

The Missionary Leader

Vol. 6

SYDNEY, OCTOBER, 1918

No. 10

Home Missions Department

Church Missionary Programme

First Week

Opening Exercises.
Reports of Work Done.
Lesson: Workers Together with God.
Plans for Work.
Closing Song.

LEADER'S NOTE.—It is very important that all our members realize their responsibility for giving this warning message as rapidly as possible. Soon we shall not be able to work under such favourable conditions as we have now. The Lord will help us to do our work, but if we indolently delay to do it, He will not save us from the extra difficulties and trials we might have avoided if we had been more faithful.

Workers Together with God

1. WHY does God not save sinners without our aid?

"God could have reached His object in saving sinners without our aid; but in order for us to develop a character like Christ's, we must share in His work. In order to enter into His joy,—the joy of seeing souls redeemed by His sacrifice,—we must participate in His labours for their redemption."—*Desire of Ages*, p. 142.

2. How is our worth determined?

"Our standing before God depends, not upon the amount of light we have received, but upon the use we make of what we have."—*Id.*, p. 239.

3. Who only are Christ's co-workers?

"Only those who live the life of Christ, are His co-workers. If one sin is cherished in the soul, or one wrong practice retained in the life, the whole being is contaminated."—*Id.*, p. 313.

4. Are there professed followers who have never tried to bring a soul to Jesus?

"There are those who for a lifetime have professed to be acquainted with Christ, yet who have never made a personal effort to bring even one soul to the Saviour."—*Id.*, p. 141.

5. What are some of the elements that will produce results in soul-saving?

"No man can succeed in the service of God unless his whole heart is in the work, and he counts all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ. No man who makes any reserve can be the disciple of Christ, much less can he be His co-labourer."—*Id.*, p. 273.

6. What flowed in irrepressible streams from Christ's life?

"During every hour of Christ's sojourn upon the earth, the love of God was flow-

ing from Him in irrepressible streams. All who are imbued with His spirit will love as He loved. The very principle that actuated Christ will actuate them in all their dealing one with another."—*Id.*, p. 678.

7. What will flow from the lives of God's people?

"If His people will remove the obstructions, He will pour forth the waters of salvation in abundant streams through the human channels."—*Id.*, pp. 250, 251.

8. Who only will become subjects of Christ's kingdom?

"Only those who will become co-workers with Christ, only those who will say, Lord, all I have and all I am is Thine, will be acknowledged as sons and daughters of God. All should consider what it means to desire heaven, and yet to turn away because of the conditions laid down."—*Id.*, p. 523.

9. What does the cause of Christ need?

"The cause of Christ needs careful, energetic workers. There is a wide field for the Marthas, with their zeal in active religious work. But let them first sit with Mary at the feet of Jesus. Let diligence, promptness, and energy be sanctified by the grace of Christ; then the life will be an unconquerable power for good."—*Id.*, p. 525.

10. How many did the Saviour's commission include?

"The Saviour's commission to the disciples included all the believers. It includes all believers in Christ to the end of time. It is a fatal mistake to suppose that the work of saving souls depends alone on the ordained minister. All to whom the heavenly inspiration has come, are put in trust with the gospel. All who receive the life of Christ are ordained to work for the salvation of their fellow men. For this work the church was established, and all who take upon themselves its sacred vows are thereby pledged to be co-workers with Christ."—*Id.*, p. 822.

11. What besides preaching does true ministry embrace?

"Ministry does not consist alone in preaching. Those minister who relieve the sick and suffering, helping the needy, speaking words of comfort to the desponding and those of little faith. Nigh and afar off are souls weighed down by a sense of guilt. It is not hardship, toil, or poverty that degrades humanity. It is guilt, wrong-doing. This brings unrest and dissatisfaction. Christ would have His servants minister to sin-sick souls."—*Ibid.*

12. How far and how long will the influence of the humblest worker moved by the Holy Spirit extend?

"The humblest worker, moved by the Holy Spirit, will touch invisible chords, whose vibrations will ring to the ends of the earth, and make melody through eternal ages."—*Id.*, p. 823.

Church Missionary Programme

Second Week

Opening Exercises.
Lesson: The Life of Service.
Reports of Work Done.
Plans for Work.
Closing Song.

LEADER'S NOTE.—Put on the black-board the following sentence, "One way to have good meetings is to do good between meetings." Place it where all can see it, and at a suitable time call attention to it. Help the members to realize that this is the time for earnest self-denying labour for souls. The resting time is later on.

The Life of Service

1. WHY did Christ give Himself for us? Titus 2: 14.

2. For what are we created in Christ? Eph. 2: 10.

2. With what spirit should these good works be done? Eph. 6: 6, 7.

4. What is it that enables us to do them? Phil. 4: 13.

5. How only can we show the genuineness of our faith? James 2: 17, 26.

6. What example did Jesus set us of this life of ministry? Matt. 20: 28.

7. How may we follow this example? Matt. 25: 34-40.

8. What cry is still going up from many hearts? John 12: 21.

9. Who alone can satisfy their desire? Acts 1: 8.

Church Missionary Programme

Third Week

Opening Exercises.
Reports.
Lesson: "The Test for Every Soul."

The Test for Every Soul

"A CERTAIN man had two sons; and he came to the first, and said, Son, go work to-day in my vineyard. He answered and said, I will not; but afterward he repented, and went. And he came to the second, and said likewise. And he answered and said, I go, sir; and went not. Whether of them twain did the will of his father? They say unto Him, The first." Matt. 21: 28-31.

In the Sermon on the Mount, Christ said, "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven." Matt. 7: 21.

The test of service is not in words, but in deeds. The great lesson taught in the parable of the two sons is that words are of no value unless they are accompanied by appropriate deeds. The time is past when a mere assent to any worthy enterprise will do. Neutrality is considered too

near akin to disloyalty. If we believe in the Red Cross, we will subscribe. If we believe in the great threefold message, we will engage in its proclamation. We will be ready to every good word and work. The following paragraphs speak for themselves:

"God stands toward His people in the relation of a father, and He has a father's claim to our faithful service. Consider the life of Christ. Standing at the head of humanity, serving His Father, He is an example of what every son should and may be. The obedience that Christ rendered, God requires from human beings to-day. He served His Father with love, in willingness and freedom. 'I delight to do Thy will, O My God,' He declared; 'yea, Thy law is within My heart.' Christ counted no sacrifice too great, no toil too hard, in order to accomplish the work which He came to do. At the age of twelve He said, 'Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?' He had heard the call, and had taken up the work. 'My meat,' He said, 'is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work.'

"Thus we are to serve God. He only serves who acts up to the highest standard of obedience. All who would be sons and daughters of God must prove themselves co-workers with God and Christ and the heavenly angels. This is the test for every soul. Of those who faithfully serve Him the Lord says, 'They shall be Mine, . . . in that day when I make up My jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him.'

"God's great object in the working out of His providences is to try men, to give them opportunity to develop character. Thus He proves whether they are obedient or disobedient to His commands. Good works do not purchase the love of God, but they reveal that we possess that love. If we surrender the will to God, we shall not work in order to earn God's love. His love as a free gift will be received into the soul, and from love to Him we shall delight to obey His commandments."

—*"Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 282, 283.*

Now is the time to work. Now is the time to demonstrate that ours is a genuine faith. We must prove ourselves co-workers with God and Christ and holy angels.

Church Missionary Programme

Fourth Week

Opening Exercises.

Lesson: How to Prepare a Simple Bible Reading on the Second Coming of Christ.

Reports of Work Done.

Plans for Work.

Closing Song.

LEADER'S NOTE.—The members will enjoy building up this Bible reading if the leader conducts the lesson in a brisk, interesting manner. There is a great deal of latent talent in our churches that needs to be developed, and such exercises as these help the members to use their thinking powers. Many ways may be found of using these studies. One sister told a neighbour that she had joined a Bible class, and asked if she would go over a Bible reading with her to see if she had all the points clear. The neighbour was willing, and was so impressed with the

study that she asked for more, and eventually accepted the truth. Where there is a will, a way will be found.

How to Prepare a Simple Bible Reading on the Second Coming of Christ

HAVE a blackboard ready. Ask members to name texts which speak of the second coming of Christ. They will probably give a number of familiar ones, such as John 14: 1-3; Acts 1: 11; 1 Thess. 4: 13; Rev. 1: 7; Matt. 24: 30. Encourage them to give all they can, and put them all down on the blackboard.

Ask what they think is the first point that should be made.

All will probably agree that it should be that Jesus has definitely promised that He will come again. State the point on the blackboard, with the text that proves it:

Jesus will come again. John 14: 1-3.

The next point might be—

How He will come, proved by Acts 1: 11.

Question the members until you have about six clear points on the board, with a text to prove each. This will be about as many as the average person who knows little or nothing in regard to the subject can grasp at one time, so this will give the members a simple Bible reading to use when they are questioned on the subject of Christ's second coming.

Missionary Volunteer Department

Missionary Volunteer Programme

First Week

Our Mothers

Opening Exercises.

Talk: "Mothers of the Bible."

Readings: "The Mother's Part."

"My Mother's Hymns."

"A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mothers."

LEADER'S NOTE.—This week we wish in our programme to pay a tribute to our faithful mothers. They are the truly great ones of earth. We give some interesting extracts written by leaders in the Advent message. These should be given out to different members to read. They show how much we owe to the mothers' faithfulness. The recitation "My Mother's Hymns" may be effectively rendered by having one member recite the poem and another—preferably out of sight—sing the hymns just as they occur in the recitation. One member may present a very interesting talk from the Bible showing the part mothers have played in the lives of their sons anciently. Mention should be made of Jochebed, the mother of Moses, Hannah the mother of Samuel. "Desire of Ages," chapter 7, shows the influence of Mary the mother of Jesus over her Son. The life of Timothy also testifies to the power of a godly mother in shaping the life of her son.

The Mother's Part

Value of Mother's Interest and Sympathy

I WISH that somehow the dear, anxious, praying mothers of growing boys could always be conscious of their influence for good over these boys. A mother's interest in a boy's welfare is a great help to him. That interest brings to her boy smiles, sympathy, encouragement, and such other help as she possesses.

I shall ever be indebted to the interest and sympathy of a fond mother in my earnest desire to secure an education. When I was four and a half years old, my father died in the Civil War, leaving my mother in poverty, with three small children to care for. The pension allowed by the government to aid the widows and orphans of soldiers was a great help to us, but was so small that it little more than met our daily needs for food. The struggle for means to meet other necessities was long and hard.

As I grew older, the prospect of securing an education looked very dark, but knowing my needs and desires, my mother tried to save a little from her small pension to help me. When Battle Creek College opened in 1875, I wanted to enter, but we could not manage the finances. The deep interest my mother manifested encouraged me to hope that I might get through some day. The next year we had nearly £20, and with this I left Iowa for Battle Creek. The money did not last long, but my mother's sympathy, counsel, and encouragement stayed with me through the first struggle. Somehow I fancy that her parting benediction has remained with me to this day.

Boys need more than money. That is important, but the mother-love expressed in words of interest, sympathy, counsel, and courage, helps boys to triumph.—A. G. DANIELLS, *General Conference President.*

What I Owe to My Mother

To my mother, more than to all other influences combined, do I owe a debt of lasting gratitude. From my earliest infancy she was the inspiration of my life. It was her early instruction which led me to give my heart to God. Well do I remember how night after night, after I retired to rest, I would hear her praying audibly in her room, remembering each one of her nine children by name.

Reared in a humble home, and lacking advantages possessed by others more fortunate, my mother sought to inspire me with the idea of making the most of my opportunities, and of preparing myself for a life of usefulness in the cause of God. She and my father sacrificed the aid I might have rendered the family, and encouraged me to devote my time and my earnings to secure an education, so that I might have a part in this work.

When I was absent from home attending one of our schools, my mother's frequent letters proved my inspiration, and nerved me for the hard problems I encountered. Later in life when as a colporteur and Bibleworker, and still later as a licensed minister, I was endeavouring to gain an experience in the work of God, her continued letters were incentives to faithfulness and consecration, and the frequent assurance that I was the object of her intercessions, gave

me confidence and strength to meet life's trials and difficulties. She rests from her labours, but her influence lives on in the lives her labours blessed.—F. M. WILCOX, *Editor Review and Herald.*

What My Mother Gave Me

My mother was a woman of strong faith and mighty in prayer. Her influence struck deeper than education; it powerfully affected my religious being. I became a Christian because she prayed. I cast my lot with Seventh-day Adventists because she prayed. I always wanted an education, and I suppose that desire was largely an inheritance from her; for she always encouraged my efforts to gain knowledge. Silver and gold she had none to give me for my education, but she gave me that which was far more valuable—a capacity to seek after God, and a desire to fit myself for His work. The formal education came after that, as a matter of course. I could not help getting it—somehow, somehow.—C. C. LEWIS, *Principal Fireside Correspondence School.*

It was largely my mother's influence which led to the sacrifice necessary on the part of my parents to permit me, at the age of seventeen, to enter the colporteur work, and attend school at South Lancaster, Massachusetts. Next to God, my mother helped me through all these struggles for an education, giving directions, words of encouragement, and inspiration to every effort, and remembering me daily, I know, at the throne of grace.—E. R. PALMER, *Manager Review and Herald Publishing Company.*

Whatever I have done for God I owe primarily, under Him, to the devotion and encouragement of my mother. I hope to be a star in her crown.—W. E. HOWELL, *Secretary General Conference Education Department.*

My Mother's Hymns

The mother's faith held through whatever might come,
She believed in a love that safeguarded the home,

In a Heavenly Father's care,
When burdens were heavy and griefs prevailed,

She had a refuge that never failed,
For our mother believed in prayer.
Her hands were busy the whole day long,
But in and out ran the thread of song

That made her soul rejoice;
And nevermore, till our latest year,
Shall those strong old words fall on our ear

And not bring our mother's voice.

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,

Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,

Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled?"

The days were dark or the days were light,

As time wove its sombre threads or bright
In the life of that old-time home.
The mother's heart might be glad with cheer,

Or quail when disaster and peril drew near;

But never a day could come
When her trusting heart and lifted eye
Sought not its comfort and strength on high,

While her steps moved to and fro.
She did her best with a brave, sweet will,
And when the hours brought stress or ill,
Her voice grew soft and low.

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide!
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!"

Sweet hymns breathed in soft lullaby
Over cots where little children lie
When evening time brings rest;
Brave hymns of faith that brighten the way,

And speed the work of the busy day,
They form a memory blest.
They hold us still with their sweet old strain,

And childhood's trust comes back again
When we hear their music ring.
And we wonder still, as long ago,
If white-robed angels hovered low
To hear our mother sing.

"My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine!"
—Kate W. Hamilton.

A Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mothers

"MARIAN, can you help me a few minutes?"

"I should like to, but I don't see how I can."

The tone was not impatient, but hurried. "I have this essay to finish for the society this evening. I must go to our French history class in an hour, then to a Guild meeting, and get back to my German lesson at five o'clock."

"No, you can't help me dear. You look worn out yourself. Never mind. If I tie up my head, perhaps I can finish this."

"Through at last," said Marian wearily, giving a finishing touch to "The Development of Religious Ideas among the Greeks," at the same time glancing quickly at the clock. Her attention was arrested by a strange sight. Her tired mother had fallen asleep over her sewing. That was not surprising, but the startled girl saw bending over her mother's face two angels, each looking earnestly at the sleeper.

"What made that weary look on this woman's face?" asked the stern, strange looking angel of the weaker, sadder one. "Has God given her no daughters?"

"Yes, but they have no time to help her."

"No time?" cried the other. "What are they doing with all the time I am allowing them?"

"Well," replied the angel of life, "I

keep their hands and hearts full. They are affectionate daughters, much admired for their good works; but they do not know they are letting the one they love most slip from my arms into yours. Those grey hairs come from overwork and anxiety to save money for music and French lessons. Those pale cheeks faded while the girls were painting roses and pansies."

The dark angel frowned.

"Young ladies must be accomplished now," exclaimed the other. "Those eyes grew dim sewing for the girls, to give them time to study ancient history and modern languages; those wrinkles came because the girls had not time to share the cares and worry of every-day life. That sigh comes because their mother feels neglected and lonely while the girls are working for the women of India; that tired look comes from getting up so early, while the poor, exhausted girls are trying to sleep back the late hours they gave to study or spent at the concert; those feet are so weary because of their ceaseless walk."

"Surely, the girls help her, too?"

"What they can. But their feet get weary enough going around begging for the hospital and the church, and hunting up the poor and sick."

"No wonder," said the angel of death, "so many mothers call me. This is indeed sad—loving industrious girls giving their mother to my care as soon as selfish, wicked ones."

"Ah, the hours are so crowded!" said Life, wearily. "Girls who are cultured or take an active part in life, have no time to take care of the mother who spent so much in bringing them up."

"Then I must place my seal on her brow," said the angel of death, bending over the sleeping woman.

"No, no!" cried Marian, springing from her seat. "I will take care of her if you will only let her stay."

"Daughter, you must have the nightmare. Wake up, dear; I fear you have missed your history class."

"Never mind, mamma, I am not going to-day. I am rested now, and I will make those button-holes while you curl up on the sofa and take a nap. I'll send word to the Guild professor that I must be excused to-day; for I am going to see to supper myself and make some of those muffins you like."

"But dear, I dislike to take your time."

"Seeing you have never given me any time! Now go to sleep, mamma dear, as I did, and do not worry about me. You are of more consequence than all the languages or classics in the world."

So with a tender kiss from her daughter—usually too busy for such demonstrations—Mrs. Henson fell into a sweet restful sleep.

"I see we might have lost the best of mothers in our mad rush to be educated and useful in this hurrying, restless day and generation," Marian soliloquized, as she occasionally stole a glimpse at the sleeping mother. "After this, only what time she does not need I shall devote to outside work and study. Until she gets well restored I will take charge of the house, and give up all the societies except one—that I'll have by myself if the other girls will not join—a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mothers."

—Woman's Signal.

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Second Week

Obedience

Opening Exercises.

Obedience the Test of Love.

Thoughts on the Topic.

Talk: "True Obedience."

The Lesson.

Illustrations of Obedience.

LEADER'S NOTE.—We shall never know just how much obedience has meant in this great war. Every good soldier knows that his first duty is to obey; so as volunteers in the army of the Lord we need to learn the lesson of obedience. One member should prepare a talk on "True Obedience" showing that it is our first duty to our captain. For help in preparing this talk see "Steps to Christ," chapter entitled "The Test of Discipleship." The "Thoughts on the Topic" may be given to different members to read, or given as a talk by the leader.

Obedience the Test of Love

1. WHAT has God commanded us, as His people, to do? Deut. 13:4.
2. Show how highly God regards obedience. 1 Sam. 15:22.
3. Give a worthy example of obedience, Heb. 11:8, 17. (Call for a fuller recital of the story as given in Genesis 12 and 22.)
4. What example did our Saviour set for us? Phil. 2:8.
5. What was the price of His obedience? Heb. 5:8.
6. How complete must our obedience be? 2 Cor. 10:5.
7. What is really a test of our love for Christ? John 14:15.
8. What promise is made to the obedient? Isa. 1:19; Rev. 22:14.

Thoughts on the Topic

"If we really love Jesus, we shall render Him unquestioning obedience. A kiss or a present from a child may be very sweet, but it can never be accepted as a substitute for obedience."

"SAMUEL started right. When God's first message came to him, he listened and obeyed. Though he did not fully understand, he kept on trying to find out what was wanted of him until his duty became clear; then he obeyed."

"GOD speaks to us through the still small voice within. 'I can't hear you,' shouted a man at the telephone. 'That is because you make so much noise yourself that you do not give me a chance,' replied the other. Do we give the Spirit a chance?"

SAMUEL is a striking example of God's purpose for the young,—service in His cause. The lad's "Speak; for Thy servant heareth," is equivalent to the "doing what I can to help others and to finish the work of the gospel in all the world."

AN eminently holy man was asked on his death-bed to give the secret of his great and good life. First he protested that he was neither great nor good, then went on to say that there was one thing from which he had never allowed himself to swerve, the habit of always saying "Yes" to God.—F. B. Meyer.

THE following story is told of a little black boy in East Africa. The teacher in the mission had just explained the parable of the king who invited people to his feast. One of the large boys said he wanted to follow Jesus; and the little boy said the same. "Have you felt for some time that God has been calling you?" asked the teacher. "Oh, no! It is only to-day; but I listened right off when he called," was the sincere answer. How many of us "listened right off?"

HUMAN lives climb up from the lowlands to the upland heights just in proportion as they do the will of God on earth as it is done in heaven. If we would resolve from this moment to do the will of God in the very smallest things, with scrupulous care, counting nothing insignificant, shrinking from no sacrifice, evading no command, life would assume entirely a new aspect. There might be a momentary experience of suffering and pain; but it would be succeeded by the light of resurrection.—F. B. Meyer.

ALL true obedience comes from the heart. It was heart work with Christ. And if we consent, He will so identify Himself with our thoughts and aims, so blend our hearts and minds into conformity to His will, that when obeying Him we shall be but carrying out our own impulses. The will, refined and sanctified, will find its highest delight in doing His service. When we know God as it our privilege to know Him, our life will be a life of continual obedience. Through an appreciation of the character of Christ, through communion with God, sin will become hateful to us.—"Desire of Ages," p. 668.

"FOR John Huss the cost of obedience was a kindled fire. For John Coleridge Patteson it was the Pacific Islands and death at the hands of savages. For the Waldenses the answer was the dens and caves of the Alps; for Livingstone, death in an African hut; for the early Methodists, the wilderness, the hunger, the stoning, the swamps, and death; for the Pilgrims, banishment, a perilous journey over a raging sea, and a bleak welcome to savage tribes and frozen shores. For many the answer will be exile and loneliness, love and service in lands where they will see no white face and hear no familiar voice save His. Such a life will not be easy, but it will be worth living."

The Lesson

A True Story

"MARJORIE, Ethel, do hurry!" called a clear, ringing voice from the porch, where a merry group were congregated. "We are waiting for you."

It was a beautiful September morning, an ideal one for a picnic. The young people were bound for the park to spend the day, and were in high spirits.

"Girls," said Mrs. Kinnaird, as her two daughters were pinning on their hats in the front hall, "there is one thing I want you to promise me before you go; I have told you before, but to impress it I will say it again, Don't go on the scenic railway to-day."

"But, mother dear, the rest will want to, and we don't like to throw cold water on things by standing back and refusing to join in the fun," objected Marjorie.

"I know, little girl, yet it is really

presumption to follow the crowd sometimes. You never can tell what may happen on those railways; there is always danger of accident in such places. Promise me that for my sake if for no other reason, you will keep away from them to-day."

"All right, mother dear,—but just to please you," said Ethel, smiling into the anxious face. "Good-bye now, and don't worry about us, will you?"

Mrs. Kinnaird went to the doorway and stood looking after them with loving eyes, in whose brown depths there was a world of love and pride. They were such dear girls, her Marjorie and Ethel. There were never sweeter ones in all the world.

The day at the park passed swiftly and pleasantly, as if on wings; and before any one realized it, the shadows were lengthening and the time had come to return home. They were just about to leave the grounds when some one suggested that they finish the day's good time with a ride on the scenic railway.

"Yes, that'll be great," agreed the rest. "Come on, Ethel, Marjorie, all of you. This will put on the finishing touches to the picnic." But the girls hesitated, and drew back.

"No, the rest of you go, and we will sit here under the trees and wait for you."

"Oh, come on! We won't go without you. You'll have to come along," declared a whole chorus of voices.

"But we really shouldn't. Mother told us not to just before we left home, and she would be worried to death if she knew we had gone after all."

"She won't need to know, and besides it breaks up the whole crowd if you don't come," they coaxed. "There isn't a bit of harm in going. Come on, please do."

After repeated urgings the girls were finally persuaded to join the crowd, though it was with feelings of misgiving.

But soon everything else was forgotten, and they were speeding gaily away in the little iron cars, hearts beating wildly at each mad downward dash, every nerve a-tingle with the exhilaration of the unexpected jerks and turns.

The first trip around was not half long enough, and every one thought that they should stay on, and have at least one more ride. Marjorie demurred, but the rest insisted that just once more would be such fun; so soon they were off again. It was really fascinating, and the more one rode the less one felt like stopping.

Around and around the party continued to spin, until at last at the end of the fifth trip, Marjorie exclaimed, "I'm going to get off. This is heaps of fun, but I think it's time we stopped."

The others remonstrated, but finally she won her point, and all reluctantly left the cars. Such a gay, laughing group they were, with flushed cheeks, dishevelled hair, and eyes shining. For a few moments they paused to rest near the railing which separated them from the little pleasure cars which were just starting off again with another jolly load of young people.

While they were talking and laughing together, suddenly a terrible grating noise was heard, followed by a thundering crash mingled with wild shrieks. One glance over the railing told the tragic story. A chain had broken on one of the cars, and as it swerved from its course,

blocking the track, six other cars which were following close behind, dashed one into another, and were hurled a hundred feet into the ravine below, taking with them their precious cargo of young lives.

"Oh, what if we had stayed on for one more trip!" It was Ethel's voice that broke the silence which had fallen upon the little group, when with pale and frightened faces they at last turned homeward. "Surely God has been merciful to us to-day. How can we ever thank Him enough!"

The Kinnaïrd girls have never forgotten the tragedy of that evening, though it has been a long time since that sad accident occurred. If ever they are tempted to disregard their mother's advice, the whole scene comes vividly before them, and with the memory a voice seems to whisper, "Mother knows best."

ELLA IDEN.

Illustrations of Obedience

THERE was once a great locomotive rushing swiftly along in a storm, with an immense train of cars behind it, crowded with people. All of a sudden the engineer saw through the sheets of rain driven by the wind a red light gleaming out. He knew that meant danger. Quick as a flash he moved a lever, and the obedient train stopped at once. A few feet farther, and they would all have plunged over a broken bridge into a river.

A great steamship was plunging along in a fog. She was hastening, for she was behind time, and the hundreds of passengers on board were anxious to reach the end of their journey. Like a flash there came to the pilot through the fog just the gleam of a vessel's signal lights. He touched an electric button, a bell rang far below him, the engineer heard it, moved a lever, and the great engine at once reversed its motion, just in time to prevent a fearful collision.

A doctor was driving over a dangerous road on a very dark night. It was a life-or-death errand he was on. Everything depended on his reaching his patient speedily. The road he took was a short cut, and not the main road. It ran along a deep ravine, where it was bad enough to drive by daylight, but doubly perilous to drive by night. The doctor knew the road perfectly, however, and everything depended on his horse. If the horse turned just as he was bidden, all would be well. The horse was trusty, obeyed the reins wisely, and the sick man was saved. —Amos R. Wells.

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Third Week

LEADER'S NOTE.—The meeting this week is left open for leaders to prepare their own programme. In the reading a few suggestive thoughts for a talk are given. As leaders we should help the young people to realize their true worth in the sight of God.

Your Worth

"I HAVE written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one."

As the nations depend upon the strength and zeal of their young men in times of peace and war, so the Lord is depending on the strength of the young men and women of the church to carry forward His work in the earth. He speaks to the hearts of young people, and calls them into His service because of their youthful vigour of mind and body. "The glory of young men," says the Scripture, "is their strength." Prov. 20:29.

"Do you know that I am worth a million dollars?" said a proud, self-centred young man. "Yes," said the man of God, "and that is all you are worth." O, yes; man was made to be more than a millionaire, or a scholar, or an orator, or a social leader, or a tailor's model.

Cortland Myers tells this story:

There was once a young man, an artist, who was coming to great renown in early life, amazing the people by his painting. He was painting a life-size picture, realistic, of a forlorn woman and her child out in a fearful storm with the winds tattering even their very garments. While he was painting, it entered into his own soul and began to live through him, and he said, "That is a real picture of my world and human life. What relation have I to it? God knows I must go out into this world and save the people who are out in the storm." He dropped his brush immediately and went down into the slums of London, into the densest, darkest sin, and buried himself for years to rescue people in sin. In that darkness in the city a new vision came to him and he said, "This is not enough for me. I must deny myself more than this, and I will make my way to the darkest part of the world." Immediately he went to the jungles of Africa, and lived a marvelous life. He was the great Bishop Tucker, of Africa.

Many of our young people to-day need to drop their brushes and take up the cross. There is need of consecrated soul-winners everywhere. By the wonderful miracle-working power of God, the whole world is open to the proclamation of the advent message. As has been so clearly pointed out in the "Testimonies for the Church," young men are especially fitted for service in the regions beyond.

Charles Spurgeon, the great English preacher, who surely valued the work of the ministry wherever exercised, has this to say with reference to the work of the foreign missionary:

I should not like you, if meant by God to be a great missionary, to die a millionaire. I should not like it, were you fitted to be a missionary, that you should drivel down into a king. What are all kings, all your nobles, all your diadems, when you put them together, compared with the dignity of winning souls for Christ, with the special honour of building for Christ, not on another man's foundation, but of preaching Christ's gospel in regions far beyond? I reckon him to be a man honoured of men who can do a foreign work for Christ.

M. E. KERN.

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Fourth Week

Opening Exercises.

Bible Questions.

"Discovered in the Bible."

Review of Books of the Bible.

"What It Would Mean."

"The Anvil of God's Word."

LEADER'S NOTE.—For this week we have some interesting things to present concerning the Word of God and how much it means to us. The Bible Questions should be given out to the members one week before the meeting so that they will have the opportunity of looking up the answers. We would suggest that the leader drill the members on the books of Bible, seeing how many can name them in order from Genesis to Revelation.

Bible Questions

1. UPON the advice of what prophet was a captive host returned to their own country by their victors?
2. What four persons engaged in legitimate, remarkable, and profitable oil speculation?
3. Who was commanded by God not to weep when his best earthly friend died?
4. What is the longest word in the Bible?
5. What prophet ate a book?
6. How many prophetesses are mentioned in the Bible?
7. How many instances does the Bible mention of adopted children?
8. Whose "hair stood on end"?
9. What prophetess lived under a palm tree?
10. Who was the left-handed judge that delivered Israel?
11. What book of the Bible does not mention the name of God?
12. Who said "Come with us and we will do thee good"?
13. How many were the songs of Solomon?
14. What men were so honest that no accounts were kept of their work?
15. At whose funeral do we first read of horsemen?
16. Of what old man do we read who felt none of the infirmities of age?

Answers to Bible Questions

1. Oded. 2 Chron. 28:9.
2. Elisha, the Shunamite widow, and her two sons. 2 Kings 4:1-7.
3. Ezekiel at the death of his wife. Ezek. 24:16.

4. Maher-shalal-hash-baz. Isa. 8: 1, 4.
5. Ezekiel. Ezek. 2: 9; 3: 2.
6. Miriam, Ex. 15: 20; Deborah, Judges 4: 4; Huldah, 2 Kings 22: 14; Anna, Luke 2: 36; Philip's daughters, Acts 21: 9.
7. Moses, Num. 11: 15; Esther, Esther 2: 7.
8. Eliphaz. Job 4: 15.
9. Deborah. Judges 4: 4, 5.
10. Ehud. Judges 3: 15.
11. Esther.
12. Moses to Hobab. Num. 10: 29.
13. 1,005. 1 Kings 4: 32.
14. Those working on the temple. 2 Kings 22: 7.
15. Jacob's. Gen. 50: 9.
16. Moses. Deut. 34: 7.

Discovered in the Bible

SOME time ago an old man living in New Jersey discovered about £1,000 in a family Bible. The banknotes were scattered throughout the book. In 1874 this man's aunt died, and one clause of her will read as follows: "To my beloved nephew I will and bequeath my family Bible and all it contains, with the residue of my estate after my funeral expenses and just lawful debts are paid." The estate amounted to only a few hundred pounds, which was soon spent; and her nephew neglected his Bible for thirty-five years, not knowing of the treasures it contained. He lived in poverty all this time. At last, while packing his trunk to move to hisson, with whom he expected to spend his few remaining years, he discovered the money hidden away in the Bible. Those who neglect to read their Bibles lose even greater treasures than those of this world.—*American Messenger*.

What It Would Mean

"IF men should try to put the Bible away from us, they would be obliged first of all to get rid of all the copies in all the languages—there are 160,000,000, say of the Old and New Testaments in one Book and in portions of the Book. You must have all these piled together in a pyramidal mass and reduced to ashes before you can say you have destroyed the Bible.

"Then go to the libraries of the world, and when you have selected every book that contains a reference to the Old and New Testaments, you must eliminate from each book all such passages; and until you have so treated every book of poetry and prose, excising all ideas of grandeur and purity and tenderness and beauty, for the knowledge of which the poets and prose writers were indebted to the Bible—until you have taken all these from between the bindings and turned them to ashes, leaving the emasculated fragments behind, not until then have you destroyed the Bible.

"You must then go to the galleries of art throughout the world, and you must slash and daub over and obliterate the achievements that the genius of the artist has produced. Not until then have you destroyed the Bible.

"Have you done it then? What next? You must visit every conservatory of music, and not until the world shall stand voiceless as to its masters—not until then have you destroyed the Bible.

"Have you done it then?—No. There is one thing more you must perform. There is one copy of the Bible still living. It is the cemetery of the Christian. The cemeteries, while they exist, are Bibles; and to suppress the Book, to let not a trace of it be discovered, you must pass from gravestone to gravestone and with mallet and chisel cut out every name that is Biblical and every inspiring passage of Scripture graven thereon. To destroy the Bible you must also blot from the memory of every Christian its promises and comforts. Not until you have done all this can you destroy the Bible."—*"Another Mile,"* pages 28, 29.

"Word of the everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son,
Without Thee how could the earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?"

G. B. T.

The Anvil of God's Word

Last eve I stood before a blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring its vesper chime;
Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers, worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"

"Just one," he answered; then, with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammer out, you know."

And so the Bible, anvil of God's Word,
For ages sceptic blows have beat upon;
And though the noise of Paine, Voltaire,
was heard,
The anvil is unworn,—the hammers gone.

Apprentice blows of ignorance, forsooth,
May awe with sound, and blinding sparks death-whirled;
The Master holds and turns the iron, His truth,
And shapes it as He wills, to bless the world.

—L. B. CAKE.

Sabbath-School Missionary Exercises

(October 5)

Miracles of Modern Missions

THE natives of heathen lands, when converted, seem to have much of that childlike faith for which the Saviour exhorts His disciples to seek. We have been privileged to hear from Sisters Miller and Shull, who are engaged in work for the women of China, some remarkable evidences that reveal God's willingness to answer the cries of those who call upon Him in faith. We rejoice to be connected with a work which is attended by the power of God in such a marked degree.

An old, unlearned, Chinese country woman, Woo Tha Tha, fifty-four years of age, was in attendance at a Bible institute for women conducted about a year ago at Shanghai by Sisters Miller and Shull. Part of the work of these institutes is to teach the women to read and to write. Before attending the meetings Woo Tha Tha did not know one Chinese character, yet at the end of two weeks, when the institute closed, she was able to read the Book of John.

Alone by herself in the country, Woo Tha Tha endeavoured to read the Bible through. Having no teacher to show her the meaning of the Chinese characters, she was often greatly perplexed; but at such times she would kneel and pray, asking God to teach her. She is a woman of great faith and consecration, and she persevered in her earnest efforts to obtain a knowledge of God's Word for herself. In a short time she was able to read anywhere in the Bible, and is now engaged in Bible work among her own country women.

Not long since, while Woo Tha Tha was engaged in Bible work in a village near Tseu Tsaung, she found a heathen woman who for eight years had been an invalid. When Woo Tha Tha found her she was crying and moaning with pain. She knelt down and prayed for her, and then frequently visited and prayed with her. The invalid began to improve and soon was able to walk to the chapel, a distance of a mile. Here she stayed for twenty-one days in a small room connected with the chapel, during which time prayers were offered for her complete recovery. She returned to her home at the close of the three weeks fully restored to health. At a Bible institute held for four days this month at Tseu Tsaung, this woman and her sister-in-law walked every day through rain and mud to attend the meetings. Day after day they sat through the meetings drinking in all the precious words of life.

Another signal answer to prayer was received in a village not far from Tseu Tsaung. Woo Tha Tha, while visiting among the people, had her attention drawn to a woman who lay dying. Anxious that the power of God should be manifested in that heathen home, she prayed for the woman's recovery. Immediately a great change was seen in the patient's condition, and in a few days she was able to walk over the hills a distance of four miles to attend an institute, thus walking a distance of eight miles a day to learn of the wonderful Jesus who had brought her back from death.

BESSIE A. DOWELL.

(October 12)

Does It Pay to Send Out Missionaries?

AN evangelist, his wife, and several members of our Missionary Volunteer Society of Kadang, China, went out into the country to hold a gospel meeting. While the service was in progress in a public thoroughfare, the workers were asked, "Can you heal a demoniac?" The inquirers were assured that the true God has power to cast out demons. They then led forth a wild-looking man, bound with chains about the wrists and ankles. This man had been demon-possessed for many years and was a terror to the community around him. He had tried in various ways to destroy his own and others' lives.

As soon as he came into the presence of our workers he cried out, "Can you heal me?" They said, "If you believe in Jesus, you can be healed." He said, "Is it true?" And they replied, "Yes." They then told him how Jesus had healed when He was on earth. "What must I do?" he asked. "You must believe in Him, worship Him, and pray to Him," was the reply. "How do you do it?" he questioned. In reply to this, they taught him a short prayer consisting of two or three sentences.

The poor man then knelt down and repeated his prayer, and while he prayed, those present prayed for him. The man was immediately healed. Some of those who prayed for him visited him three days later, and he came out to greet them, clothed and in his right mind. His countenance was changed. His chains were gone. The swellings in his hands and feet had disappeared. The following Sabbath he came into Kading to attend the chapel services. He is now walking in all the light of the gospel that has shone upon his pathway.

This wonderful miracle of healing has stirred up a great interest among the people of the little village where he dwells. Should we not pray that this life rescued from Satan's cruel power may be used to win many from the bondage of superstition and sin to the glorious liberty of the gospel of Christ? And should not these occurrences in mission life stimulate us to greater zeal and liberality toward supporting those whom God is using to bring both physical and spiritual healing to the needy? **BESSIE A. DOWELL.**

(October 19)

"Do Not Tell that Matchless Story of Love and Forgiveness"

"I WAS once walking away up in the Himalaya mountains," writes a missionary in India, "and approaching an old temple when the priest of the temple recognized me as a missionary and came out to meet me. He said, 'I hear from pilgrims from all over India of the wonderful things you missionaries are doing and the wonderful story you tell. Will you tell me? I want to hear it directly from a missionary.'"

"We sat together under a tree on the side of a mountain and I took my time and told him at length the story of Christ's sacrificial love and forgiving spirit. When I reached the place where they were nailing Jesus to the cross, and when I told the old priest that, even while He was being

nailed to the cross, Jesus prayed for His enemies, 'Father, forgive them,' the old priest sprang from my side, stood in front of me on a pathway just below, excitedly moving backward and forward, shaking his clenched fists at me while tears were rolling down his cheeks, and cried, 'Get out of India! Get out of India! Get out of India!'

"I replied, 'Why? Why? What have I done?' Trembling with excitement he answered, 'Do not tell the warm-hearted people of India that matchless story of love and forgiveness; for we have nothing like it in Hinduism or Mohammedanism or Buddhism or Confucianism or any other religion of the eastern world. If you do tell my warm-hearted people that story, they will forsake us, our temples and sacrifices and services, and leave us priests all alone, while they follow Jesus.'"—*Selected.*

As we give our offerings each Sabbath, we are helping to tell the story of Jesus in lands where His name is not known.

(October 26)

A Native Boy and His Mother

I WANT to tell you of a little native boy who came to us at the time of the famine in Matabeleland. The little fellow, although seven or eight years old, was so nearly starved that he had to be carried on his mother's back. We took him in. I think I never saw a child of his years that seemed to grasp the doctrines of the gospel quicker than that little fellow did. Day by day you would find him trying to read his Bible and understand it. After three or four years he wanted to be baptized. He wanted to be "Jesus' boy."

And then it was with him just as it is with the rest of us,—as soon as the truth got into his heart and into his life, he wanted his own people to have the message. His mother lived in a village about fifty miles away. One day my wife was sitting at the table writing a letter home, and the little fellow came up and stood by her.

She said to him, "What do you want?" "Well," he said, "Missis, I just wondered who you were writing to."

She said she was writing to her mother across the ocean.

Said he, "Was it your mother that sent you here to teach me about Jesus?" "Well," was the reply, "she had something to do with it."

Then the little fellow said, "Missis, won't you put this in the letter, and tell your mother that down in that village where my mother lives there is no missionary, nobody to teach my mother about this Jesus you have taught me about? And won't you write and tell your mother to send somebody to my mother, so that she can have the knowledge of this same Jesus?"

Just to satisfy him, my wife said, "Yes; I will write that in the letter."

A little while after that he wanted to know about how long it would take for his missionary to come. You know those people, in their simplicity, think that about all one needs to do is to ask for somebody. They have heard that there are thousands in the homeland that know all about Jesus, and they cannot understand how anybody should be willing to let anybody else live anywhere in the world and not know anything about Him.

So he said, "How long will it take for my missionary to come?"

We told him it would take about five months before we could get a letter back. And so the little fellow counted the moons. He had a stick, and every time the moon died, as they say, he would cut a notch in the stick. When he had five of these notches on his stick, he said, "My moons are up—how about my missionary?" And we had to tell him that we had no word about it yet.

Six months, seven months, eight months, he waited, and it was going on toward the ninth month. Then one day he saw some people going through the village, past the mission station. He ran out to see them, and found they had come from his home. Childlike, the first question he asked was, "How is mother?" And the word came back to the little fellow, "Your mother is dead." She had starved to death in the famine that extended all over the country, when the natives were dying by the hundreds.

The little boy came back into the house, and stood up there with the tears trickling down his cheeks, his lips quivering, and said, "Teacher, my mother is dead, and the missionary never came. Will I ever see my mother again?"

I want to tell you, brethren and sisters, that was about the hardest question I ever had to answer. O, what can we say when we come up before the judgment bar of God for all those who have gone down to their graves without God and without hope in this world? What will our answer be when we appear in the courts of heaven?—*Related by Pastor W. H. Anderson, at the General Conference.*

Foreign Mission Day

(October 12)

"Give Ye Them to Eat"

I. READ Matt. 14: 14-21.

Note how Jesus made this miracle an opportunity of teaching His disciples their responsibility to others: "They need not depart; give ye them to eat."

2. By the seaside he again impressed the lesson on Peter's heart. John 21: 15-17.

3. Peter learned it well and applies it forcibly to us—those who have received the gift of life. 1 Peter 4: 10.

4. The Saviour gives us encouragement to take up our responsibilities in this direction and assures us of God's help as needed by His parable found in Luke 11: 5-13.

5. It is by developing the active side of our faith that we are to gain an entrance into the kingdom. 2 Peter 1: 5-11.

6. Thus by yielding our "barley loaves" (talents) to Jesus we shall not only help others but shall gather of the fragments, basketfuls for ourselves. Matt. 14: 20.

"I Must Keep His Commandments"

THE following incidents are related by two of our missionaries in response to an enquiry made, "Do the natives who accept the truth stick to it?"

I have in mind to-night Emmanuel Mission, in Basutoland, Africa. Here a little school was established some years ago.

It was at first only a small sod hut. The heathen who lived about came down from Sabbath to Sabbath to hear what we had to say.

Just above the school on the hill lived a chief, whose wife came to the meeting and began to turn her heart toward God.

The man commanded her not to go to meeting; but she came. For this he beat her unmercifully. Again she came to church. The chief came down into the Sabbath school, dragged her outside, and kicked her about, and beat her again. He told her if she ever went to the meeting again he would kill her. They buy these wives with cattle; they are property, and they feel that they have a right to do just as they please with them.

This woman then ran away to the Orange Free State, and obtained work. Her husband could not find her. Finally he located her, and asked her to return. She said, "No; I cannot return. I know what God demands of me, and I must keep His commandments." He promised her if she would come back, he would allow her to keep the Sabbath and obey the Lord as she saw fit. So she returned. Later on, his oldest son accepted the truth, and was baptized.

One after another the chief's children came to the little church and gave their hearts to God. One night, this old chief came down to the mission to find me, but I was gone. He asked my wife if she would not come up and pray for his little child—this old heathen chief, this drunkard. She did so, and in the middle of the night, the Lord answered her prayer. And all there is left now for this chief to do is to give his heart to the Lord. His whole family have stepped into the truth, and now we are praying that he, too, may step in. Do you believe these people love the truth? Do you think they can stick to it? They stand under persecution such as we seldom know here at home.

J. R. CAMPBELL.

"Steadfast in Trial"

THIS experience is one that occurred near Rolo Mission, about one hundred miles south of Emmanuel Mission.

Maria came to work for Mrs. Silsbee on the mission. Every week of their lives she and her husband used to get drunk on kaffir beer, and quarrel and fight. When Maria came to help Mrs. Silsbee, the first thing she heard was the gospel. After a number of weeks, Maria determined to keep the Sabbath. Then her husband would beat her even more than he had before. But in spite of threats and beatings, she kept right on coming to church, and eventually she was baptized. Then her trials multiplied. In illness her mother-in-law deserted her, and her husband left her alone. But she was true. She prayed for her husband. She came to me and said, "I wish you would pray for Donovan." And we did,—we prayed until Donovan was converted and baptized.

He also received some of the same persecution, but he remained steadfast, and just before coming to this meeting, I received a letter saying that Donovan and Maria are still faithful to God.

This is the kind of material that we find among these natives in South Africa. You can be assured that the money that is given to uphold this work brings souls to Christ!

E. C. SILSBEE.

How the Message First Entered Brazil

THE following story was related by Brother O. O. Montgomery at the recent session of the General Conference:

"A tramp vessel left a paper in the port of Santa Catharina, Brazil, twenty-four years ago. This paper fell into the hands of a schoolmaster in Brusque. In this paper, he noticed that any one desiring literature could receive the same by writing to the International Tract Society. He immediately wrote, asking for literature. They sent him a large quantity. He took this and sold it from house to house. In this way, he secured money for drink. He took the remainder of the papers and traded them at the grocery for drink. (In South America all grocery dealers sell liquor.) The grocery man wrapped goods in these papers. Thus the papers found their way into different homes.

"By the reading of these papers, there was a deep interest aroused. It was but a little while before people began to observe the Sabbath. Notwithstanding the instrument by which these papers were scattered month by month, the Lord blessed the seed sown. Several families embraced the truth.

"About the same time there was an old gentleman, the father of a large family, who was told by the Catholic priest that the Sabbath was changed from Saturday to Sunday. The old gentleman began to study to see if the priest had told the truth. He found that he had, and embraced the Sabbath, and taught it to his sons. But he could not persuade his sons to accept the message that was so dear to his heart.

"After a few months the wife of his son grew ill, and they gave up all hope of her living. The husband became so burdened over the matter that he went out into the forest thinking that the God of his father would hear him pray. On his knees he consecrated himself to God, gave his heart to the Lord, and promised that if He would heal his wife, he would serve Him all his days, and that he would observe the Sabbath that his father had told him about. He arose from his knees, went back into the house, told the people that were in the house and his wife that she would not die, that he had confidence in the Lord that she would be healed, and that he had given his heart to the Lord. Immediately the wife arose from the bed fully healed, and praised God and gave her heart to Him.

"Another lady living just a short distance from there, who had been confined to her bed for five long years, sent out and asked for a Bible. She began to read to find the source of this wonderful power that had been brought to her neighbour. After reading for some time she gave her heart to the Lord, found Him to be a personal Saviour, covenanted with Him that she would keep the Sabbath, and she too was healed and arose from her bed. Her husband came into the house at noon time, and found his wife walking about the house praising God. This was the beginning of the work there. The Lord seemed to work in a special manner.

"A short time after this, Pastor F. H. Westphal, who was the first minister to visit South America, went on a mission trip through Brazil. He heard of this

interest at Brusque, and visited that city. He arranged for a union meeting with the two companies. He secured the use of a house in which to hold the services; but when the Catholic priest found that a Protestant meeting was to be held in the house, he visited the owner of the house and threatened him if he allowed the meeting to go on. And so Brother Westphal was obliged to take his people to the riverside and hold an open-air meeting. There he organized a church, and baptized twenty-six souls. They celebrated the ordinances of the Lord's house, using logs and stumps for tables and seats.

"The next night was to be his last service. The hardware merchant in the city offered the use of his house for that meeting. Brother Westphal accepted it, and was to preach on the seal of God and the mark of the beast. While he was speaking, a heavy stone was thrown at him. After the meeting was over they found the heavy stone caught in the curtain just back of his head. It would have done him serious damage if it had struck him.

"After the meeting they persuaded him not to leave. They told him that he must not go out that night. But he said, 'I must go. I must start on my return trip at midnight, and I must return to my hotel and prepare for the journey.' After prayer and seeking God and committing themselves to Him, Brother Westphal started out.

"Some little time after this a member of a mob who were in waiting for him told this experience. This man said they were lined up on either side of the road as Brother Westphal came along alone, each one armed with large stones ready to throw. They were to throw on the signal of the leader. Brother Westphal came on. They saw him coming, but they were surprised to find that he was not alone, but had a companion with him; and such a spirit of fear and terror took possession of their hearts that not one dared to lift his hand to cast a stone; and Brother Westphal walked along between the two lines, not knowing of their presence. He went through unharmed, and reached his hotel in safety. After he had passed, the mob was so enraged that they began to quarrel among themselves, accusing each other for not having the courage to throw the stones, and finally they returned to the home of the hardware merchant and stoned his house.

"This was twenty-four years ago; but, dear friends, the God of Israel that wrought that night to deliver Brother Westphal, and who had by His Holy Spirit been working on the hearts of the people in that community, still works in Brazil to-day, and the message is going with power and with God's blessing upon it."

The Missionary Leader

PUBLISHED BY THE

AUSTRALASIAN UNION CONFERENCE OF SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS

"Mizpah," Wahroonga, N.S.W., Australia

Editor: Anna L. Hindson

Printed monthly for the Conference by the Avondale Press, Cooranbong, N.S.W.