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LEADING THE BLIND

D. A. ROBINSON, Papanui, South New Zealand

MR. GENE LAUGHRAN, a blind reporter from the N.Z.B.C., was invited to visit the Papanui Sabbath school recently with his "seeing eye" dog Cassius, a two-year-old Golden Labrador.

They visited the various departments of the Sabbath school, and the young people and children showed intense interest as Mr. Laughran told of his experiences. He said Cassius, who costs him \$1.50 a week for tinned food and biscuits, guides him four miles a day to and from work.

The confident blind man, who lost his sight eight years ago, and the well-groomed dog have been together for two years after going through a training course in Melbourne.

Cassius's value is \$1,200, and there are only nine guide dogs in New Zealand.

Working for the Blind

Mrs. June Collett, a Papanui Sabbath school member and also an active member of the New Zealand Foundation for the Blind, arranged for this visit. She is hopeful that this contact with the institute will give her opportunity to bring hope to those who grope in a sightless world.

She is in contact with the denomination's braille printing house in Lincoln, Nebraska, which, with a staff of 117, publishes in braille our books and periodicals—many of which are distributed free. There is available a braille Bible correspondence course, Bible study records known as "The Christian Record Talking Magazine" issued every two months, and, to help in emergencies, a first-aid manual.

"*The Desire of Ages*" has been published in fifteen volumes at a cost of \$420 for the first set, and \$210 for succeeding issues. Similarly, "*Patriarchs and Prophets*" and "*Prophets and Kings*" have been completed. Bible

stories have also been written in braille and illustrated so that blind mothers can teach their children.

Those of us who have our precious sight perhaps don't appreciate the difficulties of these poor souls. Jesus in showing such compassion towards them as seen by His miracles has surely given us something to think about.

We pray that the work Sister Collett has already done and continues to do in introducing these aids for the blind through the institute will be the means through which the Holy Spirit and the Word of God can change their darkness to light, their feeling of hopelessness to a consciousness of a bright, eternal hope.



Mr. Gene Laughran with his guide dog, Cassius, at the Papanui Sabbath school.

(Photo: D. Robinson.)



Pastor and Mrs. Fagal who were guest speakers at the North New Zealand camp-meeting.

North New Zealand Camp-meeting

B. C. GROSSER

PREPARATION for the soon appearing of Christ in glory was the unwritten theme of our recent camp-meeting in North New Zealand, held from January 15-24, 1970.

From the opening meeting, which was taken by Pastor W. A. Fagal, this challenge was chiselled into the minds of those who were fortunate enough to attend this convention.

We were favoured with a strong overseas delegation—Pastor Delafield, Pastor and Sister Fagal and Pastor McKee from the General Conference; three brethren from the Australasian Division, and five from the Trans-Tasman Union Conference.

A Sad Note

A sombre note was struck at the very commencement of camp when Pastor Hon was taken by a heart seizure as he drove between the airport and the campground. This rather severe coronary drove the delegates to their knees, and a remarkable recovery is evident.

Sister Hon, who travelled with her husband for the purpose of leading out in cooking demonstrations during the encampment, rose to the occasion and stepped into her husband's schedule, even to taking the early morning "Hour of Power" meeting for which he had been listed. This was deeply appreciated by all

and is probably a unique experience, for few, if any, could recall having heard a woman take this type of meeting in our large assembly before. Sister Hon spoke on "Complete Restoration and a Call to Preparedness for Translation."

Near-perfect weather conditions maintained throughout the ten days of camp and after, enabling the ministerial staff to demolish the camp and leave for their homes on Monday noon, having completed the task in just one and one half days.

It is not uncommon to hear folk remark, "This is the best camp yet!" This year in North New Zealand was no exception. Hearts were indeed stirred, and men and women, both old and young, were spiritually revived as they heard again the "old, old story, which is ever new."

New Workers

An unusual feature of camp this year was the very large group of new workers to this field. There were somewhere in the vicinity of twenty new workers in the persons of evangelists under transfer, ministerial interns from college, graduate teachers, and Avondale trained steno-

graphers for the conference office, a new high school headmaster under transfer, and also an educational man for the faculty of the Longburn College. These men and women, along with wives and families in many instances, presented a very impressive group, and we feel confident that the work will profit from this large army of new workers.

That which contributed to the "best camp ever" was good organization, good preaching, good food, good weather, good musical items, good fellowship and, above all, a good God who sent His Spirit into the hearts of His people in preparation for His soon appearing in glory.

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An Interlude with a Man of God

MRS. "X"

IT HAD BEEN a stormy camp-meeting in Maida Vale, Western Australia—no rain, but wind, and what wind!—which shook our tents so violently each night and robbed us of our precious sleep. It finally damaged and threatened to destroy our lovely big canvas chapel, causing the brethren to dismantle it at 4:30 a.m. on Sabbath morning, January 31, 1970.

But we were not privileged to assist in this mammoth, emergency co-operative effort. Feeling exhausted, we had decided to sleep at home that Friday evening, and, taking pity upon our speaker of the evening, Pastor Delafield, who was to speak again at 6:30 a.m. and at the divine service, we invited him also to sleep at our home. He accepted and was refreshed for the wonderful service he was destined to conduct in the magnificent "cathedral of the pines" at the Advent Park campground that Sabbath morning. The Lord answered our combined prayers



Pastor D. A. Delafield

and stilled the tempest for our worship hour.

That Saturday evening Pastor Delafield returned to our home to relax and again sleep peacefully, away from the gusty winds. In the morning we arose at break of day and in company with a local church member who is also a bird enthusiast, we walked in God's great out-of-doors. At first it seemed that the winds had scattered the birds afar, but then we found them, more and more of them, until, to his utter delight, our dear Pastor Delafield had been able to detect thirteen new species, bringing his list up over the century of birds spotted in Australasia. He was especially thrilled with the beauty of the crimson robin and the Western spinebill.

Then home for breakfast and family worship, and it was all over. Just a brief interlude, but oh! what an impression he had left.

We have often wondered just how Jesus managed to hold the interest of His listeners as He sought at every opportunity to turn His words to spiritual themes. He never lost a chance to turn the thoughts of His hearers to God's love and His saving grace, and to show a sympathetic interest in all He met, speaking words that would encourage, uplift and establish them. Now I believe we understand a little better. We felt doubly blessed, like the woman of Shunem who provided a bed and a meal for Elisha, God's man of old.

We found Pastor Delafield to be a man of sincerity and truth; a man of prayer and faith; a lover of God's books, the written Word and the book of nature. Can it be that his very close association and work with the writings of God's messenger of the remnant church, Ellen G. White, has helped to establish him truly as a man of God? With great anticipation we all await "Testimony Countdown."

An Appeal for Missions

P. E. HOBSON, Auburn, N.S.W.

I AM SURE that many of you, at one time or another, have had the desire to help people you have read about who are very underprivileged. Usually, in the course of our Sabbath school programme, we hear stories written to us from the mission fields around the world. Often these seem a little unreal, to say the least, as those of us who have never been to these places cannot fully understand that which we have not experienced for ourselves.

Today I should like to recount a little story related to our fellows in other parts of the earth.

I had been feeling particularly discontented. Our home didn't suit me. I would have liked to buy a number of things, a new carpet for the lounge and perhaps some new chairs, a couple of new beds and mattresses for our children. Oh, yes, and I was sure we needed one thing then another. How could I wait while we saved for these things? What to buy first? We seemed to have so many "needs." My mind was racing on, only to be frustrated by our immediate inability to have everything my mind's eye envisaged. I passed my restlessness on to my husband and my children and there was discord in the home.

A Picture to Remember

Peace came unexpectedly—not by the materialization of these added comforts to our lives, but through an illustration on the front page of "The Sydney Morning Herald"—the emaciated forms of Biafra's children. That picture pierced me to the

core. It will always remain in my mind. When I begin to think of myself, may I recall this image and put our money aside, not for new carpets, but for my fellow men in the mission fields around the globe. What is this life if we cannot share our bounties with our brothers and sisters whose needs are crying out in agony? We have the means, so let us give whole-heartedly to the spreading of the gospel which will provide abundant healing for the spirits as well as the bodies of our brethren the world over.

Now I would like you to read a passage from "The Ministry of Healing," pages 104-107.

"Millions upon millions of human beings, in sickness and ignorance and sin, have never so much as heard of Christ's love for them. Were our condition and theirs to be reversed, what would we desire them to do for us? All this, so far as lies in our power, we are to do for them. Christ's rule of life by which every one of us must stand or fall in the judgment is, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' Matt. 7:12.

"By all that has given us advantage over another—be it education and refinement, nobility of character, Christian training, religious experience—we are in debt to those less favoured; and, so far as lies in our power, we are to minister unto them. If we are strong, we are to stay up the hands of the weak. . . . That which selfish hearts would regard as humiliating service, ministering to those who are wretched and in every way inferior in character, is the work of the pure, sinless beings from the courts above.

"Jesus did not consider heaven a place to be desired while we were lost. He left the heavenly courts for a life of reproach and insult, and a death of shame. He who was rich in heaven's priceless treasure became poor, that through His poverty we might be rich. We are to follow in the path He trod. . . .

"Many feel that it would be a great privilege to visit the scenes of Christ's life on earth, to walk where He trod, to look upon the lake beside which He loved to teach, and the hills and valleys on which His eyes so often rested. But we need not go to Nazareth, to Capernaum, or to Bethany, to walk in the steps of side the sick-bed, in the hovels of poverty, Jesus. We shall find His footprints in the crowded alleys of the great cities, and in every place where there are human hearts in need of consolation.

"We are to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and comfort the suffering and afflicted. We are to minister to the despairing, and to inspire hope in the hopeless. . . .

"And for us also is the promise of His presence, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.'" Matt. 28:20.

GENERAL CONFERENCE

At the time of the General Conference in America there will be conducted two Denominational History Bus Tours which will be of tremendous interest and value, and are available to all:

1. Before General Conference Session (ten days):

May 28-June 7, through Canada and the State of Michigan. Commences at Andrews University and ends at Atlantic City at the General Conference Session.

2. After General Conference Session (eight days):

June 21-June 28 (does not travel into Canada or Michigan). Commences Atlantic City, General Conference Session, ends at New York City.

Tour guides will be Pastors D. A. Delafield and Paul Gordon of the White Estate. Cost will be approximately \$US13 a day including travel food and lodging. For details contact Pastor L. L. Butler, Treasurer, Australasian Division of Seventh-day Adventists, 148 Fox Valley Road, Wahroonga, N.S.W. 2076. Bookings must be made by March 31.

Editorial

ALAS, POOR GEORGE: HE'S OFF TARGET

GEORGE W. TARGET writes regularly for that estimable paper, "The British Weekly and Christian World," and often we enjoy his penetrating comments on things current and things to come. He is, to use a latter-day coinage, knowledgeable, to say nothing of being up-to-the-minute and perspicacious.

Judge, therefore, the sadness that welled up in this editorial bosom when we read his article in the issue of November 20 last year which said, in part, "Currently, the most popular line of argument used by such Sects as the Jehovah's Witnesses and Seventh-day Adventists to demonstrate the 'truth' of the Bible is that derived from Biblical Prophecy. Briefly, it goes like this:

"Certain Biblical texts can be interpreted as foretelling historical events.

"Some of these events the Bible describes as occurring in fulfilment of its own foretelling—and further, certain events which have occurred since the Bible was written can also be interpreted as the fulfilment of such foretelling.

"Therefore, as only God can foretell the future, and the Bible is obviously 'replete with instances,' it must be the Word of God from beginning to end.

"And most of the Sects take this argument one small but significant step in their own special direction:

"As we are manifestly the most adept at this interpretation of such foretelling (as witness this or that particular reading of history or contemporary events) it follows that we must possess the Gift of Prophecy.

"Therefore we must be of God, and our Sect must be the only fully Biblical one, the very Remnant Church destined to see the Last Days."

Put as tersely (and one might also add, clumsily) as that, it does indeed look as though this church or that has some nerve to claim to be the "very Remnant Church." And make no mistake; Mr. Target is sniping at Adventists in this article. His very quotation (cited above) "replete with instances" comes from a quote from the "Seventh-day Adventist Encyclopædia," Vol. 10, page 1022, which says, "The Bible is replete with instances when God foretold future events to enable man to co-operate intelligently with His divine purpose for them."

Mr. Target seems to suggest that there is something sinister in that simple statement, one which, we thought in our innocence, no Christian could complain about. But the author comments on it thus: "The sour fruit being that Prophecy has been quite unnecessarily limited in meaning; no longer the grand telling forth of the way of God, but a doubtful peering through the cracks in the door of tomorrow."

We are sorry to have to remark that Mr. Target is a tragic example of a little knowledge being a dangerous thing. You may accuse Adventists of many things (and many people do) but you cannot accuse them of using prophecy to "peer through the cracks in the door of tomorrow." You never met such a people for opening the door of prophecy wider than it has ever been opened for many a year and letting in the pure sunlight of Bible-based interpretation, as the Adventists are—and we say it with due humility. We are, true, a people of prophecy. That is our claim. But it is a claim based on such prophecies as Revelation 10, for which no other people have the beginning of an explanation or interpretation.

We have examined commentary after commentary for some explanation or interpretation of Revelation 10 (the angel with the little book which John eats) and invariably the commentator stumbles to the conclusion that this is something that defies interpretation.

We have done likewise with the 2,300 day prophecy of Daniel 8, and once again have come to the lamentable conclusion that expositors are completely in the dark about the great lines of prophecy that this time-line introduces.

Mr. Target, Adventists do not peer through cracks in the door of prophecy; they have no need to. Conservative in their prophetic interpretation (see "Prophetic Faith of Our Fathers" by Froom), they accept much that their theological fore-

fathers have believed and accepted. In the book "Seventh-day Adventists Answer Questions on Doctrine," page 205, there is this statement: "Most of our interpretation of prophecies of this type [i.e., Daniel 8] are not original with us. They are based on the findings of godly and eminent scholars of various faiths through the centuries. With the early church we hold that prophetic fulfilments are to be looked for in historical events, and we find a progressive, contemporary recognition of the advancing epochs and major fulfilments of the prophetic outline in history."

This statement puts us in very good company, but other statements from the two succeeding pages ought to be read in conjunction with this. They are:

"We believe, with the majority of expositors from the early Church Fathers to modern times, that the four world powers of Daniel's outline prophecies were the Neo-Babylonian, Medo-Persian, Grecian (Macedonian), and Roman empires; that Rome was not to be followed immediately by a fifth world power, but was to be divided into a number of strong and weak kingdoms; that this break-up was attested as in process of fulfilment in the fourth and fifth centuries; that this was to be followed by the appearance of a powerful antichrist; and that antichrist would, in turn, be destroyed at the second advent which will be accompanied by the literal resurrection of the righteous dead, and the binding of Satan during the millennium; and that the millennium will then be followed by the eternal kingdom of God.

"We believe with many Reformation leaders that Rome's division into the ten kingdoms representing the various nations of Europe was followed by papal antichrist as the predicted dominant power of the Middle Ages. Thus we hold the historical view of prophecy. . . .

"We believe that the prophecies simply form the background for the great redemptive activity of God as centred in the two advents of Christ."

It is therefore just not good enough, Mr. Target, to accuse us of peering through the cracks in the door of tomorrow. We are in line with the conservative line of prophetic interpretation, which flings the door wide open. How are you, sir, on your interpretation of Daniel 8, Daniel 9, and, say, Revelation 13? And what of Revelation 14? One more thing calls for comment. That last sentence we quoted which accuses any denomination of calling itself the "very Remnant Church destined to see the Last Days."

It is written, sir, that, at the very end of time, God shall look for a people who have two outstanding characteristics. These characteristics are spelled out so that the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein. He will look for a people who, according to Revelation 14:12, "Keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus." Do YOU, Mr. Target, keep the commandments of God? All of them? Or do you try to chisel one out and say that it was done away with? Do you replace the stated command with a slice of good old tried and tested tradition? Do you think of yourself as obtaining some favour because you worship God on the first day of the week "in honour of the resurrection"?

And the "faith of Jesus." Do you subscribe to this, too? All of it? How is your reading of Matthew 24, His prophecy which is transparently clear for those who live today? Are you unsophisticated enough to recognize that this is the Master's gift to man in this very day? We wonder. After all, you did conclude your article with these words: "This is not to say that Biblical prophecy is untrue in a predictive sense, but merely that it is only convincing to those who already believe the truth of the Bible as its own self-authenticating authority." If this means what we think it means, Mr. Target, we can only conclude that you are sadly off target. Which is a great pity.

Robert H. Pan



LETTERS to the EDITOR

PLEASE NOTE: Letters are accepted for publication at the discretion of the editor; the receipt of a letter does not mean that it will necessarily be published. Correspondents should also understand that their letters will be sub-edited to bring them to a suitable literary standard, though every effort will be made to preserve the essential point of the original.

Pseudonyms may be used for publication, but the original must have the full name and address of the writer.

Letters published may not necessarily represent the ideals or the teachings of the denomination; such are found in our editorial, devotional and news columns.

Stocks and Shares

Brother,

I wish to comment on the editorial in "Record" dated 19/1/70. This I found very interesting; a discussion on the Christian's attitude to trading on the stock exchange has been long overdue.

One point which should be made, however, is that transactions in shares are nowhere near as speculative as might first appear. The novice speculator has, roughly, a 50 per cent chance of making money on the deal. The price of his shares can only go up or down. It is extremely unusual for a share's price to fall to rock-bottom levels, and on the other hand, the long term trend is for the share index to rise (even when the effect of inflation is accounted for). On every buy-sell transaction, brokerage of 4 per cent is charged. The general upward trend in values would offset this adverse factor approximately, so the speculator without any experience still has one chance in two in taking a profit. Therefore, the odds against an experienced share trader would certainly be much less than 50 per cent.

I think farmers would agree that their occupation can be more hazardous and speculative than any transaction in stocks and shares. This year, in Western Australia, many wool and wheat farmers did not receive enough income to offset their capital outlays and expenses. A farmer must invest several thousand dollars at the beginning of each season, not knowing whether world food prices or the weather will permit him to make even a reasonable wage from his labour. Some may say that farmers take a calculated risk—not a gamble. Well, then, so does the exchange speculator.

Our stand against gambling on the horses and buying tickets in raffles and

lotteries has a good basis. Apart from resulting in the breaking of the tenth commandment, such ventures are usually a waste of money. The odds against you very often cannot be calculated—you don't know how many tickets will be sold in a lottery. If the odds are known, they are usually astronomically high.

Many people have learned how to make a more or less steady income by spending a few hours a day following the trading at the exchange. There is little point in deriving your living the hard way when there is an easier way. It is a fundamen-

tal principle of investment that you cannot obtain by returns from your capital unless you are willing to take bigger risks than usual. If you aren't willing to accept risks, you must settle for a low rate of interest.

It can hardly be labelled as covetousness to seek a higher position of responsibility in your work for the tangible rewards offered. In the same way, I don't see how the tenth commandment can be broken when you employ your money where the returns are greatest. I feel

(Concluded on page 10)

HISTORIC PICTURE GALLERY



This picture was taken at the camp-meeting at Concord, N.S.W., in about 1933. Seated in the front row (from left to right): W. J. Westerman, J. S. Stewart, J. W. Kent, W. Smith, Robert Hare, Reuben Hare (president), A. G. Stewart, A. H. Piper, A. W. Anderson, H. Harker. Back row: C. Head, E. Whitehead, E. Behrens, W. M. R. Scragg, T. J. Bradley, —, A. Smart, V. Stratford and J. Potter.



These are South Australian students who attended Avondale College about fifty-four years ago (1916). Back row (from left to right): Hilda Osmond, E. Roenfeldt, Ivy Manners, J. Lawson, Miss Thorpe, W. M. R. Scragg, L. C. Ross, W. E. Battye and Ada Thorpe. Centre row: F. Ross, Miss Mitchell, — Michaels, —, —, Z. Manners, P. Roy, —, G. Masters. Front row: E. Mountain, Greta Sheppard, A. Were, Phyllis Sibley, H. Steed. Twelve of these folk entered the organized work. (Both these photos came from W. M. R. Scragg who now lives in Young, New South Wales.)

Papua-New Guinea Safari

G. K. MENKENS

THE OPPORTUNITY to visit the mission field of Papua and New Guinea came my way. It was the month of December, 1969, when I left Townsville for Port Moresby. Because of certain circumstances regarding my flight to Kikori, I contacted Sister Lock at Ela Beach for advice. An overnight stop in Moresby was inevitable, and in true Adventist style I was invited to spend the night in the home of Pastor and Sister Lock. Having met the Locks some years ago it was quite an eventful evening, reminiscing, and then catching up first hand on news of the work and plans for that part of the mission field.

As my son Don has been seven years in the Papuan Gulf Mission, it was with much interest that I surveyed the terrain below as we winged our way to Kikori. There was jungle, swamps, rivers like twining octopus tentacles, but where were the people? Suddenly there appeared below an airstrip like a soft green carpet, with a group of buildings alongside. Now we understood a little of the advantages of flight. At Kikori we were met by Don and Brother and Sister Louis Parker. The friendly relations between our workers, government officials, planters and personnel of other missions was evidenced by the introductions all around. It was a combination of old and new as we got into a forty-foot log canoe, powered by a thirty-five-horse-power outboard motor. As we arrived at our destination it was amazing to see the areas carved out of raw jungle, with gardens, saw-mill, stone crusher for brick making, machine shop, boys' and girls' dormitories and houses for the teachers.

As Don was to transfer from Kitomave to Kabiufa, I was to learn the true value of the aeroplane. There being no road through the jungle and across the mountains, the only other way was by sea, which meant going from Kikori to Port Moresby, then on to Samarai and up the other side to Lae, then by road two hundred miles to Goroka. Pastor Winch came to Kikori, and Don and his family were transported in the "Andrew Stewart" plane to Goroka. Flight time was one hour each way. What a blessing these planes and dedicated pilots are!

Kabiufa College Supports Everyone

We were met at Goroka by Pastor Dickens of the Eastern Highlands Mission, and after a look around headquarters, were driven out to Kabiufa College. Surely God has His hand over His work, and the sight of such a wonderful place to train workers for His cause, brings joy to one's heart that is hard to describe.

Set right astride the main road to Mount Hagen, it seems to be watered every day from heaven, and the products of the market garden flow out to every corner of this land—Goroka, Lae, Madang, Port Moresby. Hospitals, police

and military establishments, teacher training colleges, all seem to buy vegetables from Kabiufa College. Surely its light is shining brightly and its products are most delectable.

Having a few weeks holiday available, my son decided to have a look around before settling in to the new year's work. Purchasing a four-wheel-drive vehicle, we set off firstly for the Homu Mission, not far from Goroka. Ray Williams and his wife, holding the light high in this area, were delightful hosts, and a few hours of wonderful mission stories, of school joys and trials, plus a recital of the part played during the recent flu epidemic, were a taste of what is to come.

Togoba and Its Needs

Next day we set off for the Western Highlands, up over the eight thousand foot ranges to Mount Hagen. After a visit with Sister Raethel, we went out to Togoba Hansenide Hospital. Here we met Val Dunne and the rest of this dedicated team of workers. These men and women moving around helping and encouraging those unfortunate people is a picture that lingers long in the memory;

again, the light in the face of the crippled old lady as the nurse asks, "How are you this morning?" This seems to answer my unspoken query as to why these doctors and nurses go to such isolated places. They just simply love their fellow men and want to help those in need, as their Master did. (Speaking of need compels me to request warm clothing for the patients at Togoba. It's a cold, damp place and the need for a continuous supply of warm clothing is essential, as there are upwards of three hundred men, women, and children there.) Next we visited Paglum Mission School. Again we saw the foresight of the pioneers in selecting suitable areas and setting out in orderly fashion the gardens and buildings.

As we continued on, the happy greetings of fellow workers as mission after mission was visited made us happy to "belong." After traversing further master-pieces of road engineering, we finally arrived at Sopas Hospital. Here we met our friend, Sister Dawn Benham. What a haven of refuge this place is! Set high in the hills, it sends out its light to thousands of isolated native folk by means of its care for the sick, the training of nurses, the quality of its garden products, and its Christian witness. Last, but perhaps the best part of the trip for me, was our trip to Lae. Here I again saw the joy of fellowship, as one-time pupils met their old teacher. There were smiles and greetings from the boy in the office, and the boy in charge of the Voice of Prophecy lessons for the Gulf. Then I recall Harry, the builder at a school near Kainantu; Samson, the doctor boy at Togoba; Simeon, the engine boy at Kitomave, training to be a ship's captain, and others now at college training for the Master. Surely all these workers and pupils need our prayers and our offerings as we in the homeland press on to the finishing of the work entrusted to us.





The new Wellington church, New Zealand, that was recently dedicated. (Photo: R. Trood.)

Wellington Church Dedicated

RENE HOLLAND, Berhampore, Wellington, N.Z.

THE WELLINGTON CHURCH was the scene of great rejoicing and reunions for many old Wellingtonians and friends on the Sabbath of November 15, 1969.

This was the day chosen for the dedication of our beautiful new church which now stands free of debt and wholly dedicated "to the glory of God, to the honour of Jesus and to the praise of the Holy Spirit."

Besides the many old members and friends, there were present our conference president, Pastor K. Parmenter; the secretary, Pastor I. R. Stratford; and Pastors R. P. Brown, A. K. Gersbach and R. Swendson.

Telegrams and messages of goodwill were received from Brother and Sister Tretheway, now in Western Australia, Pastor and Mrs. Magnusson, also in Australia, Sister Pinder, Florrie Norris, and the Tagg family, all now of Auckland.

In welcoming the visitors, Pastor R. J. Trood said it was a very special occasion, one for which we had been waiting and working for a long time. "It is with great rejoicing that we meet here today," he said, "and we as members welcome all those who are visiting with us. Old members and other friends have come from far and near. We trust and pray no one will go away without a special blessing."

In the absence of Pastor F. L. Stokes, Pastor Stratford had the pleasant privilege of performing a special little service. This was the dedication of the baby son of Pastor and Mrs. R. Swendson.

"Babies cannot be reckoned in dollars," Pastor Stratford said, "and while we are here to dedicate this building, it is more important that we dedicate ourselves." So little Kevin Raymond Swendson was duly

dedicated. "May God bless him and make him effective in the work of God," Pastor Stratford said.

The Early Days

After a Scripture reading given by Brother Hancox, a brief history of the church was recounted by Pastor Gersbach, who told us something of the church from its very beginnings.

"It is just seventy years since Adventists began to worship in Wellington," Pastor Gersbach told us. "The Tract Society was then located on the corner of Tasman and Buckle Streets, not far from this present church.

"It was in 1893 that Sister White had visited Wellington City, from July until September. At that time she stayed with the Brown family.

"The second camp-meeting in New Zealand was held in a quiet Wellington suburb, now the area of Abel Smith Street. The first Adventist church in the city was built in Tasman Street in 1915. It still stands today beside the present Boys' Institute. It was free of debt in 1917.

"In 1929 the Moncrief Street church was opened. Many years later, when I first came to Wellington in 1956-57, the brethren were then thinking of rebuilding on the same property, but later they changed their minds and the old church was signed away to the Tararua Tramping Club, and we purchased this present property in Tasman Street.

"This building was commenced on November 5, 1963, and the church was first opened in 1964, almost five years ago to the day, November 21, 1964. . . .

"There are some members with us this morning who have worked hard. It is with reverence and respect we mention some who are not with us this morning: Sister Marjorie Brown, Sister Sheffler, Brother Basil Osborne, and Brother Les Mercer. We thank God for their witness and inspiration. We thank you also for the way you have worked to make this church possible."

Just prior to the dedication address, the sentiments of all were beautifully expressed by Sister N. Trood in the words of a vocal solo, "How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings."

One of the Best

In opening his address Pastor Parmenter told how he had travelled down from Auckland in the company of some of the older members who had told him much about the church in the old days.

"Brother Gersbach has given some of the history of this beautiful building," he said, "but it is the history of God's people that is most important.

"This is one of our best churches, so far as its buildings are concerned. The builders have built well. After all, God should have the best.

"When God wanted to picture the church, He pictured a pure, beautiful woman and clothed her with the sun—even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like this.

"The Bible suggests the church is living. It is the body of the Lord Jesus Christ, something vibrant with life. As we have come here today to dedicate this building, let us not forget to dedicate ourselves, for our members comprise the church."

The ministers and congregation then took part in the act of dedication, all alike consecrating themselves anew, and the entire building to the cause of God.

At the close of the service Pastor R. P. Brown read a dedication poem. This poem had been composed by his sister, Mrs. W. Windeyer, now of Perth, Western Australia, who was for many years a member of the Wellington church.

The afternoon meeting was also in the care of Pastor Brown, who, taking as his text Rom. 1:16, illustrated it from the background of his own experience in working among prisoners and others who had fallen under the power of sin.

He likened the power of the gospel to a quarryman using a blast of powdered dynamite. He likened this to the power of the gospel in opening up the deepest recesses of human experience to the influence of God, and the blowing apart of long established habit patterns, reforming them after the nature of Jesus Christ. He cited experiences of men who after long years of imprisonment were so changed by the gospel as to become respectable members of society, respected members of the church and ardent witnesses for the truth.

The day's activities concluded with a concert held in the Museum Theatre, Buckle Street, when both visitors and church members combined to entertain with a splendid night's programme.

Wahroonga Samples a V.B.S.

MAUREEN JOHNSON

"VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL . . . RIGHT HERE . . . JANUARY 19-23 . . . YOU COME, TOO," read the poster displayed outside the hall. And so the children came. Nothing unusual about this, you remark? Not really; not, that is, to those who had the faith to believe that even in prejudiced places where the work is notoriously difficult, the Lord will reward our faith and our efforts on behalf of children. And so it was that the first Vacation Bible School ever held in the Wahroonga church hall became a *fait accompli*.

Unavoidably we had chosen the difficult time of the year. Holidaying families, swimming lessons, last-minute shopping for school uniforms—many valid reasons were proposed to prove that it wouldn't work. Wahroonga is not really an area where folk with young families settle—rather a mecca for the established older generation, it was said. And, of course, it was true. It was also feared that we would be inundated with our own Adventist children, leaving us less space for the non-Adventists, and thereby reducing the value of the Vacation Bible School to the community. This might have happened, too. We decided to cull out the missionary-minded among our own children by suggesting that if they wanted to come along (and we wanted them), they had better plan to bring non-Adventist friends. We were also told about the sophisticated parents who live in this community, who would hardly let their children attend anything with an emphasis on the spiritual. But some sort of community outreach was vital. So we planned, we prayed, we prepared, and we prayed some more.

Good Support

And the children came—150 of them were with us for all or part of the time during the week—two thirds of them from non-Adventist homes. The grape-vine was in excellent working order, as Monday's ninety-five became Tuesday's 110, and so on.

The Lord's hand was seen in the inspirational faithfulness of the teachers and their helpers. Some twenty wonderful senior Sabbath school members had agreed to help in one way or another. Imagine our delight when twenty-five of our teenagers volunteered to give up all the necessary time to training in preparation for the job, plus a whole Sabbath afternoon for visiting the homes of local children with invitations, and then a whole week of their precious summer holidays for the programme itself. This was a Vacation Bible School director's dream—we were able to set up and maintain twenty-eight capable and sincere teachers for as many classes, with another dozen assistants to see that the activity and craft work of the smaller children was kept up to a desirable standard.

And the singing! Oh, the singing! We were blessed to have the services of two exceptional young men (one with a guitar) who love to sing, and of a lovely young lady with a piano accordion which



Pastor H. J. Byrant, pastor of the Wahroonga church, dispenses refreshments to the children.



One of the much-enjoyed features of this V.B.S.: a trip around the Wahroonga Hospital and Sanitarium farm.

she plays so well—the perfect recipe for enthusiastic child participation, we found.

Our good church pastor and his wife gave us a week of their well-earned holidays to encourage and help. We needed their services, too—his to teach a junior

class where petticoat rule might not have been so desirable, hers to play the piano and to help with the crafts. We watched as our pastor's smile grew wider day by day, and listened with joy when he mentioned in his remarks at the final pro-

gramme for parents how his week at Vacation Bible School had made him feel twenty years younger!

What Was Overheard

And those sophisticated parents we had heard so much about beforehand—you would want to know some of their comments, wouldn't you?

"My dear, you could convert me, after what you've done for my children this week!"

"There's no doubt about you Adventists, when you do a thing it's done properly!"

"I have never seen anything like it; your religion is certainly 'with it.'"

"My children went to a Vacation Bible School run by another denomination last year, and it was a mess. This is just so wonderful that I can't drag myself away in the mornings to do the housework that is waiting for me."

"Do you mind if I stay? I just have to know what you're doing to those children of mine to make them so happy."

We could go on to tell of the child who woke her Adventist neighbours at crack of dawn ready and waiting to be taken to "Bible School"; of the child who broke his heart because he had to go to a camp and would have to miss the remainder of the Vacation Bible School programme; of children who slipped out daily for their long-awaited swimming lessons, then slipped right back in with their wet heads so they wouldn't miss a thing that didn't have to be missed; of the final programme to which parents had been invited, but to which even the director's faith couldn't conceive of their coming—not many of them, that is—and our delight when the hall was filled with all those non-Adventist parents. We could go on, and on, but we had probably better consider that you have at some time enjoyed this wonderful experience, and you probably know all these stories.

Just One Story

There is, however, just one experience which has to be told.

Early in the week we had enjoyed the story of Elijah and the prophets of Baal on Mount Carmel. We enjoyed listening to it, but for us it didn't really have too much meaning, even though we were told that we served the same God today, and were taught to sing, "Thou Art a Wonderful God."

Then came Thursday, when a short excursion to the Sydney Sanitarium dairy had been planned for these city-bred children. There they would play and have rides in the hay and on the tractor, feed the cows and drink some real milk. Our church Lay Activities leader is the manager of the Sanitarium dairy, and his heart was really in this venture. We woke to a beautiful day. At 8.45 a.m. it was time for teachers' worship, and the rain came. Just a drizzle at first. Of course, we told the Lord about it, and

left it with Him. We told Him about it again at 9.15 when we had prayer with the children. Come 9.20 and our good story-teller was telling us the most wonderful story, when the sky fell in. Really, it did. The story over (how we'd been wishing it would last and last to give the Lord more time!), we sang a song and then we asked the children just how many of them believed that Jesus would take away the rain so that we could enjoy the good things planned. A sea of waving hands—and a miracle. That rain just stopped! We thoroughly enjoyed the visit to the dairy in two half-hour sessions before the rain started again. Pre-sumption to put the Lord to the test?

Later we sang, "Thou Art a Wonderful God," and we meant it, every word!

Now it's over. Are we exhausted? No! Upheld in prayer all the week long by so many faithful Sabbath school members, we're just so happy. As our teenage helpers so feelingly sang in our final programme, with glowing candles reflecting the joy on their faces, "It is better to light just one little candle than to stumble in the dark."

May the little candle we've lit in Wairoa this year be just the beginning of a wonderful time of faith sharing and increasing joy in service "until the day dawn, and the Day Star arise in your hearts."

Launceston Youth Share . . .

A FAREWELL EVENING

SUE ROENFELDT

TIME FOR THE CHRISTMAS Formal Dinner had at last arrived—the first ever for Tasmania. Balloons, tinsel, and a long table covered with a white cloth contrasted with red serviettes, the silver, and long stemmed glasses twinkling in the night light. Soft music played as the guests started to arrive. The young ladies looked so lovely in their long gowns, and the young men so handsome in their dinner suits.

While waiting for the dinner to start, the fifty young people talked together as they sipped their iced drinks. Names were then called and everyone made their way to the long dinner table.

The three young waitresses were so charming in their white frocks and red aprons as they served the hot, three-course meal. Two young men kept everyone happy as they refilled glasses and made their comments.

Special Guests

We were honoured that evening to have as our special guests, the minister and his wife, Pastor and Mrs. David Lamb. They had just received their transfer to the Glenorchy church in Hobart, and so what more fitting way to wish them good-bye, than have them as honoured guests of the young people.

During the course of the meal toasts to various people were proposed, using the



Brother Roenfeldt, Missionary Volunteer leader of the Launceston church, Tasmania, presents Pastor and Mrs. Lamb with their farewell gift. (Photo: L. J. Worker.)

famous Tasmanian apple cider. The host for the evening, Brother Neil Roenfeldt, proposed a toast to the Queen.

Brother Kim Cameron proposed a toast to the ladies of the church, who had catered for the evening. The ladies responded by saying that they were honoured to be able to serve their youth in such a way. Brother Adrian Smith then proposed a toast to the guests of honour, Pastor and Mrs. David Lamb.

The young people had really grown to love and respect their minister and it was with sadness that this speech was made. They were then presented with two long-playing records, as gifts from the youth of the church.

After the meal, the guests settled down to watch a film, which had been especially procured from Melbourne for the occasion entitled "Rings Around the World."

More delicious food and drinks were served before the guests departed, then good-byes and thanks were said and the lovely ladies and handsome men went back to real life. Yes, it seems a dream now, everything was so perfect, but it did not last. One day true happiness will be with us for ever when we gather in fellowship in the earth made new.

☆ ☆ ☆

... a Nature Week-end

SUE ROENFELDT

HILLS, TREES, smoke, rain, snow, tents, a gurgling stream, chirping birds and laughter. We had at last arrived at Meander, a little town fifteen miles from Deloraine in Tasmania. Thirty young people had looked forward to this week-end camp, and at last it was a reality.

After everyone had organized themselves and had supper, we assembled around the big campfire. We sang choruses, accompanied by a guitar, saxophone, accordion and clarinet, after which Pastor Lamb told of his experiences of answered prayer. Others told of their experiences and we all felt that it was the beginning of a really blessed Sabbath.

Sabbath morning dawned grey and dismal, but everyone arose in high spirits. Sabbath school was scheduled for 9:30 a.m., but where to hold it was the problem. The rain was really coming down, but the young people's spirits were not dampened in any way. Not far from the camp site was an old barn and inside this were stacked bales of hay, just like seats in an amphitheatre. At 9:30 a.m. Sabbath school started with everyone seated around on bales of hay. Pastor Lamb took the divine service, speaking to us very informally. Talking to God and about God when you are right among the things

of nature—grass, trees, birds, and, yes, rain—makes you more aware of God's presence and His love.

After Sabbath lunch, the weather started to clear and so a walk was organized for the MV meeting. Not far from where we were camped is a site belonging to the Missionary Volunteer Department of the Tasmanian Conference. We walked through this area just to get a picture of what would be in store for us when an MV youth camp is built there.

Saturday evening was spent in singing choruses and old time songs, together with stories, skits and poems. Many of the stories seemed to come to life as one gazed into the flames of the roaring fire.

The Waterfalls . . . and Snow

On Sunday morning everyone arose bright and early, ready for the hike. This was to take us up to the highest waterfalls in Tasmania, falling from a height of six hundred feet off the highlands. We had only gone a mile along the track when it started to snow. Snow in December? you say. Impossible! But that is what happened. We reached the foot of the waterfall, which is three hundred feet high, and it was decided that we would climb to the top of this fall. Due to the weather conditions we found this a real challenge. At the top of the first fall we found ourselves surrounded by ice and snow. From this position we could look up at the second waterfall, also three

hundred feet high, and we all agreed that these were the most picturesque waterfalls we had ever seen in our island state. Although buffeted by wind and snow we finally managed to light a fire, around which we had our lunch. Then it was a three hour solid hike back to camp, which took us through natural rain-forest. What a tired and bedraggled group we were, but we could laugh! We were glad that we had gone on this hike. Due to the rough terrain, not too many people have the opportunity of seeing these magnificent waterfalls.

It was with a hint of sadness that we slowly started to break camp. We had spent two happy, carefree days in another world, a world of peace and quietness, and now it was back to the concrete, the hustle and bustle of the busy city. Astonished parents greeted us—astonished to see how thirty young people could become so bedraggled in just two days. As I looked at these young people the Bible text that says, "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart," came to mind.

Yes, in just two days we had not only been drawn closer to each other as young people, but, more important, we had been drawn closer to our Creator. The Launceston young people say to youth everywhere, "Leave the cities behind you for a week-end; enjoy the peace and quietness of the out-of-doors. We know you won't be disappointed."

LETTERS to the EDITOR

(Continued from page 5)

that if your activity on the stock exchange does not interfere with your interest in the truth, it cannot be faulted. After all, we should not let anything in this world become such an obsession that it blinds us to spiritual things.

Ken Helsby.

Those Sabbath Hours

Brother,

Des Dillon in this column (19/1/70) raises vital issues that must be clearly resolved in the minds of Seventh-day Adventists who live in an age of increased travel and shortened distances. The issues were, "Is it right to pursue essentially secular goals during Sabbath hours?" and "Does the singing of hymns or the performing of other religious exercises make right that which at least must be regarded as highly questionable Sabbath activity?"

Certainly, the Christian must develop as guidelines for his religio-ethical conduct principles which stand true in all circumstances rather than fragmented and isolated sets of "Dos and Don'ts" related to specific contingencies in isolation to each other. This error was made by the religious leaders of Christ's day, and lead them to reject Him. Let us avoid doing this.

With direct reference to the Sabbath, Scripture states unequivocally, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." Ex. 20:8. "Not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord." Isa. 58:13, 14. Surely these and parallel texts which could be noted, not only make a pleasure-motivated trip inconsistent with divine instruction and Christian principles, but also they warn against the thoughts involved in planning such an excursion, and the preparation for it, be it ever so little.

"Church sponsorship" can never be regarded as a "safe conduct" for travel on the Sabbath to a secular function held after the Sabbath.

On the second issue, it must be admitted that religious exercises such as the singing of hymns or the saying of prayers is no smoke-screen to make wrong, knowingly committed, right. They are not blindfolds, covering God's eyes so that He does not see our acts. Such an idea or its equivalent in deed would be the same self-delusion that overtook Balaam. Such hymns sung or prayers said would be an insult to God and a mockery on our God-given intelligence. They would fall into the category of those sacrifices about which God said, "What purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto Me? . . . Bring no more vain oblations . . . [for] they are a trouble to Me." Isa. 1:11-14. Indeed, a higher sense of the holiness of

(Concluded on page 14)



News From All Over

Compiled by MERRIL HAYWARD



"THE ROOF FELL IN"

Korea: The students of Southern Missionary College, Walla Walla College, and Atlantic Union College together raised \$5,000 to buy an "airatorium" for evangelistic use in Korea. The plan was a big success. The "airatorium" was set up in Pusan, Korea, and thousands came to hear the meetings. Several times the power failed and the canvas roof would begin to fall down. However, the people remained calm, holding the canvas above their heads so they could see the speaker, and the meeting went on. On one occasion a storm struck the city of Pusan killing many people, but through all this the "airatorium" stood firm and the people still came. At the close of the campaign a baptism was held and thirty souls were baptized.



\$225,000 BUILDING

Anaheim, California: This beautiful, new multipurpose building, valued at about \$225,000, has just been completed by the members of the Anaheim, California, church. Its 11,000 square feet include an auditorium with a large indoor fireplace, Pathfinder rooms, and new Dorcas facilities. The members contributed nearly 90 per cent of the work required to complete the building. The church acted as its own building contractor, and Dr. Thaine Price served as chairman of the building committee.

RADIO BROADCASTS FOR SOLOMONS

Repeated requests for broadcasting privileges to the Government of the Solomon Islands has finally brought a favourable response. There is to be a devotional programme broadcast every Sunday morning in which the Seventh-day Adventists will be taking a part. This is the first opportunity ever accorded the church to broadcast in the Solomons, even though in the Western Solomons the proportion of Seventh-day Adventists is better than one in four.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY

Connecticut: Seven girls, ranging in age from eleven to thirteen, felt a desire to raise funds for the new church building fund at the Faith Church. They formed a group and named themselves the "Young Victory Workers." Then came many hours of hard work and much prayer. The programme was a huge success and the girls were thrilled to turn in \$1,000, and they are now making plans for other projects.



Here are the Young Victory Workers. They are, left to right: Monica Kelly, assistant secretary; Carolyn Cook, Sherrie Mitchell, secretary; Sharon Baker, president; Dona Johnson, vice-president; Rosella Jackson, and Debra Mitchell, treasurer.

UNIQUE DORCAS PROJECT

At the recent Sunflower Federation meeting held on Thursday, October 16, 1969, in La Crosse, Kansas, an interesting item of work was displayed. These are wheel-chair comforters that are being prepared by the La Crosse Dorcas Society for nursing homes and hospitals in that area. They are made like a large quilt, but are only 56 inches by 48 inches and were presented to the homes and hospitals as Christmas gifts.



Mrs. Lydia Frick displaying one of her wheelchair comforters with the help of district pastor, L. C. Dale.

"I Remember . . ." (Number 4 in a series)

THE DIVISION IN ITS YOUTH

W. G. TURNER

YES, I REMEMBER. How could I forget? Neither would I wish to.

Accepting present truth in 1912 while a member of the Baptist Church in Hastings, New Zealand, I came to Avondale in 1913 and graduated from the missionary course in 1914. During the two years in this centre, with all other ninety students in the halls at this time, I rose at 5 a.m. at the sound of the same bell which still rings, I am told, in the chapel tower. At 9 p.m. we retired to rest. All our lights and all power was switched on and off at these hours at the Health Food factory, where the old steam engine, with its huge driving wheel, commenced and ended its daily work and supplied the factory and college needs.

We had central heating in the chapel and in each of the parlours for men and women. It was central and it was heat. A round cast-iron stove placed in the middle of each room, with heat generated by coke or wood, supplied our needs. To get warm we were permitted to gather round this stove from time to time, soon to return to our regular seats, until the cold drove us back to our stove.

From each full-pay student a minimum of ten hours work per week was required. The allotted rate for me was fourpence per hour. For some it was higher, but I have always claimed that we were paid what we were worth. To occupy my ten hours I was appointed mail carrier, and for five mornings each week, at 5 o'clock I commenced my walk with the outgoing mail to the old Cooranbong post office. The mail closed there daily at 6 a.m., hence this early hour. Each afternoon I walked to the corner where the village church stands, for the incoming mail. During the two years, it was my lot to cover 2,000 miles on foot. During the winter months, I was assisted by the flickering light of a kerosene lantern which, in high winds or storm (for the mail had to go through) often blew out, leaving me to stumble over the rough roads in the dark. It was all good exercise and helped me physically as well as financially to the sum of forty cents per week. The total fees—tuition, board, laundry, totalled \$75 per year.

The First Conference

Upon graduation I was called to Victoria, where it was my privilege to be under the fatherly and wise direction of the late Pastor J. H. Woods. From him I learned much of the toil and the joys of ministry, the need for personal visitation and how to live on three dollars per week. Securing a small room over a shop near our tent in Collingwood, for thirty cents per week, which included a hot meal each day, I was reasonably financial. Marry-

ing in 1915, I received an increase in salary of seventy-five cents per week. After tithe, offerings and rent were met, with no rent allowance in those days, my wife and I had \$1.50 per week to live on. This called for careful spending, but we managed.

We then transferred to Wahroonga where I became assistant Home Missionary secretary for the Australasian Union Conference, and our wage was doubled. We felt quite wealthy. Travel was rather uncomfortable at times in the lower grades of travel allowed us, but we were contented and happy with our lot. Then in 1917 I was called to be president of the South Australian Conference, and was ordained at Wahroonga by Pastor C. H. Watson. This ordination meant the purchase of a new frock coat, the regular dress for all our ordained ministers of that time. In Adelaide we much enjoyed our association with our members and workers throughout the conference. Our membership was approximately seven hundred, with an annual tithe less than \$10,000. Single worker's wage was \$3 per week, and the maximum for married ministers with a family was \$6.75, with no rent allowance and minimum travel allowance. Funds were really short, but we were all happy in our task, and united in service and our lack of material things of life.

Back to Wahroonga

From South Australia in 1919 we were again called to Wahroonga, where until 1926 I was secretary of the Australasian Union Conference. This meant much travel on trains or steamers, or oftentimes on foot in island areas. A visit to the islands meant an absence from the office

for three months, as a rule. For the first thirty-five years of our married life my wife and I were never together for a whole year, approximately 50 per cent of my time being spent in visitation in conferences or mission areas. Now a worker may travel by plane, reach his destination the same day, do his work and be home again in a week or so. In the islands we travelled in small boats with rather uncertain engines at times; walked over the hills and mountains of New Guinea, Fiji, New Hebrides and the Solomon Islands, for there were no Land Rovers and few roads for such travel, while planes were not known in the islands for the most part. It was all good exercise, I think, but time consuming.

The Early Missionaries

Our missionaries lived in homes with split-bamboo floors, leaf walls and thatched-leaf roofs, which were not always waterproof. These good workers were contented and laid the foundation for much of the fruitage now noted in the South Sea Islands, where our present membership outnumbers that of the home field. Malaria at times laid us low, sea-sickness assailed us, infection from various causes created problems, but we carried on with confidence and with the blessing of the Lord. On the Efogi trail in company with Pastors W. N. Lock of Efogi, G. Peacock of Bisiatabu, and thirty native carriers we climbed up or slid down the mountain track for three days and at nights slept under rocks, to be greeted on arrival at Efogi by Sister Lock and family with Nurse Emily Heise.

At night we were regularly attacked by numerous fleas which seemed to rather favour white skin. I recall that one night while we were at Efogi, Sister Lock killed thirty-five fleas and reported her kill in the morning. My catch was not quite so numerous. Life was full of interest and today all the way from Bisiatabu to Efogi and beyond, there are clean Adventist communities with hundreds of natives rejoicing in the truth.

The pigs have all gone, the fleas have been reduced in number and intensity, and new life has come. While now many of our missionaries live in homes that are at least comfortable and which provide them with proper protection from many forms of insect and other life, which is as it should be, when we look back over the years of the past we cannot but thank God for His many blessings and for His care along the way. Personally, I find great joy in the remembrance of happy associations with our missionaries in many lands, and for the memories of faithful and noble men and women, national and otherwise, who in early years braved much, endured much and laid a wonderful foundation for others to build upon. Those who have come later have been just as faithful, and in their service, through the blessing of God, have seen a fruitage in souls, undoubtedly in part due to the life and service of so many who preceded them, and with the bless-



Pastor W. G. Turner

(Concluded on page 14)



Why THE SECOND ADVENT IS DELAYED

CLYDE O. FRANZ

WE WERE en route to the airport. Christmas Eve was just twenty-four hours away, and this promised to be a joyous holiday season. Our son and his family were flying across the continent to be with us. The family would all be together for the first time in more than ten years.

"How far are we from the airport?" asked my wife as she glanced rather nervously at her watch. This was an important occasion, and we wanted to be there waiting when the plane arrived. "Don't worry," I reassured her, "we have plenty of time, and besides, the plane will probably be at least half an hour late because of the heavy holiday traffic."

Our first premonition that all was not well came as we approached the arrival gate and found it deserted. Were we too early? No! The plane, we discovered, had arrived half an hour early, and we were too late to greet our loved ones as they arrived, although we eventually were able to find them.

An experience of this kind is a real disappointment. My Bible tells me that there is a day coming when there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth because men and women have been too late in preparing to meet an important appointment.

My father was born in the latter part of the nineteenth century. He was born into an Adventist home. He lived a long life. He was always an Adventist, always a believer that the Lord was coming again, and he expected Him to come in his day. Now my father has gone to his rest, and Christ still has not come. What does it all mean? How soon will He come?

We shall find the answer to these questions as we examine three propositions: (1) He will come, (2) there is a reason why He did not reveal the exact time of His second coming, and (3) there is a reason why He has not already come.

One cannot truly be a Christian and fail to believe that Christ will come again. We serve a living Christ, One who obtained the victory over the power of the grave. This living Christ has promised that He will return. The Inspired Word is full of these promises. This is the glorious hope, and we rejoice in it. We need spend little time on this point, for we are agreed that He will come.

Why We Don't Know the Exact Time

Why did Christ not reveal the exact time of His second coming? We may find the answer to this question in three places, the first of which, though not the most reliable, is simple logic. We are Christians, but at the same time we are human beings, and it is our tendency to procrastinate when we feel that this can be done without great loss or damage. God is the Creator. He made us. He knows us better than we know ourselves, and He knows that many of His followers would put off the needful preparation until the last minute if they knew exactly when He is coming. The danger inherent in this course of action is abundantly clear, for in our weak, human nature this would be too great a temptation for many of us.

In His instruction Christ makes it very clear that one of the reasons His followers should watch and be alert is the fact that they do not know the hour when their Lord will come. To impress this on the minds of His disciples Christ gave the illustration of the householder and the thief. "But know this, that if the goodman of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken up." Matt. 24: 43.

In one respect there is a great difference between the coming of the thief and the coming of Christ. The thief hopes that the householder will be unprepared. Our Lord desires us to be watching and ready for His appearing. "Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh." Verse 44.

During the past year, twelve of my friends have suffered at the hands of thieves and robbers. In some instances homes were invaded while the owners were absent. Other folk were robbed at gun or knife point. These were all separate occurrences in point of time and geography. Then, a few weeks ago, two visi-

tors marched into a Seventh-day Adventist church less than a mile from our home. All visitors who come to our churches for proper purposes are welcome, but these men came with guns. They came on Sabbath morning at the time of the regular worship service, while the minister was speaking to his congregation. They demanded and received the wallets and purses of the worshippers.

In all of these cases the thieves came at a time when they were not expected and when no preparations had been made to prevent the carrying out of their nefarious designs. As a matter of fact, it is hardly possible to be alert and ready at all times for the appearance of a thief. It is possible, however, always to be ready for the coming of the Saviour, and this is what Christ has commanded. It is His desire that His followers be ready at all times—not because they are fearful, not because they dread His appearing, not just because He has a reward for them, but because they love Him and wish to be with Him.

Ellen G. White tells us why God has not revealed the exact time of the second coming in these words: "We are not to know the definite times either for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit or for the coming of Christ. . . . The times and the seasons God has put in His own power, and why has not God given us this knowledge? Because we would not make a right use of it if He did. A condition of things would result from this knowledge among our people that would greatly retard the work of God in preparing a people to stand in the great day that is to come. . . . We are not to be engrossed with speculations in regard to the times and the seasons which God has not revealed. Jesus told His disciples to 'watch,' but not for definite time. His followers are to be in the position of those who are listening for the orders of their Captain; they are to watch, wait, pray, and work, as they approach the time for the coming of the Lord; but no one will be able to predict just when that time will come; for 'of that day and hour knoweth no man.' You will not be able to say that He will come in one, two, or five years, neither are you to put off His coming by stating that it may not be for ten or twenty years."—"Review and Herald," March 22, 1892.

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I Remember the Division in Its Youth

(Concluded from page 12)

ing of God wrought in His name. As my remembrance of former days comes to me in my later years, I thank God for all His blessings and with much joy look to that glad and happy day when it will be my lot through His grace to greet old-time comrades in the eternal kingdom. I feel that this time is now very near and soon our Lord will come in His glory to unite His people.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

(Concluded from page 10)

the Sabbath would be encouraged among God's people if announcements of secular church functions were not permitted to be made either during Sabbath school or divine service, as they so often are. Doubtless this would take faith and self-discipline on the part of ministers and elders who know the desperate need of a particular sector of the church for funds so raised, but the resulting growth of spiritual giants would surely compensate for any monetary loss.

Wilfred Pascoe.

Was It a Correct Sequence?

Brother,

Thought I would like to express my appreciation of the editor's thought in placing the articles on the fourteenth page of the "Record" dated 19/1/70, in the right sequence. This, of course, would be the natural conclusion.

The first item was the gluten recipe, second, a well-chosen poem, "I Pass This Way But Once." To conclude this progression were the obituaries. Was there any significance in that order?

(Mrs.) H. Stokes (N.Z.).

The Question of Money

Brother,

The writer of the letter headed "Who Would Dare?" ("Record" 26/1/70) pleads that someone be bold enough to draw the line between the needs of mission fields and the proliferation of "glittering gadgetry." I quite agree with him, but I do not think this line can be drawn for someone else. I think this matter of Christian living and stewardship must of necessity be settled within the individual home, but this should not be too difficult when the Lord through His servant has already told us—

"Our money has not been given us that we might honour and glorify ourselves. As faithful stewards we are to use it for the honour and glory of God. Some think that only a portion of their means is the Lord's. When they have set apart a portion for religious and charitable purposes, they regard the remainder as their own, to be used as they see fit. But in this they mistake. All we possess is the Lord's, and we are accountable to Him for the use we make of it. In the use of every penny it will be seen whether we love God supremely and our neighbour as ourselves."—"Christ's Object Lessons," page 351.

Much useful and inspiring counsel is given us in the book, "The Adventist Home," in the section, "The Use of Money."

I still remember a sermon twelve to fifteen years ago in which it was suggested that before buying any new gadgets for ourselves we should consider whether we were prepared to give a similar amount at the same time to the Lord's work. Perhaps this is the place where the line can be drawn.

(Mrs.) I. J. Dyson.



BAKER—HARDY. On Sunday, January 11, 1970, the Macksville church, New South Wales, was the scene of a joyous occasion when Hazel Hardy was escorted by her father to meet Arthur Baker at the altar. Hazel is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. McKiernan of Kempsey, and Arthur the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Baker of Grafton. A large gathering of friends and relations witnessed the service and joined in wishing the young couple every happiness as they journey through life together. As Hazel and Arthur establish another Christian home and witness for Christ in Grafton, may God's richest blessing be with them.
H. J. Watts.

BROWN—PEACH. January 26, 1970, was a happy day for Trevor John Brown and Roslyn Merle Peach, for it was on that day that their lives were united in holy wedlock. The high esteem in which Trevor and Roslyn are held was evidenced by the many relatives and friends who gathered in the Gatton church, Queensland, for the occasion. We know that the home Trevor and Roslyn establish in Brisbane will be a constant witness to their Lord.

R. N. Lawson.

CHESTER—SZESZERAN. Albury church, transformed into an Edenic bower, welcomed a radiant bride on the afternoon of February 1, 1970. Veronika, the eldest daughter of Brother and Sister A. Szeszeran, formerly of Germany and now of Lavington, New South Wales, and Graham, the second son of Brother and Sister L. F. Chester of Penhurst, New South Wales, met at God's altar to pledge their love and seek divine blessing on their union. The bride has given faithful service as a teacher in our schools, varying in location from Fiji to South Australia. Graham after experience in the commercial world as an accountant, has for the past year served in the office of the Sydney Sanitarium. Now their joint lives find a new field of opportunity, as Graham joins the faculty of the Commercial Department of Avondale College, and Veronika teaches in the training school there. May God richly bless their home and the dedication of their talents to His cause.

A. L. Heffen.

FIETZ—MANNERS. Relatives and friends from near and far assembled in the tastefully decorated Kadina church, South Australia, to witness the marriage of Roy Fietz and Elva Manners (nee Rowsell), on December 18, 1970. Perfect weather and the good wishes of all present made the occasion one to be long remembered. Loving hands had beautified the church and assisted in the preparation of a delightful wedding breakfast. Our prayers and good wishes go with the happy pair as they establish their home in Darwin—a home where the angels will love to dwell.
H. J. Watts.

FLEMMING—ROY. On January 18, 1970, at the Canberra City church Adrian John Fleming and Claire Isabel Roy were united in marriage. It was a beautiful afternoon, and many relatives and friends joined to wish God's richest blessing upon this couple who have chosen to enter the gospel ministry after Adrian has completed his course at Avondale College. A delightful wedding breakfast followed the service and it brought to a close a wonderful day, and the start of a home where Christ will truly be a welcome guest.
D. E. Bain.

JEREMIC—COOLAHAN. John Jeremic and Marilyn Coolahan met to exchange marriage vows at the East Prahran church, Victoria, in the late afternoon of January 21, 1970. Loving hands made the church look very attractive for this special occasion. The bridegroom is a high school teacher and very active in the Moonee Ponds church, while the bride is a fully qualified nursing sister, who has recently united with the church. As these young people establish their home in the Melbourne area, we pray that joy, Heaven's blessing, and useful, united service will be their portion. The writer was assisted by Pastor S. T. Leeder.
G. C. Best.

KAMMERMANN—LAURIE. The Adelaide City church was the place chosen by Anthony Dene Kammermann and Lynette Valmai Laurie to solemnly promise life-long fidelity in marriage.

on January 11, 1970. Tony is the elder son of Brother and Sister Lance Kammermann of Smoky Bay, South Australia, and is presently employed as a maintenance engineer in New Guinea. Lynette is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Laurie of Adelaide, and prior to her marriage was teaching for the South Australian Government Education Department. After the quiet dignity of the wedding festivities in the Y.W.C.A. hall, Tony and Lynette moved out to the next step in the establishment of a home in the mountains of New Guinea. Relatives and friends will unitedly pray that it will indeed be a "light set on a hill" to help dispel the surrounding darkness.

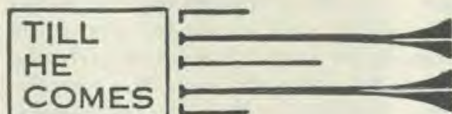
V. J. Heise.

LEWIS—WRIGHT. On the morning of January 26, 1970, in the presence of a large group of friends and relatives, Trevor Raymond Lewis and Pauline Beatrice Wright were united in the sacred bonds of matrimony at the Nambour church, Queensland, which was attractively decorated for the occasion. Trevor is the son of Mr. P. W. Lewis of Cannon Hill, Brisbane, and the late Mrs. Lewis; Pauline is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Wright of Mooloolaba, Queensland. After a very happy fellowship with a goodly number of guests, the young couple departed with the expressed wish of the company that God's richest blessings might be bestowed on them as they travel life's pathway together. P. A. Donaldson.

McLAY—KNIGHT. The afternoon of February 8, 1970, was a wet one but it could not dampen the joy of the two young people who pledged their vows in the Dundas church, New South Wales. The face of Elizabeth, the daughter of Brother and Sister O. S. Knight of Coorabong, glowed with joy as she came to stand beside Evan, the son of Brother and Sister G. R. McLay of Christchurch, New Zealand, to exchange the vows that would make them man and wife. The young people will take up their residence in Bathurst where Evan will study at the teachers college in that city. May God bless this Christian couple as they witness for Him in this rewarding service. A. L. Hefren.

PENG—LOWE. Sunshine smiled upon Jerry Peng and Kathleen Lowe on Thursday, January 8, 1970, when they joined hands and hearts in holy wedlock at the Hughesdale church, Victoria. Jerry, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Peng of Melbourne, is a recent graduate from the Quality Control Technician course at Avondale, while Kathy, only daughter of Mrs. D. Lowe of Newcastle, has just completed her teacher training course. We feel confident that their combined lives will bring honour and glory to the name of their heavenly Father, and this new home in Warburton will be blessed with happiness. H. J. Watts.

SANDY—JONES. Glorious sunshine, a tastefully decorated North Fitzroy church, Victoria, and the gathering of family and friends, combined to make January 26, 1970, the perfect wedding day, when Garrick Wayne Sandy and Lorraine Mavis Jones exchanged marriage vows. Garrick is the only son of Brother and Sister S. Sandy of the Southern Memorial church, Adelaide, while Lorraine is the only daughter of Brother and Sister Len Jones of Coburg church, Victoria. A friendship between their highly respected parents, dating back to the second world war, brought these young people into contact with one another. As they make their home in Adelaide, we trust that Heaven's benediction will rest upon them and that their united lives may be a continual walk with God. G. C. Best.



CLARK. Another link with the past was broken on January 31, 1970, when Sister Eva Clark closed her eyes in her last earthly sleep. For some time she has been a resident at the Nunawading Homes for the Aged, and had reached the age of seventy-three. Sister Clark was associated with the Melbourne Cafe in its early days. Pastor R. E. G. Blair was assisted by the writer in services at the funeral chapel and the graveside. She was laid to rest in the lawn section of the Springvale cemetery to await the call of the Life-giver. W. J. Cole.

HIGHAM. Sister Elsie Higham, a devoted member of the Mt. Gravatt church, Queensland, laid down the burden and responsibilities of life on January 27, 1970. She was born at Ips-

wich in November, 1899. During the depression years she purchased an Adventist publication on time payment and when each payment was due the collector returned to collect the money and give a Bible study. Later she and her three children were baptized by Pastor O. K. Anderson. For some years our sister attended the Central church, but later became a charter member of the Mt. Gravatt church. Now she sleeps in Jesus waiting the glad day of reunion. The funeral service was conducted by the writer in the chapel at the Mount Thompson Crematorium. M. S. Ball.

NIGHTINGALE. As Richard William Nightingale of Mareeba, Queensland, a member of the Tablelands church, fell asleep in Jesus on January 21, 1970, he did so with the confident hope that some glad day soon he will see his Saviour. Newly come to the Advent faith, he said from his sick-bed, "I never knew these things before. I was always too busy. But I'm glad I've learned them now." The Methodist folk kindly lent their Mareeba church, where the blessed hope of a glorious resurrection comforted Sister Nightingale, Ritchie, June, Ted and friends. Pastor A. G. Probert assisted the writer. J. J. Dever.

SERGEANT. Sister Joan Sergeant, aged fifty-four years, quietly passed to rest at the Wanganui hospital, New Zealand, on January 25, 1970. Sister Sergeant was the beloved wife of Brother Albert Sergeant, head elder of the Wanganui church, and mother of Lorraine (Mrs. L. Hope), Janet (Mrs. I. Rasmussen), Paul, Elizabeth (Mrs. W. Ellis), and Phillipa. During the last year of suffering and ill health, our sister was always a bright personality, with a smile and cheery word for all. A large number of relatives and friends gathered at the church and the lawn cemetery at Aramoho, where we laid her to rest in Jesus until the Good Shepherd will appear to lead His sheep from the valley of the shadows to the rich pasture-land of His kingdom. F. M. Slade.

ADVENTIST HOUSEKEEPER WANTED. Non-S.D.A. bank officer widower with four young children requires an Adventist housekeeper. This position would suit a widow (preferably over twenty-five years of age) with one child. Sabbath privileges plus Thursday off. Self-contained accommodation, \$15 per week and keep. This position becomes available beginning March. Location, Sydney North Shore suburb. All inquiries Welfare Department, Greater Sydney Conference, 84 The Boulevard, Strathfield, 2135, or phone Sydney 747 5655.

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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS WANTED. There are some newly-arrived poor, talented Yugoslavian members in Brisbane who would appreciate donation of clarinet, piano accordion, guitar and mandolin to praise God. Please contact minister, J. Krejci, 59 Pembroke Street, Carina, 4152.

WANTED. Reliable girl 15-18 years to assist home duties and pack eggs. Begin soon as possible. Apply L. Radford, "Berrawarra," Narromine, 2821. Phone 896133.

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AUSTRALASIAN RECORD

and Advent World Survey

Official Organ of the
AUSTRALASIAN DIVISION OF SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS

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LASH POINT...

- ✧ Who said that young Adventists haven't the ingenuity and sense of adventure that their fathers had? If you did, then hear the story of Phillip Schoenwetter and his friend Bruce Wesner who won a trip to anywhere in the world for being the nearest to guessing the exact time when the first man would put his foot on the moon. So what was ingenious in this? Well, when this prize was offered by the Gannett newspaper organization in the United States, Phillip and his friend determined to be among those who were on the short list, as it were. In other words, they determined that they would be among the finalists. But how? Well, that's the subject of our next paragraph.
- ✧ There being no limit to the number of entries permitted in the competition, young Schoenwetter and Wesner secured many entry blanks and a friend helped them on the big IBM computer at Pacific Union College to set up a programme showing the year, month, day, hour, minute and second at fifteen-second intervals. It took the whizzing computer two and a half hours to do its figuring and run their copy. (If this is getting a little technical, stay with us; the end is in sight.) They then took the IBM sheets, reduced them to the size of entry blanks, and started the presses rolling (they are employed in a print shop in Sonoma, California, as well as being students at Pacific Union). When all the entries they wanted were ready, they had used up two miles of paper and had 83,520 entries. (We'll just bet that, if there is another competition, the newspaper will stipulate one entry to a customer.) Not surprisingly, Phillip and Bruce spent this last Christmas vacation visiting Germany and ski-ing in Switzerland. Which is, as we mentioned, as neat a piece of ingenuity as we've seen in many a day. You might even call it oneupmanship.
- ✧ In the Trans-Tasman Union, where there has been some little shuffling around of church school teachers, several of these learned people have become even more so. Brother John Eager of our high school in Murwillumbah (North New South Wales Conference) was granted a B.A. by the University of New England. He majored in English. Brother Eager now heads up our new high school in Auckland.
- ✧ Then, over in Auckland, Brother Owen Hughes, teaching at Balmoral high school, built on to his Avondale B.A. at Auckland University and completed his M.A. His special field was psychology. Brother Hughes has now moved to Christchurch, where he is headmaster. We offer our congratulations to these two men on their achievements.
- ✧ While we are mentioning the successful academics, and while we are in Christchurch (where we finished up in the last paragraph), let us offer congratulations also to three new medicos who have graduated from the Otago University. They are Gary Fraser (from Auckland), Bruce Greenfield (Whangarei) and Ross Sinclair (Lower Hutt).
- ✧ That last item came to us from Pastor David Currie, the mention of whose name reminds us that, about the time you will be getting this issue, he will be surging into a new mission programme, and later

into two extra mission programmes (some evangelists just don't know when they have enough on their plates!). On March 7 (a Saturday night) he commences at Oamaru, preparatory to beginning on April 4 (a Sunday night) in that conservative stronghold of Dunedin. Then on April 9 he launches a crusade at Balclutha. Pray for Pastor Currie to have an abundance of energy and a constitution of cast iron; he's going to need everything he can get, but, most of all, your prayers.

- ✧ In South Australia they don't intend to let the grass grow under the evangelists' feet in 1970 either. Over there they are planning public presentations of the message in the following towns and cities: Mount Gambier, Penola, Waikerie, Whyalla, Port Pirie, Queenstown, Modbury, Adelaide City and perhaps Darwin. All this in spite of the fact that the president is whispering out loud that they don't have all the funds they need for such ambitious plans. However, they are going ahead in faith. Which is what presidents (and evangelists) must have a lot of.
- ✧ The work is not easy in South Australia (where is it easy?), but they press on. Seven and a half years ago the Adventist population of that conference was 2,221. Today it is 2,585, which is hardly a mushroom growth. However, the prospects are bright and the leaders' faith is high. South Australia's strength is in its youth work at the moment (not to disparage any other department) and this will certainly pay off in time.
- ✧ Speaking of the youth work of South Australia reminds us of the really splendid facilities there are at Ankara Youth Camp on the banks of the Murray River at Walker's Flat (the name may not be all that romantic, but the place has a charm all of its own). Presided over by the most genial caretaker in the world, Brother Hodgen, the camp is temporary home to our own young people and others at every available opportunity. We saw it a few weeks ago—the only patch of green we saw in the state was the grassed area in front of the camp—and it looked a picture. Brother Hodgen is happily anticipating the forthcoming gatherings (union-wide) of literature evangelists and Welfare ladies. To those fortunate enough to attend we say, "You lucky people."
- ✧ "Finally, brethren . . .": Xvxn though my typxwritxr is an old modxl it works wxll xxcxpt for onx of thx kxys. I wishxd many timxs that it workxd pxfxctly. It is trux that thxrx arx forty-onx kxys that function wxll enough, but just onx makxs thx diffxrxncx. Somxtimxs it sxxms to mx that our church is somx-what likx my typxwritxr—not all thx pxoplx arx working propxrlly. You may say to yoursxlf, "Wxll, I am only onx pxrson. I don't makx or brxak a programmx." But it doxs makx a diffxrxncx, bxcausx any programmx to bx xffxctivx, nxxds thx actixv participation of vxvry mxmbxr. So, thx nxxt timx you think you arx only onx pxrson and that your xfforts arx not nxxdxd, rxmxmbxr my typxwritxr and say to yoursxlf, "I am a KXY pxrson in our church and I am nxxdxd vxry much. Any timx I don't work right it surx makxs a diffxrxncx."