



THE MISSIONARY LEADER



Vol. 9

SYDNEY, OCTOBER, 1921

No. 10

Home Missions Department

A Call to Service

Suggestive Programme for Fourth Sabbath Home Missionary Service

(To be held on October 22)

Opening Song: "Christ in Song," No. 773.

Scripture Reading: Matt. 10: 16-42.

Prayer.

Report by Missionary Secretary.

Song: "Christ in Song," No. 701.

Reading: "The Unfinished Task of the Church."

Special Music (or Reading of Poem, "Just a Little").

Personal Experiences in Missionary Work.
Plans for Work.

Offering.

Closing Song: "Christ in Song," No. 641.

Note to the Leaders

If you have not yet divided up the territory surrounding your church into districts, and assigned district leaders and bands over these districts for missionary work, would it not be an opportune time to lay plans for doing so at the conclusion of the reading of the article which has been prepared for the Fourth Sabbath Home Missionary Service? A central church missionary committee ought to be appointed to district the entire territory surrounding the church, and each individual church member ought to be given a special territory as his or her individual mission field. Our message-filled literature ought to be placed in each family in each district by the church members.

The Unfinished Task of the Church

CHRIST has committed to the church a special work, and that work is the giving of the everlasting gospel message to all "them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." This responsibility does not rest upon the ministers of the gospel alone, but upon every individual church member. Christ's commission to carry "the gospel to every creature" was likewise committed "to every man according to his several ability." Not one church member is without responsibility in reference to this matter. It will take all to give it to all.

The preachers alone can never accomplish the work. It would take a thousand generations more to finish the task if they alone are to do the work. The reason why the task is yet so far from being finished is

because the church members have failed in the past to meet their own individual responsibility.

The Spirit of Prophecy makes this point very clear as it points out Christ's plan for finishing the task:

"The work of God in this earth can never be finished until the men and women comprising our church membership rally to the work, and unite their efforts with those of ministers and church officers." — "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. IX, p. 117. "Every one who is added to the ranks by conversion is to be assigned his post of duty."

Christ has called us all into service, but we have not all responded to the call. Christ "called His own servants, and delivered unto them His goods." Matt. 25: 14. The gospel is His goods—the good tidings. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation." Isa. 52: 7. But all church members have not been willing that their feet should tread up and down the hills and mountains of difficulty with the good tidings of peace and salvation. Those who have felt that they had little ability have been the unfaithful servants. They went out and hid their Lord's goods somewhere "in the earth." If the Lord should come and search for His goods which He has placed in their possession, He would find His published message hidden somewhere among the rubbish and covered with mother earth. They did not put it to use in the marts of usury.

No excuse for this failure will be accepted by the Lord when He comes to reckon with those servants. Of course they will make excuses when they return the Lord's own without improvement, saying, "Lo, there Thou hast that is Thine." But to each one the Lord will answer and say: "Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not sowed: thou oughtest therefore to have put My money to the exchangers, and then at My coming I should have received Mine own with usury." Matt. 25: 26, 27.

No one can excuse himself from individual responsibility in service for the salvation of souls. When souls perish because of our neglect, we shall have to give an account in the judgment day, and their blood will be required at our hands. The Lord says:

"If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it? and shall not He render to every man according to his works?" Prov. 24: 11.

The Need of Haste

"How long has this gospel been known in England?" asked a reformed Buddhist at Ningpo, after he had accepted the truth of Christ. He was told that England had a full knowledge of the gospel for a number of hundreds of years. "What!" said he, amazed, "is it possible that for hundreds of years you have had the knowledge of these glad tidings in your possession, and yet have only now come to bring it to us? My father sought after the truth for more than twenty years, and died without finding it. Oh, why did you not come sooner?"

If the Western Telegraph Company found that the majority of its messenger boys were guilty of playing marbles in the streets, and failing to deliver the messages to the people to whom they were sent, the company would immediately punish or dismiss those unfaithful boys.

Christ has sent a telegraphic despatch to all mankind, and He has appointed every church member a despatch messenger. The great majority have the undelivered despatch still in their own possession, reserved for their own private use. What must the Lord of heaven think of His unfaithful messengers who have ignored the great gospel commission! An earnest Christian worker has truly said, "A great part of nominal Christendom is in the position of Hannibal's army, which went into winter quarters at Capua, and there became enervated."

The whole church ought to be an army on the march for world conquest, leading the way with flying banners, and with the shout of the King in her midst, commanding her, "Go forward." But the main army is in the barracks; only a flying column, insignificant in numbers, is sent to the front to take the world for Christ.

The Missionary Idea

The missionary idea and plan of world evangelism is the light and life of the church. The church that loses this idea loses not only her inspiration but her mission. It was the missionary idea that woke Whitefield to a spiritual life and caused the divine light to break into his soul. It was the missionary idea that armed John Wesley with gospel power, and made him a potent factor for social and national regeneration in England as well as in America. It was the missionary idea that made Count Zinzendorf a spiritual firebrand in Europe, kindling many missionary torches that set the world ablaze. Before his day the missionary idea of the world evangelism was frowned upon by the church as well as by the world.

When Carey attempted to enforce the missionary claim upon the church, it was regarded as a "strange, incredible, absurd, and even blasphemous doctrine." Not only did Sydney Smith sneer at the consecrated cobbler, but the Baptist Assembly itself re-

jected his claim and frowned upon him. "Young man," was its response, "when God wishes to convert the heathen, he will do it without you."

At a meeting of the board of the East India Company in 1793, it was said:

"Sending out missionaries into our Eastern possessions is the maddest, most extravagant, most costly, most indefensible project which has ever been suggested by a moonstruck fanatic. Such a scheme is pernicious, imprudent, useless, harmful, dangerous, profitless, fantastic. It strikes against all reason and sound policy; it brings the peace and safety of our possessions into peril."

When the proposal to evangelize the heathen was brought before the Assembly of the Scotch Church in 1796, it was met by the adverse resolution, that "to spread abroad the knowledge of the gospel amongst barbarous and heathen nations seems to be highly preposterous." This brought Dr. Erskine to his feet, and he read to the Assembly the words of the great commission, which burst upon them like a clap of thunder from a clear sky. Scotland awoke, and a splendid line of Scotch missionaries stepped to the front to fulfill the great commission.

Captain Mahon, the great authority on sea power, recently said:

"No war was ever yet won by mere defence, least of all a war of conquest, which that of Christianity is; and the only thing which can cause the decadence of the church is the failure of Christians to present Jesus Christ as He is to those who are not Christian."

A great astronomer, as he contemplated the starry heavens, reverently declared that he was permitted to think the thoughts of the Creator after Him. But in missionary work, the Christian is permitted to think God's thoughts out with Him, to be a fellow worker with Christ.

The church that puts the foreign missionary work first in her plans, will bring about the salvation of the heathen at home. It works like the flow and ebb of the tide. Good news from the front causes the home camp fires to burn brighter in missionary endeavour in behalf of those who are without a refuge at home.

Individual Mission Field

God has given each individual church member an appointed mission field near his own home, in his own neighbourhood, and he holds that individual church member responsible for the souls in his territory. You must sow the seed, and God will give the increase. Sow and labour with a view of gathering a harvest. When the harvest of your field and of your life-work is garnered, what do you want the result to be? Expect great things from God, and he will reward your faith.

The apostle sets forth his true conception of life in what seems to me a fitting closing statement. God will render, he says, eternal life "to them that by patience in well-doing seek for glory and honour and incorruption," "but unto them that are factious, and obey not the truth, but obey unrighteousness, shall be wrath and indignation, tribulation and anguish." Rom. 2; 7-9. R.V.

C. S. LONGACRE.

Just a Little

Just a little kindness shown along the weary road;
Just a little lifting of another's heavy load;

Just a little pity that is tenderly bestowed,
May win a soul for Jesus.

Just a little sacrifice of ease that we have earned;

Just a little sharing of a lesson we have learned;

Just a little stirring of the flame that low has burned,
May win a soul for Jesus.

Just a little pleading in the name of Him who died;

Just a little earnestness, like His, who is your Guide;

Just a little longing for some lost one at your side,
May win a soul for Jesus.

—Rubie T. Weybury.

Missionary Volunteer Department

Missionary Volunteer Programme

First Week

Gifts

Opening Song: "Christ in Song," No. 575.

Five Minute Talk: On J. Hudson Taylor. Topic: "The Great Giver and the Greatest Gift."

Reading: "The Privilege of Great Requests."

Incident: "The Free Gift. Have You Taken It?"

Recitation: "The Best Gifts."

Closing Song: "Christ in Song," No. 594.

The Great Giver and the Greatest Gift

The Great Giver

"THE angels of God found their joy in giving,—giving love and tireless watch-care to souls that are fallen and unholy. Heavenly beings woo the hearts of men, they bring to this dark world light from the courts above; by gentle and patient ministry they move upon the human spirit, to bring the lost into fellowship with Christ which is even closer than they themselves know."

"But turning from all lesser representations, we behold God in Jesus. Looking unto Jesus we see it is the glory of our God to give. 'I do nothing of Myself,' said Christ, 'the living Father hath sent Me and I live by the Father.' 'I seek not my own glory, but the glory of Him that sent Me.' In these words is set forth the great principle which is the law of life for the universe. All things Christ received from God, but He took to give. So in the heavenly courts, in His ministry for all created beings: through the beloved Son, the Father's life flows out to all; through the Son it returns, in praise and joyous service, a tide of love, to the great Source of all. And thus through Christ the circuit of beneficence is complete, representing the character of the great Giver, the law of life."

We can never earn eternal life. It is the gift of God. Oh, how great debtors we have become. We have nothing, can do nothing of ourselves, but it is God's good pleasure to give "exceeding abundantly

above all that we ask or think." Our minds cannot gauge the wonder and mystery of His love, overflowing in the riches of His grace. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

The Greatest Gift

The Saviour, the greatest gift of all, having given His life to secure for man his lost inheritance, stands with both hands extended, and pleads with mankind to accept His gift of Himself, but humanity passes by in scorn. The people for whom He died understand not the unutterable love and pleading. His gift is too liberal, man's heart too small to contain it.

The Privilege of Great Requests

"GOD asks us to honour Him by making tremendous requests of Him. An old story is told of Alexander the Great. He was a patron of a poor philosopher, and told him to draw from the public treasury whatever cash he required. When the poor man sent to the treasury for £10,000, the treasurer refused to pay the amount until Alexander had instructed him: 'Pay the amount at once; the philosopher has done me a singular honour. By the largeness of his request he shows the high idea he has conceived of both my wealth and munificence.'—*Youth's Instructor*."

The Free Gift; Have You Taken It

A LADY who had been for months very anxious about her soul, met her minister one afternoon. He asked her if she had the great question settled, and knew that her sins were forgiven. "Not yet," she replied; "I have been reading my Bible and praying a good deal, but I cannot find any comfort." The minister said how sorry he was, and tried to explain again to her how salvation was a free gift, offered by God; that all she had to do was to take this gift and be thankful. But the lady shook her head, and said she could not understand it.

When it was five o'clock, the lady asked her minister to have tea with her, which he did hoping to have further conversation upon the way of life. The servant was dismissed, the blessing of God was asked on the meal, and the lady, pouring out a cup of tea, handed it to the minister. Instead of taking it he said:—

"Will you please give me a cup of tea?"

"Will you take this?" said the lady, still holding out the cup.

"I wish you would give me a cup of tea," he replied.

"I have poured this out on purpose for you," answered the lady.

"O do I beseech you, give me a cup of tea!" said the minister, falling down on his knees.

The lady was quite startled by her minister's strange conduct, and rose from her chair, fearing that his mind was giving way. I think she would have rung the bell for the servant, had he not re-assured her by saying "It is all right. I am only trying to teach you a lesson. You thought it very strange because I did not take the cup of tea, but kept on asking for it, and that is just how you have been treating God all this time. You have been begging and entreating Him to give you pardon and salvation, when all the time He has been

holding out to you in His Word the gift of eternal life, saying, 'Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.'

The Spirit of God applied this truth to the lady's soul, and she at once received Jesus, kneeling down and thanking God for this great salvation.

JOSEPH SPIERS.

The Best Gifts

Christ wants the best. He in the far-off ages

Once claimed the firstlings of the flock, the finest of the wheat;

And still He asks His own with gentlest pleading

To lay their highest hopes and brightest talents at His feet.

He'll not forget the feeblest service, humblest love,

He only asks that from our store we give Him

The best we have.

Christ gives the best. He takes the hearts we offer,

And fills them with His glorious beauty, joy and peace;

And in His service as we're growing stronger, The calls to grand achievement still increase.

The richest gifts for us on earth, or in the heaven above, Are hid with Christ in God. In Jesus we receive

The best we have.

And is our best too much? O friends, let us remember

How once our Lord poured out His soul for us;

And in the prime of His mysterious manhood

Gave up His precious life upon the cross!

The Lord of lords, by whom the worlds were made,

Through bitter grief and tears gave us The best He had.

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Second Week

Beginning Again

Opening Exercises.

Five Minute Talk: On William Miller.

Topic: "If I Were Beginning Again."

Reading: "If I Were a Boy Again."

Reading: "If I Were a Girl Again."

Recitation: "Begin Again."

LEADER'S NOTE.—It is suggested that the readings "If I Were a Boy Again," "If I Were a Girl Again" be rendered by two boys and two girls respectively, and that they be given alternatively first by a boy and then by a girl.

These readings would prove more interesting if the leader, or some other suitable person, would give a few interesting facts about the writers of these readings who all hold responsible positions in our work.

If I Were Beginning Again

WHAT would I do if I were beginning again, and could live my life over with the light of past experience shining on my pathway? I feel like saying with the old man who, looking back over his threescore

years and ten, said, if he could live life over again, he would be kinder, just kinder, that's what he would be. First of all, I should try to eliminate from my life the things that give the bitter heartache at the close of the day. My home folks should have their dues—most of all my parents.

I should try to remember that I was there to put roses, not thorns, in their pathway, to make sunny, not cloudy, their declining years. I should do the hundred simple little things that would add so much to their joy and comfort,—the things that one can see so much more clearly when looking back than when looking forward.

The Friend I Should Endeavour to Be

I should endeavour to be a worth-while friend to others,—a friend who naturally fits into other lives and fills an unfilled need; the kind of friend that always rings true even to those who are false; a friend that is still a friend in the face of gossip, slander, and criticism; a friend whose presence means sunshine, comfort, sympathy, practical help according to the needs of the hour; a friend who has a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize; a friend who lives in the third person, making God first and others second. I should be a friend who is first, last, and always a soul-winner.

The Friends I Should Wish to Have

If I were beginning again, I should desire to grow up on that same farm, every nook of which is still fragrant with sweet memories of childhood. And I should hope for the self-same neighbourhood folk to brighten again life's early hours, and to count as friends through life's changing years. I should go to college again and desire the same teachers and the same fellow students it was my privilege to have when there. And after college, I should like to add the very same friends that I claim today.

The Things I Should Want to Do Differently

But some things I should want to do differently. I should strive to go out from college with a good practical education, with sound health, and with as much genuine Christian culture as my teachers and fellow students could give me. I should have my eyes opened to appreciate nature; my tongue trained to be a credit to my Alma Mater; and my fingers at home with the piano, the dishpan, and the needle—if the former ever could be. I should substitute domestic science for third-year Latin, and good physical exercise for trigonometry, with all due respect to Latin and mathematics. I should aim to go out from college fitted to help in many lines, and fitted to lead out in at least one. I should aim to go out from college with the student habit, and discipline myself to read regularly, and to make all my reading count for greater efficiency as a worker, greater value as a friend.

The Purpose I Should Cherish

If I were beginning again, I should choose a noble purpose early in life, and live with it, leaving none of the years of youth for locusts of pleasure or cankerworms of foolish adventure to destroy. On the other hand, I should never let a purpose become a hobby on which I would ride away from doing my daily duties, and from being a friend among my friends. By living with it, I mean making each day count for progress toward the chosen goal through read-

ing, meditation, or counsel. This purpose I should keep before me during college years, asking the Father to keep me true to it, or if my choice were not His for me, to lead me His own way regardless of my wishes.

If I were beginning again, I should make it the rule of life to do with my might whatsoever my hand found to do, sometimes for the sake of the work and always for the sake of my character. I should ask for divine guidance in choosing my life-work. Once found, I should throw myself into it heart and soul until it became a part of my very existence and a source of un-failing pleasure. And then I should refuse to hear the call of what seemed more needy fields, without the Father's plain, "Go my child; I want to use you there."

My Personal Friend

But I should not wish to try again without Jesus as a close personal friend. And if there were a path leading to the Land of Beginning Again, I should first of all seek His hand. I should want to keep in constant and close communion with Him that He might show me a hundred other ways in which I might improve and make my life really worth while. In short, I should ask Him early in my career to come into my heart and live His life over again in me. That's what I'd do.

But why gaze at that immovable "if"? There is no road that turns down past yesterday. Life is a one-way-traffic street. We travel this way but once. Youth comes twice to none. But there is a reason for a confession such as this. So I send it forth with a prayer that it may help some one who still enjoys the opportunities of youth to say, "I firmly resolve to let the Master have His way with me today and every day."

MRS. M. E. ANDROSS.

If I Were a Boy Again

PASTOR G. B. THOMPSON says: "As one looks back over the years of life, so many opportunities seem wasted, so little accomplished, and so much to be done, that the most fruitful life seems almost empty. Life at best is short,—a little span between two eternities,—the greater part of which has past before we learn how to improve it. We look at the lengthening shadows, and mourn that we have toyed with a few pebbles on the shore while an unexplored ocean of priceless knowledge stretches before us. We long for "a second chance"—an opportunity to live the years over once more.

"Were I a boy again at life's threshold, I should resolutely turn from the pleasures, fame, and wealth of this world, and surrender myself unreservedly and unconditionally to God to be used in His service.

"I should endeavour to employ every hour of time in something useful, studying the best authors, feeding my mind with that which is pure and wholesome, storing up knowledge to be used for the good of the human race perishing within sight.

"I should set my face like a flint, determined in spite of poverty or any other obstacle, to secure an education in some Christian school. First of all in school I should master my mother tongue, and so be able to speak the 'King's English' with precision and power. In this, the light of all ages, there is no valid excuse for not doing this.

"I would have a definite aim in life, a 'one thing,' as Paul expressed it, be it the ministry or some other line of work, then bend all the energies of my mind in the attaining of such knowledge as would make me efficient to do the chosen line of work in the best manner possible. An old clergyman was asked upon a certain occasion by a young man how to become a good preacher. The old man said, 'Fill up the cask! fill up the cask! fill up the cask! then if you tap anywhere you will get a good stream.' This excellent advice for preachers is just as good for teachers and all others."

Pastor F. M. Wilcox says: "If I could live once more the years of my life which have gone, I should early choose my Creator as my first and chief counsellor, making every ambition and plan subservient to His purpose for my life."

"I should seek to lay in a store of physical and nervous energy by obedience to nature's laws. I should avoid dissipation, should keep quiet, steady hours, be temperate in eating and drinking, and abstemious in all my habits of life. I should never shirk hard tasks, nor waste time in useless, idle sports, but should take such clean, wholesome recreation as would strengthen both mind and body. I should seek to obtain the best possible mental equipment for my life-work to be, by first obtaining a good general education."

"All this briefly, and more, should I do if I were a boy once more, and could view life from a boy's standpoint as I view it now from the standpoint of a man. But it is given to us only once to pass this way. But perhaps from the mountain heights of our experience we may speak a word of admonition to those in the valley below—to you, boys and girls, who stand in the opening doors of life's opportunities—to lead you to realize that the present is the golden period of your lives."

If I Were a Girl Again

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER says: "Any young person might well be pardoned for paraphrasing Robert Burns' familiar words:

"O wad some power the giftie gie me
To see myself as I shall see me."

"Had the gift been mine when I was a girl, I should have consecrated myself absolutely without reservation to the service of God, for I should have realized that without this surrender all knowledge that I might gain would be in 'vain,' all wisdom that I might attain would be 'foolishness.' A man returning from Africa with the whole of his fortune invested in one glittering diamond amused himself while on board the ship by tossing up the gem and catching it as it fell. The time came when he failed to catch it, and the jewel fell into the ocean. The man was not so foolish as was I when in youth I tossed about the 'pearl of great price' as carelessly as if it were a bauble of little worth. It is only by God's mercy that it did not slip from my grasp for ever."

"Had that gift been mine as I stood upon the threshold of womanhood, it would have revealed to me the value of a Christian education, and the fact that I must have it even at the cost of the greatest possible effort or the greatest possible sacrifice that I or my people could make."

"In beginning school work I should at once try to develop in my mind the power

of concentration of thought. I should hoard the minutes as a miser hoards his gold; for nothing is so valuable, so irreplaceable, so wholly gone when past, as time."

"I should esteem faithfulness above brilliancy of attainment; honesty above apparent achievement; sacrifice as a blessing to be greatly desired; the opportunity to help another as a duty. Higher ground of study, higher ground in experience, higher ground in service, should be my daily endeavour were I a girl again."

Mrs. Lauretta Kress, M.D., says: "Looking forward if I could trace all my steps from girlhood up, what would I do?—I should plan early for an education, by laying a foundation for future studies that would give me a profession. Young people are inclined to think that there is an abundance of time for everything. That is true in some things, but with education it must be acquired in the early time of life, when the mind is active, keen, and retentive."

"If I were a girl again, I should study with the thought in mind that after being graduated from school, I should take a medical course. There is a great field of usefulness for women in this line of work. Where we have one we ought to have one hundred studying to qualify themselves in the great work of helping their own sex."

"I have never been sorry for the years I spent in study, I wish I could have had more."

Begin Again

Every day is a fresh beginning,

Every morn is the world made new.
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you,—
A hope for me, and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over;
The tasks are done and the tears are shed.
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing that night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,
With glad days and sad days, and bad days,
Which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go since we cannot re-live them,
Cannot undo, and cannot atone;
God in His mercy receive, forgive them!
Only the new days are our own;
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly;
Here is the spent earth all re-born;
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun, and to share with the morn
In the chrisom of dew and the cool of the dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning:
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted, and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

—Susan Coolidge.

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Third Week

God's Care for His Children

Opening Exercises.

Topic: "The Hand of a Living God in the Earth."

Reading: "A Soldier's Petition carried by the Wind."

Reading: "Finding God on the Battle Field."

Reading: "The Flash of Lightning."
Recitation: "The Encampment of the Angels."

Closing Song: "Does Jesus Care?"

The Hand of a Living God in the Earth

WE open the Word of God, and what do we find? From cover to cover the Scriptures bear witness to a living God, guiding, intervening, watching over His children, stretching forth His hand to deliver in time of need, showing Himself "a very present help in trouble," overruling in human affairs, and working signs and wonders in heaven and in earth.

Believers too often—perhaps almost unconsciously—feel in their hearts that it was all divinely natural that in Bible times angelic messengers were sent to help and deliver, prison doors were swung open, food was sent by ravens, or the deadly viper was shaken off the apostle's unscathed hand; but that now, since Bible times, these special interpositions of God's providence are hardly to be expected.

But the God who led His people of old, who actually did things on earth for those who needed help and put their trust in Him, is the living God today. He is able to send deliverances and to work wondrously by His intervening providences.

W. A. SPICER.

A Soldier's Petition Carried by the Wind

Shortly after the opening of the Great War, in 1914, as Spain increased its forces, a young Spaniard who was called to the colours had an experience that illustrates the promise of the text, "Before they call, I will answer," and a gust of wind was the agency in bringing him a quick answer to prayer.

This young soldier was a Sabbatarian, a member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church, and he found many a perplexity in trying to perform the duties assigned and still be true to his faith regarding the Sabbath. His experience was reported by Dr. P. A. de Forest, of the Gland (Switzerland) Sanitarium, who visited Spain not long after this incident took place:

"He betook himself to prayer, intending shortly to petition his captain for release from military exercises on God's holy day. He was in the act of writing a letter to one of his brethren in his home church, asking that the church unite in pray in his behalf so that he might have liberty to follow the dictates of his conscience, when he was suddenly called out of his tent to inspection. The wind was blowing at the time, and when he came back, his letter had been whisked away and was not to be found. In searching for it, he passed by the tent of his captain, which was situated but a little dis-

from his, and to his surprise he was called in and told that his desire to have the Sabbath free was granted. The officer was very friendly, and appeared interested in knowing more about the truths our brother professed; and then he told him that he had found his unfinished letter, which the wind had deposited at the door of his tent, had read it, and was impressed to grant him his request immediately." W.A.S.

Finding God on the Battle Field

AS a boy, he had been brought up in a Christian home, and had learned of God and His truth in an Indiana Sabbath school. But as he grew up, he had gone the thoughtless way of the world, and for years his people had heard nothing of him. Then his name appeared among the wounded, with the British army in France, and a cable brought him into communication with his home people, whose whereabouts he had lost, as they had moved into another State. His first letter told how he had found the God of the old Sabbath school on the battle field of France. His company was cut off, and only by getting a message through could they be saved from annihilation. The young man wrote:

"I think God prompted me to say, 'I'll take it through'. I was just a new man then, and the major looked surprised, but a new hope dawned in his eyes. He jerked out his fountain pen, wrote the message, and said, 'Go to it, man, and if you get through we will all owe our lives to you.' I crawled out the back of our little shell-hole trench and started; the bullets began to whiz, and I ran faster. Then the artillery on Bapaume Ridge opened up on me with 18-pounder high explosives and shrapnel.

"I had always been self-satisfied and self-confident before that, but I began to realize then how really little and insignificant I was. I went into a big shell-hole and lay down, sobbing because I knew I couldn't go on and couldn't go back. Then I began to think, and my lips seemed automatically to frame the words, 'Our Father who art in heaven,' and then the Lord's Prayer followed; and then I turned loose and prayed as I don't think a man has ever prayed before or since. When I finished, I had promised God to return to His fold once more if He would show me that He really was what I had been taught, by taking me through safely to the deep dugout occupied by battalion headquarters, for I knew no human power could do it.

When I left the shell hole, I started to run and dodge the same as before, but something seemed to tell me that there was no use running, that I was safe; and I walked the last five hundred yards just to see, and the men say I came walking in as cool as a cucumber, with an artillery barrage playing around me that would have stopped the best infantry battalion on earth.

"The colonel congratulated me, and said it was the coolest piece of work that he had ever seen done; but I was so busy being glad that there was a God, a just God, a humane God, and that He knew that even I was on this earth, that I didn't pay much attention to them. . . . W.A.S.

The Flash of Lightning

TRAVELLING by night over the wilds of the Lake Titicaca region, Pastor F. A. Stahl found his Indian guide going uncertainly. The missionary had been called to visit a sick child over the mountains from the

mission station of the Seventh-day Adventists on the lake.

"Have you lost your way?" the missionary inquired.

"Yes; the rains have washed out the path," said the Indian.

"Let me go ahead, then," said the missionary.

"The missionary urged on his horse, trying to keep the direction in the darkness of the wild night.

"Suddenly," he said, 'a flash of lightning blazed out, lighting up everything; and I saw just a yard or two ahead of the horse a sheer precipice. I reined the animal back and stopped on the edge of a chasm hundreds of feet deep, and thanked God for that flash of light in the darkness.' "

W.A.S.

The Encampment of the Angels

They are camping round about me;

Perish every doubt and fear;

For the camp fires of the angels

From the glory land are near.

Hedged about e'en like the mountains

Round Jerusalem of old,

I am compassed by the angels

From the shining streets of gold.

I can see their white tents gleaming

'Mid the radiant glory bright,

And I hear the faithful tramping

Of the sentinel at night;

For my Watcher sleepeth never,

And His eye is never dim;

He will keep my soul for ever

If I only trust in Him.

MRS. L. D. AVERY-STUTTLE.

Missionary Volunteer Programme

Fourth Week

Sowing and Reaping

Opening Song: "Christ in Song," No. 583.

Topic: "Bible Examples of Sowing and Reaping."

Reading: "The Scar Remains."

Incident: "How I Reaped what I had Sown."

Story: "An Eastern Fable."

Recitation - "Sowing and Reaping."

Closing Song: "Christ in Song," No. 56.

LEADER'S NOTE.—If the Bible examples of sowing and reaping were given out to the members the week before, and then time given for them to rise unannounced and give them in their own words, regardless of the order in which they come, it would furnish a very interesting feature of the programme.

Bible Examples of Seed Sowing and Reaping

IF you take your Bible, and spend a little time on this subject, you will be amazed to find how it is carried out from Genesis to Revelation—how, in the spiritual world, God makes the man reap the same kind of seed as he sows. I suggest some of the main examples that have come under my notice. I have no doubt but that the law would be found, on the strictest examination, to cover all the ground.

Adam was created out of the dust; because of his sin, the sentence was passed

upon him, "Unto dust thou shalt return." He forfeited his life; God's rejection of Cain's sacrifice signified that nothing but a living victim would be an acceptable sacrifice.

Cain slew Abel; he feared that every man would slay him.

Abraham received the promise of God: "I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee."

Of Ishmael it was foretold: "His hand shall be against every man, and every man's hand against him."

Lot separated himself from Abraham, the friend of God: thenceforth he became associated with God's enemies. He befriended the angels, and protected them from harm by the men of Sodom; the angels befriended him, and rescued him and his family from destruction.

Isaac lied to the men of Gerar, and said Rebekah was his sister. Rebekah helped Jacob to lie to him. He "loved Esau because he did eat of his venison"; he was deceived by Jacob with venison.

Joseph was brought into captivity and degradation by reason of dreams; he received his freedom and promotion through the same. His brothers sold him into bondage; twenty years later they became his bondsmen in Egypt.

Pharaoh made a decree that the male Hebrew infants should be put to death; and this horrible edict was carried out. We may think it strange that God did not punish him and his nation with swift destruction. Eighty years passed away before God's time had come; but it came, and what do we see? In every house in Egypt, from the palace to the hovel, the first-born son is slain.

Rahab saved the lives of the spies sent by Joshua into Jericho; when the city was captured, the Israelites spared Rahab and her house.

Samson fell by the lust of the eye: the Philistines put out his eyes.

Haman erected a gallows to hang Mordecai; he was himself put to death on that very gallows.

Absalom was proud of his hair; it was the means of his death. He murdered his brother Amnon; he was murdered by Joab.

Unto Ahab the word of the Lord came: "In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine."

Daniel's accusers were thrown into the lion's den into which they had thrown him.

Paul, after his conversion, reaped in kind the evil seed he had sown previous to conversion. When they stoned Stephen, Paul "was consenting unto his death"; he was himself stoned at Lystra. He was a bitter persecutor of the early disciples; he was no less bitterly persecuted himself. He had cast many into prison; he died a prisoner.

The Scar Remains

I BELIEVE that God forgives sin fully and freely for Christ's sake; but He allows certain penalties to remain. If a man has wasted years in riotous living, he can never hope to live them over again. If he has violated his conscience, the scars will remain through life. If he has soiled his reputation, the effect of it can never be washed away. If he shatters his body through indulgence and vice, he must suffer until death. As Talmadge says, "The grace of God gives a new heart, but not a new body."

"John," said a father to his son, "I wish you would get me that hammer."

"Yes, sir."

"Now a nail and a piece of pine board."

"Here they are, sir."

"Will you drive the nail into the board,"

It was done.

"Please pull it out again."

"That's easy, sir."

"Now, John," and the father's voice dropped to a lower key, "pull out the nail-hole."

Every wrong act leaves a scar. Even if the board be a living tree, the scar remains.

"How I Reaped What I Had Sown"

ONE night I had a strange dream. I seemed to be on a grassy sward that stretched as far as the eye could see, until it met the blue of the sky in the distance. Flowers were blooming about me, and birds were singing. I felt a freedom and joyousness that I had wished to share with some one, and presently a few of my most intimate friends joined me, and together we admired the beauty of the surroundings and talked of common things, of unusual things, of small things, of great things. Then our conversation drifted to the subject of people, their good and evil traits. Before we realized it, each one of us had formed such deep set opinions of some people and their manner of doing things, that they could not be dislodged from our minds. And so we talked until the day was far spent. It began to grow very dark quickly after sunset, and none of us seemed to know the way homeward; so we remained beneath the trees that stood at one side of the sward, and fell asleep.

As morning approached, I was awakened by strange sounds coming from behind the rocks and boulders that seemingly had sprung up during the night, and surrounded me entirely. My friends had disappeared, and looking about, I could distinguish, as it were, the forms of the very words carelessly hurled at schoolmates and teachers, at friends and acquaintances, at the persons I most loved, and at those whom I disliked. They were really unkind words; yet at the time they were said I thought little of their importance or meaning, but merely gossiped, as one will, about people one knows. I shuddered at the sight for many of these phantom forms were horrible. Some had crooked limbs and drawn faces; others had broad, hideous features, and long thin arms that reached out after me in an effort to grapple at my throat. Closer and closer they crowded, and I tried to ward off the blows that came thick and fast, but soon grew exhausted and sank helplessly to the ground. Then I felt a fearful blow, more painful than the rest, and knew that it came from the huge form that I saw hovering near me waiting the opportunity for a deadly blow.

I awoke, with cold perspiration on my brow, and turned over cautiously, wondering whether the dream were true, and great was my relief to find myself in my own room with the moon shedding streams of light through the open window, and no dangerous word creature about me. Then as I lay, half overcome by the remorse and fright brought on by my dream, the thought came to me, of how I had spoken of people the previous day, certainly unkind; how I had misjudged them, or said

things that just might as well have remained unspoken, and that did not benefit me, nor the people of whom they were said. How I had so often passed by little opportunities for a smile, a kind touch, a sympathetic word that would have warmed my heart, and brought, perchance, just a little more joy into some other life; how I had begrudged the flowers I had gathered, and selfishly kept them for my own pleasure when they could have brightened a room where flowers seldom perfumed the atmosphere, and brought hope and cheer even in the smallest degree. And so the thoughts came to me, until there seemed to be no end of things I might have said and done, but which I did not. The rest of the night was comfortless, and I arose long before dawn, sleepy and worried. What if all these came to me in the form of words I had seen in my sleep, and were as cruel and menacing? I shuddered, and a feeling of resentment against myself came over me, and I felt a dread to face the coming day. All through the morning I had an uncomfortable feeling, and so the day wore on, finding me at its close in no better spirits than in the morning.

The following day I was in the same frame of mind, and going about my work, I noticed side glances from my friends and fellow-workers; they seemed to avoid me and there was a hurt look on some faces, and others carried a reserve I had never known, and it seemed for a certainty that the experience of my dream was being repeated in actual life. The words I spoke, the things I had left undone, each little unkind act, seemed to be dealing me unmerciful blows, and I staggered beneath the burden that suddenly weighed heavily upon me. Yet above all, the words I did not say, which were reported in close association with those I did say, hurt me the most; and I sat down at the close of a miserable day to think it all over again, the realization came to me that I was reaping what I had sown, and perhaps a little more. The best thing to do, I decided, would be to make matters right with those whom I had wronged, to live above it all, and however it hurt, I would strive for a greater carefulness in my speech and behaviour. Days of close watching and tireless efforts to guard myself followed, but I found myself a better, wiser person for the experience.—*Helen J. Devorak.*

An Eastern Fable

One day, the master of Lukman, an Eastern fabulist, said to him, "Go into such a field, and sow barley." Lukman sowed oats instead. After a short time his master went to the place, and seeing the green oats springing up, asked him:

"Did I not tell you to sow barley here? Why, then have you sown oats?"

He answered, "I sowed oats in the hope that barley would grow up."

His master said, "What foolish idea is this? Have you ever heard of the like?"

Lukman replied, "You yourself are constantly sowing in the field of the world the seeds of evil, and yet expect to reap in the resurrection day the fruits of virtue. Therefore I thought, also, I might get barley by sowing oats."

The master was abashed at the reply, and set Lukman free.

"HE lives long who lives well; the time misspent is not lived but lost."

Sowing and Reaping

Some are sowing their seed in the dawn-light fair;

They are sowing seed in the noon-day glare;

They are sowing seed in the soft twilight;

They are sowing seed in the solemn night.

What shall the harvest be?

Some are sowing their seed of word and deed,

Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed;

Oh, the gentle word, and the kindest deed,
That have blest the sad heart in its sorest need.

Sweet shall the harvest be!

Sabbath School Missionary Exercises

(October 1)

Church Dedication on the Wainibuka, Fiji

DURING our visit to Fiji Pastor Blunden and the writer were privileged to attend the dedication of our first church built in European style on the Wainibuka River.

The building is a credit to all concerned. Its dimensions are thirty by eighteen feet and the walls twelve feet high. The building, which cost £112, (a marvellous economical achievement in these days of high prices), was dedicated free of debt. That the natives, so newly converted to the faith, and whose income is almost nil, should have been able to raise so much money, is a strong testimony to their love of the message.

Two other churches in the same district will also soon be ready for dedication, free of debt. One native brother, who had been away from home for some time in order to earn a little money, returned with £20 in cash. On learning that there was still £30 needed to meet the cost of the building, he immediately handed over to Brother McLaren the whole of the money he had earned, saying in Fijian, "There is £30 towards the debt." God has certainly blessed the people of Wainibuka with a spirit of generosity.

Within a few minutes of the sounding of the *lali* (a Fijian bell made out of a hollow log), the church was crowded to its utmost capacity, with large numbers on the outside who had to be content with what they could see and hear through the doors and windows.

After the singing of the hymn in Fijian, "How Cheering Is the Christian's Hope," a most earnest prayer was offered by one of our Fijian teachers. After Pastor C. H. Parker preached the dedicatory sermon, a short address was delivered by the writer, translated by Brother G. McLaren. This was followed by a lantern lecture on our foreign missions by Pastor H. M. Blunden, translated by Paster Parker. The astonishment and delight of the natives, as they saw the pictures thrown on the screen, was beyond description. In all probability they had never seen anything of such a nature in their lives before, and it is little wonder therefore that they were so delighted. They had been told over and over again that the Seventh-day Adventist Church had died out

in America, that there was nothing to be found of the Church in Australia, and that it is now making its last struggle in Fiji. As they saw the pictures illustrating the world-wide extent of our work, their feelings of joy could not be restrained.

During the meeting the chief of the town made an earnest appeal for an offering in order to paint the church and provide some lamps.

On our way back to the launch one of our native young men who was carrying the lantern outfit, said, "We were told that there were no other Adventists outside of Fiji, but we have seen tonight that the Seventh-day Adventists are in all the world." A. W. ANDERSON.

(October 8)

A Letter from the Solomon Islands by Pana

I MUST write you how the work is getting on at Rononga. Our work is getting stronger now, nearly all the boys and girls who come to school gave up eating pigs and chewing betel-nuts and smoking, and some of the old men gave up the devil worship too. This is the number of them who gave up the devil worship, one hundred and forty men and women. Some of the devil men are very angry with the school people now, because the school boys and girls ate the first fruits of the *maria* (nuts) which is not right, in their customs, for the boys and women to eat. But the school people said, "We will not follow what the devil men say."

Now I want the people in Ranonga to build the big church about twenty-four yards long. We have just started it, but it will be a big building, and very hard work to finish it. One chief named Avoso is very angry with our boys now, because they all gave up the devil's business.

Our boys and girls can pray now, and the married people can pray too. I have a lot of young boys and girls come to school at Rononga mission, and some of them can read the Bible now. Some of the old men on Sabbath evening, when we testified, said, "This holy evening we want to tell the Lord that we want to put away our evil ways," and one man about thirty-five years of age stood up on the right side of the church and testified to the Lord and said, "I will not eat the pig any more, and I will not chew betel-nut and tobacco." He said that his wife does not want to follow the Bible, but he will follow Jesus without his wife.

Ten people were very sick and we prayed for them, and the Lord heard our prayer and He healed them. After we prayed for them they gave up the devils, eating pigs, etc.

Jugha, the Marovo Lagoon boy, is helping me at Rononga now, but we two boys do not know a lot of English, but we must try to teach them what we know. The witch doctor named Ghesobule is in prison now, because he is a liar, and does bad works, etc. He thought the devil would help him, but he could not, so we can see that the devil is not man's friend, but enemy.

With Christian love from your brother in Jesus.

"IT is a grand safeguard when a man can say, I have no time for nonsense."

(October 15)

Pitching Our Tent in A Beautiful Valley of the Marquesas By Mrs. G. L. Sterling

WE are now in the valley of Hakau. This is a narrow valley, five miles long. The west side is a high, precipitous wall of rock, in some places as high as 2,000 feet. From this height, falling into the valley beneath is a beautiful cascade. The valley is well supplied with water, a river running right down the middle of it.

For some time we talked of living in some of the other villages, but there were no houses available. Finally we conceived the idea of using a tent. We therefore set to work to make a tent for ourselves. When this was nearly finished we heard that a schooner was leaving for Hakau, and decided to come here for a time.

My first trip over the mountains of Nukuhiva was to this valley to visit a sick woman. She was greatly touched that I should make this long fatiguing trip to relieve her suffering, and showed her gratitude by adopting me as her sister. She gave me a present and a new name, which being abbreviated is *Teiki*, a name in the royal family. According to the custom I did the same by her, giving her one of my names, Henrietta. We are sisters now according to the native customs, and all her relatives are my relatives. This whole family belongs to the family of a former chief. This sister of mine is one of the five children composing the family, and granddaughter of Stanislaus, the old king of Nukuhiva. Nearly all the inhabitants of this valley are relatives, or closely related. I am called by the elder relatives, daughter, others call me *Teiki*.

This circumstance has made an opening for us in this valley. We brought our tent, and the land where it is now pitched belongs to Henrietta. Also the little old house near by, which we use. She and her relatives are very kind. They keep us supplied with native grown food. They also let me have a horse on which to ride to Taiohae at times with Mr Sterling. I am praying that God will use this friendship for the salvation of some souls in this valley who will stand on the sea of glass.

(October 22)

Further Experiences in the Hakau Valley, Marquesas Islands

LAST week we learned the circumstances which led Brother and Sister Sterling to Hakau Valley, and to pitch their tent among the people there. Today Sister Sterling will tell us more concerning their experiences there. She writes:—

"We have meetings just outside our tent door three nights a week. Some coconut leaves, kerosene boxes, and a stone wall serve as seats for the listeners. The folding organ is a great curiosity to them. It helps to draw the people to the meetings. Each night besides a Bible study, a Sabbath school picture roll is shown and explained. The teaching must be simple, and only a little at a time, because they are simple people, and most of them have no Bibles.

"The Catholic priest was far from pleased to find us here, and he said unpleasant things about us and our work to influence the people against us. But not many have heeded his words. They are fearful of him, and therefore do not come near us in the day time, when the priest is in the valley.

But at other times most of the natives are quite friendly towards us.

"It is pleasing to hear the children whistling or singing snatches of "Give Me the Bible." This evening I heard a child's voice singing in the native tongue, the first words of that good old hymn:

"Give me the Bible, star of gladness gleaming,

To cheer the wanderer, lone and tempest tossed."

"Mr Sterling goes over the mountains every Friday to hold Sabbath services there. I go with him sometimes. When I remain at home I find it somewhat lonely; but the natives are very kind and frequently call upon me when he is away."

"To-day an American botanist and his wife arrived here. They are connected with an expedition that was sent out from Honolulu. They also have a tent, and have pitched it near ours. They are nice people. Strange to say Mrs Brown comes from my home state, Ohio, while Mr. Brown and Mr. Sterling are both from Michigan. It is pleasant to have their association for a time.

"The native people of this beautiful valley in the Marquesas Islands need your prayers that the truth being taught them may take hold of their hearts and turn them to Jesus."

(October 29)

Naomi.

NAOMI, one of our faithful Fijian Sabbath-keepers, told me she was born in the cannibal days, and she still remembers her father eating human flesh, and she sitting beside him would receive small portions.

When standing up to testify, she would say, "You chiefs, I wish to give thanks to God." All in the church would instantly be quiet, for they respected Naomi, knowing her faithfulness.

When Naomi first heard the message of Christ's soon coming, she was in her little town attending her garden with her daughter. She immediately accepted the message of truth, for she recognized the true light now it had shone in her pathway. The chiefs of her town were very angry to think that an old woman should attempt to leave their religion without first consulting them. So they immediately had her arrested under a false charge, and had her taken to the nearest police station to be cast into prison. The journey to the prison was very trying for an aged woman,—fifty miles over hills without food and very little water. She told me that she nearly died from weakness and exhaustion, but concluded by saying that she was prepared to die for the Lord.

They put her in prison for several days till her case was heard. She was of course released, as there was no genuine charge against her, only that she was keeping Sabbath instead of Sunday. She walked home again over the fifty miles of hills and rough road, and was persecuted for months. She became a shining light to the towns nearby, and like her namesake of Biblical fame, stood true to her Lord and His Word.

Naomi came to visit us a few weeks ago bringing some oranges "as a thing of love," as the Fijians would say. One week later she became sick, and in a few days had fallen asleep like a tired child. She was full of faith and courage up to the last. She now rests in a Fijian burial ground awaiting the sound of the trumpet of God, and the crown of life He has promised to those who endure to the end. G. MCLAREN.

Foreign Mission Day

(October 8)

Persistency in Service for Christ

GOD has given to every man his work, Mark 13:34.

"Not more surely is the place prepared for us in the heavenly mansions than is the special place designated on earth where we are to work for God."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, page 327.

Should we be persistent in our efforts to save our fellow men? Gal. 6:9.

"We become too easily discouraged over the souls who do not at once respond to our efforts. Never should we cease to labour for a soul while there is one gleam of hope. Precious souls cost our self-sacrificing Redeemer too dear a price to be lightly given up to the tempter's power."—*Ministry of Healing*, page 168.

Was Jesus easily turned from His purpose to save a lost world? Matt. 4:1-11.

Though Satan tempted Jesus to refrain from working in the path of self-sacrifice, yet He persisted in His plan to save lost humanity. "Many look on this conflict between Christ and Satan as having no special bearing on their own life; and for them it has little interest. But within the domain of every human heart this controversy is repeated."—*Desire of Ages*, page 117.

How was Jesus treated at the commencement of His public ministry? Luke 4:28, 29.

Did Jesus persist in His work? Luke 4:31.

His own people rejected Him, declared He was mad, yet He did all He could to save them. John 10:20.

In Gethsemane when Satan made one last great effort to discourage Jesus in making the supreme sacrifice, did He yield? Mark 14:36.

The thought of seeing souls saved in His kingdom as a result of His sacrifice sustained Him. Isa. 53:11.

What prophecy is recorded concerning the persistency of Christ's work? Isa. 50:7. Isaiah also wrote that Jesus would not become discouraged. Isa. 42:4. He is our example. 1 Pet. 2:21.

We should not be weary in well-doing, remembering that in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. Like Jesus, we should be persistent in our efforts to save others, and never be discouraged. We can look forward to the joy of seeing souls saved in the kingdom as a result of our work and sacrifice. Concerning the reward of the faithful we quote from Vol. 9, page 286:—

"Now they can look upon the undimmed glory of the throne of God. They have been partakers with Christ in His sufferings, they have been workers together with Him in the plan of redemption, and they are partakers with Him in the joy of seeing souls saved in the kingdom of God, there to praise God through all eternity."

W. J. WESTERMAN.

NOTICE.—Please announce that the offerings to-day will be devoted to the Wainibuka Intermediate School, Fiji.

The Spirit of God At Work in Mission Lands

WHILE exploitation, selfish nationalism, militarism and commercialism are sweeping the earth with their accompanying confusion, strife, and bloodshed, we cannot doubt God is working in a very definite way in carrying on His work in the earth. "The programme of coming events is in His hand." In lands where paganism has held sway for generations, there is abundant evidence that God is sending forth His Spirit among men. Native missionaries of other lands recognise the moving of God's Spirit among their own people, and our missionaries in many lands courageously beckon us on.

Japan

Paul Kanamori, a Japanese evangelist, bearing his testimony says: "I see now in Japan from one end to the other the mighty working of the Holy Spirit. It is not man's working, but God's working. He has visited my country, thanks be to God. I believe the whole sixty millions of Japanese will hear the gospel of Christ. I have been preaching throughout Japan during the past four years and my message of God, sin, and salvation has gone to more than 300,000."

China

Mr Yen, a Chinese evangelist, speaks for his country: "The Chinese people may be blind, may be prejudiced against the missionaries and their teaching, but they cannot be blind to the many blessings which their religion has conferred upon our people. After the intellectual revolution of 1905, which resulted in the abolition of the 2,000 year old curriculum of studies and in the substitution of Western learning for civil service examination; after the political revolution of 1911, which resulted in displacing the old monarchy with the founding of the first, and so far the only republic of the Far East, now the nation is ready for a third revolution. There is today in China, a religious, a spiritual revolution being waged throughout all the provinces. Idols, thousands upon thousands have been burned. Temples have been converted into schools. Priests and Buddhists have been driven out of their temples, even the indisputable time-honoured right of Confucianism as a State religion has been questioned in the national assembly. Even in the most trying fields where Hinduism and Mohammedanism have created almost insuperable barriers, our workers tell how the Spirit of the Lord is reaching hearts."

India

Pastor I. F. Blue, writing from Northern India, says the results of the work in 1920 are greater than they thought possible. The preceding years of sowing in tears have made this possible. Substantial growth was made everywhere. One local mission has nearly doubled its membership. Calls come in that they are not able to answer because of lack of men and means, but they are hoping to be able to enter some new places this year.

Our missionaries and believers are praying believers through to a victorious Christian experience. In the great city of Bombay an Indian brother, holding to the truth, lost his position. For months he

could get no employment where he could keep the Sabbath. Meanwhile the church continued their ministry of prayer. One day he saw an advertisement in the paper asking for a bookkeeper in one of the largest firms in Bombay. He took the test and went on the day appointed, feeling that there was little hope. A number had gone ahead and were waiting in the hall. He was surprised when his name was called, and he was given the position with a contract for three years, with Sabbath off, and the opportunity of advancement at a salary many times what he was getting before.

Russia

How profoundly thankful we are that though some have laid down their lives for the work in Russia, others have been raised up. Word comes that seven brethren have recently been ordained to the ministry there. Brother J. Wilson, writing of conditions in Russia, tells how splendidly the Lord is blessing the efforts of lay members in winning souls to the truth and what desperate need there is for literature, especially Bibles: "The last days of the Czar's regime looked very dark for us. A good many workers were banished and some exiled. Many of our brethren who were soldiers were sentenced to ten years of hard labour in the penitentiary. I was banished out of Petrograd within twenty-four hours. Our cause in Russia looked as if the saying of Jesus in Mark 14:27 would be literally fulfilled. But through the revolution and subsequent happenings the people had much with which to keep their minds busy. Their consciences were awakened, and many began to search for truth. Soon after this we encountered new hardships. Diseases of all kinds broke out; typhus especially raged unmercifully. Many of our church members and workers died of it. Among those who fell as prey were Pastors Osol and Ginter. I was two months at the point of death. My father died and so did Brother Prasoloff, the elder of the church in Petrograd. . . . Even though we are but a few workers, the lay members took hold and gave their time so that last autumn we baptized nearly 500 members in the two fields West and Central Siberia. In Central Siberia alone we organized twelve new churches. In the spring several hundred are again ready to be baptized, and a number of new churches must be organized. I am in hopes that by summer each of the two fields will have 1,000 members.

"We are reminded of the famine described in Amos 8:11-13. We have no literature. Every little scrap of reading matter is carefully saved and diligently read. Soon we shall have no more Bibles, as they are fast wearing out and no new ones are to be had. In some of our churches it is hard to find a Bible, and if they are so fortunate as to possess a copy it is read by turn. If this letter will prove to be the means of uniting once more the link between us and our brethren, we shall be very thankful." [Through proper channels the Mission Board of the General Conference is arranging to provide Bibles to supply this need.]

It is a supreme and blessed privilege to be connected with a movement encircling the world and steadily pushing into the byways of earth the message of God's love.

J. L. SHAW,