere and loving service turned many wandering feet to the fold of the Christ.

Concurrent with the leadership of the Missionary Volunteer Department, Dorothy was secretary of the Sabbath School Department also. In both divi-

sions, she gave distinguished service. The current president and the secretary of the Victorian Conference, Brethren Hollingsworth and Richardson, learning of her death, sent the following telegram: "Please convey to Sister Kent, relatives and friends of the late Dorothy McMahon, deepest sympathy of members and staff of the Victorian Conference. Her godly influence as MV and S.S. secretary on the lives of many, such as Gladys and Enid Spence, is well remembered."

Of Dorothy's organizing ability, there comes to our mind this instance. While engaged in leadership of the MV Department, she put on a splendid programme on the subject of temperance. This was at one of our Melbourne camp meetings. It took the form of a mock parliament, replete with Prime Minister, Cabinet, Mr. Speaker, Opposition Leader, Government Party, and a strong Opposition. Dorrie hunted around and located a gifted writer, Horace Franks, then of the Signs Publishing Company, who wrote the script for the speeches. The programme was such a tremendous success that it loomed up under the notice of the State Temperance Society. This resulted in its being put on in the Temperance Hall, Russell Street, Melbourne. On the night of the performance, the auditorium was crowded to standing capacity. The enactment was so good that the father of Sir Robert Menzies, in his representative responsibility, requested to be introduced to Miss Horley. Among other congratulatory expressions offered to her by this gentleman was this: "Your society does well to be proud of you."

These varied activities filled Dorrie's life between the years 1917 and 1925. It was then that she accepted the hand of Norman McMahon in marriage. He predeceased her by some twenty years. To this union were born four children, two girls and two boys. Dell died when but a child. Barbara, wife of Dr. Lambert, Geofrey, who is travelling abroad and sent

(Concluded on page 14)



The medical team which visited Beulah College. From left to right: Mrs. Kizzier, Dr. Kizzier, Dr. Barnard, Dr. Farag, Mrs. Barnard, Mrs. Rankin, Miss Martin and Mr. Dawson. (Photo: J. Kite.)

Tonga

THOROUGH MEDICAL CHECKS AT BEULAH

JOHN KITE

DR. S. FARAG, Medical secretary of the Australasian Division, accompanied by Mr. A. Dawson of the Sydney Sanitarium and Hospital laboratory staff, arrived in Tonga on June 26, four days prior to Dr. and Mrs. Barnard, Dr. and Mrs. Kizzier, Mrs. Rankin and Miss Martin, of the United States, the other members of the medical team, who so unselfishly gave of their time and skill to examine by very thorough tests the health of both students and staff of Beulah College.

Each member of the team had a specific assignment, with the two nurses, Mrs. Rankin and Miss Martin, testing eyes and blood pressure, Dr. and Mrs. Kizzier giving X-rays as well as physical check-ups, Dr. and Mrs. Barnard giving further physical examinations, and Mr. Dawson with Dr. Farag permanently stationed at the microscope to determine whether it might be either hookworm, whipworm or, better still, nothing at all which impaired the health.

It was truly wonderful to observe the efficient conduct of this whole operation, the first of its kind, not only in Beulah, but indeed in the whole history of Tonga.

Exit Hookworm

The medical team also brought remedies. Indeed, those that had hookworm were assured that "these greedy creatures will perish at the second administration" of a green powder mixed with water that I understand had the vilest possible taste.

During their almost one week's very busy stay in Tonga, Dr. Farag and his team enjoyed very cordial relationship with Dr. S. Tapa, the Chief Medical Offi-

cer of the kingdom. In fact, during their last night in Tonga, the Beulah staff organized a concert in which the Beulah band and choir featured. Dr. Tapa and his wife were guests-of-honour, and in a time-slot during the programme, Dr. Tapa expressed his sincere appreciation to Dr. Farag and his team for the wonderful work that they had done for the students of Beulah. The Chief Medical Officer also expressed the hope that Dr. Farag and his team would return to Tonga on some future occasion and extend their services on a far greater community scale.

During their second last day in Tonga, Dr. Farag, accompanied by Pastor D. E. G. Mitchell, president of the Tonga Mission, was granted an audience with King Taufa'ahau IV who has reigned over Tonga ever since the death of his greatly loved mother, Queen Salote.

Finally, on Thursday, these greatly appreciated people who had done so much to endear themselves to the Beulah population said farewell to tearful lines of students and staff while the band played "God be with you till we meet again."



The late Mrs. Dorothy McMahon

Cookery Nook

Hilda Marshman

PANNED SOYA-NUT FILLETS WITH APPLE SAUCE

"Great care should be taken when the change is made from flesh meat to a vegetarian diet, to supply the table with wisely prepared, well-cooked articles of food."—"Counsels on Diet and Foods," page 318.

Use 8 oz. measuring cup, and level spoon measurements with the set of standardized plastic measuring spoons.

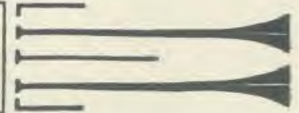
1 large egg	1 oz. ($\frac{1}{2}$ cup spooned into) soy flour
2 tablespoons oil	1 oz. grated walnuts
1 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons salt	2 ozs. ($\frac{3}{8}$ cup) fine-chopped onion
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup water	1 tablespoon margarine for pan
3 ozs. ($\frac{1}{2}$ cup) gluten flour	Hot or cold water for pan

Beat together the egg, oil, and salt in mixing bowl; stir in half the water. Sieve together the gluten flour and soy flour; sprinkle into egg mixture while stirring to keep quite smooth. Gradually stir in remainder of water. Next stir in the grated walnuts, then the chopped onion to make a soft-dropping mixture that will not spread too much in pan. Sometimes, a little extra water may be necessary.

Drop mixture from big spoon into melted margarine in large fry-pan to make eight fillets; flatten each with back of spoon. Slow-fry for about twenty minutes, turning to brown each side, being careful not to burn them. For very tender fillets, up to half cup hot or cold water may now be poured over the fillets. Allow a couple of minutes for the water to be absorbed. Serve hot with apple sauce, mashed potatoes, pumpkin, and green peas. Serves four.

Apple Sauce: Peel, core, and thinly slice a large yellow cooking apple into a small saucepan. Add 2 tablespoons water, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar. Cover with saucepan lid, and simmer until soft. Beat to a pulp.

TILL
HE
COMES



DUNBAR. Aged eighty-five, Sister Rose Dunbar, faithful member of the Rockhampton church, Queensland, beloved mother and cherished wife, passed to her rest on September 11, 1969, after a short period of illness. Sincere sympathy is extended to her husband, Brother Dunbar, and children. We look forward to a glad reunion when Jesus returns.

A. G. Byrne.

FELSCH. Sister Violet Emma Felsch was tenderly laid to rest on Monday, August 18, 1969, in the Northern Suburbs cemetery after a service in the Thornleigh church, attended by a large number of relatives and friends who gathered to pay their last respects to their mother, sister, grandmother and friend. Rheumatic fever in childhood and measles when eighteen years of age, left our sister with a weakened heart condition and permanent deafness, which she endured without complaint throughout the rest of her life. Following marriage to Edward John Felsch she co-operated with her husband to rear her children in the faith which meant so much to her, and she leaves fond memories of a careful and loving mother in her wake. Pastor Gordon Branster, well-known to the family over the years, assisted the writer in offering the consolation of the Word to the sorrowing sons, Lynn, Trevor, Bill, and their wives, and daughter June (Mrs. Shaw).

H. W. Kingston.

GREENWAY. A warm friend of the Adventist Church in the person of Stanley Clark Greenway, passed to his rest on September 3, 1969, at the age of seventy-five years. A strong belief in God, a good prayer life and a frequent attendance at church characterized his life. In a service at the Mount Thompson crematorium, Brisbane, the proofs of Christ's resurrection and the certainty of the resurrection of all the faithful brought comfort to his family and many friends present. Left with fond memories of their loved one are Sister B. Greenway of the Southport church, Queensland, and her children, Alan of Sydney, Joan (Sister T. Fehlberg) of Sydney, and Ruth (Sister R. Sheppard) of Brisbane.

J. N. Beamish.

JENKINS. On September 29, 1969, Sister Winifred Jenkins of the Dunedin church, New Zealand, died while working in her garden, aged sixty-five years. Our sister lived a beautiful Christian life and delighted to share the blessed hope with her friends and neighbours since her baptism about five years ago. Her loving husband, Andrew Jenkins, and youngest son, Gordon, of the Sanitarium Health Food Company office, Christchurch, also took their stand for the truth with our sister, whose mother, Sister Stewart, and grandmother, Sister Ancombe, were some of the first Adventists in Otago. We laid our sister to rest in the Andersons Bay cemetery in the sure and certain hope of the resurrection. Her family and many friends and relatives gathered to pay their last respects as Pastor A. D. C. Currie joined the writer in a service of tribute to our dear sister. May God bless all those who mourn.

F. G. Pearce.

LUCAS. Victor Albert James Lucas was born at Carlton, Victoria, on June 5, 1906, and was killed in a car accident just a short distance from his home in the early morning of August 26, 1969, aged sixty-three years. He leaves to mourn their loss his wife, Helen, and his son Ramon and his wife, Ramon being one of our young evangelists in the Victorian Conference. While our brother had not actually connected himself with the Seventh-day Adventist Church, his wife and son are both loyal members of our church. In his life he revealed a kindly disposition and spent a great deal of his spare time in trying to bring cheer into the lives of those who had been laid aside by sickness or some other disability. We laid him aside in the Preston cemetery to await the resurrection morning when the saints will be raised to receive their reward.

A. W. Martin.

MORRISON. Frank Alton Morrison passed to his rest in the Chermide Hospital, Brisbane, on August 2, 1969, aged seventy-eight years, and was laid to rest in the Woombie cemetery, Queensland, in the presence of a large gathering of friends and relatives. Brother Morrison was a member of the conference church, residing at Hunchy in the Nambour district. Having spent his life as a farmer in this area he was well known and respected here. He embraced the third angel's message late in life and looked forward to the soon return of the Lord and the resurrection to eternal life.

W. J. Watson.

Life Sketch of Dorothy McMahon

(Concluded from page 13)

a cable from New York lamenting his inability to be present at his mother's funeral, and Graham, with their families, are with us still. There are seven grandchildren. A brother, Raymond Horley, and two sisters, Mrs. W. J. Westerman and my wife, survive.

It stands to the abiding credit of Dorrie that as a devoted mother, widowed with a young family, she reared these children in the everlasting gospel. They serve among us today as faithful church members and helpful citizens.

But now the grim reaper's pallid footsteps have crossed our erstwhile happy thresholds; he has laid his cold hand upon her beloved life, and taken her away from us. But while life lasts, we shall always cherish the sweet memory of Dorrie's sincere and loving life among us. How true it is "that only the deeds of the just are sweet and blossom in the dust." Through the shed tears of our grief there takes shape the rainbowed haloes of the everlasting joys that await her the other side of sin. I said this to her grieving daughter: "It is we who are left that feel the bitterness of the parting. Mother has filled her life with rewardable performances in life's varied phases. She rests under the shadowing care of her God. Free from pain. Free

from the wearying ways of a rude world. Resting in Jesus. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, her immortal vision will behold the face of her redeeming Lord who has washed her in His own blood in order to present her faultless before the throne of His eternal glory. She has left us lovely deeds with which to adorn our memories and comfort our sorrows."

With my sincere sympathies, I offer these words to her children, her brother and sisters, other relatives and friends, from one who knew Dorrie from her lovely girlhood. And I am supremely happy to add that there is not one thing I know about her that I would wish to forget.



WEDDINGS

THOMSON—HILTON. The glory of floral art blended with nuptial joy when Robert Eric Thomson and Leta Pauline Hilton exchanged marriage vows in the Toowoomba church, Queensland, on September 14, 1969. Both Robert and Leta come from Toowoomba families, and they in turn are setting up home in the garden city. Parents, relatives and church members wish them God's blessing and guidance as they journey through life together.

D. A. Brennan.

ASSISTANT FOR ADVENTIST DOCTOR required urgently. Sub-tropical seaside resort, attractive conditions, opportunities for further studies. Adventist church school available. Inquiries, Dr. A. Jones, P.O. Box 143, Port Macquarie, N.S.W. 2444. Phone 83 2551.

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CHRISTMAS SPECIAL

"Three-week Vegetarian Menus," a cook-book-with-a-difference compiled by Hazel Hon. Sent with a gift card and gift-wrapped to any address designated. Price \$1.85 plus 20 cents postage and packing in Australia. Send them to your friends, instead of Christmas cards.

FORSTER-TUNCURRY. Christmas holidays are not far away and if you are planning on spending your holiday in the Forster-Tuncurry area then a warm welcome awaits you as you come to worship with the Forster-Tuncurry company. Once you have joined with them in worship you will want to come again, they are so friendly. Sabbath school commences in the C.W.A. building at 10 a.m., and at 11.15 a.m. church service follows. The C.W.A. building is just past the Forster Shopping Centre and alongside the School of Arts. We look forward to worshipping with you.

FOR SALE. Three-bedroom home, close to college, S.H.F., schools; land 68 ft. x 169 ft.; built in cupboards; floor coverings, blinds, water and electricity. Sell on V.G. For further particulars apply: H. Clouten, Crawford Road, Cooranbong, N.S.W. 2265

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TENTH ANNIVERSARY

All ex-members and friends of the Fern Tree Gully church are cordially invited to attend the tenth anniversary services to be held in the church on Sabbath, November 1, 1969.

Sabbath School	9.20 a.m.
Divine Service	11.00 a.m.
Musical Programme	3.30 p.m.
Fellowship Tea and Social Evening	7.00 p.m.

WORK WANTED. Responsible young man, single, twenty-three years of age, with farming experience, requires permanent position on a mixed farm in N.S.W. or Victoria. Reply M. E. Pugh, 156 Wyadra Avenue, North Manly, N.S.W. 2100

AUSTRALASIAN RECORD

and Advent World Survey

Official Organ of the
AUSTRALASIAN DIVISION OF SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS

Editor	R. H. PARR
Associate Editor	F. T. MABERLY
Office Secretary	OREL HOSKEN
Wahroonga Representative	WENDY BLANK

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OFFICIAL CLOSING DATE for applications for 1970 is November 10, 1969. Thereafter, applications will be accepted only as accommodation is available.



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148 Fox Valley Road, Wahroonga, N.S.W. 2076

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First 25 words \$2
 Each additional 5 words 10 cents

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

FLASH POINT . . .

- ✧ It is possible that the more observant of our readers may notice, as they scan the pages of this and subsequent issues, that certain regular features are missing. This is because of the wealth of material now on the editorial desk, and the end of the year is rushing upon us. Some authors may find that their material has been cut more than somewhat. We apologize for this but we are anxious to get as wide a coverage as possible.
- ✧ If you have news items or articles for the "Record" don't let that last paragraph scare you at all. Send them along. This is the season of the year when things are happening and it is always a fight for space about this time; but things even out, and your material will be dealt with in time.
- ✧ Pastor Wilbur Stewart, Victoria's energetic Radio-TV secretary, sent us a signal the other day to tell us that the new TV feature, "Focus on Living" has been very well received. This Australian-produced, five-minute programme has just concluded its run on Ballarat and Bendigo stations (Saturday nights between nine and ten o'clock) and many homes are open for studies. Pastor R. C. Naden, the producer of these TV segments, held four public meetings in Bendigo in September and visited many of the youthful interests in the company of Pastors T. L. House and G. Coombe. Pastor Stewart says that the prospects at this stage look most promising in Ballarat and Bendigo, as well as in other smaller country towns.
- ✧ The division Sabbath School Department advises us that the new enlarged "Sabbath School Worker" will be in the churches in a few days' time. It is TWICE as large as the old "S.S. Worker" and, of course, a little more costly—though definitely worth every cent of the increase. Prices now are as follows: Clubs of three copies (or more) each month, \$2.85 each; perpetual orders \$3.30 each; annual orders, \$3.60 each. Both Senior and Youth lesson pamphlets will cost twenty cents in and after the first quarter of 1970. Sabbath school officers will doubtless want to budget for these increases.
- ✧ Brother and Sister Graeme Satchell of the Greater Sydney Conference have accepted a call to Savai'i, Western Samoa, where he will be the district director. Graeme is the only son of Pastor and Mrs. K. E. Satchell of the Lilydale Academy, Victoria, while Mrs. Satchell, nee Loretta Simmonds, a qualified dietitian, is the elder daughter of Brother and Sister W. H. Simmonds of the Greater Sydney Conference.
- ✧ Brother and Sister Ian B. Rankin of the North New Zealand Conference have accepted a call to serve at Laiagam in the Western Highlands of New Guinea, where Brother Rankin will be the district director. Previously this district was cared for by Pastor and Mrs. Barnard, who will now be transferring to Mendi in the Southern Highlands to open up a new district.
- ✧ Pastor D. E. Hay, president of the Samoan Mission, reports that they anticipate over 200 souls will be baptized in Samoa this year. Their previous best year was 171 baptisms.
- ✧ Brother and Sister Ritchie Way of the South New Zealand Conference have accepted a call to the Papuan Gulf Mission of the Coral Sea Union, where he will serve as director of the Vailala district. Mrs. Way, nee Rosemary Benson, is a nursing graduate and will assist in the medical work in the area.
- ✧ "With such an army as our youth rightly trained might provide . . ." is the beginning of a statement penned by the servant of the Lord which has echoed and re-echoed throughout the world of Missionary Volunteering during the last few years. Twelve to fourteen thousand of the 600,000 youth of our church from around the world attended the World Congress. As they return home they will share the thrilling story of 100,000 baptisms achieved by Advent youth since the last General Conference. And bigger things are ahead. A spirit of evangelism is stirring our youth and more and more are ranging under the Share-Your-Faith banner. Please continue to pray God's blessing on this mighty army which is marching on to victory.
- ✧ We congratulate Miss Lynette White of Sydney on recently passing her Australian Society of Accountants examination and receiving her certificate. Miss White graduated from the Accountancy Diploma course at Avondale in 1965 and is the daughter of Brother and Sister A. J. White of Carlingford, New South Wales.
- ✧ Because of their recent fire the Greater Sydney Conference has moved Pastor N. H. J. Smith and his family to another residence so that the Dial-a-Prayer, Radio-TV, Temperance and Medical departments, together with old conference records, etc., can be housed in the residence next door to the office. The conference is developing plans for a new two-storey extension to the office to replace the burned-out section.
- ✧ The Kavieng, New Ireland, evangelistic campaign, conducted by national evangelist Pastor Wilfred assisted by Sonoma College ministerial students, had a nightly attendance of 300. Of these, 214 have indicated a special interest in the message and sixty have decided to keep the Sabbath.
- ✧ Brother and Sister Ken Morgan of the Victoria Park school, Western Australia, have accepted a call to teaching work at the Jones Missionary College, Kambubu, in the Bismarck-Solomons Union Mission.
- ✧ Pastor E. H. J. Steed visited Australia on a private visit en route to the Far East. He spent two days in Perth (October 2 and 3) and some time in New South Wales and left for the Far East on October 7. While this was supposed to be a private visit, Pastor Steed was very busy. During his visit he cared for the Wahroonga church service on Sabbath morning, October 4, and spent a good deal of time in interviews with the news media relative to his worldwide Temperance programme.
- ✧ "Finally, brethren . . ." (from "Today's Food"): It's a happy home where the only scraps are those brushed off the dining-room table.